

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Mirabelle

Based on, If Any

07729271675

EXT. DAN & EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The gentle breeze picks up as soon as EMILY steps out of her old Ford. Shadows of the trees behind her dance around her feet as she locks the car door. Dressed in her overly starched white shirt and black pencil skirt, Emily walks towards the front door of her 2 storey red-brick house. Both her hands are occupied as she carries a red handbag in one hand and a leather briefcase in the other. She struggles as the wind blows even harder and her raven black hair gets in her face. The lines on her face get even more noticeable as she frowns and tries to blow her hair off her face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The dim light from the lamps compliment the cream coloured walls and enhance the warmth of the living room. Dan sits on the couch sipping his glass of Merlot. Just as he lifts the glass to his lips for another sip, he hears the sounds of Emily's court shoes as she walks towards the door. He jumps up and starts running towards the front door, his loosely tied bathrobe almost coming undone. He's too late. The door opens and a gust of wind blows in as well.

EMILY (IRRITATED)

Oh fuck sake

Emily struggles to close the door and drops her bags to the floor, she lifts her head and sniffs the air curiously.

DAN (PANICKY)

Oh, uh... honey! What're you doing home? Didn't you have that... soiree.. thing?

EMILY

Did you make dinner? What's the occasion?

Dan hurriedly sets his glass of wine on a table in the corner and rushes to stand in front of Emily, attempting to block her way.

DAN

I just.. I was.. Uh.. Yes dinner!

Emily's eyebrows furrow. She tosses her jacket at Dan and walks quickly to the kitchen, curious.

DAN (CONT'D)

No! Honey... Wait!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emily walks into the dimly lit kitchen, the dining table illuminated only by the spotlight. She instinctively walks to close the open refrigerator door. Just then the refrigerator door closes and Emily is face to face with a middle aged man in his boxers staring back at her with huge grey astonished eyes.

EMILY (ANNOYED)
GODAMMIT DAN, A MAN THIS TIME??