

Tiffany Blue Box

By

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INT. BEDROOM OF AN OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

A couple in their late 50's are getting ready for bed. The WIFE (long gray hair, relaxed, calm demeanor) is going through the wardrobe looking for clothes as the HUSBAND (bald, glasses) is lying on the bed reading.

WIFE

Which one for tomorrow?

She holds up two outfits on hangers, a dark blue dress and a gray pantsuit.

HUSBAND

Hmm... well, if you want them to actually approach you and talk about your art, the dress. If you want to intimidate them so they leave you alone, the pantsuit.

The Wife rolls her eyes and chuckles.

WIFE

You know too much. Dress it is.

As the Wife puts the pantsuit back in the closet, she notices something towards the back. She pushes aside the clothes and reaches in. She pulls out a TIFFANY BLUE BOX and inspects it carefully.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Honey, get over here! Look at this lovely box! This isn't mine, is it?

HUSBAND

Let me finish this page.

WIFE

Why would it be in my closet? I don't recognize it.

The Husband groans, slightly annoyed, and comes over to his wife's side. Upon seeing the box, he jumps back in horror and yelps, panting in fear.

WIFE

What? Darling, are you okay? What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUSBAND

Don't touch that!

The Wife drops the box in shock and it lands with a THUD.

WIFE

Why? What's wrong with it?

HUSBAND

I think I know what's in there. Stand back!

WIFE

I don't understand. Is it yours?

HUSBAND

I said stand back! Get behind me!

Concerned, The Wife scurries away from the box and behind The Husband. The Husband hesitantly opens the lid of the box. They both cover their mouths in shock as The Wife peers over his shoulder at the unknown contents. The Wife yelps in horror.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

No. No! This shouldn't be here. How can it be...

WIFE

Oh, my God! I thought we said we were leaving this at the old house! I told you I never wanted to see any of this again! Was this you? Did you bring this here?

HUSBAND

Me? Why would I do something like that?

WIFE

Clearly you thought it'd be funny to put all of our ugly shit into a pretty little box and surprise me!

HUSBAND

Here we go again! You always make me seem like some kind of villain!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIFE

Don't you dare blame me for this!  
This, all of this was your life! I  
always played the perfect wife who let  
you do your thing and never got  
involved, and that all worked out fine  
until we had Bobby!

HUSBAND

Leave Bobby out of this!

WIFE

Sometimes, I think you forgot you had  
any responsibilities. You knew how  
much I worried, how protective I was  
over Bobby. When he'd go to school,  
I'd get on my knees and pray that none  
of those felons ever got too angry at  
you. I was always hoping they never  
knew too much! I was never afraid for  
myself. I never even thought of  
myself, only of him. Seems like you  
were just the opposite!

HUSBAND

Why are you still so angry at me? I  
thought we worked this out! I fixed  
it! It's over!

WIFE

Is it over? Because I still remember  
everything!

The Wife bursts into tears and collapses onto the ground,  
sobbing violently. The Husband remains on the bed, hanging  
his head in shame.

WIFE (CONT'D)

You had no idea what that felt like!  
No idea! I'd be up at night! And you,  
you'd sleep so peacefully knowing how  
many bodies you drained of life that  
day!

The Wife wipes her tears and shakes her head, getting up to  
kick the box away before collapsing once more in defeat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUSBAND

I did lose sleep. Believe me. It was hard for me too.

WIFE

Not hard enough for you to quit, though, was it? Not until...

Silence fills the room as The Wife wails. The Husband wipes his face as he is also moved to tears.

HUSBAND

That haunts me every day. You know I miss her just as much as you do. It just wasn't that simple, alright? I thought you knew this. If it had been that simple, I wouldn't have even gotten involved.

WIFE

Oh, please! It was a thrill for you! You'd come home beaming! Look at the pearl handle on that thing, the engraving like it's some kind of badge of honor! It's absolute insanity!

The Husband is silent. He knows that she is at least partially right, and The Wife realizes the nature of his reaction and stops crying.

