
The Weekend Millionaires

A comedy in ten minutes

FIRST SCENE -- SAMPLE

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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
TAYLOR SMITH	Husband of Jenna, IT technician/ bank loans officer	25-40	Male
JENNA SMITH	Wife of Taylor. Interior decorator	25-40	Female

ONE SET -- LIVING ROOM

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time Late afternoon.

Place The home of Taylor and Jenna.

A small mail table and sofa.

A few bars of "Love Will Keep Us Together" plays (without words).

TAYLOR SMITH (25), sophisticated, ENTERS through the DR front door dressed in a immaculate business suit with a full gym bag.

Taylor drops the gym bag, goes through six letters from the mail table. The song ends.

TAYLOR (*looking at mail, sung*) Honey Bunny, I'm home.

JENNA (*O.S. sung*) Taylor, Sweetie.

TAYLOR (*looking at mail*) Yes, Dearest.

JENNA (*O.S.*) Are you ready for a surprise?

A perplexed look from Taylor.

TAYLOR Dearest, if I'm ready, it won't be a surprise.

JENNA (*O.S.*) I've made you something wonderful!

JENNA SMITH (25), in a colorful apron that covers a red checked blouse and business attire, RUSHES from the kitchen holding a smoking meatloaf pan with oven mitts (dry ice).

Taylor's surprised, throws the mail into the air as she charges toward him, causing him to back up.

JENNA (*joyous, proud*) Voila!

TAYLOR Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .

Jenna backs him into the wall behind him.

aaaaaat?

Taylor looks down into the pan.

You made lava?!!!

JENNA *(joyous, proud)* No, silly, it's my very own Betty Crocker meatloaf!

TAYLOR *(dire, looking at the meat loaf)* Jenna!!!

JENNA What, Sweetie?

TAYLOR *(a dire cringe)* It's burning!

JENNA *(oblivious)* Oh.

Jenna blows on the meat loaf.

Better? *(joyous)* The top's a little crispy, but you'll love the rest.

Taylor waves smoke away, squints to see her.

TAYLOR *(tactful)* It's, it's . . . I'm at a loss for words.

Jenna giggles, takes it as a compliment.

JENNA It's my first delicious meatloaf, although the proof will be in the eating.

TAYLOR *(trepidation)* I've found a word.

JENNA Wonderful?

TAYLOR It's a four-letter word.

JENNA *(joyous)* Love has four letters.

TAYLOR *(dread)* That's not the word I had in mind.

Jenna tries to kiss him, but smoke and the hot pan are in the way.

Taylor tries to dodge the hot pan, gets a finger or two burned.

They fumble around until she holds the meat loaf with one hand from the edge with one mitt, puts the other oven mitt on the letter table, the meatloaf pan on the mitt and the other mitt over the meatloaf.

They kiss.

JENNA Missed you.

(MORE)

Jenna grabs Taylor, bear hugs him hard, turns him facing DS. Taylor's arms fly out, face shows he's breathless.

(joyous) Three months married, and it still feels new, fantastic.

Jenna releases the hug. Taylor gasps, out of breath and dazed but she does not notice.

Taylor?!

TAYLOR Yes, yes. *(takes a breath)* potentially fatal, but fantastic.

JENNA How was your day, my Sweet?

Taylor gathers himself.

TAYLOR My day? Right, the day I had. My dear, your loans officer, computer I.T. genius husband had an exceptional day at the bank.

JENNA *(joyous)* That's because . . .

Taylor twirls, swings his arms and gym bag around, spins. Jenna poses model-like, expecting him to notice her.

TAYLOR The GDNP is above predicted. The recession is over. Our trade surplus is skyrocketing. Mr. Dill says it's a dream time for bankers!

JENNA *(annoyed)* Your bank manager?!!

Taylor hasn't noticed Jenna is miffed it's not her that's making him happy.

TAYLOR Yes! The economy is heating up!

Jenna takes oven mitt without Taylor seeing, holds it behind her back.

JENNA *(frustrated scream)* Ahhhhhhha! Not the economy!

Taylor stops spinning, turns quickly toward the meat loaf.

TAYLOR The lava loaf!

Jenna whacks him with an oven mitt, throws her arms out.

JENNA Us!!!

TAYLOR *(confused)* Us? *(sees what she means)* Of course, us!
Lovers! Definitely lovers, my Sweet.

