

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Rain lashes against the dark windows. One lone light burns on the second floor.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

The room is spotless. Bleach hangs heavy in the air. MARA (40s) stands at the sink. She wears a pristine silk blouse. She scrubs a cast-iron skillet. There is no food on it. She scrubs the same spot, over and over, rhythmically. Her knuckles are white.

On the kitchen island sits a single, untouched plate of cold pasta. Next to it, an empty chair. Beside the plate, Mara's cell phone BUZZES. The screen lights up: 12 MISSED CALLS - DAVID.

Mara doesn't look at it. She keeps scrubbing. Faster now. Mara stops. Turns to look at the phone. The sponge drips soapy water onto her clean shoes.

She doesn't blink. She listens to the silence that follows. She turns off the faucet. The quiet is deafening.

Mara walks to the kitchen trash can. She scrapes the entire, untouched dinner into the garbage. She takes her cell phone, drops it face-down into the puddle of soapy water left in the sink, and walks out.

Mara walks toward the front door. Sitting by the umbrella stand is a single, large leather suitcase.

It is packed full, the zipper straining.

Mara reaches the front door. Her hand hovers over the deadbolt. She rests her forehead against the cold wood of the door. She stands there for a long beat, breathing in the dark.

Then, she pulls her hand away from the lock. She walks back toward the stairs, leaving the suitcase behind.