

FATAL INFIDELITY

Written by

Tom Batt

FADE IN.

INT. RUSSELL'S CAR - NIGHT

RUSSELL (40s) drives down a quiet residential street. He is a good looking man, clean shaven and stylish spectacles.

INT/EXT. RUSSELL'S CAR/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

As the car turns onto the driveway of the house, a young girl, HEATHER (20) can be seen sitting on the porch step. She is petite, with short blonde hair and soft features. She wears a summer dress. She watches the car park up.

INT. RUSSELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Russell stares at her, irritated by her presence.

RUSSELL

Shit.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Russell climbs out of the car, dragging a briefcase from the passenger seat. He slams the door shut and marches over to Heather. She stands to attention.

RUSSELL

What the hell are you doing here? I told you, it's over.

HEATHER

I need to talk to you.

RUSSELL

My wife will be home soon.

HEATHER

It's important.

Heather gives him a stern look.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Please.

He huffs.

RUSSELL

Five minutes.

Russell unlocks the door and enters, followed by Heather.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Russell chucks his keys into a bowl by the door and enters the living room. He dumps his briefcase onto the sofa and turns to face Heather as she steps cautiously into the room.

RUSSELL
Well?

HEATHER
I'm pregnant.

RUSSELL
What?

HEATHER
I'm pregnant. With your baby.

Russell shakes his head in disbelief.

RUSSELL
No. That's not possible. You're lying.

HEATHER
I'm not lying. I took a test this morning. In fact, I took two, just to be sure.

RUSSELL
Well, then. You get rid of it.

HEATHER
I'm not getting an abortion.

Russell frowns at her.

RUSSELL
Why not?

HEATHER
I want to keep it.

RUSSELL
You can't keep it, Heather.

HEATHER
Why not?

RUSSELL
You're too-

HEATHER

Young?

RUSSELL

No, I...I just think you've got a lot to lose right now, being tied down with a baby.

HEATHER

You mean you've got a lot to lose if someone finds out.

RUSSELL

How do you know it's mine?

Heather gives him a look of disgust.

HEATHER

Are you implying there could be a wealth of candidates?

RUSSELL

Well?

HEATHER

You asshole. You're the only man I've ever been with and suggesting otherwise is insulting.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry. I just don't see how you can cope with a child. How are you going to afford it?

HEATHER

That's where I thought you could come in.

RUSSELL

Excuse me?

HEATHER

I want ten thousand, just to get the essentials.

RUSSELL

I'm not giving you ten thousand dollars. I don't have that kind of money.

HEATHER

What about your wife's inheritance? That should cover it.

RUSSELL

Are you crazy?

HEATHER

That's why you refused to leave her, and end it with me, isn't it?

RUSSELL

I'm not having this conversation again, Heather.

HEATHER

If you don't give me the money, I'll tell her everything.

RUSSELL

If I give you the money, she'll probably find out anyway.

HEATHER

Not necessarily, if you're careful. I'll give you a day to think it over, and if I don't get the money I'll make sure she hears all the filthy details.

Heather storms over to the door. Russell watches as she exits, slamming the door behind her.

He paces up and down thinking. Suddenly a car screeches outside, and the sound of two cars colliding. Russell is pulled from his thoughts. He rushes to the door and heads outside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Russell jogs round to the driveway to find the front corner of a car wedged into the side of his.

Lying on the tarmac, her legs under the other car, is Heather. She is unconscious, blood over her head and hair.

WENDY (40s) is crouched down next to her. She is distraught as she checks Heather's pulse. Russell stares at her in shock.

RUSSELL

Oh my God. What have you done, Wendy?

Wendy looks up at him, shaking.

WENDY

She's dead.

Russell pulls his cellphone from his pocket and starts dialing.

Wendy jumps to her feet, rushing over to Russell. She grabs him tightly.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Don't call the police. I can't go to jail, Russell. Please.

Russell grabs her shoulders and pushes her back. He looks into her eyes.

