

# TWISTED LIMERENCE

By

J.J. Akau

WGA Reg: 2052357

hydehooliganfilms@gmail.com

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

ROGER FRITZ, 60s, stares into the cracks of the ceiling in bed. His wife of 40 years, CLAIRE FRITZ, 60s, lies asleep on the opposite edge - a significant space between them. A digital alarm clock blares. Claire gently switches it off, turns on the desk lamp on her side, and sleepily rises to go to the bathroom. Roger heavily pulls himself up.

MATCHING MONTAGE:

- Roger sits on the edge of the bed in boxers and a t-shirt, unmoving while Claire gets ready.

- Roger, in a stained robe, sits at the dinner table of their grungy green kitchen sipping his coffee - still no interaction with Claire who flips through a newspaper.

- Roger slumps in a recliner in the living room, his robe splayed open with no regard for decency.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Roger monotonously flips through TV channels on the remote, positioned perfectly to allow the least amount of effort. Claire grabs her keys.

CLAIRE

I'm off to work. See you when I get home?

ROGER

(his gaze unbroken)  
I'll be here.

CLAIRE

OK. Until later then. I love you.

ROGER

Love you too.

Claire walks out. The lock clicks. Roger's eyes shift to the door.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

Roger gently pulls the thick curtains back a sliver to watch Claire get into their 90s Buick Roadmaster. She pulls out of their lot and drives away. Roger checks his watch, then gently closes the curtains.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

A faint shimmer of sunlight breaks through the matching curtains of the office window. Roger enters and pulls out an office chair next to an older style work desk with a tower computer resting atop it. He sits and powers on the computer. He readjusts his glasses and types in a web address: [www.marilynflowers.com](http://www.marilynflowers.com).

A website pops up as MARILYN FLOWERS, 20s, a cam-girl with hair like Marilyn Monroe, poses seductively on the main page wearing a matching white bra, panties, and stockings with garters. Roger moves his mouse over to the VIDEOS section and clicks. A Username and Password prompt pops up. A few more keystrokes and he's in. He scrolls through a few of the provocative yet censored thumbnails until he finds one he likes.

The video plays. Marilyn teasingly pushes up her covered breasts to her audience on her bed. Roger removes his glasses and leans in.

MARILYN

Did you miss me, Baby? I've been thinking about your throbbing manhood pushing in and out of me.

Roger slips his boxers down to his ankles, then clicks further down the timeline.

MARILYN

Mmm. I'm so wet right now.

Marilyn removes her panties off screen and waves them in front of the camera. Roger fast-forwards again to a close-up on Marilyn's curvy skin.

MARILYN

You like that, Baby? Mmm. You want inside this hot pink kitty, don't you? I know you do. Well, give it to me, Daddy. Slowly.

Marilyn moans as Roger slowly masturbates, his breathing a little heavy as he grunts.

The mouse clicks further on the timeline. Marilyn moans louder as she leans back in bed.

MARILYN

Oh my God! Yes! You're so big!

The mouse clicks further down again. More moans. Roger breaths harder in sync with her rhythm. He clicks further down again.

MARILYN

Oh God! I'm gonna come!

Marilyn writhes in ecstasy as she climaxes; Roger along with her.

MARILYN

Mmm. Ohh. Can you feel my juices all over you, Daddy? So yummy.

Roger pauses the video on Marilyn's face, post-climax, her fingers close to her mouth. He catches his breath and wipes sweat from his brow with his wrist (his hand "dirty"). He pulls a tissue out and cleans up his mess. He pulls up his boxers, signs out of the website, closes the browser, and leaves the office just as he found it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire enters to find Roger sitting in the same position when she left, staring intently at the TV.

CLAIRE

Hey, Honey. Did you do anything today?

ROGER

I had dinner.

CLAIRE

Ooh, what'd you make?

ROGER

Nothing. Just had left-overs.

CLAIRE

Oh.

Claire trudges to Roger and kisses him on the forehead; he doesn't flinch. She walks into the kitchen.

ROGER

There's still some in the fridge if you want.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

ROGER  
Of course.

