

SCRIPT EXCERPT: MICHELLE/GREG

CONTEXT: MICHELLE, 36 years old, and GREG, 40 years old, are married. Despite Michelle's best efforts to keep the peace, they fight often.

GREG

[*Quietly*] Where the hell have you been?

MICHELLE

Sorry, I got held up at work. And I just –

GREG

A call would have been nice.

MICHELLE

Sorry. I just stopped in to get groceries.

GREG

What do you want, a medal?

MICHELLE

No.

GREG

I was meant to meet Ross down the club half an hour ago.

MICHELLE

Okay. I didn't know that. You could have gone – Zoe's fine on her own.

GREG

That's not the point...I was worried about you.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry. You can go now.

GREG

[*Exploding*] Oh you've parked me in for god's sake!

MICHELLE

I'll move the car.

GREG

Fuck Michelle.

MICHELLE

I said I'll move it.

GREG

Hey, don't raise your voice to me. I'm not the one who got home late. How long does it take you to get the groceries anyway? It's seven o'clock for chrissake!

MICHELLE

I told you I got held up at work.

GREG
Who were you with?

MICHELLE
I was at work.

GREG
I don't think you answered my question.

MICHELLE
Do you want to know every single person who was at the hospital while I was at work?

GREG
Oh, you're so funny.

MICHELLE
[Calmly] I'll get the rest of the groceries and then I'll move the car.

ZOE goes back to her phone. MICHELLE goes to leave. GREG grabs her arm.

GREG
Don't walk away from me. Who were you with?

ZOE looks up again.

MICHELLE
No one. I was just at work.

GREG
You're lying.

MICHELLE
I'm not.

GREG
I will call them, you know. I will call your work and find out.

MICHELLE
I'm telling you the truth.

GREG
I want a phone call next time.

MICHELLE
Okay.

GREG
Good. Now move your fucking car.

He lets go with a shove.