

TILL DEATH DO WE PART

by

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FADE IN

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Filtered sunlight through closed blinds illuminates a room that hasn't changed in forty years. It's spotlessly clean and completely stale.

Piercing the silence is the low DRONE of a TV from a nearby room and the steady tick of a grandfather clock. GERALD (85) meticulously injects a clear fluid into a cold beef roast with a syringe.

He's wrinkled and his mouth descends into such a frown that if the corners dropped any further they would disappear under his chin. He reeks of lost dreams and countless failures.

INT. FARM HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Like the kitchen, everything's old but spotless. A side table separates two matching chairs that face the ancient TV. EDITH (82) sits with a fat, fuzzy cat in her lap.

Her hairstyle hasn't changed in decades and there's a sneer permanently etched on her face. Her make-up's nice but even so, there's no denying that she's a wicked, old hag.

Shoving the cat from her lap, she takes a small, unmarked, glass vial from her pocket and with a nervous glance at the kitchen, quickly pours the vial into Gerald's coffee cup.

EDITH

(whisper)

Happy anniversary to me.

(yelling to the kitchen)

Take the roast beef out while you're in there!

GERALD (O.S.)

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah. Already did.

She gives the coffee a quick stir, lifts herself from the chair and shoves the empty vial back in her pocket.

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS give away Edith's approach. Gerald hurriedly drops the syringe and gives it a kick under the counter, just as she walks in.

EDITH

You ready for lunch?

GERALD

Would I have come in here if I wasn't?

He gets fixings from the fridge and she gets the bread. Although they work together, there's no pleasure in it and while slicing the meat, Edith notices the multiple little syringe holes. Her eyes narrow but she says nothing.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I changed my mind. I want turkey.

EDITH

You hate turkey.

He fetches the turkey and her eyes narrow again. One of the holes in the meat drips. Her suspicion peaks.

GERALD

Isn't our anniversary today?

EDITH

Hard to believe.

GERALD

Marrying you was the best thing that ever happened to me. Heck, we're a picture of success.

Edith chuckles but it's an evil-freaking-chuckle.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Yep. Something tells me that these last years are going to be the best.

EDITH

I couldn't agree more.

GERALD

I think we should go out to dinner, tonight. To celebrate.

EDITH

Maybe. Let's see how you feel later.

(beat)

Your coffee's still in the living room. You want it with lunch?

Gerald nods 'yes'. She takes the sandwiches to the table but before he can make it the the door, his leg gives out and he goes down with a thud and a groan. Edith cackles.

GERALD

Evil witch! Help me up!

She snorts and laughs at him some more. He groans and tries to get up but winces in pain.

EDITH

Maybe when I'm done eating.

She sets his plate on the floor and kicks it over to him. He glares at her.

GERALD

I changed my mind about dinner tonight.

EDITH

Fine. I won't be hungry after I eat this anyway.

Gerald watches her take a bite, waiting on pins and needles.

GERALD

No, I don't suppose you will be.

He relishes every bite she takes.

EDITH

You aren't going to eat?

GERALD

I hate turkey.

She cackles again but suddenly begins to cough and breathe heavily. Her eyes fill with surprise and she looks at Gerald. He stares with whatever sick smile his face is able to form.

EDITH

You...how....

She drops to the table -- dead. The sandwich falls from her hand to the floor. Gerald waits a moment and when he's sure there's no movement, he hoists himself up. He's old and rickety but his leg is just fine.

He walks over to Edith, pokes her. There's no movement and he snickers.

GERALD

Happy anniversary, love. I'll save you a seat at the restaurant.

He shuffles towards the door but steps in her dropped sandwich. He sneers at it and shakes it off his shoe, failing to realize that it's the turkey sandwich, not the roast beef.

Once he's gone, the quiet staleness returns to the room and the grandfather clock continues to tick in the background.

Then slowly...Edith opens her eyes with an evil grin.

FADE OUT