

MISSUS

written by

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INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

NANCY (late sixties, looking it) exits a salon, walking across the busy mall. Her grey hair is blown out and styled. She wears a nice dress and doesn't feel at home in it.

She stops at a STOREFRONT's glass window, looking at her reflection. She stares at her coiffed hair and nervously straightens the front of her dress.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Nancy walks into a stall. She sits on top of the closed toilet seat. She takes a deep, nervous breath.

She reaches into her purse and applies perfume to her pulse points. Another deep breath.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - EVENING

Nancy steps into her car, parked in the lot.

She checks her reflection again. She roots through the glove compartment, retrieving mascara. She slowly applies it.

Nancy checks the time on the dashboard: 5:30PM. She looks around and starts the car.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nancy's car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked, Nancy looks at the time again. 5:55PM. Still a bit early. She stills still, not moving. Passing time.

The glove compartment is still open, which Nancy notes. She goes to close it...noting a silver flask sitting inside.

She grabs the flask, taking a long swig.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - BOOTH - NIGHT

Nancy sits at the booth patiently, absentmindedly reading the menu.

GREG (O.S)

Nancy.

Nancy looks up. She smiles. GREG (late fifties, handsome, well-dressed) stands before her.

NANCY

Greg!

Nancy smiles, standing. Greg warmly touches Nancy on the arm before they both take their seats.

NANCY (CONT'D)

It's so nice to see you again...

GREG

You, too. You look great.

Nancy guffaws.

NANCY

Right.

GREG

You do!

NANCY

You look so...

Nancy smiles, trailing off.

GREG

I look *divorced*.

NANCY

Oh, stop it. Are you ready to order?

LATER

Nancy and Greg sip from glasses of cheap sangria. Plates of food before them.

GREG

The kids are okay, y'know. They're in their twenties, they don't want to hang out with their Dad.

NANCY

They'll come around. I speak from...well, not *experience*, I suppose. Maybe wisdom.

Greg smiles, nodding. Then:

GREG
I was surprised when I heard you
and Morgan didn't have kids.

NANCY
Really?

GREG
Yeah. You were always so...

NANCY
(grinning)
Motherly? Matronly...?

GREG
No! No, not that. Stop doing that.

NANCY
What?

GREG
Stop talking about yourself like
that. You're beautiful.
(pause)
You always were.

Nancy smiles.

NANCY
Alright. I'll stop.

GREG
Forty-something years...

Greg ponders this silently before reaching for his phone.

GREG (CONT'D)
Speaking of: I have something to
show you. Friend of mine posted it
on Facebook, years back.
(shows her the phone)
I think this photo was the last
time we ever saw each other. My
last day of senior year. 1979.

The photo on screen shows a posed photo of TWENTY-SOMETHING
NANCY and a TEENAGED GREG, amongst Greg's young classmates.
It's clear that Nancy is their teacher.

NANCY
Look at us.

Greg smiles. He reaches out and touches Nancy's hand. She
stares at down at his hand on hers.

GREG
You were always my favourite
teacher.

There's a long silence.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nancy and Greg walk towards the parking lot.

GREG
I wish I could stay out, have a
drink with you.

NANCY
Don't be silly. Be fresh for your
flight.

GREG
Well...

Greg hugs Nancy. It's a little stiff at first, but eventually their embrace warms. Greg rests his head on Nancy's shoulder.

GREG (CONT'D)
Bye, Nancy.

NANCY
Bye.

Nancy waves as she walks towards her car.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Nancy sits in the driver's seat. She waves again as Greg's car pulls out of the lot and disappears down the street.

She puts the keys in the ignition but doesn't turn the car on. She's smiling. Practically vibrating with glee and excitement.

A nervous look around. The parking lot is empty.

Nancy quickly, without much thought, reaches into her dress and begins masturbating.

She shoots another look around, suppressing a moan.

After sometime, she shudders. Removes her hand from her dress. She turns the ignition and drives off.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - FOYER

Nancy enters her lived-in home, dropping her bag by the door. She heads to the...

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and enters, flicking the light-switch on.

She approaches the sofa. MORGAN (late sixties, sickly) sits there, hooked up to an I.V bag suspended above him. He looks like a strong breeze may kill him.

NANCY

Morgan, what are you doing sitting
in the dark?

Morgan shakes his head.

MORGAN

Headache. Come sit with me.

Nancy sits beside Morgan, resting her shoulder on him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You have a good night?

Nancy shakes her head "no".

MORGAN (CONT'D)

No? But you always love seeing your
students.

Morgan splutters out a dry cough.

NANCY

Not this time.

MORGAN

How come?

Nancy turns her head, looking up at Morgan.

NANCY

'Cause I missed you too much.

Morgan smiles. His entire face wrinkles.

Nancy and Morgan sit together in complete silence. Eventually, we...

CUT TO BLACK