

WHEN I SAY I'M IN LOVE, YOU BEST BELIEVE I'M IN LOVE

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**EXT. STREET - TOWN - NIGHT**

WIFE and HUSBAND (both mid-30s) dash through a downpour, carrying shopping bags.

**INT. CAR - TOWN/COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

Wife and husband pull doors shut against battering rain.

They bundle the shopping bags through onto the back seats.

Husband starts the car. Wife turns on the heater.

Husband flicks on the headlights: bright light outside the car, dark inside.

They pull out into the road and move off.

The town through the car window breaks down into the black wash of drenched countryside.

Headlights from the other side of the road illuminate the faces of husband and wife: both have eyes on the road, apart.

The other car passes, drops the pair back into their black.

Wife puts on the radio: The Shangri-Las' *Give Him A Great Big Kiss* is reaching its end.

THE SHANGRI-LAS

*Is he a good dancer?*

*Whaddayamean, is he a good dancer?*

*Well, how does he dance?*

*Close, very, very close!*

The song concludes, falls into something else ignored by Wife and Husband, both still staring out into the wet night.

HUSBAND

The pass at the farm'll be flooded.

Wife looks across to husband, reaching out.

WIFE

(apologetic)

Can't we go another way?

HUSBAND

(hard)

No idea.

Wife retreats into her seat. Husband stews. Rain pours.