

VALENTINE'S DAY

Written by

A Horny Devil

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The bed squeaks as MARTIN (40s, muscular but overweight, short greying hair) thrusts hard between JENNA's legs (40s, slim, grey roots overtaking long, dyed hair).

Jenna pulls his face to hers and they kiss lovingly, passionately.

The kiss breaks as she gasps ragged breaths with her mounting climax. He thrusts a few more times and goes rigid as they both moan loudly.

Martin collapses to the bed. They stare at the ceiling in bliss as they recover their breath.

He puts his arm over her and she turns into him, spooning. He takes her left hand in his. Their wedding rings don't match.

MARTIN

Why is it always so good with you?

JENNA

I've been wondering the same thing.

She turns her face to his and they kiss again.

JENNA

What time is it?

Martin reluctantly checks his phone on the bedside table.

MARTIN

3:40.

JENNA

I have to go.

Jenna moves to get up but Martin pulls her back, hugging her tightly. She giggles and halfheartedly struggles.

JENNA

Come on, you know I have to meet
Steve in twenty minutes.

Face falling, Martin releases her. Jenna pounces and starts tickling him.

JENNA

And you, buster, need to pick your
wife up from work.

Martin laughs under the barrage of tickling. He tries to tickle back but Jenna leaps off him.

JENNA

Oh no you don't. I do the tickling around here.

Jenna pulls on her underwear as Martin comes up behind her. He wraps his arms around her, hands on her breasts. Jenna melts against him.

MARTIN

Are you sure you have to go?

JENNA

God, I wish I didn't.

Jenna spins and takes hold of his member. He moans.

JENNA

You like that, huh?

Martin nods, eyes closed.

JENNA

See how you like this then.

Jenna suddenly releases him and continues to dress. Martin looks at her like she'd killed his puppy. She laughs.

JENNA

Still good for Thursday?

MARTIN

Yes. Definitely. For sure.

Dressed, Jenna checks herself in the mirror. She kisses him.

JENNA

Good. I'd hate to have to call Ricardo.

She winks at him and walks out the door.

MARTIN

Not funny!

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights come on in the spacious suburban kitchen. Martin sets a bag of groceries down on the counter as CYNTHIA (40s, athletic wear, long hair in a tight ponytail) follows while texting on her phone. He begins putting groceries away.

CYNTHIA

Jack can't make it tomorrow. His daughter has a dance recital. The only other time he has is Thursday before he flies out.

MARTIN

I can't. I have that consultation. It's in the calendar.

CYNTHIA

I know, but I was hoping you'd be able to reschedule. He'll be gone for six months.

Martin slams a can down in the cupboard.

MARTIN

I'm not going to reschedule a client. It's unprofessional.

CYNTHIA

He's our friend and he's been through a lot.

MARTIN

He'd understand.

CYNTHIA

And I don't?

MARTIN

You're the one busting my balls!

Martin and Cynthia stare coldly at each other. She sets her jaw and texts.

CYNTHIA

Fine. I'll let him know it's just me.

(beat)

You will be around for Valentine's Day, right? No consultations?

MARTIN

When have I ever not been here for Valentine's Day?

CYNTHIA

Well, it's not like we have any plans. Do you have something in mind yet?

MARTIN

No. Do you?

CYNTHIA

I always make the plans. It's your turn.

She storms out. Martin fumes in frustration for a moment. His cell pings and his face softens as he reads the text.

INT. JENNA'S CAR - NIGHT

Jenna rides Martin in the back of her car, fully clothed, skirt spread over his lap. They grunt and groan together as they thrust rhythmically, frantically.

Martin grabs her hips and grinds them down on him, sending them both over the edge. They go still, watching each other climax, and then kiss like they can't get enough.

Martin's cell phone pings on the seat next to him. The screen lights up with a text from Cynthia.

Jenna breaks the kiss.

JENNA

You going to get that?

MARTIN

Not important.

JENNA

Maybe she needs you.

MARTIN

I need you.

Jenna smiles and kisses him again. Her cell phone rings. She pulls it from her jacket pocket and answers.

JENNA

Hey hon. You on your way home?

STEVE (V.O.)

(over phone)

Heading out now. My mom says hi.

Martin kisses her neck. She leans into it, closes her eyes, rocks her hips.

JENNA

Okay, I hope you had a good visit.
Did you eat?

STEVE (V.O.)
You know Mom, she stuffed me. Go ahead without me.

JENNA
I'm pretty stuffed right now too.

Martin quickly smothers a laugh.

JENNA
See you when you get home.

STEVE (V.O.)
Actually I was thinking of popping by the pool and getting some laps in. You don't have to wait up.

JENNA
All right, sure. I'll see you when I see you, I guess.

STEVE (V.O.)
Okay. Love you.

JENNA
(to Martin)
I love you.

She drops the call.

MARTIN
I love you too.

They kiss. Jenna climbs off his lap, retrieves her underwear from the floor, and slides them on as Martin pulls his pants up.

