

BED

by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

On a king-sized bed lies TOMMY and ELLEN, sleeping on their sides at the edge of their bed. There's a large space between them, backs facing each other.

Both are wide awake. Tommy grunts. Ellen clutches the blanket closer to her chin.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
What the hell, Ellen?

ELLEN (V.O.)  
Say something, Tommy.

They are restless. It has come to this, but it hasn't always been this way.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Tommy sits on the ground, surrounded by several opened boxes. He rips through each box.

ELLEN (O.S.)  
(grunts)  
Ah!

Tommy looks up to the doorway. Ellen struggles to push a dusty, worn twin-size bed into the room. He stares, confused.

TOMMY  
Babe, where did you get that?

ELLEN  
Craigslist.

Another push.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
It was free and-

She grunts louder with another push.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
-we need a bed.

Ellen pushes the mattress all the way in. As it tips, Tommy leaps up to stop the mattress from falling. He navigates the mattress with Ellen. The two let it fall on the floor.

Ellen rubs her back. Exhausted, Tommy and Ellen fall onto the bed. They turn face to face, joyful to be together.

ELLEN  
This is small.

TOMMY  
I ain't complaining.

Tommy wraps Ellen around the waist and pulls her closer.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
It's just like college.

Tommy tickles her. Ellen laughs hysterically. Everything is pure, young, and happy between them.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen is in their bathroom, removing her makeup. Tommy sits on the bed, typing on his laptop. She leaves the bathroom, standing before him. Tommy and Ellen exchange smiles.

She tucks herself closer to Tommy. She grabs the book from her beside table and starts reading. It is silent, but good with them.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy wakes up first. He smiles at Ellen's sleepy face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen is curled in a fetal position, sobbing. Tommy wraps his arm tightly around her waist, keeping her close. He kisses her hair repeatedly, hoping she'll feel better.

TOMMY  
(softly)  
It's okay, Ellen.

Ellen sniffles harder. Tommy holds her tighter to him. He's not ready to leave her an inch of space.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ellen wakes up first to a sleeping Tommy. She smiles at his cute face. She kisses him, and Tommy wakes up.

TOMMY  
(hoarse)  
Good morning.

ELLEN

Morning.

Tommy snuggles in. Ellen giggles as they go nose to nose.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy walks out of their shower, towel slung over his shoulder. Ellen crouches down to pick up his abandoned clothes. She glances at him cautiously.

ELLEN

Tommy, please stop dropping your clothes.

TOMMY

I was gonna do it.

ELLEN

The laundry basket is literally two feet away.

Ellen walks back Tommy and throws his clothes in the basket.

TOMMY

Sure, I'll do it next time.

Ellen walks by him again, arms crossed.

TOMMY (V.O.)

I got promoted!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ellen stops folding clothes as Tommy rushes into their bedroom, excited.

ELLEN

What?

TOMMY

They had an opening and I went for it!

ELLEN

(cautious)

Oh, babe, I'm so happy.

Tommy throws himself at Ellen. She hugs back, forcing her a huge smile for Tommy.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ellen unwraps the new Queen-sized mattress in their room.

TOMMY

I got it.

He pushes through successfully into the room. He smiles victoriously until he notices Ellen's open laptop.

MONTAGE

-Tommy and Ellen stand on their respective side of the bed. Bickering, frustrated, and annoyed...

-Tommy leans against the wall, eyes shut. Ellen walks around the room, lecturing. He doesn't hear anything she says...

-Tommy and Ellen sit on the bed. Ellen is smacking her hands together, as if it makea point. Tommy grabs onto his hair, desperate for their argument to be over.

-Tommy and Ellen sleep on their sides, backs against each other.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TOMMY (V.O.)

Why didn't you tell me?

Tommy and Ellen sit on their side of the bed. Farther apart than usual, but still close enough to reach.

ELLEN

Tell you what?

TOMMY

About the layoff.

Ellen hesitates.

ELLEN

I didn't want to ruin your promotion.

