

PERFECT WIFE

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - DAY

A typical neighborhood bar. A pool table in the back, an old tube TV hangs from the ceiling in the corner by the bar, tables and chairs spread out in random order.

The place is half filled with after work patrons having a drink before they head home.

DARRYL (35) sits at one of the tables with a beer in front of him. He leans back in his chair, a smug look on his face like he's on top of the world.

He glances around the room to see if anyone notices his "awesome" presence. No one does.

Darryl takes a big gulp of his beer.

The door to the bar swings open. MARTIN (30) short, stout with a red face strolls in together with TOBY (30). Toby is very tall, very skinny, 130 pounds tops. He's got an overbite and no chin what so ever.

Darryl notices the two. Waves at them.

DARRYL
Martin! Toby!

Martin and Toby turns to see Darryl. They head on over.

MARTIN
Darryl! How ya doin?

TOBY
Didn't expect to see you here.

Darryl pulls a couple of chairs out.

DARRYL
Come on guys. Have a seat.

Martin and Toby sit down.

MARTIN
Haven't seen you in ages. What you been up to?

A proud smile spreads on Darryl's face. He holds up his left hand, shows off a wedding ring.

Martin's and Toby's eyes bug out.

TOBY

No way Darryl! You got married?

Darryl gets that smug I'm the king of the world look again.

DARRYL

Yep. And not just any girl either.
She's a dream. Couldn't ask for
anything better. Seriously guys.
She's perfect.

MARTIN

There's no such thing. Perfect
girlfriend maybe, but not wife.

Darryl gestures for the bartender to bring beers for his
friends.

DARRYL

Just wait here and I'll introduce
you to her. She'll be here any
minute.

MARTIN

I can tell ya there ain't no such
thing as a perfect woman.

DARRYL

Oh yeah? How about last Sunday I
had just started changing oil in
the car and she comes out and says
(talks and gestures like a
girl)
"Oh honey let me change the oil.
You can sit down, have a beer and
watch. If you don't mind, I'll do
it naked so I won't get my clothes
dirty".

The bartender brings the beers then leaves. Martin and Toby
stares at Darryl.

TOBY

No shit?

MARTIN

What's wrong with her? I bet she's
a real dog.

DARRYL

She's beautiful.

MARTIN

Okay, so she's not a dog and likes
changing oil naked. Big deal.

Toby stares at Martin.

TOBY

That is a big deal! Your wife won't even have sex naked!

Martin's not convinced.

MARTIN

I bet she spends all your money buying useless shit like shoes.

Darryl shakes his head no with pride.

DARRYL

Nope!. In fact I decided to be a little extra nice to her one day and take her shopping at Neimann Mark-ups and she said "Honey, I hate shopping. Let's go to a strip club instead".

Martin and Toby reach for their beers in unison while their eyes are fixed on Darryl.

TOBY

Whoa...

MARTIN

I bet she nags you about getting drunk.

DARRYL

Not even that. In fact she keeps the fridge stocked at all times and even tells me I'm hot and turn her on when I wake up hungover looking and smelling like the city sewer.

TOBY

Damned! She sounds like a real peach.

Darryl boasts.

DARRYL

Got that right. Last night there was absolutely nothing to watch on TV. I must've seemed real bored. She came up to me and looked me deep in the eyes and said "what's wrong baby? You look all bored". I said I was and she asked me if I wanted to help her shave her--

Martin cuts him off, still suspicious.

MARTIN

I bet she can't cook.

Toby stares at Martin.

TOBY
Are you kidding? With a woman like
that, who gives a fuck if she can
cook?

The door to the bar swings open. HELEN (30) steps in. She might not be PlayMate material, but she's attractive with a nice body and flirtacious smile.

Darryl sees her. His whole persona lights up. He waves at her.

DARRYL
Helen! Over here.

Martin and Toby ogle Helen then glance at each other. They nod with approval. "Not bad".

Helen floats in a very feminine way to their table.

As she gets closer Toby eyes her more intently. There's a hint of recognition in his eyes.

After a passionate kiss Darryl proudly handles the introductions.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Martin, Toby, this is Helen. My
wife.

They all shake hands then Helen sits down.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - LATER

The mood is high. Everyone's had quite a bit to drink.

Toby stares occasionally at Helen with confusion.

DARRYL
Well guys, I think it's time for me
and the missus to head home.

He winks at Martin and Toby.

Helen and Darryl gets up. They all say their good-byes then Darryl puts his arm around Helen's waist and with pride escorts her out of there.

MARTIN
I can't believe Darryl found
someone like Helen. She's
unbelievable.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Can't even imagine a woman who'd suggest they stay home and watch football and drink beer instead of visiting her parents.

Martin glances at Toby who's lost in thought.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Hey, what's up with you?

TOBY
I went to high school with...her.

MARTIN
Serious? Man, you should've asked her out.

TOBY
Nah...

MARTIN
Why not? She coulda been yours instead of Darryl's.

Toby shrugs, takes a big gulp of his beer.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Why didn't you ask her out? Too intimidated? She was too hot for ya?

Toby takes another drink.

TOBY
Nah... back then she went by the name Troy Mossberg.

Martin's turn to be confused.

MARTIN
Troy?... As in...

Toby nods.

TOBY
Yeah.

MARTIN
Damn... I knew there was no such thing as a perfect woman.

FADE OUT: