

Her Cheating Husband

FADE IN:

INT. MANNING ESTATE - KITCHEN - MORNING

PIPER FREESIAN, 23, sexy good looks, grabs a can of Mountain Dew from inside a Sub Zero fridge.

She closes the door, revealing SEBASTIAN MANNING, 50, rock solid physique, wearing only a bathing suit.

SEBASTIAN

Boo!

Piper lets out a muffled scream, jumps back, fumbles to hold onto her soda.

PIPER

Mr. Manning, you almost gave me a heart attack.

He smiles, looks at the can in her hand.

SEBASTIAN

Funny, Piper. I'm the one who needs to worry about a heart attack at my age. You just need to watch that sugar intake. You kids...and what's with the Mr. Manning shit? You know how old that makes me feel?

She pops the top of her soda, takes a big swig, a coy smile on her face.

PIPER

Sorry...Sebastian. It won't happen again.

He puts his arm around her, as they walk toward the foyer.

SEBASTIAN

It better not. C'mon, you've got to get out of here, she'll be home soon.

PIPER

I know, I was just leaving. Go get your laps in.

Piper walks away, quickly stops, turns.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Hey, aren't you forgetting something?

Sebastian raises his eyebrows.

SEBASTIAN

Uh...

PIPER

The money?

SEBASTIAN

Shit...sorry. A thousand, right?

She takes another sip of her soda.

PIPER

Yep, that should do it.

EXT. MANNING ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Piper hops into her black Porsche Cayenne. The car zips down the long driveway, peels rubber, when it hits the street.

EXT. BIRD ROCK LANE - CONTINUOUS

A silver Ferrari sits parked in the street, four houses down.

INT. FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

CHANDRA MANNING, 45, elegantly stunning, sits with her cell phone to her ear.

CHANDRA

Oh, it's on. It is definitely on.

(beat)

Yeah, I'm sure.

(beat)

Yes...I want him DEAD! The sooner the better, but I'll check his schedule and get back with you.

(beat)

If she's with him, kill her slut-ass as well, and make it hurt.

(beat)

No, no guns. I want it done old school style.

EXT. DEL MAR RACETRACK - GRANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

MARCOS, 30, hard, handsome features, pockets his cell phone, checks his watch.

He picks up his Racing Form, turns to the third race, smiles, laughs out loud.

MARCOS

I'll be damned...how apropos.

EXT. DEL MAR RACETRACK - TICKET WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Marcos saunters up to an open TELLER, with a wad of cash.

MARCOS

Let's go with \$500 to win on the
seven horse, Her Cheating Husband.
I've got a hunch.

INT. MANNING ESTATE - KITCHEN - LATER

Chandra sets her purse down on the counter, eyes dart around the empty house.

Her eyes settle on a note pad with handwriting on the counter.

INSERT NOTE PAD:

Friday, Chandra at spa all afternoon - 3 hour window - big
surprise dinner ready by 6:00

BACK TO SCENE:

She laughs.

CHANDRA

You arrogant pig.

EXT. MANNING ESTATE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian swims laps in a huge pool.

Chandra walks past the patio, towards him.

CHANDRA

How's the water?

Sebastian stops, pulls off his goggles.

SEBASTIAN

Hey there! It's beautiful, want to
join me? We can fire up the Jacuzzi,
act like we're kids again, if you
know what I mean.

Chandra puts her hands on her hips, frowns.

CHANDRA

You are a kid...just a big kid, and
will always be one. Why aren't you
at work, anyways?

He swims over to the edge, a big smile on his tanned face.

SEBASTIAN

Oh Honey, c'mon, live a little, huh?
I've got a meeting in a couple hours,
just mentally preparing for it...you
could help with that preparation.

CHANDRA

Uh huh...I see. Anything interesting
happen while I was shopping?

SEBASTIAN

No, just preparing for the meeting.
That's about it. All quiet on the
western front.

She turns to leave, pauses, turns back.

CHANDRA

Have you heard any news from our
son?

SEBASTIAN

No, still waiting on the news. He
says he'll know any day now.

Sebastian hoists himself out of the pool, moves in for a
kiss. Chandra pushes him back.

CHANDRA

You're all wet.

SEBASTIAN

Nice to see you, too.

EXT. DEL MAR RACETRACK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Chandra's Ferrari is parked next to a convertible Mustang.

INT. FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

Marcos sits next to Chandra, his hand on her bare thigh.
His fingers work their way up, under her skirt.

She pushes his hand away, stops his advances.

CHANDRA

Not now, damnit.

He forcefully grabs her hand, twists it up and around.

Chandra winces in pain.

MARCOS

I like it when you're forceful, but
you know better than to tell me no.

CHANDRA
You're hurting me! Stop it.

