

MICHELLE

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MICHELLE, middle-aged housewife, lies alone in a crisp yet dated kingsize bed in a neat and tidy bedroom, clearly Middle-England Suburbia.

She is silent, thoughtful -- looking prim and proper while staring up to the ceiling above.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Michelle completes various mundane household tasks left for her.

An assortment of dirty and clean washing -- men's shirts, football kit, underpants and socks...

Scrubs a dirty pot, cleans an already clean stove, buffs smeared windows... She looks outside the spotless window when she's done, thoughtful.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michelle FLOPS onto the sofa, worn out from all the cleaning. She reaches to the side table, grabbing her TO-DO LIST.

The first item is 'daily household cleaning,' the second is 'thorough kitchen clean.' She strikes through these items with smooth, satisfying ballpoint ink.

Next up: 'sort through old boxes in the garage.' She sighs.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Michelle flicks through a large cardboard box labelled '**PHOTOS.**' There are various snaps of her and the family -- some in albums, piles of them loose.

She opens hers and her husband PAUL'S WEDDING ALBUM (dated clearly on front) and looks through it, face hard to gauge. After a while she puts it to the floor, carries on rooting, adding pics to semi-organised piles.

There are snaps of a younger Michelle --various candid-- smiling with family and friends, graduation photos, etc.

At the bottom of the box she notices some less nostalgic ones. Much more recent. Tired, haggard and gaunt she looks, sporting the remnants of a black-eye.

She stares.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle burns the HAGGARD PHOTOS on the gas hob - almost setting fire to the kitchen and burning her fingers.

When it's under control and checks her hands, noticing her wristwatch. 3:12pm...

MICHELLE

(beat)
Shit.

EXT. SCHOOL DROP OFF/PICK UP ZONE - DAY

She puts the car window down.

MICHELLE

(shouting) Hello! James! Hello,
James darling!

JAMES, her son, clearly hears her, but feigns ignorance, catching up with his friends instead.

Michelle shrugs it off.

ELAINE (Mid 40s, blonde and smiley), Michelle's friend, walks past the car with shopping bags.

ELAINE

Michelle!

MICHELLE

Oh. Hello.

ELAINE

(kindly)
Youuu. I've messaged you about a
hundred times about tomorrow.

MICHELLE

Sorry Elaine, my phone, I...

ELAINE

...Oh come on! You've missed the
last three meetings. We're
beginning to think you don't like
us or your a cappella duties...

MICHELLE

...Sorry, I know, I know. Okay,
it's just...Just let me double-
check with Paul, alright?

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He may have had something special planned for tomorrow. I don't want to spoil the surprise.

ELAINE

(winks)

Say no more. But make sure you let me know AS SOON AS, so I can sort out the sandwich and cake order.

MICHELLE

I will.

ELAINE

Make sure you do.

MICHELLE

I will.

ELAINE

Speak to you later.

Michelle smiles, putting the window up as Elaine walks off. She takes one last look at James in the distance, then drives off without him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle has the kitchen phone to her ear. It rings a few times.

INTERCUT between MICHELLE and PAUL.

A FEMALE'S HAND -- perfectly manicured nails and expensive rings-- lifts the phone up and down to knock it off the hook, but it doesn't land properly.

MICHELLE

Hello, dear?

Grunts and moans are heard, slightly inaudible.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Hello, Paul? Can you hear me? I think this is a bad line, I'll call you b...

PAUL (O.S.)

Uh yeah, just like that, Sammy.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(giggles)

Mmm, you like it? What about if I-

PAUL
(moans loudly) Oh you're such a
dirty girl.

There's no mistake what's going on.

MICHELLE
Actually I'll just wait for you to
get home. It's no big deal really.
Bye.

Michelle slams the phone down and takes deep, controlled
breaths.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle sits on the sofa, reading a Chekov novel. She hears
a key turn and the door SLAM. Wincing, she continues to read.

James enters and sits, takes his coat off and starts to
unlace his shoes.

MICHELLE
Hello, love. How was your day?

JAMES
Fine.

MICHELLE
Oh that's nice. Where have you
been? It's quite late, love.

JAMES
Out with friends.

MICHELLE
Have you-

JAMES
New friends.
(a beat)
Cool friends.

MICHELLE
That's nice. Next time, could you
give me a little text if you're not
coming home straight away? Just so
I can keep your tea warm for you.

JAMES
Mmm.

MICHELLE

I went to pick you up as usual today. Did you not see me again love?

JAMES

Err, no.

MICHELLE

Not to worry, just wouldn't want you walking home alone. Dad'd go mad if...

JAMES

...Where is he?

MICHELLE

Working late.

JAMES

Again?

MICHELLE

Your dinner's in the oven. Cottage pie with roasted veggies. I'll pop it in the microwave for you if you like?

JAMES

I'm not hungry.

James lifts his shoe up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I stood in shit. Can you clean it?

He places it back down, leaves his mess all around the place and walks to the kitchen.

Michelle hears him go to the cupboard, get out a bag of crisps, rustling and munching as he STOMPS UPSTAIRS.

She says nothing. When he's gone, she picks up the phone.

MICHELLE

Hello, hello. Great news, turns out I can make it tomorrow after all.

(beat)

1pm? Great. Oh, even better! I like that place, Paul and I once had dinner th--oh yeah, no okay no problem. I'll see you tomorrow, bye.

