TEMPTATION

Written By

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## INT. GRAHAM AND MARGE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

GRAHAM HALIFAX, thirty-six, sits on the edge of the bed, dressed in an inquisitive suit. He removes from his coat pocket; a cigarette holder, box of matches, a gold watch: and from his inside pocket he requires the items; a condom packet, slip of paper with someone's telephone number on it.

He slowly examines the items placed delicately on the bed cover. He reaches out for the slip of paper and stares at it for a long time. Then, like a sudden burst of rain on a sunny day, he begins to weep. Tears hit the floorboards.

He weeps and weeps, uncontrollably. His eyes dilute. He clasps his shaky hand against his mouth, trying to contain his sadness. This is a man, who'd never do greater conduct than deceive a spouse. Noticeably, tap water has been running in the enjoining room. Somebody, female' voice, is humming a tune inside.

Graham looks from the number on the slip of paper to the bathroom door, that's slightly ajar, and wipes his tears away. He broadens his shoulders, as if preparing for a contest, and begins taking his clothes off.

A woman emerges from the bathroom. She's extremely attractive, irresistible. Her slim body is well-toned. She smiles at Graham.

> WOMAN Hey. You ready, champ?

Graham looks up at her, pretends to smile.

GRAHAM I will be. If I get this t-shirt off.

He's having great difficulty with his t-shirt buttons.

The woman smiles half-heartedly at his efforts. She walks over to him, straddles her legs around his waist, and helps him undo his buttons. Everything she does is sensual. Graham is turned on. He starts to kiss her breasts. She giggles, takes off her brassiere. They begin to make passionate, as humanly possible, love. EXT. GRAHAM AND MARGE'S HOUSE - DAY

MARGE HALIFAX, thirty-five, overt, lets herself into her home, carrying several shopping bags. She whips off her raincoat and wellies. She's a practical person.

INT. GRAHAM AND MAEGE'S HOUSE - DAY

Marge is emptying the shopping bags on the kitchen counter, when she suddenly stops. She listens. She thought she heard something.

## MARGE

Graham?

Uncertain, she moves wearily in the direction of the sound she's hearing, leaving the bags unpacked.

INT. GRAHAM AND MARGE'S STAIRS - DAY

The sound leads her to the staircase.

She ascends the stairs slowly, ears guiding her.

INT. GRAHAM AND MARGE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Marge walks up to a bedroom door, listening in attentively, and calls out weakly.

MARGE Graham? I thought you were-

She opens the door.

MARGE (cont'd) -working.

She finds Graham in bed with the woman, curled up together underneath the doona, naked, sweaty. They've just expired after what could have only been furious, rapid sex.

Marge shrieks out, in anger, in disgust.

MARGE (cont'd)

Graham!

Graham and the woman jump out of bed, both panic-stricken.

MARGE (cont'd) What're you doing?!

GRAHAM What are you doing home so early?

Marge folds up against the wall, balling. She doubles onto the floor.

The woman is fast fleeing. Graham tries to help his wife up.

GRAHAM (cont'd) Marge. Please, listen. I'll explain. Just listen to me.

On the verge of total inner-destruction:

MARGE You... you... you bastard!

Marge violently attacks him. He backs off. He stands in the corner of the lonely room, staring at his wife on the floor, crying agonizingly. He cries with her.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

Graham's shamed face talks directly at us.

GRAHAM

I met her at the bar. We flirted. There's nothing wrong with flirting, is there? Anyway, I didn't expect much to happen, not that I wanted anything to happen. I love my wife very much. It's just when she finished her drink, she slipped a note underneath her empty glass and slid it over to me. I mean, I was so nervous. What was I doing? On the note was her number. I don't know why I called her up to come round. I guess it was the temptation. It was just sex. It means nothing. I love my wife. It was just... yeah, temptation. I'm only human after all.