Taylor hugs her. Jenna throws the oven mitt.

JENNA It's Friday night!!

TAYLOR So?

Jenna ends the hug, pushes him back.

JENNA *(excited)* Did you get it?

Taylor shrugs.

Come on, T-a-a-a-y-lor. It's the holiday weekend and
the bank will be closed until Tuesday. Did you?

TAYLOR Maybe I did, and maybe . . .

JENNA *(joyous)* You did! I know you did! You're forgiven!

TAYLOR The things I do for love.

JENNA It's not like you're stealing anything.

Taylor gives her the gym bag and moves US.

Heavy.

Jenna holds it to her heart, dances with it DS.

TAYLOR A million dollars is a lot of paper.

Taylor relaxes on the sofa.

JENNA It's turning you on?

TAYLOR *(macho)* Your man doesn't have an off switch.

JENNA More than normal?

Taylor moves to Jenna.

TAYLOR A million dollars of the bank's money, here, in our
love nest, does raise my blood pressure a tad.

JENNA What denominations?

TAYLOR Hundreds.

JENNA Wow, hundreds!

*A few bars of "Money, Money, Money" plays.
Jenna dances with the gym bag.*

(enthused) Feel the power! You gotta feel it! You're sure the bank won't miss it?

Music stops, she stops dancing.

TAYLOR The safe can't be opened until eight a.m. Tuesday morning. I was the last one out tonight and I'll be the first one in Tuesday morning. I'll return the money, and no-one will be the wiser.

JENNA What about the cameras?

TAYLOR Mr. Dill is all about saving money, has the cameras turned off before every holiday weekend.

Jenna puts the gym bag on the sofa, dances around.

JENNA I feel bad, like I've committed some horrible crime.

TAYLOR Jenna, you know the million needs to go back first thing Tuesday morning.

JENNA I was imagining. Don't you ever imagine?

TAYLOR I imagined us married.

JENNA *(incredulous look with sarcasm)* That's right.

Jenna rushes to Taylor, hugs him.

What if we pretend it's Mafia money? Let's imagine dirty Mafia money.

TAYLOR Dirty Mafia money?

JENNA Yeah. We walk the docks at night, the perilous waterfront!

Jenna grabs Taylor's arm. Taylor reluctantly moves with her. They stroll around the sofa.

TAYLOR We'd have to drive for miles . . .

JENNA We live in a mansion, on a cliff overlooking the turbulent ocean.

(MORE)

*LIGHTS FADE AWAY AROUND THEM, TRANSITION TO ONLY
ON THEM AROUND THE SOFA.*

It's a dark and dangerous night! We walk arm-in-arm on the grimy, dim, crime, and rat-infested docks.

Sour face from Taylor. Jenna pulls Taylor along.

Black water surges in. Just a few dingy dim dock lights to guide us. We go on because we're . . .

Jenna indicates she wants him to finish her sentence.

TAYLOR . . . mentally unstable?

JENNA In love!!! We love the smell of ocean, (*takes deep breath*) the sound of gulls.

TAYLOR It's night.

Jenna grabs his shoulder.

JENNA Night gulls!

TAYLOR I've never seen . . .

JENNA They're black night flyers, so they blend in . . . see?

TAYLOR No.

JENNA Good. (*enlivened*) We're at the murky, churning water's edge, the edge of absolute darkness. Shots ring out ahead! A drug deal gone bad!

Jenna clicks her heels into the floor rapidly -- gunfire.

The unmistakable sound of automatic weapons, so we . . .

Taylor pulls back. She motions for him to finish the statement.

TAYLOR . . . run for cover.

Jenna grabs him.

JENNA We push on unafraid! Your shirt is soaked in sweat, muscles tight, swell, ripple.

(MORE)

Jenna takes off his suit jacket, tie, throws it, runs her hands over his upper body.

Muscles want to burst the shirt, so you rip it off.

Taylor tries to tear off his shirt, but it won't tear, so settles for undoing the top two shirt buttons, throws his chest out.

Sweat-soaked muscles glisten and ripple.

Taylor does a he-man pose. Jenna grabs Taylor's arm, pulls him along.

Jenna looks to the sofa.

We see it! A black, machined gunned limo, been peppered with bullet holes, engine idling. On the hood is an open bag of drug money!

