

Epiphany

By

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1 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SUSAN JONES, early 30's, has blond hair, an average built, and she is neatly dressed. She carefully puts her pilot uniform in a plastic cover, hangs it in the closet, and takes out a typical late 1950's dress. She is an ideal housewife.

Susan opens the bottom drawer and takes out a PICTURE frame from under the folded clothes. This is a small picture of Susan with a few women in their uniforms, standing in front of an airplane. She takes the picture out of the frame.

2 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Susan is in a colorful, well equipped and furnished kitchen. The picture is now put on the display.

She reads a BOOK: "The Feminine Mystique" and is serious and deep in her thoughts. LARRY JONES, mid 30'S, enters the kitchen with confidence. He, too, is neatly dressed. Susan follows his actions with her gaze, no greetings needed.

Larry notices the picture. He walks toward Susan with his untied tie and holds it. Susan closes her book.

LARRY

Could you help me with this---

Susan is already in front of him and ties his tie without the need for Larry to finish his sentence. Susan avoids making eye contact with him. He observes Susan's actions.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What's that picture doing here?

Susan still has her gaze on the tie.

SUSAN

It's just more to look at.

LARRY

Don't you think it's time to move on?
Besides, I think you look much better
now.

Susan still does not reply.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Were you able to sleep?

Susan still avoids making an eye contact with Larry.

SUSAN
I slept well.

LARRY
What time?

SUSAN
Um... a little late, but it's nothing
to worry about.

Susan has tied the tie. She wants to go, but Larry holds her hand. Susan cannot avoid Larry's gaze anymore.

LARRY
What's going on Susan?

SUSAN
Nothing.

LARRY
What do you mean nothing? You---

The sound of a little boy attracts Susan's attention.

JAKE (O.S.)
Mommy...Mommy!

She tries to go out, but Larry does not let her hand go yet.

LARRY
You need to talk to me...I'm your
husband, shouldn't I know what's going
on with you?

SUSAN
Larry I need to see what's going on
with Jake.

Larry's gaze is still fixed on Susan. She gives up.

SUSAN
We can talk about it tonight, after
our guests go.

Larry lets go of Susan's hand. She exits the kitchen.

CUT TO:

3 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Susan takes a deep breath and looks around the kitchen.

Susan closes the kitchen curtains, takes off her heels, stands on a chair, takes out a pack of CIGARETTE from a vase hidden in the top cabinet, puts the RECORD in the GRAMOPHONE, and closes the kitchen door.

Susan dances by herself in the kitchen with her eyes closed; she knows the song by heart. She looks insane and happy. We see the book next to an ashtray on the table.

The song on the gramophone begins to repeat. Susan opens her eyes and walks toward the door, but she suddenly hears a WHISTLE. She jumps in her place and quickly looks back, it is just the sound of the boiling water in the kettle.

Susan quickly turns off the stove. She closes her eyes and is relieved that it was just the sound of the water.

She opens the curtains, the weather is now cloudy. She reaches for a cabinet's knob, but the cabinet is locked.

She is surprised and looks at the side of the cabinet and tries opening it a few times, but the cabinet does not open.

SUSAN

Larry! Could you give me a hand? The cabinet's stuck.

Susan tries it a few times, but the cabinet is still stuck. Frustrated, she tries a couple of other drawers and cabinets, but none of them open. She hits a cabinet.

SUSAN

Goddamn!

Susan stops for a second, leans on the fridge, and rests her forehead on her hands. She takes a deep breath.

After a few seconds, she reaches for the fridge's handle, but she cannot open it. She pauses for a second, her frustrated expression changes into a confused one.

She tries harder, her hands slipping from the handle. She tries to pull the handle but fails again. Her look falls on a PLATE on the cabinet.

She gently pulls the plate, but the plate remains in its place. She grabs it with both of her hands and pulls the plate even harder, but nothing moves.

Susan anxiously steps back; she could burst into tears at any moment. She looks at her surrounding.

She rushes toward the kitchen table and tries to grab a MUG, the SALT SHAKER, and the COOKBOOK but none of them move from their place. She starts crying.

She pushes the table with all her strength but nothing happens. She is breathless, scared, and her hands shake.

She massages her forehead, looks around, and runs toward the closed door. The knob does not move. She hits the door restlessly with her face covered in tears.

SUSAN
Larry! Larry!

She does not give up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Somebody! I'm here!

While she continues hitting the door, a sound comes from outside. Susan stops and hears the laughter of JAKE JONES, 4, from outside. A smile appears on her face.

SUSAN
(smiling)
Jake! Can you hear me baby? Mommy's
here can you hear me?

Jake continues laughing and does not react to Susan. She hears Larry playing with Jake. They are happy.

LARRY (O.S.)
Now you promise this is the last one?

Susan's face brightens up and she starts shouting harder.

SUSAN
Larry! I'm here! Open the door!

No one from outside reacts to her.

Susan slams her body at the door a few times, but nothing breaks, and no one reacts to her yelling.

She is even more paranoid than before, her eyes full of rage. She looks back at the window and sees her messy reflection. She makes a fist and rushes toward the window.

4 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen is dim, the pieces of furniture do not look as

appealing as before. We hear RAIN and THUNDER that have been going on for hours. Susan is asleep on the kitchen floor.

Her hair is messy, her hands are bruised. Lightning strikes and she slowly opens her eyes. She gets up and looks around the kitchen, tired and sick.

She gets up and moves toward the cabinet with no energy. She gently touches the handle of the fridge and tries to pull it with fear, it still does not move.

Tears gather in her eyes, rain casting a shadow on her face.

Susan crawls toward the cabinet and sits on the kitchen floor, she is hopeless. Suddenly, she hears the laughter of Jake and the voice of Larry and another MAN from the outside.

MAN (O.S.)

The house looks great. I guess Susan's been taking a good care of this place.

LARRY (O.S.)

She is. Thank God, so far everything has been perfect.

MAN (O.S.)

Good to hear Larry. Oh by the way! This is for Jake, just a little thing.

LARRY (O.S.)

Thank you, he would love it. Look Jake, look what they've brought for you...isn't this nice!

MAN (O.S.)

I've heard you love airplanes...

JAKE (O.S.)

I wanna be a pilot like mommy.

The man chuckles.

MAN (O.S.)

A pilot like mommy?

As soon as Susan hears Jake's voice, she holds the cabinet and gets up. She looks at the door, all her attention there. Susan runs and begins hitting the door with all her energy.

SUSAN

Jake! Jake?

Susan suddenly notices that the handle moves. She steps back with a scared look on her face. She slowly reaches her hand to the cabinet handle, pauses a second, and the door opens.

She is still in shock but slowly moves the plate on the cabinet. The lights of the Kitchen turn on, Susan looks back and sees Larry who has entered the kitchen.

SUSAN

Larry?

Larry stops in front of the door. His long shadow spreads on the floor next to Susan.

LARRY

Why don't you come say hi?

SUSAN

Larry...

LARRY

I'll let them know you're coming.

Larry exits the kitchen. Susan has a blank expression on her face. She looks around the kitchen, Jake's laughter is heard from inside the living room.

Susan arranges her hair and walks toward the table. She takes out the old picture of her in front of the airplane, opens "The Feminine Mystique" on the table, and carefully puts the picture in the middle of a page and closes the book.

She puts the book next to other cookbooks on the shelf, almost hidden. She steps back and wipes away her tear.

She looks at the PICTURE of her with Jake and Larry on the shelf and takes a big breath.

Susan walks toward the door and exits with a forced smile.