

MISSION BROWN

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She begins putting her shoes back on.

HUSBAND  
And take out the bins. It's bin  
night.

WOMAN  
Right.

The woman quickly makes her way out.

HUSBAND  
(Yelling out)  
And bring in the mail.

Then man smiles to himself as we hear the front door open and close.

**INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Close on the woman as she enters looking at the mail. She looks up and sees her husband.

He's now in the chair she had occupied, shoes off, holding a remote and flicking through the TV channels over and over and over.

She sits and looks at him, then stares at nothing as the relentless sounds of changing channels grows louder.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The frustrated woman lies in bed, wide awake, staring at the ceiling. Her husband lies next to her, SNORING LOUDLY.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

The woman stands at the kitchen bench, in her business outfit, buttering some toast.

A CAT circles her legs.

WOMAN  
Hello puss.

Happy for a moment she picks the cat up and strokes it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Good puss.

Her husband enters, leans in and strokes the cat. He has more love for it than his wife.

HUSBAND

(To cat)

Who's my beautiful boy?

He then looks at his wife with disdain and nods towards the kitchen bench and her toast.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Make sure you clean that up.

He exits and we stay on the woman as she continues to stroke the cat, now with a look of sadness.

We hear the front door SLAM and she jumps.

**EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

We move across a bright, green astro turf lawn in a spotless back yard.

The woman is in a neat gardening outfit pruning some bushes.

Her husband is on a deck chair in "weekend clothes" reading a newspaper.

The cat sits nearby, watching.

The woman clips some dried up bushes and absentmindedly throws them on the lawn.

The husband drops his paper and looks at the offending material lying on his perfect fake grass.

He gives her a steely glare and clears his throat.

HUSBAND

Eh-hem.

She stops and looks at the dried bushes. There is a moment when she looks about to crack but the husband stares her down.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

*Eh-hem.*

The woman picks up the bushes stands and leaves in a huff.

The husband smiles again as the cat circles his legs and MEOWS. He goes back to reading his paper.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Once again the woman lies in bed, wide awake, as her husband lies next to her, SNORING. But this time she looks furious.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The woman sits on her chair in her business attire, a cup of tea in hand looking very content.

We hear the front door open and close.

The husband walks in, in his work clothes, drops his briefcase and sits down.

He looks through the back window towards the lawn and spies a large, human deposit of the brown variety on the pristine back lawn.

Disturbed, he is speechless and sits beside her a moment.

He looks to her then back to the grass.

He struggles up and makes his way to the back yard.

She watches him through the open window.

**EXT. BACK YARD - DAY**

The husband stands, staring down at the poo. He's befuddled, and seething with anger.

Still seated the woman gives a slight smile.

HUSBAND

What is this?

WOMAN

(Through the window)

The cat did it.

The husband is unsure what to do.

**EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT**

The poo sits in the moonlight.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The woman lays in bed sleeping soundly, a slight smile on her face.

The husband sits up next to her, fuming.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The husband, again in weekend attire, stands at the window, staring out at the poo.

The woman is in the kitchen preparing nibbles and drinks for a party.

The man turns to her.

HUSBAND

I want you to clean that up.

WOMAN

He's your cat.

HUSBAND

He had nothing to do with... *that*.

WOMAN

Our guests will be here soon. You need to get some ice.

The husband angrily relents and storms out.

We hear the door slam. She smiles to herself.

**EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

The woman is offering around her plate of nibbles, as SEVERAL PARTY PEOPLE drink and chat.

MAN

(Taking a cheese cracker)  
Thank you.

The husband enters holding a bag of ice.

MAN (CONT'D)

Here he is.

The husband manages a desperate smile.

HUSBAND

Hello everyone.

Then he looks down, noticing guests inches from the poo. He looks up at his wife.

She gives a smug smile back.

MAN  
(To husband)  
We heard about the cat. What have  
you been feeding him?

Everyone chuckles. The husband is furious.

**EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING**

The party guests have left and the man sits staring at the poo.

The woman enters and stands above him.

HUSBAND  
(Getting desperate)  
Please clean it up.

She picks up a few plates and moves inside.

WOMAN  
Nope.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The husband is straightening the house, fluffing the pillows, dusting (things she was doing at the start).

Every now and then he glances out the window and we see the poo, still sitting there taunting him. He quickly looks away and continues. He shoos the cat off a seat.

We hear the door open and close and the woman enters.

HUSBAND  
(Desperate)  
Oh. Hi. How was your day?

The woman puts down her briefcase and sits on her lounge chair.

WOMAN  
Meh.

The man brings her a cocktail.

HUSBAND  
I made you a drink.

She takes it and sips, as the husband watches her.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)  
Well?

WOMAN  
Well, what?

HUSBAND  
I've been very good to you of late.

WOMAN  
Huh-huh.

The woman slowly rises, walks to the window and stands staring out.

HUSBAND  
So, are you going to clean up  
the... *thing*?

The woman stares a moment staring. The man stands back. Too scared to go near the window.

She takes a another sip of her drink.

WOMAN  
The thing?

HUSBAND  
Yes. I can't stand it.

She smiles slightly to herself.

WOMAN  
Which one?

A complete look of HORROR crosses the husband's face.

He rushes to the window and stares out.

About a meter from the poo we see a SECOND POO.

The husband's eyes desperately flick from one to the other.

HUSBAND  
(Crying out in pain)  
Noooooooooooo!!!!

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY**

The neat suburban house sits in the sunshine as the husband's scream echoes through the neighborhood.

**END**