

Monster of love

Written by

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2nd Draft

6/12/25

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INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

CLOSE- A HAND places a raspberry, blueberry and ground coffee into a temper.

A presser to condense the beans.

ANGLE- An ESPRESSO MACHINE. A hand slides the temper into the filter.

An espresso cup is placed underneath.

ANGLE- Steam. Coffee drips...

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

A FEMALE lies under covers, asleep. This is ROSIE, 30s, brunette with blue eyes.

A HAND places espresso on her night stand.

Rosie awakens, covers her face with a pillow.

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

A HAND cleans the dishes puts in the washing machine. We pan up to him:

This is MATT, 30s, blonde hair, blue eyes, soft features.

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt buttons his shirt in the mirror. Behind him, in the reflection:

Rosie sits up in the bed.

ROSIE  
(groggy)  
Mornin' babe.

She sips the espresso.

MATT  
So...?

ROSIE  
(sighs)  
Raspberry.

Rosie enters the bathroom.

MATT  
(smiles)  
And blueberry!

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Matt exits with a satchel, dressed for work. He enters his vehicle, finds his radio station and drives.

INT. BATHROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Rosie stares in the mirror.

She looks at the sink: It's sterile.

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie enters a clean kitchen. She sighs.

INT. BACKROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie spins on her elliptical bike. She listens to music on her AirPods.

She slows to an inevitable stop.

MUSIC PLAYS: "Semi-charmed life" by Third Eyed Blind.

CUT TO:

EXT. 110 FREEWAY -- DAY

Morning traffic jam.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt sits patiently, jams and sings:

MATT  
(sings)  
I want something else to get me  
through this semi-charmed kind of  
life.

INT. OFFICE PARKING LOT -- DAY

Matt parks.

INT. OFFICE, BENDER TRANSACTIONS -- LATER

Matt moves through the office space. He gives a wave to KIMIKO, 34, Korean and GARY, 36, also Korean; both sitting in the same cubicle:

MATT  
 (to Kimiko)  
 Don't forget our lunch break talk  
 Kimiko.

KIMIKO  
 (stops work)  
 When Barb entered the pink room-

MATT  
 (keeps moving)  
 Lunch Kimiko...  
 (to Gary)  
 Cake eater.

Matt enters his cubicle.

GARY  
 (to Kimiko)  
 Seriously who picks pies over  
 cakes?

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt enters and pulls his tablet, already primed for an episode of Gilligan's Island.

He fires up the PC.

He pulls a BAG OF LEMONHEADS from his desk. He immediately pops a couple:

"Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful ship..."

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- LATER

ON TABLET- GILLIGAN AND HIS SHENANIGANS.

Matt types on his PC. A BUZZ.

ANGLE; CELL PHONE ON DESK.

A text:

"Couldn't stop thinking of you last night"

Matt sees the text, he smiles, picks up his phone and responds:

"I dreamed of you too..."

...with a smile face emoji.

Matt goes back to work: another BUZZ-

"That made me so wet!"

Matt sees the text.

"I need to see you later today"

Matt thinks, he picks up and text:

"Have to wait till tonight"

Matt works, blushing. A BUZZ:

"No! I need my cunt filled with your BBC!"

Matt sees, confusion. He texts:

"British Broadcasting Company???"

Matt works. He pauses, grabs his phone:

"We have episodes of Doctor Who on our watchlist."

...goes back to work.

EXT. PARK -- EVENING

Matt and Gary jog laps on a concrete path around the park. They weave through groups of casual runners and dog walkers.

GARY

I was thinking... Tuscany. She grew up watching that movie, Under The Tuscan Sun?

MATT

Never heard of it.

GARY

Me neither till she bought it up. You think she'd like that?

MATT  
I would. What's there to do in  
Tuscany?

GARY  
Cycling. Wine tasting.

MATT  
Sounds boring.

GARY  
Right? But she's earned it.

Matt exhales hard. They run in silence.

EXT. DRIVE THRU CHICKEN JOINT -- NIGHT

Matt sit in his vehicle, in line to order.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt quietly sings to the music on the radio. He takes out  
his phone to text:

ANGLE; His last text unanswered.

Matt thinks, continues singing.

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt parks in the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt and Rosie eat. Matt breaks the silence:

MATT  
Want to watch episode while we do  
it or...  
(playful)  
...get busy afterwards?

ROSIE  
What?

MATT  
Doctor Who? Your text.

ROSIE  
 (recoils a bit)  
 The text.

MATT  
 You said we should try new things,  
 but having intercourse while  
 exploring the galaxy in the TARDIS?  
 I'm intrigued.

ROSIE  
 Maybe we can try it tomorrow  
 instead? Work's been kicking my ass  
 this week.

MATT  
 Sure. Actually gives me time do  
 some light stretching, some  
 calisthenics.

Rosie chuckles, and continues to eat.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- DAY

Matt enters. He texts on his phone:

TO GARY: "Make sure that the quarterlies are set."

Matt goes back to his wife's text.

PREVIOUS MESSAGE:

"I need my cunt filled with your BBC!"

Matt lingers; one word in particular:

"filled"

It gets closer...

"Filled"

And closer...

"FILLED"

We HOLD on Matt.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Gary reads Matt's phone while they eat lunch under a secluded tree.

GARY  
Big black cock?

MATT  
What?

GARY  
BBC, shorthand for big black cock.  
Damn son, didn't know you had a hog  
on you!

MATT  
I... Why would she text this?

GARY  
Horny? Did you lay pipe?

MATT  
She wasn't into it last night,  
something about work and stress..

GARY  
Next time strike when the iron's  
hot.

MATT  
(agrees)  
She did say she she needed it  
sooner.

GARY  
Don't hesitate. Take an early lunch  
if you need to.

MATT  
Big black cock?

GARY  
(reconfirms)  
You underestimate yourself.

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt and Rosie eat.

MATT  
So I found out what you meant by  
BBC.

Rosie freezes, but she continues to eat.

MATT  
Thank you by the way.

ROSIE  
Thank me?

MATT  
For the compliment. I would've preferred hung like a moose, but...

ROSIE  
Right yeah, that was a typo.

MATT  
All of it, or...

ROSIE  
Just the... abbreviated part.

MATT  
British Broadcast...

Rosie nods.

MATT  
What did you meant to write?

ROSIE  
(assuring smile)  
Oh BWC.

MATT  
W?

ROSIE  
White?

MATT  
(big nod)  
Oh!  
(laughs)  
Makes so much more sense!

Rosie laughs along.

MATT  
Big white...  
(smiles)  
Thanks babe.  
(back to eating)  
You left me on a cliffhanger! Why did you just text me? It was a typo, would've save me so much time...

ROSIE  
I was busy, with work.

MATT

You know- You said you were tired yesterday because of the stress at work, if the deliveries are kicking your ass, I can help out when I'm off, fulfill some orders.

Rosie eats through this.

ROSIE

I'm fine, it's just a period of transition.

MATT

I could take some time off and-

ROSIE

I said I'm fine Matt.

(beat)

But thank you for the offer.

They eat. Matt glances at his wife.

ALARM GOES OFF-

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt is in bed, awake. His alarm going. Rosie leans over and turns off his alarm.

ROSIE

(half asleep)

Come on babe...

Matt lingers.

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt stares out the window, sink running.

ANGLE- A coffee kettle over pools with facet water.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Matt exits, he sees:

ACROSS THE STREET

TWO MALE NEIGHBORS kiss before heading to separate vehicle and driving to work.

A KNOCK-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- DAY

Matt is startled, breaking from his work. Gary stands at his cubicle.

GARY  
Hey sorry to startle-

MATT  
That's OK what's up?

GARY  
Did you proofread the report? I gotta be honest here, buddy. It's a mess.

Matt sighs.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Matt eats lunch. He takes his phone, make a call.

MATT  
Hey I'm going to need the rest of the day off. Not feeling too good.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP -- DAY

Matt exits with a bouquet of roses.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Matt drives up- He grabs the roses, turning up the street. He sees:

THROUGH WINDSHIELD (MOVING)

Rosie enters her vehicle, and drives away from the house.

Matt is confused.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt pulls into the driveway.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt sits, quietly thinks.

ANGLE- He switches to REVERSE-

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt reverses out the driveway-

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS (DRIVE)

THROUGH WINDSHIELD: Matt follows Vehicles behind Rosie.

Matt grips the wheel, nervous.

FADE TO:

EXT. OPEN AIR MOTEL -- LATER

Rosie parks in the lot inside.

Matt parks at a space across the street, but with a clear view of Rosie.

Rosie exits and knocks on a hotel door. It opens, she's immediately ripped inside.

Matt exits and runs through passing traffic into the lot of the hotel.

Matt walks to his wife's vehicle. He goes to the door, only hear loud music.

Matt paces. He sees-

FRONT DESK CLERK at the window peering at him. Matt waves to him, he looks around-

EXT. SIDE, OPEN AIR MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt moves past windows. He finds the one of interest: The blinds are drawn. Matt is frustrated. Sudden-

The blinds are CRUNCHED; like someone was pushed into them-

A tiny crack appears in the blinds. Matt peers in-

INT. ROOM, OPEN AIR MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

SLOW PUSH IN- THE BLINDS-

Feminine moans; A violent smack- voices:

DEEP VOICE #1 (O.C.)  
Suck it off the bone bitch- yeah  
that's right- back of the throat-

DEEP VOICE #2 (O.C.)  
Dirty bitch- Want me to push your  
shit in?

ROSIE (O.C.)  
Push it in daddy-! Break my shit  
hole- Oh fuck it's too big!

DEEP VOICE #3 (O.C.)  
Her ass juice is on her wedding  
ring cuh!

There's laughter-

DEEP VOICE #1 (O.C.)  
Dirty bitch, suck it off your  
finger!

PUSH IN lands on Matt, between the blinds-

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey!

EXT. SIDE, OPEN AIR MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Matt sees, the desk clerk, catching him.

FRONT DESK CLERK  
You wanna watch it gonna have to  
pay!

