

Til Death Do Us Part

Written by
Mat Growcott

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

An empty hallway cluttered but tidy. Trinkets, photos of a young couple. A clock ticks.

Outside: a key unlocks the door. Muffled conversation, sympathetic but condescending.

JUDY, 27, opens the door. She wears a black formal dress, her make-up has run from crying. A fake smile. She clutches an order of service - "Beloved husband and son" at the top.

JUDY

Thank you for everything today. I
couldn't have done it without you.

FRIEND (O.S.)

(From outside)

You did brilliantly. Honestly, he
would have been so proud.

JUDY

Thank you so much, really. Thank you.

She waves and chatters as she closes the door. Then the smile drains. She drops against the door, defeated.

Judy clings to the door, collecting herself. She pushes off, breathing deep before a long walk down the hallway. With each step she unravels - face first, then body - until she is bent double. She screams.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Judy falls onto a messy kitchen table, brushing dirty plates aside. She stretches her arms out, finds a knife. She taps it without looking.

She knocks an egg. It spins near the table's edge and Judy watches it, distracted from her grief. She taps it again.

She wipes at her smudged mascara, then sighs - an epiphany.

At the kitchen sink. Judy's hands - one holding the egg, the other a long needle.

Her hands tremble, but she pierces the shell. The yolk oozes out.

She turns the egg, revealing a sinister, childish cartoon face. Its insides continue to spill.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Condolence cards saying unhelpful things like "To a Wonderful Widow" rest above the fireplace. Judy throws them down, replacing them with the egg in a Postman Pat eggcup. She dusts off the mantle.

MONTAGE:

It's Halloween. The egg is dressed as Brian May.

Christmas. The egg is wearing a Santa Hat.

Easter - bunny ears, and Mini Eggs.

A cupcake with a lit '1' candle. The candle flickers and blows out, as if extinguished by the egg.

INT./EXT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Judy peers through the wooden bars of her living room window, hungrily eyeing a chubby builder just out of reach.

The builder stuffs his hairy bum back into his shorts.

Judy bites her lip. She notices herself in a mirror, then plays with her wedding ring. She glances at the egg.

She sighs, smiles too much, then sidles to the sofa.

JUDY
(Awkwardly)
La-de-da. La. De. Da.

She sits. The room is clinical and cold. The furniture looks temporary and uncomfortable.

JUDY (cont'd)
...Annie Hall. It's been too long
since we watched Annie Hall.

She waits for a response.

The sound of a pneumatic drill from outside.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Darkness. Judy pulls open the fridge, squinting in the sudden light. Her face falls - vegan egg mixtures and nothing else. The door swings shut.

The kitchen is dark, and rammed with ready meal boxes.

JUDY
I think we should break up.

Judy opens a cupboard, finds a buried bag of raisins. She opens them, tests one. She grimaces and eats another anyway.

JUDY (cont'd)
I think we should break up... I think we should break up. It's not you, it's me. I'm a Virgo, and you're dead-

She hesitates, then shakes her head.

JUDY (cont'd)
I think we should break up. We've drifted apart. I have my hobbies - bingeing YouTube and eating microwave meals - and you...

She huffs.

JUDY (cont'd)
Say it. Just say it.

She takes a deep breath.

JUDY (cont'd)
I have my life, and you... don't.
(Beat)
Beautiful, Judy.

She holds her head in her hands.

JUDY (cont'd)
This is going to be a disaster.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The egg surveys the room.

Judy enters, eyes down. She runs her fingers through her hair and then, as though waking a sleeping child, leans towards the egg.

JUDY
Del?

A beat.

JUDY (cont'd)
I watched Titanic. You know what that means.

Another beat.

DEL (V.O.)
Anything but My Heart Will Go On. You
could crack glass with those high
notes,

Judy looks straight at the egg, DEL, and smiles.

JUDY
I always knew how to get you out of
your shell.

DEL (V.O.)
It wasn't funny a year ago, it still
isn't funny now. What's so important?

Judy struggles to find the words. She rubs her arm, then
sits on the arm of the sofa.

JUDY
I've been thinking. I think we
should...

A beat.

JUDY (cont'd)
How long were we married before...
you know?

DEL (V.O.)
Three months.

Judy looks away.

JUDY
It was beautiful, but this-

DEL (V.O.)
How is my brother?

Judy is taken aback.

