

Papercuts pilot episode - Sample

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The sun is still bright, but it is clear that the sun will set soon.

Rosalee casually walks down the street. Straight-faced.

She takes out her phone from her backpack.

There are messages: 2 from Jax, 1 from Aimi, 1 from Mom.

Rosalee ignores them all. Instead, she goes to her Music, finds her playlist named "Vibes". It is filled with artists like "Panic!", Melanie Martinez, Lana Del Ray" and several similar artists.

Shuffle. Play music.

She hums and dances making her way to her house.

TIME LAPSE:

She makes it.

Enters the house.

INT. ROSALEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosalee enters. Angry parents stare at her.

Rosalee freezes. Eyes widened.

Oh no.

INT. ROSALEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosalee's parent stare at her.

Rosalee freezes. Slowly putting her backpack on the floor.

ROSALEE

Hi.

SARA

Hi?

(beat)

Hear that, Jerry? Your daughter walks in, three hours late, and what does she say?

GERALD
Hi.

SARA
Hi!

Sara rubs her temples as if she's trying not to lose her mind.

SARA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Where have you been?

ROSALEE
School.

SARA
It's past six.

ROSALEE
I had a test I needed to complete a test and I stayed over time for extra studying.

Sara walks up to Rosalee and sniffs her.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

SARA
Making sure you haven't been smoking marijuana, again.

ROSALEE
Well, I haven't. I really was just at school. I didn't have a ride back, so I just walked.

SARA
Why didn't you call one of us to pick you up? I was worried about you.

ROSALEE
It's a nice day. I wanted to smell the roses, jam to music, watch the clouds-

SARA
I texted you.

ROSALEE
I know.

SARA
You didn't answer.

ROSALEE
I know.

Sara tenses up. Eyes twitch.

SARA
You young lady-
Gerald steps in quickly.

GERALD
Not the time, Sara.

He pulls Sara away from Rosalee. Rosalee waits patiently for them to talk.

GERALD (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Try not to upset her, please. We
don't want a repeat-

SARA
(whispers)
We talked about consequences
earlier today. You're babying her,
Gerald. She fucked up, now she has
to pay for it. No way in hell am I
going to let her give me attitude.
I will not be disrespected like
that-

GERALD
You're treating her like a
delinquent.

SARA
She is a delinquent!

Sara backs up.

GERALD
Sara!

Sara already left their conversation. Back to Rosalee.

SARA
You make it so hard to trust you.

ROSALEE
You probably shouldn't.

SARA
You're giving me a headache.

ROSALEE
Sorry.

SARA
Did you take your medicine?

ROSALEE
Not yet.

SARA
You are supposed to take it every morning.

ROSALEE
I forgot. I left in a hurry. Crazy, right?

Rosalee laughs.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
You know how much I love pills.

Sara and Gerald look horrified.

SARA
You're grounded.

ROSALEE
It's a joke. Loosen up. It's funny.

SARA
Joke? You can't joke about that stuff.

GERALD
She's right, baby girl.

SARA
That attitude of yours... I am not going to let some little know-it-all talk back to me. I don't know who the hell you think you are, but I'm your mother and I expect you to respect me. Understood?

ROSALEE
If giving you attitude is the only way for you to listen, I'll give you attitude 24/7. Understood?

SARA
You are going to be the death of
me.

She takes a breath.

SARA (CONT'D)
Plus, you're also grounded for
coming home late.

ROSALEE
I was at school.

SARA
We talked about this, Rosalee.
Communication. You need to talk to
us. Even if it's as simple as
telling us you're still at school.

ROSALEE
You can't be serious.

SARA
Go to your room.

ROSALEE
Gladly. What else am I supposed to
fucking do around here?

Rosalee grabs her backpack and quickly leaves.

SARA
Watch your language!

Rosalee exits completely.

Sara sighs and looks at Gerald. He looks disappointed.

SARA (CONT'D)
What?

GERALD
You're being too harsh on her.

SARA
Well you're babying her.

GERALD
She's going through a tough time
right now. We need to watch and
take care of her. You're trying to
control her.

SARA
I control her because I love her!

GERALD
You control her because you blame
yourself.

Sara is speechless.

GERALD (CONT'D)
She needs you.

SARA
Can you check on her?

Gerald nods and kisses Sara's forehead. He leaves.

INT. ROSALEE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SUNSET

The sun is going down.

Rosalee slams the door and tosses her backpack and phone on the bed. Picks up a pillow and throws it across the room.

Balls up her fists and looks at the wall. Ready to punch it, but she doesn't. Instead, she sits on the floor and balls up.

ROSALEE

God, I hate that woman sometimes.

Her body shakes. Her eyes begin to cry.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She sits for a little while.

It is clear, she is under distress.

Suddenly, she stands up. Walks to her connected bathroom. Then stares at her self in the mirror. Red cheeks. Watery eyes. Body still shaking. She turns her head to see...

The cabinet.

She looks back at the mirror. Gently pulls her hair and takes a deep breath.

She takes a second.

Opens the cabinet.

There is only one pill bottle there.

BLINK.

The cabinet is full of pill bottles.

BLINK.

The cabinet is back to only having one pill bottle.

Rosalee rubs her eyes and wipes away the tears. She grabs the one bottle: "FLUOXETINE 20 MG".

Sighing, she swallows a single pill. Puts it back in the cabinet.

She goes back to her bed.

There are no longer tears. There is just a straight-face. She looks... empty. Without emotion.

She begins to hum again. Then grabs her journal.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

She doesn't react.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

She takes a second. Clears her throat, but her voice cracks:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Talk normal.

She gulps. Sighs.

Then again:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Talk normal.

Better.

She nods and drops the journal. Runs to the bathroom. Looks at her face. Puts water on it.

Puts eyedrops in.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

She yells:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
Who is it?

GERALD (O.S.)
It's me.

ROSALEE
I'm in the bathroom. Give me a minute!

Her face looks almost normal.

She moves her pillow to her bed. She walks to the door and opens it.