

PLEASE LIKE ME.
3X10

"This is about you."

Playing Age: 20/30

(Comedy/Drama)

INT. JOSH'S HOME - DAY

At the Christmas lunch, tension has taken over. JOSH, 25, is standing and starts letting off steam on his friends and family.

JOSH

Actually, it's not Christmas's fault. Let's not blame Jesus - it was having to hang out alone every year with you and dad and Peg just pecking at me, just peck, peck, peck, peck, peck. I know I'm being unfair and I'm sorry, okay? But fuck! When I say to you "I don't want to talk about it", why can't you stop talking about it? This is about you. I'm frustrated with you. Okay? Claire keeps telling me how disappointed she is with her life instead of going out and creating herself a better life. Tom keeps making the most horrible choices and then everyone pretends it's not his fault - it is your fault, Tom. Ella, it is Tom's fault. Everything. You probably should've left. Hannah, wow, no one's allowed to make fun of Hannah. And Mae, well... Mae's fine. Although I don't really understand why you bought me a book of easy mid-week recipes, you know I know how to cook. Dad is incapable of communicating with me about feelings, so instead he just talks about chores that need to be done all the time. Mum, well, it's pretty obvious that you've made the choice to go off your medication, again. You're gonna be depressed in two days, again, and you're gonna expect me to be there to help, again. Okay? This is not about Arnold. This is not about Ben. This is not about Jesus, alright? This is about you. And... and to be honest I've run out of things to say. But I'm not gonna stop talking 'cause I appreciate that I'm as bad as you, and I know as soon as I stop talking you're gonna say something that's probably quite

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embarrassing. So, what I'm gonna do is, I'm gonna take this trifle, and I'm going to go. I'm gonna go and sit alone in a park with my dog and a trifle.