

IN THE BEDROOM

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FADE IN

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A man, CONNER, who appears to be late 20s, is walking around the backyard, staying in the shadows. He approaches a window, squeezes through the bushes under it, cursing as he gets scratched, and looks inside. He tests the window, it's unlocked. He slowly lifts the window up, then climbs through.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

CONNER lands face first on the floor. He lies still, listening. He hears someone walking in another room, and a woman humming. The room isn't dark, but there's low light. The man slowly gets up, walks to the bedroom door, and hides behind it.

The woman, GRACE, 30, walks in the room. As she does, CONNER, now shirtless, grabs her, throws her on the bed, and sits on top of her. He starts ripping her clothes off. She fights back, scratching and biting. He slaps her a few times, calls her names such as "bitch" and "slut." Then she gets an arm free slaps him so hard it throws him off balance, giving her a chance to thrust her hips up and then push him to the side of the bed and off the edge. They fall to the floor, CONNER on bottom, where they continue to thrash. They are hidden by the bed.

The camera pans to the window and to outside, the sounds of violent sex in the background. We see a car drive by on the road. A few seconds later, after the sounds stop, the camera pans back to the bed.

GRACE stands up and into view, holding her ripped clothes around her chest, and stumbles away. CONNER gets up, and sits on the bed. His face is scratched, and he's breathing hard. He stands for a moment to pull up his pants, then sits back down. He looks behind him for his shirt, sees it on the other side of the bed. As he reaches for it, a water bottle flies through the air and whacks him on the side of the head.

CONNER

Goddamn it.

He reaches for the bottle. As he does, GRACE runs and jumps on the bed and tackles him, knocking him back on the bed. He groans.

GRACE

Gotcha!

She sits on top of him. She's now wearing an unripped t-shirt and shorts.

CONNER

Oh god, I need to date older women.

GRACE

Why?

CONNER

This. Older women don't do this.

GRACE

Don't be a baby.

CONNER

And also, you're way kinkier than me.

GRACE

I like kinky.

CONNER

I know. And why wouldn't you? I do all the work. Climb through bushes, crawl in windows. And then get scratched and kicked in the gut.

GRACE

There's always Miss Holly next door.

CONNER

What? She's 65.

GRACE

That's exactly your age!

CONNER

I'm 40, dear. Thirty-five on a good day.

GRACE

(For a moment she seems confused.)

Well, after 35 it's all the same, one big blur of saggy skin and gray hair.

CONNER
I don't have saggy skin.

She now sits next to him and runs her hand through his hair.

GRACE
But, you do have some gray. You're so ancient. It's like I'm dating my father. But, that's ok, he was hot.

CONNER
A ten-year age difference isn't that bad.

GRACE
Ten?

Now she's seems genuinely confused.

CONNER
You're 30, 30 plus 10 equals 40. Ten years.

GRACE
Don't!
(She's upset.)
Listen, listen to me, let's do it again.

CONNER
You really have too much energy.

GRACE
I need it.

CONNER
For what? All your lovers?

GRACE
I don't have that many lovers.

CONNER
I hope not.
(Silence.)
How many?

She lies down next to him, her head on his shoulder.

GRACE
Just the one.

CONNER
Oh, good.
(MORE)

CONNER (cont'd)

(Silence.)

By just the one, you mean me,
right?

GRACE

So, what happens tomorrow?

CONNER

Changing the subject?

GRACE

Yup.

CONNER

Not exactly fair.

GRACE

You want fair, date a man. So, what
happens tomorrow?

CONNER

I wake up, and go through your phone
looking for incriminating texts and
pictures.

GRACE

They've all been erased. What else?

CONNER

I take a shower?

GRACE

Then?

CONNER

Work?

GRACE

Remember where we're going tomorrow
night?

CONNER

How can I remember? You said it was
a surprise.

GRACE

Oh? I never told you?

CONNER

No.

GRACE

I thought I did.

CONNER

It's a surprise, remember?

GRACE

Well, be here and ready at six.

CONNER

Ok, that I knew, exactly at six.
I'll rush home from work --

She sits bolt upright.

GRACE

No! Don't rush. If you're late,
you're late.

