

INT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A young woman, WIFE, sits at a dining room table in a suburban house. A large grandfather clock is placed on the far wall, the hands read 10:30. A half drunk bottle of wine and a glass sit in front of the woman, she looks as though she has been crying.

[audio] Door opening and footsteps.

A figure walks in front of our view in silhouette.

WIFE

Hey, where you been?

(beat)

That's ok, I guess I don't deserve an answer huh?

The WIFE drinks the last bit of wine from her glass.

WIFE (CONT'D)

We were supposed to go out tonight, or don't you remember? Of course you don't, you never do anymore.

(beat)

I can feel it when something is wrong, and there sure as hell is something wrong here? Why won't you talk to me? What the fuck is going on here?

The WIFE throws her wine glass against the wall.

WIFE (CONT'D)

How long am I supposed to live like this? It's only getting worse. You've changed.

(beat)

What, you don't think I've noticed your attitude lately? It's like you don't want to be here anymore. You don't talk to me or your son. You act different, you dress different, it's like your not even the same man I married. And you might not think I'm smart enough to pick up on it hon, but analyst don't work over time for six months at a stretch, and if they do I'm pretty sure their paycheck would show some kind of change. How stupid do you think I am?

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The WIFE picks up the bottle and drinks from it. She places the bottle back on the table and leans towards the silhouette.

WIFE (CONT'D)

I know your little secret Harold. That's right, I figured it out. Where is Cynthia from down the road Harold? We all know she just didn't float away. Where is she Harold. Where the fuck is she?

The WIFE starts crying and tries to regulate her breathing, she takes another long drink from the wine bottle.

WIFE (CONT'D)

She's the same place that teenager on Mulberry street is huh? The same place your son's cat is for Christ sakes! And any number of other people by now!

(beat)

I'm not the only one putting this together Harold, our neighbors are talking. We were suppose to live in the same house until Timmy graduated Harold.

The WIFE begins to play with her engagement and wedding ring on her finger.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Of all of the things you could have done in this marriage, why this. You could have cheated on me Harold. I would have understood that, we could worked through that. You could have even beat me and I would have tolerated it better than this. But when people start disappearing around you, Harold, when people die, I can't be a part of that.

The WIFE starts crying again and tries to take another sip of the wine but can't. She drops the wine bottle on the table and it spills.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Aren't you gonna say anything? Don't you love me enough to talk to me anymore.

(beat)

Why are you just standing there? Do something! Say Something! What the hell do you want from me Harold? What am I supposed to do now?

(MORE)

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WIFE (CONT'D)

Are you gonna stand there all night just giving me that stupid fucking dead stare? Say something, do something! Do anything you miserable ass-

The WIFE's eyes round out and dilate as her jaw goes slack and her head tilts away from her neck as though it has been broken. Her lifeless body falls to the table and bounces off causing her body to drop to the floor.

The angle changes to reveal a skeleton-like hand outstretched towards the lifeless body of the WIFE. We now see that the figure is DEATH, complete with black robes and scythe. DEATH turns and walks into the living room behind him, picking up a remote control from the back of a reclining chair. He turns on a 'ball game'.

DEATH

Bitch never stopped nagging!

DEATH props his scythe against a wall, sits down in the chair and relaxes.

THE END