

OBSESSIVELY YOURS
By
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FADE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A street sign is posted, it reads: TORRANCE NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH.

EXT. JACK DILLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bright lights glow from the open window.

Loud music plays as people laugh and party wildly.

INT. JACK DILLON'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

JACK DILLON mid-forties looks sloppy and is drunk. He dances obscenely with two women at once.

CRYSTAL DILLON enters the room. She walks with a slight limp, is well dressed and attractive. She looks at Jack with total disgust.

He gets obnoxious with his dancing companions. After a few minutes he notices Crystal staring at him.

Jack rudely pushes away his party companions and gets in Crystal's space.

JACK

(to Crystal)

Hey, what are you lookin' at gimmpreeee?

Crystal's body posture automatically takes a defensive stance.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? Can't you see I'm havin' fun?

He grabs one of his dance friends around the waist and pulls her to him as he smirks defiantly at Crystal.

Crystal gives him a look of acknowledgement, turns and marches into the kitchen.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to his companions)

Wives. Can't live with them and I tired to kill her once, but that didn't work!

They react like typical drunks, with sneers and laughter.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Crystal lifts the receiver from the wall phone, dials a number.

CRYSTAL

File the papers. I'm done being here.

EXT. STREET - CRYSTAL'S RED CAR - NIGHT

Crystal struggles with her suitcases and manages to shove them into the back seat.

INT. STREET - CRYSTAL'S RED CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The car drives down the street, fades into the night.

EXT. STREET DAY

Sign reads: WELCOME TO CHERRY HILL, NEW JERSEY

INT. PHIL AND CAROL COSTA'S KITCHEN - DAY

PHIL COSTA is handsome in his mid-fifties. A charming man who is fit. He sits by the table sipping coffee from a large mug that reads: NUMBER ONE HUSBAND.

PHIL

(very sexy voice)

Carol, I just don't understand why you can't move to Torrance to keep me company while I'm working with Bob.

CAROL COSTA is thirty-eight, slim with dark hair. One glance reveals that she is a high maintenance woman. She looks like a movie star in her expensive black and leopard outfit. She drips with gold jewelry.

She struts to Phil, reaches into his shirt pocket, extracts a cigarette and eases it between her full lips.

Phil automatically lights it.

Carol inhales a deep drag and exhales smoke very slowly in his direction.

CAROL

Look Phil, we've discussed this before, at least a hundred times. I like it here. I am an artist. Jersey inspires me.

PHIL

You like California too. Why can't
be inspired there?

CAROL

My friends are here. I have contacts.

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL

So make contacts there. We both know
that you're not shy.

CAROL

But I love this house. I don't want
to sell it. It is just perfect for me.

PHIL

We don't have to sell it. Let's just
rent it out. Why are you being so
stubborn?

Phil moves to her, places his hands around her small waist
and kisses her neck.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You know how much I miss you when we're
not together. Come on, be with me. You
said you would when I agreed to help out
my brother.

CAROL

If you want to be with me so much, then
you should forget about helping Bob and
be with me. Here. Where we live.

PHIL

Carol-

Carol moves from him to the sink area and leans on the
counter.

CAROL

You've already been there for six
months Phil. If you loved me you'd
tell him you were coming back home.
He's a big boy. He can take care of
his own stinking business. Maybe I'll
go out for a couple of weeks after my
next showcase.

PHIL

But you said-

She puts both hands in the air while she shakes her head. She wiggles out of the room. Phil stops talking and follows her like a puppy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PHIL

I'm a middle aged Greek man. You're gonna kill me with the expense of keeping up two households.

Carol slithers to the steps.

CAROL

(coy)

Come follow me upstairs lover. I would much rather kill you in our bed.

Phil follows her up the steps.

TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. CRYSTAL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It is a small furnished apartment that Crystal has managed to make comfortable with cushions, art and stylish garage sale items.

Crystal is on the sofa reading through want ads, as her PLUMP friend MATTY sits on the floor eating ice cream from a pint container.

MATTY

Anything look good in the want ads kiddo?

CRYSTAL

(holds up the paper)

Well this one looks interesting. They need a receptionist at an insurance company. It's not far from here.

MATTY

Wow, there's a big career move for you. A receptionist at an insurance company. Well, maybe you'll meet a new prince.

CRYSTAL tosses the paper on the floor.

CRYSTAL

As long as I make enough money for rent I'm not complaining. And I have sworn off men. Nope, no more men for me.

Matty laughs a hearty laugh.

Crystal gives her a "what's so funny look."

MATTY

Hey, don't mind me, I'm getting an ice cream sugar rush. You won't get any argument from me. I'm your token lesbian friend, remember?

Crystal laughs.

MATTY (CONT'D)

You should consider coming to ladies' night with me at the Big Gay Romper Room. I hang out on Thursday nights. You could meet a nice woman.

CRYSTAL

Thanks, but I just assume date my vibrator when I get lonely.

MATTY

Whatever tingles your tush is a good thing.

Crystal moves to the small open kitchen and returns with a pink of ice cream. She sits on the floor by Matty.

CRYSTAL

Well, I need the money, I've got two Hundred dollars left to my name and a half a tank of gas. Plus, with a mindless job like that, I'll have plenty of time and energy to work on my writing. I'm going to apply for the job in the morning.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks up at Crystal's window through a pair of binoculars.

JACK

(confused)

Why would she leave me?

INT. PHIL'S TORRANCE OFFICE - DAY

Phil talks on the phone.

PHIL

I know that Carol, but I can't talk now. I told you, I mailed your check two days ago.