

LIFE OF EXCESS

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INT. BAR- NIGHT

FADE IN:

Kristin, a very attractive, curvaceous southern woman in her early 30's is sitting in a crowded, meat market kind of bar wearing a sexy, tight little black dress waiting seemingly for a friend or date although the person is never seen or mentioned. She's sipping on a martini and vigorously people watching. A man, in his 40's with rugged good looks dressed in business casual attire approaches Kristin's table.

Kristin sees the man approaching, seemingly impressed by his looks and confidence licks her finger.

MAN
(Exuding confidence)
Hey beautiful, waiting for someone?

KRISTIN
I don't know, am I?

MAN
Well are you?

KRISTIN
(Smiling)
I don't know, should I be?

The man takes a seat directly across the table from Kristin.

KRISTIN
(Finishes the rest of her
drink in one swallow)
I need another drink, do you mind?

MAN
(Bites at his thumbnail)
Well that depends...

Kristin rolls her eyes then looks over to the bar

KRISTIN
Oh God, depends on what?

MAN
Ya know I don't believe I got your name,
or should I just call you beautiful?

Kristin notices the the line on his ring finger where he took off his wedding band.

KRISTIN

Hey what are you trying to do...make a pass at me or something?

The man nervously pulls at his collar.

MAN

Is that what you want?

KRISTIN

I want you to be honest with me.

MAN

(Laughing)

I don't even know you!

KRISTIN

(Runs her manicured fingernail along the martini glass)

Do you wanna fuck me stranger?

The man's confidence eroding as he takes a pull of his beer.

MAN

Well I'd like to, sure.

Kristin gets up from her seat and sits right beside the man.

KRISTIN

(Angry but firm)

Then put your fucking wedding band back on, buy me another drink, and....

The man leans towards Kristin

MAN

And what?

Kristin stares into her empty glass.

KRISTIN

And be honest, that's what. Fuck I hate dishonest people.

The man starts to get up from his seat.

MAN

Look I'm sorry to bother you.

Kristin grabs the man's crotch.

KRISTIN

Hey get your cock back over here. Just be honest, don't be weak.

The man slides his wedding band back on and sits back down.

KRISTIN

(Smiling)

Now where were we?

FADE OUT:

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

FADE IN:

Kristin and the man are in bed having sex missionary style. When finished Kristin rolls out of bed still naked and walks over to the dresser across the room. The man, still basking in the afterglow lights a cigarette.

MAN

Hey beautiful what are you doing? Come back to bed.

Kristin picks up her iPhone and his wallet from the dresser. She stands naked at the foot of the bed with the iPhone in one hand and his wallet in the other.

KRISTIN

Just a little honesty here. Not only did I record you slow fucking me the last couple hours but I know who the fuck you are.

MAN

(Confused look)

What the fuck?

KRISTIN

Yeah... Ya see I'm.. Or we are both in a hell of a bind here. I'm about five grand shy and your about to lose that little wife of yours when she finds out about me and you.

The man jumps up from the bed, still naked.

MAN

(Screaming)

There is no me and you! Your just some piece of ass and you're trying to ruin my

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life!

KRISTIN

(Laughing)

Hey just relax for just a minute here.
Nobody's trying to ruin your life, just a
little blackmail is all.

The man slowly sits down on the bed.

MAN

You mean extortion.

Kristin starts to get dressed.

KRISTIN

(Cynicaly)

Call it whatever you want sugar.

The man puts on his robe, walks over to his sports jacket, and
takes out his check book.

MAN

Who do I make the check out to?
Fucking...Twat?

Kristin, disgusted by his comment saunters over to his
briefcase, squats over it and takes a piss.

KRISTIN

(Looking up at the man)

Just make it out to cash.

MAN

You bitch! Get out, get the fuck out
before I throw you out!

KRISTIN O.S.

(Walking out the door waving
the check)

Give your wife my best!

FADE OUT:

INT. KRISTIN'S CAR- MORNING

FADE IN:

Kristin is sitting in her car, a late model white BMW. She's
parked at a hospital parking lot. She reaches into her purse

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and grabs a bottle of Vicodin and pill crusher, takes a couple pills out and crushes them, rolls up a dollar bill, and snorts them. Kristin leans her head back with her eyes closed.

KRISTIN

(Looking in her rear view mirror, wiping the white powder off her nose)

Fuck, get your shit together bitch.

Kristin, still dressed in last night's little black dress gets out of the car and walks into the hospital in which she's employed. She casually stumbles due to her high heels, hangover, and Vicodin high. Other hospital employees are walking in as well and a few of them quietly gossip about Kristin's appearance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL STAFF LOCKER ROOM- LATER

FADE IN:

Kristin is getting dressed in hospital scrubs when her nurse manager, Connie enters the room. Connie, dressed in business attire is a rigid, business like woman in her early 50's who appears to be tough but fair.

