

One Too Many

By

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FADE IN:

INT. MARCUS' KITCHEN - MORNING

MARCUS (35) fills his mug with fresh coffee from the pot, clad in a nice blue golf shirt and khakis. He slouches as he walks, rubbing his tired eyes.

Taking the mug to his lips, Marcus saunters into his living room.

INT. MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Next to his couch there is a small coffee table with two framed photographs: a proper wedding photo of him and his wife and a photo of him and a bunch of other guys looking like frat boys. Marcus looks longingly at the college photo, sighing. He points at the image of his younger self.

MARCUS

You've still got it, pal. Glory days aren't over.

Marcus sets his mug on the table and sits on the couch. Sighing, he checks his polished silver watch: 10:13 am.

Marcus props his socked feet up on the ottoman, which perfectly matches the couch. He leans his head back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Suburbia is boring.

The doorbell rings.

Marcus furrows his brow. He walks over to the front door and slowly pulls it open.

He looks at the person on the other side of the door and freezes, his eyes bulging from his head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What... Kelly, what are you...

KELLY (19) pushes past Marcus, striding into his house. She wears six-inch black stilettos and a grey trench coat, which covers a bright red corset and a tight leather skirt.

KELLY

Shit, Marcus! This place is gorgeous! You never told me how rich your parents were! How come you never invite me over?

Kelly struts into the living room, taking off her trench coat and tossing it onto the couch.

Marcus dashes clumsily into the living room behind her, tilting down the wedding photo before she sees it.

Kelly turns and looks him over, then begins to laugh.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Jesus, Marcus, you look like
 you're forty! The hell is this?

Kelly tugs at Marcus' golf shirt. Marcus gulps.

MARCUS
 My parents are... well, you
 know how it is. Living with
 parents.

Marcus looks nervous and confused. Kelly nods, shrugging.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 How did you know where I lived?

KELLY
 (Snappy)
 Aren't you happy to see me?

Kelly flips her hair to the side, slowly sitting down onto the ottoman, suggestively raising her eyebrows.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 I thought I'd surprise you, baby.
 A little sex before classes
 never hurt anybody. You've got
 classes today, right? Or does your
 fancy pants college take Mondays
 off?

Kelly chuckles, leaning forwards. Marcus anxiously checks his watch, his hands shaking. Out of the corner of his eye, he looks at the faced-down wedding photo.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Marcus!

MARCUS
 Mother! My... My mom, she's
 coming home from her business trip
 today, ten-thirty sharp, so I'm not
 going to classes today, and I just-
 I really need you to go, I'm
 so sorry, Kelly, really-

KELLY
 (Excited)
 That's perfect! I've been
 wanting to meet your mother! Oh
 Marcus, I can't wait!

Marcus' eyes bulge again, and his face flushes red.

MARCUS
 Oh no, Kelly, I... I can't, she-

KELLY
 Why can't I meet your mommy, Marky?

Kelly stands, stepping slowly over to Marcus and pulling him into her by the collar of his shirt. Marcus leans back; Kelly pulls him in harder.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 If you and I are going to
 get married-

MARCUS
 Married! Kelly-

KELLY
 Of course we're getting
 married! We're in college! We're
 adults!

Kelly leans in closer. Marcus tries to shy away, but Kelly pulls him back to her. Her lips brush his neck.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 You love me, right?

Kelly kisses his neck. Marcus closes his eyes, hands curled into fists, body stiff as stone.

MARCUS
 I... Kel- Kelly!

Marcus pushes Kelly away, taking a few steps back and putting his hands out in front of him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 You know I love you, baby,
 you know. But I just... This is a
 big step, see? And my mom, she's
 going through some.. Some rough
 times right now, and... Kelly,
 baby, I just don't think-

KELLY

Marky baby we've been together
for six months! It's about time we-

A car door slams outside. Marcus' face goes white.
Kelly claps her hands excitedly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, Marcus! She's
already here! Pretty please-

MARCUS

(Yelling)

Okay! Okay, Kelly, okay, you
can meet here but not like that-
for Christ sakes you're in a
stripper costume!

