

Please Note: all direction and sound effects are merely suggestions, you may even alter lines and improv if you feel the need, make this script work for *you*!

Your Sick Boyfriend Doesn't Want Your Care | "Sick? Me? That's crazy!"

[M4F] [Sickness] [Reverse Comfort]
[Established Relationship] [Reverse
Comfort for Insecurity]

Written by ergomelancholy

Your boyfriend is clearly sick, but he's resistant to your attempts at help.

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[OPEN]

LISTENER, who has just awoken, walks into her kitchen to find BOYFRIEND pouring himself a bowl of cereal.

BOYFRIEND:

Morning, babe.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Why am I out of bed? Um, because I was finished sleeping?

laughs

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Well, I suppose I *do* usually stay in bed 'til you wake up, but...

BOYFRIEND scoops a bite of cereal into his mouth

BOYFRIEND:

(talking whilst eating)

I dunno, I guess I just wanted to hit the ground running today.

coughs, spitting out some cereal

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I'm fine, baby. It must've just gone down the wrong pipe. I'm sorry, that was gross. I'll clean it up.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

No, I'm not going to make you do it for me. Go back to bed, it's the weekend.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I can't join you because... um, I have some work I need to catch up on, yeah. So, you go rest and I will go do that wor- Ah, Ah...

sneezes

Oh, excuse me.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Thank you.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Of course *I'm* all right. A-are *you* all right?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I know I'm pale, you don't have to remind me.

LISTENER:

...

LISTENER holds a mirror up to BOYFRIEND's face

BOYFRIEND:

Oh. That's what I look like? You meant, like, I'm *pale*. I see.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Well, um, thanks for the info. I'll keep an eye on tha-, er, on me, myself... my face. Yep. Okay, I'm going to my office.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Leaving you? Baby, I'll still be in the house.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I am not avoiding going to bed with you.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Sick? Th-that's crazy. That is a crazy thought to think. To have thunk.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I am sneezing and coughing because... allergies?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

A-and what I'm allergic to is... um, beautiful women, such as yourself.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Hey, your face is awful red, maybe *you*'re the sick one.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Wait- I didn't mean, like *I* was sick just...

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Fine. I *am* sick. That what you wanted to hear? Yeah, I've got a li'l cold, so what? I just don't want to spread it to you, that's why I left the bed. You win.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Do I need you to get me anything? What, baby, no. I told you it's just a cold. Please just go back to bed and let me deal with me.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I should not be the one who goes back to bed.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Are you really going to make me?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I'll go back to bed under one condition. You don't, like make me chicken noodle soup or something. Deal?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Okay. Off to bed for me.

Audio fades

BOYFRIEND is lying in bed, tossing and turning, lightly groaning

BOYFRIEND:

This sucks.

LISTENER opens the door and enters the room

BOYFRIEND:

Hi, babe. What's up? How are you feeling?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Me? I'm fine. A little bored now that you've confined me to the bed, but my migraine isn't as bad when I'm lying down.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

What's that you're holding? Is that a thermometer?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Listen, babe. You aren't my mom, you don't have to check my temperature.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Because I know I'm sick. We both do. You don't need to check.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Fine. Just so you can check the 'extent' of my cold.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

What's it read?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

See? I told you? I'm practically healthier than you, probably.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

No, I don't want a *popsicle*. Not a toddler, and, again, you're not my mother, lovely as she may be.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

(softly)

Baby, look at me. I want you to enjoy your Saturday. Please, don't bother yourself with me. I'll let you know if I desperately need anything from you, but I'm sure I'll be content to just rest here. Go relax. That's what I want.

LISTENER:

...

LISTENER leaves the room and closes the door

Audio fades

LISTENER opens door and enters room carrying a bowl; BOYFRIEND is asleep

BOYFRIEND:

(groggy)

Huh? Oh, hi, baby. I must've fallen asleep.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I feel a little better, I suppose. What have you got in your hands?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Ughhh. I told you *not* to make me soup!

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Chicken noodle soup was an example! Parmesan soup is still soup.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

No, baby, I'll eat it, of course I will. I love everything you make. Give it here.

BOYFRIEND scoops some soup into his mouth

BOYFRIEND:

(eating whilst talking)

I just wish you hadn't exerted yourself like that for my sake.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

(eating whilst talking)

Mmm, you know, if I could taste I'm sure this would taste amazing.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Just a hunch. Either that or it's the fact I know you're an awesome cook.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Why didn't I want you to make me soup? Well, it's... can I ask you something?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Why are you doing all this for me? I'd told you I was fine. Why do you keep burdening yourself with me and my lame cold? What can I give you in return?

LISTENER kisses BOYFRIEND

BOYFRIEND:

Why'd you kiss me, baby? I'm sick, remember?

LISTENER kisses BOYFRIEND, again

BOYFRIEND:

You are going to get yourself sick!

LISTENER kisses BOYFRIEND deeply and passionately

BOYFRIEND:

laughs

You don't care? Why?

LISTENER kisses BOYFRIEND

BOYFRIEND:

B-because you love me?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

N-no it's the fever making me red. I-I'm not blushing.
(whispering)

I love you too.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I said I love you too! All right? You're so damn sweet to me. Even when I push you away, you keep trying to make sure I'm okay.

BOYFRIEND begins to weep

BOYFRIEND:

(through tears)

I'm sorry, this isn't very 'manly' of me. You, taking care of me. Me, crying. I-

LISTENER kisses BOYFRIEND deeply and passionately

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Shut up? Why?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I *would* do the exact same for you, were you in my position, yeah.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

You know what, darling?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

You're so pretty when you care.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

(laughingly)

Yeah. Downright gorgeous.

BOYFRIEND deeply kisses LISTENER

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

That's to make sure you get sick and I can repay you three-times over for today.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

I love you so much.

LISTENER:

...

LISTENER starts to the door

BOYFRIEND:

Wait. Don't go. Do you... want to get in bed with me? We can, like watch Netflix or something.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

Only if I promise something? What?

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

All right, hand on my heart, I hereby swear that, for as long as I live, I will never again refuse the aid of my amazingly beautiful and caring girlfriend. I pinky-swear it.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

You know, your hands are really pretty.

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

laughs

Just get in here already. I miss your company, and your body against mine.

Audio fades

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

What do you mean you get to pick the show? I'm the sick one!

LISTENER:

...

BOYFRIEND:

laughs

Hey, give me that remote!

[END]