

SCORNED

Written by
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SECOND DRAFT
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BLACK. The whisper of an *Amy Winehouse* song.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

All the lights on inside. A truck idle in the driveway.

INT. TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Wine drips from a tipped over glass.

Another in pieces on the floor.

Bare feet crunch through it, amble past a BODY pooled in blood --

A second BODY across the first -- the broken half of a WINE BOTTLE sticks out of their neck.

Hands, petite and manicured, reach for the gas canister by the door --

They douse the bodies, the room, a trail out the front door to the truck.

Part of a rag hangs from the open gas cap.

They toss the canister inside, pull out a matchbox.

We never see their face, only their fingers as they strike the match, LIGHT THE RAG --

Flames inch over the truck's body, the house follows.

The person -- their back to us, watches from the street. It's a WOMAN.

She unclasps the necklace around her neck, drops it on the asphalt.

It reads:

CARRIE

with a heart.

The song fades out.

THE END