FUCKED

By Anne Gregory
EXT. SAM’S CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

Mequon, Wisconsin - a town that’s equal parts posh country club and shitty chain restaurant.

We see a busy, expansive Sam’s Club parking lot. On the edge of this suburban wasteland, there’s a parked Subaru Outback THAT ROCKS BACK AND FORTH.

INT. SUBARU OUTBACK - DAY

Moving boxes labeled “Comic Book Crap,” “Tony’s Clothes,” and “LuLaRoe” crowd the dirty station wagon. A woman, wearing only a ratty sports bra (her novelty leggings lie bunched at her ankles) kneels on the backseat, getting RAMMED FROM BEHIND BY A GUY. This is NINA (late 30’s).

The guy she’s boning is BEN (30’s) - he’s hot in an unshaven, ski-bum way.

Ben pushes a box to the side, FLIPS Nina and MOUNTS HER - shoving her back against the seat. The built-in DVD player JAMS into her back.

    NINA
    Ow!
    BEN
    Sorry.

Still on top of Nina, Ben scoots Nina away from the DVD player, still thrusting the entire time.

    NINA
    Mmm... that’s it. MMM... Oh no!

She sees an OLD LADY shuffle by.

    NINA (CONT’D)
    I think a little old lady saw us.
    BEN
    Just ignore her.
    NINA
    Okay.

They resume as their breathing grows heavier.

Nina sees the same old lady, now standing TWO FEET CLOSER, looking straight at Nina.

Nina closes her eyes, trying to ignore the Lookie Lou.
NINA (CONT’D)
Oh God... yes... yes... YEEEEE!

NINA ORGASMS just as she hears a LOUD KNOCKING on the window. Nina and Ben turn to see the old lady, NEXT TO THE CAR.

NINA (CONT’D)
No. No. NOOOOO!

Nina quickly covers herself with the novelty leggings. Ben places a North Face backpack in front of his dick.

The old lady KNOCKS LOUDER, her face practically PRESSED AGAINST THE GLASS.

NINA (CONT’D)
She’s still there, isn’t she?

BEN
Roll down the window and talk to her.

NINA
Why?

Begrudgingly, Nina manually ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW.

NINA (CONT’D)
... Hi.

Nada. The Old Lady just STARES.

NINA (CONT’D)
Please, don’t call the cops. I can’t have another lewd act on my record--

BEN
-- Another?

Silence. The Old Lady STARES THEM DOWN for an excruciatingly long time and then suddenly SMILES.

OLD LADY
Don’t worry. I liked the show.

THE OLD LADY WINKS.

Confused, Nina smiles awkwardly.
INT. SUBARU OUTBACK - DAY

Nina parks her Outback. Ben leans over and kisses her passionately.

BEN
Mmm. I love being with an older woman. It’s just like... you just don’t care anymore. It’s sexy.

NINA
(sarcastic)
Yeah, and you were kinda hot until you said that I’m old. Get out.

Her CELL PHONE BUZZES. The screen says “MARY” with a picture of a plain-looking fifteen year-old girl with thick glasses and a mock turtleneck.

NINA (CONT’D)
I gotta get this.

BEN
No prob. See ya later, sexy.

Ben winks as Nina answers the phone. He exits the car.

NINA
Honey, what’s up?

Silence and then SOBBING.

NINA (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

MARY
(crying)
It’s dad. You need to come to the hospital.

Nina’s face goes white. She stares out the window only to see Ben, now in a dumb-looking helmet, rip off his tear-away pants, revealing bike shorts that accentuate his bulge.

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The claustrophobic room is white and sterile. Nina sits next to the hospital bed of her HUSBAND, TONY (40’s) - a once robust man reduced to a thin patient in a blue hospital gown. He lies MOTIONLESS, IN A COMA.

Nina takes his hand, cupping it in hers. A tender moment and then Nina SHAKES Tony.
NINA
Come on, Tony. Wake up!
(shaking harder)
WAKE UP! You can’t leave me right
now! Not when are lives are so
messed up. It wasn’t supposed to
end like this. We were supposed to
grow old together – sitting on our
front porch, judging dumb people
walking by... together. You weren’t
supposed to go, now!

Nina places her head on Tony’s chest as his shallow breaths
rise and fall.

Suddenly, she sees MOVEMENT coming somewhere from his bed.

NINA (CONT’D)
NURSE! NURSE!

NURSE STAMPLEY (O.S.)
What?

NURSE STAMPLEY (50), a no-nonsense kind of gal, rushes in.

NINA
My husband, I... I think he’s
actually waking up.

NURSE STAMPLEY
(skeptical)
... Okay...

Nurse Stampley examines Tony from head to toe, stopping
abruptly at his midsection.

NURSE STAMPLEY (CONT’D)
Well, something’s waking up.

NINA
Huh?