Jenna takes the gym bag, puts it on the sofa arm and opens it.

Over a million dollars, waiting for us to take. We grab it and . . .

Jenna indicates she wants him to finish her sentence.

TAYLOR . . . run like hell?

JENNA No! Two shots ring out . . .

Jenna bangs her heels on the floor twice.

. . . tear into the limo! You jump in front.

Jenna jumps behind him, hides.

My protector from harm no matter how dangerous.

Taylor jumps behind her, hides.

TAYLOR You're sure you're with me?

Jenna jumps behind Taylor, holds him there.

JENNA He's shooting at us!

*Jenna bangs her heels on the floor twice.
Taylor ducks.*

He wants our money, coming after us, so we . . .

TAYLOR (desperate) We run faster?

JENNA You grab an uzi from a dead hand!

Taylor has a confused look.

Machine gun!

Jenna takes his arm, reaches down with it and aims it at an imaginary target.

Jenna rapid clicks her heels on the floor for the sound of automatic fire.

You took him down hard and for good.

Taylor throws and spits out the imaginary uzi.

TAYLOR We have the money?!!

JENNA Yes, yes, yes! Pick me up and . . .

Taylor picks her up, putting her over one shoulder while holding the gym bag.

TAYLOR And?

JENNA Run to our mansion on the cliff.

Taylor runs around the sofa with Jenna over his shoulder, stops DC.

JENNA Throw me on the bed!

Taylor dumps her on her onto the sofa.

TAYLOR Whoppee! We count it?

JENNA Scatter the whole mill on me.

Taylor opens the gym bag and dumps twenty bundles of money on Jenna from the gym bag.

Jenna's bombarded, is startled, fights them off.

(surprised) I'd imagined loose bills. *(overjoyed)* We go to it on the cash. That's power! That's my man!

He jumps on her, pulls back, looks closely at a bundle.

TAYLOR What about paper cuts?

Jenna sits up, holds two bundles.

JENNA We're not afraid! We take what we want! Love every moment of being fully alive!

TAYLOR Yes!!!

LIGHTS UP

JENNA That's what we love. *(looks to Taylor)* What do you think?

Taylor puts the money into the gym bag and closes it during the following dialogue.

TAYLOR Me? What do I think?

Taylor stands, paces, big build up.

I see, I see, *(thinking)* a very sexy . . . sensual . . .
. erotic . . . highly stimulating . . . three-day . . .

Jenna hangs expectantly overjoyed on his words "sexy . . . sensual . . . erotic . . . stimulating . . . three-day," then . . .

. . . interest free loan!

JENNA *(disappointed)* Taylor, think wild!

Taylor pauses to mentally calculate, walks around.

TAYLOR Jen, two days at five per cent interest on a mill, comes to around *(pause while thinking)* two hundred and seventy-three dollars and ninety-seven cents.

JENNA Compounded?

TAYLOR Before compounding! Now that's wild!

JENNA *(mocking)* Whoopee. I'll work on what you see.

TAYLOR Jen, Sweetie, go ahead, open it.

Jenna pours bundles of money on the sofa from the gym bag.

JENNA How much in each bundle?

TAYLOR *(takes a bundle)* This one's twenty-five thousand.

JENNA I've got goose bumps.

TAYLOR *(smug)* I get used to dealing with large amounts.

Jenna takes two bundles and juggles them.

JENNA My fifty-thousand-dollar act.

Taylor sits on the sofa, watches her.

TAYLOR Very nice. Can you get the hips going?

Jenna hip gyrates and juggles. Taylor applauds. Jenna uses the bundles like weights, pushes them over her head.

Taylor moves to her, kisses her. Jenna puts the bundles into the gym bag and closes it.

JENNA *(enthused)* We'll have my fabulous meatloaf after.

TAYLOR *(dread)* Torched meatloaf.

JENNA *(joyful)* It'll be delicious!

Jenna happily dances the gym bag into the bedroom.

(O.S.) Don't forget our dinner.

Taylor picks up the meatloaf pan with trepidation with hands in oven mitts, moves toward bedroom door.

TAYLOR What if it explodes?

JENNA *(O.S.)* The money?

Taylor EXITS into the bedroom.

TAYLOR *(O.S.)* The flambéed lava loaf!!!

LIGHTS OUT.

END OF SCENE 1 - END OF SAMPLE