

STORMS

Written by
Kevin McCoy

THIRD DRAFT-REVISED

"STORMS"

**SCRIPT EXCERPT BEGINS ON THE
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RICK
I'm only human. I'm trying to deal
with Stacy's death, too.

LINDA (cont'd)
(indicating the beer)
But this has become your solution
to all of our problems!

RICK
Like hell! Why don't you just lay
off?

Rick storms out of the kitchen. Linda sets the can on the
table and follows him.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rick goes over to the TV and turns it on. He sits down on a
sofa. Linda crosses in front of him and goes straight to the
TV. She turns it off. She turns to speak to him.

Rick uses the remote control to turn it on again. She spins
around to turn the television off again. He switches it on
once more. Glaring at him, she hits the power button again.
She plants herself squarely in front of the television,
deliberately blocking Rick's use of the remote.

LINDA
We've put this off for too long,
Rick.

She walks towards him, giving Rick a clear shot. He aims the
remote, turning the TV on and punching up the volume. Linda
stops, looking briefly very hurt. Her eyes narrow angrily,
and she turns for the TV. She reaches behind and unplugs it.
Victorious, she turns back to Rick.

LINDA (cont'd)
Are you going to listen to me?

Rick stares at her for a moment. He sets the remote control
down.

LINDA (cont'd)
Losing someone else I love is hard.
I need you on this. Sober.

She sits down on a table before the sofa.

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RICK
I am not drunk!

LINDA
You're not listening to me. I might
have gotten you to listen to Stacy.

RICK
Maybe you should have gotten me to
marry Stacy!

He sees the surprise and hurt on Linda's face.

RICK (cont'd)
You've made her the solution to all
our problems. Everything we do is
compared to her, how well she's
doing, or what she thinks.

Rick stands up, putting some distance between them.

RICK (cont'd)
And I'm the one catching hell
because I don't live up to her
standards. I'm tired of it.

LINDA
You're jealous of her, aren't you?
She had to be doing something
right. Well, look at us!

She stands and faces Rick.

LINDA (cont'd)
We've been out of school for months
and we still can't find the jobs we
want. She was my best friend. I
have no reason to question her
integrity. I can't say the same
thing about yours.

She walks past him, heading towards the bedroom doorway.

RICK
Best friends don't go around
seducing your husband, Linda.

Linda stops at the doorway. She slowly turns around.

LINDA
What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

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RICK
Just what I said.

Rick walks over to the liquor cabinet near the TV. He pulls out a glass and a bottle. He pours into the glass.

RICK (cont'd)
Remember that weekend you went home when your Dad was sick? And Stacy said she would look after me while you were away?

He looks at her through his glass as he drinks. Linda walks a few steps toward him.

LINDA
Do you really expect me to believe what you're suggesting?

RICK
I guess you want proof?

He moves a little closer to her. She looks at him skeptically. She starts to turn away. He grabs her arm.

RICK (cont'd)
Stacy ever tell you about the cross-shaped birthmark she has on her...?

LINDA
(shocked)
How do you know about...Stacy would never have told you...

RICK
Still don't believe me?

Linda backs up in a daze, bumping into a sofa. She sits down heavily. She turns away, closing her eyes. Rick goes over to her.

RICK (cont'd)
(concerned)
Linda?

She opens her eyes and stands up, fighting back tears.

LINDA
(trembling)
Maybe you should have married her.

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Very carefully and deliberately, she pulls off her wedding ring and holds it in front of his face. She drops the ring into his glass.

She looks him straight in the eyes, turns, and walks into the nearby bedroom. Rick starts after her.

She SLAMS the door in his face.

RICK

Linda, please...listen to me.
I...I got carried away. I'm...

LINDA

(from behind door)
Go away! Leave me alone.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Linda leans against the door. The bedroom beyond lies in darkness, except for the occasional flash of lightning.

LINDA

Just leave me alone.
(crying)
How could she do this to me?

She slides to the floor, her back against the door.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rick is on the other side of the door. We HEAR only the sound of the rain and thunder.

RICK

Linda. I just wanted you to think
about us. I'm sorry.

Rick walks away from the door, heading for the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rick is at the sink. Sitting on the counter nearby are several empty beer cans and liquor bottles. Rick pours the last beer down the drain and tosses the empty can into the garbage.

Rick does not see Linda leaning in the doorway to the kitchen.

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LINDA

Rick.

He turns around. Linda walks in, stopping a few feet away.

LINDA (cont'd)

Let's call a truce.

Rick moves closer to her.