

# WRONG MARK

Written by  
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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gloved hands push a door open.

Moonlight and a flashlight is all the INTRUDER needs to sneak around a residence. Whoever this person is, they have the place all to themselves.

Although he face is covered by a ski mask, and the bulky men's coat hides her figure, this upstanding citizen is LILY (30s) and she moves right to the dresser. She puts the flashlight, upright, on top.

Takes a pillow off the bed, yanks off the **pillowcase**.

She rummages through jewelry boxes. Holds random items and examines them in the light. Looks at a necklace, discards it. Finds a nice **silver bracelet**. Into the pillowcase it goes.

Opens the first drawer. Nightgowns. Underwear. Finds an envelope. Looks inside. **Money**. Into the Pillowcase it goes. Leaves the drawer open.

Back to the jewelry box. Dumps out the remaining contents.

INT. TRAILER - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Lily lets herself in with a key. The place could use some cleaning up. She's not wearing her mask, but she's wearing a blonde wig. Sunglasses. Gloves. The same coat from before.

She takes off the coat, revealing another underneath.

TRAILER - BEDROOM

The wig sits on a end table. Lily's a brunette.

Lily takes a breath. Relaxes. Turns towards the queen size bed. Stares at one of the right pillow. The case doesn't quite fit the pillow. Yes. It's **THAT pillowcase**.

On the right side of the bed, an end table with an ashtray. One stub left behind.

LILY (low, to herself)  
Something's missing.

Lily's eyes go to the DIGITAL CLOCK. 10 :30.

**LATER**

11:15.

BLUES MUSIC set on low, setting the mood.

MARK (30s) sits in a chair near the bed. Shirt and pants still on him. Legs stretched slightly out.

MARK  
Just let yourself in.

LILY  
Wanted to surprise you.

MARK  
Don't sound like it.

LILY  
I didn't mean to disappoint.

MARK  
It's okay. You didn't. But you know how things are. Call ahead, text.

LILY  
Doesn't matter.

MARK  
Really. Do enlighten me.

Lily casually lets her coat fall, showing off stockings, high heel pumps and lingerie.

She approaches him. Gets close. Moves around the chair. Caresses his shoulders. During the course of the conversation, she'll playfully unbutton his shirt, one at a time.

LILY  
After tonight, I'll leave him. For good. No more hiding.

MARK  
Good.

LILY  
I'll need your help though. Help pack my things. Move out.

MARK  
He already know?

LILY  
 Roger doesn't know about us. He  
 only knows I'm moving out.

MARK  
 Where you going to go?

LILY  
 With you, stupid.

Mark laughs. Shakes his head in disbelief.

MARK  
 Serious?

A long kiss confirms her story.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 No... No. Not here. Not in this  
 dump. You got a house.

LILY  
 His house. We're together. That's  
 what matters.

She gets in front of him. Gets on her knees.

Wicked smile. Slips off his shoes.

MARK  
 I need to think it over. I got two  
 weeks, Lil. I don't want my P.O.  
 poking around, asking about you.

She's about to take off his socks.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 No. Not the socks.

LILY  
 Come on.

MARK  
 Just one then.

She chooses the left one.

LILY  
 First time you talked about him.  
 Your P.O.

MARK  
 Not a subject I like talking about.  
 Less the better.

He brushes his hair with the tips of her fingers.

MARK (CONT'D)

Seeing another man's wife isn't something I want to advertise.

LILY

I'm not *his* wife.

MARK

Bastard has in for me. He'll jam me up first chance just to jam me up. He finds out. Out of the blue, because he feels like it, he does a check on you. He meets your husband.

LILY

Maybe you should be fucked her.

MARK

Might as well have, asshole acts like it. Bastard thinks he's a tent preacher. He might tell Roger. Roger finds out you're fooling around on him with an ex con, well, imagine his day in court.

She moves away from him, sits on the floor, Stretches out her legs in a crude but effective aerobic workout.

LILY

He's going to give me half. And stop with the paranoia.

MARK

I'm superstitious.

Her left leg navigates to his groin. The shoe lightly presses in a tease.

LILY

Don't let the black cat cross you.

MARK

You mind?

Moves her foot away. Rests it on his thigh.

LILY

What are you doing?

MARK

What are *you* doing?

