

PERFECT RING

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright 2025
Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Family photos fill the walls. A smiling elderly lady is in all of them. Trinkets and collectibles sit in a large display cabinet. A thick carpet and colourful curtains.

Everything about the space screams that it's Nanna's house.

The door to the front room opens, and in walks a young couple holding hands.

LARA (20s), watching her boyfriend, CHRIS (20s).

LARA
Whose place is this?

CHRIS
My granny's.

He brings her over to the couch. In the middle of it is a velvet box. Chris places his hands down on top of it.

LARA
Chris, what is it? You've been acting weird all morning.

CHRIS
I just wanted today to be perfect.

LARA
Well, it has been. The restaurant.
The walk along the beach. I've had a great time.

He offers a nervous, almost pained smile. After a deep breath, he begins to unwrap the box.

Her eyes lock on it.

LARA
(nervous)
What's in the box?

Chris takes a deep breath, and his expression turns serious. He opens the box, revealing a stunning, vintage ring—an intricate band with a large, sparkling diamond.

Inside the box, the ring is surrounded by a purple cloth. The ring seems to be sitting on something, but for now it's impossible to tell what.

CHRIS

I found the perfect ring. It's unique, sentimental... It belonged to my granny. I knew it just had to be this ring. And it just had to be today. I couldn't wait any longer. What with you flying away for work. It had to be today.

Lara's eyes well up. She stares at the ring, mesmerized.

LARA

Chris, it's beautiful.

Chris gets down on one knee, his voice thick with emotion.

CHRIS

Lara, I love you more than anything in this world. Will you marry me?

A wide smile breaks across Lara's face, and tears of joy stream down her cheeks.

LARA

Yes! A thousand times, yes!

She reaches for the ring, but Chris pulls the box away, his face turning grim.

LARA

What are you doing?

CHRIS

There's just one tiny problem.

He slowly, carefully removes the cloth inside the box. Lara's happy tears freeze on her cheeks, replaced by a look of pure horror. The ring is on a finger. A human finger. It's pale and a little shrivelled, with a manicured nail and a gold thimble on the tip.

LARA

(screaming)

CHRIS! What is that?!

CHRIS

I tried everything. Hot water, soap, butter. Granny's hand is just so swollen. I need your help getting it off.

LARA

YOU CUT OFF YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S FINGER?!

CHRIS

(whispering)

Shhh! She's asleep in the next room! I used a hell of a lot of sleeping pills to knock her out. She's still breathing. And the bleeding has stopped.

Chris points toward a closed bedroom door. Lara stands up, backing away slowly, her eyes fixed on the finger. She turns and runs for the front door.

But Chris is quicker. He calmly steps in front of her and locks the deadbolt. He holds up the box with the finger still in it.

CHRIS

You need to help me. This ring.
It's yours now.

Lara's face is a mask of shock and terror. Chris smiles, oblivious.

SCENE END

FADE TO BLACK