CONNIE

(Concerned but bothered)

Well look what the cat dragged in. You look like shit.

KRISTIN

(Irritated)

Hey you can send me home.

CONNIE

Are you ready to start your shift?

Kristin finishes getting dressed and quickly exits the locker room.

KRISTIN O.S.

You bet.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD- DAY

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FADE IN:

Kristin is employed as a nursing assistant and is pushing a man in a wheelchair in the hall. A nurse named Sandy, who is 40ish, overweight, and poses a lazy demeanor approaches them.

SANDY

(Eating a donut)

Hey you two. Kristin, the lady in room 220
shit the bed again. I need you to clean it
up.

KRISTIN

(Rolls her eyes)

No problem. I was just taking this
gentleman to X-ray.

SANDY

I can smell the shit from down here. So...

Kristin pushes the man in the wheelchair in front of Sandy.

KRISTIN

So if you'll take him down to X-ray I'll
get on over to 220.

SANDY

(Smirking)

No it can wait.

Kristin leaves pushing the man down the hall. The nurse manager, Connie walks past room 220 then approaches Sandy.

CONNIE

It smells like shit in here.

SANDY

(Laughs)

It sure as hell does. Kristin's taking
care of it just as soon as she gets back.

CONNIE

Yeah I don't think it can wait. Why don't
you take care of it.

SANDY

(Confused look)

But..Kristin's the nursing assistant..I'm
a nu..

Connie rolls up her sleeves

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CONNIE
(Interrupting Sandy)
Forget it, I'll do it myself. Get your
lazy ass out of the way.

SANDY
(Offended)
Excuse me?

Connie walks down the hall.

CONNIE O.S.
Yeah go take a break.

FADE OUT:

EXT. HOSPITAL SMOKING AREA- DAY

FADE IN:

Kristin's standing outside smoking a cigarette surrounded by other smokers. Everett, a male nurse in his 30's, handsome, and good natured stands outside with Kristin enjoying his cigarette.

EVERETT
(Smiling at Kristin)
Hey Sandy's looking for you.

KRISTIN
(Rolls her eyes)
She can keep on lookin..cunt.

EVERETT
(Laughs)
She is a cunt isn't she. So what happened
last night, I called a couple times.

Kristin lights another cigarette.

KRISTIN
Yeah I went out.

Everett nervously lights another cigarette.

EVERETT
Went out with who? We were supposed to go
out last night.

KRISTIN

We were? No we weren't, I don't remember you asking me out. Wait, are you asking me out?

EVERETT

(Laughing nervously)

Yeah, I thought you just assumed I liked you.

KRISTIN

You shouldn't make assumptions. Look your a nice guy, maybe too nice.

EVERETT

Too nice? Is that a flaw or something?

KRISTIN

Maybe. There's something almost disingenuous about your kindness.

EVERETT

(Angry)

Wow, that's fucked up. Look I like you and wanna spend time with you outside of work okay.

KRISTIN

(Smiles)

Okay.

Kristin flicks her cigarette butt.

EVERETT

Gotta get back. I'll see ya up there?

KRISTIN

You bet.

FADE OUT:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD SUPPLY ROOM-DAY

Kristin's back on the ward and is restocking supplies when Sandy approaches.

SANDY

Hey Connie took care of 220 for you.

KRISTIN

(Back turned from Sandy while restocking shelves)

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Yeah I know.

SANDY
You should really thank her. She..

Kristin interrupts.

KRISTIN
Look, I'm busy.

Sandy walks closer to Kristin.

SANDY
Do we have a problem, me and you?

Kristin stops what she's doing, faces Sandy, and gets in her face.

KRISTIN
(Low talking)
You're always on my ass, what's the problem? I can't figure out..

SANDY
(Low talking)
Figure what out?

KRISTIN
(Grabs Sandy's crotch)
What drives your hatred of me, your jealousy or your attraction.

Sandy's eyes are closed and is obviously very turned on.

SANDY
(Eyes closed, turned on)
What are you doing?

Kristin grabs Sandy's crotch even harder.

KRISTIN
What does it look like I'm doing?

SANDY
(Moans)
I don't know, my eyes are closed.

KRISTIN
Open your fucking eyes and feel my hand on you.

SANDY
I'm married with teenagers, I'm not a dike.. Not like you.

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Kristin, still with one hand on Sandy's crotch leans in and gently kisses her lips.

KRISTIN

(Grins)

I know you have access to the Pixis. Be a dear and go get me a couple vicodins, momma's had a rough day.

Sandy opens her eyes and backs away from Kristin.

SANDY

You know I could get caught.

KRISTIN

You could get caught fucking around with a certain same sex staff member...but you won't.

SANDY

What? Are you serious?

