

WHO ARE YOU?

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April 8, 2010
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INT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

ANDREW and LILY lie next to each other in bed with a sheet over top of them. They are sweaty and breathing heavily.

LILY:

Wow.

ANDREW:

Was it good, sweetheart?

LILY:

Extremely. Thank you. I needed that.

Pause.

LILY:

What time is it?

ANDREW:

(changing tone)

Really? Are you really going to do this?

LILY:

Andrew, don't do this, okay? You know I have to get home to Scott.

Andrew looks disappointed at Lily. After a moment, he rolls over and checks his watch, sitting on the nightstand beside his bed.

ANDREW:

It's a quarter past nine.

LILY:

I gotta get going. Where did you throw my panties?

ANDREW:

(disappointed)

They're over here.

Andrew reaches over the edge of the bed, keeping the covers over him. Grabs Lily's underwear and hands them to her. She keeps herself covered and puts them on.

LILY:

Where's my--

She spots her bra lying on the end of the bed. She keeps herself covered and snatches it. Lily rolls over and puts her straps over her shoulders.

LILY:
Do you want to do the honors?

ANDREW:
(groggily, not
paying
attention)
Huh?

LILY:
Can you hook me?

ANDREW:
Oh.

Andrew hooks Lily's bra shut. He touches her shoulder and kisses her upper back. She smiles and blissfully shuts her eyes. Then snaps out of it and stands up and starts to get dressed, leaving Andrew sitting up in the bed.

ANDREW:
Are you going to divorce him?

LILY:
Andrew, please don't start this,
okay?--

ANDREW:
Start what?--

LILY:
This. You know. Talking about my
divorce. It takes time.

ANDREW:
Well, how much time? It's been six
months. Have you even told him
yet?--

LILY:
Of course I've told him. It's the
legal song and dance.

Pause. Lily continues dressing.

ANDREW:
Do you feel anything, when you are
with me?

Lily stops dressing for a moment, and turns to Andrew.

LILY:

I love you, Andrew. That's what I feel when I'm with you. And that's what I don't feel with Scott. I want to marry you. I thought I'd hate it here in the suburbs, with the manicured streets, trees spaced perfectly apart, and the smell of freshly cut grass all the time; but I don't. I love it here, because of you. It's because of you that I have the fondest of memories of this place. You represent everything in my life that I lack with Scott.

ANDREW:

Like what?

LILY:

You make me laugh. I mean, tonight you made a joke in the middle of having sex with me. It just shows me that you love me, and you are thinking about how I feel. Sex is always so serious with Scott.

Andrew smiles.

LILY:

I'm sorry the whole divorce process is taking so long. Thank you for being patient.

Lily kneels over the bed and kisses Andrew. She then puts on her shoes.

LILY:

Will the door lock when I shut it?

ANDREW:

Here, wait, let me walk you out--

LILY:

It's okay, hun. Really.

Lily kisses Andrew again and leaves the room. He is left sitting up in his bed. He rubs his temples as the sound of his front door shutting is heard.

ANDREW:

Shit.

INT-APARTMENT LIVING ROOM-LATER THAT NIGHT

We see SCOTT watching television when LILY walks through the front door. Scott gets up to greet Lily.

SCOTT:
Hey sweetheart.

Scott kisses Lily, who receives the kiss, but does not kiss back.

LILY:
(emotionless,
matter-of-
factly)
Hi.

SCOTT:
Bad day?

LILY:
Don't want to talk about it.

SCOTT:
This is the third night you've
said--

LILY:
Scott, please--

Lily goes to walk past him.

SCOTT:
Please what? What's the matter
with you?

LILY:
What's the matter with ME?!

Lily starts to cry.

SCOTT:
Oh. It's just your period.

LILY:
Go pound salt, dickhead.

Pause.

LILY:
I want a divorce.

Scott takes a moment to digest this.

SCOTT:

What?

LILY:

You heard me.

SCOTT:

Hun, you've just had a bad day,
this is--

LILY:

No. Stop it. Let me show you
something.

Lily walks out of the apartment, puts her key in the lock from the other side, and locks the front door of the apartment.

Pause.

A moment later, WHAM! Lily plants her foot on the door and kicks it open, the door hits the doorstop and springs back momentarily. Bumping Lily.

LILY:

You were going to fix that lock
six months ago.

SCOTT:

I'll get it done--

LILY:

It's not about that.

SCOTT:

Then what is it about, Lily?!--

LILY:

It's about the fact that I have to sleep with oversized mouse traps beside my bed to catch the rats in this hell hole! It's about the toilet being broken for the sixth time in the last two months! It's about the fact that we are STILL in this apartment, when I've invested nearly ALL of my paycheck to get out of here! It's about you leaving me in bed, naked, after tossing me aside after you've screwed me to go play Xbox. It's about the man that I'm looking at right now, and how he's NOTHING like the man I married.

SCOTT:

So, I don't please you anymore? Is that it?

LILY:

That's only part of it, Scott.

SCOTT:

Who are you, Lily? And what have you done with the beautiful, happy woman I married? I don't even know you anymore. You come in every night, we eat dinner in silence before you run off to your errands, and whatever gets you out of the house. You come back, exhausted. You have no interest in anything. It seems to me, that you're the one who's changed. Who is this...this impostor, standing here, huh?

LILY:

Isn't that the Pot calling the Kettle black.

Pause

LILY:

You want to know who I am? This is a wife, who lost her husband years ago. And a woman, walking out of her old life. I'm going to my mother's. You'll hear from my attorney.

Lily takes the door and goes to slam it shut as she walks out into the hallway. The door does not shut, but bounces back and hits the interior doorstep. Lily is left standing on the outside of the doorway.

LILY:

(chuckles
through her
tears)

I can't even slam the door in your face.

Lily walks down the hallway.

LILY:

Shit.

Scott watches as she walks away, and then tries to shut the door. He tries three times before it shuts fully.

Scott walks over to the bathroom, and knocks on the door. The door opens, and MARY is standing on the inside of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel.

SCOTT:
I'm sorry you had to hear that.

MARY:
It's okay babe.

Mary kisses Scott.

MARY:
I killed a cockroach. I flushed it down the toilet.

Scott rubs his temples.

SCOTT:
Please don't remind me of what a shithole this is.

Pause. Mary lifts Scott's face to make eye contact, and then kisses him again.

MARY:
I don't care, Scott. I really don't. It doesn't matter to me.

Mary walks into the bedroom.

INT-SCOTT'S BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Scott walks in after Mary.

MARY:
Can I ask you something Scott?

SCOTT:
Anything sweetheart.

MARY:
When you were arguing with Lily, why didn't you just agree to divorce?

SCOTT:
I was trying to save face. No one wants to be exposed as being the liar in these types of situations.

MARY:
Yeah, I know what you mean.

Pause. Mary goes over to Scott and kisses him on the lips. They embrace, then separate.

MARY:
Can I ask you another question,
without you getting upset?

SCOTT:
(skeptically)
I guess.

MARY:
I'm not trying to sound like your
wife. But who are you, Scott? I
really want to get to know the
real you. You didn't know who your
wife was, and she didn't know you.
I want to know you.

Scott breaks eye contact with Mary.

SCOTT:
I don't know, Mary. And that's
what kills me. I don't know who I
am, I didn't know who my wife was.
And I don't know you.

MARY:
Well, you will know who I am. In
time.

They kiss.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS

THE END