

Pretty Young Things

by  
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A married couple sit in a coffee shop in the far left corner of a cafe with a clear vantage point of the entrance.

WIFE and HUSBAND are in their early 40's.

WIFE is reading a book. HUSBAND is texting.

HUSBAND rotates from texting, to browsing his phone, and reading a book.

PRETTY YOUNG THING, a curvaceous, shorter trendy young woman with a silky short cami dress, walks in. HUSBAND glances up from his phone to look at PRETTY YOUNG THING. WIFE's eyes glance at HUSBAND, then at PRETTY YOUNG THING.

HUSBAND shifts focus, puts phone down and returns to read his book. WIFE returns her gaze to her book.

A group of three to five COLLEGE GIRLS stroll in, heroin chic thin with long hair, wearing short shorts, laughing loudly and making a ruckus.

HUSBAND glances up. WIFE glances at the COLLEGE GIRLS, then at HUSBAND. By the time she does, HUSBAND is back at his book.

An ELDERLY COUPLE slowly makes their way to the counter.

HUSBAND slowly looks up at them, looks a little longer.

WIFE glances to see ELDERLY COUPLE, then puts her head back down. WIFE continues to flip to the next page.

HUSBAND begins to text. FEMALE BARISTA, in tight black pants, walks past WIFE and HUSBAND to clean the counter.

BARISTA bends over to take out the trash. WIFE glances at the BARISTA, then at HUSBAND.

HUSBAND'S eyes are on his book. WIFE looks back to her book.

INT. HUSBANDS CAR - DAY

Couple is driving home, with the HUSBAND driving and WIFE is in the passenger seat.

HUSBAND gets a text from an unidentified number, displayed on Apple Carplay. HUSBAND doesn't open it.

WIFE

Who's that?

HUSBAND

(unassuming)

No clue.

WIFE remains quiet, but appears disconcerted as she shifts her focus from HUSBAND to out the windshield.

QUICK FLASH - INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

PRETTY YOUNG THING walks up to HUSBAND to introduce herself. We briefly see PRETTY YOUNG THING'S eyes (nose and up), then just HUSBAND'S eyes, engaged in conversation. They appear flirtatious.

INT. CAR - PRESENT DAY

WIFE blinks. Appears slightly uneasy, but remains quiet.

WIFE turns her head out the window to gaze out the street.

Then from outside the window, we see the wife gazing out as the passing street reflects on the window.

From WIFE'S vantage point, we see a brief image of Husband sitting with PRETTY YOUNG THING in the car window as the trees are passing by.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM/HOME - EARLY EVENING

WIFE is freshening up her makeup, getting ready to go out.

HUSBAND walks in the bathroom, places his phone (face up) by the sink, and goes to use the bathroom. We hear HUSBAND peeing from the bathroom.

HUSBAND'S phone lights up on the sink counter with a text notification. WIFE looks at phone. It is a text from the same unknown number as in the car.

WIFE glances back to the bathroom, then back at the phone. She slowly picks it up. She is just about to unlock when the toilet flushes.

WIFE quickly sets the phone down and returns to add to her face. HUSBAND walks back in, his reflection appearing in the mirror alongside WIFE.

HUSBAND

Who are you getting all pretty  
for? You're just going out with  
Rachel, right?

WIFE slightly blushes.

WIFE

Yeah, I don't know where we're  
going. Rachel just said she wanted  
to go somewhere nice - so . . .

HUSBAND

"So"?

WIFE

So. . . I'm just prepping for some  
place nice.

HUSBAND

Ah, I see. Well, you look  
beautiful babe.

HUSBAND kisses WIFE on the cheek, grabs his phone and  
heads out the bathroom. The mirror continues to reflect  
WIFE.

WIFE

(eyes following  
HUSBAND)

What are you doing tonight?

HUSBAND

Just got to run a few errands.  
Probably hang at home, cap off the  
night with a bit of scotch.

Clicks tongue.

WIFE is looking at herself in the mirror, still applying  
makeup.

HUSBAND

Well, I gotta run before the  
stores close, so I'll see you  
later hun.

Kisses WIFE on the cheek and rushes out the room.

HUSBAND  
(yelling from the  
other room)  
Also, you don't need any more  
makeup!

WIFE reluctantly grins and simultaneously rolls her eyes.

We hear the front door opens and shuts.

WIFE looks at her face. She sets the makeup brush down, a clear weight sets in.