INT. WINE BAR - DAY

Trendy, generic, semi-busy wine bar. Michelle is gathered around a table of four women. Elaine, CANDICE (50s blonde, cerise lips) an old school friend, and two others.

The table is filled with half-eaten plates of tapas and too many empty wine bottles.

MICHELLE

I can't believe you fibbed to me,
Elaine! You are very naughty.

ELAINE

Well, I had to get you here one way
or another. Now have a drink.

CANDICE

I got you an early birthday
present. I know it's not 'til next
month, but I'm going to Costa
Teguse with Davros on the 14th. A
month-long jaunt. Aren't I the
lucky lady?

Michelle takes the gift out of the pink bag and unwraps it.

A vibrator. A terrifying, massive vibrator. Boxed.

The rest of the table laugh and whoop while Michelle looks at it, polite but clearly uncomfortable.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

With love from me to you! Or you to
you, haha.

MICHELLE

I...um. Thank you, Candice.

CANDICE

Spoil yourself! Every girl should
have one.

ELAINE

Should they?

CANDICE

Yeah! I saw it on a Sex And The
City repeat. The things Davros does
with mine...

MICHELLE

...Yes thanks again, Candice. You
really shouldn't have.

CANDICE

Receipt's in the bag if you wanna take it back to Ann Summers. They said it'd be fine as long as you don't *break the seal*.

Roars all around the table.

Michelle puts it back in the gift-bag.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

But seriously though. Give it a try. You'll be liberated, my old friend.

Michelle's phone bleeps.

MICHELLE

Ladies, I am so sorry, but I have to go.

ELAINE

Whhhhhhy?

CANDICE

Didn't scare you with my pressie, did I?

MICHELLE

No, no of course not! It's just that Paul's having his business partner around tonight at short notice and I need to prepare dinner.

Her friends are not happy.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Oh goodness, I haven't even got any fresh meat out.

She swigs her wine down and puts her coat on.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle is MANICALLY PREPPING for the dinner party, scurrying round in a whirlwind of utensils and mess.

She's chopping carrots and SLICES her finger.

MICHELLE

Shit! Fuck!

Blood oozes everywhere as she presses a tea-towel to it.

She runs it under the tap, FIRST AID KIT scattered about the worktop. It won't stop bleeding.

She cries, helpless and frustrated.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle, Paul, DEREK (Paul's business partner - 50s, silvery and handsome) and SAMANTHA (Derek's wife - early 20s, blonde and stick thin) are sat around a beautifully-dressed glass table for four.

Claustrophobic. Tension palpable.

DEREK

Well, the fish is splendid,
Michelle.

MICHELLE

Thank you, Derek.

PAUL

Do you not like it, Sam?

SAMANTHA

Oh, well...it's just I'm on a bit
of a juice cleanse at the minute.

MICHELLE

Oh I'm so sorry- if I'd have known-

SAMANTHA

That's okay. I'll just have the
side salad. I'm watching my figure
anyway.

Paul looks like he's the one doing all the watching. Pervert.

MICHELLE

Well there are plenty of potatoes
left too. And I have a vegetarian
lasagna in the fridge if...

PAUL

She said she's alright, for
heaven's sake woman. (mumbles)
Always making a damned fuss over
nothing.

Uncomfortable silence.

DEREK

So, um. How's things at Saint
Barts?

MICHELLE

Not sure, really. I left seven
years ago.

DEREK

I thought you still did two days a week there?

MICHELLE

No. Finished my part time days there seven years ago now. I left the full time position fifteen years ago, when we were expecting James.

DEREK

Sorry, Paul never er...

SAMANTHA

...You were at St Barts? Oh my god, I was totally a student there!

MICHELLE

Yes, yes I was. Well. A lecturer.

SAMANTHA

Graduated last year, I did. Full diploma in Marketing, plus a special booster course too.

MICHELLE

Great.

(a beat)

I taught Classics.

SAMANTHA

What's that?

PAUL

Something that nobody in this day and age really gives a shit about.

DEREK

Christ's sake Paul, don't sugar coat it will you?!

MICHELLE

Well, actually-- I-- I...

PAUL

...Even worse, Michelle didn't have to pay a penny for her degree, did you, sweetheart? Not like you poor young ones these days.

SAMANTHA

I know. Fifteen grand I had to fork out. Well, Daddy did. But I helped! Didn't go to as many parties as I should have.

More uncomfortable silence.

MICHELLE

(to Derek)

So, how long have you two, um, been an item then?

SAMANTHA

Well, I applied for a job at Harvington Moore back in November... Did Paul not tell you he *headhunted* me?

Paul GLARES at Samantha as she smiles, oblivious.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Anyway. On my first day I asked Derek if he'd like to take me out for a working lunch. I'd forgotten my purse y'see. Rest is history, isn't it sweetie?

DEREK

Yes, darling.

Paul looks uncomfortable for a brief moment. He then wipes his face with a napkin and smiles.

PAUL

So do we have to wait *all* evening for dessert and coffee?

DEREK

Actually, um, thanks, but we really best be going. Time is getting on.

MICHELLE

Oh, what a pity.

PAUL

Indeed. What a pity.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michelle is in bed. Alone again. Her face is flustered and slightly reddened, with an angry looking, small slash on her cheek. Audio FLASHBACK.

PAUL (V.O.)

You know, you really could've done better with that terrible dinner.

*** THIS IS A SAMPLE SCREENPLAY, TO READ THE FULL VERSION
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Sample