

Be mine
by
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FADE IN:

INT: SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A pleasant afternoon, the sun angles in through the windows to throw streaks of warm light across a wall filled with memories.

On the wall are mementos of a happy life together - vacation photos showing a young man and woman very much in love, old greeting cards with hand written sentiments. Here and there a dried flower.

In the photos, the woman is smiling radiantly, her arms around the man, or in some pictures, the two of them make silly faces for the camera. Every photo shows the same thing, two people deeply in love.

In the den turned office and creative space, a young WOMAN is working happily on a craft project. Her hands deftly cut out colored paper to be added to the scraps and bits she has assembled on the table.

A closer look at the memory wall shows more joyful times for the couple. Family occasions and holidays captured in snapshots.

The man in the photos appears to be healthy and handsome, with a bright smile and an ease in front of the lens.

The woman is gorgeous, her long dark hair frames a beautiful face that could turn heads in any crowd. She looks like an old world beauty, a Mediterranean princess, earthy, curvy and voluptuous.

The hands working at the desk reach for a marker from a cup filled with drawing tools. Uncapping the thick marker, she begins to write in slow deliberate strokes.

A calendar shows the month of February, with the first thirteen days crossed out with big Xs. The Fourteenth day is circled in exuberant strokes.

The tip of the marker slowly slides across the surface of the colored paper, each letter careful and precise.

Previously made valentines seen in extreme closeup reveal the same handwriting. Fragments of holiday wishes appear.

Words like "mine" and "love" move in and out of view. Bands of sunlight play across colored paper and more of the sentimental words.

The hands doing the writing finish and the marker is capped. It goes back to the cup.

The finished valentine is now shown to be a big pink heart with the words "Be Mine" written in bold letters. This one is placed on the pile of those already completed, on top of another heart that says, simply "Forever".

The woman at the table sits back to admire her handiwork.

It becomes apparent that this is not at all the woman in the photos.

This woman is slender and blonde, beautiful, but as different from the woman in the photos as possible. There is a smile on her face, a satisfied cold smile.

Over her shoulder, on the floor, is the woman from the pictures.

Her throat is cut, blood pooling and congealing around her head like a morbid halo. Her hair is in disarray around her, revealing a face frozen in the horror of her death.

Pinned to her body in many places with various sizes of scissors are the valentines that have, until now, only been seen in bits and pieces.

The words on them, drawn in childlike script are far more sinister than first impressions have indicated.

A large heart stuck to her chest with scissors buried to the handles reads, "He's Mine". Others bear words of hatred, derogatory names and vicious threats.

The dead woman looks like a life-sized voodoo doll, bristling with curses.

From the front of the house, the door closes with a light THUD. Keys are DROPPED onto a counter, and RUSTLING of bags can be heard.

VOICE (O.S.)
Honey? Lunch is here.

The blonde looks up from her work, her smile growing larger.

She picks up the stack of finished valentines and reaches for the cup with the markers.

From the cup, she draws out a wicked looking pair of scissors, which gleam and flash in a beam of sunlight.

Smiling broadly, she holds the valentines over her heart as she stands up to go into the other room.

The scissors are hidden behind her back as she goes to celebrate the holiday.

FADE TO BLACK.