Kelly looks down, shrugging. Marcus grabs her forearm
and leads her quickly into the kitchen.

INT. MARCUS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

There are two doors: each leads to a staircase; the first
to the basement and the second to the second floor. Marcus
opens the first door, pushing Kelly into it.

MARCUS

Just go downstairs and
change- there's clothes in the
unfinished part of the basement-

KELLY

(Giggly)

Why do you have clothes-

MARCUS

Church drives! My parents
like giving to the little Amish
kids-

Kelly looks confused. The door creaks open.

KELLY

What should I-

MARCUS

(Pushing her through the door)

Just pick something, anything's
fine, just go!

Kelly looks startled. Marcus slams the door to the
basement, then runs into the living room.

INT. MARCUS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS

(Quietly)

Hi, honey! How was your trip?

CHRISTINA (32), Marcus' wife, walks through the door, pulling a black duffle bag behind her. She wears a perfectly ironed navy dress and black kitten heels.

CHRISTINA

Oh, it was fabulous! Lillian and I had an absolute ball at the meetings, and the meals! Oh, the meals were just fabulous! She really needed that trip, to get out of the house. Gosh, I still can't believe Tom. I mean I can't even imagine what that would be like- coming home to find a whore in bed with your husband.

Christina shakes her head, then smiles and steps into Marcus, giving him a hug, her cheek pressing against his neck.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Gosh, I'm so glad I have you, honey.

Marcus' eyes bulge, sweat beads forming across his brow. He pulls away, enthusiastically grabbing Christina's forearms.

MARCUS

Why don't we go get a nice brunch to celebrate your nice trip, yeah? You must be hungry! Let's go, honey, let's go right now!

Marcus shoves Christina's duffel bag and it slides across the living room floor. He grabs her hand and tries to pull her back out the door. Christina pauses, startled but happy.

CHRISTINA

That would be lovely, darling! Just let me get a coat, it's a bit nippy today-

Christina tries to get back through the doorframe into the house. Marcus blocks her with his body.

MARCUS

No need, no need! I have a coat
in the car- you can wear mine!

Marcus tries to pull the door closed, but Christina ducks under his arm and back into the house.

CHRISTINA

It'll only take a moment-

Marcus steps in front of her, blocking her from the kitchen.

MARCUS

Why don't I get it for you, and
you wait in the car?

Marcus looks over Christina's shoulder, seeing the faced-down wedding photo and Kelly's trench coat draped over the sofa.

He gulps, his eyes practically popping from their sockets.

CHRISTINA

(Pushing past him)

No, no, I got it. It'll only take a
moment. I'm glad you're so antsy
to spend time with me. I take it
you missed me?

MARCUS

(Forcing a smile)

So much, honey. I missed you so
much! I just can't wait-

Marcus hears the faint sound of high heels clunking against wooden stairs. He quickly pulls Christina into the kitchen.

INT. MARCUS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Come on, come on! Get your coat!
I want to hear all about your
trip, honey, I'm so excited to see
you again!

Marcus kisses Christina quickly on the cheek, opening the second door, which leads upstairs, and guiding her into it.

Christina turns her head, smiling back at him. She then skips quickly up the stairs. Marcus quietly shuts the door behind her. Just as he gets the second door shut, Kelly appears in the first, now clad in a light pink turtle neck and brown slacks.

KELLY
(Sing-song)
Here I am!

Kelly shakes her hips, then scans the room, confused.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Where's your mom?

Marcus grabs Kelly's wrist and frantically pulls her into the living room.

INT. MARCUS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS
She's not here yet, it was
a telemarketing person. You
know those guys with the Mormon
bible and the wagon and the girl
scout cookies-

Kelly looks confused. She opens her mouth, then closes it again. Marcus quickly picks up her trench coat and flings it into her hands, patting the top of it with wild eyes.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Anyway, I've been thinking, and
I think you, me and my mom should
go out to dinner tonight, yeah? So
we can all just meet up later, and
now you can go home and get ready-

Kelly picks up the photo of Marcus in college. She squints.

