

Teresa's Birthday

By

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Sixth Draft

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

TERESEEA, a 23 year old, blank-faced girl, wakes up with a start. She is laying in her filled-up bathtub. The sounds of her ALARM, from another room, can be heard. Sitting on the top of the toilet is MR. GEORGE, a smartly-dressed teenage boy in a black suit. He's calm, looking directly at Teresa, who doesn't seem to mind in the slightest.

TERESA

You're looking nice today, Mr. George.

MR. GEORGE

Thank you, Teresa. Did you dream about anything interesting?

TERESA

You know I never remember my dreams when I fall asleep in the tub.

A pause. Teresa reaches for a towel, starts to dry her hair.

MR. GEORGE

Happy birthday.

TERESA

You remembered!

TITLE CARD: TERESA'S BIRTHDAY

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Teresa, with her hair wet, is wearing a too-big, gray sweatshirt and baggy sweat pants. Mr. George sits on the bed. She stares at the dresser for a moment. On it is a porcelain music box. She goes to it, opens it, and listens as the music PLAYS.

MR. GEORGE

I bet they'll give you another one.

TERESA

My parents?

MR. GEORGE

Who else? They must know you love that one.

(CONTINUED)

TERESA  
That's true.

Teresa continues to stare at the music box, open-mouthed.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Teresa brushes her teeth. She holds the toothbrush with both hands. Mr. George sits in the now-empty tub. Teresa spits out the toothpaste. She bends to the faucet and rinses her mouth with water.

MR. GEORGE  
You shouldn't do that, it's disgusting.

TERESA  
Oh, stop, I'm the only one who uses this sink.

MR. GEORGE  
I use it too!

TERESA  
When?

MR. GEORGE  
I do all that stuff when you're asleep.

TERESA  
Oh. I never thought of that.

MR. GEORGE  
We're going to have a great day.

TERESA  
I hope so.

MR. GEORGE  
Just me and you.

Teresa nods.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Teresa washes off her plates from breakfast. Mr. George leans on the counter next to her.

MR. GEORGE

Have you called your parents yet?

TERESA

I don't know, Mr. George. Sometimes they don't like when I call. They might not even pick up. I mean, they haven't the last couple times.

MR. GEORGE

You haven't tried in two weeks.

TERESA

I don't think it's a good idea.

MR. GEORGE

It's most definitely a good idea.

TERESA

I'll do it tomorrow.

MR. GEORGE

You're scared of them.

TERESA

No. I'm not.

Mr. George and Teresa are silent.

TERESA

I'll put it on the calender for tomorrow.

Teresa takes out a scheduling book from a drawer. She starts turning the pages, getting to tomorrow. Mr. George walks up to her. He rips away the scheduling book.

MR. GEORGE

Now.

Teresa eyes Mr. George, hesitates, and then moves to the phone. She doesn't dial. Mr. George comes over to her. She looks at him. He looks at her. He looks at the keypad. He dials, then walks away. Teresa gets the answering machine.

TERESA

Hi. It's Teresa again. Wanted to say hi, see how you both were.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TERESA (cont'd)  
Guess you're out again... I was hoping that...well...I don't know...You'll call back, right? I'm not angry...don't think I'm angry, okay? Hear from you soon, I hope.  
Bye.

She hangs up the phone and looks at Mr. George, who nods in approval.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Moving slowly, Teresa picks up a backpack that's sitting neatly next to her bed. Then she picks up a pair of horrible white sneakers from a row of shoes and puts them on, tying the laces with a double loop technique. Then, she goes to the door. Next to the door is a table. Laid out in a row on the table are her keys, her wallet, and a pack of bubblicious. She takes each item and puts them in her pockets. She then opens a drawer and pulls out a bag full of bread. This too she puts in her bag. She turns and faces Mr. George, who is sitting on the bed.

TERESA  
I'm going to leave for a little bit.

MR. GEORGE  
But it's your birthday. We always spend your birthday together.

TERESA  
Don't worry, I won't be long.

Teresa finishes zipping her backpack and puts it on her shoulders.

MR. GEORGE  
Where are you going?

TERESA  
Don't worry about it.

MR. GEORGE  
You're not meeting someone else, are you?

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

TERESA

No. I'm getting groceries.

MR. GEORGE

Oh. You gotta say these things.  
Good. I'll be waiting.

Teresa leaves.

EXT. POND - NOON

Teresa walks up to the side of a pond and takes out the bag of bread. She takes a piece out and tears it into small and equal pieces. She begins feeding it to ducks--on her face, a slight and small smile. She throws out all of the bread to the ducks and sits on a bench. She plays with the bread wrapper.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Leaving a grocery store, Teresa carries several heavy, plastic bags. She begins walking home. One of the bag splits and items spill out. People walk by, not helping. A MAN stops, bends and helps her. With his help, she manages to put some of the items that fell out into her other bags. The others, she puts in the space between her arms and chest.

