

He walks into the living room. HOLD ON: Marie as her eyes well up with tears.

She takes a deep breath, walks into the bathroom, and just as she's about to crack emotionally. She closes the bathroom door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

PUSH IN ON MALCOLM as he sits there sipping his drink.

And Marie walks in. She looks visibly distraught. There's a frightening energy about her. She walks over to the block of knives on the counter and pulls out a BUTCHER KNIFE.

She holds it in her hand and paces.

ANGLE ON MALCOLM watching her, nervous.

MALCOLM

What are you doing?

But she doesn't answer.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Marie, what the fuck are you doing?

She looks at him, tears streaming down her face.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Marie put the knife down.

She holds the knife out.

MARIE

I think about killing myself every day. Whether I'm clean or not clean, there's a darkness that is here. In me. And no matter how much I want to, I don't think I'm ever gonna solve it.

(beat)

I want to destroy every good thing that has ever happened to me.

(beat)

I'm a piece of shit. I'm a liar. I've lied to everyone in my life that I love. I've cheated on you. I've fucked your friends. Stolen from your mother. I'm a thief. I'm a whore.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

And you know what the sickest part
is... I don't mind. I fucking
deserve it.

Malcolm looks at her, totally still, an emotion rising in
him.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I've never been clean and I never
plan on getting clean.

She looks at him.

MARIE (CONT'D)

So tell me where are the fucking
pills?

A long beat. She sets down the knife. And curtsies. Before
walking out.

He watches her.

Marie yells back at him.

MARIE (CONT'D)

And that Malcolm is what
authenticity buys you.

She walks down the hall and slams the door to their bedroom.

ANGLE ON Malcolm, emotional and moved by her performance.

A long beat.

And then he puts his hands out, confused.

MALCOLM

Well shit? Why didn't you do that
when you auditioned?

He walks over and picks up the knife and slides it back into
the block.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm comes back in to the bedroom -

MALCOLM

You are without a doubt, the most excruciating, difficult, stubbornly obnoxious human being I have ever met in my entire life and God do I love you.

Marie just looks at him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I go from wanting to tear your fucking head off one moment to wanting to kiss your stupid beautiful face a thousand times the next.

A beat.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Should we get married?

MARIE

I'm not in the mood.

MALCOLM

Seriously. I feel like there's no way we're not gonna get married and divorced at least a couple of times in our life.

(beat)

We should start now.

MARIE

No.

MALCOLM

I'm really turned on Marie.

MARIE

I'm not.

They look at each other. Finally she smiles first.

MALCOLM

I knew it you fucking psychopath.

He grabs Marie and throws her on the bed, playfully.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You caused all of this madness,
just so you could do this scene and
do it better than Taylor and seed
doubt in my mind for the rest of my
life, that my first film could have
been better.

As he pins her arms back.

MARIE

Not true.

MALCOLM

Bullshit.

She kisses him back. And rolls over on top of him. Kissing
down his chest and then she sits up. Reaches her hand down
and unbuttons the top of his pants.

A beat.

MARIE

You know what's interesting about
the white girl from the LA Times
calling out that scene?

Malcolm takes a deep breath.

MALCOLM

Who cares?

MARIE

It was my favorite scene in the
script - and I know I've said this
before - but it was my least
favorite scene in the film. The
reason being I always saw it
differently.

MALCOLM

Can we talk about this later?

A beat.

MARIE

But I think it's worth looking back
and wondering why that is? Don't
you?

MALCOLM

No.