

Things Change

by

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INT. FAMILY KITCHEN. DAY.

A WOMAN, 45, is doing the washing up.

The sound of the kids fighting in the other room.

She's tired.

A plate cracks in half under her dirty marigold.

WOMAN

Fuck. Fuck you.

She dumps it into the bin, but the bin's already overflowing and it slips down and smashes on the floor.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Fuck you, Jim. I ask you to do one thing.

Back at the sink, she festers in her fury.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

One. Fucking. thing. Who else is gonna do this for you. Who else would ever stand around here washing your dirt, emptying your bins, raising your-

The children scream louder from the other room.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up!

She's raging. She rips off her gloves with great difficulty, slamming a stack of plates into the sink.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

The woman wrenches open the door and bursts into the living room, ready to let rip on her husband and kids.

A look of bewildering pleasant surprise takes her over.

The air on her skin is bright and easy.

A custard-yellow background drops in behind her and pink roses unfurl their lovely petals in a soft ring around her face.

The sound of harpstrings.

The kids are just playing- not fighting. Just playing.

Could it be?

Everything's alright, really?

The soft voice of the healer greets her.

HEALER

Things can change in an instant.