MAN

You should've gotten it  
double-bagged.

TERESA

Yeah.

She begins to walk away.

MAN

Where are you headed? I could help  
you out.

Teresa starts walking away. A few more things fall. He walks and picks them up. He holds them in his hands and doesn't give them to her. She stares at them.

MAN

It's fine. I'm not in a rush, I'll  
carry some of these things.

Teresa says nothing, wide-eyed. He takes a few more things from Teresa. She abruptly turns and begins walking again. He follows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Teresa enters her house, closes the door, and puts her groceries next to the door. She reopens the door. The Man is standing there. He hands her the groceries he's holding.

MAN

My name's Philip, by the way.

TERESA

Thank you.

She starts to close the door.

MAN

It was nice to meet you.

She reopens the almost closed door.

TERESA

What?

MAN

It was nice to meet you, I said.

TERESA

Oh.

She closes the door. She turns. Mr. George is there.

MR. GEORGE

Who was that, Teresa?

Teresa is petrified, has trouble speaking.

MR. GEORGE

Why didn't you introduce me to Philip?

TERESA

I don't know him...

MR. GEORGE

So he's your friend, is he? You spend time with Philip on your birthday, do you?

TERESA

He just helped with the groceries.

(CONTINUED)

MR. GEORGE

Oh, with the groceries. Teresa couldn't carry her groceries home and needed Phillip to help her? Too embarrassed to be seen with me?

TERESA

That's not true, Mr. George...

MR. GEORGE

Did he *fuck* you, Teresa?

TERESA

What?

MR. GEORGE

Did. He. *Fuck*. You? Did you like it?

TERESA

Stop. Mr. George, I don't like this.

MR. GEORGE

You don't like this? Do I like it when you leave *me* here? Tell me that.

TERESA

We can go out. We can.

MR. GEORGE

No, no, no, we can't. Because from now on, we're staying here.

TERESA

What do you mean?

MR. GEORGE

No more leaving.

TERESA

I've got to leave sometimes.

MR. GEORGE

Well you can't.

Mr. George steps towards Teresa, forcing her to look at him.

MR. GEORGE

Oh... I see... you don't want me here at all.

Teresa stares straight ahead, miserable. She can't deny it.

(CONTINUED)



MR. GEORGE  
It's true, isn't it?

Teresa doesn't say anything or move her head. Nothing.

MR. GEORGE  
You want to kill me.

TERESA  
Yes.

He takes a pair of scissors out of his pocket. He approaches Teresa, puts them into her hands, and pushes the blade towards his torso. She looks at him, horrified. He pushes against her, and we see the blade cut into him by the look on his face. He grimace-smiles and sinks to the floor.

Teresa looks down at her hands. They're covered with Mr. George's blood. She sinks to her knees, over him. He reaches for her hands and moves the scissors to his throat, opening the blades.

Teresa doesn't breathe as her muscles contract. We hear a slight GURGLING off camera as Mr. George's throat is cut.

Then there are still images, black and white.

IMAGE: A bloody Mr. George, expressionless

IMAGE: photo of Teresa with her parents

IMAGE: bloody scissors

IMAGE: zoomed-in photo of Teresa's parents

IMAGE: Philip

IMAGE: Mr. George's cut throat

IMAGE: Teresa as child

IMAGE: another photo of Teresa's parents

IMAGE: blood on the carpet, next to Mr. George's mouth

IMAGE: lights making Mr. George a silhouette

IMAGE: Teresa's parents

IMAGE: music box

WIDE: WHOLE ROOM. TERESA IS KNEELING ON THE FLOOR, SOBBING.  
THERE'S NO SCISSORS. NO BLOOD. NO MR. GEORGE.

(CONTINUED)

After several moments, from the right side of the frame, Mr. George enters. He's untouched. He puts a hand on Teresa's shoulder as she stares blankly at where his body had been.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Teresa's still kneeling. Mr. George remains standing above her, hand on her shoulder. They both turn their heads towards the sound of the ringing phone, but neither of them move.

The camera follows the movement of their heads, passing them. It winds down the hallway as the phone continues to RING, past the bathroom, into Teresa's bedroom, and focuses on her night stand. On it is a phone and an answering machine. The phones RINGS twice more. The answering machine beeps.

TERESA

(Recorded)

You've reached Teresa's phone. I'm sorry for missing your call but please leave me a message and I will return your call. Thank you.

A pause.

TERESA'S MOTHER

(Over the Phone)

Hi Teresa, it's Mom.

The voice sighs heavily.

TERESA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry we didn't visit. Dad is too, I'm sure. We meant to. I'll make sure we get you something. Yeah, I'll order you something from a catalogue. What size are you now? Alright, well, happy birthday.

Teresa's Mother HANGS UP. The answering machine goes silent.

THE END