

Afterglow
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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is ablaze in light. Nobody's here. Then a VASE flies through the air and smashes against a wall.

SHERRY (O.S.)
Asshole!

SHERRY (32) storms through the apartment, looking for her next target. She is completely naked.

SHERRY
I can't *believe* you came inside me!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ROGER (30) is still in bed. Also naked. Still coming down from coming.

ROGER
I figured you were on the pill. My bad.

He rolls over and picks up a pack of cigarettes; he is the portrait of ambivalence. He lights one. A SMASH echoes from another part of the apartment.

ROGER (cont'd)
(shouts)
Could you stop, please?

Another SMASH.

SHERRY (O.S.)
Remember your glass elephant? Gone now!

ROGER
Well at least now I have a use for that Crate and Barrel giftcard you gave me!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SHERRY
Fucker!

(CONTINUED)

She looks for another object. She settles on a PICTURE of her and Roger, happy and outdoors. She picks it up. She stops, looks at it. She sets it back down.

SHERRY (cont'd)
I need a shower. God.

She heads for the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the SHOWER running floats into the room. Roger slides out of bed and pulls on a pair of pants. He puts out the cigarette and leaves the room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sherry is in the shower, scrubbing vigorously. Roger comes in. He brushes his teeth. He spits, rinses, and eyes himself in the mirror. Sherry pokes her head out of the shower.

SHERRY
Yeah, it's so goddamned easy for
you to clean up, isn't it?

She disappears back into the shower.

ROGER
Gift of the sexes, darling.

SHERRY
(from the shower)
Asshole.

ROGER
Do you want a sandwich?

She pokes her head back out again. Pauses. Thinks.

SHERRY
There's some turkey and avocado in
the fridge.

ROGER
You're gorgeous, you know.

SHERRY
Shut up.

Back into the shower. Roger leaves.

ROGER
(over his shoulder)
I'm sorry, sweetheart, okay?

He's gone.

SHERRY
(in shower)
Yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roger has the sandwich ingredients out on the counter. A finished sandwich sits on a plate, waiting. Sherry comes into the kitchen wearing a bathrobe. She picks up the sandwich without breaking stride and sits on a stool at the breakfast counter.

SHERRY
Just use a condom by default from here on out, okay?

ROGER
I'm sorry.

He puts away everything, and stands across the counter. They eat.

ROGER (cont'd)
Can you imagine a little Roger?

SHERRY
Yes. Hence the origin of my anger.

ROGER
Funny. He'd be adorable. He'd ace the kindergarten, and we'd have to get him into a private school. He'd play soccer. Scholarships on the horizon. He'd be a good kid.

SHERRY
And what about a little Sherry?

ROGER
She'd be beautiful, the muse of all the boys.

She's not buying it.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (cont'd)
I really am sorry.

SHERRY
I just hate the feeling. It's uncomfortable, or something. I just don't--

ROGER
Hey, I know. A three-pack in the nightstand from now on. Scout's honor.

He holds up a hand as though under oath.

SHERRY
You never were a scout.

ROGER
Yeah, I know. But a guy can pretend.

SHERRY
You can pretend your way to the couch for the rest of the night.

ROGER
Oh, come on.

She eyes him playfully.

SHERRY
You have to earn your way back into bed, Eagle Scout.

ROGER
You wouldn't want me to freeze, would you? Imagine screwing a popsicle.

SHERRY
(shrugs)
At least it'd be bigger. Strike two for you, though.

ROGER
(laughs)
Okay. I would really like to spend the night curled up with--

He plants a kiss on each word.

ROGER (cont'd)
A beautiful, intelligent,
independent...and utterly sensual
woman.

Sherry likes this. She returns a kiss.

ROGER (cont'd)
Do you know where I can find one?

SHERRY
Strike three, you're out.

Sherry clears their plates, leaving him with an empty stool.

ROGER
I don't think I'm sorry. I do want
kids.

She stands at the sink, back to him.

SHERRY
Yes. But on our own schedule. Not
because we were lazy or...because
we didn't think about it.

ROGER
Okay.

Beat.

ROGER (cont'd)
Do you want to get married?

She turns.

SHERRY
Ask me in the morning.

She heads back to bed.

ROGER
I love you.

SHERRY
(over her shoulder this time)
I know. Come on, it's only getting
colder.

She stops, turns again.

SHERRY (cont'd)
I love you, too.

She turns back towards the bedroom. Roger waits until she's out of the room, takes a moment, then flips out the light and follows her.

FADE OUT