

MARRIAGE

Written by

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EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A car pulls up in the parking lot.

Starting with a low angle, Michael steps out of the car.

He walks over to the other side and opens the passenger side door. Lily steps out.

The camera follows as the both walk in.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lily is sitting at the table (face not yet shown). Michael walks up carrying food.

MICHAEL

Here is your food, Lily.

Michael sets the plate down in front of Lily. It is finally revealed that she is a man wearing a wig.

LILY

Oh thanks. You're such a gentleman.

Lily begins eating mashed potatoes.

MICHAEL

Yes. I know.

LILY

How was work?

MICHAEL

It was a long day. The clock didn't move fast enough.

Lily nods frantically, still shoving mashed potatoes into her mouth.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

George and Beverly have invited us over for dinner next week to celebrate.

LILY

Celebrate what? Is it Hanukkah?

MICHAEL

...No...Hanukkah was five months ago.

LILY  
Oh. You know me with time.

MICHAEL  
Lily, we've been together for three years now.

LILY  
It only feels like two.

MICHAEL  
Lily, I'm speaking.

LILY  
(covers mouth)  
Oh! Oopsy!

MICHAEL  
The basic gist of what I'm saying, darling, is...will you marry me?

LILY  
(gasp)  
Oh my g-... Wait, can I talk now?

MICHAEL  
Yes.

LILY  
Oh my god! Yes! Of course I will, Michael! Wait, where's the ring?

MICHAEL  
Check your potatoes.

LILY  
What potatoes?

Michael looks down to see that the mashed potatoes have been eaten.

Silence for a couple beats.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT: KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The room is full of bright white lights.

Lily is on a table. Michael and a Chef are using kitchen tools to open her stomach and get out the ring.

MICHAEL

We need to get this ring out now!

Chef cuts open Lily's stomach with a kitchen knife.

LILY

Oh god! I don't want to die,  
Michael!

MICHAEL

You aren't going to die!

CHEF

Nobody's fuckin' dying in my  
kitchen!

MICHAEL

Hand me the pizza cutter!

Chef tosses Michael the pizza cutter.

Michael uses it to cut through Lily's intestines.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Shit!

Michael begins winding out intestines.

He throws the bloody pizza cutter in a plastic tray.

LILY

We're going to be so happy  
together!

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ these are greasy!

CHEF

Don't get any blood in my chicken!

Michael starts shaking the intestines until a bloody ring  
falls out onto the table.

MICHAEL

Got it!

TITLE CARD: "MARRIAGE"

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Michael and George are standing by a wall, talking. George is  
in the middle of a story.

GEORGE  
So then I was like, "Who do I look  
like, Al Pacino!?"

Michael chuckles a bit while George laughs obnoxiously at his own joke.

MICHAEL  
You're funny, George.

GEORGE  
I know right!? So how did it go on  
Friday? Did you ask?

MICHAEL  
Yes I did. She said yes.

GEORGE  
That's great. Are you guys still  
coming to dinner this weekend?

MICHAEL  
I don't think we'll be able to. The  
wedding plans are really difficult.

GEORGE  
I know what you mean. Bev and I's  
wedding was a nightmare. So when am  
I going to meet this lady anyway?

MICHAEL  
She said a while ago she was on her  
way to drop off my lunch. So any  
minute now.

GEORGE  
I know why you're hiding her. It's  
because she's ugly!

MICHAEL  
No.

GEORGE  
Yeah! You're embarrassed because  
she's ugly!

George laughs obnoxiously, like a child.

MICHAEL  
Here she comes now. This'll show  
you.

Lily enters the room and walks up to Michael.

LILY  
Oh, hello husband to be. Is this  
your friend George?

MICHAEL  
Yes it is. George, meet Lily.

George stands with a disgusted look on his face.

GEORGE  
...Hi...

LILY  
Michael and Beverly have told me so  
much about you.

GEORGE  
...Yeah...

LILY  
Well, I don't want to bother you  
guys too much. So I'll just go back  
home.

