

LOVE

by
A.J. KING

A.J. King
aj@ajking.ca
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FADE IN

INT. MAYA AND TOM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

MAYA (28) is making dinner in the kitchen. She's got pots percolating and a cutting board full of greens.

The phone RINGS as Maya drags a tray of buns from the oven.

She hurriedly drops the tray onto the stove top, flips off her oven mitt and answers the phone.

MAYA
(into phone)
Hello.

TOM (O.S.)
Hi honey... look, I'm gonna be
stuck at the office tonight.
(beat)
I'm sorry, I know you wanted a
night in, but I just can't get
away.

Maya looks around the kitchen.

MAYA
It's okay. I know how hard you guys
have been working on this.

TOM (O.S.)
I'll make it up to you, I promise.
Just a little while longer.
(beat)
I love you.

It's a small consolation considering the work she's gone through to make this dinner, but a consolation none-the-less.

MAYA
Love you too.

Tom hangs up.

She scans the kitchen. Her frame drops as she slowly removes the second oven mitt.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

Maya enters the apartment with a bag of groceries. It's a different day. Her clothes and hair are different. As she enters, the phone RINGS.

She kicks off her shoes, tosses her keys to the kitchen counter, and drops the bag of groceries next to them as she rushes to answer the phone.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Hello.

TOM (O.S.)

Hi honey.

His tone is apologetic. She knows.

MAYA

Again?

TOM (O.S.)

I'm sorry. This will all be over soon.

MAYA

It's okay. I understand.

(beat)

I miss you.

TOM (O.S.)

Miss you too.

The line goes dead. She stares at the receiver in her hand for a moment. She's annoyed.

About to unpack the groceries, she pauses, then takes the whole bag and stuffs it into the refrigerator. She pulls a frozen dinner from the freezer and tosses it into the microwave.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

Maya stands in the kitchen, leaning against the counter, facing the phone on the wall. She's wearing different clothes. There is a half empty bottle of wine on the counter beside her. The clock on the microwave reads: 7:02

She takes a sip from her glass.

The phone RINGS and she glares at it. She stands there with her arms crossed. It RINGS until the ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP. Both of their VOICES hint at a time when their relationship was much better.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

Maya - Hi, you've reached Maya
 Tom - and Tom.
 Maya - We're not here right now
 Tom - We probably are here, just
 too... busy
 Maya - Leave a message!

Her voice on the machine GIGGLES and the machine CLICKS, then BEEPS. Tom leaves a message.

TOM (O.S.)

Maya... it's me. Sorry to do this
 to you again. I know we haven't
 spent a lot of time together over
 the last couple of months. It's
 just...
 (beat)
 This deal is kicking the crap outta
 us. The sooner we get it done, the
 sooner all of this is over and we
 can have our lives back.
 (beat)
 I'll be in a meeting tonight, so
 don't try and call me back. I'll
 talk to you later.

Tom hangs up and the machine BEEPS. A tear rolls down her cheek.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A man, SPENCER MARTIN (45) waits in his car, parked in the shadows of the marina lot.

INT. SPENCER'S CAR - NIGHT

He spots Tom and JULIA (32) walking through the lot toward the dock. They're stumbling, inebriated. Julia wears Tom's sport coat and takes a swig from a wine bottle as they cavort their way to the dock ramp.

Spencer levels a camera with a telephoto lens.

POV CAMERA - Spencer CLICKS the button and a quick succession of still frames capture the moment.

END POV

Spencer lowers the camera. He SIGHS, annoyed that he'll have to inform yet another wife of her husband's infidelity.

He's done this a million times before, but it never gets any easier.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tom and Julia stumble their way down the dock.

Spencer's car starts. He slowly drives away.

INT. SPENCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Spencer sits behind his desk. Maya, well dressed, sits opposite him. She lights a cigarette.

He places a folder on the desk in front of her, allowing her to open it on her own, when she is ready. He stands to pour her a glass of water from the carafe on the shelf beside his desk.

Maya takes a deep drag on the cigarette, her frame stiffens as she opens the folder.

Staring back at her are Spencer's photos of Tom and Julia making their way to the docks.

Maya flips through the photos.

Spencer places the glass of water on the desk in front of her next to a box of tissue already waiting.

At the last photo, a forced smile crosses Maya's face as she tries to bury her emotions. She stands, dropping her cigarette into the glass of water.

Without a tear, Maya squares her shoulders.

MAYA

Thank you.

She smiles cordially and leaves.

INT. MAYA AND TOM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The phone RINGS in the empty house.

INT. GUNSHOP - NIGHT

The VENDOR (56) is a grease ball. We can tell from his appearance that he's spent more time dealing weapons out of the back of his gun store than out the front.

He spots Maya standing outside his front door. He's seen women like Maya before, and he instantly knows what she's all about.

He reaches below the counter and presses a button. The RED LIGHT on the security camera aimed at the door GOES DARK.

Maya finally enters the store. She's uneasy as she passes the rows of firearms. Wearing the same clothes as she wore in Spencer's office, she looks out of place in the weapons store. She walks, trying to make herself as small as possible, as invisible as possible.

Maya makes it to the counter. The Vendor grins, his tone is disconcerting, like the devil himself welcoming a new soul.

VENDOR

Well now... You made it.

MAYA

I'm sorry?

VENDOR

It's a big decision.
(beat)
Isn't it.

