

Widower
by
Robert Campbell

robert@robertcampbell.net
818-752-4391

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

JEN

They're gone. I sent 'em all home.

DAVID

Thanks.

JEN

Everyone's saying how great you're handling it. Very British Empire. C. Aubrey Smith would be proud.

Nothing from David.

JEN

Dad's coming by tomorrow to take you to lunch. Mom'll probably call about a hundred times a day for the next ten years.

Slight smile from David.

JEN

I hate to do this to you, but I sorta gotta: How are you doing?

DAVID

That's the question of the day.

JEN

Yeah.

Pause.

DAVID

There's this line in the Princess Bride. Wesley explains to Buttercup what his relationship with the Dread Pirate Roberts was. "Good night, Wesley. I'll most likely kill you in the morning." I always figured that's how it would end. She'd wake up and say, "Good morning, David. I'm leaving you for a billionaire rock star."

(beat)

So I'd lie there right before she woke up, and enjoy that moment while she was still mine--

JEN

David--

DAVID

No. No pity for the recently widowed. Because here's the really sick part: I'm relieved. Hell, I'm glad. It's finally over. Tomorrow morning and every morning for the rest of my life, I don't have to worry about her leaving me. Is that just the sickest, most self-pitying thing you've ever heard?

Jen walks over. Wraps her arms around David.

JEN

No. But maybe the saddest.