NURSE STAMPLEY
How do I say this? Um, your
husband’s got an involuntary
erection. Sometimes patients in
vegetative states get them.
(then empathy)
But sorry, ma’am, he’s still in a
coma.

As the nurse exits, Nina stares blankly at TONY’S ERECTION.

OPENING TITLES: “FUCKED”
INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on Nina as she looks into the lens, DOCUMENTARY INTERVIEW STYLE.

***NOTE: Dialogue in italics shows Nina’s confessional, all shot close up.

NINA
Okay, I know you’re judging me. Who wouldn’t?! But I have to clarify
something. I am not cheating on my
husband - my husband who’s
currently in a coma... God, when I
say it out loud it makes me sound
like such an asshole, but I’m not.
I swear, I’m not a sociopath. You
see, my husband and I have an
arrangement - a kind of open
marriage. I know it sounds creepy.
But, you know, sometimes the
reality of sex isn’t that sexy.
It’s kinda gross.

CUT TO:

INT. NINA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE

The room is decorated conservatively - a mix of Pottery Barn
and antique furniture.

Nina and a healthier-looking Tony read side-by-side in their
bed. They both wear frumpy jammies. Nina reads a Liane
Moriarty book while Tony reads the graphic novel Saga.

Tony looks up from his comic to Nina, who DELICATELY PICKS
HER NOSE. She senses him staring at her.

NINA
Attractive, huh?

TONY
No, it’s disgusting. But you wanna
do it?

NINA
I thought you weren’t feeling well.

TONY
I feel like shit. But it’s been
awhile since we... you know...
In a juvenile gesture, Tony takes his pointer finger on one hand and thrusts it in and out of the hole he’s made with his thumb and finger on his other hand. Nina thinks for a second.

NINA
Okay, sure. But can you go down on me first? I ran out of lube.

TONY
Shh. The more you talk the less sexy you get.

Tony reaches out and touches Nina’s arm. She responds instinctively to his familiar touch, kissing him hard.

The smooching crescendoes and Tony disappears from frame, lifts up the bottom of Nina’s matronly pajamas and starts giving her oral sex.

Suddenly, Tony COUGHS AND THEN--

TONY (CONT’D)
BLAAAUGH--

HE THROWS UP. EVERYWHERE.

NINA
Ewww!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Close up on Nina, as she looks into camera.

NINA
Don’t worry, he didn’t actually throw up on my vagina... but it was close. Dangerously close.

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reversing the angle, we reveal that Nina is NOT IN A CONFESSIONAL; she’s talking to TERRY (90), an elderly patient who gives her a disapproving look.

NINA
Soon after, we found out he was sick. We just didn’t know how bad it was going to get.

CUT TO:
INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - DAY - SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE

Nina and Tony sit across the desk from a serious-looking oncologist, DR. CHOWDHURY (50’s).

The doctor drones on as Nina and Tony try to process the terrible news.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBARU OUTBACK - DAY - SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE

Nina drives Tony back from the doctor. She starts CRYING.

   NINA (V.O.)
   Stage three pancreatic cancer. They gave him less than a year to live.

Nina’s crying morphs into guttural screams and sobs. Tony gently takes the steering wheel and pulls the station wagon safely to the side of the road.

Tony hugs Nina, comforting her.

INT. NINA’S KITCHEN - NIGHT - SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE

The kitchen is cozy and slightly outdated with dark wood and stained granite.

Nina wears a nice wrap dress. She pulls a lasagna out of the oven and plops it on a table in the breakfast nook in front of Tony, who wears a sweater and khakis.

   NINA (V.O.)
   We had to tell the kids. I remember we were so nervous we changed outfits like three times before. As if that would help.

Tony nervously taps his fork.

   NINA
   (reassuring)
   Don’t worry. It’ll be fine.

Their son, JACK, strides in. He’s an athletic, all-American kid, wearing skinny jeans and a black t-shirt.

   JACK
   Mom, where’s my away jersey? I can’t find it.
NINA
I don’t know. Your room?

JACK
No, it’s not. I need it for the game tomorrow. Did you wash it yet?

Jack grabs a Coke out of the fridge.

NINA
Jack, no pop for dinner.

JACK
I’m seventeen. You should be happy I’m not drinking beer.

NINA
Well, then if you’re so old, maybe you can start washing your own clothes.

Nina puts a salad on the table as MARY (15) - the teenage girl embodiment of Beyoncé - sulks in. She wears an oversized “Mequon Madrigal Singers” sweatshirt.

Mary looks at the LASAGNA and scowls.

MARY
I guess I’ll just make myself cereal with almond milk for dinner.

NINA
Why? I thought lasagna was your favorite?

MARY
I don’t eat animal products now. Remember? I already told you.

