

**MERCY MERCY ME**

written by

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**INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Parked cars frozen in time. Stillness.

Until movement is seen through a windshield. Two pale hands gently grab the steering wheel and squeeze.

A business-suited man hunches over resting his forehead on his knuckles. A deep sigh. This is **DAVID** (30s).

... Eventually, he exits the car and enters the building --

**INT. LIFT - NIGHT**

David stands motionless, his head sunken into his chest, thumb fiddling with his WEDDING Band. The lift climbs to the 7TH FLOOR.

He MUTTERS quietly to himself.

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

David skulks down the long hallway until he reaches his door. He stops outside and hesitates, still fiddling with his wedding band... an agonising pause... he pulls the ring off and pockets it.

Key in the door. Eventually, he enters.

**INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

David enters a spacious open-plan living room. The top light, kitchen cabinet lights, and corner lamp are on. He takes a moment to observe the space. It's tidy. Dozens of plants and a floor-to-ceiling window leading to a balcony. A beautiful view of London skyscrapers twinkling in the distance.

He notices the door to the balcony is ajar. He heads over and shuts it.

He turns the top light off and returns to the kitchen table.

He sits with a thousand-yard stare...

The toilet FLUSHES in the bathroom and David is snapped back to reality.

The bathroom door opens and David quickly stands.

A **WOMAN** (30s) steps out. Black jeans and bomber jacket, heavy boots, bold eye shadow. She carries a PACKED DUFFEL over her shoulder.

She spots David at the last second. Manages to contain her shock and plays it cool.

WOMAN

You're back earlier than we agreed, David.

David is visibly anxious.

The Woman edges towards the door and waits.

DAVID

I wanted to catch you before you left. Wanted to see you... *Bunny*.

The nickname catches her attention.

Bunny zips up her jacket.

DAVID

You tidied. You didn't have to do that.

Bunny glances over the room.

BUNNY

(to self)  
... Yeah.

DAVID

It was a right mess when I left for work this morning.

Bunny adjusts the bag strap on her shoulder--

DAVID

What's in the bag-- No, I shouldn't ask. Better I don't know, right?

BUNNY

It's just... stuff - Listen, this is really weird for me, okay, I'm just gonna [go]--

Bunny reaches for the door handle--

DAVID

Do you want a coffee or something?

BUNNY

(cold)  
No. We're done here.

DAVID

Right. No. Course.

Bunny opens the door--

DAVID  
I'm sorry!

Bunny freezes. She turns back to David.

DAVID  
It's just--what do I do now? I mean is it all... done? Is it... done? Over?

BUNNY  
... What do you think?

Bunny advances out the door--

DAVID  
Now what?

Bunny stops.

BUNNY  
That's up to you. You made your bed. I gotta go--

Bunny tries again--

DAVID  
Wait! Stop! Talk to me like a human being! Please! Just human to human!

Bunny SLAMS the door shut. She drops the duffel and marches over to David.

David recoils back in his chair.

BUNNY  
Human to human? That's rich. I get it, you're hurting. Like I give a shit-- Guess what: It's not easy for me either, but I'll bet you haven't thought that far ahead. How I'm gonna sleep tonight, or what tomorrow morning's coffee's gonna taste like... It's all about you, and I'm sure if you think about it, you'll realise it's always been about you. Grow the fuck up! Maybe that's why you're in this mess!

David looks down at the table like a shameful child.

Bunny turns to walk away -- David grabs her wrist. Bunny balls up a hidden fist, ready to strike when necessary.

DAVID

Obviously, I've never done this before, but I was just hoping for a little... I don't know...  
aftercare.

Bunny's fist loosens.

BUNNY

... Aftercare?

David looks up at Bunny with teary eyes.

DAVID

(soft)

Yeah... aftercare.

Bunny's glare softens, only a little.

Bunny gently removes David's hand. But David clasps her hand with both of his. She looks down at them.

BUNNY

... Where's your wedding ring?

David releases Bunny and hides his hands under the table.

DAVID

She's the one who had the affair.

BUNNY

Right.

Bunny fixes her sleeve and heads back to her dumped bag.

DAVID

You must've done this a hundred times. You really have no advice?

BUNNY

(sarcastic)

Wait, you're telling me the website didn't offer any bereavement support? What's the other one? 'Grief counselling?'  
Nothing like that?