MARTIN
So, Valentine's Day is tomorrow.

JENNA
Don't.

MARTIN
What?

JENNA
We agreed. We're spending it with our spouses.

MARTIN
Yeah, I know. But it doesn't feel right to not do something, so...here.

He slides a red envelope from under the seat and hands it to her. Tears threaten to fall as she reads the card inside.

JENNA

Oh Babe. I wish we could always have this too.

MARTIN

Yeah. If wishes were horses, we'd all be eating steak.

JENNA

What??

MARTIN

You haven't heard of that?

JENNA

This is a geek thing, isn't it?

MARTIN

Only my favorite geek show ever.

JENNA

All right. Next time we have a night together, you can introduce me to your geek show.

Martin can't contain the joy he feels. He fights off tears. Jenna touches his arm.

JENNA

You okay there? Need a tissue?

MARTIN

Fuck. Let's go before I lose it.

I/E. JENNA'S CAR - LATER

Jenna stops the car at a suburban street corner. Martin steps out and leans down to talk through the open window.

MARTIN

What are you and Steve doing for Valentine's Day?

JENNA

Swank restaurant, some dancing, gelato, cozy up by the fire...

MARTIN

Sex?

JENNA
Probably.

Martin nods, not liking the answer.

JENNA
What about you?

MARTIN
Pretty much the same, except the gelato. Cynthia can't stand it.

JENNA
Well, I hope the two of you have a wonderful time.

MARTIN
Yeah.

Awkward silence.

MARTIN
See ya, Jenna.

JENNA
See you, Martin.

Jenna pulls away, leaving Martin staring after her.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martin lies awake in the dark, staring at the ceiling. Cynthia sleeps heavily next to him.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenna falls back on the bed wearing skimpy lingerie. STEVE (40s, fit, chiselled good looks, great hair) leans over her, kissing his way down her body. Her expression changes to bliss as he buries his face between her legs.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martin shakes his head, trying to shake the image from his mind. He sighs heavily.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jenna stirs a pot cooking on the stove as she reads something on her phone.

Steve comes up behind her, kisses the back of her neck. She smiles and closes her eyes, enjoying the sensation.

She pulls his face around to kiss him lovingly.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martin sighs again, even more heavily. He shifts positions and squeezes his eyes shut.

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Jenna, the same kiss but it's Martin now. A deep, loving, long kiss.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia sleeps soundly. Martin is gone.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steve stirs beneath the sheets, alone in the bed. He reaches to the empty space beside him.

STEVE

Honey?

He lifts his head groggily and looks around the room. His eyes fall on a silhouette in the open doorway.

Martin steps to the end of the bed as Steve sits up in alarm.

STEVE

Who the fuck are you? Get out of my house!

MARTIN

You don't deserve her.

Martin pounces on Steve before he can rise, clubbing him with a tire iron. Martin hits him again and again and again and again and again and again and again.

EXT. JENNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin sits on the porch steps, hands wiped clean but still tinged red with dried blood.

Headlights flash over him as Jenna pulls her car into the driveway. She turns the engine off and looks at him through the windshield.

Martin rises as the car door opens.

MARTIN

I'm sorry. Jenna, I'm really sorry.

JENNA

What are you doing here?

MARTIN

I came over to...

Martin fumbles to find the words.

MARTIN

I kept seeing you with him, thinking of him touching you. Kissing you. Just being with you, eating breakfast together. Watching TV together. Laughing at the same jokes. All the things I want to have with you. I couldn't stand it.

Jenna sees the tire iron on the steps.

JENNA

What did you do, Martin?

MARTIN

I came to tell you all this in person. When you didn't answer your texts I tried calling but your phone was off. And all I could think was you were having sex with him. It drove me crazy, Jenna. I went inside. And you weren't there.

JENNA

Where is Steve?

Martin motions inside. She gives him a questioning look and his return look says it all. Steve's dead.

Jenna steps away from him.

JENNA

Oh God. Oh my God.

MARTIN

I know! Fuck! Look, I won't run or anything.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Go ahead and call the police. I just wanted to see you one more time before they came.

Martin approaches, arms out.

MARTIN

Can I just hold you one last time?
Please?

JENNA

You're not going to believe this...

Jenna opens the trunk of the car. Inside is Cynthia, dead, covered in blood, still in her lingerie. A bloody kitchen knife rests on top of her.

JENNA

I couldn't stand it either.

Martin looks at his dead wife with dismay and sympathy. And just like that, he gets over it.

MARTIN

That's my knife.

JENNA

I didn't want to leave it behind.
They'd think you did it.

He and Jenna look at each other uncertainly. They lunge for each other with unbridled passion, kissing and licking and groping like addicts after their drug of choice.

They force themselves apart, their lust barely contained.

MARTIN

What do we do now?

JENNA

Mexico's nice this time of year.

Martin smiles.

MARTIN

Happy Valentine's Day.

He slams the trunk closed.

SMASH TO BLACK.