Roger monotonously clicks his remote.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roger leans back against the headboard while reading Tom Clancy's The Hunt for Red October to the light of Claire's table lamp. Claire climbs into bed wearing a long, gray nightie and snuggles up to him.

ROGER  
I'm right in the middle of the chapter.

CLAIRE  
You've read that a million times.

ROGER  
And every time I pick up something new.

CLAIRE  
(shifting away)  
Ugh. Fine.

Claire pulls the blanket up to her shoulders defeated.

CLAIRE  
Do you mind? I have to be up early.

Roger reaches over and turns on the lamp on his side. Claire turns hers off. She peers over her shoulder at Roger, but he doesn't notice.

CLAIRE  
Goodnight.

ROGER  
(without looking up)  
Goodnight, Claire.

Claire rolls back away from Roger.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Roger wakes up. He checks for Claire, but she isn't there.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Roger walks in wearing his usual robe and finds a note left by Claire.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

I didn't want to wake you. There's eggs and bacon in the foil.

Roger spots a foil-covered plate on the table.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

Toast is in the toaster and coffee is ready to brew- just turn it on. I'll see you tonight. I love you. Claire.

Roger puts down the note.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

Roger peeks out of the curtains to see the driveway empty. The curtains fall.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Marilyn moans and climaxes as Roger climaxes again. He catches his breath. While Roger cleans himself up, Marilyn's face twists and distorts as if smiling wryly. Roger puts his glasses on, and the image returns to normal just before he looks back.

Roger clicks on the Home button. He moves to log out when an announcement catches his attention: Marilyn will do a meet-and-greet for her fans in downtown Santa Flores.

Roger adjusts his glasses and leans in. His eye twitches. She's meeting her fans on Friday at Limerence Adult Toy Store. Roger fancies a possible meeting.

EXT. LIMERENCE ADULT TOY STORE - DAY

Roger passes by a barber shop and stops just outside of the adult store; a flier of Marilyn's meet-and-greet plastered on the wall. She's meeting with fans at 9pm. Roger checks his watch, disappointed. He turns to leave and accidentally bumps a woman, dropping her purse.

ROGER

Oh, excuse me, Miss.

Roger picks up the bag and spies her blond hair. He peers back and forth between her and Marilyn's poster while her head's down picking up the spilled items. His eye twitches. She looks up at Roger. Jackpot! Marilyn Flowers stands before him, fresh out of the barber shop with her hair straightened.

MARILYN

I'm such a klutz.

ROGER

No, it's my fault.

Marilyn's eyes widen a bit. He holds his hand out.

ROGER

Roger Fritz.

She reluctantly shakes it.

MARILYN

Nice to meet you, Roger. I'm-

ROGER

Marilyn.

She quizzically stares at him.

ROGER

Like Marilyn Monroe. I'm a big fan.

She smiles in embarrassment.

MARILYN

Pleasure to meet you.

ROGER

The pleasure is all mine.

Roger kisses her hand. She giggles.

ROGER  
I like your hair.

MARILYN  
Why thank you.  
(nodding to the barber shop)  
I just got it.

They share an awkward silence.

ROGER  
Well, I'm sure you have a lot to do  
today, so I won't take up any more  
of your time.

MARILYN  
No wait. Are you hungry? Do you  
wanna grab something to eat?

ROGER  
What about all your fans?

MARILYN  
They can wait.

ROGER  
Really?

MARILYN  
Of course.

ROGER  
Sounds great.

Roger offers his arm. Marilyn takes it. They walk off.  
Roger's eye twitches.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Deep in conversation, Roger and Marilyn laugh and enjoy each other's company as a waiter serves a couple sandwiches. An obvious chemistry between them, Roger's eyes constantly drop to her cleavage while they talk as her leg traces along his calf.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Roger and Marilyn exit the cafe arm-in-arm.

MARILYN

That was fun.

ROGER

Yes it was. It's been a long time.

MARILYN

For me too.

ROGER

I find that hard to believe.

Marilyn flashes another quizzical look.

ROGER

I hate to cut this short, but I should get back. My wife will be home later.

MARILYN

Ah, that's right. Your lucky lady, you charming little devil.

