

THE JOURNEY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. UPPER CLASS STREET - DAY

Every house down the street has picket fences and neat lawns.

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Designer clothes hang in an open wardrobe. An open *Gucci* suitcase sits on the bed.

A toilet FLUSHES.

ROBERT (well groomed, mid 30s) walks out from the en-suite. He walks up to the suitcase, shuts the lid and zips it up.

Robert leans over to his drawers and opens the top drawer. He grabs his passport.

Robert takes a gander at the picture before tossing it onto the bed.

MARTHA (glamorous, early 30s), wearing a *Roberto Cavalli* dress walks in from the hallway.

She walks over to Robert and puts her arms around his waist.

Robert turns around and smiles. He gives her a peck on the lips.

MARTHA

All packed.

ROBERT

Did you double check?

Martha moves her head back and looks into Robert's eyes.

MARTHA

What do you take me for?

ROBERT

Don't forget your passport.

Martha walks over to her side of the bed. She glances at their wedding photo sitting on the table.

She picks it up and smiles. Robert looks over.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'll never forget that night. You were so alluring.

MARTHA

And to think you nearly married  
that ghastly Penelope.

ROBERT

Don't forget you were being courted  
by that awful Gareth.

MARTHA

(remembers)

Oh God. His laugh. Like daggers  
through my ear drums.

ROBERT

Can't be worse than Penelope's  
nose. That thing would go on for  
miles. Nearly took my eye out once!

Martha chortles.

Robert looks at his watch.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We best get going dear.

Martha puts down the photo, opens her draw and grabs her  
passport.

MARTHA

Ready.

Robert ZIPS up the suitcase and heads out the door, followed  
by Martha.

EXT. UPPER CLASS STREET - DAY

A car drives past, breaking the silence of the street.

Martha walks out of the house carrying a *Louis Vuitton*  
handbag.

Robert follows and shuts the door.

He locks the door, turns around, takes his car keys out and  
points it towards the *Mercedes-Benz*.

BEEP -- The car unlocks.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Martha TAPS her fingers on the dashboard. Robert opens the  
back set door and throws a black gym bag onto the seats.

Robert gets in and looks at Martha with a smile.

ROBERT  
All set?

MARTHA  
Of course.

Robert starts the ENGINE.

INT. CAR - DAY -- MOVING

Martha stares out the window, while Robert drives.

Martha SIGHS.

ROBERT  
Something the matter?

MARTHA  
(looks at Robert)  
It's just,  
(beat)  
We've never had a honeymoon.

Robert takes his eye off the road.

The car bumps around, like it just went over a speed bump.

In the rearview mirror, a WOMAN runs over to a dead dog in the road.

ROBERT  
Look in the glove box.

Martha opens up the glove box to find a box, tied in a bow. She GASPS in surprise.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Open it.

Martha unties the box and throws open the box.

Martha looks down at a neatly folded negligee. Her smile quickly vanishes as she holds it up.

MARTHA  
How very coarse.

Police cars drive past with their SIRENS going off.

ROBERT  
(chuckles)  
That's for later, look closer.

She looks inside the box to find an engraved revolver.

She picks it up and looks at the message.

*'Forever yours'.*

MARTHA  
It's beautiful, it must have cost a fortune.

ROBERT  
Nothing is too good for my pooky.

Martha puts her hand on her stomach.

MARTHA  
I have a present for you too,  
(beat)  
I'm pregnant.

ROBERT  
What?  
(beat)  
When? How?

MARTHA  
Don't think I need to answer your last question,  
(beat)  
Found out last Wednesday, I went to the doctors to confirm it.

ROBERT  
This is wonderful news!

MARTHA  
It is, isn't it?

ROBERT  
I can finally say, my life is perfect.

MARTHA  
I was thinking Jonathan,  
(beat)  
If it's a boy and Emilia if it's a girl.

ROBERT  
(insincerely)  
Emilia...  
(beat)  
Fantastic.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Robert parks up outside.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Martha opens the glove compartment. She pulls out a couple of ski masks.

She passes one to Robert and they both put them on over their heads.

Robert reaches under the steering wheel.

He grabs a pistol.

She unzips her handbag and places the engraved revolver inside and zips it back up.

MARTHA  
I love you.

They lean in and kiss.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Robert and Martha step out of the car and close the doors.

PEOPLE on the street run away as they run into the bank.

Guns are FIRED, ALARMS and SCREAMS can be heard.

There is a PAUSE of silence.

ROBERT  
I fucking hate the name Emilia!

FADE TO BLACK.