

Renee

By

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INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

Late morning. Stale sunlight coats the walls.

ROB, early-thirties, sporting a well-worn robe over boxers and a tee, washes his face lazily in the sink. If sleep deprivation had a face, this would be it.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A disheveled room.

Rob sheds his robe and tee shirt and pulls on jeans and a fresh shirt.

His gaze settles on --

-- a picture frame sitting on the dresser.

THE PICTURE:

Rob and a beautiful young woman, RENEE, late twenties, stare googly-eyed at one another, grinning like love-struck teenagers, the background a restaurant (locale doesn't matter; park, etc).

ROB (V.O.)

She promised she would never leave
me.

He zones at it.

The bathroom door behind him opens, and Renee enters, looking fresh, her hair wet; she's still in PJ clothes: boxer shorts and a tank or cami. She looks even better in person; gorgeous, but human.

She moves to the dresser, opens a drawer, and rummages through the clothes.

Rob watches her with a loving smirk.

ROB (CONT'D V.O.)

And I promised to keep her safe.

He moves behind her, and wraps his arms around her torso playfully.

She stops what she's doing and goes to place her hand on his arms, when --

FLASHBACK

Rob holds Renee in the same position, but Renee claws at his arms, trying to break free. She does, and stumbles to the drawer, where she pulls clothes out and throws them haphazardly into a --

-- suitcase that sits on the bed.

She's livid.

MASTER BEDROOM - PRESENT

ROB'S EYES SNAP OPEN

Rob stands at the dresser, alone. He looks shaken and worn.

ROB (V.O.)

But promises were meant to be broken.

The room is empty.

INT. KITCHEN

Coffee's brewing. Rob retrieves a mug from a cupboard.

Leans against the counter, hiding his face in his hands. Rubs his face, then looks around, wide-eyed, trying to psych himself awake.

He zones at the floor, his eyes glazing over.

A beat.

Renee enters the kitchen, dressed.

He looks up and smiles sweetly.

She sleepily returns one.

Rob turns, grabs another mug, and sets it beside his.

Renee opens the fridge, inspects the contents, while Rob pours coffee into both of the mugs.

He holds her mug out for her; she closes the fridge, steps toward him, and reaches out for the mug. As she does, she places a hand on his arm.

FLASH TO

INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Renee shoves Rob away by pushing on his arm. She storms off.

INT. KITCHEN - PRESENT

ROB'S EYES SNAP OPEN

He looks around, startled. Sees he's holding two mugs. One for himself, and one for...

No one is around.

His breath comes quickly. Shaken, and almost disgusted with the mug he holds outstretched in his hand, he dumps the contents and mug into the sink with a clang.

DINING ROOM - A BIT LATER

The dining room overlooks the yard, and a sliding glass door separates Rob from his lawn.

He takes a sip from his coffee mug, and falls back into a zone, across the yard.

A beat.

BACKYARD

Renee lies on a blanket spread on the grass, gazing up at the sky.

DINING ROOM

Rob watches through the glass door. He smiles weakly.

Renee sits up, looks toward us, and smiles broadly, sweetly. She motions for him to come outside with her.

He grins, but shakes his head 'no.'

She stands and walks toward us, holding her hand out, beckoning for Rob to join her.

At the sliding door, she opens it and reaches for his hand.

FLASHBACK

Renee, suitcase in hand, makes to go out the sliding glass door.

Rob is on her tail, and before she can get out, he makes an angry grab for her hand.

DINING ROOM

ROB'S EYES SNAP OPEN

He stares coldly at the lawn outside for a few beats.

Then he turns away.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS

Darkness. A door opens, and then a light turns on.

Rob descends the stairs slowly.

ROB (V.O.)
Promises.

He turns a corner.

Random items of junk are scattered everywhere. An old couch, table, etc. Boxes and more boxes.

ROB (CONT'D V.O.)
She promised she would never leave
me.

A tarp lies behind a ratty old couch and some boxes. Rob passes by to walk to the other side.

ROB (CONT'D V.O.)
And then she went and tried.

Rob stops. He looks down at something O.S. Emotionless.

ROB (CONT'D V.O.)
Promises are made to be broken.

The tarp. A woman's hand dangles out of it.

ROB (V.O.)
She tried to break hers. So I broke
mine.

FADE OUT