

**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... YEEEEES!

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 our 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. CONFSSIONAL - 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)

BLAAAAUGH--

HE THROWS UP. EVERYWHERE.

NINA

Ewww!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONFSSIONAL - 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 CONFSSIONAL; 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 Eeyore - 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

-- Okay, yes. I'm gay. I. Am. Gay.

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. CONFSSIONAL - **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. CONFSSIONAL - 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

Yeah 'nearly' impossible. Not 'completely' impossible.

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.  
(flatly)  
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. CONFSSIONAL - 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.