

SIDELINE CONFESSIONS

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

She gets out the car then head up the steps to her home.

Karen enters her home, and it is pitch black on the inside.

She starts toward the steps then a light snaps on behind her and this along with a deep voice stops her in her tracks.

FRANK (O.C.)

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

You tripping, you sitting here 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 baby...

He advances towards her, smiling only to keep calm.

FRANK

Where have you been Karen?

She pauses for a moment, looking like she is thinking of what she wants to say.

KAREN

I got called in to my clients
house, why all the suspicion?

FRANK
(repeats her)
Why all the suspicion? Why all the
cheating bitch?

KAREN
Excuse me.

FRANK
You heard what the fuck I said.

Frank throws her photos of intimate moments with a handsome man, CAMERON.

FRANK
Yeah I know it all. Dinner dates,
movie nights, hotel stays.

She can't believe her eyes.

FRANK
That's proof, that's proof you a
muthafuckin whore.

KAREN
Oh you lost your mind.

She walks away and up the steps. Frank follows behind her.

FRANK
Come back here.

She makes it to the bedroom and paces back and forth confused, he has not yet made to the room.

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

FRANK
Bitch you gon answer me. I 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 breaks it in the process.

FRANK
Is that where you was tonight
bitch?

She undresses and grabs her towel, she has on panties and bra while he constantly interrogates her, but his questions go 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.

FRANK

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

She turns on the shower, then takes off her bra, she passes him and he grabs her by the arm.

FRANK

Just answer one fucking question for me.

KAREN

(snaps)

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

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

FRANK

Is he that much better than me bitch?

She shakes her head no for a while.

KAREN

No... You can't imagine how much better he is than you, 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

We have to go our separate ways. I can't continue to do this with you.

KAREN

What? No you don't mean that baby. We just made love, how can you say that?

Cameron puts on his clothes and jewelry.

KAREN

(tearing up)

Cameron if you walk out that door, you will never see me again.

CAMERON

Go back to your husband Karen.

He leaves the hotel suite.

Karen is curled in the bed crying.

MATCH CUT TO:

KAREN IN THE TUB

Cradling herself in the tub the same as she was in the bed.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen is in her bath room mirror, looking at herself deep in thought.

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--

One foot steps out and then a knife strikes her stomach.

She backs up in the bath room with the blade lodged deep in her belly and she falls in the tub.

Frank stands in the doorway with a evil sinister grin as his wife bleeds to death.