CUT TO:

EXT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- LATER

CENTERED, THROUGH WINDSHIELD-

Matt enters. He stares, for a long time; uncomfortably long.

He turns on the car: The radio plays, a commercial. Matt drives.

EXT. LOT, CECIL'S AMMUNITIONS -- DUSK

Matt parks.

INT. CECIL'S AMMUNITIONS -- MOMENTS LATER

It's empty of customers. The clerk with a handlebar mustache, green hunting vest and a name tag: HEARST, is at the counter.

Matt enters, making his way to Hearst.

HEARST  
What can I do for you?

MATT  
Need something that I can leave  
with now.

HEARST  
No way. Background check takes two  
weeks.

MATT  
(beat, blurts out)  
My wife cheated on me.

Hearst shrugs.

MATT  
With black men.

HEARST  
Men. Plural?

Matt reluctantly nods.

Hearst stares at Matt. No words.

Hearst flicks a switch under his counter.

ANGLE- SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS shut off.

Hearst walks to the back. He returns with a LOCKED METAL CASE.

HEARST  
I didn't hear that. You didn't say  
that. But if you do... don't miss.

He opens, lays out a silver handgun, cold steel and simple. Matt takes it.

EXT. OPEN AIR MOTEL -- NIGHT

Matt parks in the same spot, looking into the lot of the motel.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

The silver handgun is in his lap. The glint from the handgun reflects off Matt's face.

THROUGH PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW-

TWO BLACK MEN exit, heading to their vehicles and out the lot.

Rosie exits, looking relieved. She exits with ELMER, 38, black, tall and lanky. They kiss passionately.

Matt grips the gun.

Rosie glides in gleefulness to her vehicle. Elmer enters his 2012 Prius. They both exit; Rosie turns right, Elmer left.

Matt decides. He follows Elmer.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

Matt trails Elmer's vehicle.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt hyperventilates. His hand grips a wheel tight; the leather upholstery rips.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Elmer park in front of a two story house, the lights on inside.

Matt parks down the street. He turns off his engine.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt stares at the gun.

PASSENGER WINDOW- Elmer walks up the steps, front door opens before he reaches:

A WOMAN, 70s, night gown, erupts, and smacks Elmer. This is ELMER'S MOTHER.

ELMER'S MOTHER

Did I not tell your ass not to stay out without bringing back my fucking drink!

ELMER

(defeated, sheepish)  
Sorry mom I got work and shit and you over here upset about not getting-

ELMER'S MOTHER

(another smack)  
Shut your ass up and get your \$.10 ass inside! Waking up the neighbors and shit...

Elmer enters. Elmer's mom slams the door behind him.

Matt sits in his car, confused.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt pulls up into the driveway. He turns off his car. He looks at the gun and the bouquet of roses in the seat. He picks up the gun, puts it in the dashboard.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie sits on the couch, watching TV, in sweat and a shirt. Matt enters.

ROSIE

Where were you?

MATT

Office. Working overtime. Presentation.

ROSIE

Thought you already had it.

MATT

It's another. Higher overhead.

ROSIE  
(back to TV)  
Sounds great.

MATT  
Yeah. Great.

Matt exits the room.

ROSIE  
Did you grab some dinner?

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rosie is already asleep. Matt stands in his pajamas, staring at her.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MATT'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt sits on a love seat, he lingers:

ANGLE, A WALL. Plain, flat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Matt sits, still staring at the wall.

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Rosie awakens, refreshed. She looks to the night stand, there's no espresso.

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

She enters. The dishes aren't done. There's still trash in the bin.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie enters to an empty room. She sits on the love seat, turns on the TV-

FADE TO:

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- DAY

Matt sits and types, lost in his work. A knock, it's Kimiko.

KIMIKO

Hey.

MATT

Hey Kimiko. How goes it?

KIMIKO

You've been pretty quiet today.

MATT

One of those days I guess.

KIMIKO

Do you want to talk about it?

MATT

I'll survive.

KIMIKO

You sure? Cause you kinda look like  
shit? Compared to your usual...  
everything.

MATT

Is that the energy stuff you told  
me-

Kimiko nods.

MATT

...yeah. Well I assure you, I'm fine.

KIMIKO

If you want to talk, or vent.

MATT

I don't need therapy Kimiko.

KIMIKO

Understood.

Kimiko exits. Matt sighs and shakes his head. He checks the  
time.

EXT. ELMER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Matt pulls up, and parks.

MATT

Fuck it.

He opens the dashboard, pulls out the handgun. A KNOCK-

INT. FRONT DOOR, ELMER'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt knocks again. Door opens: It's Elmer's mother, speaking through a screen door.

ELMER'S MOTHER

What you want?

MATT

Hi sorry, is your son in?

ELMER'S MOTHER

Elmer? What did that peanut do this time?

MATT

No I'm with the local government and we have a refund check in his name.

ELMER'S MOTHER

Refund check?

MATT

Yes, someone used his social security and banking information to make purchases. So I'm here to hand him a check, and apology.

ELMER'S MOTHER

Why didn't you just mail it?

MATT

(thinks)

It's a refund exceeding over ten grand and in the event monetary value exceeds that amount, the check must be signed off so we can make sure it went to the right place.

ELMER'S MOTHER

Really?

MATT

We had situations in the past.

ELMER'S MOTHER

Shit you minus well sign it over to me, it's gonna go into my pocket anyway with his cheap ass.

MATT

I wish, but I was instructed to hand it over specifically to Elmer. It's the law.

ELMER'S MOTHER

Well you'll have to come back around nine, cause he at work till then.

MATT

Really? Where does he work?

CUT TO:

EXT. AKOHA SHOES -- DAY

An eccentric storefront in the middle of Venice Beach.

INT. AKOHA SHOES -- DAY

Matt enters, gun in his jacket.

Elmer in branded shorts and shirt, helps an elderly customer with a walker next to her.

Matt pretends to shop, observing Elmer:

ELMER

(to elderly woman)

Now these have a four millimeter drop height, so they are angled better to accommodate your plantar fasciitis.

ELDER WOMAN

Honey I don't know what you're saying-

(stands up)

-I just know these feel like clouds! They're so comfortable!

ELMER

That's the critical response foam, both springy and absorbs any impact your foot makes with the ground.

Elderly woman walks the store filled with customers. She smiles bright.

ELMER  
How they feel?

ELDER WOMAN  
Fantastic! Feels like I can dance  
in them!

ELMER  
No walker required!

The woman looks at the walker far from her-

ELDER WOMAN  
Well what do you know about that!?!

Elmer spots Matt.

ELMER  
How about you sir? Like to try a  
par?

MATT  
(taken aback)  
No. I'm just looking.

ELDER WOMAN  
(to Matt)  
Try them! They'll change your life!

MATT  
Well... I minus well-

ELDER WOMAN  
That's the spirit! I spent my whole  
life thinkin' work equals  
suffering. And after slipping into  
these, I realized that suffering is  
suffering!

ELMER  
Well hot dog, ain't you a better  
salesperson than me.  
(to Matt)  
What you looking for, something  
comfortable, or responsive?

MATT  
Responsive?

ELMER  
 Everyday run? Race day? A shoe that  
 will push you to the finish line.

MATT  
 Comfort. Mainly.

Elmer looks at the displays.

ELMER  
 Lets see what's good for you...

Matt scans Elmer:

ANGLE- He lingers on his shorts, we can see from the lining,  
 Elmer's well endowed.

ELMER (O.C.)  
 Wide foot?

MATT  
 What was that?

ELMER  
 You wear wide or regular size?

MATT  
 Regular.

ELMER  
 (hands a shoe)  
 Dockweiler Threes. Critical  
 response foam, forty-five  
 millimeter stack with a five mili  
 drop. Has a meta-rocker, so you'll  
 be on your feet for hours. What  
 size?

MATT  
 Seven regular.

ELMER  
 Seven regular. We have a couple of  
 pairs in that size.

MATT  
 What are you wearing?

ELMER  
 The Bert nines. Super plush, super  
 comfy.

MATT  
 Really? What size you wear?

ELMER  
 (looks down at shoes)  
 Oh. A fourteen wide.

MATT  
 (beat, nods)  
 Wow.

ELMER  
 It's all relative.

MATT  
 To you.

They both laugh, Matt's more put-on.

ELMER  
 Be right back with your shoe.

Elmer exits. Matt and the Elderly woman, exchange glances-

ELDER WOMAN  
 You look like my first husband.

MATT  
 Thank you.

ELDER WOMAN  
 Not a compliment.

Matt is unsure how to react. She laughs.

ELDER WOMAN  
 I'm yanking your chain!

Matt politely chuckles.

INT. AKOHA SHOES -- LATER

Elderly Woman is cashed out by an employee, AKOHA BAG in hand. Elmer is with Matt, opening a box and prepping a shoe for him.

ELDER WOMAN  
 (to Elmer)  
 I'll definitely be back!

ELMER  
 And I'll be here!  
 (hands Matt a shoe)  
 Try this and tell me what you think.

Matt slips the shoe on and ties.

MATT  
How long you worked here?

ELMER  
A year or two.

MATT  
Really?

ELMER  
No. I worked here for three years  
now.

MATT  
That's a long time in one retail  
position.

ELMER  
(preps the other pair)  
You telling me, but I've grown with  
this company and they treated me  
right.

MATT  
All we can ask for right?

ELMER  
(hands Matt a shoe)  
Yup.

Matt slips on both sneakers. He walks. Matt lets out a  
strange sigh of relief.

ELMER  
So? Why do you think?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- LATER

ANGLE- AN AKOHA BAG flops atop the bouquet of roses. Matt  
starts his car. He smirks as he turns on the radio.

He feels his suit pocket, extracts the gun. His smile fades.

EXT. AKOHA SHOES -- NIGHT

Elmer closes the store and locks up. Matt approaches.

MATT

Hey.

ELMER

(spots Matt)

Hey! Long time, no see!

MATT

We need to talk.

