

DEVOTION by Don Riemer - Revised 10-17-11

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BETH and DAVID, both mid-forties, cuddle in bed nearly nose to nose. He wears a big sappy grin, she's a bit more subdued.

DAVID

I can't believe you said yes!

BETH

I can't believe you asked me. Best birthday ever, huh?

Kiss. A phone rings. Beth eyeballs a nearby handset, grabs it, steps away. David smiles, sighs, crunches his pillow.

BETH

What, mom?

MOM (ON PHONE)

Why are you still there?

BETH

I changed my mind. I'm staying.

MOM (ON PHONE)

You can't! He belongs in a facility!

BETH

Mom, I get to see my husband having the best day of his life every day. I accept that. So should you.

She shuts off the phone, slides back into bed. David opens his eyes. He looks momentarily confused, then grins again.

DAVID

I can't believe you said yes!

BETH

I can't believe you asked me. Best birthday ever, huh?

Kiss. David rolls onto his back. His revealed temple: ugly bruising, abrasions, the bone misshapen; a surgical scar.

DAVID

Damn right. Twenty-one at last.

She cuddles close to him, head on his shoulder, stares up.

BETH

Twenty-one at last. Imagine that.

FADE OUT