

Consumed

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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A Britney Spears playlist is blaring on the speaker.

Cluttered. Dishes in the sink and unidentified crumbs on the tiled floor. The distant popping of fireworks in the neighborhood.

ERIN, a tall 18 year old with the goofiness and coordination of a puppy, sits on top of the counter looking at her phone. Her socks swish against the floor as she swings her legs.

JOSIE, 19, an opinionated free-spirit who self-identifies as being the 'fun aunt' of the group, is picking at her nail, sitting cross-legged in a wooden chair at the kitchen table.

Bottles of Pink Whitney and Whipped Vodka, along with three shot glasses, act as the center piece.

RAINN, an endearing, lost-in-the-head 18 year old, dubbed by ERIN and JOSIE as being 'the mom of the group' is struggling to feel present in this room. Sitting across from JOSIE, she looks between her friends with a blank expression. Then studies her nails and hands, absent minded as she CRACKS HER KNUCKLES. Clears her throat.

ERIN sets down her phone, puts on a smile, and leans back against the wooden cabinets.

ERIN
Soooo, how was your daaaaay?

RAINN forces out a breathy laugh.

RAINN
Ohhh, ye know...

The overhead light dims.

The kitchen transitions into a small dark room. ERIN and JOSIE have disappeared. Curtains drawn. It's gloomy.

There's a human sized lump underneath the mound of covers on a bed. Muffled crying and sniffing.

RAINN (V.O.)
(drags on)
It's been...

A wet spot soaks into the pillow case beneath RAINN's face. Another tear slides down to the tip of her nose.

It drips as--

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

--Water droplets DRIP from the FAUCET into the full tub.

RAINN stares at it, dazed, with her chin resting on her knees. Wet hair clinging to her neck.

RAINN (V.O.)

A day.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ERIN lets out a long yawn.

ERIN

Meeee too, pal.

Uncomfortable silence as RAINN nods.

JOSIE

(exasperated)

God damn, why are you guys so fucking awkward-- I'm LITERALLY so bored right now--

ERIN

(mocking)

Literallyyyy--

JOSIE

Seriously! We're so boring-- What time even is it? Has to be like, at least 11, right?

ERIN checks her wristwatch.

ERIN

(shocked)

It's 11, yeah.

RAINN focuses on the ground. Humming a response every once in a while as JOSIE and ERIN talk over each other, their voices drowned by the increasing sound of the ELECTRICAL DRONE in the walls.

RAINN's eyes start to glisten. The walls contort around her, closing in. She PINCHES the skin on her left arm until it's red.

A male voice rips through her mind.

VOICE (O.S.)
(dull)
I'm sorry...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

There's a bed, the floor. Everything else is bland.

NICK lays on the bed, dirt covered shoes, shorts around his ankles, shirt still on. He's 16, a weasel-like kid with a superiority-hero complex.

RAINN is on top of him. NAKED from head to toe. Stiff and trembling. His hands dig into her hips. She's silent. Tears drip from her chin to his chest.

RAINN
(monotone)
You would stop if you were sorry.

NICK's eyes are cold. His grip tightens.

ERIN
--Raiiiin!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everything has a subtle blur.

RAINN
Sorry, what--

JOSIE
Do youuu want to take a shot with us?
You don't have to, don't feel
pressured or anything.

RAINN hesitates.

Stares at the already-filled glasses.

NICK (V.O.)
It's the least you could do--

RAINN
--Sure! Why not?

JOSIE and ERIN smile, grabbing their glasses with care.

RAINN's leg bounces, restless, as JOSIE hands over a glass. RAINN grasps it. JOSIE explains how to drink it, her voice warping, wobbling.

They raise their glasses...

JOSIE (V.O.)
I know I say this all the time...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Only the bottom half of the bed is visible. It's moving.
Creaking.

JOSIE (V.O.)
but I really do love you guys. I
wouldn't be here without you...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

JOSIE
Fuck this year, man. Here's to a new
one.

RAINN throws her head back. She winces and coughs. JOSIE
laughs.

Another shot is poured. And another. The eighth spills
around her mouth, down her neck.

JOSIE (cont'd)
Guys... I'm literally gonna piss my
pants.

RAINN bursts out laughing. Her head falls down toward the
table, almost smacking it. She looks up, eyes full of tears
just daring to spill. Her cheeks flush red, the laugh
becomes a wheeze she can't break out of.

The smile drains into a pain-ridden grimace. Tears flood
down her face. Neck strained. Her hands grasp at her arms.

RAINN drops her head to the table.

JOSIE (O.S.)
Jesus, dude. You good?

She pushes out a laugh and flings one of her hands onto the
table, offering a weak THUMBS UP...

To NO ONE.

Just a stuffy, silent room.

Her hand trembles... Then collapses with a soft thud.