KELLY
You look so different in this-

Marcus smacks the photo out of her hands. It falls to the ground with a clatter. Marcus continues, pretending nothing happened. Kelly stares at the photo, now on the floor.

MARCUS
I really want you to meet
her, Kelly, I do, because we're
going to get married like you said,
but see, my mom doesn't like

MARCUS
surprises, not at all, and I
just... I don't want you guys to
get off on the wrong foot, you
know?

Marcus grabs Kelly's wrist and pulls her to the front
door, opening it. His eyes are crazed.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
This will just be so much better!

Kelly nods, furrowing her brow.

KELLY
You're probably right. I really
do want to make a good impression-

MARCUS
(Pushing Kelly outside)
Great! I'm so glad you
understand baby, I'll see you
later!

KELLY
(Pushing back inside)
Wait, silly! My clothes are
still in your basement!

Marcus tugs at his hair, cursing under his breath.

MARCUS
Kelly!

KELLY
Relax, Marky! It'll only take
a second! I don't want your mom
to accidentally give them to the
Amish kids in your
church-drive-thingy.

Marcus grabs Kelly's arm and runs her into the kitchen.

INT. MARCUS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

KELLY (CONT'D)
Why are you so antsy?

MARCUS
My mother is very sensitive-
you know how parents are, yeah?

He ushers Kelly quickly into the door to the basement, then shuts the door behind her, running back to the living room.

INT. MARCUS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcus stands up the wedding photo and picks the college photo up off of the ground. He stares at it, angrily.

MARCUS
(Whispers to the photo)
Fuck you.

Christina walks briskly into the living room, wearing her brown overcoat. Marcus has giant pit stains from sweating, and looks unusually pale. He quickly sets down the college photo and walks briskly towards her, taking her arm.

CHRISTINA
Are you alright, honey?

MARCUS
(Shaking)
Of course! Of course, dear,
let's go, okay? Let's just go-

CHRISTINA
You really don't look so good-

MARCUS
I'm just fine, baby, really-

Marcus pulls Christina quickly to the door, pushing her through it, outside at last.

EXT. MARCUS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus quickly but quietly shuts the door to the house, then opens the car door for Christina. She gets in with a smile, tucking her dress beneath her legs. Once Christina is inside, Marcus runs around the front of the car, throwing himself into his own seat. He begins to turn the key, but Christina stops him with a firm hand.

CHRISTINA
You're not going to turn the car
on before putting your seat belt
on, are you? You know I hate the
awful beeping noise the car makes
when you do that.

Marcus nods nervously and grabs his seat belt. It takes several tries for him to click it in as his fingers shake, and his arm movements reveal the gravity of his pit stains.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're feeling-

MARCUS

I'm fine, baby, just fine!

Marcus looks up from his finally fastened seat belt, shaking. Over Christina's shoulder, he sees Kelly staring at him through the window by the front door. Kelly's mouth forms an "O," eyes narrowing, and she moves towards the front door.

Marcus turns the key and slams on the gas as Kelly throws the front door open, sprinting out of the house towards the car. In her hand, she holds Marcus' wedding photo.

KELLY

(Screaming)

You bastard! Get the fuck back here, Marcus, that is not your mother! She's not your mother!

Kelly throws Marcus' wedding photo onto the concrete, shattering the glass. She begins to chase Marcus's car.

Marcus watches Kelly running towards him in his rearview mirror as he speeds through his classy suburban neighborhood. Christina is looking down at her hands in her lap, spinning her diamond wedding ring around her finger.

CHRISTINA

I think it's getting looser.

Marcus accelerates, and Kelly drifts out of view. His breathing slows, and he nods, looking at his wife. His face cools as the sweating and anxiety leave him, body relaxing. The two are silent for a long moment.

MARCUS

Should we get it tightened?

Christina nods, smiling. She puts her hand over his on the steering wheel, squeezing it gently.

CHRISTINA

I'd like that. Very much.

Christina and Marcus smile at each other. Then, together, they they look forward.

11.

FADE OUT.