NINA
When did you--

MARY
-- Yesterday. We spoke about it in the car, but you weren’t listening to me.

Mary plops down and Nina scoops out lasagna for the rest of the family.

NINA
(trying to hold it together)
Okay. Jack?
JACK
No thanks. I went to D.Q. with Dylan after practice.

NINA
Fantastic. Hon?

Nina holds a scoop out for Tony who shakes his head “no.”

TONY
Not hungry.

NINA
(sarcastic)
Well, great. That’s great. More for me!

Nina picks up the lasagna and moves it in front of her.

She takes a fork and knife and starts eating DIRECTLY from THE LASAGNA PAN.

NINA (CONT’D)
Ah... hot! Hot!

MARY
Mom, you’re acting weird.

NINA
(mouth full of lasagna)
No, I’m not.

MARY
You and dad are dressed weird, like you’re going to Parent Teacher Conferences or something. What’s going on?

TONY
Nothing.

NINA
Actually, it’s not ‘nothing’--

JACK
-- I think I know what this is all about. Why you two are all nervous and stuff.

TONY
You do?
JACK
You guys planned this so we could
talk about something important, so
let’s talk.

NINA
Okay... Tony?

Tony takes a long drink of water and then clears his throat.

TONY
Alright, your mom and I need to
discuss something kind of difficult-

JACK

Somewhat shocked silence and then Nina stands up, her
maternal instinct taking over.

NINA
Oh, honey...
(hugging Jack)
We love you, no matter what.

Tony walks over and awkwardly joins the hug.

TONY
Love you, kid. Thank you for
telling us.

JACK
Whew. It feels so good to finally
get that off my chest.

They continue to hug each other, but Mary rolls her eyes and
doesn’t join in on the love-fest.

MARY
Are you serious?! That’s what this
dinner is about?! Everyone already
knows you’re gay, Jack.

JACK
You do?

MARY
You left porn up on all our
computers. You seem to be into
something called ‘bears.’ I’m not
sure what that is, but I know it
has to do with homosexual culture.
(MORE)
MARY (CONT'D)
So, clearly this dinner isn’t about you. It’s about me and my body
dysmorphia.

Silence as they digest this arguably less important news.
Nina takes Mary’s hand.

NINA
... Um, you’re beautiful, sweetie.

TONY
We love you just the way you are.

NINA
And also, this isn’t a competition. Not everything’s a competition.

Mary mopes, while Jack grins.

TONY
Well, since we’re all being honest tonight, your mom and I need to
tell you something.
(clearing throat)
Didn’t expect to do it like this, but here goes. The real reason we
planned this family dinner is because I have some bad news.

Tony takes a deep breath.

TONY (CONT’D)
I have cancer.

SHOCK AND GRIEF as this sinks in.

NINA (V.O.)
All at once, our lives were fucked.

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Close up on Nina’s face.

NINA
You don’t know what we’ve been
through, so, please, stop judging me.

We reverse to see Terry’s still unflinching face.
WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
He’s not judging you. He can’t talk
anymore ‘cause he’s got dementia.
Don’t you, Mister Terry?

Nina turns around to see Nurse Stampley carting in a tray of
food, water and medication for Terry.

NURSE STAMPLEY
(talking to Terry)
Here you are, honey.

Nurse Stampley places a pill in Terry’s mouth. She lifts a
cup with a straw to Terry’s mouth and helps him drink. Drool
runs down his face.

Nurse Stampley turns toward Nina.

NURSE STAMPLEY (CONT’D)
You’re Mrs. Casey, right?

NINA
Yeah.

NURSE STAMPLEY
Uh-huh. I heard about you.

NINA
I don’t know what you’ve ‘heard’,
but you don’t know the whole truth.

CUT TO:

INT. LABOR AND DELIVERY ROOM - DAY - 17 YEARS BEFORE

A YOUNGER NINA pushes out a baby. She’s grits her teeth. A
YOUNGER TONY holds her hand.

NINA (V.O.)
I love my husband.

BABY JACK emerges, a miracle but ugly in that grey, blood-
soaked, smushed-face newborn way.

A YOUNG NURSE picks up the newborn and shows Nina and Tony
their BABY. They both cry, elated and overwhelmed with the
moment.

CUT TO:
INT. NINA’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 13 YEARS BEFORE

The room is a mess - covered in toys and toddler food.

A younger Nina and Tony chase after their NAKED YOUNG CHILDREN: a two year-old girl (Toddler Mary) and a five year-old boy (Young Jack.)

Nina holds pajamas, diapers and underwear, as Tony tries to wrangle the children who LAUGH uproariously, pleased with their naughtiness.

Tony finally catches Toddler Mary, who immediately PEES all over him. Nina bursts into laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 13 YEARS BEFORE

The house is gorgeous - HGTV perfection. Christmas music plays at a polite holiday party filled with conservative-looking couples. All the women wear cocktail dresses while the men wear ugly Christmas sweaters.

