

MISSION BROWN

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He "HUFFS" and removes his jacket, which she dutifully takes from him.

He loosens his tie and sits.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Good day?

She leans in to touch him, he doesn't respond and she pulls away.

She sits on a chair nearby and begins taking off her high heel shoes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What a day.

She leans back and exhales, relaxed, trying to look seductive.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'd love a massage.

Her husband gives her an impassive look.

HUSBAND

What did you do to your hair?
(He sniffs at her perfume)
And what's that smell?

WOMAN

(Taken aback)
I...

HUSBAND

The bins aren't out.

WOMAN

(Confused)
What?

HUSBAND

It's bin night.

The woman snaps to.

WOMAN

Oh. Right. Ok. Sorry.

She quickly puts her shoes back on and makes her way out.

HUSBAND

(Yelling out)
And bring in the mail.

The husband smiles to himself as we hear the front door open and close.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

He's now in the chair she had occupied, shoes off, holding a bourbon and ice in one hand and the tv remote in the other.

He flicks 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. HOUSE. ENSUITE - NIGHT

Extreme close up of RED LIPSTICK being applied to LIPS.

Widen to see the woman in a SEXY NEGLIGEE standing before the ensuite mirror.

She puts away the lipstick, checks herself and exits.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The woman enters.

WOMAN
I bought this today.

Her husband lies on the bed asleep and SNORING LOUDLY.

The frustrated woman goes over to the bed, lies next to her husband, stares at the ceiling and SIGHS.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/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 up the cat and strokes it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Good puss.

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

HUSBAND

(To cat)

Who's my beautiful boy?

His mood suddenly changes as he looks at his wife with disdain then nods towards the kitchen bench at her toast and the crumbs she's left scattered about.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Make sure you clean that up before
you go.

He exits and we stay on the woman as she sadly strokes the cat.

We hear the front door SLAM and she flinches.

Her anger starts to show.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

It's another bright, sunny day as we move across a green FAKE TURF LAWN in a spotless backyard.

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

The woman is in a sexy gardening outfit pruning some bushes. Small beads of sweat glisten on her skin as she provocatively moves about the garden trying to catch his eye.

The cat sits watching her, paying more attention to her than her husband is.

She 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 him, then the dried bushes.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
 (Nodding towards bushes)
Eh-HEM.

Her temper begins to rise.

For a moment it seems she's about to crack, but her husband stares her down.

WOMAN
 I love you.

HUSBAND
 Clean that up.

She snatches up the bushes and leaves in a huff.

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

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Once again the woman lies in their bed wide awake, now dressed in a plain t-shirt, while her husband lies next to her SNORING. She looks FURIOUS.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

The woman, once again dressed in her business attire, sits on her chair looking very content as she stares out through the back window and sips from a cup of tea.

We hear the front door open and close.

The husband enters, in his business suit, drops his briefcase and sits down.

Following his wife's gaze he looks through the back window and spies a large, HUMAN DEPOSIT of the BROWN VARIETY sitting on the pristine fake lawn.

Disturbed and confused he looks to her, then back to the lawn.

He struggles up and makes his way outside as she watches him through the open window.

EXT. BACKYARD - 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
The cat did it.

HUSBAND
Like hell he did.

The woman shrugs.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
Are you going to clean it up?

WOMAN
(Calmly)
No.

She takes another sip of her tea as her husband looks at her then back at the poo, unsure what to do.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Crickets chirp as the poo sits motionless in the moonlight.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The woman lays in bed sleeping soundly, a slight smile on her face. Her husband sits next to her, FUMING.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - 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.

He turns to her.

HUSBAND
I want you to clean that up.

WOMAN
He's *your* cat.

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

She dismisses his comment and is firmer with him.

WOMAN

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

The husband angrily relents and storms out.

We hear the door slam. She smiles to herself. The cat jumps up on the counter and she strokes it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Good boy.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The woman is offering around a 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. About time.

The husband manages a forced smile.

HUSBAND

Hello everyone.

He looks down and sees the poo is still there.

A couple of guests stand nearby looking down at it.

He angrily looks up at his wife.

She gives a smug smile.

MAN

(To husband, smiling)
We heard about your cat. What have you been feeding him?

Everyone CHUCKLES. The husband is humiliated and furious.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

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

The woman enters holding a drink and stands above him.

HUSBAND
(Desperate)
Please clean it up.

She pauses a moment.

WOMAN
Nope.

She exits sipping her drink.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING

In a series of quick cuts we see the husband, wearing an apron over his business suit, busily straightening the house...fluffing the cushions...stacking magazines...dusting.

The woman enters, ready for work.

HUSBAND
(A desperate smile on his
face)
Good morning.

The man shows her a beautiful cooked breakfast sitting on the dining table.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
I made you breakfast again.

WOMAN
(Disinterested)
Hmm.

He gives her a desperate look.

HUSBAND
Well?

WOMAN
Well, what?

HUSBAND
I've been very good to you lately.

WOMAN
Huh-huh.

HUSBAND
So?

WOMAN

So?

HUSBAND

Are you going to clean up the...
thing out there.

The woman walks over to the back window, opens the curtains and looks out.

WOMAN

The thing?

HUSBAND

I can't stand it.

WOMAN

What thing?

The man looks confused. He slowly moves towards the window and looks out. His eyes widen, a mix of excitement and relief. He's overjoyed.

HUSBAND

It's gone! Hahahahahaaaaa! It's
gone! You got rid of it! Thank god!

The woman smiles and looks at him expectantly, waiting for a kiss or a hug.

He looks like he may accommodate her but his mood swiftly turns to anger.

MAN

About bloody time!

Her face drops.

He rips his apron off and moves to the dining table.

He picks up the cooked breakfast and scrapes it into the bin.

HUSBAND

I'm late for work.

He picks up his briefcase and exits.

We hear the front door SLAM and the woman jumps.

Shock and sadness.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The couple are in bed. The man is once again SNORING as the woman sits next to him, her knees pulled up to her chest, staring blankly into the darkness.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING

The husband, dressed in his business suit, sits at the kitchen table reading the paper. A plate with the remnants of a perfect cooked breakfast sits before him.

His wife, dressed in her business clothes, places a coffee in front of him and picks up his empty plate.

She stares at him as he continues to read.

He gives her the briefest of looks, then returns to his paper.

She places his plate in the dishwasher, closes it and turns it on.

WOMAN
(Emotionless)
I'm going to work now.

HUSBAND
(Flat)
Goodbye.

WOMAN
Goodbye.

She exits.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The husband confidently strides out of the house towards his pristine car, whistling to himself.

He presses his key button and the car BEEPS as it unlocks.

He pulls the car door open

He is just about to get in when he stops.

His face becomes ashen. A look of absolute horror engulfs him and he SCREAMS, almost a high pitched SQUEAL.

HUSBAND
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Sitting on his car seat is another large HUMAN POO.

We hear the BEEP-BEEP of a car horn and the horrified husband looks up.

The woman's car rolls into view and she smiles at him.

The husband is SEETHING with ANGER.

She gives him a little wave, then zooms off.

The husband looks to the heavens and screams again.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
(Crying out in pain)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

We zoom high into the air looking down at the husband and suburbia and see the woman driving away.

END