

BURNT

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FADE IN:

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - BEFORE DAWN

SUPER: 1991 - SUMMER

RILEY (18, F), sits on the bright blue carpet, leaning against a cool white wall in her underwear and a tank top.

She holds an EXTENSION CHORD in her hands. Sweat on her forehead soaks her unkempt pixie cut.

She stands, glancing up towards the high beams where a CEILING FAN hangs.

She climbs onto the foot of the bed. She reaches for the fan. Too short.

She attempts to throw an end of the chord to reach it; no luck. She tries again; nothing.

Once more; the end of the chord strikes a LIGHT BULB on the fan causing it to SHATTER all over the floor. She hits the ground, holding still, staring at the DOOR.

FOOT STEPS slowly creak towards her from down the hall. They stop at her door. She quickly gets in bed, faking sleep.

The door creaks open, a YOUNG MAN standing in the doorway.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Can you think back to the first
time?

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

THE VOICE comes from the THERAPIST (40's, M) sitting across from Riley, who stares blankly at him.

THERAPIST

Riley? Riley....

She adjusts in her seat, pulling out a PACK OF CIGARETTES from her heavy, black jacket lying next to her.

RILEY

Sorry.

She lights the cigarette, taking a deep first drag.

THERAPIST

Can you think back to the first
time you had those thoughts?

RILEY

Um...No, I...I don't know exactly when.

THERAPIST

Can you recall some of the earlier times where you considered it?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

MOVING BOXES line the hallway. Riley sits atop one, watching as movers enter and exit. NOAH (25, pretty boy confidence) enters, clocking the box she's perched on.

NOAH

Get off that. There's fragile shit in there.

RILEY

It doesn't say so.

NOAH

Well there is.

RILEY

You could say please.

NOAH

You could not sit on my shit.

RILEY

(jokingly)
"Our" shit now-

NOAH

Don't even. I'm just here for the summer, and then I'm out of this dump.

RILEY

My mom works hard for this dump.

NOAH

Well she's freeloading now.

RILEY

What's that supposed to mean?

He gets close to her, face to face.

NOAH

We all know what this marriage is really about. Let's not pretend.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)
 This is marriage number three, and
 I'm done playing nice with step
 siblings.

She smirks, rolling her eyes. He grabs her cheeks, squeezing her face in the palm of his hand.

NOAH (CONT'D)
 You got something to say, bitch?

RILEY
 (muffled)
 Don't touch me.

NOAH
 Oh, wait what was that? I can't
 hear you.

She fights to release from his grip. Finally successful, she tries to stand up, but he blocks her.

RILEY
 MOM!

NOAH
 I wouldn't do that.

She stands frozen. He reaches to her face, tucking her hair behind her ear, before slowly backing away.

RILEY (V.O.)
 Part of me fears I've just always
 been this way. Just acting on what
 feels good.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 On impulse?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Riley pours herself a bowl of CEREAL. Just as she's about to take the first bite, Noah comes up behind her, grabbing the bowl from her.

RILEY
 Hey!

He sits at the table, eating it as he ignores her, reading the paper.

NOAH
 Cereal's bad for you.

RILEY

Then don't eat it.

NOAH

Yeah, but I'm not fat. Didn't you already have a bowl? Eat some granola.

She bites her lip, her hands tremble. She takes a deep breath.

She slowly goes to the pantry, and pours herself a bowl of granola. She sits down at the table across from him, watching him eat.

RILEY (V.O.)

Noah says I'm impulsive. Says I don't make plans, just quick actions, whatever I want, whenever I want.

Riley sticks a spoonful in her mouth, chews, and SPITS it across the table, SPLATTERING all over him.

He jolts out of his seat, sprinting towards her. She runs.

NOAH

Bitch!

RILEY (V.O.)