RUSSELL

Nobody's going to jail, Wendy. It was an accident, right?

Wendy hangs her head.

WENDY

I've been drinking.

She looks back into his eyes, intensely.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We can't call the police. Please, Russell. I don't want to go to jail. I'll lose everything.

RUSSELL

But, Wendy-

WENDY

Who is she?

Russell hesitates.

RUSSELL

I don't know. She came to the wrong house, she was looking for someone else.

WENDY

So no one knows she's here?

RUSSELL

I guess not.

WENDY

Okay. So, if no one knows she's here, we could just get rid of her and pretend this never happened.

RUSSELL

I don't know.

WENDY

Think about it. Nobody's going to come by asking about her. Please, Russell, after everything that's happened, I can't deal with going to jail. What about my inheritance?

Russell contemplates her words for a moment. He looks down at Heather's body then back at Wendy.

He nods.

RUSSELL

Okay.

WENDY

Alright, let's get her inside the garage before someone sees. Then we can figure something out.

Wendy pushes the garage button on her key-ring and the door opens.

Russell approaches Heather and places his hands under her armpits.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Be careful with her.

He drags her from under the car and into the garage. He looks around the neighbourhood cautiously to ensure nobody is watching.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Russell leaves Heather in the middle of the room. Wendy shuts the door and grabs a rolled rug from on top of some boxes.

WENDY

We'll wrap her in this.

Wendy lays out the rug. She looks over at Russell.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Help me lift her onto it.

Russell is staring at Heather's body.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Russell!

He breaks from his daydream.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I need you to focus. Help me lift her.

Russell takes Heather's body at the head end, Wendy grabs the ankles. They lift the body onto the end of the rug. Wendy gently rolls it up.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Russell reverses his car toward the garage door. He gets out and pops the trunk.

The garage door opens. He goes inside and helps Wendy pick up the rug. They carry it over to the trunk and dump it in. He slams the trunk shut.

WENDY

You'd better drive.

They climb into the car and head off.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The car is parked in the middle of a dark wood. The headlights shine on Russell and Wendy carrying the rug over to a clear patch.

They unroll the rug and slide Heather's body off the end of it.

WENDY

Careful.

They both look down at the body. Wendy throws up a hand over her mouth.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to be sick.

Wendy rushes off and throws up behind a tree. Russell crouches down next to Heather.

RUSSELL
 I'm sorry it ended like this,
 Heather. But after today's news,
 I'm kind of glad. It saves me a lot
 of trouble.

Wendy reappears wiping her mouth. He stands and starts rolling up the rug.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 Maybe, we should bury her?

WENDY
 Why? I thought you said you didn't
 know her.

RUSSELL
 I don't.

WENDY
 So then nobody will link it to us.
 Let's just go.

Wendy heads over to the car. Russell takes one last glance at Heather before picking up the rug and carrying it over to the trunk.

INT. RUSSELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Russell is driving. Wendy stares out the window, not looking well.

RUSSELL
 Are you okay?

WENDY
 I'm fine, considering.

RUSSELL
 Why were you drinking anyway?

She turns to him angry.

WENDY
 My father has not long died,
 Russell. Or did you forget?

Wendy turns back to the window.

WENDY (CONT'D)
 I guess it just hit me hard today.
 It's not like I'm an alcoholic.

There is a moment of silence. Wendy turns to Russell.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We can't ever speak of this again. This never happened. We will take this to our graves. You understand that, right? Otherwise I could lose everything.

RUSSELL

Believe me, Wendy. I understand.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Russell enters and runs the sink tap. He washes his hands and then splashes water on his face. He stares at his reflection in the mirror.

The sound of the doorbell startles him. He whips a towel from the rack and dries his face before heading out of the room.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Russell enters the room to find Wendy talking with another woman, Detective MAYS (30s). The woman turns to him and smiles, she has permed brunette hair and thick glasses. She wears a pant suit. Wendy turns to him nervously.

