Sugar Pie

By

S. O. Domy

©2016 s.o.domy@wellillbebuggered.com
FADE IN:

INT. THERESA’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heavy breathing and groans of pleasure reverberate around Ikea furniture.

Mirrors in closet doors reflect the lovemaking.

THERESA (39), rides cowgirl, building into a rhythm, approaching orgasm.

STEPHAN (46), pulls Theresa off and pins her face down on the bed.

   THERESA
   Stop it.

   STEPHAN
   Come on. Other guys’ wives do it.

   THERESA
   This one don’t.

   STEPHAN
   Come on, sugar pie.

Theresa manages to push him away and turns to face him.

   THERESA
   Now that may get me to make coffee, but it certainly doesn’t win me over in regard to sodomy.

   STEPHAN
   It’s not sodomy. It’s...

   THERESA
   Buggery?

   STEPHAN
   No... Jesus.

   THERESA
   Why would you even want to do that? It’s homo.

   STEPHAN
   You’re a girl.
THERESA
And that is my ass. I mean, come on, it’s disgusting. Poop comes out of there.

STEPHAN
Fuck it, I’m going to sleep.

Stephan turns away from her in a huff.

INT. THERESA’S APARTMENT - LIVING SPACE - DAY

A compact open plan living area.

Stephan, wearing a dressing gown, sits at a computer, looking through job ads while eating cereal from the box.

Theresa enters from the bedroom, dressed for office work and putting in her last earring.

THERESA
Good luck today.

She kisses him goodbye and he waves her off.

Once the front door has closed behind her, Stephan reaches for a box of tissues and clicks off the job pages.

INT. THERESA’S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Theresa, coat soaked with rain and clutching a sodden bag of groceries, walks in through the front door.

She notes the back of Stephan’s head as he sits in his favorite chair, watching T.V. She hangs her coat and heads into the kitchen to put the groceries away.

THERESA
I can’t wait to jump in the shower. How’d the search go?

She glances at the back of Stephan’s head and frowns as she realizes that something isn’t quite right.

THERESA
Stephan?

KLEM (O.S.)
He can’t answer.

Startled, Theresa drops a bottle of hot sauce. It smashes and the contents splurge on the floor.
KLEM (19), meth addict chic, steps into view and points a six shooter at her.

KLEM
Take a seat.

Theresa hurries to the couch.

Stephan, hands cuffed behind his back, terrified.

STEPHAN
Just stay calm, O.K.

KLEM
You interrupted us. We were about to start the game.

STEPHAN
You’re sick.

KLEM
This is what you did.

THERESA
You can take whatever you need.

KLEM
(to Theresa)
You don’t remember me.

Theresa freezes, hands half held up – too scared to go all the way and too scared to drop ’em.

KLEM
Do you remember Battersby Orphanage?

THERESA
Yes. I worked there. We both did.

KLEM
It’s where you first met. It’s also where we first met.

Theresa has a good look at his face.

THERESA
Klem?

KLEM
Do you remember how quiet I was around you?
THERESA
I don’t know.... well, yes, you were... quiet.

KLEM
I hated you.

The comment catches Theresa off guard.

KLEM
Before you came, I was all he ever saw. All he ever wanted or needed.

STEPHAN
You fucking liar. You lying son of a bitch. Don’t listen to him. He’s full of shit.

THERESA
What are you talking about?

KLEM
He said that one day we would be together forever.

STEPHAN
Bullshit!

THERESA
This isn’t making any sense.

KLEM
At first I felt like it was wrong, but as he visited my bed more and more, I began looking forward to it. To desire it. When he told me that he loved me, it was the happiest day of my life. Is that how you felt, Theresa? When he said it to you?

Theresa gasps and stares in disgust at Stephan.

STEPHAN
What? He’s deluded. Come on.

Klem points the gun at Stephan’s head and pulls the trigger. An audible click as the hammer hits an empty chamber.

STEPHAN
You bastard. Fuck you. Fuck you.

Klem places the gun against his own temple.
STEPHAN
Do it... fucking die.

Klem pulls the trigger and the chamber clicks on empty. He points the gun at Stephan’s head.

THERESA
Wait.

KLEM
He told me that he loved me.

STEPHAN
Shut the fuck up. You liar, you Goddamn liar.

Klem pulls the trigger and again the chamber falls on empty. He places the gun against his temple.

THERESA
Wait... please --

Klem pulls the trigger and it clicks on empty. He points the gun at Stephan.

STEPHAN
You disgust me.

Klem pulls the trigger. The click of an empty chamber.

KLEM
Well...

Klem puts the gun to his temple.

Theresa picks up a paperweight and throws it, hitting Klem in the head, stunning him. He drops the gun.

STEPHAN
You should have let him do it!

Theresa dives onto the gun, points it at Klem, but he is too injured to notice and falls into a chair, clutching a bloody wound on his head.

STEPHAN
Shoot him. He broke into our apartment.

Keeping the gun pointed at Klem, Theresa rises to her feet.
STEPHAN
Shoot him for Christ’s sake!

KLEM
You lied to me, said I was special... like sugar pie.

Startled, Theresa looks with hatred at Stephan and points the gun at him.

Stephan grins but, as the gun remains trained on him, his confidence wavers.

STEPHAN
Seriously?

Theresa pushes the gun against Stephan’s head.

THERESA
Sugar pie?

STEPHAN
He’s guessing.

Theresa pulls the trigger and the chamber clicks on empty. Stephan laughs tears of relief.

Shocked that she could do such a thing, Theresa drops the gun, grabs her coat and storms out.

STEPHAN
You got what you wanted, now get the hell out.

Stephan falls silent as Klem waggles a bullet, held between thumb and forefinger.

KLEM
Ta-da.

Using a handkerchief to pick up the gun by the handle, Klem loads the bullet into the chamber and clicks it into place.

KLEM
Now I got you both.

Klem places the gun against Stephan’s temple.

BANG.

FADE OUT.