

ENVY

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

OPAL, 40s, a one-time trophy wife dug in for the long haul, talks with her therapist, DR. ROSE, 30s.

OPAL

I'm surprised you made it,  
considering the orgy carnival down  
the street.

DR. ROSE

I didn't see any orgy. Or carnival.

OPAL

Some of us pay more attention than  
others.

Dr. Rose looks at the high-powered binoculars in Opal's lap.

OPAL

I'm not crazy.

DR. ROSE

I didn't say you were.

OPAL

They're the ones that are crazy.  
I'm normal. For god's sake, I  
voted for Ron Paul.

DR. ROSE

Why do you think they're crazy?

OPAL

The partying. The music. They're  
probably eating hash brownies, and  
having sex in a circle right now.

(beat)

Don't they care about property  
values?! I just re-tiled the pool  
deck in Italian marble.

DR. ROSE

You seem to be focused on their  
physical selves. Has something  
happened lately...?

Beat.

OPAL

Charlie's fucking his secretary.  
His new secretary.

DR. ROSE

Ah.

OPAL

He comes home relaxed and smiling.  
Tells jokes to the maid. I even  
caught him singing in the shower.

DR. ROSE

I see.

OPAL

Why does everyone else get to have  
all the fun?!