

Ralph
By
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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

One table, two chairs, pristine, everything in place.

RALPH (54) white shirt, slightly overweight, balding, head bowed, beaten, spectacles barely hiding his eyes reddened by crying, enters.

He carries a suitcase under one arm, a pillow under the other.

Slowly he sets them both down beside his chair. He sits.

His plate of scrambled eggs half finished, congealed, placed next to a neglected cold coffee, forgotten today.

Across the table another plate awaits. Cold coffee accompanies.

RALPH (V.O.)

I still make your breakfast.

He rises slowly, takes the plates and cups to the sink and scrapes the remnants into the trash can, then angrily throws everything after the scraps.

Leaning down, he picks up a pair of black shoes along with a brush.

He makes his way back to the table, brushing a shoe vigorously, aggressive, cleaning quickly.

He grabs the second shoe and brushes even harder

RALPH (V.O.)

Clean your shoes, every
day....loved doing these things for
you

Puts the shoes inside the case and lifts it onto the table.

He leans back and takes two crisp white shirts, neatly folded, from the counter behind him, smells them lovingly and gently places them into the case.

RALPH (V.O.)

I smell you everywhere.

He looks up at the wall clock which shows two thirty, reaches into the case and produces a black tie. Slipping it around his neck, he fumbles, clumsily.

RALPH (V.O.)
You'd always do this for me.

Frustration eventually gets the better of him. He rips it off and throws it across room.

RALPH (V.O.)
Shit!

Ralph stands alone, melancholy. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small bottle. He puts it on the table.

RALPH (V.O.)
Time to go. Never thought I'd be
brave enough...but, I'll be waiting
for you.

He reaches for the suitcase, closes the lid, clicks the catches shut and lays it alongside the pillow. He strokes the case affectionately.

RALPH (V.O.)
Taking these along. They'll keep me
company.

He plumps the pillow, grabs the bottle, undoes the cap and pours a large amount of pills into his hand.

As he crosses himself tears fall down his cheeks. His glasses mist.

Pouring the pills into his mouth he chews quickly, refilling his hand immediately.

He wipes his eyes with his shirt sleeve and swallows the rest of the tablets.

Steadying himself with the table, he lowers himself to the floor and lays his head on the pillow.

Clutching the suitcase to his chest he sobs.

RALPH (V.O.)
Forgive me. I just can't....

LATER:

The wall clock shows five thirty, Ralph lies motionless on the floor. A vomite stain on his shirt testament to his passing. The front door slams.

MAN O.S.
Ralph, Ralph honey. I've thought it
over...I'm back.

The kitchen door opens slowly.

BLACK SCREEN:

MAN O/S
Oh my God Ralphy...no!

FADE OUT:

THE END