

HAPPY WIFE, HAPPY LIFE

Written by

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EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - DAY

An antique furniture set sits upon blood splattered gravel. A prosthetic leg is hooked around the wardrobe's foot and a severed hand clings to the chest of drawers.

Engaged couple, ADRIAN (20s) and CERIS (20s) are bickering:

ADRIAN
I'm not having blood in the back of
my van, Ceris!

CERIS
What am I supposed to do, Adrian?
It's like his hand is superglued to
it. It won't budge! You try.

ADRIAN
(shakes head)
You're mad! I ain't touching that.

CERIS
Don't be such a wuss! It's not like
you were the one who chopped it
off.

ADRIAN
Yeah! That's right, Ceris, brag
about attacking an innocent--

CERIS
--Don't start! We haven't got time
for this. We've got a helluva drive
back home. Let's just sort the hand
out later!

Adrian spots the prosthetic leg.

ADRIAN
And what about his leg?

CERIS
Put it in the house, next to his
body.

ADRIAN
I'm not going back in there!

CERIS
Remind me why I'm marrying you,
again?

ADRIAN
Dunno, you tell me-- Shit!
Someone's coming!

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Farmer JOHN (40s), speeds over the hill on his quadbike.

CERIS

Quick!

The couple kick gravel over the blood splatter. Ceris blocks the severed hand from view. Adrian tosses the prosthetic leg into the wardrobe and slams the door shut, just as John parks up.

JOHN

Hello! Is Morris about?

CERIS

Who?

ADRIAN

(to Ceris)

The man that sold us this stunning furniture, babe.

CERIS

Oh, yeah!

JOHN

Need a hand?

ADRIAN

No, do you?

(Ceris stifles a laugh)

I mean, we're alright. Aren't we, Cer?

Ceris nods. John hops off his quadbike, starts towards the house.

CERIS

Where are you going?!

JOHN

To see Morris, if that's alright with you two?

ADRIAN

He -- he left!

John looks at Morris' Land Rover with a puzzled expression.

CERIS

(unconvincingly)

On foot.

JOHN

Morris doesn't walk anywhere. Not after he lost his leg to diabetes.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I tell you now, that was enough to
put me on the straight and narrow.

John chuckles. The couple laugh (a little too
enthusiastically). John spots the severed hand behind Ceris.

JOHN

Christ! That gave me fright!

John notices Morris' signet ring on the hand and backs away
from the couple.

JOHN

Oh, I don't want any trouble now!
My wife knows where I am and if I'm
not back for dinner... she'll have
my guts for garters.

John chuckles. The couple exchange a panicked glance.

CERIS

You're not gonna call the police?

JOHN

Be honest now, is Morris dead?

ADRIAN

No... He's tied up in the pantry.

CERIS

For fuck sake, Adrian! Why can't
you ever keep your big mouth shut?!

JOHN

Now now, let's not add a domestic
to the situation. Tell me, did
Morris try to pull one over on you
two?

ADRIAN

Yes!

CERIS

Christ, Adrian!

JOHN

I knew it wouldn't be much longer
before the greedy bastard got his
comeuppance.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/INT. VAN - LATER

As the couple drive away - with the furniture in the back of
the van - John waves goodbye using Morris' severed hand.

CERIS

Fucking hell -- that man's a
nutter!

ADRIAN

Yeah, and you should be grateful he is. What we've done is bad enough. I wouldn't want murder added to my rap sheet.

CERIS

You would've done that for me?

ADRIAN

Don't look so surprised. Happy wife, happy life, innit?

CERIS

That's the reason.

ADRIAN

What?

CERIS

What you just said -- that's the reason I'm marrying you.

THE END