

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BED

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

INSERT - ELECTRONIC PHOTO ALBUM - TRANSITIONS

-- BRIAN WHITE 38, on his knees and in full work mode, attending to a dismantled bicycle.

-- JOSH WHITE, 14, with the face of a choir boy, examine his father tightening the handle bar.

-- REBECCA WHITE, 35, slim and attractive even without make-up, takes a selfie of the family behind the fully completed bicycle.

-- Brian is seated on the bicycle complete with a colgate smile.

-- Josh throws a thumbs up.

-- Rebecca raises a cup in salute.

-- Brian riding with no hands or feet.

-- Brian in MID AIR, and the bicycle directly below him.

-- Brian lands on the bicycle handle. OUCH.

-- Josh covers his eyes.

-- Rebecca covers her mouth.

-- Brian in PAIN on hospital bed with the bicycle handle protruding from his rear. Doctors around him.

-- Brian face -- sleeping like a log.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Brian is fast asleep. His snoring echoes the dimly lit room.

Rebecca elbows him continuously until...

BRIAN

I know -- I know. Ten more minutes.

Brian opens one eye and checks the time.

INSERT CLOCK

06:37

BACK TO SCENE

He rolls over and spoons his wife.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Brian still in the exact spooning position except Rebecca is now a pile of pillows.

He snuggles closer, places his hands where boobs are supposed to be and feels around. He opens his eyes to a barrage of sunlight and squints at the clock.

INSERT CLOCK

08:26

BRIAN (O.S.)
O Lordy lord!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A 94 SKODA, is clinking along at full speed on the busy motorway. Horns toot violently as the Skoda, fearlessly weaves in and out of cars at twice their speed.

INT. SKODA - DAY

The back seat has a HANDBAG.

Brian in a WHITE SHIRT a few sizes too big and a CREAM TROUSER.

He brushes his teeth and spits out his window.

He balances a cup filled with coffee on his lap while using his knees to steer.

He's greeted by foul language from each car he passes.

Other drivers examine the fearless no-handed driver brushing his teeth rigorously as he passes by without a care in the world.

BRIAN
Sorry -- sorry -- sorry

His mobile phone VIBRATES on the dashboard.

Every limb is currently occupied.

The phone vibrates louder.

He stretches out his toothbrush and attempts to shift the phone. Toothpaste drips all over the seat.

He places the toothbrush in his mouth.

He checks his rear mirror, his side mirrors and over his shoulders then HITS THE BRAKES WITH FORCE. SCREEEEECH.

The phone flies from the dashboard and lands in his hand.

SUCCESS. He punches the air with delight but looks down to see...

Coffee emptied all over his pants.

He answers the phone in his best voice. Loudspeaker.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(toothbrush in mouth)
Good morning, Brian White
speaking...

REBECCA (O.S.)
Hey babe. I left my handbag on the
back seat, please grab it on your
way in.

The car pulls up to a red light.

BRIAN
I thought you were s'pose to wake
me?

Toothpaste spit drips from his mouth.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Sorry -- I left early to buy a new
handbag -- I didn't want to disturb
you!

BRIAN
Oh I am very disturbed honey. I'm
very disturbed right now. A new
handbag -- what happened to the
other forty you have indoors?

Toothpaste flies everywhere.

Brian stares directly into the eyes of a frightened family on his left side.

REBECCA (O.S.)
You won't understand. Handbags are
the equivalent of football jerseys
you men buy every year.

BRIAN
Oh no sweetheart. We have no choice
to buy a new jersey. You have a
choice with a bloomin handbag! I
mean, how many handbags can you
have --

REBECCA

You sound like you woke up on the wrong side of the bed. I know what will cheer you up!

BRIAN

Rebecca -- no -- please. Now is definitely not the time for that!

REBECCA (O.S.)

(intone)

Today is the day when all your fortunes will align with Jupiter.

A RED NISSAN full of THUGS pulls up beside Brian's Skoda on the right and sits at the lights.

BRIAN

Rebecca -- Rebecca. I don't believe in that nonsense -- Honey!

Rebecca ignores his pleas and continues.

Brian's agitated animation draws the attention of the Thugs.

They wind their windows down and listens in.

Brian turns on the radio and put it on full blast.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Blah - blah - blah - blah - blah.

