

COLD FEET

Written by

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EXT. KITCHEN - EVENING

A disheveled Adam, aged 32 and worn down, SITS in dimly lit kitchen awaiting in anticipation, fixated on the CLOCK above the kitchen doorway, waiting for something or someone.

The clock STRIKE six. The front door claps open in the background, Beverly 28, strolls through with a joyful leap and twirl across from Adam.

Repulsed, Adam stands and approaches the kitchen sink, he fills a teapot while Beverly observes him from behind.

BEVERLY

Okay I give up.. What is it?

(silence)

Adam turns the water ON , swings his head over his shoulder casting a glaring at Beverly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

What is it?

(frustrated)

Beverly turns from her seat, walks towards the doorway lost.

ADAM

I think we need to postpone the wedding.

Beverly stops, retreats to Adam. He see's her moving back into the doorway.

BEVERLY

What!

ADAM

I don't think I can go through with it.

BEVERLY

(gentle)

Honey don't say that. It's gonna be okay. We talked about this..

Beverly reaches to embrace Adam's face.

ADAM

Don't.

Beverly retracts speechless, lowering her hands. She erupts.

BEVERLY

You're an asshole! You tell me this now, a week before the wedding.

ADAM

I thought.. I could move past this
and maybe not think about it
anymore.

BEVERLY

Is this about Tobin ?

Adams is rattled; he turns, SLAMS the water pot on the stove,
IGNITES the fire, then turns to Beverly, his focus sharp on
her words

ADAM

Yes, Tobin?

Beverly, unimpressed.

BEVERLY

That was years ago.

ADAM

Yes, you told me. It was nothing,
and that nothing happened.

Beverly retreats.

BEVERLY

Yeah nothing happened, Adam,
nothing happened. Honey... I love
you. I'm marrying you, not Tobin.

ADAM

(skeptical)

Yea.

BEVERLY

So what now, you're having cold
feet?

Adam turns around, his back to the sink, leaning against it.

His EYES gauge a large white ENVELOPE. Beverly picks up on
his eyes pointing to it. Beverly pounces to the envelope.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

What now, Adam?

ADAM

Go on, take a look...

BEVERLY

(speechless)

Adam , what did you...

Beverly grasps her mouth; nothing can come out, TEARS begin to cover her foundation.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

How'd...

Beverly, stunned. Adam interrupts with pride.

ADAM

How did I do it ?

Beverly turns her gaze toward Adam, giving a subtle nod. She then lowers the white envelope by her side.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I had to dig for hours. At first, the hole wasn't big enough, so I borrowed FRANKS pick-axe. I knew the chainsaw would be a dead give away, so I went out and bought an electric one; those things can cut anything in half.

BEVERLY

Well, I'm speechless. I couldn't ask for anything more amazing than this. I'll talk to Daddy, see if we can move some things around.

Beverly swoops in for kiss; Adam kisses her back. The moment is interrupted when Beverly notices the CLOCK has come to a halt.

Beverly turns joyfully towards the doorway.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna jump in the shower. We should fix that.

Adam's eyes confirm that the CLOCK has ceased. Pouring his tea, he moseys to the kitchen window, a sinister expression etched on his face. With his mug in hand, he raises a toast to whatever lies beyond the window. he takes a sip from the large mug inscribed with the words "I did that."

Content, he watches the freshly poured dirt mound reveals an unsettling image beneath the wooden Arbor- a disturbing sight of a human TOENAIL perched on the edge of the soil.