

YOURS TRULY...

by
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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Sliding glass doors let in no light - too dark out.

At a table, tapping keys on a LAPTOP, is PETER MARSHALL (38), bathrobe, messed hair - resignation on his face.

INT. UPSTAIRS - DAWN

A DOOR, sliver of light at its bottom and the sound of the SHOWER running.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Peter stops typing, rubs his eyes. Suddenly there's clarity. This is it. No turning back. No more tomorrows.

PETER (V.O.)

Remember how in love we used to be? I do. Every last detail. Christ, just watching TV was an event - our bodies pressed together like one. We were inseparable.

He takes a deep breath, lets it out. Sips coffee with a trembling hand, a WEDDING RING on his finger.

PETER (V.O.)

How could it ever come to this? Your love for me just disappeared, and I still don't know where it's gone. All I know is that you don't want me anymore. And that breaks my heart.

He pushes out the chair, ties his robe and leaves the room.

STAIRWELL

He creeps upstairs. The bathroom door looms at the top, still closed, still occupied with the shower running.

PETER (V.O.)

I've tried so hard to carry on. I really have. But I can't pretend. I don't know. Maybe it's all my fault.

BEDROOM

Peter flicks on a light switch, opens a CLOSET DOOR.

PETER (V.O.)

Every day it kills me a little more. Slowly. From the inside out. I... I don't even know what color shirt to put on in the morning. I don't know anything anymore.

CLOSET

Peter reaches to a shelf, moves towels aside, retrieves a box and brings it down.

PETER (V.O.)

I can't go on living like this.

He sits on the bed - the springs squeal under his weight. He takes the cover off the box, reaches in...

PETER (V.O.)

I say all of this to my shame. Please forgive me for what I'm about to do. Yours Truly...

A black nine millimeter gun in Peter's hand. He fits in the clip, switches the safety to OFF and...

Stares across the room into a mirror. Exhausted. Frustrated. Everything comes to an end.

He lowers his head, rests the gun on the bridge of his nose and closes his eyes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

THE WIFE (36), wrapped in a towel in front of the mirror, applying black eye-liner.

The door flies open.

She jerks her head, the eye-liner smears across her face.

THE WIFE

Fuck! You scared the shit--

Peter grabs a fist full of her candy apple hair - steadies her head - presses the gun's barrel to her temple and --

CUT TO BLACK:

BLAM!