MICHAEL  
Bye, gorgeous.

Lily walks away waving.

George stares blankly ahead.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
See? I told you.

Michael walks off, leaving George stumped.

INT. MICHAEL AND LILY'S HOUSE - SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

There is a wedding photo of Michael and Lily on the wall.

Michael sits, reading the newspaper. Lily is dusting.

LILY  
Husband.

MICHAEL  
Yes, wife?

LILY  
Have you seen that clay ashtray you  
made me around?

MICHAEL

It was a pen holding cup and no, I have not.

LILY

Oh yes, yes.

MICHAEL

Why would I make you an ashtray? You don't even smoke.

LILY

I was just confused. Besides, it is special because you made it for me.

MICHAEL

I do not know where it is, Lily.

LILY

I could have sworn when I moved in, I set it right there on the shelf...

MICHAEL

Listen to this, "Young boy claims to see monsters in his closet". These kids say the darnedest things.

Lily looks behind the entertainment center.

LILY

Oh, it's right here. What is it doing behind the entertainment center?

MICHAEL

God damn it, Lily! I did not move that damn thing!

A beat

Lily begins to weep obnoxiously.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Lily...

Lily sits next to him and puts her face on his shoulder, still crying.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh god! Not on my work clothes! Lily!

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER

The doorbell rings.

Beverly answers the door.

BEVERLY  
Hey! Come on in.

Michael and Lily walk in.

LILY  
Oh Beverly, it's been ages.

MICHAEL  
You saw her yesterday, wife.

LILY  
It feels like ages.

BEVERLY  
Dinner is almost ready. Go ahead  
and have a seat. George is in there  
waiting.

MICHAEL  
Thank you.

They walk towards the dining room.

LILY  
I like those curtains. Those are  
nice curtains.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE: DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They all sit around the table. George still sits in repulsed  
silence.

BEVERLY  
We are so glad we could finally all  
get together. Right, George?

GEORGE  
Mhm.

LILY  
We're glad that we could finally  
make it.

BEVERLY  
We're sorry we couldn't make it to  
the wedding.

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)  
George's father's funeral just  
happened to be the same day.

LILY  
What a co-winky-dink!

Michael slowly turns to Lily, bothered by the inappropriate  
comment.

MICHAEL  
So George, did you finish that  
report that I-

GEORGE  
Your wife looks like a man.

Michael and Lily are thrown of by this.

BEVERLY  
George!

GEORGE  
What!?

A few beats of silence.

BEVERLY  
So have you given any thought to  
having children?

GEORGE  
I'm excusing myself.

George stands up and walks away.

LILY  
We've thought about it.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Come on! Are you kidding!?

LILY  
Michael thinks it will be best if  
we wait until he gets a better job.

BEVERLY  
Children are expensive.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Don't humor them!

MICHAEL  
Maybe in a couple years.

George re-enters the room carrying a piece of paper and a marker.

He throws them on the table.

GEORGE

I want you to illustrate for me how you two could possibly conceive a child!

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - LATER

Michael and Beverly are talking in the living room.

BEVERLY

I hope George wasn't too rude. He's probably just having a bad day.

MICHAEL

I understand. His dad dying probably has a lot to do with it. I remember I was pretty bummed when my mother died giving birth to me.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE: DINING ROOM

George and Lily are still eating in the other room. There is an awkward silence between them.

GEORGE

I hope what I said didn't offend you. I didn't mean them.

LILY

It's okay, George.

GEORGE

I hope we can put these thing behind us and become better acquainted.

LILY

Aw, that's sweet, George. I'm sure we-

GEORGE

(shift in tone)  
Much better acquainted.

LILY

What are you saying, George?

GEORGE

You know what I mean, Lily. I see the way you look at me and then back Michael in shame. You know he's not good enough for you.

LILY

I...I...

GEORGE

Yes...

LILY

I...

GEORGE

Yes.

LILY

(faintly)

Yes?

George gets up and walks behind Lily, gripping her shoulders.