WIFE (CONT'D)

God! It really was, wasn't it? Here I was, talking out of my ass, and it's just the truth! I thought I was making it up!

The Wife begins to laugh in maniacal disbelief. She slaps her knee and hangs her head, breathless.

HUSBAND

I just wanted to be part of something. I didn't like the killing. I hated it.

WIFE

Part of something? Please, humor me, what does that even mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUSBAND

You wouldn't get it. They cared for me. They would have died for me, they practically lived for me!

WIFE

Cared? Those imbeciles would've left your body lying in the street! I am your wife, I have always been there! *I* cared about you!

HUSBAND

You were in it for the money!

The Wife is taken aback and clearly hurt, crossing her arms over her torso as if to protect herself.

WIFE

How could you even say that? Do you know how long I waited for you to come home night after night? Do you know about the mornings I'd make Bobby his school lunch and almost slice off my finger because I was so sleep deprived? Do you know? Because I have the scars to prove it!

HUSBAND

Yeah, I bet you were real upset when some of the blood got onto your five carat ring! God, I always had this feeling that my mom was right about you! You never loved me!

WIFE

(chuckling wryly)

Your mother was a snob who used to beat the shit of you. Isn't that why you'd do it to me too? Or was that just your narrative in couples therapy? Just so I could say I'd forgiven you, right? Little history of trauma?

HUSBAND

Don't you ever talk about my mother!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Wife scoffs, looking over at the box on the ground right beside her.

WIFE

She gave that to you.

HUSBAND

What are you talking about?

WIFE

For our anniversary. The year we moved out here, Bobby's first day of sixth grade, she mailed it here. I was the one who opened it. Remember it like it was yesterday. I thought it was such a beautiful thing, I wanted it for myself. But no, it was definitely yours. She wanted me gone.

The Husband looks at the Wife in shock.

HUSBAND

What are you--

WIFE

I mean, on our anniversary? Really, how sweet is that? Whatever happened to flowers and Hallmark cards? Whatever happened to chocolates and minding your own business? Hmm? Whatever happened to peace?

HUSBAND

Honey, calm down. You have no idea what you're talking about.

WIFE

Yes, your mother was violent, but I didn't think she wanted me *dead*. There's this quote I remember, oh, what did it say... "You're still my little boy. You will never be hers..." I remember thinking, Shit! Freud would have a field day with you two!

HUSBAND

She didn't mean it like that, please--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIFE

What, she thought I didn't read your mail? You were never even home! God, this was years ago too, and I still remember her ugly handwriting. Could barely decipher it, actually.

HUSBAND

I've apologized for her a million times. She was nothing like me, and you know I would never do that to you. Never.

The Husband gets off the bed and joins The Wife on the carpeted floor. He takes her hand in both of his.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Please. We've been over this. I thought we were past this. I wanna be. I'm a different person, and I don't want any of our past lives to define us. We were doing so well. Listen honey, if you planted to box in your closet, thinking it was the only way to bring this up, I want you to know that you can always talk to me. But these theatrics are out of hand.

The Wife seems zoned out and has crazy eyes.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me, honey? We're getting rid of it, okay? We'll never see it again.

WIFE

Have you ever used it?

HUSBAND

What? No, I never used it, I had no idea you kept it all this time.

WIFE

Is it loaded?

HUSBAND

I-I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIFE

Did you ever reply? Did you ever write  
back to her?

The Husband is silent for a second.

HUSBAND

Yes. I told her to leave my family  
alone.

The Wife begins her crazy laugh, even scarier than last time,  
and begins hollering at the top of her lungs.

WIFE

You're such a great liar! What, you  
think I'm stupid? I read everything!  
Your entire plan. "Dear Mommy: yes, I  
will do it, and once I do, I'll mail  
back her ring finger with the rock on  
it! I'll move back home with Bobby,  
and you and I can live happily ever  
after!" Well, what about me! What  
about *my* happily ever after?

The Husband's horrified look confirms the Wife's statement,  
but before this can settle in, she lunges for the box.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

A gunshot is heard, then silence.

FADE OUT.