

# **MISTAKES**

by  
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**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT**

JOHN (35) sits at his computer desk, clicking through porn sites. The door behind him quietly opens and FERN (30) steps in.

FERN

So this is what you do when  
you think I'm sleeping?

JOHN clicks close on the browser and spins around in the chair to face FERN, feigning confusion.

FERN

I don't know why you bothered  
closing that. I already saw  
the lesbians. Honestly, John,  
aren't I enough for you?

**INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM - FLASHBACK**

JOHN (32) and FERN (27) stand in front of a room full of family and friends, facing a female CELEBRANT. JOHN takes FERN's hands.

JOHN

Fern Meredith Linney, you are  
my one and only, to love and  
cherish, through good times  
and bad, for as long as we  
both shall live. I give you  
this ring to symbolise my  
everlasting love for you.

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUED**

JOHN leans back in the chair.

JOHN

What do you want me to say  
here? That I don't find other  
women attractive simply  
because I'm married to you?  
Looking at porn doesn't mean  
I've stopped loving you.

FERN shrugs and resigns to nod, then joins JOHN and sits on his lap.

FERN

You're right; I was being  
silly.

FERN lightly kisses JOHN on the lips.

FERN (CONT'D)

I don't want you to feel like  
you have to hide this from me  
though, okay?

JOHN nods, then pushes FERN up to stand as he stands  
himself.

JOHN

Let's go to bed.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

FERN is making pancakes on the stove. JOHN enters  
wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase.

JOHN

Oh, honey... That smells  
awesome, but I forgot to tell  
you... I'm having a breakfast  
meeting at work this morning.  
Can we save them until  
tomorrow?

He doesn't wait for an answer and instead rushes out the  
door.

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT**

JOHN sits at the computer which displays a webcam window  
of a young woman, WINTER (24). She's wearing a busty  
blue corset. John's image is visible in the corner of  
Winter's window. He's leaning in close to the screen and  
his hands are nowhere near the mouse or keyboard.

WINTER

Thank you for breakfast.

JOHN

Thank you for dessert.

WINTER

What dess... Oh! Mmm, yes.  
You're welcome.

JOHN

Loved watching you serve it.  
Would love to watch it again  
now.

WINTER

You're incredible, you know that? Fern could be back any moment.

JOHN

I know, but you drive me wild. At least this is safer than asking you over tonight!

WINTER bites her lip.

WINTER

I guess you could pretend I'm just porn.

JOHN

Fern's not that stupid. She knows what Skype looks like.

FERN (OFF SCREEN)

John?

JOHN

Shit.

JOHN quickly exits the programme, gets up and leaves the room.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONT'D**

JOHN enters, shutting the door behind him, and walks up to FERN, kissing her on the lips.

FERN

Looking at porn again?

JOHN

Nah.

FERN

(placing a hand on JOHN's crotch)  
Then what's this?

JOHN

I was thinking about what I wanted to do to you when you got home.

A sly smile forms on FERN's face. She grabs his tie and drags him to another room, closing the door behind them.

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY**

FERN is at the computer, browsing a lingerie store's web site. A chat window pops up that reads:

WinterBloom: Hey, don't normally see you online this time of day.

FERN stares at the screen for a moment and types back, sending a reply:

JohnnyGiggles: Sorry, my husband's account must've logged on by itself. Who are you?

FERN watches intently, waiting for a reply. Then she notices a prompt that states "WinterBloom is offline." She clicks the button to check the chat history, but nothing comes up.

**INT. KITCHEN - SUNSET**

FERN sits at the kitchen bench with a cup of tea in her hands, staring at the front door. She starts tapping the bench with her fingers. Then her leg begins to fidget.

After a few moments, the front door opens and JOHN enters.

FERN

Are you cheating on me?

JOHN quickly turns to face FERN, dropping his jacket and briefcase on the floor.

JOHN

Woah, at least let me get in the house first! No, of course I'm not cheating on you.

FERN

Then why are you deleting your chat logs?

JOHN

Are you *spying* on me? I don't know what settings I have, maybe it doesn't auto-save. I can't believe you're spying on me.

FERN

I wasn't spying. Someone called Winter something sent you a message.

