

THIS MODERN LOVE

By

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EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A truck tops a crest on a bare western highway. Radiant stars flare the midnight blue sky.

HEATH, the driver, is a weary haggard man in plumbing apparel. His eyes are hollow, sunken stretch marks inured with the hard life.

The truck roars on.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

A standard home in the countryside. The truck stops with a screech on the dirt pathway. Heath jumps out. Revealing his flabby belly widening out his shirt.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

In a tidy and organized home, home furnishings are efficiently arranged with precise space.

Heath unbuckles his utility belt and slumps it on the floor. He stretches. Then shuffles himself into the recliner in front his big screen TV. He flips the TV on.

Heath's soon greeted by ROSE, a striking, classic beauty of a woman. She too, is meticulously precise from head to toe. Almost doll like.

With vivacious spirit and an animated strut, Rose strides over. Hands him a beer bottle.

HEATH

(peevish)

You took long enough Rose.

He pops it open, starts to drink. Beer spills down his drink, drips down onto his jeans.

ROSE

I'm sorry. Let me get that.

Rose leans over, wipes a napkin over his jeans, dabs an area near his crotch.

Suddenly there's a swell in his pants. Uncomfortable, he shifts himself.

ROSE

Does that bulge signify us soon having exceedingly inappropriate sex?

Heath wipes his chin with the back of his hand.

HEATH

No. I'm too tired. Incase you haven't noticed I worked all day.

ROSE

Twelve hours is a long time. I admire how you humble yourself helping others when you could be running a corporation of your very own. You're very gifted Heath. With your brain *and* your penis.

Heath just shrugs, keeps guzzling that beer.

ROSE

Should I remove your clothes and straddle you now? It'll make you much more satisfied.

HEATH

I don't think -

ROSE

Position four would be benefited in that chair -

HEATH

I said no!

A moment. Rose stands puzzled.

ROSE

I'm sorry, that was very rude. But when you forgive me, I can fetch your dinner. You'd be proud, I slaved for hours.

He waves her off, and she goes into the kitchen. Heath speaks over the TV.

HEATH

You know, I don't want a situation like last night to happen again. Next time my friends come over, would it kill you to be friendly?

ROSE (O.S.)

I can see how they're hypnotized by my lavish breasts. But I don't think I want to open up to them.

HEATH

Well they like you. Let them have a peek or something.

Rose enters with a plate and another beer in hand. Sets them on the counter.

ROSE

Would letting your friends ravish me have been a good deed? Should I have expected a big karmic reward?

HEATH

(eating)

I don't like that reply.

ROSE

Should I speak in a lighter tone?

HEATH

Now you're just being a wise guy. You came packaged to be friendly.

ROSE

I'm not wired that way. I'm wired solely and exclusively to love you.

HEATH

Well, you do a crappy job of it.

ROSE

Let me show you then. I'll stand here in a subordinate manner and or

position while letting you perform
sexual acts on me.

Heath drops his fork, almost sickened. He rises, approaches
her. Menacing. Rose, unknowingly, does a peppy clap.

HEATH

(annoyed)

What are you doing now?

ROSE

You're going to ravage me now
aren't you? I'm ready.

Heath slumps himself down. Sighs.

HEATH

Maybe later.

Rose slouches in sorrow. Then starts to quiver, trying to
brush off a sensation.

ROSE

Heath, I don't know what to do.
My skin is hot, and my insides
are aching. How do I fix it?

HEATH

Go in the room, lay in bed. I'll
be there later.

ROSE

Will that fix it?

HEATH

When I join you it will.

ROSE

I knew that. It's because my body
is a fever for you, isn't it?

Exhausted, he utters:

HEATH

Yes. Your body is a fever for me.

ROSE

Okay then, I'll be waiting.

And she's off. No movement from Heath, until... the bedroom door shuts.

Suddenly Heath strides up and hurries into the hall closet. Retrieves a duffel bag, opens it. It's already full with clothes, but WE SEE a postcard above it all.

It's an image of city life; A metropolis night life in all its glory. WRITTEN ON IT in sloppy handwriting:

"HEY LOSER! YOU KNOW THIS IS WHERE YOU WANT TO BE. COME BY ONCE YOU MAN UP AND GROW A PAIR. XOXO -- STACY."

Heath zips up the bag. His hands trembling oh so slightly. He quietly dashes on out. Shuts the door softly.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Heath adjusts the rearview mirror - a smirk rising on his face. He grinds the ignition.

And drives off into the plains. Makes its way down the long sloping road. Clouds churning past the moon.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rose lies in bed, the sheets draped around her naked shoulders. Reminiscent of a child on the night before Christmas, she speaks in an enthused whispered tone.

ROSE

My love is anything but synthesized.
It's eternal, always and forever, and
I'm waiting. I'll show what a good
girlfriend I could be. I'm yours,
always your girl.

Rose curls in her covers, staring at the bedroom door, readily pending Heath's entry. As she lays there in silence, we:

FADE OUT.