

Catch You Later

by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sloppy, chubby HUSBAND (45) stands tall on the couch like a fierce warrior.

He glares at his target on the floor, having a magazine rolled up in his hand and humming "La cucaracha".

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The husband lies face-down on the floor, the magazine dropped beside him.

He slowly drags himself up, grabs his wrist in pain.

He glances around the floor, then retreats to the kitchen in shame.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The similarly chubby WIFE (45), wearing a bathrobe and a towel on her head, walks in from the bathroom.

She notices the magazine on the floor, picks it up.

The cover makes her frown: a hot girl in a nightgown lies sideways, crooking her finger at the reader.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The husband returns, a bag of frozen peas on his wrist.

He halts in his tracks: the wife stares lustfully at him, lying on the floor in the same position as the cover girl.

She beckons him with her finger.

He hops over her.

She gets up and pushes him on the couch.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The husband sits bored and annoyed on the couch.

"Fever" by Peggy Lee begins.

The wife's nude legs pop up in front of the camera - she pedals them in the air. The husband looks as bored and annoyed as before.

The wife crawls forward, stands up before him. She pulls the towel off her head, shakes her wet hair. He blinks his eyes clear of the droplets.

The wife grabs his hurt hand, puts it on her cleavage. He pulls it back with a cry of pain.

The wife playfully taps her finger on his nose, turns around, sways away from him.

She drops on her knees, her face directed at the camera. A few butt shakes - the husband remains unimpressed.

She continues with slower, sensual moves. Finally, a naughty smile dawns on his face.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The music has stopped.

The husband is up from the couch, his eyes fixed on the butt. The wife has frozen in anticipation.

He slowly walks towards her. The tension hits boiling point - heavy breaths, narrowed eyes.

He grabs her butt HARD - she lets out a yell of lust.

She is fully surrendered, waiting for his next touch with her eyes closed.

And still waiting.

The husband kisses his clenched fist and walks away.

The wife opens her puzzled eyes as he hears him humming "La cucaracha".

FADE OUT.