ELMER

Shoes didn't work out. Hey look I wish I could help, but we open tomorrow at ten if you want to stop by and get a refund.

MATT

No... I t's not the shoes. It's my wife.

ELMER

Wife?

Matt holds up his phone with a photo as his screensaver, it's Rosie. Elmer sees:

ELMER

Florence?

MATT

Florence? That's Rosie.

ELMER

No that's Florence.

MATT

No that's my wife!

ELMER

Bullshit.

MATT

Bullshit? Why would I be bullshitting you about the love of my life?

ELMER

Because she never said she was married. You fucking with me right now?

MATT

No but I know you're fucking her.  
(angry)

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

You and the entire Harlem  
Globetrotters basketball team! And  
their opponents!

ELMER

Washington Generals.

MATT

What?

ELMER

The opposing team is called the  
Washington Generals.

MATT

They don't play them all the time  
you goof!

ELMER

You actually seen the globetrotters  
play?

MATT

You're fucking my wife you piece of  
shit! And I won't allow you to make  
a fucking cuckold of me!

ELMER

She said she was single! And I'm  
not the one that turned you into a  
cuckold, if anything, I'm the  
cuckold!

MATT

How?

ELMER

I thought we were exclusive.

MATT

(laughs)

I think the group fun in your motel  
room yesterday will dispute your  
claim.

ELMER

Man that that's just fucking!

MATT

(beat)

Huh?

ELMER  
 Fucking. Letting off some steam.  
 Exorcising your demons.

MATT  
 Well I'm about to exorcise mines.

Elmer sees one of Matt's hands in his suit pocket. He knows...

ELMER  
 Is that a gun or something?

MATT  
 (nods)  
 ...or something.

ELMER  
 All right, calm down now.

MATT  
 Here's what we're gonna do. You're  
 gonna walk to your car and have a  
 nice ride.

ELMER  
 (scared)  
 I ain't going anywhere with you.

MATT  
 You heard me-

ELMER  
 Fuck you, shoot me peckerwood!

MATT  
 (pulls gun)  
 You deserve worse-

Elmer grabs the barrel, struggle ensues. They wrestle for the  
 piece, eventually twisting the gun out of view-

-BANG-

Elmer and Matt look at each other, silence. They look down:

BULLET HOLE in the wooden steps, both sigh:

MATT  
 Thank the lord!

ELMER  
 Praise Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELICATESSEN -- NIGHT

Matt and Elmer are seated at the window.

INT. DELICATESSEN -- NIGHT

Matt and Elmer sit quietly, each with a cup of coffee. Matt stirs his with a spoon.

ELMER

Rosie eh?

Matt nods.

ELMER

How long you two...?

Matt doesn't answer.

ELMER

Sorry.

MATT

(reluctant)

Since seventh grade.

ELMER

Jesus.

MATT

Both raised in a Mormon community.

ELMER

Shit, no electricity? Torture.

MATT

You're thinking of the Amish.  
Besides, we left the church a year  
after our marriage anyway so that's  
a moot point.

ELMER

You were really gonna kill me.

MATT

Not now given the context.

ELMER

I gave you the context and you  
still try to cap me!

MATT

Well I assure you it won't happen again.

ELMER

Of course it won't. I got the gun.

(beat)

But here's what I suggest you should do: Hit the streets and find the hottest, sluttiest, cock-drunk piece of meat you can buy and hate fuck them into oblivion.

MATT

I wouldn't know what to do with an escort.

ELMER

But you knew how to buy a gun and plot a murder suicide scheme.

MATT

Murder suicide? No, no-

ELMER

Yes, yes. You were totally gonna plug me, go home, off your wife and then give yourself a short goodbye.

MATT

No! Murder maybe. Suicide? Against my religion.

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt enter. There's a note on the stove:

"Made dinner, in the oven"

Matt opens the oven and pulls out a plate. He sits and eats. He weeps quietly.

MUSIC PLAYS: "One of these days" by Bedouin.

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Rosie awakens. She sees no espresso, but doesn't mind. She sits up and yawns.

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie presses her beans and turns on the espresso machine. She washes dishes.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie sits on the porch, sipping espresso, doing the times daily puzzle on her tablet.

KAITLYN, 30s, black neighbor, is in her garage across the street, cleaning.

Rosie crosses the street, and approaches:

EXT. GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Rosie is outside the garage. Kaitlyn sees her.

ROSIE

Hey Kate.

KAITLYN

Rosie! It's been a minute. Off today?

ROSIE

Actually the shop closed, we're online now, so mostly home. How's things with you?

KAITLYN

Just packing Darrell's shit.

ROSIE

I'm sorry, what happened?

KAITLYN

What?

(laughs)

Oh! We're good. He accepted a analyst position in Baltimore, I'm packing his shit so we can fit a spin bike in here.

ROSIE

Congratulations, but Baltimore's far.

KAITLYN

We agreed to commute. This week is my week to visit. and next week is his turn.

ROSIE

Sounds exhausting.

KAITLYN

It isn't. It's just me seeing my husband.

(beat)

How's things with you?

ROSIE

With Matt? Good.

KAITLYN

Just good?

Rosie doesn't answer.

BEER CAN OPENS-

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. KAITLYN'S DRIVEWAY -- LATER

Kaitlyn and Rosie sit in lounge seats, drinking beer, reclined, relaxed.

ROSIE

(beat)

It's suffocating being in that house all day. Even when I go out, there's this dread in me knowing I have to come back home.

KAITLYN

Seeing the same four walls would make anyone crazy.

ROSIE

Maybe. Maybe it's losing the store. All the candles are now made-to-order, So I don't do anything but exist.

KAITLYN

Maybe you need a job out of the house? Talk to Matt about this?

ROSIE

If I tell him, he'll try to solve it.

KAITLYN

Ugh I hate that.

ROSIE

He means well. He always means well. But I'm not a fish. You can't just make morning espresso, tap me on the head and think that's enough.

KAITLYN

Darrell does that sometimes. But I make sure he knows giving me flowers and giving me "my flowers" are different things.

ROSIE

Are they?

KAITLYN

Oh, they're different. One's love. The other's legacy.

(beat)

And I make sure to do the same. My man deserves his flowers as much as me. But not more, you feel me?

Rosie nods.

MUSIC: "The Outsider" by A Perfect Circle.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- DAY (DRIVE)

Matt drives, scarfing an double egg McMuffin, while screaming the lyrics-

MATT

(sings)

Disconnect and self-destruct one bullet at a time! What's your rush now? Everyone will have their day to die! If you choose to pull the trigger, search of drama prove sincere, do it somewhere far away from here!

Matt presses a repeat. Song plays again.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Matt sits, eating a meatball sub, AirPods in his ear. He sings between chews:

MATT

(sings a lil loud)

I lay my head onto the sand. The sky resembles a back lit canopy with holes punched in it. I'm counting UFOs. I signal them with my lighter and in this moment, I am happy. I'm happy! I WISH YOU WERE HERE! I WISH YOU WERE HERE!

Kimiko interrupts, with her lunch. Matt is startled. He removes an AirPods.

MATT

Sorry Kim I didn't see you-

KIMIKO

You seem to be in the zone. Can I?

MATT

Sure! Come aboard!

Matt makes room. Kimiko sits.

MATT

Is Gary joining us soon?

KIMIKO

Actually, we're kinda, taking a break.

MATT

Oh, I'm sorry to hear.

KIMIKO

Yeah, I've just been feeling strange about the engagement, and-

MATT

Oh you decided.

KIMIKO

(acknowledges)

I broached the topic yeah.

MATT  
He's not having an affair is he?

KIMIKO  
No-

MATT  
Been physical with you?

KIMIKO  
In what way?

MATT  
Sorry-!  
(composes)  
Sorry. You seemed like the perfect couple.

KIMIKO  
My mom thinks so too. Can I confide in you?

MATT  
Of course.

KIMIKO  
(sighs, proceeds)  
We were at the shoe store the other day, for the LA Marathon coming up.

INT. AKOHA SHOES -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kimiko and Gary enter a crowded store mid conversation.

KIMIKO  
I'm just saying, we should try it sometime.

GARY  
How about tomorrow?

Elmer approaches the couple.

ELMER  
Welcome to Akoha! Let us know if you have any questions!

GARY  
Oh I have a question!

ELMER  
Asks away!

GARY  
(counters)  
Sell me on these!

The room, including some customers grow quiet, disgusted looks.

Kimiko is confused.

ELMER  
That's not a question.

GARY  
Do you want me to form it in a question?

KIMIKO  
(smiles)  
We're looking for running shoes.

GARY  
He knows we're looking for running shoes! This is a running store!  
(to Elmer)  
Am I right?

ELMER  
You're not wrong.

GARY  
So give me a breakdown, of each shoe, and their function.

ELMER  
Well what are you looking to use them for? Besides just running? We offer shoes with different threads for different terrains. We have our stability models.

GARY  
Now stability, does that protect from pronation or supination?

ELMER  
We have a shoe for both actually, or simply a shoe for pronation, if you need it.

GARY  
No I don't need it. I was just curious.

ELMER

So you're a balanced runner.

GARY

(chuckles)

I wouldn't say that. I push off from my heel when I get fatigued, in the first... five or six miles, I'm mainly a forty-five degree runner.

ELMER

So you need a balanced well cushioned shoe.

GARY

Don't think you heard me, maybe if...

Gary sees a foot scanner in the corner.

GARY

What does that do?

ELMER

That scans your foot, measures your size and suggest the best shoe in store.

GARY

(to Kimiko)

We should try that? What do you think?

KIMIKO

I already know what I'm getting.

GARY

(to Elmer)

That machine almost make your job irrelevant!

Gary laughs. Elmer chuckles. Kimiko stares at Gary.

FADE TO:

INT. AKOHA SHOES -- LATER

Kimiko sits on a bench, her Akoha bag next to her, all life drained from her face.

Several boxes are spread out, open and disheveled on the sales floor. Gary walks around trying a pair.

