*It's all dark. Suddenly the sound of a cars breaks can be heard screaming. Then a big crash noise.*

James eyes opens fast. He sits up at the side of the bed fast. Trying to get his breath back. His hands is firmly holding the end of the madras. The eye closes and he takes a couple of big breaths and get his body under control. He takes a look at himself in the mirror. Tired, messy and a 3 days beard. Not pretty. Still looking in the mirror, he looks over to the empty side of the bed. He can see someone there, he turns his head fast, but no one is there. His eyes is filled with sadness, and is glued to the floor. He buries his head in his hands lets the hands go over his face and through his hair.

Slowly James is getting up. Walking in a snails pace out of the room, almost like he don’t want to go. In the background we can see something that looks like a picture of him and his wife. He passes a door, he lets his hand slightly touch the door before he stops up and looks at it. James leans into the door making sure he don’t fall over. He takes a big breath and walk away from the door, into the bathroom. The cabinet door is opened fast, and he takes out of box of painkillers. About 10 pills is falling down to his palm. He looks at them, clearly thinking about doing it, but he scoops most of them back, and takes two-three of them.

James is sitting in his chair in the living room. At his lap he got an album with "Our time" engraved in the cover. He opens it and a looks at the pictures. It's him and his beautiful wife on their honeymoon. He takes his finger and strokes the face of the wife. He turns his head over and looks at his wife chair. She is sitting there knitting. His eyes blinks, and she is gone. A tear is falling from his face and down to the album page. He closes it.

He is back at the door he stopped at before. But this time he opens the door and takes a step inside the room. James stops up for a moment, looking around. It's the most prefect nursery every made. Pink walls, wooden floor, loads of toys that is stored perfectly in the shelf. On the floor lays an almost finished childbed. James walks over, sits down and puts together the last pieces and adjusts the position of the bed a bit, so everything is perfect. James takes a couple of steps back and takes another look at the room. His mouth forms into something that can be interpreted as a little smile. He backs out form the room and closes the door very carefully. His smile is gone.

In very determined steps James is walking into the kitchen. At the table a bowl of cereal is knocked over a newspaper. He takes out one of the kitchen chairs and sits down. Looks at the paper and just shoves the bowl away, and the paper reveals the front page:

"***No jail for Mr. King****."*

"*The millionaire, father and husband is against all odds declared innocent, even though he crashed into the side of car, killing a pregnant wife. It is said that his overpriced lawyers is the reason why...*"

Out of one of the drawers James pulls out a revolver. He is feeling it and takes a good look at it. Letting it go against his head. His mind is somewhere else. Playing with the gun while his face almost goes from sad to angry. He is lowering the gun, gets up at his feet and walks out of the room heading for the front door. James stops when he reaches it, takes a couple of breaths and raises his left hand and goes for the doorknob. With a good grip around the revolver with his right hand, he opens the door. It's a bright white light outside that fills the room when James is walking out. It's all white.

*It's all chaos. A woman is crying, almost begging and a baby is screaming. Silence. A gunshot. More screams from the baby can be heard. Another gunshot. It's all silent for a moment… before you can hear sirens in the distant.*

James got a bright yellowish light in his face. He is sitting at a chair . It's all dark around him, and he got a ugly table in front of him. He looks down at the table and there lays 2 polaroid pictures. One of a baby, shot in the head with the text "*Jamie King*". The other is of a lady, blood is everywhere. She is shot in the side of the head. The text says "*Jennifer King*". James closes his eyes. It all goes black.

***Love reckons hours for months, and days for years; and every little absence is an age.  ~John Dryden***