LILY  
Party pooper, bring rain to the  
parade.

Her right leg comes, crosses over her left, rests on Mark's  
lap.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Seem to have a lot on your mind.  
Could have flapped when you came  
home awhile ago. Now nothing but  
talk, talk, talk. No moans or  
groans, just talk.

MARK  
I thought women liked to talk  
before sex.

LILY  
I thought guys didn't talk during.

MARK  
Guess I'm just not in the mood.

LILY  
That's the idea. To get in it. Do  
you need more motivation?

He gives a stare. She makes a comical frown.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Come on. Relax and release the  
tiger...

Mark takes off one of her shoes. Wiggles it in front of her,  
drops it.

LILY (CONT'D)  
There you go. Getting in the  
picture...

Mark slips her second shoe off. Lets the shoe fall. Her right  
foot raises to meet his mouth.

LILY (CONT'D)  
You in my frame?

He undoes her stocking, takes part of it with his teeth. She  
withdraws her leg. The hose slips off.

**BED**

Mark, now shirtless, watches Lily as she dangles a pair of RED FLUFFY HANDCUFFS in front of him. Mark's shirt tossed on the left, over the pillow on that side.

MARK  
Where'd you get those?

LILY  
My secret bodega.

She secures his left wrist to the bedpost.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Need a safe word?

MARK  
Key will do.

**SHORT TIME LATER**

**1:42 am.**

Lying in bed, Lily on top of Mark, right side of the bed. He's out of her kinky cuffs, which are still hanging from the bedpost.

MARK  
I'm thinking only of you, okay?

LILY  
Sounds like you're thinking of yourself.

MARK  
Maybe a little of that too.

Mark lightly pushes her away. Sits up. Reaches in a nearby drawer, pulls out a cigarette and lights up. Lily sits up behind him.

LILY  
Jesus, Not like you killed somebody. You...didn't kill anyone? Hiding something from me?

MARK  
Even if you get the settlement, you want to stay in this run down pit I live in?

LILY

For a little while. I was thinking more like I get the money, we move in to a better place.

MARK

Which means I'm nearly leeching of you. Or that's how it'll look.

LILY

You're crazy.

She reaches over, takes a hit of his cigarette.

MARK

Damn right. It's too fast. Just give me a few weeks, see where I stand in the world.

LILY

Think of the money.

MARK

Yep. And that's the kind of thing that jammed me up in the first place.

Lily moves around him, stretches her arm to the ashtray on the table.

LILY

I'm moving out, Mark. I'd like your help in getting my things. Tomorrow morning, Between 10 and 11.

Lily puts the cigarette out in an ashtray.

MARK

I wasn't done with that.

LILY

Yes you were.

She resumes kissing his shoulders, neck and mouth. She lays him down, unhooking her stockings in the process.

**LATER - NIGHT**

**2:30 AM**

Still in his boxer shorts, Mark teases Lily's hair. She's out, topless face down, partially covered in blankets. He admires her form in the shadows of the blinds, moonlight the peeping tom.



He lifts her arm, slides out of the bed. Careful not to wake her.

He walks out of the room.

### **KITCHEN**

Mark takes a bottle of wine out of the fridge, pours himself a glass. He sits at the table, thinks.

The cell phone rings. Mark answers. A man's voice (KING), on the other end. Stern. Late 50s.

KING

Two thirty in the morning, Mark.  
There a problem?

MARK

Something's come up. Have to back out.

KING

That's not going to work. Isn't anyone else. You're it.

MARK

My girlfriend. She wants me to help her move at 10 in the morning.

KING

Tell her to get in line because you got to toe the line.

MARK

If I back down, the crew will do it another day. They're professionals.

KING

Don't give them too much credit.

KING (CONT'D)

Think you can make it to the score by two? Goes down at three.

MARK

Can't say. I have to back out.

KING

Sweet Jesus. You like her that much?

MARK

I think I'm in love.

KING

You think? Better be sure.

MARK

I should tell her. She knows something's up.

KING

She know about the job?

MARK

That's what I'm saying. It's been bothering me. I can't just tell her, you know? But I feel I got to.

KING

Married woman, right? She tell her husband?

MARK

She says she didn't.