Next to the stocking-laden fireplace, a younger Nina and Tony stand across from an INSUFFERABLE couple, RENEE AND RAOUL (30’s) wearing slightly NICER, designer versions of everybody else’s outfits.

NINA (V.O.)
Tony and I get each other, you know?

RENEE
That’s why it’s so vital that we shop local. These box stores are literally killing Milwaukee.

RAOUL
Next it’ll be the Internet. Everyone will just buy everything online until there are no more stores.

NINA
Interesting... excuse me.

Nina pulls Tony to the side.

NINA (CONT’D)
Do you want to--
TONY
-- Let’s get the hell outta here.

Nina and Tony smile at each other, relieved.

EXT. KOPP’S FROZEN CUSTARD – NIGHT

A local frozen custard and burger joint with outdoor seating.

Wearing huge winter jackets, Nina and Tony DEVOUR huge butter burgers (Milwaukee burgers cooked with huge slabs of butter in the center of the beef.)

In between bites, Nina kisses Tony.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL – BACK TO PRESENT

Close on Nina.

NINA
So I know you’ve heard rumors about me, but the open marriage is just a part of the story.

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Pull back to show Nurse Stampley taking Terry’s temperature.

NURSE STAMPLEY
Open what? No, lady. I haven’t heard anything about that.

NINA
(embarrassed)
Then what did you hear about me?

NURSE STAMPLEY
That you like to talk a lot, and obviously that shit’s true.

NINA
Oh... I thought everyone knew about the open relationship. Maybe I’m just paranoid.

NURSE STAMPLEY
Maybe, but you should keep that to yourself.

(MORE)
NURSE STAMPLEY (CONT'D)
Keep that information on lock-down, ‘cause nobody wants to hear it.

NINA
Huh. Well, you should know that it wasn’t even my idea.

NURSE STAMPLEY (O.S.)
Okay, well, I’ve got my rounds to do so...

INT. STARBUCKS – DAY – FIVE MONTHS BEFORE

Nina picks up two Venti Mocha Frappuccinos at the counter and carries them to a table where Tony sits.

Cancer has made him thinner. He wears a watch cap, concealing hair loss from chemo.

Nina plops the Frappuccinos next to two large slices of uneaten coffee cake.

She sits down and starts eating the cake. She notices Tony isn’t eating.

NINA
(chewing)
What’s up?

TONY
Not hungry.

NINA
Usually sweets cheer you up.

TONY
I don’t feel like eating. NINA (CONT’D)
You should’ve let me know. I would’ve only gotten one.

TONY
(sarcastic)
What can I say? I like to waste food and annoy you.

NINA
Come on, I didn’t mean that. I was just trying to get you outta your funk. I want you to be happy.

Tony looks at Nina, who noisily slurps her Frappuccino.
TONY  
What about you, Nina? Are you happy right now?

Nina is taken aback by the question.

NINA  
I mean, not really. If I’m honest... how could I be? But this isn’t about me, it’s about you getting--

TONY  
--I want you to be happy.

NINA  
Okay... what’s that even supposed to mean?

TONY  
I think we should open up the marriage.

Close on Nina’s SHOCKED face.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL – BACK TO PRESENT

Close on Nina’s still shocked face.

NINA  
It felt like it came outta nowhere. I mean, we’re not swingers! We just don’t do that sort of thing... I mean we do now, we do a lot of crazy shit now, but that’s not the point.

INT. SALVATION ARMY – CONTINUOUS

Pull back to show Nina in the front of the line, holding heavy boxes labeled “Comic Book Crap” and “Tony’s Clothes.”

A gawky SALVATION ARMY WORKER (20) doesn’t know what to say.

SALVATION ARMY WORKER  
Uh-huh.

NINA  
I thought he was nuts, talking about an open relationship. (MORE)
NINA (CONT'D)
I thought maybe it was all the
drugs they were pumping into him,
but it turns out he had an affair
like ten years before at some comic
book convention. I guess he felt
bad about it and wanted to atone
before he died or whatever. I mean,
you can take the Catholic outta
church, but you can’t take the
guilt outta the Catholic, you know?

SALVATION ARMY WORKER
(awkward)
I’m Lutheran. So, have you donated
with us before?

NINA
Yeah, but not for a while.
(then changing subjects)
And it wasn’t easy for me. After
almost twenty years of marriage and
monogamy. Being with another guy
was awkward.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - FOUR MONTHS BEFORE

Corporate-looking mid-price hotel by the highway.

NINA (V.O.)
Like the first date I went on was
humiliating. We met on eHarmony.

Nina enters the room with a balding, middle-aged guy, ROBERTO
(40’s.) They explore the room, avoiding eye contact.

NINA
This place is pretty nice.

