

# WASTED LOVE WITH YOU SEASON 1

An audiobook & audio drama

Adapted from *Wasted Love with You* by Whitney G.

WHIMSTERY

with casting & production by Silverton Audio

**This script is not to be shared or distributed in any way.**

**SCENE 1.**

*Sound director.* We're in Seattle's clean-cut suburb of Montlake, a Twilight-Zone-esque place where homeowner associations reign supreme, minivans mingle with sports cars, and tree-lined driveways with perfectly sculpted landscaping stretch for miles. We hone in on the bedroom of Autumn and Nate Taylor, where they're currently intimate in bed. (*See complementing SFX-Details Script Version for all sound effects throughout script.*)

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

I have a confession to make. (beat) I don't love my husband anymore—especially not on these days. Our flame burned out a long time ago, leaving two severely scorched hearts in its wake. No matter how many times I try to convince myself that a stray ember will soon catch fire, that the old sparks will return someday, the coldness remains.

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

I married him when I was eighteen years old—when I was young, dumb, and thought I knew everything. I was captivated by defiance, too obsessed with the whole, “But mom, *I love him,*” and “He’s the only person who understands my deep, dark past,” that I couldn’t see the web I was weaving. By the way, having strict parents who enforce a midnight curfew hardly equates to having a “deep, dark past.”

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

(cont'd)

Honestly, I don't even think I'm *attracted* to my husband anymore. He's currently on top of me—taking more than he gives as usual—and all I can think about is whether I turned off our coffeemaker.

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)

I think I hit the switch. Did I hit the switch?

*SFX. Bed sounds.*

NATE

You like this, baby? You like the way I feel inside of you?

AUTUMN

Oh, yeah, Nate ... Oh, *yeah*.

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)

Wait. Didn't I say “Oh, yeah” ten seconds ago? Damnit. “Oh, baby.” Say, “Oh, baby,” next.

NATE

Tell me you like this, Autumn. Tell me.

AUTUMN

Oh, baby. I like this ... No, I *love* this.

NATE  
 (satisfied)  
 I know you do...

*SFX. The bed sounds are a bit louder now. The bedframe hits the wall repeatedly.*

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)  
 Okay, now I'm *convinced* that I didn't turn off that coffeemaker. I made two cups of hazelnut, tried out the new espresso feature, and then I brewed that blend of vanilla, so—

NATE  
 (interrupting)  
 Can you feel me, baby? (makes a strange moaning sound) I'm almost there.

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)  
*Ugh.* Why does he sound like a cross between a wounded bear and a dying tiger? I can't do the fake leg shake if he doesn't move his arm.

NATE  
 Autumn...Are you there?

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)  
 There should be consequences for being this bad in bed...

NATE  
 Are you about to come with me?

AUTUMN  
 (overly dramatic, clearly faking it)  
 Ohhhh, yes, yes yesssss! I'm *there*. Ahhhhhh.

*SFX. The bed stops rocking after a few seconds, and then there's nothing but the sound from the open window. Faint birds, wind, soft suburban mix.*

*SFX. Nate rolls over in bed.*

NATE  
 I love you, Autumn.

AUTUMN  
 I love you too, Nate.

NATE  
 That was good for you as usual, right?

AUTUMN  
 Right.

## AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

This is always the most awkward part of our mornings, when what's left of our marriage is on full display, and we're forced to pretend like whatever strained conversation that follows means something. Or that the words "I love you," hold weight when we both know that they don't. Truth is, we're not even friends anymore. We're more like estranged roommates who made a foolish promise years ago, and we're just going through the motions until someone finally has the courage to break it.

## NATE

The president of the HOA is supposed to stop by to get our vote for the air balloon festival. I'm thinking we should vote no.

## AUTUMN

I already voted 'yes' and pledged to donate extra. (beat) The Warrens invited us to another one of their themed dinner parties this weekend. I don't want to go.

## NATE

What's the theme?

## AUTUMN

Marital bliss.

## NATE

Tell them I'm working late.

