

I DO

Written by

Charles Obi Emere

Charles Obi Emere
charlesemere@gmail.com
+2347068647257

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Two wedding rings rest on a table. Beside them, is a scotch bottle and a glass cup with scotch inside. A GLOVED HAND reaches down, grabs the cup.

REVEAL VINCENT, 28, exhausted. He GOBBLES DOWN the drink, like it were a life support system.

POURS himself another from the bottle.

We are drawn to the fact that he is still in his wedding suit. Eyes darting around, lost in thought...

PRIEST (V.O.)

I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Vincent downs the drink still. He is the kind of man who doesn't believe in owing anybody anything. With matching looks to kill for. But, *whatever it was he went through today, it surely isn't pleasant.*

Just then, we hear a PIERCING SCREAM from one of the bedrooms behind, accompanied by the muffled pleas of a man...

JIDE (O.S.)

Calm down Zara. He's here. Shush.
He's here.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO MEN struggle to hold a SCREAMING LADY down on the bed. We quickly notice she's the bride, as she is still in her gown too...

MADAM FOLANKE

The both of you can not hold that broomstick still.

REVEAL MADAM FOLANKE, Vincent's mother. 54, plump, envy amongst women and knows it, a no nonsense woman. She is equally in her gorgeous traditional attire and jewelry from the wedding...

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)

Mad woman. God will judge you.

One of the men, JIDE. Vincent's best man and friend, wields a syringe. Beads of sweat line his face...

JIDE
 (to bride)
 Vincent is right outside the door
 Zara. He's waiting for you.

ZARA still struggles, her fingers digging into the sheets...

ZARA
 No, no. Fire! He's on fire! Vincent
 is on fire. Leave me to go Jide.
 Leave me!

JIDE
 Nothing is wrong with him.

MADAM FOLANKE
 You are the one on fire. You
 and your entire family, not
 my son!

JIDE
 (to other man)
 Help me please.

The other man, MOHAMMED; the gatekeeper, expertly uses his
 knees to hold Zara down.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent loosens his tie, relaxes back into the seat. Eyes
 still locked at the rings.

VINCENT (V.O.)
 I promise to love and cherish you.
 From this day henceforth.

The words echo in his ears...

VINCENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In sickness and in health. Till
 death do us part.

He refills his glass. GULPS DOWN greedily.

Madam Folanke barges in...

MADAM FOLANKE
 I told you this girl would drag our
 family name to the mud, but you
 wouldn't listen. Look what she has
 caused.

Vincent couldn't care less.

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 Imagine the embarrassment our
 guests must have felt!

He pours himself another glass, makes to down it as usual,
 but his mother KNOCKS it off his hand --

It LANDS on the tiled floor, broken glass spraying in all directions --

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you young man!

Vincent grits his teeth...

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
You have till tomorrow morning to send that girl back to the asylum you picked her from!

She makes to leave...

VINCENT
Otherwise what?

Madam Folanke stops in her tracks. Wondering if she heard right.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
What would happen, dear mother, if I fail to do as you have commanded? You would abandon me like you did father? --

She gives him a resounding SLAP!

MADAM FOLANKE
How dare you?!

Vincent stomachs the slap, gets up slowly from his seat...

VINCENT
No. How dare you talk trash about my wife?

MADAM FOLANKE
She would never be a part of this family. Not while I'm alive.

VINCENT
She already is.

MADAM FOLANKE
I have made the mistake once, and trust me, it would not repeat itself.

VINCENT
You can do whatever you want!

Jide joins in on the circus...

JIDE
Hey, hey, hey. What's going on here?

He drags Vincent by the shoulder, and into --

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jide shuts the door behind them.

MADAM FOLANKE (O.S.)
 She would never be part of this
 family! Madness, Olorun ma je!

Vincent paces about...

JIDE
 You are losing focus Vincent! Your
 wife, is lying asleep in there.
 Still shaken. And I'm doing
 everything in my power to pull her
 from this state. Why are you here
 exchanging words with your mother?

VINCENT
 She hated her from the start Jide.
 Right from day one!

JIDE
 I know. I was there, remember?

Vincent nods, breathes in heavily; in a bid to calm
 himself...

JIDE (CONT'D)
 What matters now is the condition
 of your wife.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madam Folanke is seated at one of the chairs, feet tapping
 rapidly.

JIDE (O.S.)
 You have to be there for her. For
 better, for worse. Those were your
 vows today. You and your mother can
 sort things out later.

She furrows her brows.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zara lies asleep on the bed. Peaceful, beautiful. Mohammed
 awkwardly fans her with his shirt.

Madam Folanke enters the room, Mohammed rolls his eyes...

MADAM FOLANKE
 (to Mohammed)
 Fetch me water to drink. From the
 filter.

Mohammed bows, takes off.

Madam Folanke moves to Zara on the bed...

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 (almost whispering)
 If you think you are going to enter
 this family, and break it apart,
 you're mistaken.

Zara sleeps...

