

RACE MY HUSBAND HOME

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INT. JOAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

A large king sized bed in the middle of a grand expensively furnished room. Floor to ceiling wardrobes and two oak nightstands on either side of the bed.

Evidence of a heavy night are everywhere.

Empty wine bottles, an open packet of condoms, lube and sex toys.

Hastily removed clothes can be found all across the floor.

Joan wakes up groggy. She looks over at Dustin who lays beside her, grinning.

JOAN

Good god what the hell did we get up to last night.

DUSTIN

I've got to say that was one of my best nights yet.

JOAN

Charming. Well I feel like shit.

He sits upright, hurt.

DUSTIN

No come on, the noises you were making. You can't say you didn't have a blast too.

JOAN

Yes a blast last night, very well. But it's not the night time anymore is it darling. And now I feel absolutely wretched.

DUSTIN

Hell I could do it all over again.

JOAN

How about you be a sweet dear and make me breakfast. Toast. Coffee. Feel free to use your imagination.

DUSTIN

How about we go out?

JOAN

I probably shouldn't leave the house.

DUSTIN

Well I'm not cooking. I'm too hung
over for that. We go out for food
or we don't eat.

JOAN

After everything I did for you last
night that's how you're really
honest to god going to speak to me.

DUSTIN

Come on. Put your clothes on and
lets go.

JOAN

Good lord where do you get your
energy from.

He leans over and kisses her.

DUSTIN

I guess I've just got a thirst for
life is all.

He grabs at her breasts, getting amorous.

She knock's his hands away. Reaches down for a silk dressing
gown and slips it on. Gets out of bed.

JOAN

Very well, but you're driving.

Dustin puts on a pair of underpants and leaps out of bed,
suddenly excited.

DUSTIN

Hot damn, and I just know the
perfect little place.

INT. DUSTIN'S TRUCK - DAY

A beaten up, warn out old truck. Messy and cluttered on the
inside.

The backseat is covered with trash, old food packets, cans of
pop and all matter of odds and ends.

Dustin sits up front with Joan. He parks and they both exit.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Outside Dustin's truck Joan suddenly rushes around to him and drags him down, forcing him onto his knees.

DUSTIN
Hey, what the hell do you think
you're doing?

She presses a finger to his lips, needing him to be quiet.

JOAN
Shush you fool. Get down. Do as I
say.

She watches as GARY, 55, short and bald walks by with a bouquet of red roses an his hands.

DUSTIN
(still with Joan's finger
pressed to his lips)
What's going on.

Joan gestures to Gary with the roses.

JOAN
My husband. Oh god do you see him.

DUSTIN
He's back?

JOAN
Of course he's back. You see him
too. Jesus. What piss poor luck.
The universe is always moving
against me. He was meant to be away
on business for two weeks. And it's
not even been one. No phone calls.
No texts nothing. What does he
think he's doing. Just going to
turn up unannounced.

DUSTIN
Hell, I guess he wants to surprise
you.
(grinning)
But is he going to be in for a
shock when he finds all that shit
in his bedroom.

Joan grabs a hold of Dustin and shakes him furiously.

JOAN

How can you laugh at a time like this. This will be the end of me. And if it's the end of me then it's the end of you.

DUSTIN

Then we don't let him see us together. You'll think of a story to explain everything. I know you will. You're smart.

JOAN

We need to race him home. Got to get back before he does.

DUSTIN

What's the we?

JOAN

Me and you. Now take me home.

DUSTIN

I don't know if I want to be involved in this any longer.

Joan grabs hold with both hands around his collar and shakes him some more. Uses all of her strength.

JOAN

Well you are. Get it through your thick head. All those nice trips away that I pay for. Your nice clothes'. That I pay for. The nice meals. The football tickets. I pay for it all. Gifts. But if my husband gets home first it'll mean the end of all of it.

DUSTIN

Damn.

JOAN

Take me home now. And drive faster than you ever have done before. I don't care if you have to drive up onto the sidewalk and run a little old lady over. You will get me home.

She shoves him back into the car. Forcing him back behind the wheel.

EXT. JOAN'S HOME - DAY

A beautiful five bedroom home. Elegant and dripping in class and wealth.

Dustin's truck comes to a sudden sharp stop outside.

INT. DUSTIN'S TRUCK - DAY

Dustin keeps the engine running. Joan attempts to shove him outside but he resists and keeps her off of him.

DUSTIN

(tired)

Listen. I like you and the things
you do for me and all that but I'm
not going back in there.

JOAN

(shocked)

Oh yes you are.

DUSTIN

No.

JOAN

I need help to clean the house. Top
to bottom. All evidence that you
stayed over destroyed.

DUSTIN

I'm sorry.

JOAN

To hell with your sorry. It's your
mess too.

He shakes his head, determined.

DUSTIN

I think it's about time you got out
of my truck.

Overcome with grief and anger, Joan spits in Dustin's face.

JOAN

Pig.

It takes all the self control that Dustin has to stop himself
from lashing out at her.

DUSTIN
I'll let that go this time. But if
you ever spit at me again. I'll
bust your head wide open.

Joan opens her front passenger door and exits. Slamming the door shut as hard as she can, Dustin speeds off.

INT. JOAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

With a trash bag in hand Joan is hurriedly gathering up all that she can. Trying to clean up the crime scene.

She's panicking, her eyes filling with tears. Close to hyperventilating.

INT. JOAN'S HOME - EN SUITE BATHROOM - DAY

Joan opens the door to the en suite, holds onto tissues and the packet of condoms.

But Gary is already sitting in here on the closed lid of the toilet.

Still Gary holds onto the bouquet of roses. He eyes his wife sadly.

GARY
It's over.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END