## AUTUMN

I will. (beat) You want waffles for breakfast?

## NATE

Always.

*SFX. Autumn gets out of bed and walks downstairs to the kitchen. She hits the lights.*

## AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)

I didn't turn off the coffeemaker. I knew it!

*SFX. Autumn opens and closes cabinets, grabs dishes, and sets them on the counter.*

## AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

Usually, Nate offers to make breakfast after sex, but I need a moment alone to think today. I need a freakin' *break*.

*SFX. The doorbell rings.*

AUTUMN  
One second! I'm coming!

*SFX. Autumn walks through the kitchen and opens the front door.*

KATY  
Well, good morning, Autumn!

AUTUMN  
Good morning, Katy.

KATY  
Today looks like it's bound to be another beautiful day on Sweet Sycamore Lane. I just *love* living in this neighborhood, don't you?

AUTUMN  
What's not to love about living in a never-ending episode of *Suburban Hell* with a bunch of Stepford wives?

KATY  
*Huh?* What did you say?

AUTUMN  
I said that I agree with you one-hundred percent. I just *love* living here, under all the rules, the blandness, and the syrupy-sweet street names like Whispering Willow, Pressed Pine, &—

KATY  
(interrupting)  
Monday Magnolia & Jumping Juniper?

AUTUMN  
(dryly)  
Yeah... Those too.

KATY  
Me too! (laughs) I can't wait until we get our brand-new gate. Anyhoo, I didn't see you at the fall festival over the weekend. Any reason why?

AUTUMN  
I work part-time at a crafts store on the weekends.

KATY  
Ah, that's right. I still can't believe your husband lets you work! I mean, he's a top-tier executive and it's 2022. That's practically a crime.

AUTUMN  
I enjoy my job, Katy.

KATY  
Oh, please, Autumn. Part-time or not, I know those hours *have to* be the worst part of your week. You should be spending your free time with me and the other girls around here instead of wasting it on a pointless job. There's tons of hot yoga, luxury shopping, and coffee dates to enjoy while the boys handle the business. That's far better than stringing instruments and sorting yarn, you know?

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)  
All I know is that conversations like this make me wish I worked *full-time*.

KATY  
(still talking)  
This past Saturday, Josie had us all over for an audiobook and wine listening party. (lowers her voice) It was an erotic book with this sexy alpha male in it, and it was *so* dirty that we had to pause it every ten minutes to catch our breath. It was an incredible four hours of filth, and I left with super wet panties. I still haven't washed them.

AUTUMN  
I didn't need to know that.

KATY  
You're welcome anyway. I'll have to tell her to send you the link so you can enjoy the filth, too.

AUTUMN  
Noted. Um, not to be rude, Katy, but I'm in the middle of making breakfast right now. Is there something you need?

KATY  
Oh, yeah, sorry. I know I can ramble on and on. Anyway, I just happened to be driving by, and I couldn't help but notice that your front porch mums are officially out of season.

AUTUMN  
Excuse me?

KATY  
Your mums, Autumn. (now sounding as if this is a tragedy) They're throwing off the entire aura of our street today. It's way past time for you to pull them out and replace them with something more fitting, don't you think?

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)  
Is she being serious right now?

KATY

I know you had some super strong bloomers this year, but they're giving me late October-ish vibes at this point. And everyone can see that October is long gone.

AUTUMN

Katy, today is literally November first.

KATY

I know! So, I'm sure your landscaper will understand when you call him about this travesty ASAP. I mean, I can call mine and insist that he do it for you if you'd like. I'd hate for you to be the only house on the block that isn't keeping a firm handle on the changing seasons.

AUTUMN

*Right.* Goodbye, Katy. Have a beautiful rest of the day on Sweet Sycamore Lane.

