

INT. URBAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

(Present time. DANA ROBERTS, thirties, taps away on her Apple laptop. TODD ROBERTS, thirties, busies himself with various electronic devices too, iPhone and iPod. He has earbuds in.)

DANA

Sweetie? Did you change the Netflix password?

TODD

Hmmm? What?

DANA

Our password. For Netflix? I keep trying to log in -- for like the millionth time -- and can't.

TODD

Oh yeah. I changed it. Last week. Didn't I tell you?

DANA

Um no, Password Phantom, you didn't. What a relief. I thought I was suffering from early dementia.

TODD

Oops. My bad.

(Long pause. Dana waits, then stares at Todd.)

DANA

HelLLLLLLLLLLLLLlo?

TODD

Hello.

DANA

What's the new password?

TODD

Oh, um, our last name... birthday combo... anniversary thingie... something. I'll e-mail it to you. Later.

DANA

No. Just shout it out, babe.

TODD

Nah. You'll forget it. I'll e-mail it to ya.

DANA

Ohmygod. You are the biggest control freak. You're holding our Netflix account hostage.

TODD

(removes earbuds)

What? Say again? I'm tweeting.

DANA

Stop twittering... and tell me the password.

TODD

Um. No.

DANA

No? No? Love Bucket? Did you just say no... to the love of your life?

TODD

Yeah. Because you, the love of my life, keep changing our Netflix queue every other day without telling me. It's infuriating. You reshuffling our movies like a deck of cards.

DANA

I don't reshuffle. I reorder.

TODD

You push my movies down.

DANA

No, I don't -- I just move my movies to the top.

TODD

Okay. Who made up that rule, Dana?

DANA

Me. Welcome to marriage 101.

TODD

I didn't know marriage meant never seeing a movie I'd like again.

DANA

Lesson One: marriage is all about the sacrifices.

TODD

Dana, I think we should open separate Netflix accounts. What? What's that look about?

DANA

Separate Netflix accounts? Two accounts?

TODD

Yeah. Separate but equal.

DANA

We're already driving the mailman nuts with red envelopes coming and going. That's the lamest suggestion. Paying double for movie rentals every month? It's a total waste of money. We're still recovering from the second Depression, you know.

TODD

Yes, thank you, Suze Orman. Separate accounts are great. Then, you can choose your movies and I can pick my movies... sweetheart.

DANA

You're serious?

TODD

You put your movies up at the top of the queue and keep pushing mine down into oblivion. It takes me three weeks to crawl my way back up to number one -- just to get shoved down again. And then, then, you take forever to watch your movies -- they pile up, sit unopened on your desk, for weeks -- stopping the steady flow of my home entertainment enjoyment.

DANA

Excuse me. The movies I order we watch together, Todd.

TODD

Has it ever occurred to you -- that I may want to watch a movie alone? We don't have the same tastes. To be blunt, Dana -- I hate your movies.

DANA

Excuse me? You *hate* my movies? Hmmm. Who's that person sitting on the sofa watching them with me every Saturday night and digging into my popcorn bag? Huh? That person looks an awful lot like you, Todd. Chews like you too. Mouth all open. Loud.

TODD

I'm trying to chew and swallow without tasting your popcorn... since you insist on buying that artificial flavored stuff... like Honey Buttered Popcorn.

DANA

I see. So, now, you not only hate my movies... but my snacks too? Wow. What else about me bugs you?

TODD

Don't open that can of worms.

DANA

Oh, you already popped the lid, baby. Big time. Bring it.

TODD

Okay. Since we're venting. I hate the way you hog the TV remote when you don't know how to use it.

DANA

You mean that contraption that you bought at Best Buy? That's not a remote, Todd -- it's a NASA control panel. "Houston, we have a problem in Apartment 3C. Houston? I want to change the channel. Houston? Copy."

TODD

Truly boggles my mind... how someone with a Master's Degree in Engineering can't comprehend a DVD menu.

DANA

Oh, I comprehend plenty, Skippy. Plennnnn-tttyyyy.

TODD

Amazing.

DANA

We're married what now... eight months? But ohhhhh... I'm wise to you.

TODD

Congratulations.

DANA

What's the new password, Todd?! I want it! Give it to me! I mean it! Or --

(DANA SEARCHES THROUGH HIS PAPERS ON THE DESK AND SOFA)

TODD

Or what? WHAT?

DANA

I'll... I'll report you to Netflix. They have people who handle identity theft.

TODD

What?! I didn't max out your credit cards. It's not against the law to change a password.

DANA

On a joint account? Oh yes, Buckaroo. I think it's a federal offense.

TODD

Netflix is in my name, Dana. I pay the bill every month. Okay?

DANA

Well, I pay the phone bill every month. How about I change our phone number and forget tell you about it? Huh? Or better yet, change all the locks on the door? And say, oops -- my bad, Todd -- I'll mail you the key.

TODD

Whatever, Dana.

(Todd turns away. Dana leaps on his back.)

DANA

TELL ME THAT DAMN PASSWORD?! WHAT IS IT?!

TODD

I DON'T REMEMBER IT... OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD! GET OFF MY BACK!
WHAT ARE YOU, A MONKEY? I DON'T REMEMBER!

(Dana hops down. Rumbles through his desk on another frantic search. Then, exhausted, she looks at him.)

DANA

If you don't GIVE me the password -- this relationship is over! I mean it!

TODD

You would break up... this loving marriage ...over that?!

DANA

Yes! On grounds... of mental cruelty! I was all psyched up about ordering a New Release but now I can't! You're a very cruel man, Todd Roberts!

TODD

What new release? Oh. Let me guess. Another romantic comedy?