Marcos twists her hand further, a smile on his lips.

MARCOS
I'm very good at hurting...you
remember that.

He releases her hand, grabs her crotch, pulls in close.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
Don't act like you don't like it
rough, Baby. We both know what you
like. Got me?

Chandra's face flushes, her eyes close.

She reaches down, guides his hand under her panties, pushes
down hard.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about,
Baby...now, I tell you, not now.

Chandra's legs quiver. Her head falls back, as she pushes
his hand harder against her crotch.

CHANDRA
Yes...now. Put your finger inside
me...please...touch me.

She SCREAMS out in ecstasy, slaps her left hand against the
door repeatedly.

MOMENTS LATER

Chandra hands Marcos a thick envelope.

CHANDRA
Get over there and take care of it.
He should be home by 3:00, and he's
not expecting me until 6:00. If
that bitch is there, cut her...cut
her deep. She's got some nerve
fucking her boyfriend's father.

Marcos takes the envelope, kisses her passionately, lets his
tongue glide over her pursed lips.

MARCOS
That is twisted. It'll be my
pleasure. We'll talk next week.
You'll need a few days to mourn.

INT. MANNING ESTATE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sebastian, seated at the counter, sips a glass of wine.

INT. MANNING ESTATE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Piper, dressed to impress, sets an elegant table for ten.

PIPER

Looking beautiful, if I do say so myself. How much time do we have?

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

Plenty of time. Don't worry. We're way ahead of schedule.

She walks into the...

KITCHEN

PIPER

Randy should be here shortly. I can't wait to see him!

Sebastian stands, drains the last of his wine.

SEBASTIAN

I can't either. I'm so proud of him, I actually may break down and cry. My boy...in Harvard Law School. Chandra's not going to believe it.

Piper puts her hand on Sebastian's shoulder, smiles.

PIPER

Ah, that's so cute. You sure Mrs. M has no idea? She's gonna freak!

SEBASTIAN

No, she's been rather distant lately. I'm actually a little worried. Ever since she started working out with that new personal trainer...Marcos...I don't know.

She pats his shoulders.

PIPER

Don't worry, Mr. Mann...I mean Sebastian...sorry. It's probably just a phase she's going through. No way in the world she'd cheat on you.

Sebastian gives her a hug.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks, I needed that. Can you imagine if she came home early this week? She'd think we were cheating.

PIPER

Oh...my...God. Please!

He pulls away.

SEBASTIAN

OK, I'm gonna grab a quick shower. The band and caterer are all paid for, right?

PIPER

Yep, taken care of.

EXT. MANNING ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Marcos pulls up the driveway in his Mustang.

He jumps out of the car, looks around nervously, heads toward the house.

EXT. MANNING ESTATE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The backyard is set up for a party. In the rear corner, near a gazebo, a stage has been erected, complete with mic stands, speakers, and a drumkit.

A huge, hand painted banner hangs over the pool, reading,

"We're all so proud of you, Randy! We love you!"

Piper tends to a beautifully decorated table with balloons and flowers, her back turned to the house.

Marcos appears from the side yard. He surveys the situation, a confused look on his face, walks deliberately toward Piper.

Piper turns, startled, by Marcos' presence.

PIPER

Hey, are you with the caterers? I'm Piper, I think I spoke to your boss a few hours ago, Shawn?

Marcos stops, smiles.

MARCOS

Yes, I'm Marcos. Shawn and the rest of them will be here shortly.

Piper smiles, extends a hand.

PIPER

Marcos, huh? Funny, Mrs. Manning has a personal trainer with the same name. C'mon inside, I'll show you where we need everything. Mr. Manning will be down shortly.

Piper leads Marcos toward the house.

INT. MANNING ESTATE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Piper points to the counter.

PIPER

So, we'll do the apps here on the island, and we'll have all the dinner items over on the counter.

Marcos throws a hard, short straight right into Piper's nose. Blood shoots out on impact.

Her legs give out and she drops to the floor.

INT. MANNING ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian steps out of the walk in shower, with a towel wrapped around him.

He sips a glass of wine, smiles into the mirror.

SEBASTIAN

I can't wait to see you, my son...God, I miss you.

INT. MANNING ESTATE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Piper sits tied to a chair, a napkin stuffed into her mouth. Her eyes blink open, scan her surroundings.

Tears and smeared makeup streak down her face. Blood flows freely from her broken nose, down her neck and chest.

Marcos stands above her, large hunting knife in hand, a sick smile on his face.

He pulls close, whispers in her ear.

MARCOS

You're a hot little bitch, Piper. The old man's a lucky fuck to be banging you, huh?

Piper tries to scream, but it's muffled by the napkin.

