

42 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 42

Karl lies in bed. Post-coital. Marla -- in a skirt and bra
- takes herself in in the full-length mirror.

MARLA

Damn. I forgot to go to the cash
machine. Can you loan me twenty
dollars for a cab?

KARL

Pants pocket.
(beat, continuing)
Like I was saying. Everything has
it's time and place, but --

Marla picks up Karl's pants, takes out his wallet. But
instead of cash, she pulls out two TICKET STUBS. We're
CLOSE on the tickets which read, "The Nanny Diaries." Marla
furrows her brow.

MARLA

(unsure, re: the tickets)
You saw "The Nanny Diaries?"

KARL

(innocently)
Last night. Wendy was dying to see it.

Marla stops short. She thinks, then...

MARLA

But you said -- hmmm, you said you
don't spend time together anymore.

KARL

We don't. The couple's therapist
thought it would be a good idea.
But getting back to what I was --

Marla exhales. Scorned, she's instantly on the war-path.

MARLA

Well, don't I feel like a fool? I
mean, you had me convinced that you
and your wife were practically
strangers and --

KARL
We are...

MARLA
Well, I don't go to the movies with
strangers, Karl. Do you?
(beat, angry)
I mean, what kind of man would be
so deceitful as to lie to the woman
he's cheating on his wife with?

Karl looks like his head might explode.

MARLA (CONT'D)
You know, I bet Wendy would like to
know what her loving husband is up
to when he's not at home.

KARL
(alarmed)
What are you saying? You're gonna
tell her...about us?

MARLA
Not everything. Just the part
about the sex in the hotel rooms.

Marla exits. Karl wraps a sheet around himself and scurries
to the door. A CHAMBERMAID looks at him askance.

KARL
(calling after her)
Marla...wait. Let's discuss this
in couples' therapy!

But it's no use -- she's gone. On Karl, worried, we SMASH
TO --