TOMMY

So you wanted to fight about towels instead?

Ellen looks away in shame. Tommy reaches out to her shoulder. The two lean down onto their pillows, sighing in relief. They are still together, holding hands.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Come on, El. I wouldn't be mad. I just...Are you even okay?

Ellen nods. Tommy tries to get her to look at him; Ellen doesn't.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
It'll be okay.

Ellen snuggles into his chest. She closes her eyes, sighing. Tommy reassures her with a kiss on the forehead.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen wears a sexy nightie. She fidgets between different seductive positions on her bed. Her phone rings. Eagerly, she reaches for it.

ELLEN  
Tommy?

TOMMY  
(through phone)  
Hey babe, sorry, Danny is back in town and we grabbin' drinks. Is that cool?

Ellen bites her lips.

ELLEN  
Yeah...it's fine.

TOMMY  
Great, I'll be home by 10.

ELLEN  
Okay, Bye.

Tommy hangs up. She lays on bed and tugs on the strings of her nightie. She goes on her Facebook newsfeed and sees everybody else having fun tonight.

Hours pass, and she sits in bed, watching Netflix from her laptop. She looks at the clock: 12:41am.

Sighing, she turns off her laptop, the lights, and a good night with Tommy.

An hour later, Tommy walks into the bedroom. He goes to Ellen's side, brushes her hair, and kisses her gently. She doesn't wake up.

Tommy tucks himself in bed and wraps his arms around Ellen's waist. He falls asleep immediately.

Ellen's eyes flinch open. She doesn't move.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
You're a server?

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Tommy and Ellen stand at their respective side, folding laundry.

ELLEN  
We barely make rent, Tommy.

TOMMY  
We can cut back on other things.

ELLEN  
It's just for a few months, Tommy.  
Just so we can be more  
comfortable.

TOMMY  
You can do better.

Ellen ignores his shady tone.

ELLEN  
I just don't want you to be our  
sole income.

TOMMY  
(quietly)  
I don't mind.

He's not sure if he's honest about it. It didn't matter. Ellen didn't hear.

ELLEN  
Look, I'll work night shifts and  
go to interviews during the day.  
It won't last forever.

Tommy doesn't say anything.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

TOMMY  
Nothing. It's fine.

Ellen didn't want to hear "fine." They keep folding laundry.

They watch Netflix on her laptop. They sit next to each other, silently eating popcorn. Tommy and Ellen sit straight and uncomfortable.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Tommy walks into the bedroom and drops his bag. He takes off his jacket and tosses it on the bed. His phone rings.

ELLEN  
(through phone)  
Hey Tommy, I'll be home late. I  
gotta cover someone's shift.

Tommy sighs and takes a shower.

Ellen comes home hours later. Tommy is already in bed. They exchange a quick kiss and say nothing. Ellen walks into the shower.

TOMMY  
Let's go to SF tomorrow.

Ellen turns on the shower.

ELLEN  
I can't. I have double shifts.

TOMMY  
Can't you get time off?

ELLEN  
No one can cover this late notice.

TOMMY  
Just try. I barely see you.

ELLEN  
(irritated)  
Well, just plan it ahead of time,  
so I can adjust my shifts.

Tommy doesn't like feeling accused. He picks up his phone, scrolling through various apps.

TOMMY  
Find a job yet?



ELLEN

No

TOMMY

Any call back?

Ellen shuffles around with her skincare. She slaps the lotion harder on her face.

ELLEN

Not yet.

Tommy is silent for too long.

TOMMY

I see.

She can hear his disappointment.

The couple lie in bed, the space small, but growing. Tommy is still attached to his phone. Ellen is on her laptop, searching. They don't say a single word.

Tommy falls asleep first. Ellen's desk lights are still on.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen comes home and glares at the floor. His jacket is splattered across the floor. Again. Tommy walks out of the shower, groaning. He already knows what's she's going to say.

ELLEN

Seriously, Tommy?!

TOMMY

Babe, I just got home.

