

# Ring Finger

by

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

BILL(late 40's) sits hunched over a long dining table. His stubbled cheeks glisten with tears and phlegm.

Beneath an empty whiskey bottle, photos of a middle-aged blonde and a young, burly man in a heated embrace.

Bill roughly strokes his thinning hair, almost rips it out. He grabs his wedding band and pulls.

Long, muffled grunts -- Bill's face turns red.

No luck. As he recovers, Bill's labored breaths soon turn to snivels...then cries.

Again Bill fights to remove the ring but his thick, bulky finger won't give way.

Bill explodes from the chair.

Pots and pans go flying.

Dishes shatter on the floor.

Screams of pain and fury as he slams a cleaver on the table.

Bill's fit of rage suddenly seizes.

His gaze fixes on the blade cut across the blonde's neck. He turns his attention to his ring glimmering in the light.

Bill sets his fist on the table's edge, ring finger out.

He rests the cleaver just below his knuckle. His eyes dart back and forth from his hand to the photos.

His breathing escalates. His left hand trembles.

The blade shakes as it rises inch by inch -- hesitation.

Bill takes one last look at the passionate couple before-

LATER

The UNLOCKING of a door. The CLICKING of heels.

RACHAEL(40's) stops at the edge of the kitchen.

Her burning red face quickly goes pale -- A bloodied cleaver rests on the floor by her feet, a red tissue on the table.

Shards CRACKLE with each long footstep towards the table.

Rachael recognizes the photos around the napkin which appears to be holding something. Her eyes well with tears.

Bill looms behind her, his face pale and grim.

She reaches for the napkin, her diamond ring sparkling in the light. Her lips tremble as her hand inches closer.

Bill crouches down as an eruption of sobs ensues.

Three fingers curl around the handle of the cleaver. On the bloody stump, a dented, scarred gold ring.

FADE OUT