JUDY
Your brother is fine. Still thinks
he's an Instagram model. Still
sharing too many topless pictures of
himself. Your mom is still the only
one liking them. Talking of fucked up
relationships though...

The doorbell rings. Judy looks to the hallway and back at
Del.

JUDY (cont'd)
Of course that's today.

She stands, annoyed, and rushes out. Del watches from the mantelpiece. Lowered voices. A policeman walks by the window.

Judy staggers back in. She falls to the sofa, arms crossed.

JUDY (cont'd)
It doesn't matter. What I was going
to say, it doesn't matter. We'll talk
about it another time.

She pulls a ratty piece of tissue from her jean pocket. She dabs at her eyes with it. Silence.

DEL (V.O.)
They're never going to catch him are
they?

Judy shakes her head.

JUDY
They're stopping their search.

A beat.

DEL (V.O.)
...At least we're still together.

Judy stares into space, unblinking. Del watches over her shoulder.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Judy stands weakly at the door, her coat, scarf and hat on. Streetlights illuminate her face. There's a suitcase at her feet.

She breathes heavily, clenching her jaw - torn. She reaches for the handle and stops.

JUDY
Just walk out. Just go. There's
nothing keeping you here.

She looks back into the house.

JUDY (cont'd)
...This isn't what you signed up for.
Walk away. He's not real. He's...
He's dead. He's dead, Judy.

DEL (V.O.)
(From the other room)
I can hear you out there. It's late.
Can't sleep?

JUDY
(To Del)
I'll be in in a minute.
(To herself)
Awfully chatty for a dead man.

She closes her eyes, exhales, shuffles into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's just light enough to illuminate Del. Judy avoids looking at him.

DEL (V.O.)
God, you're dressed. Do you know what
time it is?

JUDY
Yeah. This couldn't wait. Can we
talk?

DEL (V.O.)
Leave it for the morning.

JUDY
You always say that, but...

She waves her hand, trying to find the words.

DEL (V.O.)
Listen, I understand this isn't
exactly normal, but what's normal
anyway? You're not thinking of
speaking to a therapist again, right?

Judy hesitates, then shakes her head.

DEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Good, you have me. We don't need
help, we just need to get back to
being us.

Judy wipes the hair from her face.

DEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
I'm worried about you. I'm doing my
part, baby. You? You've not been
yourself at all.

JUDY
I've not been myself?

DEL (V.O.)
No, you haven't. Believe me, this
wasn't in my five-year plan either.
But 'til death do us part, remember?

Judy unbuttons her coat.

DEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
That's right. Be sensible.
Communication - it's' key. Just tell
me what you want. Anything. Just name
it.

Judy opens her mouth. Nothing. She looks to the floor.

JUDY
I want you... the real you. I want
you to have not been killed. I want
the life you promised me. And most of
all, I wish I could've gone on living
Del, because, I tell you, this isn't
living.

Judy sways, dizzy. She holds herself up on the mantelpiece.

DEL (V.O.)
God, Judy. These are small problems.
Can we just get a sense of
perspective? I'm an egg now. You're
feeling sad? Try some positive mental
attitude. Like Paul McCartney said:
Ouef la di, ouef la-

Judy picks up Del in one swoop and throws him to the floor.
She stands with her hands on her hips, out of breath, a job
well done. She sees it: Del's shell has broken in two.

She lets out a guttural moan and falls to the floor, trying
to fit it back together. She wails, and drops down on her
elbows.

Del's eyes watch her weep.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The sound of birdsong. Then a phone beep - an AI assistant
being activated.

JUDY (V.O.)
Play something sad.

Something sad but beautiful - like Kate Rusby's Unquiet Grave - begins to play.

MONTAGE: Judy reclaims her home. She takes the egg cup down and dusts along the mantelpiece. She puts out pictures.

In the KITCHEN, she fills the fridge with fresh food.

Tired, Judy sits in the more homely LIVING ROOM complete with Christmas decorations, rubbing her swollen hands. She just about pulls off her wedding ring. She instinctively returns it to her finger, then hesitates. Instead, she squeezes it tightly in her hand.

She stands AT THE DOOR and takes a deep breath.

JUDY
Wish me luck.

She opens the door and steps outside.

A picture frame, 'Treasured Memories', shows Judy and the real DEL in better days.

FADE TO BLACK