MAYA

Do I know you?

His lecherous smile is an attempt to put her at ease.

VENDOR

No... but sadly, beautiful women
only visit me for one reason any
more.

He looks her up and down.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

I know all I need to know.

Maya looks up at the camera mounted on the wall. It seems to be staring at her.

MAYA

I'm sorry... I shouldn't be here. I
should go.

She turns to leave.

VENDOR

Don't worry. I unplugged it.
(beat)
Nobody knows you are here.

She stops, slowly turns back to him.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

What are you looking for? Hmm?
(beat)
Do you want him to really feel
it... or are you concerned about
the size of the mess?

He smiles again, coaxing it out of her.

Maya cringes slightly.

MAYA

I... I'm not...

She pauses as her emotion wells up into a seething rage just below the surface. She shakes, speaking even, cold.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I want it bloody.

The Vendor claps his hands together, hardly containing his excitement.

VENDOR

Ahh... most people want to keep
things clean these days.
(beat)
I admire your commitment. You are a
rarity, my dear... Special.

Her eyes light up for a moment. The compliment means much more to her than it should. This Vendor realizes with little to no information on her, what Tom has forgotten. This sorry excuse for a human being is showing her more respect than her own husband.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

I have just the thing.

He pulls out a H&K USP 45.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

12 round magazine, plus one in the
chamber... Night sights... light
recoil for more accurate sequential
shots.

He hands it to her. She holds it in her hands. It feels good. She's transfixed for a moment.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

I can give it to you for say, nine hundred.

He leans in, quiets his voice.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Or fifteen hundred, without all the pesky paperwork.

She looks at him, placing the weapon on the counter. Maya slides off her wedding ring and hands it to him.

MAYA

Will this cover it?

He holds up the large diamond ring in the low light, examining it. He smiles.

VENDOR

That'll do nicely.

She puts the weapon into her purse.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

You'll need these.

He reaches behind him, putting a box of ammunition on the counter.

Maya opens it, pulling out two rounds.

MAYA

(firmly)
Keep the rest.

She leaves the store.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tom and Julia are at it again, in different clothes. They stumble through the marina parking lot hanging off of each other. Tom finishes off the bottle of drink in his hand and tosses it into the bushes.

The pair makes their way down the dock ramp, loud and obnoxious in their drunken state.

Tom helps Julia onto his boat. She stumbles to the deck, laughing. Tom helps her up.

INT. TOM'S BOAT - NIGHT

The two start tearing at each other's clothing as they burst through the door.

The light switches on.

The twosome is caught off guard. Tom jumps up, his dress shirt open. Julia pulls the straps of her dress back onto her shoulders and tugs the hemline of her dress down to a respectable position.

Maya sits in a chair. She's wearing gloves.

TOM
Maya?!... I...

Maya pulls the gun from her purse, aiming it at the man's chest. Her eyes well up as she fights her emotions.

TOM (CONT'D)
Woah!... woah... it's not what you think.

Maya throws Spencer's photos at them. Tom picks one of them up, looking at the image of him and Julia cavorting.

MAYA
How long Tom?

Tom realizes that he's been caught. He shrugs.

JULIA
Maybe I should go.

Maya turns the gun toward her.

MAYA
My own sister. How could you? How could you do this to *me*?
(to Tom)
Give me your shirt.

Maya holds his shirt between her hand and the gun, draping it over forearm to protect her from gunshot residue. Tom looks on, confused.

Julia squares off with her sister, believing that Maya won't actually use the gun.

JULIA
Well, it's not like you were giving him what he needed.

Maya's face cringes. The words cut deep. Julia realizes that she's in trouble and tries a different tactic.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Come on Maya... you're not going to shoot me. We're family.

At the word 'family', Maya's cocks her head. Her pain turns to anger. She shoots her sister square in the chest and Julia drops to the floor in a heap.

TOM

OH MY GOD! MAYA WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?

He moves toward Julia, but Maya jerks the gun back to him and he freezes. He can do nothing but watch as Julia COUGHS up blood, the last of her life draining away.

TOM (CONT'D)

Maya, honey... please... put the gun down.

Sirens in the distance are getting louder. They catch Maya's attention.

Maya stands. She is committed now.

MAYA

Put these on.

She slides off her gloves and throws them at him. He does as commanded.

MAYA (CONT'D)

All I ever wanted was you Tom. I wanted a life together.

EXT. TOM'S BOAT - NIGHT

A FLASH OF LIGHT as the GUNSHOT ECHOES through the marina.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. GUNSHOP - DAY

On a TV, a NEWS ANCHOR gives a report.

NEWS ANCHOR

And in other news, local business man TOM BILLINGS was arrested this morning on two counts of murder.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

A search of the couple's home turned up numerous letters allegedly written by Mrs. Billings detailing her husband's increasingly erratic behavior, to the point where she began fearing for her life.

(beat)

Police believe that Mr. Billings shot and killed his wife, Maya and her sister Julia at the Royal Marina aboard his yacht, the 'New Beginnings'. If convicted, Billings faces a minimum of two life terms.

The Vendor watches the news report. In his hand, Maya's wedding ring.

He changes the TV to a motorsports channel and turns away to carry on his daily business. Before he does however, the Vendor opens a drawer behind the counter and pulls out a metal lock-box. He opens it and drops Maya's ring inside.

It lands in the box, on top of hundreds of others.

FADE OUT