Elmer counts cast at the register. An employee starts to put up the apparel.

A COUPLE approaches the closed door. It's locked. Elmer signals; we're closed.

ELMER

(to Gary)

How do the wide size feel?

GARY

Much better. Yeah the machine said I was a regular. Think it needs to be calibrated. I'll take these.

Gary pulls them off, he crudely stuffs them in the box and throws them on the counter.

Kimiko closes her eyes.

Gary steps over the mess of opened boxes, wrappings, fillers and shoes. Kimiko stands and fixes some shoes.

An employee approaches.

EMPLOYEE

No worries, I got it.

KIMIKO

Thank you, and sorry.

GARY

Great service, learned a lot today.

ELMER

And you have 30 days. No matter how dirty they get, you could return or exchange them within 30 days.

GARY

Even better!

(turns to Kimiko)

Hey honey! We have 30 days!

Kimiko gives a put-on smile.

BACK TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Matt and Kimiko eat lunch.

MATT

He's a little obsessive, well more than a little...

KIMIKO

You see?

MATT

Still less than a lot. I don't see a reason to call it off because of that.

KIMIKO

It's not just that, it's... more... fuck it. I'll just say it, he's a Twinkie.

MATT

A Twinkie?

KIMIKO

You know?

MATT

No, I know.

KIMIKO

He has this arrogance about him that makes him think he can walk around, acting a certain way, it's so annoying. He wasn't like this in the beginning.

MATT

What was he like?

KIMIKO

He was... I don't know. I can't remember.

MATT

Honestly, from an outside perspective, he seems like the same Gary he's always been.

KIMIKO

Are you sure?

MATT

Yeah I mean... I've known you two for how long now? He's a stickler for details.

KIMIKO  
You can say that.

MATT  
And a bit of a dick.

Kimiko laughs.

MATT  
If you don't mind me saying.

KIMIKO  
I should mind... things haven't been  
going well... in the bedroom either.

Matt becomes uncomfortable.

KIMIKO  
I shouldn't had said that part out  
loud, I'm sorry. Forget I said  
that.

MATT  
No. Like you said, it's good to  
vent.

Matt eats and thinks.

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT -- EVENING

Elmer, in his work gear and bag, unlocks his Prius. He spots  
Matt walking up. Elmer opens his bag, and pulls the handgun.

Matt stops in his tracks.

ELMER  
(points at Matt)  
Plot twist, motherfucker! You  
didn't think I knew you return?

MATT  
I'm not here to kill you... again.  
(turns around, lifts  
shirt)  
See unarmed. My homicidal days are  
over.

ELMER  
So why are you here?

A BUZZ. Elmer checks his phone. He cloyingly glances at Matt.

MATT  
 (beat)  
 It's her isn't it?

Matt paces, face red.

ELMER  
 Want me to end it?

MATT  
 Want you end it? OF COURSE I WANT  
 YOU TO FUCKING END IT! What she  
 say?

ELMER  
 Are you gonna be calm?

MATT  
 What she say!?

ELMER  
 She asking for double the homies.

MATT  
 (utter confusion)  
 Double the homies?  
 (devastating realization)  
 God-

Matt pukes.

ELMER  
 Oh no...

Matt hyperventilates. He panics.

ELMER  
 Just breathe. Breathe.

MATT  
 Let me... borrow the... gun!

ELMER  
 I thought your homicidal days were  
 over?

MATT  
 (breathes in and exhales)  
 Ok. ok. How about this? I'll give  
 you a hall pass. fuck her bloody  
 for all I care... just let me film so  
 I can throw it in her fucking face!

ELMER

(nods)

Use it against her in a divorce.

MATT

No, to rub her fucking face in it,  
maybe cc the video to her friends.

ELMER

(taken aback)

Oh. Well I hate to break this to  
you and I'm so happy you don't have  
a gun.

-MOANING AND GAGGING-

CUT TO:

INT. ELMER'S PRIUS -- DAY

Matt watches on his Elmer's phone, seated in the passenger  
seat. Elmer sits, looking out the window.

ELMER

She goes by Florence fucks the  
machine on fetlife. All one word.

MATT

(tears)

We temple sealed our love.

ELMER

Temple seal?

MATT

Temple sealing is scared! It's  
meant to bind us for eternity,  
beyond death! And look at her... look  
at her!

ELMER

Yeah I know! I'm in the video!

MATT

...?

Elmer points himself out.

MATT

How could you ever think you were a  
couple if she bangs a bunch of guys  
at one time?

ELMER

It wasn't all the time! Mostly it was me and her. She just wanted to experiment all the time. It became the norm.

MATT

The norm.  
(laughs, cries)  
She know what you do for a living?

ELMER

Meaning what?

MATT

Just sayin'.

ELMER

You ain't saying anything, only implying.

MATT

I don't understand it! I have a good job, a great home! All she does is sell candles! Good pay don't get me wrong, but I'm the fucking bread winner. I do most of the fucking work! Could I be a better lover? I don't know. But I provide, and I worked hard my whole life, without expecting any divine reward, just loyalty.

ELMER

And you're wondering why she fucking with a shoe store boy.

MATT

(beat)  
Didn't mean it like that. And to be fair, you're really good at what you do.

ELMER

Thank you.

MATT

And you didn't know. I shouldn't of gone after you.

ELMER

Are you trying to apologize for attempting to murder me?

MATT  
I am apologizing. I'm sorry.

ELMER  
(beat)  
Look- I can't with your wife  
tonight, which is a good thing,  
right?

Matt nods.

ELMER  
I got some friends that's looking  
for some fun later tonight. Maybe  
get your dick wet. What do you say?

Matt doesn't answer.

ELMER  
She has no loyalty, so why should  
you?

MATT  
Send me the link?

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT -- DUSK

Matt's vehicle is the only one left in the lot. Matt enters.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt pulls out his phone:

ON PHONE SCREEN: Elmer sent a link. Matt opens- the fetlife  
VIDEO of Rosie:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- CELL PHONE VIDEO

Rosie sits on the mattress, dressed salaciously. She fixes  
her hair-

Nude, hung, black men are seen idle. Their dongs dangling,  
some erect and ready. Rosie glances, clearly hungry...

ELMER (O.C.)  
(behind the camera)  
Ready Ma?

ROSIE  
One moment... how do I look?

ELMER (O.C.)  
Beautiful as always.

ROSIE  
Don't butter me up too much.

ELMER (O.C.)  
Pun intended?

ROSIE  
(smiles)  
Seriously just treat me like a  
hole. Make me forget who I am for a  
little while. Can't tell you how  
much my body needs this.

ELMER (O.C.)  
How bad do you need it?

ROSIE  
I've been craving this all week.

ELMER (O.C.)  
Yeah? We missed you too.  
(beat)  
Ready for us to break you the way  
you like?

ROSIE  
Fuck me raw!

ELMER (O.C.)  
Say it again...

ROSIE  
FUCK ME RAW!

ELMER (O.C.)  
God you're so fucking horny! Daddy  
didn't satisfy you enough?

ROSIE  
He hasn't known how for years.

ELMER (O.C.)  
No?

A nude man grabs Rosie's tit, kisses her neck.

ROSIE  
Daddy forgot how! Just became  
another limp dick bitch-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- THAT MOMENT

Matt turns off the video, casually tossing his phone into the backseat. Silence.

Matt reaches into the back to grab it-

MATT

FUCK!

Matt pulls his hand- a cut on his finger.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSEAT, MATT'S VEHICLE -- LATER

Matt is on his knees, searching the floor of the back seat. He grabs his phone, turns on the light to check-

BACKSEAT FLOOR- It's clean. There's nothing sharp underneath, only carpet.

Matt is confused.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT -- THAT MOMENT

Matt stands outside the vehicle. He dials.

MATT

(on phone)

What's the address?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

A house overlooking the broad walk. Music is loud. Matt follows a now well-dressed Elmer in the house, past bikini women, and cigarette smoking men.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt and Elmer enter to a semi filled room, a partier converse and drink. The middle countertop is littered with booze, and an assortment of Gummies.

MOSLEY, black, 20s, finds Elmer and they dap it up.

MOSLEY

Glue man!

ELMER

What up!

(to Matt)

Matt, this is Mosley. He's amast over 20 million followers on Instagram before the age of twelve, retired a millionaire at 16 and has been living like a sex God since!

MOSLEY

Living the dream! Wait, you said Matt? "The" Matt?

ELMER

Very same.

MOSLEY

Holy shit! You're the guy whose wife everyone fucked!

MATT

(shock, embarrassment)

Excuse me?

ELMER

Sorry, I peeped him in on your situation. He had "encounters" with your wife as well.

MATT

Oh you did. So you brought me here as some fucked up humiliation ritual?

ELMER

No you're here to fuck the pain away. Fuck Florence, or Rosie or whatever she calls her herself, you didn't deserve that shit.

MOSLEY

Did you take a STD test?

MATT

What?

MOSLEY

I would take an STD test. I mean we're all clean, and we stay strapped until it's time to cap. But I don't know where she's been outside of our operating hours.

ELMER

Legit.

MOSLEY

(agrees)

Legit.

MATT

I never thought about that. Do you think she could have something?

MOSLEY

I don't know I got gonorrhoea about two weeks ago.

MATT

I thought you said you were clean?

MOSLEY

I'm clean right now.

Matt gives Mosley a look.

ELMER

(to Mosley)

I'm gonna take him upstairs.

MOSLEY

Good luck.

Elmer and Matt walk.

MOSLEY

And Matt?

Matt stops, turns back to Mosley.

MOSLEY

Courage.

Mosley nods. Matt walks, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, BEACH HOUSE -- LATER

Matt is seated quietly. We hear moans and groans around him-- we pull away from him:

It's an orgy. Mostly men, with a couple of women. In a certain light, it's beautiful. To Matt, it's grotesque.

Elmer, bare ass naked, finds Matt.

ELMER

Go ahead. Wrap up and tap in.

MATT

I can't phantom what I'm seeing honestly. I've never been in a room like this.

