

MARION 33 and PAUL 33 are in the aisles of a local grocery store. Mari is tall, pretty and slender. She sports a sleek white dress.

Paul is good looking, has an average physique and is a little shorter than Mari. He wears jeans and a dress shirt. The couple are dressed to go out.

Marion walks down an aisle with her eyes glued to her shopping list, ticking off things with a pen. Paul trails along reluctantly behind her. Their basket is full of vegetables and greens.

MARION

Beans, carrots, spinach...  
Broccoli... apricots...  
Oranges...

(pause)

Oysters. They say oysters are also really good for you.

PAUL

I hate oysters.

MARION

You haven't even tried them.

PAUL

I hate fish.

MARION

Oysters aren't fish.

PAUL

Yes they are.

Marion is looking for the fish aisle, not really paying attention.

MARION

No, they're like clams and mussels.

PAUL

They live in the sea. They're fish.

MARION

No they're not. Fish have eyes and tails.

PAUL

It's still seafood.



Marion picks up and inspects a packet of oysters. Paul averts his eyes in frustration as Mari puts the packet of oysters in the trolley. Marion spots the wine aisle.

MARION

I almost forgot. We should get your mother some wine for tonight.

PAUL

Why...

MARION

I want to.

PAUL

You don't even drink wine.

Marion is not paying attention. She is looking at the wine selection.

MARION

Oh look they have a *Pinot Grigio*.

Marion looks up at a shelf out of her reach. Paul sighs and moves to grab the bottle, but Marion brushes him aside.

MARION (CONT'D)

Don't be silly, you cant reach...  
(to a Clerk )  
Excuse me.

She catches the attention of a young CLERK (22). Paul's face flushes red. He is flustered.

MARION (CONT'D)

Could you please grab me that bottle.

CLERK

Sure.

PAUL

(annoyed)  
I'm gonna' wait in the car.

MARION

What? Why?

CLERK

This one?

MARION

(to Clerk)  
Um... Yes.



PAUL  
Give me the keys.

Marion dips her hand into her purse and pulls out her keys.  
She hands them to Paul without looking at him.

CLERK  
...Here you go ma'am.

MARION  
(to Clerk)  
Thank you.

Paul grabs the keys in a huff and walks off. Marion is oblivious.

MARION (CONT'D)  
(To Clerk )  
Could you grab that bottle too  
please?

2 INT. CAR. AFTERNOON

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Paul fumbles with his lighter as he hastily tries to light his cigarette. He inhales and sighs, relaxing his muscles.

He spots Marion walking out of the grocery store with the clerk carrying her bags.

Paul hastily stubs out the cigarette when he sees Marion and tosses it aside discreetly, fanning the smoke out of the car. He scrutinizes the lanky young clerk and frowns.

Marion thanks the Clerk for carrying her stuff and puts it in the backseat. She gets in the car, scrutinizing the wine bottle in her hand. She sniffs and frowns.

MARION  
Have you been smoking?

PAUL  
You could have called me.

MARION  
What? What for?

PAUL  
(defensively)  
To carry the bags.

