

RESET

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Candles flicker on a dresser, an iPod plays a romantic fifties tune. Bed springs squeal, and...

GRUNTS, GROANS. Sex. Or lovemaking.

BED

GARY (52), his back to us as he pushes rhythmically into a pink-haired beauty underneath.

Her name is CHARLOTTE (32), full lips slightly parted, eyes shut tight, surging under Gary's beat.

Raised VOICES are heard. Echoes of memories boiling to the surface as Gary's face shows the pleasurable rigors of sex:

GARY (V.O.)

I wish I'd never met you!

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

I didn't twist your arm!

GARY (V.O.)

I love you. I care! You only pretend.

Gary's eyes close, teeth clenched. He's almost there.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

You got what you wanted.

Charlotte's striking green eyes flutter.

Gary climaxes, his thrusting wanes. Breathing heavy, he rolls off of Charlotte onto his back.

Awkward silence in the aftermath.

Gary sighs, stares at the ceiling.

CHARLOTTE

What's on your mind, Gary?

GARY

Remember when we met?

CHARLOTTE

I remember.

GARY

How in love we were? The passion we shared. The affection.

(exhales deeply)

I'd like to know where that went. Where we went wrong. Sometimes it's like I wish I could just hit a reset button, or something. You know?

Gary looks at Charlotte, her tanned back turned to him now, her pink hair spilling onto the pillow. She doesn't flinch, nor make a sound.

GARY

Charlotte? *Charlotte?*

She's asleep.

And Gary can only laugh. It figures. But his smile quickly fades as he sits up, and swings his feet onto the floor.

He turns on a lamp atop an end table, then opens its drawer. Fiddles around until he finds a small screwdriver.

He climbs back into bed, and touches Charlotte's shoulder.

Still no movement from her, just the melody of her steady breathing.

Gary ever so carefully touches her back with his fingertips, so as not to wake her.

He cautiously wedges the screwdriver between her shoulder blades. A crease appears, and he opens a small, square panel.

Inside is a series of intertwined wires, switches, monitoring LED's, and...

A black RESET button.

Droplets of sweat bead on Gary's forehead. He goes to push the button when--

Charlotte's left arm shoots back at an impossible angle. Her hand clutches him by the throat and squeezes.

He GASPS, struggling for air.

The screwdriver falls.

Charlotte's head turns completely around her body, wires straining in her neck like ligaments tearing.

Her eyes, once that striking green, now alternate red.

Gary GURGLES, a horrified look on his face as Charlotte tightens her grip.

CHARLOTTE

Touch that button and I'll end you.

FADE OUT.