ELMER

You know who else said that once?

Matt knows the answer. Elmer shrugs and renters the conglomeration of live flesh.

LIZ, 30s, fit Latina, naked and drenched in fluids, takes a break from the madness, sitting next to Matt.

LIZ

Hotter than Georgia asphalt. I can smell every orifice, which I can't tell if it's a good thing or not.

MATT

Hasn't stopped you.

LIZ

Gonna join the fun?

MATT

(shakes head)

Me? I'm not as advanced as you folks.

LIZ

First time?

MATT

I'm starting to slowly realize that no one's normal anymore.

LIZ

Normal's toxic babe, haven't you heard?

MATT

How can you enjoy this?

LIZ

Enjoy what? The giving and receiving of pleasure? It's all just a form of mutual appreciation baby.

MATT

More like sadism. Sodom and Gomorrah was wiped out for a reason. Cause it was this: sin run amok.

LIZ

(laughs)  
You must be a Catholic.

MATT

Mormon. No longer practicing.

LIZ

Make sense. Sodom and Gomorrah didn't fall from sin running amok, it fell due to the lack of hospitality.

MATT

Sorry but you misinterpreted what the scripture is supposed to mean.

LIZ

No I think you did. The story isn't about the city, it's about the people. Two angels visit a man in Sodom. The men of the city, surround the man's house, demanding to rape the angels.

MATT

Rape the angels?

LIZ

Have you actually read the scripture?

MATT

Yeah-

LIZ

What book is it in the Bible?

MATT

It's the book of...

LIZ

Old Testament or new?

MATT

It's a well known story!

LIZ  
So you haven't read it.

MATT  
How are you getting judgy with me,  
with your bare ass out right now?

LIZ  
It's got you stiff.

Matt looks down at himself, sees.

LIZ  
Or is it from the 'sin' in motion  
you can't help but to look at?

MATT  
I'm not sexually experienced.  
(beat)  
I only had one... love, in my life.  
And she's gone the way of... this.

LIZ  
Married?

Matt nods.

LIZ  
Sorry to hear. That's wrong of her,  
especially without your consent.

MATT  
Thank you. But it must be hard,  
doing this, and going home to an  
empty house, with no one but you.

LIZ  
Oh I'm married too!  
(points)  
That's my husband over there, inside  
the Sudanese blonde.

MATT  
(sees)  
Oh.

LIZ  
Speaking of, I have to tap back in,  
my husband don't cum inside of  
anyone but me!

Liz stands and goes back to the flesh heaven. She stops,  
turns back.

LIZ  
Genesis 19.

MATT  
Pardon?

LIZ  
Genesis 19. That's Sodom and  
Gomorrah. Look it up.

Liz reenters the human fluid exchange.

Matt reflects. He stands, quietly exits.

EXT. CARL'S JR PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Matt vehicle sits alone.

INT. MATT'S VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt eats a double bacon western cheeseburger.

There's no music.

He stuffs fries in mouth, and sucks in soda. He's lost in a  
train of thought.

EXT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt enters. TV is on, no one in the room.

EXT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt finds Rosie cooking, watching a show on the tablet.

MATT  
TV's still on in the living room.

ROSIE  
It'll survive. How was work?

MATT  
You know. We need to talk.

ROSIE  
(turns to Matt)  
About?

EXT. DINING ROOM, ROSEY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie sits defeated. Matt sits, stares.

ROSIE

It was just... a fling. Nothing serious.

MATT

Nothing serious? It's serious to me.

ROSIE

I know and it should. It was a one time thing between me and Ty.

MATT

Ty? Who the fuck is Ty?

ROSIE

Ty didn't...?

MATT

I know Elmer. I don't know a Ty. But please do tell.

ROSIE

Elmer was fun. Also a one time thing.

MATT

One time?

ROSIE

Maybe more than once.

MATT

Maybe more than one guy!

Rosie is startled.

MATT

I saw the gangbangs... Florence.

Rosie leans back. She stands and exits.

Matt sits there, quiet.

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rosie packs clothes into a suitcase.

MATT  
(enters)  
What are you doing?

Rosie doesn't respond.

MATT  
Seriously?

No response.

MATT  
I had to get tested cause of you!  
DO YOU KNOW HOW THAT MAKES ME  
FEEL!?!

Rosie grabs her keys, and exit, with out her belongings.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Rosie heads for the door. Matt is right behind her.

MATT  
Now I'm the fucking bad guy!?

She opens, Matt closes the door.

MATT  
No fuck you, I earned the right to  
an answer! How dare you walk out on  
me!

ROSIE  
You're scaring me!

MATT  
So I'm not suppose to be pissed you  
fucked a pack of black men?

ROSIE  
A pack?

MATT  
We temple sealed our fates, how  
could you?

ROSIE  
How could...? Are you fucking kidding  
me?

ROSIE  
Because I still want to be with  
you.

MATT

Do you know how insane that sounds after what you did!?! We were each other's first. Don't you love me anymore? Did you ever?

Rosie doesn't know-

MATT

ANSWER ME!

Rosie sees: MARRIAGE PHOTO on the mantle; Both dressed in Mormon wedding garments.

ROSIE

(beat)

I'll always love you.

Rosie opens the door. Matt allows her to exit. He follows.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Rosie enters her vehicle and drives. Matt watches.

MATT

(after the fact)

AND WHO THE FUCK IS TY!?!

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt enters, retreating to his espresso machine. He takes out beans, pours them into his grinder and turns it on.

He pauses, takes in a breath. He opens the refrigerator:

INSIDE REFRIGERATOR: a container of blueberries, raspberries and an unopened container of blackberries.

Matt takes out the berries.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

CLOSE- Matt's drops a blueberry in the cup. He places the raspberry and pours the grounded coffee. He presses.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt watches espresso drip. He picks it up, takes a sip.  
SUDDEN-

Matt pitches the cup at a cabinet.

HE RIPS THE ESPRESSO MACHINE FROM THE WALL-

HE LIFTS THE HEAVY MACHINERY with uncontrollable rage, slams  
into the tile.

Hot water pools- steam spills out. Matt stomps on the machine  
but slips, slicing his leg on the device. He looks:

ANGLE- his bottom calf pools blood onto the tile, ruining his  
khakis.

Matt crashes out. He limps out the room. We hear noises.

Matt renters with 6-IRON GOLF CLUB and smashes the machine  
into pieces. Each swing more primal than the last. His skin  
is flushed, forehead dripping sweat. His anger turns into a  
wallowing weep, tiring into a full blown crying spell.

Matt collapses amongst the ruin of his espresso machine. He  
crawls to the cabinet under her sink, as would a child during  
an earthquake. Empty.

MATT  
(through tears)  
Stop... stop crying pussy, stop.  
Please...

CUT TO:

INT. PARK -- DAY

Matt and Gary sit atop a staircase, dripping sweat and  
sucking air. Matt checks his phone:

ON PHONE, A TEXT EXCHANGE WITH ELMER:

MATT: "Heard of a guy name Ty?"

ELMER: "Don't know a Ty"

ELMER: "Why?"

GARY  
(catches breath)  
Showed her what I had planned. I  
even saw that dumb movie.

MATT  
Was it dumb?

GARY  
No. Actually kind of delightful.  
Not realistic in today's economy,  
but still...

MATT  
But she saw the effort.

GARY  
I thought she did.  
(beat)  
How do you keep it fresh with the  
misses?

MATT  
(beat)  
Tiny gestures. I would work at the  
dinner table... and she sneak up and  
kiss me on the cheek. Let me know  
she's still there.

GARY  
Shit. That's love, right?

MATT  
Probably. Never questioned it.

Matt runs down the steps and jogs the path. Gary sigh and follows.

INT. DELICATESSEN -- DAY

Elmer eats a meal, while Matt incessantly eats his pie with coffee.

ELMER  
Shit no one who runs in my circles  
know a nigga named Ty.

MATT  
I can't believe she just fucking  
fucked around on me like that like  
just can't...

ELMER  
Yeah it sucks. But that's what  
divorce is for my friend. Leave the  
bitch in the past.

MATT

(suspicious)

You know, that's the second time you brought up divorce. If I was a smarter man, I would think you're trying to get us to break up so you can be with her.

Elmer eyes widen, he burst into laughter.

MATT

Tell me I'm wrong.

ELMER

OK.

(beat)

You're wrong. I liked the girl, don't get me wrong, you have a beautiful wife...

MATT

But..?

ELMER

BUT after finding out that she's married, and to YOU, shit, can't trust a ho like that, no offense.

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- DAY

Kimiko knocks. Matt typing, see her.

MATT

Hey what's up Kimiko?

KIMIKO

(coy)

Can I sit?

Matt pulls out a chair. Kimiko sits.

KIMIKO

Thinking about breaking up with Gary.

MATT

But...

(looks up)

He here?

KIMIKO

Presentation in Burbank.

MATT  
(sits)  
Does he know?

KIMIKO  
Not yet. I'm telling him tonight.

MATT  
Why tell me?

KIMIKO  
I don't know how he'll react. I'm  
scared.

MATT  
He hasn't been abusive or anything?

KIMIKO  
No! I'm frightened he'd talk me out  
of it.

MATT  
Gary?

KIMIKO  
Yes. Gary. The same Gary who  
overanalyzes every single moment of  
my life, and thinks he doing me a  
favor!  
(beat)  
Sorry! I know he's your friend.

MATT  
You're my friend too. Have you told  
Gary any of that?

KIMIKO  
I hinted. I don't know. Maybe I  
should be blunt.

MATT  
Yeah, maybe give him a chance to  
fix it. Don't blindside him.

KIMIKO  
I don't think he'll change.

MATT  
But you haven't asked him to. Just  
one week. Give him that.

KIMIKO  
I don't think I can keep going.

MATT  
I don't know. It just feels off.

KIMIKO  
In what way?

MATT  
Like you already got someone lined up.

KIMIKO  
Excuse me?

MATT  
It looks like you already make up your mind. I'm not even sure why you're telling me all this.