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 Whatever madness that makes you
 believe Vincent would love you till
 death. You had better told it to
 stop fooling you.

Zara still sleeps...

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 He's my son. And I know him more
 than he cares to admit.
 (moves closer)
 He would never settle for you.
 Especially now that he has realized
 his mistake, and has assured me he
 would divorce you first thing in
 the morning.

Tiny drops of tears stream down Zara's face...

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 You don't deserve to be part of us.
 You hear me?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vincent is now a little bit more relaxed...

JIDE
 And as your friend and doctor, I
 promise that Zara would be better.
 Schizophrenia can be managed. You
 of all persons know about my
 family's case.

Vincent nods repeatedly.

JIDE (CONT'D)
 Don't give up now bro. It's too
 soon.

Vincent blows his nose...

VINCENT
Thanks man.

JIDE
What are friends for?

Vincent chuckles...

VINCENT
To make each other's life
miserable.

JIDE
Exactly. Let's go see your wife.
(glances at his watch)
She should be awake by now.

VINCENT
Okay.

Jide opens the door, as they head into --

DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mohammed is still at the filter, bending it over, as there is little water in it.

Jide and Vincent saunter in...

VINCENT
(glances around)
Where is my mother?

Mohammed points to the direction of the room.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
You left her with my wife?! God,
no.

He hurries into the hallway, Jide fast on toe. Mohammed stands, a little confused --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madam Folanke strangles Zara with a pillow. She struggles, but the 54 year old is heavier...

MADAM FOLANKE
(amidst breaths)
Since I'm not the one in your
shoes. I would do what is necessary
for the future of my family.

She presses harder. Zara kicks, claws, but it's no use --

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 Consider this a favor your parents
 failed to give you.

Just then, Vincent bolts into the room. He can't believe his eyes.

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 (still pressing)
 They would thank me later.

Vincent hurries up to her, and in one quick move, shoves her aside --

She falls onto the bed. Jide joins in, shocked registered on his face.

Vincent removes the pillow from Zara's face. She COUGHS HEAVILY...

VINCENT
 (shaking her up)
 Baby. I'm sorry.

Madam Folanke has gotten up...

MADAM FOLANKE
 She would always be a liability
 Vincent! Allow me to end her life
 once and for all.

Vincent keeps smothering Zara with kisses...

VINCENT
 I promise to never leave. I
 promise.

MADAM FOLANKE
 Listen to me. I'm your mother, and
 I know what is best for you.

Jide watches with pity. Behind, Mohammed ambles in with a bottled water container, still confused...

MADAM FOLANKE (CONT'D)
 She would bring you nothing, but
 pain and regret. Just like I am
 having with your father.

Vincent has had it...

VINCENT
 I don't care about your past! You
 made the decision to leave him,
 because you felt you were now
 independent. That's on you, not I!
 So please, allow me to make mine!

With that, he reaches into his suit pocket, retrieves his phone...

He speed dials a number. BEEP BEEP. Madam Folanke watches. BEEP BEEP. Jide and Mohammed watches. BEEP BEEP. Zara breathes better, clutching him tightly. BEEP BEE--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Yes, hello.

VINCENT
(into phone)
This is Lord Vincent.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Vincent. What can I do for you?

VINCENT
(into phone)
I want to report a murder attempt.
(glances at his mother)
On my wife.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
When did this happen?

Jide moves in...

JIDE
It shouldn't get to this Vincent,
she's still your mother.

VINCENT
I don't have a mother.

JIDE
You would never take it back if you
go through with this. You are
better.

Madam Folanke watches with pleading eyes...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, Vincent.

JIDE
Prove to her that you have grown up
to be a man that wouldn't be pushed
around anymore.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Are you there?

Vincent mops his brows, considering Jide's plea...

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Vincent.

VINCENT
 (into phone)
 Sorry Inspector. It was a false
 alarm.

DIAL TONE BEEPS.

Madam Folanke has regret written all over her face. She slumps into a seat nearby...

JIDE
 (to Vincent)
 You have done the right thing.
 (to Madam Folanke)
 You should be proud. That's a man
 you raised there.

VINCENT
 (to Zara)
 I'm sorry baby. I promise to love
 and cherish you. I promise to go
 through fire for you, in this
 lifetime or the next. From this day
 henceforth.

Jide and Mohammed's faces beam with smiles.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 (kisses her forehead)
 In sickness, and in health. Till
 death do us part.

Zara smiles weakly...

JIDE
 (to Vincent)
 You're forgetting something.

Jide reaches forward and hands him - their wedding rings.

VINCENT
 Thanks man.

Vincent slides one of the rings into Zara's finger, then wears his. She tugs at his nose gently...

ZARA
 Hey.

VINCENT
 Hey.

ZARA
 (finally)
 I love you, Lord Vincent.

VINCENT

(smiles)

I love you too, crazy woman.

They share a moment, and then seal it with an intimate kiss.

Mohammed does an awkward celebratory dance, Madam Folanke looks away in disgust.

We slowly pull away from everything and everyone. And then, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END.