FERN (CONT'D)

She disappeared when I asked who she was. Can you blame me for being suspicious of that behaviour?

JOHN

Honestly? Yes. Winter is just someone I work with. She probably just had a work related question and didn't think it was a good idea to bother you.

FERN shook her head and stood up, strongly placing both of her palms on the bench.

FERN

You're a fucking liar.

FERN tears herself away from the room and storms off upstairs, leaving JOHN gobsmacked.

After a couple moments, JOHN takes his phone out of his pocket and starts tapping away on the buttons.

**INT. HALLWAY - LATER**

JOHN knocks on the bedroom door and then lets himself in.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONT'D**

FERN is throwing clothes into two suitcases on the bed.

JOHN

Fern, honey, don't do this. I love you.

FERN

You should've thought about that before lying to me. Fuck you, asshole.

JOHN

I don't understand why you think I lied. But I've texted Winter and asked her to come over so you can hear the truth.

FERN stops packing clothes and looks JOHN directly in the eye.

FERN

That's rich. I checked your settings. It does auto-save. And she could've easily told me she was a colleague if she had nothing to hide. It didn't sound like it was work related.

JOHN

You're really getting worked up over nothing.

FERN goes back to packing. JOHN turns around, shuts the bedroom door and sits down, leaning against the door, knees up. JOHN's head falls into his hands.

FERN zips up the suitcases and drags them to the door.

FERN

Get up.

JOHN looks up at FERN.

JOHN

You don't have to do this.

FERN

And you didn't have to lie to me.

The door bell chimes.

FERN

Your girlfriend's here. Don't worry, she can comfort you.

JOHN stands but continues to lean against the door.

JOHN

Can you at least stay to meet Winter?

FERN

Is she going to lie to me, too?

JOHN

What do you want here? Are you expecting her to come in, kiss me on the lips?

JOHN (CONT'D)

Do you think she's going to say, "Sure, we fucked on your sofa?"

FERN

Did you?

The door bell chimes again.

JOHN

Of course not. But that seems to be what you're looking for.

FERN

You should answer the door.

JOHN turns around and opens the bedroom door.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

JOHN shuffles quickly down the stairs and to the front door. He answers it and WINTER enters.

FERN throws the suitcases down the stairs.

JOHN

Fern!

FERN

Whatever. It's not like I'm going to damage my clothes.

JOHN

No, but you could've hurt someone.

FERN

Oh well.

FERN cautiously descends the stairs and extends her hand as a greeting.

FERN

You must be Winter.

WINTER extends her hand in return, but FERN pulls hers away before they can shake. WINTER's hand drops to her side.

WINTER

Yes.



FERN

I suppose I should apologise  
but I'm not particularly  
interested in getting to know  
the reason I'll be getting a  
divorce.

WINTER

Sorry, what? You don't need  
to get a divorce.

FERN

That's rich coming from a  
young piece of trash who's  
fucking my husband.

WINTER

(raising her left hand)  
I'm married.

FERN

And that's supposed to make  
it okay? Or are you trying to  
give me the impression you  
haven't fucked him? Because  
you've certainly fucked me  
over.

WINTER looks to JOHN. JOHN shrugs. WINTER looks back to  
FERN.

WINTER

I love him.

FERN

Your husband or mine?

WINTER

Mine.

WINTER drops her head.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Yours... Both.

FERN

(confused)  
How can you love them both?

WINTER looks at FERN again.

WINTER

I don't know, I just do.

FERN

You know my husband's a liar,  
right?

JOHN

Hey! I'm standing right here!

WINTER looks at JOHN.

WINTER

She's right, though. At least  
you lie to her.

JOHN looks at FERN. She's glaring at him.

JOHN

I... I didn't want to hurt  
you. I love you too much.

FERN

I accepted the porn. Yet you  
still thought you couldn't  
talk to me about being  
attracted to other women. I'm  
sorry, I just can't take this  
any more.

FERN picks up the luggage and drags it out the front  
door. JOHN is gobsmacked again.

WINTER

I told you she'd prefer to  
find out about me from you. I  
guess she was more open  
minded than you thought.

JOHN

I could've had both of you?

WINTER

Not any more.

WINTER follows FERN out the door.