

Presence

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Presence - written by John Mezes - March 2022

FADE IN

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MARIE, (40's) shoulder length black hair, bags under her eyes, pretty, but with a tired look, washes dishes at a sink.

She stares out a window at KEVIN, (40's) her husband, a brute of a man in size and appearance, as he works on a car.

Marie's face is void of expression.

There is a noticeable bruise on the right side of her left eye.

Kevin instinctively turns towards the house and stares at Marie, annoyance on his face.

Sadness creeps across hers.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marie stands under a showerhead as hot water beats down on her body, which slightly trembles.

A second bruise, bigger in size than the one near her eye, is on her lower back.

Marie slowly moves the shower curtain slightly open, enough to peek out from behind it.

Kevin brushes his teeth with violent motions.

He stops and turns towards the shower.

Marie and Kevin's eyes meet, anger in his, fear in hers.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Marie opens a drawer and removes a small notepad.

Written on the pad are several dates and times within two months, and a phone number.

Marie runs her fingers across the pad, her eyes tear up.

She dials her cellphone.

MARIE

Hi Dad, can I come and stay with...

DAD (PHONE O.S.)

I said, as long as you're married to Kevin, and keep defending him to me, I won't have anything to do with either of you!

MARIE

But, Dad, Kevin's not...

DAD (PHONE O.S.)

I'd rather never see you again than watch you live with him!

Marie's Dad hangs up.

Marie slams her phone down on a counter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin sits in a chair in front of a TV.

Marie enters the room with apple pie on a dish in one hand and a coffee mug in the other.

She rests them on an end table next to him.

Marie waits a moment for any sign of recognition from Kevin for her effort. He gives nothing, almost oblivious to her.

He grasps the mug with his hand and sips from it while he turns up the TV volume with the remote.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Marie looks at several pictures, her wedding photo, Kevin and her on a fishing trip, the two of them hugging, on a mantle on a wall.

She touches a picture with her fingers, then removes it from the mantle.

Marie stares at it a moment, and with anger, throws it to the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marie jams her clothes into a suitcase.

Kevin sits on the bed, but doesn't make eye contact with her.

MARIE

I begged you to stop, so many
times!

She closes the suitcase.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I cried myself to sleep...while my
body was wracked with pain!

A gun lies on the bed next to the suitcase, along with a
small pillow that has a powder burn stain on it.

MARIE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't stop...but it's
because you can't! You don't care
about me anymore! It's the hitting
you need...the control!

Kevin doesn't respond to her, only anger on his face.

Marie takes a hand towel from the nearby closet and wipes the
gun down.

She picks the gun up with the towel, walks to the side of the
bed, and drops it next to Kevin's body on the floor.

A single gunshot to his head.

Marie grabs the suitcase and towel, and exits the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marie walks passed the TV left on.

Kevin's empty chair with the dish of half eaten pie, and mug
beside it.

She passes the open bathroom door.

A messy toothbrush sits on the sink.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Marie walks through the room and passes a refrigerator.

On it is a list of phone numbers for the gas company, waste
removal, and one being the police department, with the same
phone number on the pad in the drawer.

Marie opens a door and slams it shut behind her.

A car starts outside the house.

Kevin looks out a window, a look of defeat on his face.

FADE OUT