KRISTIN

At least you might not, now run along and do what I asked.

Sandy's straightening herself up.

KRISTIN

(Smells her fingers)

You need a bath.

FADE OUT:

INT. KRISTIN'S APARTMENT- EVENING

FADE IN:

Kristin walks in to her trendy, modern loft holding some take out food. She drops her keys on the side table by the door, puts the takeout on the table and turns on the tv. She sits down at the table to eat while watching an episode of The Bachelor. Just as she starts to eat there's a knock at the door.

KRISTIN

Fuck...

Kristin opens the door and it's Everett.

KRISTIN

What the fuck Everett... How do you know where I live?

Everett holds up a an old Christmas card envelope.

EVERETT

(Smiling)

Return address, thanks for the card by the way.

KRISTIN

Remind me to take you off my mailing list.

EVERETT

(Looking past Kristin into her apartment)

Don't be silly. Are you gonna invite me in?

KRISTIN

(Opens the door wider)

Come on in.

Everett walks in Kristin's apartment and looks around in astonishment with her luxurious living arrangements.

EVERETT

Damn, nice place!

KRISTIN

Yeah I like it.

EVERETT

I didn't realize they paid nursing assistants so well these days.

KRISTIN

I get by. So what brings you by anyway?

EVERETT

Oh, I was just on my way home and thought you might like some dinner.

Kristin looks over at the take out on the table.

KRISTIN

I've got dinner, thanks. You're welcome to share with me if you'd like.

Everett transitions over to the table and sits down.

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EVERETT

No thanks but do you mind if just sit here while you eat.

KRISTIN

And what, watch me eat?

EVERETT

Well no, that's not what I meant. I thought we'd talk.

Kristin walks over to the table and sits across from Everett.

KRISTIN

(Eating)

I'll eat, you talk.

EVERETT

Well what do you wanna talk about.

Kristin angrily drops her fork.

KRISTIN

Your the one that wanted to talk, or did you really wanna talk?

EVERETT

I don't follow.

KRISTIN

Bullshit. What'd you think, you'd just pop over here for a piece of ass?

EVERETT

That's so fucking crass. And no that's not what I thought.

KRISTIN

Good, now that we have that out of the way I'm gonna run a bath.

Everett stands up from the table.

EVERETT

Well I guess I better head out.

Kristin stands up from the table and takes her top off, exposing her bra.

KRISTIN

I thought you wanted to talk?

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EVERETT

Yeah but you..

Kristin takes her pants off, now standing in her bra and panties. She begins walking down the hall toward the bathroom.

KRISTIN O.S.

So let's talk.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISTIN'S BATHROOM- NIGHT

Kristin's in the tub taking a bubble bath while Everett's using the toilet seat as a chair. The two of them are sharing a joint using roach clips.

EVERETT

So what was your deal today, rollin in to work in evening attire? I assume you didn't come home last night?

Kristin takes a hit off the joint.

KRISTIN

That's not really any of your business is it?

Everett moves from the toilet seat to the floor with his back against the tub.

EVERETT

Who were you out with?

KRISTIN

Everett...stop

EVERETT

I'm just curious. Can't I be curious?

KRISTIN

Why do you have to be so intrusive. You're in my bathroom while I bathe, isn't that intrusive enough?

EVERETT

(Sarcastically)

God bless you.

KRISTIN

Hey don't be bitter.

EVERETT

I just want to know you better, I want you to want to tell me things.

KRISTIN

I don't have to tell you..

EVERETT

(Interrupting)

Exactly! You don't have to..

KRISTIN

But you want me to want to..

EVERETT

Right!

KRISTIN

Look I don't know if I..

EVERETT

You don't know if what?

KRISTIN

I don't know if I want to tell you things.

EVERETT

(Offended)

And why the fuck not? Why am I not good enough for you?

KRISTIN

That's the problem, you're too good.. I'm not..

EVERETT

(Interrupting)

Too good? What does that mean? What do you mean?

KRISTIN

What I meant was..maybe I'm not good for you.

EVERETT

Why don't you let me be the judge of that.

KRISTIN

Ok then, you might not like what I say, what I do, who I like to do them with.

EVERETT

(Intrigued)

Really? Try me.

KRISTIN

Maybe another time. Hand me a towel?

Everett hands Kristin a towel. Kristin stands up, covering herself up with the towel, and walks out of the bathroom. Everett remains seated on the bathroom floor pondering the conversation.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GOLF COURSE- MORNING

FADE IN:

Kristin is at a exclusive country club golf course in the middle of a round with Dr. Larry Craig, the chief of surgery at the hospital she's employed. Dr. Larry Craig is a tall, stalky man that could've been a football player as a younger man. Kristin is dressed in in a appropriate golf attire, although her skirt is short and sexy.