KIMIKO  
Because I trust you.

MATT  
No you just want me to make your decision feel less petty.

KIMIKO  
I'm not petty-

MATT  
Then explain to him before you ruin his life? Just an idea.

KIMIKO  
Are you OK?

MATT  
(goes back to typing)  
Don't need a session right now  
Kimiko.

Kimiko nods, exits. Matt types.

INT. BEDROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt enters. Rosie's suitcase and clothing still linger on the bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt lies on the couch, a cover over him in a pillow. He watches television. A BUZZ:

Matt picks his phone from the coffee table:

CLOSE- ON PHONE- A TEXT from Rosie:

"Can we talk?"

Matt turns off his phone, back to TV.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

UNDER SHEETS OF LINEN-

Rosie awakens; eyes as blue as sapphire. The linen flows over her face.

She looks at us.

MONTAGE: Rosie's lips, her bare arm pit, brunette hair on a silk pillow.

ROSIE  
(warm smile)  
Hello, Mr Mengele.

MATT (O.C.)  
Hello Mrs Mengele.

ROSIE  
I like the sound of that.  
(beat)  
First day of the rest of our  
eternity?

MATT (O.C.)  
I love you. Always have.

A BLACK HAND enters, caresses Rosie.

ROSIE  
Love you too.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt wakes up. He catches his breath.

-LAUGH TRACK-

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- DAY

ON TABLET: Gilligan and his shenanigans.

Matt types. His phone rings. He answers.

MATT  
(on phone)  
Elmer?

ELMER (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
You need to get over here right  
now.

MATT  
Over where?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, OUTDOOR CAFE -- DAY

Matt enters into Elmer's Prius.

INT. ELMER'S PRIUS -- CONTINUOUS

Matt sits passenger side. Elmer sits, looking through the rearview mirror.

MATT  
What's up?

Elmer points at the mirror:

THROUGH REARVIEW- Rosie is having a coffee with a black gentlemen, well dressed, a bit feminine. This is...

ELMER  
That's TY, the motherfucker.

MATT  
Ty? How'd you find him?

ELMER  
I asked around.

MATT  
You people are that connected?

Elmer gives Matt a look.

MATT  
(recoils)  
Sorry.

ELMER  
You know what's weird? I had sex  
with your wife and you were damn  
near about to kill me for it, but  
God forbid anyone perceives you as  
racist.

THROUGH REARVIEW- Rosie and Ty laugh and chat. Ty grabs her  
hand, and she accepts.

MATT  
Gutter slut.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Matt walks by Kimiko and Gary's cubicle, Kimiko's side is  
empty; neither her belongings or personal items; just an half  
empty cubicle.

Matt enters his cubicle.

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt enters. Kimiko is seated in a chair.

MATT  
(taken aback)  
Kimiko! Is everything-

KIMIKO  
I'm here to say goodbye.

MATT  
Goodbye?

KIMIKO  
I broke it off with Gary.

MATT  
Sorry to hear, but why goodbye?

KIMIKO  
Requested a transfer to San Fran.  
Closer to my family and what I  
know.

MATT  
Seems drastic. How's Gary holding  
up?

KIMIKO  
I don't know. Nor care?  
(beat)  
He didn't take the break up well.

MATT  
Who would?

KIMIKO  
I know he's your friend.

MATT  
No it's... I'm just don't handle  
change well. I'll miss you.

KIMIKO  
(beat)  
Can I be honest with you?

MATT  
Sure.

KIMIKO  
You've been a great friend, but  
sometimes...

MATT  
Come on what's up?

KIMIKO  
Sometimes you scare me.

Matt doesn't know how to react.

KIMIKO  
Sometimes. I'm not saying-

MATT  
No. No it's fine. I get it.

KIMIKO  
(beat)  
Do you really? Or do you just think  
you do, until someone tells you the  
truth?

Kimiko's phone buzzes.

KIMIKO  
My Uber.

Kimiko hugs Matt. He holds on a second too long. Kimiko pulls away gently.

KIMIKO  
Keep in touch. OK?

Matt nods. Kimiko picks up her box of cubicle items. She exits.

Matt sits, and types. He stops, stares at the keyboard. He turns and looks at a cubicle wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Matt enters with drive-thru dinner. He stops: Rosie is seated on the couch. She stands.

MATT  
Get out.

ROSIE  
Can we talk?

MATT  
Talk about what?

ROSIE  
I don't know.

MATT  
You don't know?  
(throws down food)  
Oh come on! Are you gonna pass this off some like mental defect or some shit? Midlife crisis? I can't even look you in the eyes right now. Jesus Christ.

ROSIE  
(beat)  
Did you forget why we left the church?

MATT  
Fuck off.

ROSIE  
I didn't. I remember everything about it. The Sunday dresses, the frozen smiles. Women who whisper, and gossip about you cause you want more than just casseroles and a clean temple record.

(MORE)

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I left because I didn't want that. I told you that. and I thought you agreed. That's why we left. And what did you do, Matt? You moved us into the same Mormon life, just in fucking Los Angeles!

(beat)

The "call" just got replaced with a job title. Judgment, coming with espresso and a scone. And sex?

Matt seems to brace-

ROSIE

Just became a fifteen minute chore. A "good girl" performance that felt like a pat on the head! A performance I faked so you don't feel bad. You think that being repressed is the same as being good. You think if we suffer quietly, it makes us righteous.

(beat)

And all it's done for me is crave everything I was told to fear. And made me want men who look like sin.

(beat)

I didn't cheat because you did something wrong. I cheated because you were passive. You watched me disappear and did nothing.

(beat)

I know I fucked up. But don't stand here and pretend you didn't build the coffin I died in.

Rosie storms out, exiting the house and slamming the door. Matt stands in silence.

-LAUGHTER

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE -- DAY

Elmer sits in the lounge area, outside the store, eating lunch on his AirPods. He's on break from work.

ELMER

Sounds like bullshit to me.

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt is on his AirPods at his desk.

MATT

Maybe you're right. Divorce is the way.

INTERCUT - MATT AND ELMER:

ELMER

That's what I've been saying. Cut the cord and fight her in court.

MATT

Play the tape your honor!

ELMER

Exactly. And maybe we can do something about that Ty fellow too. You know she's gonna go running into his dainty ass shoulders.

MATT

Let her. She's gonna see pretty fast how quickly people become disinterested in her.

ELMER

No but seriously that fucker is not even 125 pounds soaking wet, it looks like the only thing he pounds is alkaline water gluten-free sashimi.

MATT

If you don't mind me asking, why are you so obsessed with him?

ELMER

(laughs)

Obsessed? I don't think that's the right word Homie.

MATT

You keep going on about him.

ELMER

Yeah, well you sound like a bitch for allowing him to snake your girl. And why shouldn't he? He's rich.

(MORE)

ELMER (CONT'D)

Like insanely rich, made a bunch of money producing reality shows. Real fucking scumbag.

MATT

Wouldn't call him a scumbag for producing reality shows but fucking my wife...

ELMER

But fucking your wife...

MATT

(agrees)

But fucking my wife...

ELMER

No he's probably butt fucking your wife, right now.

Matt imagines.

ELMER

Seriously...

MATT

What are you proposing?

EXT. LOT, GOLF CLUB -- DAY

Matt and Elmer walk the lot, in golfing attire.

MATT

What's the plan again?

ELMER

Just to observe, you know, shit like that.

MATT

No I don't know shit like that-

Ty exits the golf club with his eclectic group of buddies with him.

Matt hides, ducking behind a tree.

ELMER

He don't know us fool!

Matt comes out, slightly embarrassed.

ELMER

I assume he doesn't know you. Who knows what's your wife shared, besides fluids.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- LATER

Matt and Elmer golf a distance behind Ty's party. They wait for their group to finish.

MATT

Score?

ELMER

You're two under par.

MATT

And you?

ELMER

(beat)

Golf's not a black man's game.

MATT

There's Tiger.

ELMER

Your point?

Matt shrugs. Elmer stares at Ty.

MATT

OK, what's with you and Ty?

ELMER

Seriously? He's fucking your girl and you're asking me what's up with that?

MATT

You fucked her too! So did a lot of people. What makes him any different?

ELMER

I feel bad OK? I want to make amends. I don't like fucking up marriages, especially ones with bones. Even if the husband tried to kill me.

Matt thinks. He places a tee and ball. He picks a driver from his bag, and aims for Ty's group.

ELMER  
What are you doing?

MATT  
Letting off some steam.

Matt swings. The ball curves into Ty's group, they duck. They shout:

"Fucking lunatic!"

"Are you out your fucking mind?"

MATT  
(shouts back)  
My bad!

Matt smiles at Elmer, walking to the cart.

MATT  
Coming?

Elmer jumps in the cart. They drive.

Matt drives up, and jumps out to the group.

MATT  
Sorry. I thought you guys were done.

BLACK GOLFER  
Yo, what the fuck is your problem man?

ELMER  
(jumps from cart,  
intervenes)  
Our bad, my friend here got overzealous.

MATT  
You did take long to be fair.

BLACK GOLFER  
I don't give a fuck what you think is fair pecker wood.

TY  
Laurel calm down, we did take too long.  
(to Matt)  
My apologies, you know how it is when you're having fun with the boys.

MATT

I wouldn't, but Elmer, he knows a lot about hanging with the boys.

TY

Is that an attempt at a gay joke?

ELMER

No he's talking about me partaking in heterosexual orgies.

MATT

I wouldn't call it that. More like a group of guys on one woman kind of deal.

LAUREL

A gang bang.

MATT

(genuine)

That's what it's called?

ELMER

No it's an orgy. A straight orgy.

TY

What's the ratio?

ELMER

Ratio?

TY

Guys to girls.

LAUREL

You know what he's getting at motherfucker, don't play.

ELMER

(scratch his neck)

Usually it's three guys.

LAUREL

To how many women?

MATT

(answers for Elmer)

One.

TY

The other dudes aren't fucking each other?

MATT  
Nope. Just the one chick.