KING

Figures. Way I see it, you're even. She's got a nerve asking you about things when she's fooling around. And you're felling guilty? Do what you want. You don't want to tell her, don't. You want to? Lay it out. She don't like it? You walk. Better she breaks your heart than breaking your balls.

MINUTES LATER

Mark hangs up, goes into "calls" and deletes the log of "KING". Opens the kitchen closet, slides his cell into a coat pocket. It's the same coat Lily had on when she entered his trailer from before.

Clink. There's something else in the pocket. Mark dives in, fishes out **THE SILVER BRACELET**.

Confused, not knowing where it came from. Lays it on the table. Checks the other pocket. A small stack of **MONEY**.

INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN - MORNING

Mark's right where we left him. Dressed. Lily, also fully dressed, wig and gloves too, knocks on the table. The bracelet and money are gone.

LILY  
Wake-y wake-y. Rise and shine.

He snaps from the trance.

LILY (CONT'D)  
And you thought I was the early bird.

Lily takes what's left in his glass, downs it.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Could have had some of this last night.

MARK  
It was already open.

LILY  
So?

MARK  
I didn't think it was your flavor.

LILY  
Good enough to drive?

MARK  
I'm good. Listen. I'm been going over some things and I'm going to ask you right out, I won't ask again. So here it is. Before we go, is there anything you want to tell me?

LILY  
Rodger's not home, if that's what you mean. Wouldn't matter if he was. Here. Take this, if it makes you feel better.

Out of her purse, she lays a 22 on the table.

MARK  
I can't take that. Get it off my table.

LILY  
It's not loaded.

MARK  
I don't want it. You're nuts just  
for putting it in front of me.  
We're just getting your things.  
Nothing else.

Disgusted, she scoops it back up.

LILY  
I wasn't going to let you keep it.  
It's mine.

MARK  
Don't flash that around me again.  
Bad enough you had it with you the  
entire time. Leave it at your  
house. Or put it up wherever you  
want. I don't care where, so long  
as it isn't here.

LILY  
You'd have to follow me in your  
car. I...you're not coming?

MARK  
I'm reconsidering.

LILY  
Because of the gun?

MARK  
Good enough reason. Especially  
since you're just flashing it.

LILY  
Please, Mark?

MARK  
Just so we are clear. If he's  
there, I'm gone. With or without  
you, I'm gone. You flash that  
again, I'm gone. If you come with  
me, you leave it or you get your  
own place.

LILY  
Fine. Yes. Okay. Can we go now?

MARK  
I'm going to ask again. Is there  
anything you want to tell me?

LILY  
Damn, you are paranoid.

MARK  
Didn't say I was. I said I was  
superstitious. That's different.

LILY  
How hard did we fuck?

MARK  
What?

LILY  
I haven't got the faintest idea  
what you're going on about.

MARK  
Talked to a compadre of mine last  
night. Twice. He wasn't happy to  
hear me the second time.

LILY  
Your P.O.?

MARK  
No, he's no friend. My boss friend  
is a friend. There's a piece of  
work I had to do later today.  
That's what was on my mind, that  
conflict of interest. They can't do  
it without me. But I want to help  
you.

LILY  
Well now this stirs up the pot.  
Does this job involve driving?

MARK  
Among other things.

LILY  
Something bad?

MARK  
I think you know what I'm talking  
about.

LILY  
Is there more to the story?

MARK

Only what you need to know. So if there's anything you want me to know, that you think I should, now's the time.

LILY

Let me follow your logic here. You won't take a gun -

MARK

I'm a driver. And I don't want your gun.

LILY

Well, excuse me. I'll put it another way. You can't decide if you want to be a getaway driver for a crime where you could get caught and go back to jail as opposed to helping me out, where there is no crime committed, get more money, clean money, and you're less likely to go to jail? What's wrong with this picture?

MARK

I didn't say I'm involved in a crime. I said I had a job lined up and there could be a conflict.

LILY

What is this? It's not even a debate.

Mark's cell phone rings.

MARK

You get that for me? It's in my coat, right pocket.

LILY

Which coat?

MARK

The big one.

Lily opens the closet. Reaches in Mark's coat. Pulls out the cell. Mark watches her reaction. There isn't any.

LILY

Who's King?

MARK  
That's the boss.

LILY  
Tell him to go jerk himself.

