

The Break-Up

by

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INT. OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

MIKE, late 20s, sits in his office cubicle watching the coming storm. Rain trails down the window in winding tracks.

He absentmindedly opens and closes a small ring box under the desk. About 8 colleges busy themselves around the office.

He hears a commotion and notices the reflection of someone in the window. He spins around to find a pistol pointed at his head.

MIKE
Jesus. Jennie.

JENNIE, early 20s, soaking wet, hair stuck to her face, stands at the entrance of Mike's cubical, a silver pistol gripped between white knuckles.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Jennie?

Jennie doesn't respond. She holds his eyes hostage with her own. Tears and rain intermingle on her face and drip to the floor.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(tentatively to colleague)
Alex, call the police.

Jennie turns to point the gun at Alex as he reaches for a desk phone.

JENNIE
Touch that fucking phone Alex and I'll shoot you in the face.

MIKE
(standing)
What the hell are you doing?

Jennie swings the gun back to Mike.

JENNIE
Shut up. Shut your fucking mouth.

MIKE
Jennie, please. Put the gun down.

JENNIE
I got your note. So fucking brave of you. On a fucking napkin?

MIKE

Sorry. You didn't have any paper
at your place.

JENNIE

How about face to fucking face.
You said you loved me.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Jennie please, stop. The police
are on their way.

Without a change in expression, Jennie wheels around with
the gun. BANG. A plume of printer paper erupts from a
desk.

MIKE

Jesus Christ.

Screams from office members. Those not already hiding dive
behind their cubical walls.

Jennie turns back to Mike.

JENNIE

Oh look. Paper.

MIKE

What the hell? Put that thing
down. You're going to hurt
someone.

JENNIE

You said we'd be together
forever. You're a liar.

MIKE

You're making a mistake.

JENNIE

No, you're making the mistake.

MIKE

Please. Just put the gun down. We
need to talk.

JENNIE

It's another woman, isn't it? Is
she here? Is she more beautiful
than me?

MIKE

No. there's no other woman.

JENNIE

So, it's a guy. You're a fucking
faggot. You want a big hairy
asshole to fuck.

MIKE

Jesus. Jennie, please. These are our friends.

JENNIE

(to office)

He's a faggot. He wants to fuck all your asses.

MIKE

Jesus Christ! Please, stop.

JENNIE

I loved you.

EMPLOYEE

Jennie.

Jennie scornfully rolls her head over to look at her colleague.

JENNIE

What -- Margaret?

Margaret is standing by her cubical, makeup streaking down her face. In her hands she's holding a cake. In big letters inscribed on the cake "Congrats Jennie and Mike".

JENNIE

What the fuck is that?

She turns back to Mike.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Mike, what is that?

MIKE

I left the note to bring you here. It was supposed to be a surprise.

Jennie stands in shock. Her expression blank. She lowers the gun to her side. It slowly slips from her grip and drops to the Ground. In the distance police SIRENS blare.

Jennie gazes around at the faces in the office. Everyone looks numb.

Stoic, she turns and slowly trudges out the office.

ALEX

Sorry, Mike.

Mike slumps to his chair, head in his hands.

FADE OUT.