Roger chuckles.

MARILYN

That's a shame. I still have some time to kill... if you're available.

ROGER

Don't you have a big night tonight?

MARILYN

I could have a big afternoon.

Roger smiles. His eye twitches.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Roger and Marilyn burst through the door and fall onto the bed kissing passionately, frantically stripping layers of clothes away. Roger kicks off his pants. They have sex before either of them can get undressed. They both climax soon after. Out of breath, Roger flops over onto his back.

ROGER

I'm sorry. I'm a bit out of practice.

MARILYN  
Don't be sorry. That was  
fantastic.

ROGER  
You are wonderful. So very very  
wonderful.

Roger pulls himself up and grabs his clothes to get dressed.

ROGER  
I feel weird about leaving so  
quickly, but I should get home.

MARILYN  
So soon?

ROGER  
I don't want my wife to find out.

MARILYN  
Right. Your wife.

ROGER  
Maybe we can do this again. Like  
Monday?

MARILYN  
I'm free for lunch.

ROGER  
Same place?

MARILYN  
Sounds like a plan.

Roger kisses her one last time.

ROGER  
Alright. I'll see you next week.

MARILYN  
Until Monday.

ROGER  
Until Monday.

Roger exits.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Roger cautiously exits the room, surveying the area but there's nobody around. His concern breaks with an uncontainable smile as he briskly walks away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire enters and finds Roger sitting on his recliner.

CLAIRE  
Hey Honey.

ROGER  
Hi.

CLAIRE  
Did you do anything interesting today?

ROGER  
No. Nothing in particular.

CLAIRE  
Oh? You stayed home again?

ROGER  
Yup. Been here all day.

CLAIRE  
Well, that kind of sucks.

Claire kisses him on the forehead, but he doesn't flinch. She walks into the kitchen.

CLAIRE  
(O.S.)  
Are you hungry?

ROGER  
No, I'm good. I had a pretty big lunch.

CLAIRE  
(O.S.)  
What did you have?

ROGER  
Just a sandwich.

Claire leans back in.

CLAIRE  
That's it? Just a sandwich?

Roger finally turns to her.

ROGER  
It was a pretty big sandwich. Why?

CLAIRE  
Just curious. As long as you're  
satisfied.

ROGER  
I am. Thanks.

Roger looks back to his TV. Claire escapes into the kitchen again. Roger looks back toward her, then smiles to himself.

ROGER  
(to himself)  
Until Monday.

The music on the TV plays louder and continues into...

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

MATCHING MONTAGE:

- Roger cautiously walks to the hotel door and knocks. Marilyn opens the door. He walks in.
- A new day. Roger walks to the hotel room again and knocks. Marilyn answers. She wraps her arms around him before he enters.
- Roger strolls up and knocks on a different day. Marilyn opens the door and pulls him in.
- Before Roger can knock, Marilyn flings open the door and kisses him, then yanks him inside.
- Roger knocks but no answer. Marilyn runs up to him, kissing him deeply. They fumble with the key, then quickly disappear inside. The door slams.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A sweaty Roger and Marilyn fall to the bed exhausted.

MARILYN  
Whew! That was different, Honey.

ROGER  
Nine years without can do that.

MARILYN  
We should make up for it over the next nine. Just in case.

ROGER  
No objections here.

Roger catches his breath.

ROGER  
Hey, I have something for you.

MARILYN  
More than what you just gave me?

Roger gets up and rummages through his jacket pocket. He returns holding a small box.

ROGER  
I hope you don't think this is weird or anything.

He hands her the box. Marilyn opens it. Inside, a necklace with a heart pendant sparkles up at her.

ROGER  
Do you like it?

MARILYN  
Oh my God! Are you serious?

ROGER  
Of course. Here.

Roger helps her clasp the pendant around her neck.

MARILYN  
It's beautiful.

ROGER  
I'm happy you like it.

MARILYN  
I love it. Thank you.

Roger's eye twitches.

ROGER

So, I was thinking. Maybe we can do this on a more permanent basis.

MARILYN

What do you mean?

ROGER

I'm thinking about leaving Claire.

