

FATAL CASUALTIES

Written By
Dena McKinnon

Kathleen Schultz Agency
Jim Bridges, Jr., Agent
6442 Coldwater Canyon Ave # 117
North Hollywood, CA 91606
818 760 3100

Dena McKinnon
912 506 2544
GirlByTheShore@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. DERELECT ROOM - NIGHT

Against a dirty wall of peeling paint, sits a worn out couch, dingy, torn armrests, cushions almost flat.

A broken window lets in the only light. Shadows dance on the wall as tattered curtains wave in the night breeze.

LAUGHTER can be heard. In walks CHARLIE, carrying a half empty bottle of rum.

Right on his heels, AMBER, drunkenly, grabs the bottle out of Charlie's hands.

He swings her up in his arms and carries her whilst the rum bottle dangles. He places her down on the couch and takes a seat beside her.

In seconds, he pulls out the tools of the trade. She leans toward him and anxiously, smiles.

Flops her arm across his lap as his lighter torches the bottom of a silver spoon.

She ties rubber tubing around her arm. He thumps the syringe and pushes the plunger. The needle shines in the low light.

Her welcoming vein, eagerly exposed, waits. The needle enters. She lays back revealing a round pregnant belly.

Her eyes roll up. Her bottom lip quivers. She's flying.

He injects himself. His veins drink the opiate. They lay on the couch together, consumed, in another world -- high.

10 YEARS LATER

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Bird song. Sun dapples through a canopy of foliage.

An older Amber plays hide and seek with her daughter, KAYLA, 11. They dodge trees. Amber chases. Kayla runs giggling.

Amber almost catches up with her, and then she's gone. The chase continues through the wooded wonderland.

GIGGLING comes from nearby. Amber searches, then stops in her tracks. The sound of a car engine catches her attention.

She runs over to a hollowed out tree, grabs a worn baby doll from the void. Game over.

She runs through the woods. Twigs crack as her feet pound the ground. She breaks through the treeline.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Amber runs up in perfect unison as an older white car comes to a stop in front of a picturesque farmhouse.

The car door opens. Charlie embraces her off the ground, spins her around once then sets her down. Kisses her cheek.

They hold hands and walk towards the front door. The sun sets in the distance.

INT. DERELICT ROOM - NIGHT

Dark, dingy room, the only life is Amber as she sits in a an old rocker. Kayla sleeps in her arms.

Amber hums a lullaby. Rocks to the tune. Caresses Kayla's hair.

AMBER

Hush little baby, don't say a word...hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm.

Old, dead leaves blow across the floor. The walls look alive as paint peels. Anything light turns dark.

MOMENTS LATER

The HUMMING stops. Amber looks around in awe. Kayla is gone.

Amber grabs her tummy. Begins to cry.

Her hand moves from her belly to below her leg. She pulls out a handgun. Lifts it slowly to her temple. Hesitates.

A tear rolls out of her eyes. She can't do it. She lowers the gun. Sobs.

Once again, gets her courage up.

She sticks the gun in her mouth. Closes her eyes. Her finger presses the trigger slowly.

Failure again. She lowers the gun. Drops it on the floor.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A porch light comes to life. Charlie comes out in his boxers and T-shirt. He flips on a flashlight. Heads toward an outbuilding.

The flashlight beam bounces on the ground as his steps hurry.

INT. DERELICT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The dead room, dead leaves, peeling paint, a bad memory. Charlie walks in.

The flashlight searches. An old syringe in the corner grabs his attention. He walks towards it when --

-- SQUEAKING alerts Charlie. The light swings around. Lands on the rocking chair. It sways gently, alone in the dark.

Then Charlie finds something else: the handgun laying at the base of the old rocker. He picks it up.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lit by only the moon, the forest is dark.

In a nightgown, Amber makes her way through the woods. She walks almost comatose until --

-- she hears GIGGLING. In the distance, it's Kayla. Amber perks up. Hurries her steps.

Kayla takes off running. LAUGHTER echoes through the woods.

Amber's bare feet go from a walk to a run over the dark forest floor. The GIGGLING continues.

Branches break, twigs snap underfoot. Frantic, Amber storms after her daughter. The moon shines through the trees.

She breaks into a clearing. Her hair a mess. Covered in sweat, she falls to her knees.

LAUGHTER turns into animal like MOANING.

In a craze, she slings dead leaves, small twigs from the forest floor. Begins digging like a dog after a bone.

Her bare hands excavate the hard soil. She pulls the mound of turned dirt into a heap in front of her.

She stops. Looks around. Light GIGGLING echoes. She goes back to the task sweating profusely.

Her nightgown stained with moist black dirt, she paws her way through the earth.

Her fingernails are caked with mud as she reaches up to wipe sweat from her eyes.

The GIGGLING suddenly turns to CRYING.

The digging slows. Amber brushes the soil off of something.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Don't do it Amber.

Amber doesn't stop. Acts as if she didn't hear Charlie at all. Keeps at task.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's been ten years. Let her go.
Please stop. Don't make me... .

The CRYING gets louder.

Charlie stands behind Amber. Has the gun trained on her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Why can't you let her rest in
peace? Why do you have to bring
back the fucking pain? Why!?

Amber stands. Cuddles something in her arms. HUMMING breaks the silence.

AMBER
Hush little baby, don't say a
word...hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm
hmm hmm hmm.

She turns around. Her face, hands, and nightgown -- soiled.
In her arms, a blanketed baby corpse...KAYLA.

CHARLIE
Forgive me, Kayla.

BAM. A gun shot rings out.

FADE TO BLACK.