She picks up a cotton wipe, lightly wets it and begins to pat the concealer from under her eyes. She puts down the cotton wipe.

We hear HUSBAND'S car start up. WIFE'S eyes lift and she looks at herself in the mirror. Her gaze is intent as anxiety in her rises. She slowly breathes in through her nose and slowly exhales out.

QUICK FLASH - HUSBANDS CAR - EARLY EVENING

HUSBAND holds up his phone. He opens the text from unknown number. He grins.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/HOME - PRESENT DAY

WIFE is still staring at her reflection. Her gaze in the mirror, slightly daunting, intensifies.

QUICK FLASH - HUSBANDS CAR - EARLY EVENING

(Flashed images don't last for more than a second or two.)

UNKNOWN NUMBER (TEXT)  
You still ready for tonight?

HUSBAND (TEXT)  
Been waiting all day for it.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM HOME - PRESENT DAY

WIFE continues to stare in the mirror. Slightly misty-eyed, taking in deep and heavy breaths that tend to quicken.

She blinks and tries to shake off feelings of panic. Takes a moment to Continue to apply makeup.

WIFE'S iPhone dings.

RACHEL (TEXT)

Here!

WIFE slowly gathers her iPhone and heads to the bedroom. She grabs her bag and looks at herself in the bedroom full-length mirror. She is dressed in a sleek minimal black dress, wearing simple, delicate gold jewelry, and a lightly rosey face. Contemplating herself and figure, she looks down the mirror and back up to her face.

She inhales deeply, closes her eyes briefly, and slightly shakes her head as she exhales, trying to release any worry.

WIFE is walking out to the door. Heading past the kitchen we hear a ding. It's from the iPad on the counter.

She stops and takes a second to look at the screen. We see a text notification on her HUSBAND'S iPad. The iPad reads 6:39. It's the same unknown number. She checks if it's unlocked. It's locked. She raises her forehead and brows as she inhales again, and hurries out.

INT. CAR WITH RACHEL - EVENING

RACHEL babbles as she drives.

WIFE tunes her out, looking at her iPhone. It's 6:47. She opens her phone and goes to text messages.

She opens the last text from HUSBAND. Clicks on name and info, to locate him. A map pops up. After a moment it locates HUSBAND at local floral shop, Bloom. RACHEL continues to speak to herself.

We see WIFE'S countenance, just her nose, eyes and forehead, growing tense and alarmed as Rachel babbles.

QUICK FLASH - BLOOM - EVENING

HUSBAND picks up an ornate, stunning bouquet.

QUICK FLASH - BLOOM - EVENING

HUSBAND'S car drives up to a house. We see the back of HUSBAND'S head in the driver's seat.

PRETTY YOUNG THING opens the car door. We see her bare legs, peeking out the slit of a silky skirt as she steps into the car. We don't see a face.

HUSBAND hands PRETTY YOUNG THING the bouquet, and she leans in to HUSBAND.

INT. CAR WITH RACHEL - PRESENT DAY

RACHEL  
(slightly amped)  
Ha, I mean am I right??

RACHEL looks at WIFE. Her face is deadpan and clearly anxious.

What do you think?

WIFE  
Sorry, what?

RACHEL  
Really? You didn't hear any of that?

WIFE is realizes she has been zoned out. Is still alarmed.

WIFE  
(not concerned about RACHEL)  
Sorry RACH. What do I think about what?

RACHEL  
Ah, I was just venting... You know, my birthday last week - Oh, thanks for that giftcard, by the way.

WIFE  
You're welcome. So?

RACHEL  
(sighs)  
Ughhhh, it's just - freak'n Craig and his love of celebrating people's birthdays. You'd think after eleven years, he would get it! You know? I mean, I throw him a party every year and each of the kids. And what does he do?

WIFE

What did he do?

RACHEL

Well, initially he talked about bringing me to that restaurant you're always talking about.

WIFE looks down at the phone. It's 7:01.

She pulls up maps again. HUSBAND is on the road.

We see WIFE'S countenance, still growing nervous, looking out the window, helpless.

QUICK FLASH - PARKING LOT/WIFE'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT - EVENING

HUSBAND helps PRETTY YOUNG THING out of the car. He walks to the right of her toward the entrance of the restaurant, his hand around her waist. HUSBAND takes his left hand and softly brushes her hair from PRETTY YOUNG THING'S face.

INT. CAR WITH RACHEL - PRESENT DAY

WIFE still looks at the phone. Opens text to locate HUSBAND again.

