The Goldbergs – Adam and Emmy “The Test”

(Adam is wearing a suit, or as close as you can get dressed up, waiting for Emmy, his best friend to come over. Emmy knocks on the door and Adam lets her in.)

Emmy: Got your call.What's the emergency? Why are you dressed like a game show host?

Adam: Please have a seat. We need to chat.

Emmy: I came all the way here to chat? Why do we even have walkie-talkies?

Adam: Okay. I know it's been weird between us, but I know how to fix it.

We got to kiss.

Emmy: What?

Adam: It's the only way. We have to find out if there's sparks.

Emmy: There aren't any sparks.

Adam: We don't know that! You saw what happened to Harry and Sally.

We got to do this.

Emmy: Fine. I'll give you - a stupid kiss for one second.

Adam: Three seconds.

Emmy: Eyes open.

Adam: Eyes closed.

Emmy: Lights on.

Adam: Dimmed.

Emmy: Don't touch my hair or face.

Adam: I'm not gonna touch you. Gross.

Emmy: Thank you.

Adam: Let's do this. Chiclet? All right. On the count of three. One two…

Emmy: Nope! Can't do it!

Adam: We have to, Emmy. It's the only way to know if we can still be friends.

Emmy: I already know! We're not friends anymore. You ruined it.

(Emmy tries to leave but Adam tries to get her to stay)

Adam: Wait! Come here. Let me talk. Emmy, I truly know now, I don't love you.

Emmy: You mean it?

Adam: Look. Sometimes, you meet a girl and you just know that she's the one. When you act like a wuss, she's the one that punches you hard.

When you find a dead mouse, she's the one that helps you hide it under Barry's pillow. When you put too much confidence in a fart, she's the one that helps you bury your underpants in the woods behind the school. She's your friend. And you never, ever want to kiss her.

(Emmy holds her hand out down low and makes a circle with her thumb and first finger. Adam looks down and sees it. It’s an old prank, if you look at the person’s hand making the ring they get to punch you in the arm. )

Emmy: Made you look. You know what that means.

Adam: Ow! You punched me in my allergy shot.

Emmy: Yep.

(They give each other a “Top Gun” high five.)

Emmy: Later, Goose!

Adam: Whoa. I’m not Goose.

Emmy: You’re Goose.

Adam: I’m Maverick

Emmy: I'm Maverick because I look super-cool in aviator glasses, which you can't wear because of your hilarious lazy eye.

Adam: My Mom says I can get prescription shades, so you can suck it!

(They laugh together. Emmy leaves.)

END