




Process:

#1

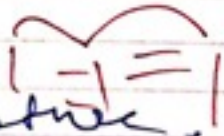

BECKY:

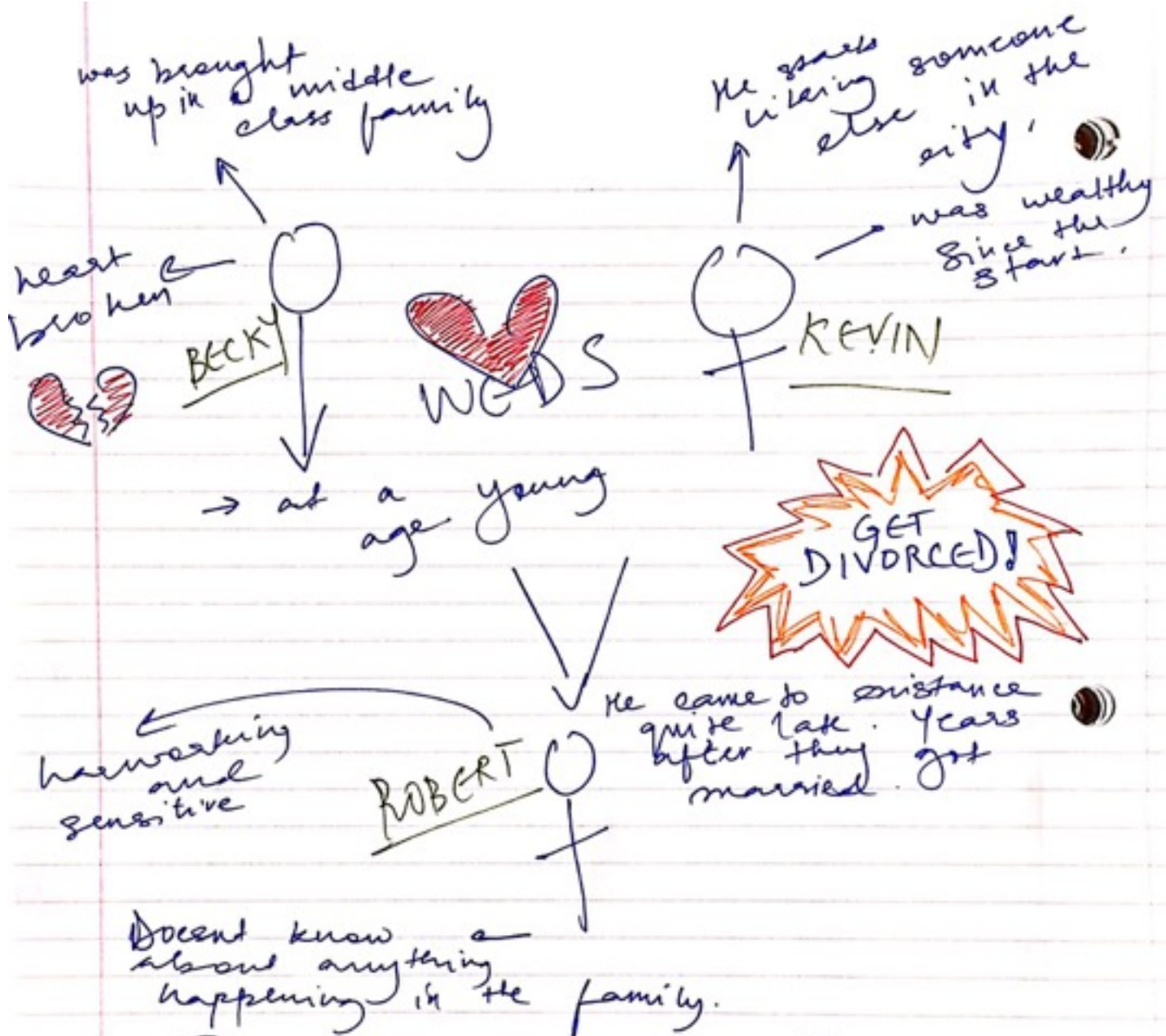
- old with a settled life
- loves shopping
- has one child named Robert (20)
- huge house with all the help needed
- more caring and attached to her husband
- Loves her child (to death) 

KEVIN:

- a small man with a big income
- a lot of money.
- Business man.
- lives out of the city
- works in the city. 
- less emotionally attached to his family than Becky.
- BECKY WEDS KEVIN 
- 85 years old.

