

That Burning

By

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

MAN 1 sits at the bar, he has a shot in front of him, and a legal pad, and pen.

He downs the shot, wincing as he shoots it.

Sitting down the glass he sips from his beer, and clicks the pen open.

He begins writing.

WOMAN stumbles up to the bar, touching him on the shoulder as she sits next to him.

WOMAN

Hey.

MAN

Hey...

WOMAN

We need to talk...

MAN

Okay, yeah...

WOMAN

I can't see you anymore...

The Man is at a loss for words, and tries to smile it off.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

The Therapist sits in a chair, with a pad of paper.

Man sits in an adjacent chair.

MAN

So I stopped writing the scene and she said that she was seeing someone else... and that's why...

THERAPIST

How did that make you feel?

MAN

Terrible... I mean, if, I don't know, she had given me a different excuse before? You know? Like early on, that we couldn't see each other, but it happened anyway... so

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN (cont'd)

I could understand if it was the same excuse but, I don't know, this person was an exception I suppose?

THERAPIST

Well, sometimes people change, their feelings, change...

MAN

Right, no I know...

THERAPIST

What else?

MAN

Nothing.

THERAPIST

Did she know how you felt?

MAN

I told her, the next day basically. She didn't really have a good reason back outside of just, moving on I suppose.

THERAPIST

Why didn't you tell her that night?

MAN

She was drunk, and, I don't know, who am I to tell someone who they can or can't like...

THERAPIST

Mhmm.

MAN

I don't know... maybe it was just a too good to be true scenario... she was above me...

THERAPIST

Why do you feel that way? That she is on a higher status than you?

MAN

I dunno... she was gorgeous, and into art, and it was, I don't know, it felt like a dream when I was with her, because, you know those moments when you realize, 'oh shit,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN (cont'd)
wait, life can be like this?' And
yeah...

Beat.

THERAPIST
What was the scene you were
writing?

MAN
What do you mean?

THERAPIST
You mentioned right before this
that you were writing a scene when
she walked up.

MAN
Oh, nothing...

THERAPIST
It must be of some importance,
otherwise you wouldn't have
mentioned it.

MAN
Well... I had started an idea that
was roughly based off of her and my
predicament, wherein one of us is
moving, etc, and what happens when
you realize that there may be a
future here, but not enough time to
figure it out without taking a leap
in one direction or the other...

THERAPIST
Okay...

MAN
Well, the scene that I was writing
for that, at the time, was actually
a moment when they have a fight,
and an argument, the um, 'dark
night of the soul' moment of the
story... um, are you familiar with
Joseph Campbell?

THERAPIST
A little...

(CONTINUED)

MAN

He referred to it as the, um, the abyss... it is the darkest moment of the story really... where anything can happen, they have hit their low kind of thing.

THERAPIST

Okay, so you have this story wherein the two characters based on you and her have reached their lowest moment...

MAN

Right when she walks up... ha...

THERAPIST

How did that make you feel?

MAN

Oh, wow, really not great, haha...

THERAPIST

Are you fearing a semi-law of attraction scenario? Where you brought this upon yourself?

MAN

Kind of, yeah...

Beat.

MAN

Kind of wish I could go back, erase it, rewrite it, you know? See if things end up differently...

THERAPIST

Well, why don't you erase it and do it again?

MAN

Oh, hah... no, I can't, wrote it in ink, ha...

THERAPIST

(matter of factly)

Then burn it...

The Man looks at the Therapist. They stare at each other for a moment.

A watch starts beeping.

(CONTINUED)

THERAPIST
Oh, time's up for today.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Man is laying in bed, he is looking at the clock beside his bed, reading the time.

Beside the clock is the legal pad.

He just stares at it.

Rolling over he tries to pull the covers over him.

Tossing a little he finally sits up in bed.

He looks at the legal pad.

He takes a deep breath.

Snatching the pad, he pulls the scene out of it, and walks out of the room.

EXT. HOME

Walking outside the Man takes the piece of paper and a lighter, he lights the pages.

Looking sad as he watches it burn.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Same as before.

We start with the wincing of his shot face.

He looks at the pages, slowly sips from his beer, and starts writing.

He smiles quaintly at the writing as a Woman approaches, touching him on the shoulder, and sitting.

WOMAN
Hey, we need to talk...

CUT TO BLACK.