REFLECTIONS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

No light comes through the windows, still too dark out. A digital clock sits on a night stand by the bed. 5:28.

A glow from the hall shines through the open door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

MINDY, late forties, brushes her teeth -- the mirrored reflection of a woman who shows her age.

She spits in the sink, rinses the brush. O.S., an alarm clock sounds from the bedroom. She dabs the corners of her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM

Mindy comes in, already dressed, her day has begun. She shuts the alarm off. In a soft voice --

MINDY

Time to get up.

In the bed is PHIL, mid fifties, stubble-faced and messed hair. The covers pulled up to his chin, he makes no attempt at rising.

She goes to the dresser, opens a jewelry box, puts on earrings and a bracelet. She looks back at Phil, then leaves the room.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Mindy carries a bowl of cereal with her to the table. She picks up a spoon and begins to eat.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

She puts her bowl in the sink when something catches her eye -- a coffee stain on the counter. She breathes a sigh.

MINDY Forever cleaning up after you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mindy slips on a coat, grabs her pocket book, calls out --

MINDY

I'm running to the store.

She hesitates... then out the door she goes.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Two cars sit in the driveway.

SERIES:

-- She hits the key fob.

-- The driver's side door slams shut.

-- Key turns in the ignition.

BACK TO SCENE

Mindy watches through the rearview as she pulls out. The car hits the street and drives off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Mindy pulls back in. The other car is gone.

INT. KITCHEN

She strides in, takes off her coat, drops the keys onto the counter next to --

An empty coffee cup. Next to that, a brand new stain.

Annoyed, she takes the cup and throws it in the dishwasher, rolls off some paper towels, cleans the stain... again.

She peeks into the --

DINING ROOM

A half-eaten plate of eggs and toast rest on the table.

KITCHEN

The plate gets thrown in the dishwasher, too.

MINDY You were so clean when we were dating. What happened to that man?

She turns a corner into the --

HALLWAY

Opens a door, pulls out a broom.

KITCHEN

Mindy sweeps the floor.

MINDY Remember about sweeping before you left? (laughs to herself) I pay the bills, I keep everything in this house organized. It's the least you could do...

The garbage can top opens, the dust gets dumped in.

INT. BATHROOM

She reaches for the light, it's already on. There's steam on the mirror.

MINDY

Light's still on...

She pulls back the shower curtain, takes a look, then -- a distasteful groan as she trudges from the room.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

On her hands and knees, scrubbing the bathtub.

MINDY

Sure, you go off to work without a care in the world. Our son goes off to college... Me? Still stuck here cleaning your mess.

BATHROOM MIRROR

She wipes away the steam and stares at her reflection a good long while... then shuts the light.

INT. BEDROOM

The bed's a mess.

She throws the top sheet up -- Tucks in the blanket -- Smooths it all out -- Arranges the pillows.

Mindy stands alone, hands on hips -- heavy breaths, furious blinking eyes. She looks down at the night stand, the one with the digital clock and --

Something she hadn't noticed before: two PRESCRIPTION pill bottles. She takes them, pauses, puts them back.

She slowly moves to the dresser, grips the polished wood and looks at her image in the mirror -- eyes watery and red, lips trembling.

MINDY (sobs) How could you leave me like this?

MIRROR

Behind Mindy -- the reflection of the bed.

Phil's lifeless body, stubble-faced and messed hair, still tucked in with the covers up to his chin.

MINDY How could you..?