ROBERT:

- 20 years old.
- in college
- sensitive in nature. 
- Hardworking. 



- LETTER CONVERSATION
- FIRST PERSON SPEAKING
- OUT FLOWING EMOTIONS

#3

(First draft)

It was a fresh evening. Everything was just perfect. My cook baking cookies and cupcakes for Robert, my twenty-year-old son, and the other helper opening all my shopping bags and arranging everything in right order. My parents never had the privilege of hiring housekeepers and cooks when I was young but it gradually changed as my father started working as a low-key designer in Hamptons to getting the biggest house in Bridgehampton. Everything has changed since then. I finally got a life I am worth of. At that moment I just focused on lining my footwear shade wise in my huge shoe closet when I heard the bell ring. "It not my job to go open the door, John will do it" was what I thought right before my life cracked into pieces. John entered with a letter in his hand saying, "Ma'am, this letter has arrived for you." Like usual I thought it was my credit card bill that was to be sent to my husband back in the city. I opened as saw it was a letter from Kevin, my husband. It was a little amusing to me cause I was just a phone call away. The letter read:

Hi Becky,

I don't know how to confront it to you over a phone call or face-to-face but I thought this is the best way. You might have been wondering why I did not come over the weekend from the past two times. I did receive your voice messages that I heard as soon as I got them but I felt extremely guilty and did not want to make it worse. You seemed worried and I did not want to add onto that.

Her name is Rebecca. You would love her. I met her at the gala and turns out she works for me in the finance department. She is not fake one bit. I promise not to steal anything from you but lend her just what I have. I got the money to make the world rotate the other way and I promise I will transfer more than enough money to your account every week. You wont feel left out. I will not be home this weekend too. Take care of Robert.

Bye.

Kevin.

I was shattered. The reaction phase came way later when it finally struck me that he had left me. I do not remember blinking for the next five minutes. Every sound around me was not even a fragment of the noises in my head. I was devastated. I was so struck that the tears too did not dare to fall of my cheek. Only I knew what I went through in those five minutes. I could not even compare it to my mother's death. I loved him way too much to find faults in him. It was a near death experience. When I finally had the courage to pick up the pen and write him back, this is what I wrote:

Dear Kevin,

I do not know what to say but the only thing that is ringing in my head is what did I lack in, what was my fault. I have anyways transformed my face to what I was not born with; it would not be hard to change the whole of me just to suit you. I have given you everything possible and still that bitch runs your heart. I do really love you.

What about Robert? How is he going to take this in? You could have at least thought of it. Were that grand wedding, eighteen-karat diamonds ring, and the beach house as a gift just temporary? I do not know how to react to this. It is such a blur.

How is she? Caramel? Thin? Long? Just perfect to make you look good in your parties? She is with you for your money. I have been with you since the start, been their holding your hand at all levels. Still her? I am even embarrassed comparing myself to her but there is no other way to make

you realise not money can buy every happiness in life. After all this you offer me your money? All I want is you even if you return with torn pants and not a penny in your wallet. I love you
Your past, Becky.

My hands were shivering dropping this letter off that the post box. I did not want to tell John to do this chore for me. I had to get used to this now. For the next two days I was just lying thinking about our happy times and how he is going to share his heart with a bitch. I could not resist myself and cried all day, all night. I wet more pillows than Robert did when he was young.

Not even once in his letter did he apologise to me or even felt sorry one bit. This is what made me feel worse. I stuck to the wall, picked up a pen and wrote my thoughts all over it. My wall was my only listener.

Two days later I got a letter from Kevin, which spoke:

Hi Becky,

Hope you doing well. I have attached the divorce papers to this letter and also mailed them to you. It will be nice if you could sign it as soon as possible. I will come later this week to sort out our hands in Robert's life. I want him more. Anyways, you should sleep and not strain your eyes. Good luck.

Kevin.

There was nothing more upsetting than his attitude he showed me. I had nothing left in my life except Robert. I would fight for him forever.