

GLASS RAIN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain pours down on a house -- sporadically illuminated by thunder and lighting -- resting in the middle of a clearing amongst thick, wet trees.

Bare wood. No paint job. If it's ever seen better days, those are long gone.

Closer.

Closer...

Through a window.

From the darkness outside into the darkness within.

INT. HOUSE (FRONT ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The roof muffles the sound of the rain.

The whole place is devoid of furniture.

Sobbing.

The thunder gives light to two silhouettes. Male and female; locked in embrace, intertwined on the floor.

The sobs come from the female. She caresses him. He caresses her. BLAKE (21) and CARRIE (19).

A REVOLVER and its ammunition lie on the floor beside them.

They rest their foreheads against each other after a wet, teary kiss.

Her mascara's smeared both her eyes and Blake's face.

BLAKE

Hey. It's okay. Shh. It's gonna be okay.

CARRIE

No, it won't.

His brow tightens.

Tears never stop flowing from Carrie's face.

BLAKE

What do you think we should do, then?

CARRIE

I don't know.

She shakes her head. Breaks down.

CARRIE
I don't know!

He hugs her. Tight. She gives in immediately.

Further into the house, through a narrow hallway is a small, bare room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Four walls. A roof.

Nothing more except for a boy of eighteen; bound with rope to the arms of his wheelchair. DAVID.

His blistered fingers move in wave-like patterns, blood around his wrists. Slow. Weak.

His breathing's like an old man's wheeze.

INT. FRONT ROOM

Carrie's settled down. Somewhat.

CARRIE
You know, he always did like to touch things that weren't his.

BLAKE
Yeah. Well, he got his hands on something he shouldn't have this time.

Carrie looks at a corner in the room -- an overturned MORTAR and its PESTLE; contents spilt onto the floor: an insane mix of hairs and black and red substances merged into a gelatinous paste.

CARRIE
Me too.

INT. BEDROOM

David looks up to the ceiling, features cloaked in shadow, one white eye settling on a leak through which water drops down on him.

A single drop tears into the top of his head like acid.

He lets out a faint, pained moan -- a sound less-than-human.

Through lightning, his features can be faintly seen: a face deformed just enough to tell that it wasn't always that way, blue veins over pale-white skin.

INT. FRONT ROOM

Blake and Carrie are now apart.

She watches him, blank-eyed, arms around her knees as he loads bullets into the pistol's chamber.

Then:

CARRIE

It's funny. A couple of years before all this, David told me about a dream he had once. Shook him right awake.

Blake stops loading the gun -- meets her eyes.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

He said he was standing in a field. It was rainy. He always hated rain. And he was just there, getting drenched, but he didn't mind it in the dream.

BLAKE

Carrie --

She ignores him.

CARRIE

Then the rain got heavier. And heavier. Till it made him bleed. It cut right through his scalp, through his face. Glass rain, he called it. Makes you think, huh?

Blake takes a breath.

BLAKE

Talk about déjà vu.

He tries to manage a smile, but it's not happening.

CARRIE

Yeah.

BLAKE

I won't lie. The fault here's yours, Carrie. Yours and his. You can't excuse dabbling into...that.

He looks at the mortar and pestle with pure hatred.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I'll do this last thing for you. For Davis. For us. But then it's over. You won't see me anywhere again afterwards.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Please don't try to find me.

She nods. But it's hard.

She crawls on all fours towards him. They kiss. One last time. Passionate.

CARRIE
I love you.

Silence.

This time the tears flow from Blake's eyes as well.

BLAKE
I don't.

A HIDEOUS SCREAM pierces even to the ruckus of the rain.

Carrie's eyes close, her face scrunching as if the noise hurts her physically.

Blake kisses her forehead.

BLAKE
Let's go.

INT. BEDROOM

David writhes and jerks violently in his chair, his restraints almost ripped off.

The leak in the ceiling has expanded and drops of water fall, one after the other, on him, scalping his partly-bald head like razor blades.

He screams through clenched teeth, biting a rotting tongue that's sticking out. Coagulated blood on his mouth, on his head, on his hands -- an inhuman being suffering very humanly.

Carrie and Blake enter the room. She covers her mouth at the sight of David.

Blake hesitates for only a second before raising the revolver.

David's rotten face, the white eye, makes eye contact with Carrie's.

Blake shoots David in the face, splattering his brains all over the wall.

David now rests peacefully in death, a coagulated blood-clot hanging from the hole at the back of his head.

Blake and Carrie stand there. Staring at their deed.

BLAKE
There was no other way. Right?

CARRIE
Right.

INT. FRONT ROOM

It is over.

Blake and Carrie walk out David's bedroom.

Blake is about to head out when she grabs his hand.

CARRIE
Wait. Don't leave.

BLAKE
I told you I would. I'm sorry.

He wiggles his hand free, puts the revolver in her hand with his other, and walks away.

Simple as that.

She points the gun at his back. Cocks it.

CARRIE
Stay right there.

Blake barely reacts. He gives a shake of the head and completes his exit.

Carrie lowers the revolver. Miffed, and *alone*.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain continues.

Softer now.

Blake walks out of the house, hurt but not looking back once.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carrie walks into the bedroom.

David remains dead.

She scratches her temple with the gun in her hand. An awkward pause before she speaks:

CARRIE
Mom's gonna be so pissed at us.

She tries to force a laugh.

CARRIE

You'd have definitely won Best Costume
this time.

He's still dead. She tries laugh again. No avail.

She puts the gun barrel in her mouth, but then she sees: the blisters on David's skin, the patches of bare red tissue, the white and blank-staring eye.

Carrie puts the gun out of her mouth, opens the chamber and lets the bullets clatter to the ground.

She takes a few steps forward and touches David's head with the tips of her fingers.

CARRIE

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'll make it
right.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Carrie walks to the corner where the mortar and pestle -- and its grotesque contents -- lie.

She takes the gooey substance, moving in her hands, and spreads it all over her neck and face. Thoroughly. Eyes closed.

Then her arms.

Her stomach.

Her abdomen.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens.

Carrie's silhouette appears at the door way, staring at the rain.

Her skin sizzles like a frying pan; the paste sinking into the pores her skin -- merging with it -- mutating her.

CARRIE

I'll make it right...

Time seems to slow as she takes a few steps out and into the rain.

Her teeth clench.

Her eyes shut tight.

And the raindrops shower her, ravaging her skin like knives.

She lets out a single, long scream until it's finished.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

David remains where he was.

Only his fingers twitch slightly. And his face registers both pain and grief.

Alive.

FADE OUT.

THE END

