

CONSUMMATION

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

"THE ARTIST MUST CREATE A SPARK BEFORE HE CAN MAKE A FIRE AND BEFORE ART IS BORN, THE ARTIST MUST BE READY TO BE CONSUMED BY THE FIRE OF HIS OWN CREATION." -- RODIN

INT. SCULPTURE STUDIO - DAY

A small room. Total MESS, as it should be. Scraps of metal and concrete all over the place. Wires, tool, a large vice, paint, brushes.

From behind, a helmeted head, working on a large metal sculpture, blow torch in hand.

The FLAME glides across the metal. Two pieces meld into one another.

The blowtorch is turned down, the helmet comes off.

RICK, the troubled artist, inspects the work.

He's pleased.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

RICK is on the bed, naked, half covered. He looks at the mirror on the other side of the room.

REBECCA slips on her jeans - she's a bit drunk. She checks her hair in the mirror. She flips her hair back.

REBECCA
(slurred)
Rick, this doesn't mean anything.

RICK
Why are you fucking with me?

REBECCA
You like it.

Rick doesn't.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Come on. We're all adults here.

Rebecca knows she's hit a nerve. She seems happy about it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You fucked me first.

With that, she blows him a kiss and leaves with a BANG of the door.

He slumps back on the bed.

He hears her car start up and drive away.

INT. SCULPTURE STUDIO - NIGHT

Rick comes in with a heavy heart. He goes to the sculpture he's been working on.

It's a beautiful woman, delicate but solid at the same time. She's about half done from the looks of it.

He smooths his hand over it's stomach just below the breasts.

There's a small flaw. A sudden look of disappointment. He goes in closer to take a look.

RICK

Shit.

He rummages on his workbench to find a file.

Can't find one.

RICK (CONT'D)

Justine, it'll have to wait.

As Rick leaves the room, a glint off the metal, as if her skin moved.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT TO MORNING

Rick, back in bed. He closes his eyes.

The alarm clock reads about 2AM.

DREAM

Rick is in the studio. He's with his sculpture, but it's a real woman. They are kissing passionately.

Then, they are on the bed. He's taking her from behind. He bites her neck. She winces, but buckles to him.

LATER

The sun shines in through the window and directly on Rick's face.

He blinks.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rick goes to the fridge.

INT. SCULPTURE STUDIO - DAY

Rick kicks the door open, and carries in a plate of food and a beer. He sets them down on the bench.

The sculpture of the woman is more developed. She's taken on a more "real" form.

He goes to the sculpture. Takes a hard look. Isn't sure what he's seeing.

He takes a metal file from his back pocket.

He feels the stomach again, expecting to feel the flaw.

No, not there.

He takes a closer look.

Smooth.

He sets down the file.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rick's in the kitchen with Dave, a good buddy. They're drinking. The hockey game is on in the background.

DAVE

She's messed up. She only comes over when she's drunk.

RICK

Yep.

DAVE

What are you going to do?

RICK

Do? Nothing. I'm getting laid.

Rick gets up. To Dave - you want another beer?

Dave nods.

DAVE

Rick.

RICK

If she's going to use me, then fuck her. Fair is fair.

DAVE

I guess.

Rick hands Dave a beer.

RICK

Come see my new piece.

INT. SCULPTURE STUDIO - NIGHT

Rick flicks on the light. The sculpture is fully formed. She's beautiful.

Dave follows Rick in.

DAVE

Thought you were working on it?
Looks kinda done.

Rick can't believe what he's seeing.

RICK

Strange damn thing. I must be getting up in my sleep.

DAVE

You that messed up over Rebecca?
You don't remember?

Rick shakes his head.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rick's cellphone buzz - a call from REBECCA.

Rick comes in and picks it up.

RICK

Yeah.

REBECCA

What's your problem?

RICK

You're asking that?

REBECCA
I want to come over.

RICK
No.

REBECCA
You got another chick over there
tonight? What a guy.

RICK
I'm not with you. Remember, you
dumped me.

REBECCA
I'll be over in thirty minutes.

RICK
Don't --

CLICK.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca is kneeling in front of the couch. She's about to
unzip Rick's pants.

RICK
If you're still after me, why did
you cheat on me.

REBECCA
You're boring in bed. Unless I'm
in charge.

She rubs his penis through his underwear.

