

FADE IN:

INT. JUSTIN AND AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The living room and kitchen are simple, but decorated just well enough to suggest a woman lives there, with coordinated furniture and art on the walls. JUSTIN, 27 years old and lean, with a mop of curls on his head and a face that only knows puppy dog sincerity, sits on the coffee table as AMY, a 26 year old, pretty brunette with a habit of biting her lower lip when she gives bad news, paces before him.

JUSTIN

You're leaving me?

AMY

Not exactly. I'm keeping the apartment, so, technically, you're the one who's leaving.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MARSHALL'S HOUSE - DAY

In one of the overstuffed chairs sits MARSHALL, a man staring down both barrels of his sixtieth birthday and showing every bit of it in his slumped shoulders, as his wife, BROOKE, still sexy in her mid-thirties, so happy she is almost skipping, drags another SUITCASE to the pile of bags near the door.

MARSHALL

You're leaving me?

BROOKE

I don't like to think of it as leaving. More like escaping.

MARSHALL

(not upset)

Is... is there anything I should do?

BROOKE

Ah! I almost forgot.

(digging in her purse)

I need you to sign the divorce papers.

She pulls a THICK DOCUMENT from her purse along with a pen and brings them over to Marshall. She pulls a TV TRAY from next to the chair and sets it up, setting the papers on top.

MARSHALL

How long have you been carrying these around?

BROOKE

Since I started seeing Ian. Sign on the...

MARSHALL

I know where to sign.
(signs and initials)
You're cheating on me?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN AND AMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS FROM EARLIER

Justin is near tears, and Amy just seems impatient, tapping her foot and checking her watch.

JUSTIN

Are you cheating on me?

AMY

Absolutely not! I can't believe you would ask me that. I know how you feel about staying faithful. How much our relationship means to you. And to me, too. I would never sleep with someone while we're together. Of course, starting tonight, all bets are off.

JUSTIN

What?!?

AMY

Do we need to go into this in detail? Can't we have a clean break, where you leave and we both move on? Or at least where you leave?

JUSTIN

What? No. We are going to sit here, and we are going to talk this out. You can't just throw away nine years like that.

AMY

It is easier than I expected, actually.

She picks up his keys from a nearby table and pulls one off, along with a bright kooshball keychain.

JUSTIN

Why are you doing this to us?

AMY

Ugh! It isn't US! I am doing it to you. And that's why! You're just so obsessively, devotedly... monogamous! I've been with you since I was seventeen! Those are prime years, and I spent them tied to you!

(realizing)

Wow. Did that come out as bitchy as I think it did?

CUT TO:

IN. MARSHALL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS FROM EARLIER

MARSHALL

You're such a bitch.

BROOKE

I thought that was what you loved about me?

MARSHALL

You know what I loved about you?

BROOKE

Hmmm?

MARSHALL

Mainly the tits.

BROOKE

They are something, aren't they?

MARSHALL

Past tense. They used to be, before gravity hit. Now they're Ali after the Parkinson's.

BROOKE

You going to blame gravity for your dick?