

PHANTOM BUS 39

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

An unmarked car is parked out front.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The room is a mess - cushions stripped from the couch, contents of drawers dumped on the floor, things knocked over. Someone has ransacked the place.

A WOMAN (30s) is seated in a chair, crying into a tissue.

NICK REYNOLDS (40), a prominent detective married to his job, the kind of guy you could love and hate at the same time, goes to sit on the couch, stops in mid-sit. No cushion.

He grabs one from the floor and places it on the couch, then sits down. He pulls a pad and pen from his pocket.

NICK

So you're certain that your husband
did this while you were at work?

The woman starts to answer. She is interrupted when a cell phone RINGS.

A disgruntled look on his face, Nick pulls his cell phone from a jacket pocket.

NICK

(to Woman)
Just a moment.
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. REYNOLDS KITCHEN - DAY - SAME

JANICE REYNOLDS (40), youthful, a woman who can do it all, rummages through her purse as she holds her cell phone between her shoulder and ear.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JANICE

Do you know what time it is?

Nick glances at his watch.

NICK

2:17.

JAKE REYNOLDS (10), typical boy for his age, dressed in a soccer uniform, hurries up to his mom.

JAKE

I'm gonna be late.

JANICE

(into phone)

Jake's game starts at three.

NICK

I'm in the middle of an investigation.

JANICE

You're always in the middle of something.

She pulls out a set of keys from her purse.

Jake grabs a bottle of juice from the refrigerator and drinks some.

Nick steps to the far side of the room to speak in private.

NICK

You knew what you were getting yourself into when you married a detective.

JANICE

Did I?

Janice hangs up her phone. She turns to Jake with a fake smile.

JANICE

Your dad says he's sorry, but he's held up at work. He can't make it to your game.

While the news hurts Jake, he tries his best to shrug it off.

JAKE

That's okay. Let's go.

He leaves through the back door.

Watching sadly, Janice trails after him.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Nick closes his phone and stuffs it back inside his pocket. He returns to the couch.

NICK

Sorry about that. If you can give me a work address for your husband and his cell phone number, I'll see what I can do to track him down.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A lower middle class one-story home. The living room light shows through the closed front drapes.

An older car pulls into the driveway, parks next to a Lexus. In front of the Lexus is a small Ford, in great condition compared to the beat-up clunker that joins it.

The headlights on the older car shut off. SAM HARRIS (38), portly, the kind of man who has always been on the heavy side and never cared, leaves the driver's seat, dressed in a city bus driver's uniform with his first name embroidered on the pocket. Just getting out of his car is a struggle due to his massive size.

Sam eyes the Lexus, displeased over seeing it. His eyes turn to the house.

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Fairly disorganized. The people who live here couldn't care less about housework. There are a few pictures of Sam with his wife Gloria, but Sam is the only one who looks even remotely happy and that is very remote.

Sam enters. He stops just inside to look around as far as his eyes can see - to the kitchen off to the side and down the hall.

MOANS of ecstasy come from another room. Sam follows the sounds into the--

HALL

-- and up to a bedroom door slightly ajar. He pushes it open.

BEDROOM

The lights are off, but two people are enhanced on the bed by a scant amount of moonlight coming inside through thin curtains. The couple moves beneath the covers, having hot and heavy sex. The MOANS are abundant.

Sam flips on the light. His eyes enlarge in shock over what he sees before him.

SAM

What the hell?

In the bed, both people stop what they're doing to look his way. GLORIA HARRIS (29), a trollop that comes in a nice package but completely lacks inner beauty, sours over seeing Sam. Her hair is a mess.

She straddles DEREK, a slightly younger MAN who fails in comparison to Sam. This man is a god with his dashing good looks. Shed clothing from both lies beside the bed.

Gloria is non-chalant over being caught.

GLORIA

Sam, I wasn't expecting you home so soon.

SAM

Well, I would hope not. What do you think you're doing in MY house? In MY bed?

Annoyed with the situation, Gloria gathers pieces of her clothing from the floor and puts them on.

GLORIA

It's MY bed. My mom bought it for us, remember?

SAM

You're fucking some gigolo under my nose, and you want to argue over whose bed you're fucking in?

Gloria finishes with her clothing and gathers what remains. She tosses them to Derek, who dresses. Gloria steps up to Sam, not one ounce of regret showing over what she has done.

GLORIA

I need great sex somewhere.

She leaves the room.

Sam is stunned by the knife that just went through his heart. He looks over at Derek, who grins at him. He doesn't know what else to do in the uneasy situation.

LIVING ROOM

Gloria puffs on a cigarette.

Sam walks into the room, at a complete loss for what to say.

Fortunately for him, Gloria has plenty.

GLORIA

It's just like you to ruin my fun.

Sam just glares at her.

Gloria enjoys his silence. She circles him with a cocky smirk, stopping in front of him.

GLORIA

Look at you, you pathetic excuse for a man. You catch your wife in bed with another man and don't even know what to say.

She blows a cloud of smoke into Sam's face. He coughs slightly but not much. Looks like he might be used to it.

GLORIA

A man of few words. Too bad you're not a man of action.

Derek comes in, fully dressed. Gloria goes to his side and wraps an arm around his.

GLORIA

Now THIS is a man of action.

DEREK

What can I say?

The couple goes to the door.

SAM

Where are you going?

Gloria looks at him smugly.