ROBERTO
Yeah. Looks like a sturdy couch. I
like the upholstery.

NINA
And the carpets seem clean.

They stand in front of each other, awkwardly.

ROBERTO
I’ve never done it with a married
woman before.
NINA
Like I said, it’s not a secret. My husband knows about this.

ROBERTO
Oh, okay. Well, then--

Roberto starts to UNBUTTON HIS SHIRT. Nina stops him.

NINA
-- Wait. Don’t you want to get another drink first?

ROBERTO
From the mini-bar? I’m not made of money.

NINA
Me neither.

Nina takes a BOTTLE OF VODKA out of her bag.

ROBERTO
Oh... cool.

Nina pours them shots of vodka into the hotel coffee mugs.

NINA
Cheers.

They clink mugs and down the shots.

ROBERTO
Do you have problems with alcohol?

NINA
No, why?

ROBERTO
The only people I know who carry bottles of booze in their handbags are alcoholics.

NINA
No... I just knew I’d be nervous.

ROBERTO
Me too. I haven’t been with anyone in awhile. It’s pretty hard after a certain age.

NINA
Yeah, tell me about it. It’s way more difficult than I thought.
ROBERTO
I’ll be gentle with you.

NINA
I know you will, Roberto.

Roberto leans in for a kiss and Nina kisses back. It’s stilted at first, but becomes more relaxed.

They move toward the bed, undressing and smooching as they go. Nina gets onto the bed, in her bra and underwear. Roberto stands in front of the bed, in boxer briefs that create a small spare tire around his midsection.

ROBERTO
You sure you want to do this?

NINA nods. Roberto slowly TAKES OFF HIS BOXERS. Nina takes one look and--

NINA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

CUT TO:

INT. SALVATION ARMY – DAY – BACK TO PRESENT

Nina stands at the donation counter talking to the same Salvation Army worker.

NINA
I laughed. Directly at his junk.

SALVATION ARMY WORKER
Okay...

NINA
There was nothing wrong with it. Anatomically-speaking, it was a fine penis. I was laughing because I hadn’t seen another dude’s dick for almost two decades. It was surprising.

SALVATION ARMY WORKER
... Are you donating anything today?

Nina looks at TWO BOXES lying next to her. One is labeled “Comic Book Crap” and the other “Tony’s Clothes.”

She HESITATES.
NINA
Besides the mental image of a very average hotel wiener? Not yet. I’m not ready. My husband hasn’t technically died. He’s just in a coma.

The Salvation Army Worker attempts to process this, but can’t.

NINA (CONT’D)
I get it, it sounds bad. But it was an open relationship. Tony had his moments, too. Although I’m not sure it was always fun for him.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT - FOUR MONTHS BEFORE
A sign reads “Terminal Patients Living With Cancer.” TONY sits in a circle with other cancer patients.

NINA (V.O.)
I know he met some women through support groups.

A, elegant gray haired woman, CLAUDIA (48), talks to the group and they listen. When she’s done speaking, everyone claps. TONY SMILES at Claudia and she smiles back.

INT. NINA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FOUR MONTHS BEFORE
Claudia and Tony sit on his bed, fully clothed.

CLAUDIA
You sure this is okay?

TONY
Yeah. She’s out of town on business.

CLAUDIA
But in her bed?

TONY
I’ll change the sheets. Don’t worry. She knows about you. We’re honest with each other.

CLAUDIA
Okay.
Claudia starts undressing, slowly but confidently. Tony follows.

    CLAUDIA (CONT’D)
Thank you, Anthony. For making me feel wanted. I guess I don’t have a lot longer. At my appointment Thursday, they said--

    TONY
-- Shh...

Tony stops the nervous chatter with a kiss. Claudia kisses back but then COUGHS.

    TONY (CONT’D)
Is everything okay? Need some water?

Still coughing, Claudia nods. Naked, Tony runs to the bathroom. He turns on the faucet and pours Claudia a glass of water and brings it to her.

Claudia stifles coughs. She drinks the water. She feels better, but still has difficulty breathing.

    TONY (CONT’D)
We don’t have to do anything if you don’t want to.

    CLAUDIA
Can you just hold me?

Tony nods. He climbs into the bed with Claudia and hugs her.

INT. CONFESSIONAL – BACK TO PRESENT

Close on Nina.

    NINA
    One of the women died in our bed. In his arms.

INT. QUICKIE MART – CONTINUOUS

Reverse to a bearded BURLY CASHIER (40) nodding his head, listening intently.

    BURLY CASHIER
I get it. Same thing happened to me once.
NINA
Really?

BURLY CASHIER
Yup. You getting gas or--

Nina hands the man a four-pack of CANNED CHAMPAGNE, a huge hotdog, smothered in relish and ketchup.

