

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY, a middle aged man is sitting on the bed with a laptop on his lap. VERONICA, about the same age is walking in. She walk straight to the dressing table. She angrily removes the earrings.

VERONICA

I'm not your puppet! You know.

Jimmy roles his eyes as if to say "here we go again".

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You cannot control me! I'm a grown women! No one can tell me what and what not to do!

JIMMY

I thought you said this case was closed an hour ago.

VERONICA

(turning around)

Well I'm reopening it! Jimmy you're my husband. Not my master! I cannot quit my job cause you simply told me to! I love my job. It's the only thing that keeps me sane from everything else.

JIMMY

From what exactly? Huh? Our marriage?

VERONICA

Don't try to change the topic. You quit your well paying job for whatever reason and you want me to do the same? Jimmy sighs. He put the laptop on the side and stand up to leave.

VERONICA

Oh yes, of course Jimmy walk away. Like always! You won't even give me a reason...

JIMMY

(furiously turns around)

It's because I'm sick! I have cancer! I can stop breathing any day now. I just wanted to spend the time I have left with my wife. Is that too much to ask?

He storms to the bathroom and slam the door leaving Veronica's mouth wide open.

THE END