CONNER

Nah, you'd be like, "Oh god David,
can't you ever be on time? This is
a special night!"

GRACE

Stop! Be late. It's ok.
(He laughs, and she
kisses him. She's
deadly serious.)
Be late!

CONNER

Alright, I'll be late. And then
you'll yell at me, but that's fine.
Alright?

GRACE

I'm sorry I'm so difficult.

CONNER

I knew what I was getting into with
you.

GRACE

I know, it's just -- I'm sorry.

CONNER

It's fine, it's not your fault.

GRACE

I've gotten better.

CONNER

I know. It's not a problem.

GRACE
It's just I hate to disappoint
you, Conner.

CONNER
(He smiles sadly.)
Have you taken your meds today?

GRACE
Why?

CONNER
Grace?

GRACE
I hate taking them.

CONNER
So, that's why you were so --

He waves at the bed and the room to indicate the wild sex
they had.

CONNER (cont'd)
Alright, I understand. But, you
know you have to.

GRACE
I don't want to.

CONNER
I know. But, sometimes it gets
really bad if you don't.

GRACE
But, not often. Only sometimes.
Only if everything falls apart. It
only happened with you once.

CONNER
You were on your meds most of the
time. Please, take them.

GRACE sighs and sits up. Her nightstand has a drawer. She
reaches in the drawer and pulls out a bottle, takes a pill,
then a drink from her water bottle.

GRACE
There.

She sits facing away from him, towards the wall. The camera
is on her face.

CONNER

You'll feel better in a few a minutes.

GRACE

No, I won't. I hate what they do. Sometimes I feel like a zombie. But most of the time, I just feel -- flat.

CONNER

Flat?

GRACE

I don't have any urges.

The camera moves away from her face and to the window. As it does, the voices start to fade.

CONNER

That's not true all the time.

GRACE

Most of the time. And that's not who I am. I know I'm not like most girls, I'm a little wild, and I like that.

CONNER

(He laughs.)

I like that, too. I've done more crazy stuff with you in the past year than ever in my whole life.

GRACE

I can't be like that on the pills. On them, I'm normal. Just like everyone else.

We now see a shot out the window, a car drives by, as the voices finally fade to murmurs. We can't hear what they're saying, only that they're talking. Another car passes, going in the opposite direction. After a few more seconds, the camera pulls back to its previous place. GRACE has been leaning over, she now sits up, and her face fills the frame. She is still sitting faced away from CONNER, towards the wall. The voices become more distinct, though we no longer hear CONNER's voice, but that of another man.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I hate feeling like this.

DAVID
(We hear DAVID's
voice as if far
away, but it grows
clearer.)

I know.

GRACE
No, you don't.

DAVID
No, I guess I don't. And I really
am sorry.

GRACE
Sorry for what?

DAVID
That Conner's dead.

GRACE
(For a moment she
looks confused.)
No, you're not dead. That's just a
bad dream.

DAVID
That wasn't a dream, darling.

DAVID's voice is clear now. GRACE stares off in space for a moment, as if distracted, then seems to understand, and seems sad. She lays down on her side, away from him. She slowly turns on her back, now looking at the ceiling. Finally, she turns to look at him, and sees DAVID, her 40-year-old fiance. Conner was her 28-year-old husband.

GRACE
It wasn't a dream.

DAVID
No.

GRACE
It makes me remember things I don't
want to remember. I killed Conner.

DAVID
No, it was an accident.

GRACE
I rushed him, I was always telling
him what to do. I should've been
more patient.

DAVID
It was an accident. The roads were
wet. That's all.

GRACE
(She sighs.)
You're so good to me.

DAVID
I know. You don't deserve me.

GRACE
I really don't.

DAVID
Go to sleep, honey.

She rolls over and he puts his arm around her. There's a
long silence.

GRACE
You know, in a really weird way,
I'm sort of cheating on you. Or I was
earlier.

DAVID
I guess you were.

GRACE
I almost feel guilty.

DAVID
Let's make it even. Set me up with
your friend, Delilah. One night
stand.

GRACE
(For a moment, she
half turns her
head.)
No, I like being one up on you.

DAVID
Typical woman.

GRACE
(Sadly)
Yeah.

FADE OUT