

Something Old Something New
Episode 2
Stains

By

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INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Gwyn sits on the floor mat against the wall, her dress overflowing around her and her shoes scattered among the mess in front of the cupboard. She is frowning down at a bottle of bleach in her hands, squinting at the label.

Dusty sits against the opposite wall tipping the last few drops of wine onto his tongue from the now empty bottle, his shirt slightly unbuttoned and his bow-tie between Gwyn's shoes in the mess of bottles and toiletries.

GWYN
You're going first.

Dusty stands up, sways a bit and holds his head, then starts unbuttoning his shirt further.

DUSTY
Whatever her majesty desires. This
isn't your first time is it?

He pulls the shirt over his head. His hands get stuck in the sleeves and he squirms to try escape, eventually popping on of the cuff buttons, then undoing the other sleeve.

he steps forward and Gwyn pulls her dress back quickly to avoid his shoes.

DUSTY
It's already covered in wine and on
a bathroom floor, get over it.

GWYN
You're right. I'll just go grab my
other one of a kind, custom made
wedding dress.

He leans forward and reaches a hand out to her. She reaches up and hands him the bottle of bleach.

GWYN
You could have at least stolen
another bottle of wine.

Dusty takes the bleach from her and shakes the bottle a bit.

DUSTY
Well when we're done I'm sure
there'll be some of this left
over...

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Dusty turns towards the sink and throws his shirt into. He pours some bleach over the wine stain on his shirt and turns on the tap. He turns back to Gwyn with a triumphant smile, crossing his arms over his bare chest.

She smirks back at him, holding back a laugh.

DUSTY
You're next.

GWYN
If this even works!

DUSTY
I do this all the time, chill.

GWYN
You don't have a machine?

Dusty laughs, nudging his head towards his waist coat which now hangs over the bath tub.

DUSTY
Not with that paycheck.

Gwyn looks down at her nails.

GWYN
Oh. Right.

Dusty pushes the toiletries around with his foot, eventually resting it next to the door knob. He leans down to pick it up and looks at the broken side of it and sighs.

GWYN
Turn that tap off. And come help me up.

Dusty rolls his eyes.

DUSTY
Yes, your majesty.

Gwyn scowls. He places the broken door knob on the counter, closes the tap and turns towards her.

GWYN
And don't's step on my dress!

He kicks some toiletries aside to clear himself a path as he walks and leans down to help her to her feet. She puts her arms out to gain her balance. She looks at the mess on the floor.

GWYN

My Shoes!

Dusty moves aside to show them among the mess.

DUSTY

They're still there. Haven't run
off without you.

She leans over to try pick up the nearest shoe and trips forward onto her knees. Giggling fills the hall outside and something bumps into the bathroom door.

Gwyn and Dusty freeze in place, staring at the door as it swings open and BRAD, 24, short, aloof, eager, in a suit, his tie undone and his shirt un-tucked, stumbles into the bathroom with CRYSTAL, 26, red hair, immature, bubbly, wearing a short red dress, her hair messy, wrapped around him.

The pair kiss and swivel until Brad's back is against the wall. They part to gasp for breath. Brad suddenly snaps his head to the side as he notices Gwyn on her knees and Dusty standing shirtless above her.

Crystal tries to kiss Brad again and realises his head is turned. She pulls back and follows his gaze, then quickly detaches herself from him.

CRYSTAL

Oh my god! What the fuck!

Gwyn stumbles and tries to rise to her feet. Dusty helps her up and they stand face to face, inches apart for a second before Gwyn pushes him backwards into the counter. Crystal stomps.

CRYSTAL

I'm getting mum!

She hufs and pulls her hem of her dress down and tries to fix her hair. Brad turns his head and looks Crystal up and down with a smirk.

CRYSTAL

BRAD!

Crystal rolls her eyes at him and storms out. Brad's eyes follow her and then he turns to Dusty.

BRAD

Hey, man. Um. You don't have a
spare rubber do you?

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Dusty rumages in his pocket and tosses the condom across the room to Brad, who gives a thumbs up.

BRAD

I'll leave you two to it then.

He beams and turns to trail after Crystal, pulling the door shut behind him.

Dusty lunges for the door but it closes as he reaches it.

Gwyn sinks back down onto the floor mat, her face in her hands.

Dusty grabs the door knob off the counter and tries to frantically fit it back into the door. He shoulder barges the door and it creaks against his weight.

He turns around to face her.

DUSTY

Some help? I have shit to do.

Gwyn looks up at him.

GWYN

You're going back to work *now*?

DUSTY

Fine, you just sit there. I'm not waiting around to get my wind pipe smashed in.

He rubs his neck and steps forward towards the sink. He lifts his shirt out of the water. The wine stain is now barely visible. He begins to wring the shirt out over the sink. He lifts up the shirt and pulls the fabric tight, holding it up to the light.

DUSTY

Hey, how noticeable is this stain?

She looks up at him and shrugs, her head sinking back down to stare at her lap. Dusty looks over his stretched out shirt at her sitting in a crumpled heap.

DUSTY

Okay okay. I'll help you with yours. Don't cry over spilled wine.

He walks over to her and hangs his shirt from the curtain rail, then reaches out a hand to help her up. She slowly looks up at his hand and then takes it, shakily raising to her feet.

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DUSTY

Should I, uh, turn around?

She looks down at the stain and nods slowly. Dusty steps to the side and puts his hands in front of his eyes. She looks at him closely and then tries to reach the zip of her dress.

GWYN

I need help.