RACHEL

So I'm waiting all day. Thinking "Rachel, give the man a chance to prove himself. At least give him the day." Then 6 o'clock rolls around, and the idiot ends up ordering a pizza and says let's watch that new series on Netflix!

WIFE is still waiting for iPhone to pull up location.

RACHEL

Like I give two shits about his series. Ugh.

QUICK FLASH - RESTAURANT - EVENING

HUSBAND and PRETTY YOUNG THING are seated in an intimate spot together. We see just the mouths of HUSBAND and PRETTY YOUNG THING flirting, laughing and smiling.



Then we just see the top half of PRETTY YOUNG THING's face, eyes up. Her makeup is full, with liquid lined eyes and long full, batty lashes.

INT. CAR WITH RACHEL - PRESENT DAY

IPhone locates HUSBAND at favorite restaurant. WIFE's looks panicked, frozen. Her eyes begin to well up.

RACHEL

I mean would it be that hard to get dressed up for once? Take me out to a resteraunt? Get a babysitter? I mean, take me out for one nice meal out of the year, ten minutes down the road?

WIFE is still in shock. She hasn't noticed RACHEL is pulling up to her favorite restaurant. She's speechless for a moment.

WIFE

(barely getting the words out)

Here? You want to eat here?

RACHEL puts the car into park and looks at Rachel

RACHEL

(smiles)

You're favorite spot right?

WIFE

Are you sure?

RACHEL

I mean, I got a reservation for a reason. I'm sorry to be venting, I mean, we're going out! Craig just drives me so freak'n nuts.

RACHEL pulls up to a spot and gets out of the car. WIFE steps out slowly, taking one step in front of the other as RACHEL is rushing to the entrance.

RACHEL

(a few feet ahead of her, calling back)

And I made reservations for 7, so we're a little late.

RACHEL continues ahead. But then stops pulling out phone. RACHEL begins walking past WIFE towards the restaurant.

RACHEL

Hopefully it's not too packed.

WIFE pulls up HUSBAND'S last text, hits info and waits for location to refresh. RACHEL turns around to WIFE. WIFE is still tuning out.

RACHEL

(muffled, so we can  
just barely hear  
her)

Well, are you coming tonight?

WIFE eyes are widening, almost agonizing, staring at her phone, still waiting for the map to refresh.

QUICK FLASH - PARKING LOT/WIFE'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT -  
EVENING

They're seated at an intimate spot in her restaurant inside, body language engaged with each other. HUSBAND reaches to place his hand on hers.

EXT. PARKING LOT/WIFE'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT - PRESENT DAY

WIFE looks down at iPhone. It locates HUSBAND at a restaurant. WIFE's face freezes, but continues to slowly move forward. From the outside, WIFE tries to gauge where HUSBAND seated.

QUICK FLASH - PARKING LOT/WIFE'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT -  
EVENING

HUSBAND and PRETTY YOUNG THING are cozy and quiet. HUSBAND's hand gently touches the bare leg of PRETTY YOUNG THING.

INT. WIFE'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT - PRESENT DAY

WIFE'S brows are strained, her eyes quickly welling up. She struggles to keep her tears at bay. WIFE walks at a quick, steady cadence towards the dimmed Restaurant, and anxiously steps through the front doors, leaving behind RACHEL.

RESTAURANT dimmed lights come on.

EVERYONE  
SURPRISE!

WIFE stops dead in her tracks.

EVERYONE  
(singing)  
"Happy Birthday to you. . . "

WIFE sees friends and family filling the restaurant, and HUSBAND standing to the side, with the beautiful bouquet, surrounded an array of balloon and elaborate decor for the event.

Everyone continues singing.

WIFE looks at HUSBAND.

By the time the second "Happy Birthday" is sung WIFE eyes show relief, confusion. Tears are already streaming down her face.

HUSBAND begins to walk towards to her, smiling.

WIFE drops to her knees, head in hands and begins to sob uncontrollably.

The singing comes to a halt.

WIFE's sobbing grows uncontrollable. It's beyond surprised, beyond touching. It's awkward.

HUSBAND lifts WIFE's chin to see her face. The "Happy Birthday" song begins to soften. Their eyes connect.

He holds her face with his hands. The sobbing dies down as the tears continue to stream.

It's completely silent.

It's silent but for the WIFE catching her breath.

Still through tears, WIFE surrenders a grin. Their eyes lock.

HUSBAND  
(whispers into her  
ear)  
Happy Birthday, babe.