

In Vino, Veritas

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DEBRA and WYATT sit facing each other on an overstuffed couch. They are close, lovers, each holding a wine glass. They're drunk.

WYATT  
I think I love you.

DEBRA  
Mmm. Say it again.

WYATT  
I think. I love you.

DEBRA  
God, that tastes good.

She drinks again.

DEBRA (cont'd)  
More?

She doesn't wait for an answer and fills both their glasses.

WYATT  
I thought we'd be done with wasted  
Wednesdays in college, darling.

DEBRA  
Mm mm. No way. We're too good  
together when we're hosed.

WYATT  
And the sex is too good.

DEBRA  
(moans, aroused)  
Yes, it is.

She slides over, touching him. They kiss hard.

WYATT  
Don't spill.

Debra moans.

WYATT (cont'd)  
To the bedroom?

(CONTINUED)

DEBRA  
Not yet. Let's finish this bottle.

WYATT  
Okay, fish.

DEBRA  
Stop that.

WYATT  
(laughs)  
You've always been better at  
holding your liquor.

He drinks hard.

WYATT (cont'd)  
You're a tank.

DEBRA  
So be it.

She drinks, too. They stare at each other.

DEBRA (cont'd)  
What are we doing, love?

WYATT  
Finishing the bottle.

DEBRA  
And after that?

WYATT  
Rabbits.

Debra empties her glass.

DEBRA  
I don't like being a tank.

WYATT  
Why not?

DEBRA  
I want to be girly.

WYATT  
You are.

He cops a feel.

DEBRA

Not like that. I mean, like, I want to be a lightweight.

WYATT

Why? Be proud.

DEBRA

Because I like the guys. The attention.

Wyatt stops drinking.

WYATT

What?

DEBRA

Not like that, baby. I just want to be like, followed sometimes, like *pursued*.

WYATT

But I pursue you.

DEBRA

Yeah but I mean other people.

WYATT

Why? What are you talking about?

DEBRA

No, I like you and me, I'm just saying that to be noticed by somebody else would be cool, because I know I've got you and you like me and everything.

WYATT

So why do you want somebody else?

DEBRA

Well, like, being prey...somebody wants me.

WYATT

And me wanting you isn't good enough.

DEBRA

No, it is, I just-

WYATT

No, I get it, that's fine.

They're on opposite ends of the couch now.

WYATT (cont'd)

Sometimes I want other people, too.

DEBRA

What?

WYATT

You know, I like others looking at me, too. Sometimes I like having you, Carla call and want to talk or something.

DEBRA

What the fuck are you doing still talking to her?

WYATT

(backtracking)

I don't. She just calls and I ignore it but I still feel good about it.

DEBRA

Why is that whore still around? It's been like a year.

WYATT

(secret)

Well almost.

DEBRA

Almost? What?

WYATT

(covering)

Yeah, a year.

DEBRA

You broke up with her before we got together, right?

WYATT

Yeah. When were we together, though?

DEBRA

April 16th, are you fucking kidding?

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

No, yeah, I know. She's not even around why are we talking about this?

DEBRA

You brought her up.

WYATT

You did, and you said you liked attention, so do I!

DEBRA

From other people!

WYATT

I was just using an example.

DEBRA

Yeah, fine.

Beat of silence.

WYATT

Can we just go to bed?

DEBRA

Not yet. I need more to drink.

She starts to get up.

WYATT

Why? You're like always drunk when we fuck.

DEBRA

Yeah, well, maybe that's a clue.

That was like a ton of bricks.

WYATT

Sometimes I don't wanna fuck a drunk.

DEBRA

And sometimes I don't wanna fuck you!

WYATT

Ditto. Sometimes Carla's *exactly* what I want.

DEBRA

And some gold-chain motherfucker in a bar is what I want. With a huge one.

WYATT

Go for it.

DEBRA

Yeah? I will. Call Carla.

WYATT

I did. In June.

That's another bag of bricks. Debra stares.

WYATT (cont'd)

Yeah. Later.

Wyatt gets up from the couch and heads for the door.

DEBRA

Go fuck yourself!

She chucks the empty bottle as the door closes behind Wyatt. She sits on the couch when he's gone.

DEBRA (cont'd)

I just want a fucking drink.

She begins to tear up.

END