But I think he's the impulsive one. He's angry. Nothing caps his temper.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - **FLASHBACK**

Running from the kitchen, Riley stands behind the couch as Noah follows, his shirt covered in GRANOLA AND MILK. They chase each other around the couch.

He TRIPS, hitting the ground. Riley laughs. He catches up to her, and grabs her by the HAIR. She grabs his arm and BITES it.

He throws her towards a BOOKCASE which topples over. They both stop, catching their breath. RILEY'S MOTHER (40s) comes running in.

RILEY'S MOTHER

Oh my god, what the hell happened in here?

NOAH

Riley was trying to get something on the top shelf. It just toppled over.

RILEY'S MOTHER

Riley, you know better.

RILEY

Sorry.

RILEY'S MOTHER

(to Noah)

What's on your shirt?

Exasperated, Noah looks to his shirt, and back to Riley.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

Do you think you're impulsive?

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Riley smokes out her window, uncontrollably crying. She takes the cigarette, and BURNS a mark on her upper thigh next to a ROW OF SMALL SCARS.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

RILEY

That's relative.

THERAPIST

Not really.

RILEY

He's hot tempered. A bigot and a bully who likes to make people feel small, or in my case fat.

THERAPIST

But we're here to talk about you.

RILEY

Why?

THERAPIST

(frustrated)

Because you're consumed with thoughts of death.

He shifts in his seat, collecting himself.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
What are your plans, Riley?

RILEY
For dinner?

THERAPIST
For life.

RILEY
To die.

THERAPIST
And before then?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Riley showers, washing her hair. She hears the bathroom door open, and peaks her head around the curtain to see Noah as he goes to use the toilet.

RILEY
What the hell! Get out!

NOAH
Calm down.

RILEY
What is wrong with you??

NOAH
I gotta pee.

RILEY
So use a different bathroom!

He FLUSHES. Riley JUMPS in the shower as the water goes freezing and screams.

He laughs as she fumbles her towel around her body, her hair still covered in shampoo. She jumps out of the shower, and he blocks the door. She tries to get past him.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Stop it. Noah, stop, let me out!

NOAH
Off so fast? You still got soap in your hair.

He tries to pull her towel down, she clutches to it.

RILEY
Stop! Stop it!

She reaches for a SAFETY RAZOR sitting on the counter, holding it up to his face.

NOAH
Right...

RILEY
This thing cuts, deep.

NOAH
Yeah, you'd know, wouldn't you?

She runs it against his arm, CUTTING a small section of his biceps.

NOAH (CONT'D)
You're dead fucking meat.

They dance around the room, Riley trying to find her escape. Just as she's about to make it to the door, she SLIPS. She FUMBLES the RAZOR, TOSSING it in the air, and instinctively tries to CATCH IT!

The blades SLASH her palms and she begins to BLEED.

She exits the bathroom, and he chases her, holding a towel over his own wound.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - **FLASHBACK**

NOAH
You piece of shit come back here!

He TACKLES her to the ground. She attempts to fight him off, her BLOOD covering his CHEST, FACE and the BEIGE CARPET.

RILEY
Get off me!

He pins her arms down.

NOAH
What the fuck is wrong with you?

RILEY
Look who's talking perv!

She SPITS in his face. He goes for her THROAT, CHOKING HER.

RILEY'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Guys! What's going on up
there...guys?

Riley STRUGGLES to get him off. He's too strong.

Her face starts to go purple. Her eyes going still, her body starting to slow. He FUMES, staring at her as she struggles.

RILEY'S MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Guys? Riley?!

He RELEASES and leaves her, gasping for air, alone on the blood stained carpet. Her face contorts as she looks at her cut up hands. Holding her throat, she begins to SCREAM.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST
How will you do it?

RILEY
You really wanna know?

She stares at him, his candor surprising her.

THERAPIST
You said you had plans. Care to share?

RILEY
They're all viable options.

THERAPIST
And those options are?