Dusty moves one hand to cover both eyes and stretches out an arm towards her, bumping into her shoulder. Gwyn turns her head to see him.

GWYN

Open your eyes.

DUSTY

I bet your other half doesn't need more than her own hands to put her suit on.

GWYN

She's also wearing a dress.

DUSTY

Oh...

He removes his hand from his face and fiddles with the zip on her back. She lifts her hair from the nape of her neck, looking down at the floor. The ceiling lights catch her jewlrey and her earrings and necklace glint. Dusty stares down at her back as the dress peels away from her skin.

The door swings open and Martha enters. Gwyn drops her hair and looks up frantically. Dusty rips the zip back up, catching her falling hair. Dusty swears and tries to pull the zip down again. Her head is pulled back to force her eyes to stare at the ceiling.

Martha opens her mouth but shuts it again as she is pushed aside by Crystal, who stomps into the bathroom and puts her hands on her hips.

CRYSTAL

I told you mommy! I told you she was no good.

Martha points at Gwyn.

MARTHA

Explain!

(CONTINUED)

Both Gwyn and dusty start to speak but are cut off by Crystal.

CRYSTAL

She was on her knees mommy! And he was *naked*!

Martha turns her gaze to Dusty

DUSTY

I am -

Dusty looks down, remembering his lack of a shirt. He grabs his waistcoat and pulls it on.

DUSTY

- was not naked!

Martha looks down at his exposed nipples, not covered by the waist coat, and raises an eyebrow. Dusty quickly crosses his arms over his chest.

CRYSTAL

And in her wedding dress!

Martha steps past Crystal, trembling and shaking her head.

MARTHA

You've been missing all morning and
THIS is where we find you!

Crystal beams at Dusty and Gwyn from behind her mothers back.

CRYSTAL

Should I go get daddy?

Dusty gulps and steps forward

DUSTY

Look-

MARTHA

Oh no, don't you explain for her.
Gwyn?

Gwyn stutters and then stops as IVY, 32, short brunette hair, tall, gentle, in a white flowing dress. enters behind Crystal.

IVY

There you are, lovely!

Gwyn stares at Ivy. Ivy quickly covers her eyes.

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IVY

Shit. I'm not meant to see you in the dress.

MARTHA

Never mind about that. Your fiance has been in here all morning with-

Martha stares at Dusty and throws her hands up.

MARTHA

- that.

Ivy looks at Dusty, then up to the shirt hanging from the curtain rail. She pushes past Crystal and looks in the sink, still filled with bleach water. She then slides gracefully past Martha and sees the wine stain on Gwyns dress.

IVY

Oh no! Darling, what's happened?

CRYSTAL

They've been-

Ivy spins around and looks at Crystal.

IVY

I didn't ask you.

CRYSTAL

Maybe I should go find daddy instead!

MARTHA

Perhaps you should, my darling.

Ivy turns her gaze to Martha as Crystal pouts, and storms out.

IVY

Whatever is going on here is between me, Gwyn, and...

DUSTY

Dusty. Pleasure to meet you-

Dusty steps forward with his hand outstretched. Martha and Crystal glare at him and he shrinks back to Gwyns side.

MARTHA

You're lucky your father-

(CONTINUED)

IVY

Well he's not here is he!

Crystal turns to leave and Ivy catches her arm.

IVY

Don't. Go run back to Brad.

Crystal hufs and tugs her arm free, stomping back out the bathroom.

MARTHA

I don't see any solutions here Ivy.

IVY

I don't see any real issues mom.
have you even let them explain?

MARTHA

Well... they... no. But Crystal
said-

Ivy raises an eyebrow at her mother, who lets her sentence trail off.

MARTHA

Yes, yes I know. Your day.

Martha gestures to the three others standing before her in the bathroom.

MARTHA

I'm not going to even pretend to
understand your dynamic.

Martha turns to leave, waving her hand dramatically in the air.

MARHTA

I'll be at the bar then.

Ivy moves to close the door behind her mother but both Dusty and Gwyn shout.

DUSTY & GWYN

DON'T!

Ivy turns around and Dusty gestures to the door knob on the counter. Ivy looks down at the broken door and swings it back open and turns back to them with a quizzical look. She sweeps across the floor and embraces Gwyn.

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IVY

You're shaking my love. Here sit down. Get her some water Dusty.

Dusty looks around and grabs a plastic cup off the ground and fill it at the tap. He turns around to Ivy and Gwyn, now sitting on the bath tub, and hands Gwyn the water.

Gwyn takes in a shakey hand and sips it. Ivy places an arm around her and looks at Dusty. Dusty nervously babbles.

DUSTY

I didn't touch her. I swear. We used to date but, even then. I should have known she didn't swing that way. Your father almost killed me. And the wine. And the door. And the, the -

IVY

I think maybe you should give us some time.

DUSTY

My uh, shirt.

He points above Ivy's head. She reaches up and tosses it at him. He catches it and slides his waist coat off his shoulders.

IVY

You know that's still sopping wet...

Dusty shrugs and pulls his arms through the shirt sleeves and begins buttoning up.

DUSTY

Better than nothing.

Dusty pulls the waist coat over his wet shirt and turns to go.

DUSTY

It was, er, I guess it was nice to see you again Jan- I mean, Gwyn.

Gwyn looks up at Dusty with a weak smile. He turns and saunters out the bathroom.

Ivy bends down and begins picking up toiletries and bottles from the mess on the floor.

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IVY

So how did that happen?

The door swings shut with a click.