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PRODUCT PLACEMENT

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

A beautiful house, tastefully furnished with upscale fixtures and fittings. Hidden by the couch, a MAN and a WOMAN are in a passionate embrace.

WOMAN (OS)

Yes! Go on! Now! Yes! More!

OS, a horn honks. The Woman sits up suddenly. We see her head for the first time.

WOMAN

Yikes! My husband!

She leaps up and adjusts her white dress, runs over to the window, looks out, glances at her watch and goes running back to the couch.

WOMAN (OS)

Hide! Hurry! In there!

OS, a door closes and is locked.

The doorbell rings. The Woman opens it. Her HUSBAND is standing there, dressed in suit and tie, with an attaché case in one hand.

HUSBAND

Hello, darling!

He enters. They kiss. His wife closes the door behind him.

WOMAN

(cheerily)

My, you're home early.

HUSBAND

It's Friday.

WOMAN

It's not Thursday today?

The Husband puts his case down by the couch.

HUSBAND

No, that was yesterday. You should get out more.
You stay cooped up at home too much.

He glances at her. She smiles awkwardly.

Her Husband sneezes and looks suspicious. He begins to sniff the air.

She hands him a glass of milk.

WOMAN

Would you like a glass of milk?

HUSBAND

Sssh! Can't you smell that?

He noisily sniffs his way down the couch.

WOMAN

(anxiously)

A little glass of milk?

He stops sniffing.

HUSBAND

The couch reeks of sex!

WOMAN

Not at all.

HUSBAND

There was someone here with you!

WOMAN

Not at all.

HUSBAND

You already said that.

WOMAN

Not at all!

HUSBAND

You haven't been doing it with Thierry, have you?

WOMAN

(concedes defeat)

No, Henri.

Her Husband points to a cabinet that is totally out of place among the expensive furnishings.

HUSBAND

What the heck is that?

WOMAN

It's an IKEA cabinet.

HUSBAND

What? IKEA?

He heads off into the kitchen and comes back holding a teaspoon.

WOMAN

Sweetheart, why did you go into the kitchen? Why are you holding a teaspoon?

HUSBAND

All the better to eat you with, my child.

He rushes over and hits her brutally with the teaspoon.

His wife topples over, dead. Her dress is now red.

Her Husband looks left and right, grabs her by the feet and hauls her onto the couch.

She lies arms outstretched. He covers her with a flowery, psychedelic drape.

HUSBAND

I knew this would come in useful one day.

The doorbell rings.

HUSBAND

There's somebody at the door.

He opens up. The INSPECTOR is standing there.

INSPECTOR

Afternoon, sir. I saw a light on and thought I'd call by.

HUSBAND

Good thinking, but you're too early.

He slams the door in the Inspector's face.

HUSBAND

Now, let's throw the cops off the trail.

He picks up the phone.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

You have called the police, please hold. You have called the police, please hold. You have called the police, please hold. You have called the police, please hold...

HUSBAND

Lucky this isn't an emergency.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Hello?

HUSBAND

(sobs)

I think my wife has killed herself by throwing herself down the stairs after hanging herself with the vacuum cleaner wire. Her hand was in the blender that was switched on and she was skidding on some soap I just bought.

MALE VOICE (OS)

That's insufferable.

HUSBAND

That's right, I live in Sufferable.

MALE VOICE (OS)

I'll send someone round right away.

The Husband hangs up. The doorbell rings.

HUSBAND

Somebody at the door again.

He opens up. It's the Inspector.

INSPECTOR

Afternoon again, sir. I saw a light on and thought I'd call by again.

HUSBAND

And you think you can come in?

INSPECTOR

You're nobody's fool.

He enters. The Husband closes the door.

INSPECTOR

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Redstraw. Inspector Redstraw of the 23rd Precinct.

HUSBAND

Right.

(beat)

Would you like a glass of milk?

INSPECTOR

May I?

HUSBAND

Sure, it's already poured.

He hands the Inspector the glass of milk.

INSPECTOR

Very kind of you.

He brings the glass to his lips and stops.

INSPECTOR

That's funny, a glass of milk ready poured.

HUSBAND

You think so?

INSPECTOR

I do think so. And that cabinet that looks straight out of the IKEA catalogue, and so out of place with the rest of the room.

HUSBAND

You think so?

INSPECTOR

I do think so. And the huge lump on the couch.
That's very odd.

HUSBAND

You think so?

INSPECTOR

I do think so. It's as if you had killed your wife
because she bought a cabinet from IKEA, laid her
corpse on your beautiful couch and covered it with a
horrible drape that you'd never been able to find a
use for.

HUSBAND

OK, I confess.

INSPECTOR

You confess? I'd better arrest you then.

He handcuffs the Husband.

HUSBAND

You have to admit... IKEA!

INSPECTOR

I know. Life can be cruel sometimes.

He leads the man to the door and opens it.

INSPECTOR

I wonder what's so special about that cabinet. I'll
have to ask my wife. She bought one not so long
ago.

He closes the door behind them.