ELLEN

It only takes a minute!

Tommy lazily crouches, but Ellen snatches his jacket. She dumps it into the laundry basket.

TOMMY

Ellen, I had a long day at work.

ELLEN

That's not an excuse.

TOMMY

(under his breath)  
Says the one without a real job.

Ellen halts.

ELLEN  
"Real job?"

TOMMY  
God, don't make this a fight.

ELLEN  
I'm not. You're the one who  
started it.

Tommy shakes his head. He won't say anything more. He grabs a towel and heads into the bathroom. Ellen can hear the shower on full blast...

Tommy and Ellen sleep in the middle of the night. 3 AM. Ellen has her back turned to him. Tommy stares at her. He's hesitant to reach out.

He relents, then wraps a lazy arm around her waist. Ellen doesn't move...

At night, they cuddle as they watch a movie. Silence is all around. But they're comfortable, maybe too comfortable...

INT. BEDROOM - WEEKEND MORNING

TOMMY (V.O.)  
Where are you going?

Ellen is putting on makeup, meticulous and patient. She goes over which lipstick would be best.

On the bed, Tommy is on his laptop.

ELLEN  
I'm hanging out with friends  
today.

TOMMY  
(frowning)  
I thought it's just us today.

ELLEN  
My friends haven't seen me in a  
while.

TOMMY  
Neither have I.

Ellen grimaces. She grabs her bag and her keys.

ELLEN  
I'll be back by evening.

TOMMY  
Whatever.

Ellen stops at the door. She turns around, crossed arm.

ELLEN  
(scoffs)  
Do you have a problem?

TOMMY  
Why does it matter?

ELLEN  
Just say you don't want me to go.

TOMMY  
I'm not gonna stop you.

Both of them observe the other like a ticking bomb. At the same time, they don't want to blow up into a fight.

ELLEN  
Then don't be angry about it.

TOMMY  
Don't tell me how to feel!

Ellen steps in, prepared to lash back. But her phone vibrates. She quickly checks it. A text from her friend.

ELLEN  
I'm going.

She closes the door behind, disappearing. Tommy still sits on the bed, wondering what just happened.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy watches Netflix on the new TV in the room. Ellen opens the door gently.

ELLEN  
(quietly)  
Hey.

He doesn't glance.

TOMMY  
Hey.

Ellen drops her bag and jacket on the table. Hesitantly, she sits next to him on the bed. She makes sure there's a decent space between the two. Ellen is cautious not to disturb his space.

ELLEN

I'm sorry.

Tommy finally pays attention.

TOMMY

It's not your fault.

ELLEN

I should do better for you.

TOMMY

Me too.

Ellen smiles briefly. Tommy returns back to his show.

INT.BEDROOM - NIGHT

They wake up, naked from the aftermath of sex. They exchange half-empty kisses...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy's clothes are splattered across their entire floor. Ellen kicks the laundry basket in frustration. Ellen grabs her hair, avoiding Tommy's gaze like he's poison.

TOMMY

Why does this even matter?

ELLEN

Listen to me, Tommy! If you keep this up, I'll-

TOMMY

It's not even your money! You don't give shit!

ELLEN

I'm the one cleaning the damn house!

TOMMY

You wouldn't have a place if I didn't pay the bills!

Their conversation becomes inaudible, but they're still yelling. Tommy is at his limit. Ellen wonders if it's worth trying.

IN. BEDROOM - DAY

Seven in the morning. Tommy lays motionless and wide awake in bed.

Ellen sits on her edge, staring at the blank wall...

Night comes. Ellen lays on her bed. Her eyes stay wide open.

Tommy comes home. He doesn't acknowledge her, but he knows she's awake. He does his night routine - shower, brush teeth, ponder about life - before laying on his side. They remain still and silent...

They wake up facing each other and meet with uncertainty.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They still lay in bed, waiting for the other to make the first move. Nobody knows what comes next.

One rolls over. The other gets out of bed. The decision has been made.