

Blue Valentine

Cindy is blow drying her hair. Dean walks in with an ice bucket.

Cindy: What are you so grumpy about?

Dean: Oh, I don't know. I don't know why.

Cindy: Do you want a drink?

Dean: Yes please (Dean puts in a CD of a mix. It's there song...he lights a cig) (Penny and the Quarters- You and me...he starts singing the song)

Dean and Cindy share a drink and start dancing....she takes a puff of his cig and then he wraps his arms around her and they begin dancing, he dips her, they share a moment then kiss. She walks over to sit at the table to eat. He follows her! They sit down to eat and drink.

Dean: You gonna eat that?

Cindy: Why don't you do something.

Dean: What do you mean?

Cindy: I don't know!

Dean: What does that mean? Why don't I do something?

Cindy: Isn't there something you want to do? Like something you want to do?

Dean: Like what?

Cindy I don't know...You're so good at so many things, you could do anything you wanted to do, your're good at everything that you do, isn't there something else you wanna do?

Dean: Than what? Than be your husband? To be Frankie's dad? What do you want me to do? What.....In your, like, dream scenario of me like doing what I'm good at, what would that be?

Cindy: I don't know, you're so good at so many things, you can do so many things, you have such capacity.

Dean: For what?

Cindy: You can sing, you can draw, you can (laughs) dance.

Dean: (sighs) Listen, I didn't wanna be somebody's husband. Ok? And I didn't wanna be somebody's dad. That wasn't my goal in life. Some guys it is...Wasn't mine. But somehow, I'veIt was what I wanted. I didn't know that. And it's all I wanna do...I don't want to do anything else. That's what I want to do. I work so I can do that.

Cindy: I'd like to see you have a job where you didn't have to start drinking at eight o'clock in the morning to go to it.

Dean: No, I have a job that I can drink at eight o'clock in the morning. What a luxury, you know? I get up for work, I have a beer, I go to work, I paint somebody's house, they're excited about it, I come home, I get to be with you. What....like....This is the dream.

Cindy: It doesn't ever disappoint you?

Dean: Why? Why would it disappoint me?

Talking over one another

Cindy: Because you have all this potential.

Dean: I could still do whatever I could do. So what? Why do you have to fucking make money off your potential?

Cindy: Look I am not even saying you have to make money off of it. Don't you miss it?

Dean: (cuts her off) What does potential even mean? What does that mean, potential? Potential for what? To turn it into what?

Cindy: We rarely sit down and have an adult conversation, because every time we do you take what I say and you turn it around into something I didn't mean. You just....twist it. Start blabbing, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

Dean: If you're not interested in what I have to say then maybe I just shouldn't say anything. (Cindy laughs) That's funny huh? (still laughing) What's funny about that?

Cindy: (laughing) Good luck...I'd like to see you think about what you say, instead of saying what you think all the time. Good luck, give it a try!

Dean: What do you mean? (Cindy starts punching in the air) You wanna fight me?

Cindy: Yeah, I wanna fight you.

They start fighting and wrestling on the floor.

Dean: Ok, there you go.

Cindy: On your back, on your back motherfucker! (They both are happy and laughing)
Ow! Ow!

END