TY  
Oh then, honey, that's a gang bang.

LAUREL  
Can't fuck a dude like a real man.

ELMER  
(beat)  
Well, I'm... Not, gay?

LAUREL  
Pathetic.

MATT  
I mean... you might as well be gay.  
Your penis shares the same space as  
other...

ELMER  
(gives Matt a look)  
I think we're deviating for the  
point here.

TY  
I don't even know what the point  
is! So we'll let you go and hope  
you have a wonderful day.

MATT  
(extract phone)  
While you plow my wife at night?

Matt shows Ty his screensaver: it's him and Rosie, in a park.

TY  
(recognizes, confused)  
Esmeralda?

INT. DINING ROOM, GOLF CLUB -- LATER

Ty stirs his tea. Elmer and Matt sit, both eating a bacon  
Cobb salad.

TY  
Good?

ELMER  
(defiant)  
Delicious.

TY

You can only get bacon that tender  
if you kill the pig on site.

ELMER

Here? Don't think that's kosher.

TY

I'm fucking with you.

ELMER

(fake laughs)  
Humor nice.

TY

Look I think you two got it all  
twisted. It was never gonna be a  
long-term thing between me and her.

MATT

Why? She wasn't good enough for  
you?

TY

Because I knew she was married. She  
didn't know I knew, but I did.

ELMER

Home wrecking piece of shit.

TY

(to Elmer)  
And who are you again?

ELMER

Another home wrecking piece of  
shit. And trust me there's a lot  
more out there.

MATT

You weren't aware how far Alice  
went down the rabbit hole?

TY

I thought we were exclusive. Casual  
but...

MATT

I would get checked.

ELMER

I got so many STDs bro.

TY

Well it looks like she broke it off  
at the right time.

MATT

Broke it off?

TY

We're not together anymore.

ELMER

Bullshit. We saw you both at the  
cafe.

TY

You were spying on us?

MATT

(to Elmer, sarcastic)

Nice work.

(to Ty)

Sorry it's against my beliefs to  
spy, but so is adultery!

TY

First off, where the fuck you get  
off spying on us? And second;  
Adultery? Are you also the youngest  
member of the 700 club?

ELMER

He's a Mormon actually.

MATT

(stares at Elmer)

Non practicing.

TY

A man, stuck between worlds. Really  
sexy or really dangerous.

MATT

Look asshole we know you're lying  
about being with Rosie, now I  
suggest you heed our caution-

TY

There's no caution needed ASSHOLES!  
She broke up with me!

ELMER

(beat)

Lies. Why would she break up with  
you? You got money.

MATT  
Money isn't everything.

ELMER  
You probably fuck like Prince in  
his prime.

MATT  
The Artist? I thought he was gay.

ELMER  
And I've never seen her glow the  
way she does when she's with you!  
Makes no sense.

TY  
Preaching to the choir.

ELMER  
Fuck the choir! AND FUCK YOU!

Elmer topples his plate and storms out. Matt sits with Ty,  
unsure how to react.

EXT. LOT, GOLF CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Elmer stomps through the lot. Matt exits the club, chases  
after him.

MATT  
What the fuck was that?

ELMER  
Fuck that nigga bro.

MATT  
Fuck him? Why fuck him?

Elmer enters his Prius. Matt stands outside. He thinks,  
enters.

INT. ELMER'S PRIUS -- CONTINUOUS

Matt sits and waits. Elmer breathes heavy.

MATT  
Want to talk about it?

ELMER  
Do I look like a bitch to you?

Elmer breathes. Matt waits. Elmer exits.

EXT. LOT, GOLF CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Elmer paces through the lot, looking at license plates. He finds one:

"TY\$\$\$\$"

ELMER

Pig fucker.

Elmer unzip his trousers. Matt exits:

MATT

What are you doing?

Elmer finds Ty's vehicle. He opens the gas tank cover. He puts his dick in, urinates.

MATT

No!

Matt rushes over.

MATT

Are you out your mind?

ELMER

(urinating)

You gonna let that bitch fuck your wife and get away with it?

MATT

It's over now. She's chose me!

ELMER

After how many men?

Matt takes this in, he nods.

MATT

Move aside Lancelot.

Matt unzips. Elmer is shocked, steps aside.

Matt lifts up to his toe, and tries inserting his penis.

MATT

(struggles)

I... I can't.

ELMER

You can't...?

MATT  
I can't reach, it's...

TY (O.C.)  
You, mother, FUCKERS!

They look: Ty and his boys are out the club, seeing Matt and his penis.

ELMER  
Bail.

Elmer enters his Prius. Matt zips and runs at the same time, he trips-

Ty runs, chases after him-

Matt gets to his feet, trips again-

Ty closes in FAST-

Matt stumbles into the Prius.

INT. ELMER'S PRIUS -- CONTINUOUS

Matt barrels in head first. Elmer has the engine started.

MATT  
Drive wife fucker!

Elmer floors it.

EXT. LOT, GOLF CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Elmer reverse out and turns right into the street. Ty sprints after them.

INT. ELMER'S PRIUS -- CONTINUOUS (DRIVE)

Matt laughs, a big exhale. Elmer drives, looking in his rearview.

MATT  
I haven't had that much fun in my entire-!

ELMER  
He's still following.

Matt looks in the rearview-

REARVIEW: Ty is chasing, not only keeping pace, but making ground, full sprint; the T-1000 from T2.

MATT  
(eyes wide, in rearview)  
Must go faster.

ABGLE- Elmer put the peddle to the floor.

ANGLE- The Prius' speed gauge maxes at 80.

MATT  
Must go faster.

REARVIEW: Ty is gains serious ground.

ELMER  
I'm trying... oh God... a red light.

MATT  
Not like this...

ELMER  
Fuck it.

EXT. INTERSECTION -- DAY

Elmer speeds past the red light and incoming traffic, honks and horns.

INT. ELMER'S PRIUS -- CONTINUOUS (DRIVE)

REARVIEW: Ty stops at the light, not out of the breath. He nods, and sprints back, in the same speed.

FADE TO:

EXT. TOP FLOOR PARKING STRUCTURE -- DAY

Elmer parks.

INT. ELMER'S PRIUS -- CONTINUOUS

Elmer turns off the car. Matt tries to relax.

MATT  
What the fuck was that?

ELMER  
Never seen a nigga so... determined.

MATT  
He knows where I live.

ELMER  
Nah. Doubt it.

MATT  
Knew she was married! Who knows  
what else he knows! Slit our  
throats in our sleep.  
(beat)  
And what the fuck was up with your  
temper tantrum at the table?

ELMER  
Temper tantrum?

MATT  
That kid shit you pulled. You lost  
all composure back there!

ELMER  
Sorry that I disappointed you  
massa!

MATT  
Oh don't give me that shit! I know  
exactly why you lost it.

ELMER  
Educate me wh-

MATT  
(fake guess)  
White man? right? You're  
predictable. And you lost your shit  
cause you can't stand another black  
man, whose better than you in every  
way, shape and form, got to have  
the woman you can't admit you love!

ELMER  
(laughs)  
Love? Lust maybe.

MATT  
You can't even admit it to  
yourself. Hell maybe cause you know  
she doesn't love you back. You call  
it lust cause that's exactly what  
it is to her. And it just eats at  
you, that you're nothing but a  
piece of meat.

ELMER

(beat, smiles)

And there it is. Thank you. You hit the nail on the head. I mean, you have to be wondering too why she chose you over Ty. Me? OK. I get it. But Ty? God's gift to women? A man with the obvious endurance of a machine? Just sayin', why chose you?

MATT

Like I haven't asked this myself.

ELMER

It's simple. She's racist.

Matt stares at Elmer. He laughs.

MATT

Racist? Rosie? Come on Elmer...

ELMER

She's a racist. She only sees us as sex objects, as a fetish.

MATT

If you're racist against a race, you're not going to fuck them!

ELMER

She sure as shit wouldn't marry us. And that's cause we don't have the societal advantages that people like you have.

MATT

There's too many interracial relationships in this country for you to suggest it as even an option!

ELMER

But I'm not talking about interracial relationships, I'm talking about your wife.

MATT

Whose been fucking black men!

ELMER

Multiple! Maybe over forty. Fifty? Who knows? I don't!

(MORE)

ELMER (CONT'D)

But she always crawls back to you,  
whether you knew about it, or not.

MATT

(beat)  
How long have you two, you know...?

ELMER

We celebrated a year, two months  
ago.

Matt nods.

ELMER

I don't know how long with Ty, but  
based on what I gathered...

(beat)  
She's only with you, because it's  
convenient. It's safe. It's  
default.

MATT

No. No I get it, I think.

ELMER

You do?

MATT

(nods)  
But why would she slum it with a  
loser who still lives with his  
mother?

ELMER

What?!

MATT

That is what your diatribe is  
really about: projecting your shit  
onto Ty and me, cause your  
hopelessly in debt ass failed at  
finding a life purpose!

ELMER

In debt?

MATT

Your mom told me!

ELMER

You talked to my mom?

MATT

When I tried to kill you, I visited your house.

ELMER

You visited...

(holds in anger)

And what would've happened if I was there?

MATT

I would've, you know...!

ELMER

And my mom?

MATT

(beat, knows)

What about her?

ELMER

Would you had killed her too?

MATT

...No! I'm not a monster!

ELMER

You sick fuck, you were gonna cap my mom. What kind of lunatic are you-?

MATT

Projecting your assumptions is the first sign of paranoid personality-

ELMER

-your wife has an affair and your first thought is annihilation. You're broken and cannot fix without some sort of psychological intervention-

MATT

Psycho? You're calling me psycho, man-child who peed in a gas tank?

ELMER

You know what? You're a racist.

MATT

(deeply offended)

Fuck you!

ELMER  
Fuck me? Fuck you... racist!

Matt exits.

ELMER  
(sarcastic)  
Wait? Come back!

Elmer exits.

EXT. TOP FLOOR PARKING STRUCTURE -- DAY

Matt walks. Elmer pursues.

