

MALCOLM & MARIE

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marie serves up a bowl of mac & cheese for Malcolm and one for herself.

MARIE

I promise you it's not a good idea.
Let's just talk tomorrow.

MALCOLM

But you're upset with me.

MARIE

It's not that big of a deal.

MALCOLM

I can't go to bed knowing that
you're angry.

MARIE

Malcolm. I promise you. Nothing
productive is going to be said
tonight.

MALCOLM

How do you know?

MARIE

Because I know you.

MALCOLM

What does that mean?

MARIE

And I love you.

MALCOLM

What does that mean?

MARIE

It means that you are literally
incapable of deescalating a
situation unless it's work-related.
And even then it's fifty-fifty.

MALCOLM

Why is it that anytime anything
good happens in our lives, you have
to find something... anything...
the most minor fucking detail to
harp on, to make ugly, to ensure
that there's no reason to fucking
celebrate.

MARIE

Really. You wanna go there?

MALCOLM

Yes.

MARIE

Ok.

MALCOLM

Alright, then what is it?

MARIE

Your speech, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Oh give me a break. You're outside your mind. When I said you'll find the most minor fucking detail and make it ugly, I meant it.

MARIE

You forgot to thank me, Malcolm. That's not a minor fucking detail. That's a big one.

MALCOLM

But I've thanked you a million times before. You know that I'm thankful. You know that I'm appreciative. And you know I made a mistake so why turn it into something more?

MARIE

Because it is more.

MALCOLM

What?

MARIE

It's our entire fucking relationship in a nutshell.

MALCOLM

Oh, you can't be serious.

MARIE

I'm dead serious.

MALCOLM

You're psychotic.

MARIE

You're hyperbolic.

MALCOLM

I'm not. It's psychotic to think that forgetting to thank you is symbolic of anything other than me legitimately forgetting to fucking thank you.

MARIE

Malcolm, you thanked a hundred and twelve fucking people tonight, ok? You thanked your mother, your gaffer, your agents, your third grade teacher, and the usher who worked at the theater when you were twelve years old and saw whatever-the-fuck.

MALCOLM

I didn't thank the damn usher -

MARIE

You know what I mean -

MALCOLM

Well you don't have to be sarcastic and petty and obnoxious about this shit, alright, Marie? I'm sorry. I forgot to thank you. I am genuinely sorry. Which is why I apologized to you a thousand fucking times during the movie. I mean, I felt so guilty I couldn't even concentrate on the movie.

MARIE

Well, that's a shame. You've only seen it seven thousand times.

MALCOLM

But every time I leaned over and said I'm sorry you said it was fine. You squeezed my hand and said it was fine. You said, "I love you. Don't worry. It's fine."

MARIE

Well, Malcolm, I changed my mind.

MALCOLM

How can you just change your mind?

MARIE

Honestly, it's pretty fucking easy.

MALCOLM

That doesn't seem a little crazy to you?

MARIE

Nope.

MALCOLM

It doesn't?

MARIE

Nope.

MALCOLM

Why?

MARIE

Well, Malcolm, because when I was in the theater, it didn't matter. It wasn't that big of a deal. It was fine. Not until the afterparty, when every single person from your mother to Taylor kept coming up to me and going, "You know, I bet you're probably a little bit upset right now because he forgot to thank you, but you know how much he depends on you."

MALCOLM

Taylor said that?

MARIE

Yeah. She told me not to read into it.

MALCOLM

Well, what the hell does that mean?

MARIE

That's funny you should say that. That's the exact thought I had.

MALCOLM

I didn't cheat on you.

MARIE

I didn't ask.

MALCOLM
I'm just saying that -

MARIE
I didn't ask.

MALCOLM
Well, I'm just saying -

MARIE
I didn't ask. It's not just about
you forgetting to thank me,
Malcolm. It's about how you see me
and how you view my contribution,
not just to this relationship, but
to your work. Specifically, in a
movie you made about my life.

She leaves. After a beat, Malcolm sits down and eats his mac
& cheese.

MALCOLM
(calling out)
You know, Marie? You are genuinely
unstable. I'm not kidding! I'm
actually concerned for your mental
well-being.