

A KISS GOODBYE

By

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INT. FLAT - EVENING

A dressed up WOMAN, early 30s, arranges an intimate dinner setting. She picks up the vibrating phone which alerts her to a text. SORRY. ITS OVER. Her face betrays no emotion.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER THAT EVENING

A man, mid 40s, debonair, sits behind a large desk concentrating on a pile of paperwork. A large bunch of red roses by his desk. Sensing he is not alone, he looks up and sighs loudly. Woman walks over to him and perches seductively on his desk, her legs on show. She stares at the roses.

WOMAN

Happy Valentine's Day

MARK

What do you want?

WOMAN

To talk. And...drink?

Woman takes out a bottle of whisky from her bag. She leans forward showing her cleavage.

MARK

I'm sorry but there's nothing to talk about..

WOMAN

(whispers seductively)
Indulge me and I'll indulge you..

She pours two glasses then watches as he gulps his down. Feeling dizzy and confused he tries to say something, then suddenly slumps forward on his desk unconscious.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER THAT EVENING

Still drowsy Mark blinks his eyes slowly open. He sees her sitting legs crossed opposite him, a pen and card in hand. He tries to speak but can only mumble then tries to move but can't. He is tied to his chair with his mouth taped.

WOMAN

You're back. Shall we get started?

In reply Mark struggles in his chair. She starts to write.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Send your secretary a dozen red roses?...Like these ones?...And your message?...To The Love of my Life, I would rather die than live without you, love you forever, Mark

She tears up the other card and attaches the new one to the bunch of roses. Then she looks up enquiringly at him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You want me to take down a letter?
..To whom?... Oh, your wife?

Mark stares at her in disbelief and she types on his laptop.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My darling Wife, I have been a lying and cheating husband. I confess that I have been seeing my secretary for the past five years, promising her I would leave you and last month forcing her to abort our unborn baby. May I rot in hell, Mark

As she prints off a copy, Mark shakes his head, struggles more vigorously and mumbles loudly in protest.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'll post it first class on my way home. Anything else you want me to do before I leave?..A kiss goodbye?

With a pair of scissors at his throat, she leans towards him, slowly peels back the tape and kisses him. He tries to speak but she covers his mouth with tape again. She opens the door to leave but then hesitates. Instead she closes it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, there's something else you want me to do?

She stands over him then slowly bends down onto her knees and seductively unzips his trousers.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Shredding?

She raises a pair of scissors up in the air in front of his face. His eyes widen in terror as he tries to scream. The scissors swoops down between his legs. There is a loud muffled scream. And another. Then another.

INT. BY THE SHREDDING MACHINE -EVENING

She switches on the machine and it hums into action. spurts of blood sprays over her face and white blouse as she tries to push his manhood into the shredder.

As she picks up the roses and closes the office door we hear Mark's muffled sobs.

THE END