KATY

Wait! Do you want me to call Josie to get the name of that audiobook first? I've been replaying the best scenes in my mind, and I'm more than happy to—

*SFX. Autumn slams the door shut on Katy mid-sentence. Then she returns to the kitchen and continues making breakfast.*

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

A part of me wants to rush back outside to Katy and ask her if we can grab a coffee. If I can possibly tell her about my broken marriage with Nate, and perhaps she can convince me that these feelings are all in my head or confirm that I'm not alone. Then again, I've struggled to get close to any of the women here. Sometimes I feel like they're all tuned in to a never-ending episode of *Married Life is Wonderful*, and I'm never allowed to complain about where the writers are taking the show.

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)

I have to talk to *someone*, though. Sooner rather than later.

*SFX. Autumn picks up her cell phone and taps the screen.*

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)

Wanda? (beat) No, she'll try to sell me leggings. Pamela? (beat) I don't think so. She'll make me talk to her cats. (beat) Julie. Hmm. Julie's right next door. That could work.

*SFX. The phone rings a few times.*

JULIE

(answering)

Hey there, Autumn! Isn't today another beautiful day on Sweet Sycamore Lane?

AUTUMN

Okay, seriously. Did the mortgage company somehow program everyone to say that line when you moved in, or do you just love saying it?

JULIE

Um...huh? I'm afraid I'm not following.

AUTUMN

Never mind. Do you have any free time this afternoon? I need to talk to you about something. Something really important.

JULIE

If this is about Linda Watts' disaster of an HOA meeting, I will bring over two bottles of wine. I can't believe she tried to make people buy her shampoo products at the end!

AUTUMN

No, it's about—

JULIE

Hey! Put that back on the shelf, Mister. Now. (sucks in a deep breath) Right now, Daniel. Stop embarrassing me in this store.

AUTUMN

Should I call you back at a different time?

JULIE

God, no. You're the first adult I've spoken to today. Hold on one second while I put Daniel back into this cart, okay?

AUTUMN

(sighs)  
Okay.

*SFX. Nate walks into the kitchen.*

NATE

Hey. I just got an urgent call from a top client. Can I write you a raincheck for this morning's breakfast?

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

I nod, knowing that I'll never redeem it. We say lines like, "You want waffles?" or "Want to watch a movie later?" in the same way that friendly strangers ask, "How are you today?" and "Great weather, isn't it?" We aren't interested in the actual answers, and we don't expect the encounter to lead to any place new.

NATE

I hope you have a good day.

AUTUMN

You too.

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

He blows me a kiss and I pretend to catch it. For a quick moment, as he stands there in his custom black suit and sexy grey tie, with a satisfied smile on his lips, he almost looks like the man I thought I married. (beat) *Almost.*

NATE

I feel like I'm forgetting something. Am I?

AUTUMN

I don't think so.

NATE

Hmmm. Well, bye.

AUTUMN

Bye.

*SFX. Nate leaves the kitchen and walks outside.*

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

As much as I don't want to admit the truth or give her any credit, I can't help but hear my mother's rightful words replaying in my head for what has to be the umpteenth time this year.

AUTUMN'S MOTHER

Don't get married at eighteen, Autumn. You'll regret it.

*SFX. We can hear Nate driving away as Julie returns to the line.*

JULIE

Hello? Hello? Autumn, are you still there?

AUTUMN

Yeah, I'm here.

JULIE

So sorry about Daniel. He's a handful these days. What's this thing you want to talk to me about?

AUTUMN

Nate.

JULIE

Awww! You need help picking out something special for your upcoming anniversary?

AUTUMN

No. (beat) I want you to tell me why I shouldn't ask him for a divorce.

JULIE

(stunned)

Oh. Well, I ... Do you want to meet me at Whimstery Café in a couple of hours? Maybe four-ish?

AUTUMN

Absolutely. I'll grab a booth in the back for us.

JULIE

Great. See you there.

*SFX. Autumn ends the call and pushes the bowls and pancake mix into the sink.*

AUTUMN (NARRATIVE)

There's no point in making breakfast anymore. I'd rather kill time until lunch by driving around the city instead of staying in this cold house for another second.

AUTUMN (INNER VOICE)

Besides, there's no way that this can all be in my head. Right?

*End of scene.*

*Sound director. Transitional series theme music into Scene 2.*