RILEY
I could hang myself, but I think the ceiling fan would fall. I could slit my wrists, but that's such a mess, and I do think my mother deserves something a little less...

THERAPIST
Violent?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Riley's Mother comes running up the stairs to see Riley covered in her blood, screaming. Riley's Mother PANICS, crying out and running to her.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

RILEY

Cliche.

The Therapist adjusts in his seat, flipping through her file, studying her as she smokes looking out the window.

THERAPIST

Is that it?

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Riley stands alone in the GAUDY BATHROOM staring ahead at two individual sinks with matching MIRROR/MEDICINE CABINETS.

RILEY (V.O.)

Pills, of course.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Which?

She goes towards one, opening it. PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES galore.

RILEY (V.O.)

Any.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Do you know their effects?

She studies the bottles, taking multiple pills from different ones, and stuffs a handful in her pocket.

RILEY (V.O.)

I know if you take a lot of anything it should do the trick.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

You could cause harm if you're not careful.

RILEY

That's the point.

THERAPIST

I thought death was the point.

RILEY

I know that.

THERAPIST

Harm could result in a continuation
of life. Death results in death.

Beat.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Riley, are you afraid of harming
yourself?

She lights another cigarette, avoiding eye contact.

RILEY

Gunshot.

THERAPIST

Even to the head, you could still
survive it.

RILEY

Walk on the freeway.

THERAPIST

You don't seem the type to put that
on someone, let alone a stranger.

RILEY

Drowning.

THERAPIST

Not as easy as you might hope.

RILEY

Why are you doing this?

THERAPIST

You said your plan for life was to
die. I'd like for you to explain
that more.

RILEY

Doesn't everyone plan to die?

THERAPIST

People die, most don't plan it.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riley sits on her bed, wearing a WHITE DRESS, matching gloves
and heels, and make up. She holds a drinking glass.

RILEY (V.O.)

It's a shame.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Death?

RILEY (V.O.)
That people don't plan for it.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
How so?

Noah enters the door frame, dressed in an ALL WHITE suit. He struggles to put on his tie.

NOAH
I can never get these things right.

Riley watches him, still holding her drink. She sits stiff on her bed.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Can you just do it?

RILEY (V.O.)
It's the only thing we know that's guaranteed to happen.

She gets up with the drink, and goes to sit it on her desk.

NOAH
I'll hold it.

She pauses, then proceeds to hand it to him. They stand face to face as she redoes his tie.

NOAH (CONT'D)
(sniffing the drink)
Vodka? Sheesh it's 10AM.

He downs the drink. She finishes doing his tie.

RILEY
There, you're all set.

NOAH
Thanks. We need to be at the church in 20, so hurry up.

INT. NOAH'S ROOM - LATER

RILEY (O.S.)
Noah! Come on let's go! Noah?

She opens the door to find him PASSED OUT on the ground.

She runs to him, kneeling, grabbing his face in her hands.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Noah? Noah, what's wrong? Noah!

Panic sets in. She shakes him violently, he only continues to go more limp, his eyes shut.

RILEY (CONT'D)
NOAH! Answer me!
HELP! PLEASE! SOMEBODY!

She drags him down the hallway into the:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She manages to drag him into the SHOWER. She turns the water on, he doesn't react. She gets on top of him, slapping his face, shaking him to wake up, the two of them soaked.

RILEY
Noah, please, wake up, please
what's wrong? Talk to me.

He gently opens his eyes, and they stare at each other. He tries to speak but he can't. His eyes close, and her face goes blank at his stare.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
You never answered me. What is your
plan?

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

INSERT: water circles the shower drain. Slowly, BLOOD enters.

Following the trace of the blood, A SLOW REVEAL of Noah's wrists, SLASHED and bleeding.

He HANGS from the shower head by his TIE.

Riley stares at him, stone cold, no longer crying or panicked.

RILEY (V.O.)
All of it. I'd do all of it.

CUT TO BLACK.