

GONE SO SOON

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

EXT. FRONT DOOR - 1960'S

ALICE and MARCUS stand outside the front door to their home with suitcases. Marcus takes the key out and unlocks the door. They walk inside.

MARCUS

Thank Goodness. Home at last!
Sweetheart, carry my duffle, will
you?

Alice puts their luggage down right by the front door and walks to the kitchen.

ALICE

I'm so happy to be home honey. I
just think I need to take another
Advil, all that traveling has given
me a real horrible migraine.

Marcus removes his tie and sits on the couch.

MARCUS

(Smiling)
Not before you put our luggage
away, I hope.

Alice shakes her head, smiling, as she walks to the luggage and takes it to the bedroom.

She walks back to the kitchen and grabs two Advil from the bottle. She looks at them for a second before grabbing a thhird and taking them all.

Fade to black.

INT. BATHROOM

Alice looks at herself in the mirror with a blank expression and takes three more Advil.

Marcus walks past the open bathroom door.

MARCUS

Whoa, don't you think you've had
enough of that for the day? At this
rate you won't be stable enough to
make my favorite meatloaf for
dinner.

Marcus laughs and walks into their bedroom. Alice looks down at her hands which are now shaking.

INT. KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER

Alice is making dinner. The kitchen is covered in different ingredients. She puts the meatloaf in the oven.

Marcus is playing 'You've Really Got a Hold on Me' very loudly on his record player.

Alice cringes at the volume. The music is so loud it makes her take three more Advil.

Alice begins chopping vegetables and cuts her finger. She looks down at the little bit of blood, curious, and gets a bandage.

ALICE

Do you mind turning that down, Hun?

Marcus is facing away from her, a drink in his hand.

MARCUS

Do you mind hurrying up with dinner, Darling?

Alice starts spinning, the effects of the nine advil now kicking in. She looks at the kitchen knife on the counter. There is still some blood on it from cutting her finger.

Alice picks up the knife and walks over to her husband. She taps him on the back and he turns around.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Careful with that thing, Darling.
Accidents happen.

Alice squints at her husband as if she is trying to focus her spinning eyes on his face.

She plunges the knife into his abdomen. He drops his drink, the glass shattering on the floor, as he falls over.

The oven beeps.

ALICE

Dinner's ready.

Cut to black.