ELMER  
That's right run away you BITCH!

MATT  
(stops, turns back)  
You're just upset. Let's call it a  
day and talk later, when we're both  
settled.

Matt walks again.

ELMER  
You're a racist! And so is your  
bullshit religion!

Matt doesn't respond. He keeps walking.

ELMER  
You were a cuck to your faith and  
now you're a cuck to your wife!

Matt stops.

ELMER  
(smirks)  
Oh? What? Struck a nerve? What are  
you gonna do you little bitch boy-

Matt reaches Elmer and swings- He DECKS ELMER IN THE NOSE.  
Silence.

Elmer stares at Matt. Blood trickles from nose to his lip.  
Elmer licks the crimson from his mouth.

ELMER  
(nods)  
OK I got something for you. Oh I  
prayed for days like this!  
(MORE)

ELMER (CONT'D)

Wait right there...  
(chuckles into laughter)  
I'll be RIGHT BACK!

Elmer runs to his vehicle.

MATT

(remembers)  
The gun!

Matt runs down the ramp. Elmer grabs the gun from the dashboard- He peaks out, sees Matt running:

ELMER

Oh no you don't playboy...

Elmer gets in his Prius and drives. Matt jumps over the side of the ramp-

INT. THIRD FLOOR, TOP FLOOR PARKING --

Matt lands- he's screams- re-aggravating his cut leg- but stays on his feet, limping-

Behind him- Elmer's Prius speeds down to his level-

Matt sees a staircase and runs.

Elmer's Prius turns, in line with Matt. He accelerates-

Matt runs and leaps for the first step and barely dodges the Prius.

INT. STAIRS, TOP FLOOR PARKING STRUCTURE --

Matt slides down the steps- scrapping himself along the way.

We hear the Prius door close.

Matt crawls down the steps-

Elmer appears at the top of the steps, gun in hand. He retreats to his Prius.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, TOP FLOOR PARKING --

Matt runs- silence- only his steps- Matt stops limps from column to column, remaining hidden.

Nothing. Matt sighs, steps out...

The Prius is parked, lights off, staring dead at Matt.

Matt slowly turns-

The Prius powers on- HIGH BEAMS- Drives-

Matt runs- stalking more than a chase.

Matt runs down the second floor ramp. The Prius trails.

INT. GROUND FLOOR, TOP FLOOR PARKING --

The Prius chases Matt into a corner, boxes him into a cement wall.

MATT

Please-! I'm sorry-! I'm so...

Elmer exits with Matt's handgun. He points the barrel at his head.

MATT

GOD NO-!

Elmer pulls the trigger-

-BANG- - ECHOES-

ANGLE- Bird scatter- We hear a car alarm.

A SCREAM- It's Matt.

Elmer has the gun pointed up, over Matt.

ELMER

You call us violent, but at the  
first sign of hurt your instinct is  
to kill.

Elmer removes the bullets from the handgun, pockets the rounds. He tosses the gun.

ELMER

Now you know how I felt.

Elmer enters his Prius, and exits the lot.

Matt gathers his thought. He looks:

ANGLE- The handgun lingers in an empty parking space.

INT. OFFICE -- LATER

Matt, a bit disheveled, leg wound bleeding, moves through the office.

Gary sits in a half empty cubicle, no emotion to him, just typing.

Matt spots him as he enters his cubicle.

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt sits. He looks at his desktop screen; it's off.

INT. GARY'S CUBICLE, OFFICE -- LATER

Matt knocks. Gary looks up, smiles.

GARY

Hey Matty. Haven't seen in all day.

MATT

Busy. How you holding up?

GARY

Oh with...? Already moved on my friend. I've been on dating apps. So far...

MATT

Sorry that it ended. Really liked you two.

GARY

I'm not sorry.

(beat)

I tried. Right?

(beat)

Got the tickets refunded. That's a win.

MATT

Did she ever say why?

GARY

Does it matter?

(goes back to work)

Just excuses. You know. Hey I can't run after work, I got a thing. Rain check?

MATT

...  
 (gives up)  
 Yeah. Rain check.

Matt lingers. He watches Gary type.

Gary stops, eyes on his screen, aware.

Matt nods, exits. Gary resumes typing.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Rosie sits on the steps, hand trembling as she drinks bottled water. Matt drives into the driveway. He sees her, and exits. She stands up. They stare for a moment.

INT. DINING ROOM, ROSIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Matt and Rosie sit on opposite sides of the dining table.

MATT

I meet Ty.

ROSIE

He called. You spy on us, you and...  
 my friend.

MATT

Your friend... You seemed happy with  
 Ty. Why waste your time with me?

ROSIE

I don't love Ty.

MATT

But love isn't enough for you.

Rosie doesn't know how to answer.

MATT

My love wasn't enough.

ROSIE

Matthew...

MATT

(angered)  
 Do not...  
 (sighs)  
 Please.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

I saw you, a couple weeks ago,  
having a swell time at a motel.

ROSIE

Jesus Matt.

MATT

Love clearly wasn't enough then.

(beat)

I got tested.

(beat)

Did you even think about that?

ROSIE

I'm sorry.

MATT

I get being repressed. I understand  
it even. But the shit you did...

ROSIE

It's not like I haven't been open  
about it! About needing more! Every  
time I'd broach the subject, you  
would shut down, or make light of  
it.

(beat)

You're uncomfortable with anything  
other than missionary. And the  
minute I go down on you, you start  
treating me like a streetwalker!

MATT

Role playing! And I treated you  
better than they did, looking like  
a circus seal!

ROSIE

They gave me what I needed and what  
you couldn't offer!

MATT

But you want to stay with me  
because LOVE! Fuck off!

(beat)

You know what's messed up? If you'd  
left me for Ty, I wouldn't had been  
as bothered. But now, I'm thinking  
what your boy toy Elmer said may be  
true.

ROSIE

And what's that?

MATT

There's a CLEAR reason why you want to stay with me.

ROSIE

You implying what I think you're implying?

Matt shrugs. Rosie bursts into laughter.

MATT

Like staying for convenience isn't a thing.

ROSIE

(sudden, through laughter)  
But why would it be convenient to stay?

Rosie laughter fades. She realizes the gravity of her words.

MATT

(beat, confused)  
Mind repeating that?

ROSIE

Yes. I do mind. It's just habit. I'm so use to us, I don't how to function without.

MATT

What are you going on about?

ROSIE

You're never going to get passed this. It's foolish for me to think that we could.

MATT

Rosie what are you-

ROSIE

I want a divorce.

MATT

You want...?  
(laughs hysterically)  
You fuck up my life and you want a divorce? Shouldn't it be the other way around?

ROSIE

If you want credit for it, that's fine, but, we can't be together anymore.

Matt leans back in his seat.

ROSIE

Do really want to stay with someone whose done everything I've done? We're just going to end up more trapped than we are.

MATT

(beat, composed)  
So you don't love me anymore.

ROSIE

(tears)  
I will always love you Matthew. You'll always be my first, everything. And the time we've spent together, will-

MATT

I left my faith for you.

ROSIE

(beat)  
You said you wanted to leave.

MATT

(leg shakes)  
Cause you wanted to. I would've followed you, anywhere.

(beat)  
How could you do this to me?

ROSIE

Matt-

MATT

HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME!?!

Rosie closes her eyes, chooses patience.

ROSIE

We're not good for each other-

MATT

You're not good for shit fucking slut!

ROSIE  
 (resigns)  
 OK.

MATT  
 OK what?! You took years from me,  
 years we built together! HOW DARE  
 YOU!?!

Matt leaps up, pushing the table.

Rosie tenses.

MATT  
 I've been fucking nothing but  
 faithful!

ROSIE  
 I know.

MATT  
 You know. Right. Fucking whore.  
 (paces)  
 I GAVE YOU MY LIFE! I GAVE YOU MY  
 LIFE!

ROSIE  
 (stands)  
 I see there's no use carrying-

MATT  
 NO! YOU SIT RIGHT THERE! Fucking  
 cunt...!

Rosie slowly sits.

MATT  
 All you bitches, the same, I had  
 dreams about you before we..., I  
 prayed to God, thanking him every  
 FUCKING NIGHT FOR BRINGING YOU TO  
 ME!

(beat)  
 YOU FUCKING RUINED MY LIFE!

ROSIE  
 I'm won't sit here and take this  
 abuse-

MATT  
 Abuse? ABUSE? WHAT ABOUT ME ROSIE,  
 WHAT ABOUT ME!?! WHERE DO YOU GET  
 OFF!?!

ROSIE  
Matthew you're making feel-

MATT  
SHUT THE FUCK UP STUPID BITCH!

Rosie stands, tries to get past Matt-

MATT  
(steps in her way)  
No fuck you-

ROSIE  
Matt get-

Matt HOOKS Rosie in the stomach. She collapses, breathless.

Matt paces, in a panic.

MATT  
(paces, panic)  
Fuck... you fucking...  
(cries)  
DAMMIT! GOD DAMMIT!

Rosie crawls away. Matt sees, kicks her. Rosie weeps on the floor.

MATT  
Fuck...! Fuck...  
(nods, stops)  
Fuck it.

Matt reaches behind his back.

ANGLE- His HANDGUN is tucked in his back waist belt, concealed by his shirt.

He grips it-

MATT  
Play a whore and die like one.

Matt pulls his gun, aims at Rosie's head-

Rosie closes her eyes-

-pulls the trigger:

-CLICK-

Rosie lets out a guttural gasp.

Matt looks at his gun. He points at Rosie again, pulls the trigger.

-CLICK-

MATT

What...?

Rosie bolts. We hear her footsteps, keys snatched.

FOOT DOOR-OPEN. SLAM.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Kaitlyn spins in her garage, startled.

Rosie jumps in her car and speeds off.

Kaitlyn freezes, watching Rosie disappear down the street.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt stands, gun in hand.

He point to the floor:

-CLICK-

-CLICK-

-CLICK-

TO BLACK

-CLICK-

CREDITS