Kristin makes a putt and bends over to pick the ball up while Larry looks at her ass.

LARRY

(Staring as Kristin bends over)

Great putt.

KRISTIN

Thanks! Really been workin on my short game. That's par, what'd you end up with, bogey?

LARRY

That's right gorgeous, bogey. I owe you another 10.

KRISTIN

I thought we were doin 20 a hole?

LARRY

Ya know what you're right, 20 a hole. Why ya gotta be so hard on an old man?

Kristin grab's Dr. Larry's crotch.

KRISTIN

Nah, you're just hard. And why is that?

LARRY
(Laughing)
Maybe I'm just happy to be out on the golf course!

KRISTIN
You should be happy to see me. Don't I look nice?

LARRY
Baby, you look great...and you know it too.

KRISTIN
Well I've gotta make sure I look good for you Dr. Craig.

LARRY
Larry, please. Why so formal, we're not at work.

KRISTIN
Ok Larry...Speaking of informal, how's your wife lately? What's her friends gonna think if they see us playing together?

LARRY
Yeah the wife moved out last week and I don't give a fuck what her friends think. Anyway I caught the former Mrs. Craig blowing my partner a couple times.

KRISTIN
(Laughing)
A couple times?

LARRY
Sure. The first time I used as leverage but the second time just pissed me off.

Kristin walks to Larry, seductively hugging him.

KRISTIN
Aww, Larry! That's sad, let me help make you happy.

LARRY
Really, you'd do that for me?

KRISTIN
Sure I would, friends help each other out don't they?

LARRY

What do you mean, how can I help you out?

KRISTIN

We'll figure that out as we go big sexy.

FADE OUT:

INT. INDOOR GUN RANGE- DAY

Everett at a gun range with his buddy, TROY. Troy is a heavily tattooed, head shaved, bad boy type character that's standing behind Everett while he shoots his handgun, tutoring him.

TROY

Very good Everett, always aim center mass.

Everett nervously empties the clip at the target. Troy pushes the button to bring the target paper to them. The target paper reveals concise groupings.

EVERETT

That was fun, how'd I do?

TROY

Pretty damn good. We'll work on it some more next week.

Everett holsters his gun.

EVERETT

Great!

CUT TO:

EXT. GUN RANGE PARKING LOT- LATER

Everett and Troy are leaving the gun range and walking to their cars.

TROY

So what are you up to later, any plans?

Everett opens his trunk and places his duffle bag in it then pauses.

EVERETT

Oh probably nothing much, maybe a little Netflix or somethin. How about you?

TROY

Date night, dinner and drinks with Cindy.
Hey why don't you come with?

Everett shuts the trunk.

EVERETT

What, and be the third wheel? No thanks.

TROY

No, why don't you bring that girl you're
always talking about. What's her name,
Kirston?

EVERETT

Her name's Kristin and I don't think that
would be a good idea.

TROY

Why the hell not, is she shy or somethin'?

EVERETT

(Laughs)

That's the last thing she is.

TROY

Then what is it?

EVERETT

I just don't think she's interested in me
in that way is all.

Troy puts his arm around Everett's neck.

TROY

Hey, you're probably too good for her
anyway.

EVERETT

Yeah, maybe.

FADE OUT:

INT. DR. CRAIG'S CONDO- EVENING

Dr. Craig's condo is a high rise, very classic old money feel
with dark woods, and leather furniture. Very old money feel.
Kristin and Dr. Craig are in his living room having sex on a
rug covering rich hardwood flooring. Kristin and Dr. Craig are
in the doggystyle position. Kristin is moaning but obviously
faking it. Dr. Craig is furiously attempting to ravage Kristin
but seems to be struggling.

LARRY
(Smacks Kristin's ass)
Wait a second, Daddy needs a little
something extra.

KRISTIN
(Still on all fours looking
back at Larry)
What else do you need baby?

Larry reaches for a small bag of white powder on the coffee table while still inside Kristin, empties a small amount of the powder on the small of her back, and snorts it. He then resumes furious love making.

LARRY
Oh fuck, I'm coming!

Kristin displays a blank stare of disgust.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARRY'S BALCONY- LATER

Kristin, dressed in a bathrobe standing by the railings smoking a cigarette and staring at the beauty of the lake. Larry walks out.

LARRY
Well that was fun wasn't it.

KRISTIN
You bet.

Larry flicks out his cigarette and walks behind Kristin, putting his arms around her.

LARRY
That's all you can say?

Kristin remains fixated on the beauty of the lake and keeps her stare at it.

KRISTIN
What do you mean?

Larry angrily backs away from Kristin and walks into the condo.

LARRY O.S.
You bet? Fuck that!

Kristin turns her head towards the condo.

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KRISTIN
(Whispers)
Yeah, you bet.