

APPOINTMENT

Written by

???

One Week Challenge  
July 2025

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

DAVE, 30s, sits in a chair, sweating profusely. Heavy breathing, furrowed brow. His mind grappling with thoughts. His hands grappling a PISTOL.

He sets the gun on the table. Pushes it away. Rubs his forehead. Fists at his hair. He grabs the gun again. Stares at it. Summoning the courage.

SOUND of a door opening. Slamming. Stomping footsteps. MIA, 30s, rushes in. Sees Dave. And the gun in his hands.

MIA

Honey? I thought we agreed to get rid of the gun.

He grips it tight, glares at her.

DAVE

You agreed.

MIA

And you and Doctor Will ...

Dave starts to cry. Mia drops her purse to the floor and pulls out a chair.

MIA (CONT'D)

You know what? You did the right thing calling me. I'm here now.

She sits, eyes the gun, eyes him. Dave's cry turns into blubbering sobs.

MIA (CONT'D)

It's going to be all right. Let's just put down the gun.

He sets the gun on the table, hides his face in his sleeve. Mia stretches out. Can't reach the gun. It's near the opposite corner. She takes his hand instead.

MIA (CONT'D)

We can get through this. Together.

Dave shakes his head, still blubbering. He speaks, but the words muffle beneath his sobs.

DAVE

Idonwanahilloo.

She squeezes his hand, strokes his arm.

MIA  
Shhh. It's all right.

The sobbing lessens. Dave lifts his head. Sniffles, wipes his nose. Can't look her in the eyes, though.

MIA (CONT'D)  
Dave? Did you take your medication?

He shakes his head.

DAVE  
I don't ... like how ... it makes  
me feel.

MIA  
I know, honey. I know. But you  
don't like feeling this way either.

Dave glances at the gun. Mia squeezes his hand.

MIA (CONT'D)  
Hey, focus on me now. Dave? Honey?  
Look at me.

His head slowly turns to her.

MIA (CONT'D)  
It's going to be all right. I just  
think we should call Doctor Will?

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE  
He lies to me.

MIA  
No. He helps you.

DAVE  
He said the pills would work. And,  
and ... that's a lie. Everyone lies  
to me ...

He grits his teeth. Glares at Mia's hand, holding his. He yanks his hand away. Rubs his palms into his eyes. Starts crying again. Mia glances at her purse on the floor.

MIA  
Dave, honey, I'm going to call  
Doctor Will. Okay?

Dave nods his head. Rubs his eyes harder.

Mia spins out of the chair and snatches her purse off the floor. Unzips it, digs for her phone.

Behind her, Dave picks up the gun. He stands, steps forward. Trembles. Aims.

Mia dials the number.

MIA (CONT'D)  
I'm going to put it on speaker so  
we can both talk to him. Okay?

She turns around. Gun in her face.

MIA (CONT'D)  
Dave?

He BLASTS her head. Bloody confetti. Her body plops to the floor.

Dave drops the gun. It rattles onto the table. He pulls at his hair. Grunts, groans.

The phone rings. A deep VOICE answers. DOCTOR WILL.

DR. WILL (PHONE)  
Hello? ... Mia?

Dave looks down at her body. At the phone stuck in her hand. A death grip. Dave yanks it free. Cradles it.

DR. WILL (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hello? ... Is this about Dave?

Dave taps the phone, holds it to his ear.

DAVE  
Don't worry, doctor. We're not on  
speaker anymore.

DR. WILL (PHONE)  
Dave, is that you?

DAVE  
No one can hear us now.

DR. WILL (PHONE)  
Dave, is something wrong?

Dave stares at Mia's body. Blood oozes into the carpet.

DAVE  
I ... just wanted to ...

He looks at the gun. Picks it up.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
... confirm my appointment for  
tomorrow.

DR. WILL (PHONE)  
Dave, you know I gave you this  
number in case of emergency. You  
should call the office regarding  
appointments.

Dave admires the gun. Admires the pool of blood between his  
toes.

DAVE  
Of course, doctor. My mistake.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

DOCTOR WILL, 50s, hangs up the phone. Shakes his head.

DR. WILL  
A patient of mine. Sorry for the  
interruption, dear.

He sits at a bistro set across from his WIFE. Glasses of iced  
tea and a chessboard between them.

DR. WILL (CONT'D)  
Now, where were we?

WIFE  
It's your move.

DR. WILL  
Ah, yes.

He moves the queen.

DR. WILL (CONT'D)  
Checkmate.

CUT TO BLACK.