NINA
Just these. And, so you know, open relationships aren’t easy - they’re messy. They require constant communication, being on the same page.

The cashier nods. He might be crazier than Nina.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEESECAKE FACTORY - NIGHT - TWO MONTHS BEFORE

Nina and Tony sit at the bar. Nina wears a sexy little black dress and Tony wears a button-down and jeans.

They drink large Mai Tais.

TONY
She wanted the lights completely off.

NINA
Linda?

TONY
No, Stephanie. Linda and I just went out for tea - we didn’t do anything. I’m talking about Steph... she’s the divorcée I met at the Y. The redhead.

NINA
Right.

TONY
So... Steph doesn’t want any light. I’m talking like black-out curtain, pitch black during... you know... So we’re in her bedroom and I couldn’t see anything, so I accidentally elbow her--
NINA
-- Stop.

TONY
Why? I didn’t even get to the funny part.

Nina takes a deep breath.

NINA
I don’t think I want to hear anymore. About you with other women.

TONY
But you’ve told me about what you’ve done.

NINA
I know. And I feel weird about that, too.

TONY
But I thought you said it was kinda sexy. It was our agreement--

NINA
-- Yeah, but can’t we rewrite the rules a bit? I just don’t feel comfortable knowing every single detail about your sexploits. I get a little... I dunno... jealous.

TONY
Okay... then we won’t share details. But I still want to know about any people you meet, so we stay honest.

NINA
Agreed--

TONY
-- And no falling in love.

NINA
... Of course. No falling in love.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - THE DAY BEFORE

Close on Nina.
NINA
I was lying. Well, I wasn’t trying
to lie. I didn’t mean to fall in
love... it wasn’t my plan... but
I’m not a robot, you know?

INT. JIFFY LUBE - CONTINUOUS

Reverse to reveal some hot plumber’s butt. The butt crack
belongs to Ben, Nina’s R.E.I.-wearing boy-toy from the
opening, as he changes her oil.

He emerges from underneath the car, bonking his head.

BEN
Wait? Are you saying you’re in love
with me?

NINA
Is your head okay?

BEN
This is nothing; I’ve had three
concussions, but don’t change the
subject. Did you just say you love
me?

NINA
Yeah, but I shouldn’t. I made a
promise to Tony.

BEN
I love you, too, Nina Casey.

Suddenly, Ben gets on his KNEES.

BEN (CONT’D)
-- Will you marry me?

Nina is GOBSMACKED.

NINA
What?!

Ben pulls a small, antique sapphire RING from his pocket.

BEN
It’s my grandmother’s. I wanted to
wait for a better moment, but
what’s better than what’s real, you
know?
NINA
We’re at Jiffy Lube and you’re changing my oil.

BEN
Yeah, and I’d like to continue changing your oil for the rest of our lives. You’re my soulmate.

NINA
Oh, Ben--

BEN
Whadya say? Wanna be my wifey?

Nina thinks for a moment and then--

NINA
I can’t.

Ben looks down, dejected.

NINA (CONT’D)
I love you, but I’m not supposed to love you, Ben. I made an agreement with Tony and I broke it.

BEN
-- Yeah, I know but--

NINA
It’s not fair to him. He’s not gone yet. And I know I have to say good-bye to him at some point, but I’m not ready to do that.
(taking Ben’s hand)
I can’t marry you. I don’t even think it’s fair to keep seeing you given the circumstances.

BEN
Okay. Well then bye, I guess.

Nina slowly nods. Ben SULKS AWAY.

NINA
Wait... you’re still working on my car.

BEN (O.S.)
I’m not just some piece of meat!

CUT TO:
INT. CONFESSIONAL – BACK TO PRESENT

Close on Nina as she takes a huge bite out of a hotdog.

NINA
(chewing)
So now Ben hates me, but I kept my promise to Tony, which makes me feel better about a pretty awful situation.

INT. MCMANSION – CONTINUOUS

Reverse to find a PERFECT ATHLETIC MOM, wearing expensive leggings and a tank-top with something basic written on it like “Brunch and Rosé All Day,” staring at Nina horrified.

While still shamelessly devouring a hotdog, Nina rifles through a huge box labeled “LuLaRoe” pulling out various novelty leggings.

NINA
(mouth full)
I’d love to move this inventory, but I gotta be honest. I don’t have any size zeros.

PERFECT MOM
Bummer. The unicorn ones are cute. Christine Orth was wearing them at Zumba.

NINA
Yeah, I sold them to her. But she’s an eight. I’ve got tons of eights in case you decide to start eating.

Perfect Mom looks offended as Nina reaches into her purse and pulls out TWO CANS OF CHAMPAGNE.

NINA (CONT’D)
Bubbly?

The Perfect Mom looks at her Fitbit.

PERFECT MOM
... It’s nine a.m.

Nina cracks one open for herself.

