

The Wife's Not Speaking

By

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INT. WAXY'S SILVER TREEHOUSE - DAY

DAN (41), stands at the entrance of Waxy's Bar soaking wet.

His mud stained clothes drip onto the floor as the sun beams in all around him. Mimicking a silhouette standing in the twelve o'clock sunlight.

The locals turnaround, resting a hand over their brows to catch a glimpse of this unwelcome visitor.

He slowly drags his tired wiry legs, leaving behind wet footsteps as he approaches the bar.

He leans on the brass bar of this traditional establishment with oak worktops, stools and flooring.

Puddles grow at his feet as water drips from his soaked drenched clothing.

The BARTENDER greets his regular.

BARTENDER
What's your poison Dan?

Dan shivers as he orders.

DAN
Whiskey, double.

The Bartender turns around. He speaks to Dan looking into the mirror whilst grabbing a few shots.

BARTENDER
You're all wet. I didn't know it was raining outside.

DAN
It's not. It's the wife again.

The Bartender turns back and sets the whiskey down.

BARTENDER
She did this to you?

Dan picks up the shot glass and gulps down it's contents.

He sets down the empty shot glass.

DAN
In a manor of speaking.

He points to the glass.

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DAN
Fill 'er up.

The Bartender retrieves an unopened whisker bottle. He pours a single shot.

BARTENDER
What's happened?

He sets the bottle down to pick up a towel and wet glass.

DAN
She's not talking to me.

BARTENDER
The cold shoulder treatment again. That's the third time this month.

Dan continues to pour himself single shots.

DAN
This time, I think it's kinda my fault.

BARTENDER
It's always your fault.

DAN
Don't remind me.

BARTENDER
What is it this time? Left the gas on, didn't carry the shopping?

DAN
No, worse. Those are minor inconveniences that annoy her. This is big.

The Bartender stops drying glasses.

BARTENDER
I'm listening.

DAN
Well it's not my fault this time, I just panicked, I couldn't help it, help her.

BARTENDER
What's happened?

DAN
You know that brand new car we
bought a few months ago.

BARTENDER
The black jag.

DAN
Yeah. I was telling Linda to slow
down. And then all of a sudden-

Dan slaps his hands together.

DAN
bam. We hit the railings at Inver
Bridge.

BARTENDER
My God.

DAN
We went over. I just panicked and
swam to the surface.

BARTENDER
You left her behind.

DAN
I didn't mean it. It's lucky
though.

BARTENDER
For her or for you?

Dan frowns, raising an eyebrow.

DAN
For her. There were fisherman
nearby who jumped in and pulled her
out.

BARTENDER
When did this happen?

DAN
About fifteen minutes ago.

BARTENDER
My God Dan, and where's Linda?

DAN
She's gone in the ambulance to get
checked out. Got a few bumps and
scratches.

Dan smiles looking into mirror, checking himself out.

DAN

I was lucky, not a scratch on me.

BARTENDER

Whys she not talking to you?

DAN

Because I didn't open her door for her.

BARTENDER

You didn't open her door? Why?

DAN

I panicked. How was I to know she was stuck.

BARTENDER

And left her behind.

The Bartender shakes his head in disappointment.

DAN

Don't make me feel even more guilty than I already am. She's the one who crashed the damn car.

BARTENDER

Won't she be even more upset you're in here having a drink?

DAN

She will be.

Dan pours himself a triple shot.

DAN

By the time I get home. I'll be so blind drunk that I won't have to listen to her moaning.

BARTENDER

Fifteen minutes after the accident. She won't be moaning, she'll be leaving.

Dan tries to hold his head up. He speaks slurring his words.

DAN

With what? The cars at the bottom
of the river.

The Bartender takes back the whiskey bottle.

BARTENDER

I think you've had enough. Go, see
your wife, before it's too
late. Buy flowers, book a table
and grovel till she accepts your
apology. Okay?

DAN

Okay.

EXT. INVER RIVERBANK - DAY

Dan and LINDA (36), lie face down on the riverbank. Both
covered in scratches, cuts and bruises.

Two fisherman prod each body for any signs of life.

Linda comes around, coughing up water. She slowly opens her
eyes and sees Dan still unconscious.

She worries, jumps up, then shakes his shoulder.

LINDA

Wake up Dan, wake up.

Dan coughs up water.

DAN

Linda, I'm alright.

LINDA

I was worried.

DAN

Linda.

LINDA

Yes.

DAN

I'm sorry.

FADE OUT.