

Judas Kiss

by
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SYNOPSIS: "Judas Kiss" is a short dramatic piece about Maggie (29), a young married woman who is fighting her fears of what lies beneath the murky depths of her sordid relationship with her adulterous husband.

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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

We FADE IN on a pair of feminine legs standing in front of a sink. The fluorescent lights in the bathroom illuminate a nice glow on the suggestive silk chemise that she has on as we slowly PAN UP. We see that she's a brunette. This is Maggie (29), seductive, gentle and congenial.

We CUT TO a shot of the bathroom mirror. Maggie's face is covered by locks of hair as she stares down. We hear sniffing. She slowly raises her face as she pulls back her locks and stares at her reflection. Her eyes are teary red. Her nose and cheeks are ruby red. Her hair is in shambles. She has been crying.

She continues staring at herself. Unsure. Curious. Wanting to understand. She takes in a deep breath, and slowly exhales. She rubs the tears off her eyes and composes herself. She has made a decision.

She walks away from the mirror and heads into the room, turning off the light on her way out.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

The room is barely lit. Two practical lamps resting on dressers on either side of the single bed dimly light the room. An open suitcase with rumpled clothes lays on the bed. Beside the suitcase, a manila folder sits atop a pile of barely visible 10 X 15 photographs sprawled on the bed. On the ground, crumpled tissue papers surround the bed.

Maggie emerges from the bathroom. She slowly makes her way past the bed towards the window, taking a quick glance at the mess on her bed. She's disgusted. She nears the window and peaks outside. She turns back to the bed, stares, then slowly starts pacing the room.

As she paces, we go closer on her face. She is still trying to make a decision. We notice that she keeps eyeing one of the dressers. We follow her gaze. On the dresser, a designer laptop handbag rests.

She keeps looking at the dresser as she paces, then suddenly stops. She inhales deeply, then exhales slowly. She composes herself, then slowly makes her way to the dresser. She sits down on the bed and grabs the purse. She rummages inside, and pauses. She stares at a photo attached to the top flap of the handbag. She's in the photo, laughing while posed alongside a handsome male companion. They seem happy.

PAUL (O.C.)
(tired)
Half asleep, haha...mmmm,
wow...what time is it?

MAGGIE
Not sure...late, I think?

PAUL (O.C.)
You alright? What's up?

MAGGIE
I have a lot on my mind right now.
I just needed to hear your voice
again.

PAUL (O.C.)
Oh, wow. Must have been a hell of a
day. Ever just thought of quitting?

He laughs. Maggie stays silent.

MAGGIE
I tried you at the house. Are you
not home?

PAUL
Huh? Oh, I think I left the
cordless phone downstairs. Must
have forgotten to bring it up with
me.

MAGGIE
Oh, that's...that's all right.
(beat)
Did you do anything interesting
last night?

PAUL (O.C.)
Last night? Yeah, as a matter of
fact, I did. Remember my mate,
Jason? He's getting married in
December. Can you believe it? The
guys decided to throw him an
impromptu bash yesterday at the
pub. It was quite an event,
sweetheart.

MAGGIE
Is that right?

PAUL (O.C.)
Yeah, yeah...poor sod. That girl of
his is gonna eat him alive.

MAGGIE
You went to the pub?

Beat.

PAUL (O.C.)
Yeah. Yeah, I did. Is something
wrong?

Beat.

MAGGIE
How's Ed?

PAUL (O.C.)
Ed? The old sod? Grumpy as usual.
Refused to give us another round,
the nerve. Scared to shit he was.
Like as if we was gonna cause
trouble.

Maggie indulges him.

MAGGIE
Again?

PAUL (O.C.)
Don't you worry a thing,
sweetheart. We behaved this time
around. When are you coming back?

Beat.

PAUL (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Honey?

Maggie picks up one of the photographs on the bed.

MAGGIE
Paul?

PAUL (O.C.)
Yeah, babe?

Maggie panics.

PAUL (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Hello? Maggie, what's wrong?

Maggie is breathing hard.

MAGGIE
I need to know.

PAUL (O.C.)
Know? Know what?

MAGGIE
Is it me?

PAUL (O.C.)
What are you talking about? What's
going on?

MAGGIE
I mean, umm, I feel like I did
something wrong? Did I do something
wrong.

PAUL (O.C.)
Maggie, you're not making any
sense.

Beat.

MAGGIE
I ran into Katherine two weeks ago,
Paul.

Maggie waits for an answer. No response.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
They've been broken up a month now.

Beat.

PAUL (O.C.)
Broken up? Really? That's strange.
I could've sworn Jason was...

MAGGIE
Is it me, Paul?

No answer.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
CHRIST, PAUL, IT'S A SIMPLE FUCKING
QUESTION. IS IT ME?

PAUL (O.C.)
Maggie, let me explain...

MAGGIE
JESUS, PAUL!!

Maggie trembles. She is torn. It can't be true.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

How long, Paul? How long has this been going on?

PAUL (O.C.)

Maggie, just, please...just calm down...

MAGGIE

CALM DOWN? DON'T YOU FUCKING TELL ME TO CALM DOWN, PAUL. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN...

She can't say it. She's still sinking it in.

PAUL (O.C.)

Maggie, please. You have to understand...

MAGGIE

God, I'm such an idiot. I'm such a fucking idiot. I knew it. I fucking knew it, yet I couldn't even bring myself to...to...

She's overwhelmed.

PAUL (O.C.)

Maggie, please. This isn't easy for me as well. I'm just as scared as you are. But when I'm with Sam...

Maggie hangs up. She chucks the cellphone across the room and covers her face with her hands. She's humiliated. She makes a dash for the washroom and slams the door.

We slowly pan back to the bed, which is still in a mess as we focus more on the photographs. We see photographs of a man waiting in an alley. Nervous. Jittery. This is PAUL. More photographs of him waiting as another hooded figure approaches him. Paul approaches the hooded figure and pulls down the hood to reveal...a man? This must be SAM. Paul pulls Sam's face towards his, and we finally rest on a photograph of them passionately kissing.

FADE OUT.