NINA
Calm down. I’m not gonna drink both.
Nina gulps down the champagne.

PERFECT MOM
(genuinely concerned)
What’s wrong with you?

NINA
(joking)
Basically everything right now.

PERFECT MOM
I’m serious. You need to stop with the T.M.I. You need help.

NINA
(losing it)
Oh, ‘T.M.I.?’ How about ‘too little information?’ What about that for a change, huh?! You know, I used to be like you, Perfect Mom. ‘Showered’. ‘Wearing clothes that made sense.’ ‘Not constantly divulging every single detail of my life to strangers.’ But then my husband got pancreatic fucking cancer and my life became a living hell. It’s a Heisenberg hell and the burden of it is suffocating me and I need to get it off my chest. And that’s why I share so much. That’s the reason for the T.M.I. - I need to sort through this massive pile of emotional garbage before he goes.

Nina starts UGLY-CRYING.

NINA (CONT’D)
Because he’s the love of my life and he’s not going to be here for very much longer.

The Perfect Mom takes pity on Nina and hugs her. Nina SNOTS all over her ample bosom.

INT. CONFESSIONAL – DAY

Close on Nina’s face.

NINA
I guess I’ve gotta face the truth - he’s dying.

(MORE)
NINA (CONT'D)
My husband’s been in a coma for
three weeks, and everyone keeps
telling me the chances of him
waking up after a month are next to
impossible. I know that he’s not
coming back and I know what I
should do.

INT. SALVATION ARMY – CONTINUOUS

Pan over to reveal the Salvation Army Worker, now sporting a
pathetic pube-stache, looking at her awkwardly.

SALVATION ARMY WORKER
So... you are actually donating
something today?

Nina looks down at the “Comic Book Crap” and “Tony’s Clothes”
boxes and NODS.

NINA
I think I’m finally ready to let
go.

Nina lifts up the heavy boxes and pushes them across the
counter.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT

Tony lies in the hospital bed – a living corpse.

Nina looks at him and cracks open one of her cans of cheap
champagne.

JACK (O.S.)
Can I have one?

Nina turns around and sees her kids entering the room.

NINA
Eh, why not?

Nina passes a can to Jack.

NINA (CONT’D)
Mary?
MARY
I’m only fifteen, Mom. Don’t drag me down your path of self-destruction.

NINA
More for us. We’ll need it.

Jack opens his can, drinks and nearly spits it out.

JACK
This tastes terrible.

NINA
It’s canned champagne. What did you expect?
(deep breath)
We need to make a decision together. As a family.

MARY
About dad?

JACK
Look at him. He’s a vegetable.

MARY
So what do you want to do? Pull the plug?!

NINA
Well--

JACK
That’s exactly what she’s saying.

NINA
Shut up, Jack. It’s just... do you want to keep him like this? On life support?

MARY
He could wake up. If anybody could do it, he could.

NINA
No, he can’t, Mary. The doctors said dad’s chances of waking up are nearly impossible.

MARY
JACK
Mary, grow up! Dad is going to die either way. He is! And keeping him hooked up to this breathing machine to keep him alive for a few more months isn’t what he would’ve wanted.

MARY
(crying)
I don’t want to lose him.

Nina hugs Mary.

NINA
None of us do, Mar.

Jack joins the hug. They cry together as a family.

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL - DOCTOR’S OFFICE - NIGHT

A lanky HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR goes over documents with Nina. The audio warbles as if through the depths of the ocean. Nina nods, as though listening, but she’s far away in her own thoughts.

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Nina sits in a chair next to Tony’s beds. The END-OF-LIFE documents rest in her lap.

She takes Tony’s hand in hers.

NINA
Tony... I can’t do this anymore. I don’t want you to suffer... I wish you were here, telling me what you want me to do. Giving me shit about my indecision... comforting me.

Nina picks up a PEN but hesitates.

FLASH TO:

INT. NINA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 13 YEARS BEFORE

A YOUNGER Nina and Tony lie naked in bed, post-coital - the pee-soaked shirt crumpled next to them on the bed.
Tony wraps his body around Nina’s and KISSES HER FOREHEAD.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ST. MARY’S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Nina walks over to Tony and KISSES TONY ON HIS FOREHEAD.

NINA
I’ll miss you.

She takes a deep breath, picks up the PEN, and SIGNS THE DOCUMENTS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

It’s done. Nina sits in front of Tony’s bed, CRYING.

Out of the corner of her eye, she spots movement coming from his bed. Is she just imagining things? She looks again, and there is DEFINITELY MOVEMENT.

NINA
(through tears)
 Fucking A. Another erection NOW?  
(calling out)
 Nurse! Nurse Stampley!

Nurse Stampley strolls in.

NURSE STAMPLEY
Uh-huh?

NINA
I think he has another coma-boner.