Rick closes his eyes.

JUSTINE, now a real woman, stands in the doorway. She's
nude.

JUSTINE
(in Rick's head)
You're going to take that? *From*
her? She's a whore.

RICK
What the --

But Rebecca has her head down, and from behind the couch we
can see Justine, is pissed off.

JUSTINE
(in Rick's head)
I thought you loved me.

RICK
What the --

He puts his hands on Rebecca's shoulders.

Rebecca looks up.

REBECCA
Stop interrupting.

He pushes her off and does up his pants.

Rick looks directly at Justine.

Rebecca turns around. She can see Justine.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You fucker. Who's this?

Justine is pleased. She walks over to Rick.

JUSTINE
Who am I? I'm Justine.

Like everyone should just know.

Rick's a little scared. He isn't sure what's going on.

RICK
Um... Yeah...

REBECCA
Please. Introduce us.

RICK
(tentative)
Justine. Rebecca.

Justine tucks in beside Rick and puts her arm around his waist. Lovingly.

JUSTINE
I suggest you leave.

REBECCA
What? Rick didn't tell you he
likes threesomes. You should check
his porn collection.

JUSTINE

Get out.

Rick watches the scene.

Rebecca doesn't budge.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

I said, get out.

REBECCA

Well, Rick. Didn't think you had
it in ya.

Rebecca grabs her bag off the back of the chair and goes to
leave.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I loved you. You never even gave a
shit about me.

RICK

That's not true.

REBECCA

Fuck you.

(beat)

And fuck your new chick too, which
you probably will.

Rebecca leaves.

Rick unlinks from Justine.

Justine looks amused.

RICK

So...

JUSTINE

So...

RICK

Who are you? Is this a joke?

Justine laughs.

JUSTINE

No joke. You know who I am.

Rick rubs his temples.

RICK
Yeah, but you're not real. You're
a hunk of metal in my studio.
(beat)
Somebody's shitting me.

JUSTINE
(a little miffed)
You made me, Rick. You brought me
into existence.

Rick thinks about what she said, and how she said it.

RICK
Yeah, but shit.

Justine takes Rick's hand and leads him back to the couch.

JUSTINE
Is that what you like? What she
was doing? I can do that.

Rick drops her hand.

RICK
No, no...

JUSTINE
I want to please you.

RICK
But...

Justine takes Rick by the shoulders and pushes him into the
couch. She's very strong.

She gets on top and straddles him.

JUSTINE
All that time you put into me...
and you're saying you don't want
me?

She guides Rick's hands around her waist. Then up to her
breasts.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
You don't want this?

Rick closes his eyes.

RICK
No, no... I do.

JUSTINE
What's the problem?

She kisses him, like they did in his dream in the studio.

RICK
I... I...

JUSTINE
I love you, Rick.

Rick isn't able to answer.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
I know you want me.

Rick still isn't sure. What does he say to a girl who was once only a piece of artwork, elusive.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
I came to you in that dream.

RICK
I did...

Off Rick's comment --

JUSTINE
You did?

Rick puts his head down. Doesn't answer.

She lifts his face, then slaps him.

Justine gets up off his lap. She runs into the kitchen and through the door into the studio.

Rick chases after her.

RICK
Stop.

JUSTINE
(yells)
I can leave just as easily as I came.

She grabs the blow torch and turns it on high. She brings it dangerously close to her skin.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Tell me you would rather have that over me. Someone who loves you.

Rick is scared. He moves in closer.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
I need to hear you say it.

Rick inches closer, and Justine brings the torch up to her face.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Stay back.

Then, a realization. She points the torch at Rick.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
No. You're the one that needs to go.

Rick backs up a step or two. Puts his hands up.

RICK
Wait, whoa.

JUSTINE
You're supposed to want to fuck me.
That was the deal. You don't.

RICK
Justine... There was no deal. I saw you as a piece of art.

JUSTINE
Liar. You told me secrets. I came to you in your sleep. You *fucked* me.

RICK
But you're not real. I created you.

Justine points the torch back at her head.

JUSTINE
Our mind creates everything we want. You're just too insecure to have it.

Rick knows she's right, but can't say anything.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
So that's it then?

RICK
I don't even know how this is even happening.

JUSTINE
Goodbye, Rick.

Justine sets her skin on fire.

Rick covers his face as the flames consumer her body.