

NOTHING LIKE LOVE

Written by

Scott Luper

ScottLuper@yahoo.com  
1-310-709-3519

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

In the center of an opulent study, on a large desk, sits a phone. A set meal table is visible outside the office door.

MILO, BEA (70) sit at the table. Both are chubby, both unmedicated bipolars. Milo's jovial, Bea's not.

The phone RINGS. Milo ENTERS the office, SITS at the desk. He ANSWERS the phone. Behind him a chair, ottoman and lamp.

MILO

Mrs. Newman. How are you and (beat)  
What? (beat) For heavens sake why?

Bea WALKS into the office, STOPS behind Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)

Sure I will, but ya'll think this  
through, divorce'll seem silly.

BEA

Dinner's waiting. Call them back.

MILO

Mrs. Newman. Can you hold on a sec?

Milo COVERS the phone receiver. His demeanor changes.

MILO (CONT'D)

Shut your suck hole and lemme talk.

He UNCOVERS the receiver, regains his composure.

MILO (CONT'D)

Does Jack (beat) Oh, hi Jack. Glad  
you're both on. When you find a  
perfect match like --

Bea SLAPS Milo with ear ringing force.

BEA

You don't get to talk to me like  
that in this end of the house.

Milo PUSHES Bea. She TRIPS over the ottoman, into the chair. She STRUGGLES to free herself. Milo returns to his call.

MILO

You two have such a great marriage.

BEA

(Struggling in the chair)  
I'll kick you in your pacemaker.

MILO  
For a love like yours to end over  
something. So trivial.

BEA  
(Kicking at Milo)  
I'm gettin' out of this. When I do.

Milo doesn't cover the receiver.

MILO  
(To Bea)  
Make those empty promises.

Milo PUTS the phone to his ear.

MILO (CONT'D)  
I should know. I've been married to  
the same sainted woman for decades.

Bea APPEARS at his shoulder. She KNOCKS the phone from his  
hand. Bea SPINS around. Milo KICKS her, KNOCKING her over.

MILO (CONT'D)  
I should've killed you when I had  
the chance.

Milo PICKS UP the dangling phone.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Don't make any rash decisions. Just  
sleep on it. I'll call tomorrow.

As Milo HANGS UP, Bea CHARGES, a plugged lamp held over head.

The lamp cord JERKS tight, SLAMS Bea to the ground. The lamp  
HITS her in the head, KNOCKS her out. Milo stands over BEA.

Milo LEAVES, LIMPS to the table. He GRABS, BITES a turkey  
leg. Milo LUMBERS back, stands over Bea. His foot NUDGES her.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Honey? You ok?

Bea's eyes POP open. She SWEEPS Milo's legs. He SLAMS the  
floor beside her. Both LAUGH, SIGH. Milo, Bea KISS.

BEA  
Happy Valentines, Papa.

MILO  
Love you, Mama.

Milo takes another BITE of the turkey leg.

MILO (CONT'D)  
May be the best turkey you've made.