

"CLEAN BREAK"

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

Where we find RACHEL stood gazing peacefully out of a rain-lashed window. She's in her late-20s, attractive. The room is serene and cosy: soft lighting, music playing gently in the background. One hell of a storm is raging outside.

She holds a cup of tea closely, as if feeding off its warmth.

She takes a sip.

PETER

(O.S)

What about the TV?

PETER, also late-20s, is stood on the other side of the room. Rachel barely reacts to his question.

RACHEL

Hmmm?

PETER

Who gets the TV?

RACHEL

Oh. You can take it. I never really watched the thing.

PETER

(Weak smile)

Do you remember the one we had when we moved in? Damn thing wouldn't stay on the same channel for more than ten minutes. It used to wait until it was getting to the crucial moment in the programme and then just flip to a different channel.

RACHEL

I remember.

He's irritated by her calmness, but knows better than to show it. He stands impotently for a few moments.

PETER

So that's it?

Nothing.

PETER

After three years, that's it.

She turns to face him. For the first time we see a flicker of how difficult this is for her as well.

RACHEL

That's it.

Peter's struggling to deal with all this. He picks up some personal items - keys, cigarettes, etc. - off the table, then turns to her again, his frustration showing.

PETER

I can't believe you can just give up on us like that.

RACHEL

We've gone over this already. It's not working. We both know that. It's best if we make a clean break. Best for both of us.

PETER

How can you be so fucking calm about this? How can you stand there and be so fucking calm?

RACHEL

What else is there to do?

PETER

Just don't be so calm about it! At least show some emotion.

RACHEL

What's the point?

PETER

What?

RACHEL

What would be the point?

(Pause)

I could shout. I could scream at you. I could break down in tears. But I've done all that. I've done that so many times already.

(Pause)
Just go.

For a moment it looks like he might argue further, but then seems to realise the futility of it. He moves towards the door, grabbing a large rucksack full of stuff.

PETER
I'll send Carl over with his van
tomorrow for the rest of my things.

RACHEL
Okay.

PETER
Rachel...

RACHEL
Please... just go.

(Beat)
It's for the best. It's really for
the best.

PETER
I'll be at my sister's place. If
you want to call me.

He waits a moment, hoping for her to say something. Then he's gone.

We hear the front door open and shut.

Rachel turns back to the window, back to the rain beating against it. Everything else is serene again.

She breathes deeply... then smiles.