WENDY

Russell, this is-

The woman approaches Russell and extends a hand to shake.

MAYS

Detective Mays.

Russell shakes her hand.

RUSSELL

What's going on?

MAYS

I'm investigating the disappearance of Heather Aimes. She hasn't been home in a couple of days. Apparently she had an argument with her parents and ran away.

Detective Mays takes out a photograph and passes it to Wendy. Wendy looks at the photo anxiously before passing it to Russell. He glances at the photo and returns it to Mays.

MAYS (CONT'D)

I understand she's a student of yours, Mr Markham?

Russell looks over at Wendy. She frowns at him.

RUSSELL

That is correct.

MAYS

We've spoken to some of her friends and they told us she comes by here often. Is that right?

RUSSELL

I wouldn't say often. Every now and then if she wants advice on a dissertation or to proof read an essay.

MAYS

So you have a close relationship with her?

Russell glances over at Wendy again. She is still staring daggers at him.

RUSSELL

No closer than any of my other students.

MAYS

Okay. Her friends did say she mentioned coming over here today. Have you seen her at all?

RUSSELL

No, not today.

MAYS

Well, if you do hear from her, please get in touch.

RUSSELL

Of course.

MAYS

Thank you for your time. I'll see myself out.

Mays heads for the door, but stops and turns.

MAYS (CONT'D)

By the way, did someone have a car accident?

RUSSELL

What?

MAYS

I noticed a couple of dents in the two cars parked outside.

WENDY

Oh, that was me. I misjudged how close my husband had parked on the driveway.

Mays smiles.

MAYS

I'd be lying if I said I hadn't done that myself. Take care.

Mays exits. Wendy can't take her eyes off of Russell.

WENDY

I thought you said you didn't know her.

RUSSELL

You were hysterical, Wendy. I didn't want to make it worse.

WENDY

But you knew this girl and you pretended like she was nothing.

RUSSELL

Don't make me out to be the bad guy, Wendy. You're the one who killed her.

WENDY

Was there something going on between you? Is that why you claimed not to know her?

RUSSELL

Don't be ridiculous. I'm going to bed.

Russell leaves the room. Wendy watches him climb the stairs.

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Russell lay awake in bed. Wendy is fast asleep beside him. He feels a shadow cast across his face and looks over at the open bedroom door.

Heather stands watching him. He stares at her as she walks away and disappears.

Russell jumps out of bed and rushes over to the door. He peers out to find nobody there.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Russell is pouring himself a cup of coffee. The doorbell rings. He listens as Wendy opens the door.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Russell enters the room to find Detective Mays standing by the door. Wendy looks over at Russell nervously.

RUSSELL

Detective Mays. I'm afraid I still haven't heard from Heather.

MAYS

I'm afraid you won't be hearing from Heather. I'm sorry to say we found her body during the early hours of this morning.

WENDY

Oh my God.

MAYS

We have a few questions we'd like to ask you, Mr Markham.

RUSSELL

Of course.

MAYS

Are you comfortable doing this in front of Mrs Markham?

WENDY

Why? What is this about?

RUSSELL

It's fine.

MAYS

We found diaries belonging to Heather. We've been looking through old entries and some are quite interesting. It seems several weeks ago, Heather came by your house to enquire about extending a deadline. Is that true?

Russell thinks for a moment.

RUSSELL

I can't recall, but it's possible.

MAYS

She claims that while she was here, you made a pass at her.

RUSSELL

What?

MAYS

When she refused your advances, you became quite violent and subsequently raped her.

RUSSELL

That's outrageous.

MAYS

Several following entries she mentions you stalked her and even threatened to kill her if she told anyone what happened.

WENDY

Russell?

RUSSELL

That's not true. That never happened.

MAYS

Of course, we cannot take this evidence at face value, but one does wonder why she would lie in a private diary.

RUSSELL

It's a lie. It's all a lie.

MAYS

In her final entry, she said she was coming here to tell you she was going to the police.

