

JACK SIDES #3

"Candy Corn"

egorski@c.ringling.edu

JACK  
I understand baby. If you can't  
leave. And I can't leave. It'll  
just be like old times!

Jack reaches into the cabinet and pulls out a large bottle  
of BLEACH. He begins to chug.

ANNA  
Jack. What the hell are you saying?

Anna hurry's into the room and notices Jack drinking bleach.

ANNA  
What the fuck Jack?

She tears the bottle from out of his hands as he spits out  
the toxic liquid in disgust.

He eyes the knife rack behind Anna. They exchange glances.  
She drops the bottle of bleach and scoops the knife rack up  
into her arms.

JACK  
Baby...gimme that.

ANNA  
Jack! Quit being a moron and sit  
down!

For a moment, Jack is defeated. He spots a flower vase next  
to the sink, snatches it, then SMASHES it onto the floor. He  
picks up a shard of the glass and holds it to his throat.

ANNA  
Before you do that we need to talk!

JACK  
There's nothing to talk about right  
now baby! We have all eternity to  
talk!

ANNA  
Oh for the love of Christ. I was  
going to break up with you!

JACK  
What?

ANNA  
That night I died! I was going to  
break up with you! Why do you think  
I never let you know I was here? I  
(MORE)

ANNA (cont'd)  
choose to be seen Jack, I choose!  
Godammit, this is so you!

In fiery fit of both anger and shock, Jack CUTS his throat.