MARK  
As much as I'd like to, I want to  
keep things civil. Please give it  
here.

She hands him the phone.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

KING  
She still there?

MARK  
She is.

KING  
Tell her anything?

MARK  
She's clueless. Doesn't know  
anything. But that's alright. She  
thinks I'm stupid.

LILY  
Hey -!

Mark waves her off.

KING  
Tell her to go to hell?

MARK  
More or less what she said about  
you.

KING  
What'd she say about me?

MARK  
Not worth repeating. Anyway, Im  
going to sit this out. It's a no-  
go.

KING  
Didn't work out, huh? Sorry to hear  
that.

MARK

Yeah. We cool?

KING

For now. We'll stand by just in case, see how things go. See if you change your mind.

MARK

Alright, brother. Catch you later.

KING

Yeah. We'll see. Later.

And with that, Mark smiles to Lily.

MARK

Looks like you're on.

LILY

Decisions. Decisions.

EXT. RURAL AREA - STREETS - DAY

Mark's rusty car follows Lily's Lexus.

**ISOLATED HOUSE**, loaded with quiet. It's modest, but it looks like something a company executive might buy. Not exactly a mansion, but it is impressive and imposing in excess.

They slow down. Lily parks in the driveway of the house. Mark parks in the street. Gets out. She doesn't notice that he's also wearing leather gloves when he goes over to

LILY'S CAR

Lily rolls down the passenger side window.

MARK

What's the problem?

LILY

I was thinking. Might be better if you parked down the street a ways.

MARK

You don't like my car now? What's wrong with my car?



LILY  
Really? Could you just do as I ask?

MARK  
He's here, ain't he? Or he's coming  
back? I meant what I said.  
We're doing this or we're not.

LILY  
Just get in your car...

MARK  
Okay.

He leans in, she kisses him. Before he leaves, he glances  
quick to her closed trunk.

He gets in his car, drives down the street.

INT. MARK'S CAR

Parks it. Thinks to himself. Looks around. Raises his hand,  
debates silently. Nods his head in agreement with his choice.

Rear view mirror, From a distance, he watches Lily get out of  
her car, enter her house. Once the door closes...

He honks the horn. Twice.

Waits a minute. Gets out.

EXT. STREET

Walks toward her house. Takes off his gloves, shoves them in  
his coat pocket.

INT. LILY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lily, no wig, aims a .45 at the door.

DEAD RODGER, (40s) by her feet, dressed in a business suit, a  
bullet between the eyes.

Mark opens the door. Locks eyes with Lily.

MARK  
Lily, wait -

She doesn't. POP! She fires twice, getting him in the chest.

She puts the gun down, Kicks Mark, making sure he's unresponsive. Satisfied, she plants the 22 in his right hand.

She jumps back in surprise when Mark ISN'T DEAD YET.

Lily goes back for the 45. Mark springs up, grabs her. Swings her around to face him.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm disappointed in you, Lily.

LILY

But I shot you!

MARK

And you tried to frame me. And you -

Looks over to Roger.

MARK (CONT'D)

Did you - you killed him!

LILY

No shit!

MARK

You shoot him, you shoot me. Make it look like a robbery or home invasion gone bad.

LILY

Are you wearing a vest?

MARK

I guess I should be thankful you didn't blow my brains out. Listen to very carefully. You got less than a minute to make up your mind right now.

LILY

Mark -

MARK

I'm a cop! I been undercover working the southside crew for two months. I was going to tell you until I found the money you planted and the gun bullshit. Any minute now other cops are gonna come through that door because I tipped them.

He kisses her neck.

MARK (CONT'D)

We can still make this work.  
Another thief broke in, killed your  
husband. The crew I was going to  
bust? I can get rid of the merch  
you stole, put it on them. You and  
me? We get rich off the Rodger.

Lily breathes a sigh of relief.

LILY

Sounds good. Okay.

MARK

Okay?

LILY

I got it.

MARK

Good.

(beat)

Shit. That's right. You shot me  
twice. If it was just once, that's  
once. But twice. Plus, I already  
told King about the money and the  
bracelet...put the bracelet back in  
the pocket, you didn't ask, you  
already knew it was there, so.  
Yeah. Shit. It's not going to work.

He takes out a pair of handcuffs.

FADE OUT.