

FORTUNES OF WAR

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

MONTAGE - someone is cooking breakfast. A gas flame shoots up from a burner under a frying pan - a kettle whistles - eggs are beaten in a bowl - spices shaken into the mix.

A clock reads 4:56 AM.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

The bathroom door is closed, but the shower is running.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING

MONTAGE - toast pops up - the eggs sizzle into the pan.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Close on the bathroom doorknob, the door still closed, the shower still running.

Someone steps up to the bathroom door carrying a picture perfect breakfast tray: toast, tea, bacon, and some very special looking eggs. The person juggles the tray to free a hand for knocking.

SARAH is holding the tray. She looks very upset, eyes red, tears on her face.

She knocks on the door, calls, a tremor in her voice.

SARAH
Breakfast time!

She tries the doorknob, but it's locked. She doesn't like this. She forces a smile.

SARAH
Thomas? You, you must be a prune
by now. Come on sweetie, your eggs
will get cold.

No response.

SARAH
Please open the door. Thomas!

A pause, then a voice calls from inside the bathroom.

THOMAS (O.S.)
You need to go away, honey.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Someone is in the shower, but the curtain is closed. The shower is still running, the water loud in the small room.

THOMAS
You really, just need to go away.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Sarah still stands outside the door with the tray.

SARAH
You've been in there for over an hour. What's the matter?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUING

SARAH (O.S.)
Talk to me.

Close on the left side of the shower, low angle... a hand appears, then pushes the curtain forward, revealing THOMAS. He is sitting in the tub fully clothed, soaked to the skin. His face is slack, eyes distant.

He looks toward the toilet, where a gun sits on the lid. He shifts his eyes to the closed door.

THOMAS
What'cha wanna talk about, hon?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUING

SARAH
Open this fucking door!

Silence.

SARAH
Okay, fine, I'll eat your breakfast myself, I'll just, I'll...

THOMAS
One year ago today, hon. It should of been me, it should of been me.

Thomas holds his dog-tags in his hand, still around his neck.

SARAH

Thomas, you survived. This is a good thing. You were just lucky.

Thomas explodes.

THOMAS

Well I don't feel so goddamn lucky!

He cocks the gun.

THOMAS

They said give it a year, Tom. Just wait and see, a few months of stateside chow and you'll be fine. Hit your stride, get on with your life. Well, I gave it a year. Time's up.

He reaches toward the gun.

SARAH

Fuck times up. That's bullshit. We are still here. We have lives. I need you. I need you sane, I need you tomorrow and next month and next year, and I need you out of that goddamn shower! And, and, and I made your favorite fucking eggs.

At this, Thomas looks at the dog tags in his hand, then back to the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUING

The door opens. Thomas stands there, dripping wet.

SARAH

Oh, honey....

THOMAS

Those, uh, those eggs, they smell good.

FADE OUT.