GEORGE

Good. How about we go somewhere more private.

LILY

(faintly)

Okay.

FADE OUT.

INT. MICHAEL AND LILY'S HOUSE: BATHROOM - LATER

The shower is turned on cold. Water runs down.

Lily can be heard sobbing.

INT. OFFICE - ONE MONTH LATER

Michael sits at a long table going through some files.

George enters the room, drinking a soda.

GEORGE

Oh, hello there, Michael.

MICHAEL

(his mind elsewhere)

Oh, hey.

GEORGE

You know, it is break time. I could go grab you a soda.

MICHAEL

What do you have there?

GEORGE

Diet Sierra Mist. You gotta enjoy the little things. Ya know what I'm saying?

MICHAEL

Uh, yeah. Sure.

GEORGE

Chat with your pal, George. You have something on your mind?

MICHAEL

Actually, yes.

Michael sets down his files.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Lily has been spending an increasing amount of time with you and Beverly. She never really talks to me anymore. Have I done something wrong? What do you think is going on, George?

GEORGE

Well, I'm not completely sure, Michael. Why don't we try something here? You see that dry erase board?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

GEORGE

Go up there and draw for me what you did last night, while Lily was with us.

MICHAEL

Um, okay.

Michael gets up and walks over to the board. He begins drawing a stick figure sitting in a chair reading a book.

GEORGE

So you were at home reading?

MICHAEL

Yes.

GEORGE

Alright. Now I'm going to show you  
what the three of us did.

MICHAEL

Okay.

George approaches the board and draws Beverly sitting in a  
movie theater.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay. So you guys went to the  
movies.

GEORGE

Hold on. I'm not finished.

He begins drawing a separate picture of a bed.

MICHAEL

Um...George.

GEORGE

(intensely)  
I'm not done yet, Michael.

He continues drawing, putting himself and Lily on the bed.

Michael stands up.

MICHAEL

George, please!

GEORGE

Let me finish my drawing, Michael!  
I'm not done!

He continues drawing.

MICHAEL

I get the point!

GEORGE

Don't distract me from my art!

He finishes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There! I'm done!

Michael sits back down, shocked.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yo uhad something I wanted,  
Michael. So I took it. Like I said,  
you have to enjoy the little  
things.

MICHAEL

How could you do this to me, your  
friend? How could you do this to  
Beverly?

GEORGE

None of that matters. Now. I want  
you to go home and try to work  
things out. Then when she becomes  
upset, she is going to come to me.  
And I'm going to fuck her her until  
she walks with a limp.

Michael gets up fighting tears and walks out the door.

George watches him leave. He looks out the window thinking  
over what he did.

Michael re-enters the room briefly.

MICHAEL

And Sierra Mist is the worst soda  
ever!

He exits once more.

GEORGE

This day just got a whole lot  
better.

He takes a sip of his drink.

INT. MICHAEL AND LILY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Lily enters the hosue. She walks into the kitchen.

Michael sits in the kitchen on a swivel chair.

He turns around to face her, holding the clay pen holder cup.

LILY

Hello husband.

MICHAEL

Do you know where I found this?

LILY

I...

MICHAEL

The bathroom. It was holding your filthy toothbrush!

LILY

Michael, I don't understand...

MICHAEL

First of all, this is a pen holder. Not a toothbrush holder! If you are going to use it, use it for it's intended purpose. Secondly, I told you I didn't want this fucking thing out.

He throws it at the fridge, shattering it.

LILY

(sobbing)

Husband, why are you doing this?

MICHAEL

Why have you been going to George and Beverly's so frequently?

LILY

To spend time with you my friends, Michael.

MICHAEL

Liar! What you really been doing?

LILY

Michael, I'm so sorry.

MICHAEL

What have you really been doing?

LILY

You know, Michael. I don't have to say.

MICHAEL

Say it!

LILY

I've been having an affair with George.

MICHAEL

Do you think I'm stupid? What do you have to say for yourself?

LILY

I have to go to the store, Michael!

