

PREPARATION - AFTERMATH

by

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Address
Phone

FADE IN:

INT. KATE'S SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY - MORNING

KATE (35) waves apprehensively out the kitchen window as we hear her two children's voices (Stephanie, 8 and Matt, 10) vying for "shotgun" in Dad's car. Car doors SLAM and voices fade.

Kate quickly turns to gather up papers strewn on end of the counter, and places her RESUME in folder labeled "Portfolio."

Wearing unfamiliar lemon-yellow high heels, Kate stumbles while stretching for her Caravan keys hanging on a cow-head hook near the back door, and tears the sleeve of her blouse in the process.

A panicky scan of the kitchen reveals her jacket on a barstool which she seizes. Juggling resume, portfolio, keys, purse and jacket, she bolts out of the back door, closing it behind her.

Beat.

Back door opens as Kate's hand reaches in to turn the lock on the doorknob, and again door closes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KATE'S SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY - TWO HOURS LATER

The inside doorknob of the backdoor jiggles, shakes, stops, shakes violently, stops. Sound of KEY in lock as the door opens slowly. Kate, wearing the jacket, enters slowly, half stunned.

She sets down her purse, portfolio and other folders on counter under key hook. Keys, absently attempted for the hook, miss and land on top of a large spiral bound notebook labeled "NEW HIRE PACKET."

She stumble-sits on a barstool staring into space. Without looking at it, she grabs a vacu-vin'd bottle of wine from the counter, pulls the cork and swigs directly from the bottle.

Staring into space, an "I'll be damned" smile begins to creep onto her face. Her focus drifts to something clipped on the refrigerator, and she sets the bottle back on the counter.

She crosses to the frig and defiantly yanks off the "PAST DUE" bills. Next to them is a photo of her children. She grabs it too and clutches both bills and photo to her chest.

Her back to the frig, eyes closed, a tear rolls down Kate's face.

FADE TO BLACK.