

SWINGERS' RETREAT

Written by

Ernestia Fraser

fraser.ernestia@gmail.com
242.437.1688

FADE IN:

EXT. UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Spanish-style home with neatly manicured yard.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

A fancy home with red oak floors and vaulted ceilings.

VINCE STILES (male, tall, 45) stands in front of a GROUP of people (mainly mid 40's to early 50's), regaling them with a vacation story. He occasionally swirls his glass of wine. He's an easy-going guy and people find him funny.

VINCE

So Gail and I went up to the Captain and thanked him for his shitty services. We didn't tell him it was shitty, even though I'm pretty sure we came this close to capsizing off the coast of the Bahamas -- the guy himself looked like a Captain Hook rip off with his tattered beard, dirty trousers, and sewage stench. I felt like I was in a fucking movie.

(sipping his wine)

I will certainly never be boarding another boat cruise again --

Vince keeps talking but we don't hear a sound. It's a small house party - no kids --

Vince moves away from the group and glances over at his wife GAIL STILES (gorgeous, tanned, 40). Even though she is well put together, she is carefree, especially on this eve as she converses with another man, MIKEY (25), her hands stroking his arm. This is a little suspect to Vince.

Vince watches as Gail saunters over to a door leading to the kitchen. Vince follows.

KITCHEN

A small area with a granite counter top island. The two stand by the wine station. Gail is pouring herself another glass.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should ease up with the wine, honey?

Gail is a little drunk. She holds up her glass.

GAIL
Honey, I'm good. Aren't you?

She bats her big, bright eyes.

VINCE
Yeah, sure.

He starts pouring himself another glass.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I like these people. They're nice.

GAIL
Yeah. It's so good to get the firm
in another setting. And you did say
we should do more things at home,
right?

VINCE
Yeah, I did.
(nodding at Mikey)
Hey, is that the new ad-man? Mikey?

GAIL
(smiling)
Yeah.

VINCE
He's so young compared to everyone
else.

She kisses Vince on the cheeks.

GAIL
Relax. Have some fun. You're too
uptight. What's going on?

VINCE
(smiling)
Yeah, you're right.
(as Gail is leaving;
sarcastically to himself)
Have some fun. MIKEY.

LIVING ROOM

A brunette, VERONICA MILLER (40) holds a shiny BONG and takes a PUFF. Vince stands to the side watching. Doesn't seem like he's meshing with this party anymore --

Gail sits on the couch LAUGHING uncontrollably. Mikey sits next to her whispering something funny in her ear. SOMEONE turns off the lights and the DISCO LIGHTS kick in --

Vince looks at his empty wine glass and takes it to the kitchen. This has gone on for too long --

Dressed in pajamas, a blonde girl, MEREDITH STILES (5, wearing pigtails), walks down the stairs. She's rubbing her sleepy eyes. Vince spots Meredith and quickly walks over to his daughter, picks her up and kisses her on the head..

VINCE (CONT'D)

Meredith, what are you doing up?

MEREDITH

I couldn't sleep, Daddy. I want you to read me a story.

VINCE

(putting her down)

Listen, honey, Daddy's a little busy with Mommy right now. I need a rain check on the story, okay.

TYLER STILES (9) also descends the stairs, catching a glimpse of his Mom dancing with Mikey. Mikey is holding his mother's hips, which sways in conjunction with his --

TYLER

Dad, what's Mom doing?

Vince looks back at Gail and Mikey.

VINCE

Tyler, go ahead and take your sister to bed. Read her a story. Little red riding hood. She likes that one.

TYLER

That book gives her nightmares.

VINCE

Yeah. The Little Mermaid then.

Tyler takes his sister's hand.

TYLER

Okay, but I want extra on my allowance this week.

VINCE
 (ushering them upstairs)
 Yeah, whatever you say big guy.

Vince glances back at Gail.

VINCE (CONT'D)
 I'll put it on your mom's tab.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

CLOSE ON Vince's confused face. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal a group of men sitting around Vince: DERRICK BOON, (40, African American, beatnik), GREG HOWARD (50, slightly overweight) who munches on a pastry, and DAVE CURRY (53, very laidback).

Derrick surfs through his I-phone.

VINCE
 (confused)
 Gentlemen, I think my wife may be cheating on me.

DERRICK
 What the fuck do you mean she's cheating on you?
 (looking at the other guys; incredulous)
 Is this a fucking Lifetime movie?

A WAITRESS places a plate of quiche - serving size for six - on the table. The men begin picking up their quiches with a fork: first Greg, then Derrick, then Dave.

GREG
 Come on, Vince, what's going on?

DERRICK
 Yeah, cause I really want to know why your wife is wearing the balls in the relationship.

DAVE
 How can you be sure she's cheating?

DERRICK
 Cause she's gat them balls. That's how we know!
 (to himself; ref: Vince)
 Hold on, did listening to you just now just turn me into a pussy?
 Shit!

DAVE

Vince, I don't know, man. I'm just saying that you need to be sure.

GREG

Well, she's definitely much better looking than Vince, that could be cause for a cheat.

DERRICK

(laughing)

You're right. Misses Vince Stiles is a mother-fucking bombshell. And Vince, well... He looks eighty-two compared to her twenty-two year old ass.

VINCE

I mean you guys are supposed to be commiserating in an empathetic sense...

DERRICK

On a serious note, I refuse to continue this conversation. Women don't cheat. We fuckers do.

VINCE

Fuck, you guys... come on.