RUSSELL

I don't believe this.

MAYS

We have a witness. They claim they saw you, Mr Markham, dumping what looked like a body in the very same spot we found Heather.

Russell can do nothing, but stare.

MAYS (CONT'D)

Which means, I have no option but to arrest you Mr Markham on the suspicion of murdering Miss Heather Aimes.

Mays takes out a pair of cuffs and puts them on Russell. She starts pushing him toward the door.

RUSSELL

No, this isn't right. I didn't do anything. I didn't kill her. I loved her. We had a relationship, it was consensual. She was carrying my baby, I would never kill her.

Mays stops and removes the cuffs from Russell. He turns around confused. Wendy is smiling.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What's going on?

Mays removes a wig, her glasses and a prosthetic nose to reveal herself to be Heather. She smiles.

HEATHER

Hello, Russell.

RUSSELL

Heather? You're alive?

HEATHER

That's right.

RUSSELL

I don't understand.

Wendy holds up a tape recorder and presses play. It plays back Russell's protests "I loved her. We had a relationship, it was consensual. She was carrying my baby, I would never kill her." She presses stop.

WENDY

Thank you for that, Russell. My lawyer should have no trouble filing for divorce with that confession of infidelity.

RUSSELL

How-

WENDY

I already knew about your affair. Heather came to see me a few days ago-

Flashback

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wendy and Heather sit on the couch with a cup of coffee each. They are talking.

WENDY (V.O.)

She explained how you'd promised to leave me and run away with her. But then you abruptly ended your affair, not long after I told you my father had left me a large inheritance. What a coincidence. We decided you needed to suffer a little.

Wendy and Heather shake hands.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Heather sits on the porch step. She checks her watch,

WENDY (V.O.)

We arranged it all down to the last detail.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Wendy sits in her car. Heather watches on as she slams on the accelerator and smashes the car into Russell's.

Heather lies down on the tarmac and slides under the car. Wendy climbs out of the car and takes a pot of fake blood from her pocket.

She pours it onto Heather's head. She pockets the pot of blood as Russell rushes out.

INT. WOOD - NIGHT

Heather's body lay on the ground. Russell and Wendy get in the car and drive off. Heather opens her eyes and sits up. She watches the car disappear into the night.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Heather creeps up the stairs. She sneaks across the landing and approaches the bedroom door. She stares at Russell.

He looks over at her and she quickly creeps into the next room and hides behind the door. Russell peers out the room to find nobody there.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Russell stands in shock. Wendy and Heather are enjoying the moment.

WENDY

I have to say, Heather is quite the actress. You must be a very good teacher.

HEATHER

I'll say. I wasn't sure he'd be convinced.

WENDY

You won't be getting any of my money, Russell. I should have divorced you years ago.

RUSSELL

Why all this? If you knew, why didn't you just confront me?

WENDY

Because I knew you'd lie and deny it. Claim Heather was delusional.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)
I wanted an open and frank
confession.

Russell turns to Heather.

RUSSELL
The baby?

Heather grins.

HEATHER
There is no baby, Russell. I just
told you that so you'd be more
inclined to go along with Wendy's
plan.

WENDY
And now, I think it's time you
left, Russell. You can send someone
to collect your things. I don't
ever want to see you again.

HEATHER
The same goes for me.

A bemused Russell walks toward the door. He looks back at Heather and Wendy smiling and fills with rage.

Russell rushes over to Wendy and wraps his hands around her throat. He pushes her down onto the couch and strangles her. Heather watches on in fear as Wendy struggles to breath.

Heather picks up a heavy ornament from the coffee table and brings it down hard onto Russell's skull.

His hands loosen from Wendy's neck as he collapses to the floor. A pool of blood forming around his head. Wendy gasps for air as she looks down at Russell.

She crouches down beside him and checks his pulse. She looks up at Heather, eyes wide.

WENDY
He's dead.

Heather stares back at Wendy in shock. She drops the ornament.

FADE OUT.