

LAST TIME I CHECKED THE MIRROR EP.1

Written by

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EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is barely peaking, leaving the neighborhood with a bluish hue in the early morning hours.

KAREN gives herself a look over in her car visor mirror, then shuts it.

She get out the car then walk up the steps to her lovely home.

Karen enters her home. It's pitch black on the inside.

She starts toward the steps then a light snaps on behind her. She stops in her tracks as a deep voice calls out to her.

FRANK (O.S.)

Karen!!!

KAREN

Yes.

FRANK (O.S.)

Why the hell you just now bringing your ass home?

KAREN

(startled)

What's going on baby? What are you doing off of work?

FRANK

I asked you a question.

FRANK, is in the living room holding a half empty bottle of Jack Daniels.

KAREN

Baby you tripping, you sitting in the dark, drinking, it don't look like you went to sleep--

FRANK

(snaps)

Just answer the fucking question that I'm asking you...

He advances towards her, smiling only to keep calm.

FRANK

Where have you been Karen?

Her phone rings and this is a moment for her to fumble in her purse and buy herself some time before responding.

KAREN
Where is my phone?

FRANK
Aye Karen I don't give a fuck about
that phone.

She answers her phone.

KAREN
Hello.

Frank cannot hear the conversation on the other end but the audience hears this clearly.

UNKNOWN MALE (O.C.)
Hey babe I was just calling to make
sure you made it home safe.

KAREN
I can't take another patient, I was
just with a client for the past
couple hours, I am wore out.

UNKNOWN MALE (O.C.)
Is he right there in front of you?

KAREN
(speaking professionally)
Yes ma'am.

UNKNOWN MALE (O.C.)
Is he mad at you and suspecting
some shit?

KAREN
Yes, and I would like to go to
sleep now because I'm just walking
in my house.

UNKNOWN MALE (O.C.)
Well baby I just want to tell you,
if anything go wrong, you can
always come stay with me...

Karen cannot conceal her flattery, as the words in her ear forces a smile on her face.

Frank snatches the phone.

Karen attempts to loud talk so the man on the other end can hear her but the man continues to talk.

UNKNOWN MALE (O.C.)

I just want what's best for you no matter what baby. You hear me. Karen baby you hear me.

FRANK

Yeah I fucking hear you hoe ass nigga.

The phone instantly hangs up.

KAREN

Why all the suspicion Frank?

FRANK

(repeats her)

Why all the suspicion? Why all the cheating bitch?

KAREN

Excuse me? You have never not once called me out of my name...

Frank tilts the almost finished bottle of Jack and chugs it, barely able to stand.

KAREN

And I'm not about to allow you to start.

FRANK

My wife is having an affair with another nigga, bitch you better be glad that's all I'm doing.

KAREN

So what you're threatening me now? You're jumping to conclusions with no proof that I did nothing, just like I knew you would--

Frank shoves her photos.

Photos that are taken from a distance.

She is caught being intimate with a handsome man name CAMERON.

FRANK

Yeah I know it all. Dinner dates,
movie nights, hotel stays, I even
seen photos of you in the car with
this man...

(yells)

My car with this man.

She has a look of disbelief.

FRANK

There's your proof.

KAREN

You've been having somebody follow
me.

FRANK

Is that all you can come up with
you fucking whore.

KAREN

You really lost your mind. Get away
from me Frank.

She darts off then up the steps. Frank follows after her.

FRANK

Come back here Karen.

She makes it to the bedroom and paces back and forth
confused.

His drunken state causes him to stumble up the steps as he
also slurs his words.

FRANK

Bitch you need to answer me. I want
to know everything.

He stops in the hallway to view a photo hanging on the wall:
They are happily married and both smiling together.

He snatches it off the wall and punches it, the photo
shatters.

FRANK

Is that where you was tonight
bitch?

Karen is undressing, she strips down to her panties and bra
while he constantly interrogates her.

His questions are being ignored and this infuriates him even more.

FRANK

Did you fuck him is that why you getting in the shower? Karen I'm talking to you.

She takes off her jewelry.

KAREN

Oh my God just leave me alone.

FRANK

Just tell me you love the nigga and I'll move on.

She turns on the shower, then takes off her bra.

KAREN

Leave it alone Frank, you don't want to know the answer.

She is passing by him and he grabs her arm.

FRANK

I just want to know one fucking question.

KAREN

(snaps)

What is it? What? What do you want to know? Because I'm sure you not going to like the fucking answer.

She stares at him serious, without fear only anger as she waits for his question.

KAREN

What?

FRANK

Is he that much better than me bitch?

She shakes her head "NO."

KAREN

No... You can't imagine how much better he is, when he is inside of me it feels like he is the only man that fulfills my every need, when he is in my mouth it taste like heaven, and when he comes inside of me, I imagine having his child. There is nothing I can do for you, because I want to give him my all. Is that what you wanted to hear?

Frank is left dazed as she walks into the rest room.

She locks the door.

She gets in the shower, sits down in the tub, and curls herself up and silently cries.

FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Cameron and Karen is in the hotel suite bed, lying next to one another.

CAMERON

Are you going to tell him you're leaving him?

KAREN

It's hard because he is the perfect husband.

CAMERON

If he was so perfect you wouldn't be laying under me.

KAREN

I just don't want to hurt him, he doesn't deserve that.

CAMERON

And what do you deserve?

They kiss passionately.

BACK TO PRESENT

KAREN IN THE TUB

Cradling herself. Shower water pours over her tears.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen is looking at herself IN THE MIRROR.

KAREN
I shouldn't have said that to
Frank...

She shakes her head, as sorrow and regret takes over her expression.

She then heads for the door.

She opens it:

KAREN
(yells out)
Frank--

She steps one foot out, then a grimacing and confused look takes over her face.

She backs up in the bath room then looks down at a knife lodged into her belly.

Frank stands in the doorway with a sinister look of satisfaction. He walks away.

Karen is panting, then trips into the tub terrified at the amount of blood that is leaking from her wound.

Tears are pouring from her eyes. She cringes, while clutching the edge of the big dagger hanging out of her stomach.

KAREN
(screams)
Why?!!!

Karen takes her last breath's, her head cocks to the side, and her eyes remain open. Karen is DEAD.

THE END.