MICHAEL

Go on! Go! Leave! Go to the store.

LILY

I...I...

MICHAEL

Get out of here, you minx!

Lily runs out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You filthy, harlot!

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

Michael's car pulls up.

He walks up to the house, holding a milk jug.

He knocks on the door.

George answers.

GEORGE

Michael?

Michael puts a gun to his face.

MICHAEL

Sit.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM

George sits down in his chair.

Beverly enters the room.

BEVERLY

Michael?

Michael motions for her to sit on the couch.

MICHAEL  
How about you explain to your wife,  
what's been going on?

GEORGE  
Michael, don't do this!

BEVERLY  
What's happening?

MICHAEL  
Tell her, George!

GEORGE  
Why do you have milk, Michael?

MICHAEL  
Oh, this milk, George?

GEORGE  
Yeah.

MICHAEL  
I brought this for you. You get to  
drink it after you tell Beverly  
what you've been doing with my  
wife.

BEVERLY  
George?

GEORGE  
I've been... Don't make me do this-

MICHAEL  
Do it, George!

GEORGE  
Beverly, I've been fooling around  
with Lily while you are gone.

BEVERLY  
What!?

Beverly begins sobbing.

GEORGE  
Beverly, I-

MICHAEL  
See, that was easy. Now you can  
have a drink your milk.

He hands the jug to George.

GEORGE  
I'm not thirsty, Michael.

MICHAEL  
What? It's not poisoned, George.  
Just because I can't trust you,  
don't mean you can't trust me,  
buddy. Go on, take a swig.

George slowly opens the jug and tilts it back a little bit,  
taking a sip.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's refreshing. M-m-m.  
Here, let me help you with that.

Michael reaches over and tilts the milk further.

George signals that it is enough.

He puts the cap back on.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
There we go. Now...

GEORGE  
Come on, Michael. What are you  
going to do to me? Are you actually  
going to shot me? Just get it over  
with, man.

MICHAEL  
Tell me. What should I do, Georgey  
boy? Should I fuck your wife?

GEORGE  
I would prefer you didn't.

MICHAEL  
Okay. Sure thing, pal. After all,  
what are friends for? How about you  
take another swig of that milk?

GEORGE  
I really don't-

MICHAEL  
No, no, no. Just take another sip.

George starts to take another drink. Michael once again  
reaches over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'll help you with your milk there,  
friend. Yeah. This is what buddies  
do. We help each other.

Michael tilts it up completely. Drowning George in milk. He  
is pleading for him to stop.

BEVERLY  
Michael! Michael, no! Stop! You're  
killing him! Michael, you're  
killing him!

Michael points the gun to her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE

The gunshot is heard.

A few beats.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM

Beverly lays dead on the floor, George dead in his chair next  
to her.

Michael leaves.

INT. MICHAEL AND LILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lily stands in the kitchen crying, sweeping up the clay  
pieces.

Michael enters the house.

MICHAEL  
Lily!

A shiver runs up Lily's spine.

Michael walks into the kitchen.

LILY  
Husband, I-

MICHAEL  
Don't call that! It means nothing  
now! George and Beverly are dead.

LILY  
Oh my god!

MICHAEL  
Do you see what you're nymphomaniac  
ways have gotten us!?

LILY  
Michael, I didn't kill anyone!

MICHAEL  
Shut up!

Michael beats Lily half to death, scored to operatic music.

Michael stands, full of rage and regret.

Lily is on the floor, bruised and bloody, panting.

LILY  
Michael Daniels...

MICHAEL  
What!?

Lily hands him a note, taking off a wig revealing he is man.

LILY  
You've just been served.

Michael sees that the note is a subpoena that reads, "Michael Daniels owes \$2,500 in late car payments".

Michael stands not sure what to say.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Michael... Michael, I still love  
you. I still want to be with you.

Michael puts the gun to his head.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Michael, no! MICHAEL!!!

The shot is fired.

Lily screams at the top of his lungs.

CUT TO BLACK.