Nurse Stampley examines Tony.

She leans her head down against Tony’s chest. SLOWLY and CAREFULLY she listens... and then--

NURSE STAMPLEY
Oh my God.

NINA
What? What is it?!

NURSE STAMPLEY
(excited)
Oh my... Jesus!
NINA
What? What?!

NURSE STAMPLEY
... His eyes. They’re open.

NINA
Yeah, they’ve done that before. Is that a reaction to the body shutting down?

NURSE STAMPLEY
No. Tony? Tony? Can you hear me?

Tony makes EYE CONTACT with Nurse Stampley.

INT. SALVATION ARMY - DAY - ONE MONTH LATER

Nina stands before a SMALL CROWD, all waiting in the busy donation line.

NINA
He woke up. He didn’t die.

A moment as the crowd takes this in and then they all start slow-clapping. Nina beams.

The Salvation Army Worker has grown a tiny soul patch to accompany his pube-stache.

SALVATION ARMY WORKER
You again. Are you donating today?

NINA
-- Actually, I would like to reclaim a donation.

SALVATION ARMY WORKER
... What?

NINA
I gave away some of my husband’s stuff because I thought he was dying, but it turns out he’s not so... I kinda need his stuff back.

SALVATION ARMY WORKER
Oh... um... you can’t take back a donation.

NINA
What do you mean?
SALVATION ARMY WORKER
Even if I wanted to, I can’t. We sort and ship out donations as soon as they come in. There’s no way his stuff is still here.

NINA
Fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE – DAY

Nina and Tony sit on a tight love seat, scrunched together uncomfortably, not speaking. Both look tired, but Tony appears noticeably healthier than the last time we saw him.

The therapist, DR. WAGNER, an elegant-looking woman in an Eileen Fisher draped cardigan and black pants, finally breaks the ice.

DR. WAGNER
It’s your turn to speak, Nina. You haven’t shared anything yet.

NINA
I guess I don’t feel comfortable in this setting.

DR. WAGNER
Okay.

Dr. Wagner writes something on her note pad. Uncomfortable silence and then--

TONY
Well, I’d like to share something.
(flatter)
I feel like Nina basically tried to murder me.

NINA
I told you. Signing the end of life documents was the compassionate decision.

TONY
To ‘end my life’ when I was still alive? Yeah, sounds really compassionate.

NINA
I told you, I’m sorry!
TONY
(to Dr. Wagner)
And she threw out my stuff. All of it. Like I was already dead.

NINA
I didn’t throw it out! I donated!

TONY
Great! So now some homeless dude has my work boots and vintage comic books. FAN-FUCKIN’-TASTIC!

NINA
We’ll get you new ones!

TONY
You got rid of Squirrel Girl!

NINA
I said I was sorry.

TONY
(to Dr. Wagner)
She doesn’t know anything about comics. Listen to her.
(to Nina)
It’s the 1991 Marvel Super-Heroes Winter Special! You can’t just replace that shit, like you tried with your husband.

NINA
I DIDN’T ACCEPT HIS PROPOSAL. HOW MANY GODDAMN TIMES CAN I SAY THAT?! I SAID NO TO BEN!

They sit together in silence, seething.

DR. WAGNER
... This is good. This is progress.

TONY
(rolling eyes)
Sure.

NINA
Tony, I wish we could just go back to where we were before.

TONY
You mean, before you tried to kill me?
DR. Wagner

-- Tony.

Nina

(crying)
I feel so bad! So guilty... about the decision to end life support; about not being the wife you needed during treatment; about our stupid open relationship. I just want to go back to our lives before all this shit started!

DR. Wagner
But you can’t.

Nina
I know.

Tony
So here we are. And now I have a lot of catching up to do.

Nina
What do you mean? You’re still in remission.

Tony
Coming so close to death, I have clarity about what I want.

DR. Wagner
What is that, Tony?

Tony
My ‘loving wife,’ threw out my comics, and maybe it’s a sign. A sign that I should create my own comic books.

Nina
Oh, that’s great. So like a creative hobby?

Tony
No, like a creative job. A vocation. A fucking calling. I worked our entire fucking marriage, so now it’s my turn... to follow my dream.

Nina
... Okay... that seems fair-ish.
DR. WAGNER
Good. We’re communicating.

Both Nina and Tony shoot Dr. Wagner a “S.T.F.U.” look.

TONY
And I know the only way I can feel better our relationship is if we even the playing field.

Silence as Nina processes this.

NINA
You still want an open marriage?

TONY
Hell yes.

NINA
... Fuck.

Tony smiles and Nina scowls. They look forward, in silence.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Close on Nina.

NINA
And that’s our lives. Our crazy, fucked up, dysfunctional lives.
And I guess there’s no going back.

She cracks open a can of champagne and starts chugging.

SMASH TO BLACK.