MARILYN

What?

ROGER

You're absolutely wonderful, and it's just not working out between her and I. The day-to-day monotony. We've been stale for years.

MARILYN

Are you kidding me?

Marilyn scrambles up to get dressed.

ROGER

What's wrong?

MARILYN

You're taking this way too far! Tired of the monotony? Is this a joke to you?!

ROGER

What? No! That's not how it is! I want to be with you, not her!

Marilyn stands dumbfounded.

MARILYN

I can't deal with you right now. We're done with this.

Marilyn storms out.

ROGER

Marilyn wait!

She slams the door; Roger left puzzled and rejected. His eye twitches as he tries to make sense of the situation.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Claire parks the car and turns off the engine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire trudges in to find the TV on, but Roger's recliner rests mysteriously empty. Pots clang in the kitchen. She puts her purse down.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire enters and finds Roger cooking dinner.

CLAIRE  
What're you doing?

Roger breaks his route and kisses Claire, to her surprise.

ROGER  
What's it look like? I'm making  
dinner. I've been a real louse  
lately, and I wanted to make it up  
to you.

Claire tears up, her hand over her mouth.

ROGER  
What's wrong? Is it the pot  
roast? You know I don't really do  
the cooking thing, I'm sorry. I  
can make something else.

CLAIRE  
No, don't be sorry. I'm sure it's  
fantastic.

Claire kisses Roger.

They continue on to eat dinner and enjoy their time.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Both lamps illuminate the walls. Roger reads his book when Claire playfully peeks around the corner wearing a burgundy nightie. Roger smiles and closes the book, laying it down on his nightstand without the bookmark. Claire jumps into bed and snuggles up with him. Roger puts his arm around her. She readjusts and kisses Roger deeply.

ROGER  
What was that for?

CLAIRE  
I love you. That's all.

ROGER  
I love you too.

They kiss again when Claire moves away out of bed.

ROGER  
Where are you going?

CLAIRE  
I have something for you.

Claire sneaks away to the bathroom.

CLAIRE  
(O.S.)  
I was going to throw it out but  
after tonight, I'm thinking I may  
keep it.

Roger sits up, anxiously waiting.

ROGER  
You OK?

CLAIRE  
(O.S.)  
Almost done.

Roger waits a little longer, his eye twitching slightly.

ROGER  
Claire?

CLAIRE  
(O.S.)  
Are you ready?

ROGER  
I'm ready.

CLAIRE  
(O.S.)  
Here I come.

Roger's face turns white! Marilyn stands in the doorway wearing Claire's nightie, the heart pendant dangling around her neck.

MARILYN  
How's it going, Big Boy?

Roger's eye twitches and he jumps out of bed in a panic.

ROGER  
What the hell are you doing here?

MARILYN  
What?

ROGER  
Claire?! Honey, I can explain!

MARILYN  
Is this another game? I'm not sure  
I'm liking it.

ROGER  
Claire!

Roger rushes past Marilyn and checks the bathroom, but it's empty.

ROGER  
What did you do with Claire?!

MARILYN  
What are you going off about?

Claire, with a blond wig, stands before him.

CLAIRE  
Are you insane? What the hell is  
wrong with you? Is it this stupid  
thing? Here! You can have it!

Claire removes the wig, throwing it at him. In Roger's eyes, Marilyn rips off her blond hair and morphs into a twisted, bloody version of Edvard Munch's *The Scream* painting. He screams in terror at the MARILYN MONSTER.

CLAIRE/MARILYN MONSTER  
(grabbing Roger's wrists)  
Quit yelling! The neighbor's will  
think you're killing someone in  
here!

ROGER  
Get away from me!

CLAIRE/MARILYN MONSTER  
Oh my God. Roger! Roger stop!

ROGER  
Get away, you monster!

Roger punches Claire in the face. She falls backward onto the bed, dazed. Roger mounts her, tightly wrapping both hands around her neck. Claire hits Roger's chest and arms.

Roger sees the monster reaching up and pushing at his face.

CLAIRE/MARILYN MONSTER  
(straining for air)  
Roger. Stop.