The thugs laugh. This guy is crazy.

Then IT happens.

Brian SPITS A HUGE CHUNK of TOOTHPASTE directly on the thugs.

Brian is frozen stiff. He switches the radio off without losing eye contact.

A mini stand-off.

REBECCA (O.S.)

'You will find yourself in a really tight situation today and it will seem like there is no way out. Your patience will be tested today'

The thugs calmly wipe themselves down and one of them gets out the car and head to the boot.

Brian observes from his side mirror just as the man slams the boot down and calmly approach the Skoda with a HUGE WRENCH.

The lights finally change to green. The cars ahead slowly takes off one by one.

BRIAN

Come on come on Come on.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Relax -- I'm building the tension.
Have some patience.

Brian honks his horn.

The thug is by his rear wheel.

The car ahead slowly moves forward.

The frightened family observes Brian's fate.

Brian steps on the gas and leaves the thug standing in his dust.

REBECCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"Steer clear of a stranger who will offer you an object. When Saturn aligns with the north solar system, you will be victorious." What you think about that babe?

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Brian creeps around the packed car park waiting for a space.

He scans his watch.

A man strolls towards a Mini Cooper. Brian waits with anticipation.

The man enters the car flips on the engine and doesn't move.

Brian scans his watch. After a minute, Brian hops out the car and approach the man.

BRIAN

Excuse me -- are you --

Brian spins around to see another car leaving. He race towards his car, hops in, starts the engine.

He looks up and another car has now occupied the space.

He slams the steering wheel.

He sits patiently. Nothing. He approaches the Mini Cooper and another car is now leaving. He races back to the car and looks up. Another car is on it's way to the spot.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
No No No NO.

TYRES SCREECH as Brian pulls off but is just beaten to the space by a smirking old man who throws him a wave.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'll give you something to smirk
about in a minute.

Brian scans his watch.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Ten bloody minutes.

He sits patiently. He scans the Mini Cooper. The Mini Cooper slowly pulls out of it's parking space.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You're mine.

Brian scans the area, no other car in sight.

He flips the ignition. Nothing.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
OH COME ON!

He flips and flips.

He checks his rear mirror and a car is approaching.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
OH SHIT!

He flips the engine over and over while applying pressure to the pedal.

The car in the rear window is almost on his tail.

Brian closes his eyes and say a little prayer then flips the engine. BINGO. He wheel spins straight into the parking space.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Yes -- Yes -- Yes -- Yes.

Brian checks his rear mirror. His joy turns to pain.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
No -- no -- no -- no!

The sound of car doors opening.

A knock on Brian's window.

He gaze into the face of "the thug" who has the huge wrench by his side.

He accepts his fate and winds the window down.

THUG

Fancy running into you again!

BRIAN

Look -- I'm not in the mood OK. Do whatever you want!

The thug drops to the ground.

The car shakes violently.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing! Oi! What are you ding down there?

The thug hops up with a huge grin.

THUG

One of your wheels was lose.

BRIAN

You wot?

THUG

That's a serious violation of the highway code mate!

BRIAN

What about the spit?

THUG

We all make mistakes. I know you didn't mean it. As a matter of fact, you did me a favour.

BRIAN

What?

THUG

Yeah -- I forgot to pick up toothpaste for our weekender. Can't have our breaths smelling like dodo for an entire weekend now can we?

BRIAN

No!

The thug leaves and hops back into his car.

Brian sits there pondering as they drive off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Never judge a book by it's cover!

The VIBRATION from his phone snaps him out of his daydream. He answers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yes yes -- I'm here.

REBECCA

Well hurry up, Josh is about to go on stage.

BRIAN

Give me two minutes!

REBECCA

Don't forget to grab my bag. I have some props in there that he needs to perform!

BRIAN

No problem!

Click. She hangs up.

Brian brush himself up and straightens his clothes.

He leans over the back seat. No bag.

He fumbles around violently in the back -- no bag.

He sits there thinking.

QUICK FLASHES

-- Thugs on motorway gazing at his back seat.

-- Thug approaching his car!

-- Thugs driving off.

Brian grabs his phone and dials.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Brian!

BRIAN

Sweetheart -- how many handbags will it take -- to make you happy?

END