

Stage fright

It was still gripped in her cold dead hand. An ordinary brass Yale key.

I glanced at her face and she seemed to have a smirk playing around her lips as if the bitch knew she had the final word. Her grip on the key her last scene in the final act of life. She always demanded attention, to be seen as the leading lady. I was just a bit player in her life, an extra cast at the whim of the director she adored, loved even. No, she wasn't capable of loving another. Her love of self took top billing. Always.

By rights the director should have been the one on the floor by my feet, injured but begging forgiveness as a husband, as a cheat, as a liar. He was certainly a better director than actor. I had seen beneath the murky waves of his sea of lies every single time. The late calls, the evening casting discussion meetings. The research trips as he attempted to write the big one, the screen play that would make his name. His second-rate acting skills fighting his lies for believability.

I felt a calm, cold certainty that this too would play out well. I was clearly the injured and innocent party. I had already written this screenplay in my head. The scene had been set: a late-night call to the theatre from his phone to her. A note through her door supposedly from the stage manager. Me, the heroine, arriving first and rearranging the lighting rig to fall silently and fast at my command. It's true I hadn't anticipated her arriving with such speed, desperate as she must have been to meet my husband for an unexpected sex scene, a triste I think the French call it. I just called it the way it was, sordid.

My intention in the opening act had been to confront them both on the stage and then kill him off, literally. He was of no further use to me. His so-called friends and contacts were now mine and I made a very good living with my acting skills bringing their fantasies to life. He was useful at parties but full of his own needs, never noticing me, my life, my needs. In his own mind he was pivotal in the theatre world, a successful artist.

I looked again at her face still beautiful beneath the metal struts, wires and broken glass. I realised the final act was still to be written. Why couldn't she just love me, want me? All I had ever wanted was her.

Why was she holding a front door key? Was that hers? Had she finally realised my love for her and wanted me to be with her? As I contemplated this final scene, he arrived panting and apologetic in his haste to meet his lover, mumbling and incoherent in drink.

"Oh My God what happened?"

"Darling, there has been a frightful accident"

497 Words