

Gut Punch

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bare feet pad across a tile floor. Slowly we zoom out, revealing the open dishwasher. A WOMAN, 30s, in a black cocktail dress, leans over to get something.

Her hair tumbles past her shoulders and gets in her face. She awkwardly tries blowing it out of her face, then pushes it behind her ears before she carries the silverware caddy to a drawer and methodically empties it's contents.

The kitchen is middle class, redone sometime in the last decade. It is tidy, but not meticulous. A dented pot on the stove and still-wet colander by the sink suggest this room is actually used for cooking.

We hear a car door SLAM.

Woman returns the empty silverware caddy to the dishwasher and closes it.

Keys jingle. A MAN in shirt and tie enters. He is 30s or early 40s, nice-looking despite the fact that he hasn't been to the gym in a while. He carries a laptop bag.

MAN

Are they gonna meet us there?

Man breezes past and into a different room.

WOMAN

(yelling into the
next room)

Yeah! Sylvie texted earlier.
They just need to run an errand
first.

Woman slips on her shoes. One foot slips into a glossy red shoe, then the other.. Woman smoothes her skirt and hair. Waits a moment, expectant and hopeful.

Then she picks up a dishtowel and some Tupperware.

Man comes back in with the mail. He stands there a moment looking through it.

Woman straightens up. Smiles. She keeps rubbing the Tupperware with her dishcloth.

WOMAN

How was your day?

Man tosses the mail on the counter.

MAN

Fine.

He leaves the room without even looking at her.

Woman looks down. Tupperware. Sexy shoes.

WOMAN

Uuuuooof!

In SLOW MOTION, Woman is forced backward from an invisible punch to the stomach.

Tupperware flies.

Hair gets in her face.

High-heeled feet stumble.

Woman grabs the counter and we are back in normal time.

MAN O.S.

You okay?

Woman leans against the counter and kicks off her shoes.

WOMAN

(voice raised)

Yeah.

(beat)

I just tripped.

BLING! Her cell phone on the counter lights up. Woman grabs it.

As she reads, Woman's face contorts in sharp, silent pain.

SUPER: *Gotta bail.*

Now we see a knife lodged between Woman's shoulder blades, blood dripping from the wound.

SUPER: *Sitter flaked. Again.*

Woman exhales forcefully. Deep yoga breaths. Her eyes close. Inhale...

Woman opens her eyes to read the text.

WOMAN
(yelling to the
next room)
They can't make it after all.

Pain gone from her face, Woman begins texting her reply, almost as though nothing has happened:

SUPER: *rain check, then?*

MAN (O.S.)
The kids...?

Woman looks up. The knife is gone, her dress unmarred.

WOMAN
At my mom's.

Man has changed into a tux, and is still pulling the dinner jacket on as he reenters the kitchen.

MAN
Ready?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Man enters an address into the car's navigation system. Woman tucks her phone into her evening bag.

WOMAN
How'd the thing with your boss
go today?

Woman turns in her seat toward Man. We see Man- face swollen and covered in bruises, busted lip - he looks like a defeated boxer. He just shakes his head slightly.

Woman caresses his hair tenderly.

WOMAN
I'm sorry, love.

Bruises and busted lip gone, Man gazes over at Woman, an

expression of gratitude on his face.

MAN
You look really nice.

A smile slowly spreads across Woman's face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sedan pulls into the street and drives away.

FADE TO BLACK