

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

by
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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ARTHUR enters. He's a mid-thirties wannabe bank president who never made it past senior clerk, so he carries his own bag into the room.

He places his large bag on the luggage stand, glances around and then sighs. A moment of lost nerves, then he steels himself.

ARTHUR

Right...

He opens his bag.

Out comes an eight by ten photo of JENNY in a gilt frame. JENNY, in her twenties, should have been paid for posing in that photo.

The photo gets a kiss and then he sets it loving on the dresser. He stares at the photo and smiles. Then he tears himself away and reaches into the suitcase. He pulls out two champagne flutes.

He places the flutes on either side of the frame.

ARTHUR

Some champagne...

He lifts a champagne bottle from the suitcase, admires the label for a moment. Then he pulls the cork and

POP!

He hoots at his success as he pours the champagne into the two flutes. He grabs one of the flutes and sits on the edge of the bed across from the photo. He lifts his glass to the photo.

ARTHUR

Happy anniversary, Jenny.

JENNY (O.S.)

Another year gone already?

She stands at the bathroom door. A bathrobe wrapped around her; a towel binds her hair.

Jenny runs forward to greet him. He sets his glass on the dresser and stands.

Her arms wind around his neck, she kisses the side of his face. Then she looks at him and smiles.

ARTHUR

You don't look a day older than
when I met you.

JENNY

That's because I'm not.

He laughs then he kisses her nose, her lips. He leans forward and rubs his cheek against hers. He whispers in her ear.

ARTHUR

I've missed you.

JENNY

It hardly seems like you were gone.

ARTHUR

So much has happened...there's so
much I have to tell you.

JENNY

It can wait.

She twirls and pulls the towel from her hair letting it move freely. The towel flutters to the ground. The music swells.

JENNY

Tonight is our night. Our
anniversary. And I want to dance.

She dances as she grabs his hand and pulls; he resists, shaking his head.

JENNY

Dance with me, Arthur!

She smiles and pulls him close. She tries to spin but Arthur resists.

JENNY

Dance with me!

Arthur pushes her away.

ARTHUR

I can't!

She pouts.

ARTHUR
I can't do this.

JENNY
Don't you love me?

He softens.

ARTHUR
Of course I do. But we can't keep
doing this. I can't keep hanging
onto this lie.

JENNY
Lie?

ARTHUR
(nods)
I need to wipe my slate clean and
move on.

JENNY
Move on?

ARTHUR
I've met someone else.

JENNY
I'm sure you meet lots of people,
Arthur. That doesn't mean...

ARTHUR
A woman.

JENNY
A woman?

ARTHUR
A partner! Sarah. I love her,
Jenny. I've asked her to marry me
and she's agreed.

JENNY
Marry you? But what about us?

ARTHUR
There is no us! Not anymore. It's
been over for a long time.

JENNY
It's not over! Not until I say it
is.

ARTHUR
(pleading)
Jenny.

She shows him her ring.

JENNY
I made a solemn vow to you when we
were married. You did too. Do you
remember what you promised?

Arthur rolls his eyes.

JENNY
Do you?

ARTHUR
To be loving and faithful husband
until...

JENNY
No until.

ARTHUR
Jenny.

JENNY
Dammit Arthur, there was no until!

They stare at each other for a moment.

ARTHUR
I'm going to marry her Jenny and
there isn't a goddamn thing you can
do about it.

JENNY
You know what. Fine. You're right.
I can't do anything about it.

She throws her ring at him.

JENNY
Take the ring. I don't want it
anymore. You can give it to what's-
her-name for all I care. Just get
the hell out of here!

Arthur frowns.

ARTHUR
I didn't want it to be like this.

Jenny turns away. Arthur picks up the ring and offers it to her.

ARTHUR
You should keep this.

She isn't interested. He puts the ring on the dresser in front of her picture.

ARTHUR
In case you want it later.

He walks up behind Jenny.

ARTHUR
I hoped that you would understand,
that maybe you would want to move
on too.

JENNY
(softly)
I do understand.

ARTHUR
What?

Jenny turns toward him, her eyes full of tears.

JENNY
I do understand. You have needs and
I can't...

Arthur moves closer. He puts his hand up to her face, wipes a tear from her cheek with his thumb.

ARTHUR
I'm so sorry I've hurt you. So
sorry I...

She pushes his hand away.

JENNY
Stop that! It's not your fault
things turned out the way they did.

She wipes her eyes on her bathrobe, pulling it open, revealing more of herself.

JENNY
That's life.
(weak chuckle)
Isn't that what they say?

ARTHUR
It's the right thing to do.

Jenny nods.

JENNY
I do have one request.

ARTHUR
Name it.

JENNY
Make love to me tonight.

ARTHUR
Jenny, I don't think...

She brings her finger up to his lips silencing him.

JENNY
That's right. Don't think.

Jenny spins and pulls the sash from her bathrobe. The robe folds around her body, opening enough to provide tantalizing glimpses. In her other hand the sash spirals around her. Arthur watches mesmerized.

Jenny falls forward into Arthur's arms, her robe billowing away from her body, and he catches her. Their faces nearly touch.

JENNY
I deserve one last night with you.

She throws the sash around the back of his head.

ARTHUR
I...

She pulls the sash and Arthur's head moves forward. His open lips touch hers.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny and Arthur make love on the bed. Jenny uses the sash during their lovemaking. She binds her wrist to the bed board and caresses his back with it. They near their climax.

She wraps the sash around Arthur's neck and pulls it tight. Arthur's eyes go wide as he thrashes around the bed, tangling himself in the sheets. He struggles for breath.

JENNY

There was no until!

He stares at her and twitches as the fight and life drains out of him. Jenny has transformed. Her hair is messy and wet, dried blood is caked on the side of her decayed face. She smiles.

JENNY

That means forever, Arthur.
Forever.

BEDROOM - MORNING

Arthur lies still in bed, his eyes bugged out, obviously dead. Part of a sheet is twisted around his neck. There is a large wet spot in the vicinity of his crotch.

A flash of light. Then another.

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures of the scene.

A DETECTIVE and the MANAGER stand by the door.

DETECTIVE

Must have been some dream.

MANAGER

(uncomfortably)

Yes.

DETECTIVE

And his wife died here?

MANAGER

Five years ago tonight. According to our records she slipped in the tub, hit her head.

DETECTIVE

Tough luck.

MANAGER

It was their honeymoon.

The Detective winces.

DETECTIVE

And this guy visits every year since, stays in this room, alone?

MANAGER

That's right.

The Detective scans the room. His eyes rest on the two champagne flutes.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Odd that he filled two glasses.

Wider and the photo of Jenny appears, in front of the photo sits a wedding ring.

FADE OUT.