

EXT. HOUSE - DREARY MORNING

On this dreary day in this dreary house, a man decides to live another day of his dreary life. In his dreary bed, in his dreary clothes, lying next to his not-so-dreary wife.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CLYVE (male, 40s-50s) lolls on his side in bed staring off into a distance past the wall a few feet in front of him.

Likely looking into a world where he wants to get out of bed.

He rubs the wedding ring on his finger with a repetitive motion, as if a genie were to pop out of its rounded edges giving him the option to wish for better.

What even is better?

STEPHANY (female, 40s-50s) leans over CLYVE and kisses the side of his face.

Cold cheek. Warm kiss.

He rolls over to his back and looks at STEPHANY in confusion.

She slides her hand up his chest and kisses him again.

Warm kiss. Dead lips.

He slightly pulls back away from her. This isn't the world he wanted to be in.

She follows him and tries to kiss him again. Without a word, he holds up his hand and softly pushes her away.

STEPHANY
(frustrated)
Again!?

She flops to her side of the bed in disappointment as CLYVE turns back on his side and goes back to staring into his ideal world.

STEPHANY rips the covers off her, but leers back at CLYVE with a sadness on her chest she refuses to continue to carry.

INT. GYM - DAY

STEPHANY walks into the gym room with a sad, distressed look on her face.

She refuses to carry it!

TODD (male, 30s, ripped) the in-house trainer greets his favorite client with a smile.

Something's wrong...

TRAINER

Again?

STEPHANY drops her gym bag off her shoulder to the ground.

She won't carry it.

And he won't let her.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

CLYVE sits at the table looking at a piece of paper.

It definitely says something. Something important.

Something from some doctor talking nonsense about the signs of early stages of psychosis. Blah, blah, blah, delusions, confused and disturbed thoughts. Blah, blah, self-isolation, intense and inappropriate emotions or a lack of emotions. What is this quack talking about?

That doctor ought to be choked for sending such a letter. Well, that may be a bit much...or is it not enough?

Avoid triggering moments, events, and emotions that can worsen symptoms.

No one is sick so not a problem.

Just the thought of being told he had psychosis was hilarious. Too hilarious.

A dainty smile spreads across his lips.

A forceful push of air escapes his nose. HMMM!

His smiles widens as his shoulders chug up and down pulling a deep, yet cynical, laugh out of his lungs like a plunger clearing out a toilet that has been clogged for days.

In one steady motion, CLYVE throws his head back letting out a laugh he has need for so long, crumbling up the letter.

His laughter fades quiet like a train horn being heard further and further away.