

MRS . REX

Written by

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INT. SUBURBAN GARAGE - DAY

MRS. REX a foxy fine MILF dressed in overall shorts with one buckle strap undone, a pink half crop and heels is bent over under the hood of a car, face in the engine butt in the air.

HENRY (O.S.)
James, James!

HENRY an eighteen year old young man dressed in a T-shirt, gym shorts and flip flops, strolls into the garage.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Oh hi Mrs. Rex is James around?

MRS. REX
I sent him to the auto parts store.

Henry admires her legs all the way up the cutoffs.

HENRY
Somethin' break?

Mrs. Rex leans around tugging her half shirt down over her side-boob as she stands up.

MRS. REX
I have to get this hose off. This one keeps exploding on me.

HENRY
I wonder why?

MRS. REX
Radiator keeps running hot.

She arches back down to the engine.

HENRY
So you're working on the car?

MRS. REX
I've had to teach myself a lot of skills, a whole lot of skills.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)
You know how to work an engine?

HENRY
I'm more of a backseat mechanic.

MRS. REX
Hopefully not like a backseat driver.

Mrs. Rex yanks on the hose wiggling her butt back and forth.
Henry adjusts the front of his shorts looking up and away.

HENRY

So how soon before James is back?

Mrs. Rex stands up and pulls her shirt over a nipple that has peeked out.

MRS. REX

Thought he would've called by now
with parts questions. He should
know how to fix the car he's gonna
drive don't you think?

HENRY

Mr. Rex is always traveling right?

MRS. REX

I tried teaching Jimmy but he'd
rather just play video games. That
what you'd rather be doing Henry?
Running over hookers?

She points to a wrench and Henry hands it to her.

HENRY

And you really taught yourself all
about cars?

MRS. REX

It doesn't matter how you get your
experience, as long as you get it.
I prefer muscle cars over the
battery operated ones.

Mrs. Rex looks up and down at Henry's almost manly body.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)

(rocking her butt)

You've grown into quite the young
man. You work out?

Henry adjusts the growing problem in his shorts.

HENRY

Swimming and diving team that's it.

MRS. REX

You guys start college next week,
are you ready?

HENRY

I'm ready to hit the books.

MRS. REX

Not ready to party? Look at you.

HENRY

A bit of that too I suppose.

MRS. REX

(bending back over the
engine)

Hand my that screwdriver on the
workbench.

As Hendry reaches for it, Mrs. Rex turns around and as she's standing up catches and tears her shirt open on the hood latch exposing her perfect breast.

Henry drops the screwdriver straight to the floor.

He stares straight at her flawless curving breast.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)

You gonna pick that up for me?

HENRY

Uh..

Henry squats down and fumbles picking up the screwdriver.

Mrs. Rex unhooks the other strap of her overalls shorts and they fall to her heels. Toes pointed inwards.

She is totally commando and tan.

MRS. REX

You should stay down there awhile
and get your own experience with a
motor. See if you can overheat it.

As Henry gazes up, Mrs. Rex kicks the bumper hard and the hood slams shut.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)

Leave it.

HENRY

Jimmy is my best friend.

MRS. REX

I see the part I need doesn't care
one bit. Take it out, keep it hard.

Henry takes out his cock out the leg of his shorts and starts stroking.

Mrs. Rex takes her finger and slowly rubs her wet clit.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)
This is the spot you need to pay
attention to right here. It's the
fire button on my controller.

She pulls her finger up slowly and licks and suck on it.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)
Whatever you're gonna learn you
need to learn fast, Jimmy's back
any minute.

Mrs. Rex dips her finger again.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)
Stick out your tongue.

Henry sticks out his tongue as he continues to stroke his cock.

She twist her finger into his mouth.

MRS. REX (CONT'D)
Suck it good now baby. That's nice.
If you're gonna start college,
let's see if you remember your
ABC's

THE END