

SCRIPT: "MARIE". (Sides) (excerpt) Characters: SARAH and  
MARK

By

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INT: HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

SARAH sits at the kitchen room table eating dinner. MARK is at the stove, loading food onto a plate. A CELL PHONE rests on a nearby counter with some other clutter.

SARAH

So how's work going? Lena cutting you any slack?

MARK

What?

SARAH

Your job. The extra hours. Your boss treating you any nicer now that you're there almost all the time?

MARK

She's been gone a lot, actually. Her kid's sick, or something.

SARAH

Bummer.

MARK

No, it's good. Have the office to myself, most o' the time.

He moves his plate to the table, sits and starts eating.

SARAH

I had my mid-term.

MARK

That's cool.

SARAH

I got a "D" on the lab part of it. I blanked out, when the timer started. I couldn't remember anything.

MARK

(absently)

That's great. Good for you.

SARAH

"That's great"? "Good for you"?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

What?

SARH

I got a "D," Mark. It isn't  
"great." It's horrible.

MARK

Sorry. I was -- You got a D. Wow.  
That must be --

SARAH

Forget it. (stands; paces) It isn't  
-- it's not what I wanted to talk  
to you about. I need to ask you  
something.

MARK

Okay.

SARAH

You've been different, since the  
retreat thing. And the overtime.  
Just -- weird somehow. Distracted.

MARK

I'm just tired. It's nothing --

SARAH

I don't think so.

He stands, facing her.

MARK

Honey -- Sarah, you always --

SARAH

Oh right. It's me. "I'm imagining  
things. I'm hormonal."

MARK

I didn't say that.

SARAH

Are you having an affair, Mark?

MARK

What?

SARAH

Are you having an affair? Yes or  
no. Just tell me, God damm it.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

(laughs)

Of course not. Jesus, Sarah. I'm just working late. To pay for this fucking place. Where do you get this shit.

SARAH

"I'm hormonal." "I'm crazy." We've established that. So who exactly is Marie?

MARK

Marie?

SARAH

She called when you were out. Left four messages. She said it's "urgent," you have to call her right away.

MARK

I don't know what you're talking about. I don't even know a Marie.

SARAH

That's so cute. That's what she said. "I don't know you, Mark. But call me now. It's important." Funny thing, she had your phone number. The unlisted one. (Stands, glares at him) If you're going to screw around, at least have the decency to --

MARK

Honey --

The phone rings. They both look at it. It rings again. Sarah crosses her arms, exits. He goes to the phone, looks at the caller i.d., picks it up.

MARK (cont'd)

(into phone)

Why the fuck are you calling me here?