DAVE

You know, on the other hand, I could definitely see Gail doing the bang-bang with someone else...

GREG

This quiche is good --

VINCE (CONT'D)

(slamming his fist on the table)

Guys! Dammit, I just need you to listen...

The room goes quiet. Among the four, all eyes on Vince. A beat.

DERRICK

I'm not listening to you man; your shit just gave me a fucking pussy. Your woman's cheating on your ass and you want me to listen to that shit?

Dave slides the almost empty quiche platter to Vince.

EXT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - MORNING

A small lot with an eclectic mix of cars, old and new. A few classics are in a row of their own, mainly the 1960's mustangs, Fastbacks included.

INT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - MORNING

Vince lounges in his chair, his feet up and arms behind his head, contemplating. There is a picture of Gail on his desk. He picks it up, a half-smile on his face, happy with his beautiful wife.

VINCE
(to the photo)
You're not a cheater, are you?

Vince starts unzipping his pants, getting ready for a hand job --

His secretary, JANE WRIGHT, (35, plain) KNOCKS and steps in. Vince quickly zips up his pants.

JANE
Hey Boss --

VINCE
Hey...!

JANE
It's Bridgewater on the line. He's curious about our Datsun inventory.

VINCE
We're out. Except we're getting a restored 1971 240z next week.

JANE
What color?

VINCE
Black.

JANE
Cool.

Jane takes a look at the boss's half-zipped pants.

JANE (CONT'D)
Are you okay, Boss?

VINCE
Yeah, why?

JANE
Just making sure.

She gives him a grimace as she closes the door.

EXT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - DAY

Vince FINGERS TAP LIGHTLY on a 1966 Ford Mustang Coupe. He's on the phone with Gail.

VINCE
Hey, honey... I was wondering if you wanted to do dinner tonight, just me and you. I can get Karen to watch the kids.

INT. OSWALD'S ARCHITECTURE FIRM - SAME

Gail, sleek and stunning in her business attire, stands by the desk with her cellphone to her ear. It's one of those nice slick, modern offices with glass doors and very compact office spaces. She's looking at some blueprints while pointing to something outside.

Just outside her office is Mikey, who holds up two different office building renderings.

Gail points to the one on the far right, giving him the thumbs up as he raises it higher than the other.

GAIL
Vince, that sounds great, but I can't. Not tonight anyway, I'm working late again. It's that Dublin school project.
(conciliating his
desperation)
Ever since we went international, work has intensified... I hope you understand.

EXT. VINCE'S CLASSICS CAR LOT - SAME

Vince has stopped the drumming. He looks a little disappointed.

VINCE
Sure. No, the work definitely has to come first.

GAIL (O.C.)
I'm glad you understand.

VINCE
Yeah. So I'll order in and get --

GAIL (O.C.)
Sorry, Vince. I have to go --

Vince looks at the phone. She's gone.

VINCE
(to himself)
Hmmm.

Vince drums his fingers in the table, the drumming get LOUDER and LOUDER until --

EXT./INT. DERRICK'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Derrick opens the door as Vince rushes in.

VINCE
Okay, what's the cheating checklist?

DERRICK
From a cheater's stand-point or the one being cheated on stand-point?

VINCE
Does it matter?

DERRICK
Maybe not.

VINCE
So?

DERRICK
Okay, let's see: late nights, most definitely; new schedule routines; new underwear; ooohh, the gym... oh, new passwords on the cellphones and...

VINCE
And?

DERRICK
An inactive sex life.

Vince thinks for a moment.

VINCE

Fuck.

Vince rushes back out the door.

DERRICK

Where you going?

VINCE

I -- none of your damn business.

DERRICK

Geesh. That was rude.

VINCE

Fuck ou, Derrick.

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - EVENING

A nice middle class area with identical suburban homes --

Vince opens the sliding door of his minivan to let his kids, Meredith and Tyler out.

EXT./INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - SAME

Vince's sister, KAREN, (46; plain but overly cheery) stands by the door, ushering the two kids inside. He hands her two overnight packs.

VINCE

I really appreciate this, Sis.

KAREN

Anything for you, V. You know I don't mind.

VINCE

I just got to get a few things done...

(staring to leave)

I'll be back no later than ten.

(he comes back)

Oh, and make sure Tyler eats his vegetables. He doesn't like them.

KAREN

I got it.

VINCE

And Meredith loves bedtime stories,
but not the ones Mom used to tell
us when we we're kids. You know,
the ones about the lock-nest
monster and shit.

KAREN

Okay, got it.

VINCE

And Karen, please keep the kids out
of the s-e-x room.

KAREN

Of course! I got it.

Karen begins closing the front door as Vince moves towards
the van.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

No s-e-x. Right.

EXT. OSWALD'S ARCHITECTURE FIRM - NIGHT

Vince sits in his van, peering through the glass walls of the
architecture firm. His head pivots back and forth trying to
get a glance of who sits at a desk far in the back --

It's Gail sitting on the edge of a desk, thumbing through a
portfolio. Her skirt is pretty short, revealing too much of
the knees --

Vince clenches his steering wheel suspiciously watching as
the new hire, Mikey, brings another layout of blueprints to
Gail.

VINCE

Come on, Mikey, you little twat.
You think you can swoop in here and
take my fucking wife. Let's see
what you got... Go ahead, make your
move, bitch.

Vince seems confused as Mikey straps on his leather bag and
head towards the exit.

INT. OSWALD'S ARCHITECTURE FIRM - SAME

Veronica emerges from another room and hands Gail some
prints.