She shakes her head furiously, tries to get free from her binds to no avail.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

So, You're fucking the father and the son? Classy.

He pulls away, licks her face, tastes her blood.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I just don't understand you kids of today. No fucking respect. I'll save you for last so you can watch.

Piper strains at her restraints with everything she's got, but it's not nearly enough.

INT. MANNING ESTATE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian bounds down the staircase, looking like a million bucks, empty wine glass in hand.

SEBASTIAN

Piper? Anyone here yet?

MARCOS (O.S.)

She's out back, Mr. Manning. I'm with the catering company...just getting things set up.

Sebastian walks through the foyer, into the...

KITCHEN

...and greets Marcos.

SEBASTIAN

Hi, Sebastian Manning.

They shake hands.

MARCOS

I'm Marcos.

There's a muffled scream from the Dining Room. Sebastian looks down at the droplets of blood on Marcos' shirt, turns toward the Dining Room...and back to Marcos.

Marcos grins, slashes out with the knife.

Sebastian blocks its path with his left arm, but it rips open an ugly tear in his arm.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Your wife has a surprise for you,
you cheating bastard.

Sebastian's eyes narrow, as realization sets in.

Marcos delivers a quick shot to Sebastian's ribs, plunges the knife into his shoulder as he spins.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Looks like more of a surprise party
then anyone planned, huh, Mr. Manning?

Sebastian goes down, rolls into the kitchen table, and grabs onto a chair, holding it above him in defense.

Marcos kicks at the chair, but Sebastian holds it firmly.

Sebastian kicks Marcos' legs out from under him, smashes the chair down on top of him as he falls.

Both men pop up at the same instant, stand their ground.

Marcos swings out with the knife, just grazing Sebastian's mid section. Blood spews out in an arc.

Sebastian gasps in pain, lashes out with a haymaker that clips Marcos in the temple.

Marcos drops like a rag doll.

Sebastian's eyes wildly survey the kitchen, settle on a knife block a few yards away on the island counter.

He lunges forward towards it.

Marcos slashes out as he goes by, cutting deep into Sebastian's Achilles.

Sebastian gets to the counter, pulls out a butcher knife, falls backwards over the counter.

Marcos pounces on top of him, impales himself on the outstretched blade.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MANNING ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

A catering truck sits in the driveway.

MILOS, 40's, in a white catering outfit, stands next to the truck with a cell phone to his ear.

An airport shuttle pulls in behind it.

RANDY, 23, handsome and smiling, steps out, holding two bouquets of flowers.

Milos closes his cell, approaches Randy.

MILOS

We've been knocking for about half an hour. No one's answering the door or the phone.

Randy seems confused, eyes Piper's Cayenne and the Mustang in front of the catering truck.

RANDY

Hmmm, that's odd. C'mon, follow me, I'm supposed to be the guest of honor.

They walk forward, towards the house. Milos carries a big covered silver dish in front of him.

Behind them, Chandra's Ferrari pulls into the driveway, screeches to a halt.

Chandra jumps out, races forward.

CHANDRA

Randy? What are you doing here?

Randy turns, a shocked look on his face?

RANDY

Mom? You're not supposed to be home for another hour.

She rushes up, hugs her son, as tears streak down her face.

CHANDRA

What's going on?

Randy shrugs...smiles guiltily.

Milos steps back awkwardly.

RANDY

Mom...damn...well, what can I say? We wanted to surprise you. Dad and Piper have been working on it all week. I've got the best news...

INT. MANNING ESTATE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Randy pulls Marcos' dead body off his father.

SEBASTIAN

Son...call the police...Piper's here
somewhere...your Mother...she did
this...be careful...

Chandra watches from behind. Her hands shake at her sides. Her eyes peruse the scene, settle on Marcos' hunting knife, on the floor in front of her.

A muffled sound from the Dining Room gets both their attention. Randy looks up to his Mom.

RANDY

Mom? What does Dad mean?

Chandra slowly, almost robotically, walks forward, knife in hand. Blood drips down her wrist from the blade.

Randy stands, hands out in front of him.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Mom? What are you doing?

CHANDRA

Your bitch slut girlfriend has been
fucking him. They both need to die.
Get away from him.

Milos rushes forward from behind, whacks Chandra over the head with the huge tray. Ten live lobsters become airborne, as Chandra crashes to the ground.

Randy looks on in complete shock.

Another muffled scream from the Dining Room.

Randy bolts forward.

RANDY

Call 911. If she moves, hit her
again!

(beat)

Piper? I'm coming!

INT. MANNING ESTATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

MR. AND MRS. FREESIAN, both 50's, enter through the open front door. Mr. Freesian holds an expensive bottle of tequila.

MR. FREESIAN

Hello? Are we too early?

FADE OUT: