

MARRIED SEEKING SAME

FROM BLACK

OPENING MUSIC: A song of misplaced love, something that sets the tone like "The Thrill is Gone."

FADE IN:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

An expensive SUV weaves in and out of slower traffic.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The car RADIO plays the opening music.

MARK BLACKMAN, early 40s, drives like it's therapy. Lost in thought, the mournful song pulls him into the present.

He sings a few lines... they depress him. Falls back to the solitude of driving.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

MARK (O.S.)
Son of a bitch!

Mark cuts across lanes of traffic, nearly missing his exit. Cars swerve, horns BLARE.

INT./EXT. SUV - LATER

A ROAD SIGN: YARROW BAY Population 2,763

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Established neighborhood, wide streets, big lawns, overhanging trees.

INT./EXT. SUV - DAY

Ahead, a guy walks down a driveway, pulling a golf cart. Still preoccupied, Mark drives past him. The guy gives a snappy salute as the car goes by.

MARK
Son of a bitch!

Mark slams on the brakes. Throws it in reverse. Backs up. Rolls the window down. Annoyed, embarrassed.

MARK
Sorry about that.

CRAIG TRIMBLE, early 40s, slight Texas twang, against a credible John Wayne imitation.

CRAIG
It's that big pedal on the left, pilgrim. Ya just step down on it when ya wanna stop the ve-hickle.

MARK
Get in the car.

"The Duke" sashays toward the rear of the car.

CRAIG
After ya mash down on the big one, ya turn that round thang on the dashboard and the ve-hickle will pull smartly to the curb.

MARK
Get in the car.

"Duke" fights open the rear door, puts his clubs next to Mark's.

CRAIG
Once the ve-hickle comes to a complete stop --

MARK
I'm backin' over your ass.

Craig steps out of the way and Mark backs up to him, window rolled down.

MARK
Is "smart-ass Texan" redundant or is it one of those "military intelligence" things?

CRAIG
(gets in)
Don't mess with Texas.

INT. SUV - DAY

CRAIG
Quick -- what time zone we in?

MARK

This one 'til Monday, then I'm
back on the big silver bird,
again.

CRAIG

Whoa! You been gone 10 days.
Shouldn't you be at the
service station of love today?

Mark pulls away from the curb.

MARK

If I were I'd be in the self
service line.

Craig's not surprised, but tries not to shows it.

EXT. NEWCASTLE GOLF COURSE - DAY

A public course with the look and feel of being private.

EXT. NEWCASTLE PARKING LOT - DAY

Mark and Craig pull their carts toward the clubhouse.

CRAIG

You wanna talk about it?

MARK

That ever help?

CRAIG

Helps me, I charge one-fifty
an hour.

MARK

Just 'cuz I'm your kids'
godfather doesn't mean I wanna
put 'em through college.

Craig pulls in front of Mark as they go single file
behind other golfers.

CRAIG

Yeah, see there's your
problem. You got no sense of
responsibility.

ON THE FIRST TEE

Craig watches. Mark lines up on his ball... swings,
misses it... swings again, tops the ball, resets it...
swings again, hooks it into the woods.

CRAIG
Whoa, hoss! You hit it where
the big dogs shit!

Mark doesn't move. He looks into the woods. Glances at Craig. Then, with great deliberation, he takes the club in both hands and throws it like an Olympic hammer into the surrounding forest.

CRAIG
Gotta love a game that
combines the Olympic spirit
with manic depression.

ON THE FOURTH TEE

Mark's exasperated. He can't keep the ball teed up, it keeps falling off.

During this sequence Mark and Craig stalk around the tee, ignoring the shouts of other golfers to "Hurry up".

MARK
For Christ's sake!

Craig gets up into Mark's face.

CRAIG
Okay, okay. This is four of
eighteen and all you've done
is bark and bite all the way.
You wanna talk about it or
keep acting like you're in the
fourth grade, cuz I'll call
Mrs. Thompson and she'll put
you right back in the coat
closet.

Mark knows he's been acting like an ass.

CRAIG
It was the coat closet, right?

MARK
Yeah, but only 'til recess.
Sorry. It's just --

CRAIG
Just what?

MARK
You being a shrink --

CRAIG
-- Psychologist --

MARK

Whatever... I just don't want golf to turn into walking counseling sessions.

CRAIG

You never do what I tell you anyway. You vent, I give you some expensive advice for free and you ignore everything I say. Then I hit the ball, win some of your money, and you buy a few new clubs on the way out. It's what we do.

MARK

Well, it's different now.

CRAIG

Different how?

(a beat)

You stood right there with your bare face hanging out six weeks ago and said, and I quote, "I've got two kids, two mortgages, two car payments and the last time Laura and I had sex I forgot her Valentine in the car."

(he did)

So how's anything different?

MARK

Yeah, well, now we're biting at each other, all the time. Most nights end with some little dig or gotcha, then I wind up "working" late in the den and she pretends to be asleep when I come to bed.

CRAIG

I had a patient once who asked, "Just because I'm married doesn't mean I have to stop having sex, does it?"

MARK

I could never cheat on Laura.

Craig indicates above Mark's head.

CRAIG

You gotta be careful with those self-adjusting halos. They tend to slip on ya when you least expect it.

MARK

You know what I mean.

CRAIG

After 10 years of counseling all kinds of people what I know is that everyone thinks about cheating on their spouse or mate or significant other or whatever the hell we're calling it when you're puttin' tab A into slot B.

(a beat)

Everyone thinks about it. Women, too.

MARK

They do?

CRAIG

You think it takes two to tango, but only one to get bored?

Craig tees up his ball.

CRAIG

As an over-educated but well intentioned friend and psychologist, I guarantee you that at this very moment -- somewhere out there -- is a married woman with two-point-five kids and a butt-load of boredom and frustration she didn't bargain for. And she's got an itch that needs to be scratched just as badly as yours. Now stand the hell back and get your money out.

Craig strikes the ball smartly. It climbs straight, true.

In b.g., the Seattle Space Needle rises into frame as the ball drives up against the blue sky.

As the ball drops it becomes

INT. SEDAN - DAY

... bird shit and SPLATS onto the windshield.

GWEN, as she will later be introduced, is an attractive woman in her late 30s who jockeys a cell phone, a Daytimer and the steering wheel in heavy traffic. Her wedding ring is unique, though not ostentatious.

She juggles these items like her life: quickly, with authority, but ultimately without success.

GWEN

Shit!

She tries to look through the mess. No good.

She turns the wipers on. Bird shit smears all across the windshield.

GWEN

Oh, that's a lot better.

(into the phone)

No, not you, Sharon. I just got shit on again. Hang on.

She hits the washer. Water squirts onto the windshield. Wipers begin to make a difference, but for the rest of the sequence it looks like hell.

She returns to her conversation, annoyed.

GWEN

It's just not going to work.

I've got a showing at 3:15 and

Little League at 3:45. Call

him back and tell him I've got to reschedule.

(listens)

I don't care what his

secretary said, call her back.

I'd do it myself -- hold on --

(call waiting)

Hello? Mike! Thank God. Yeah,

I'm running late and have to reschedule.

Gwen listens. Puts her game face on.

GWEN

Be a pal and give me a rain check.

(chuckles)

Well, I wasn't thinking of

that kind of rain check.

You're just a little bit

naughty for an insurance

agent, aren't you?

(flirty laugh)

No, I don't have time for that

either, but it's the best

offer I've had lately.

(lies)

Hey, there's my other line,

Mike. Gotta go, thanks!

She closes the flip phone, tosses it onto the passenger seat. Shakes her head. Vents.

GWEN

That's what I need. A rain check. A good hard piece of rain. Driving rain! Throbbing rain! Pounding rain! The kind of rain check you tell your friends about after they move away --

Her cell phone rings and she remembers,

GWEN

Sharon!

She looks to the passenger seat, reaches for the cell and

BAM!

runs into the car in front of her. A fender bender.

The wipers chatter across the windshield, now streaked with dried bird shit.

GWEN

Shit! Shit! Shit!

EXT. NEWCASTLE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Mark and Craig walk away from the 18th green. Sweat stains their shirts.

CRAIG

Yeah, sure, kids are great if you're a movie star with nannies, cooks and maids. But in real life, kids add a lot a stress to a marriage, especially the wife.

(gestures)

When they're small you can run a zone defense against them and still have a life. But once they're 7 or 8, you gotta go man-to-man and just like that...

(snaps fingers)

... you're running a split defense. She's going one way, you're going the other and sex is something you download.

MARK

You know how long it's been
since we had a Saturday night
together?

CRAIG

Since you went man-to-man?

Mark points at him like, "Right on!"

CRAIG

You know what your problem is?

MARK

For one-hundred fifty an hour,
I was hopin' you'd know.

CRAIG

Your problem is change. You're
changing, she's changing, and
nobody wants to admit it.
Hellman said, "People change,
but forget to tell each
other."

MARK

The mayonnaise guy said that?

CRAIG

Different spelling --

MARK

How's he spell "mayonnaise"?

CRAIG

Same way you do but he's a she --

MARK

-- The mayonnaise guy's a she?

CRAIG

What is it with you and
mayonnaise? Forget the goddamn
mayonnaise. Look, all
relationships go through ups
and downs. The longer you're
together, the more ups and
downs. You're in a "down"
right now.

MARK

How long's a "down" last?

Craig cuts in front of Mark as they near the clubhouse.

CRAIG

Until you start "up" again.

MARK

And people pay you for this?

INT. CLUBHOUSE BAR - LATER

Mark and Craig nurse a couple of beers at a table.

CRAIG

People tend to get all wound up in the heat of the moment and then can't back out of it. They think there's no do-overs in a relationship.

MARK

I need a "do-over"?

CRAIG

You need a "do-somebody". Look, forget about Darwin. Forget about Intelligent Design. What separates men from monkeys is monkeys don't lie about sex.

MARK

Which makes me what?

CRAIG

Angry, bitter and horny as a three-pecker billy goat.

MARK

You're not actually charging me for this, are you?

CRAIG

You can't heal a marriage if you're angry and bitter. First, you have to heal yourself.

(voice rises)

You have to restore the joy, the arousal, the adventure of love.

Mark gestures, "Not so loud."

Craig leans in, all confidential. Mark follows suit.

CRAIG

You gotta get back what you lost along the way. You gotta recapture the playfulness, the spontaneity, the zest to treat

(MORE)

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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