ROGER  
Give me my Claire!

CLAIRE  
I'm-... Claire.

Roger's eye twitches frantically.

WHITE FLASH TO

[FLASHBACK]

EXT. LIMERENCE ADULT TOY STORE - DAY

Roger walks away from Marilyn's flier and runs into a woman.

ROGER  
Oh, excuse me, Miss.

Roger picks up the bag and looks at her blond hair and the flier.

MARILYN  
(O.S.)  
I'm such a klutz.

He holds his hand out.

ROGER  
Roger Fritz.

Claire with a blond wig on, now in Marilyn's place, reluctantly shakes his hand.

CLAIRE  
Nice to meet you, *Roger*. I'm...

ROGER  
Marilyn.

She quizzically stares at him.

ROGER  
Like Marilyn Monroe. I'm a big fan.

She smiles in embarrassment.

ROGER  
I like your hair.

CLAIRE.  
Why thank you.  
(nodding to the barber shop)  
I just got it.

[END FLASHBACK]

WHITE FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roger strangles Claire and the Marilyn Monster.

CLAIRE/MARILYN MONSTER  
(straining for air)  
Please... I'm Claire.

ROGER  
Stop saying that!

Roger grabs a pillow and smothers Claire.

WHITE FLASH TO

[FLASHBACK]

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Roger and Claire walk out of the cafe.

ROGER  
I should get home. My wife will be home later.

CLAIRE  
Ah, that's right. Your lucky lady,  
you charming little devil.

Roger chuckles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Roger's eye twitches.

ROGER  
I'm thinking about leaving Claire.

CLAIRE  
Are you kidding me?

Claire scrambles up to get dressed.

ROGER  
What's wrong?

CLAIRE  
You're taking this way too far! Is  
this a joke to you?!

ROGER  
No! I want to be with you, not  
her!

Claire stands dumbfounded.

[END FLASHBACK]

WHITE FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Roger smothers Claire/Marilyn Monster.

ROGER  
(through tears)  
Give her back to me.

Claire's struggles go limp. Roger smothers the pillow for good measure, then releases his grip. He breaks down, catching his breath. The necklace glints up at him. Roger slowly reaches for the pillow. He snatches it.

ROGER  
Oh God.

Claire is dead.

ROGER  
 (checking her vitals)  
 No no no no no no no.

Roger does a few chest compressions.

ROGER  
 Claire no. Come back.

He breathes into her mouth.

ROGER  
 Breathe, Honey! Breathe!

Roger pounds on Claire's chest with his fist as he sobs.

ROGER  
 Claire, please! I'm sorry! I'm so  
 sorry! I'll do anything. Just  
 please don't leave me... I'll  
 never cheat on you again, I swear.

Roger's efforts die down as he drops his head. He looks at  
 her, then gasps in relief.

ROGER  
 I-... I thought I lost you. Oh  
 Honey, I'm so sorry. I didn't  
 mean-... I can make it right. I'll  
 be a better man- a better husband.  
 Just-... just don't leave me  
 again. Please. Can you ever  
 forgive me?

Roger waits for Claire's answer... Claire's hand reaches up  
 and caresses his cheek. Roger holds it lovingly against his  
 face, kisses it, and smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Roger cheerfully prepares breakfast.

ROGER  
 Eggs, bacon, toast, and  
 coffee. Just the way you like it.

He places a plate on the table in front of Claire's usual  
 seat.

ROGER  
 I think it'll surprise you. I'm  
 getting better at this whole  
 cooking thing.

Roger kisses Claire on the forehead, then moves back to grab his plate. He sits down and takes a bite of his breakfast.

ROGER

That is delicious. What do you think?

REVEAL: Claire's pale and lifeless body sits in her chair, the heart pendant clasped around her purple neck.

ROGER

Thank you, Honey. That means a lot to me.

Roger grasps Claire's hand lovingly.

ROGER

I told you I was going to make it right again.

Roger smiles at her.

ROGER

I love you too.

Roger takes his hand back and joyfully eats his breakfast. His eye twitches.

FADE OUT

TITLE: "TWISTED LIMERENCE"

THE END