

"SORRY"  
By Robin Brande

1 EXT. STREET - DAY 1

CARRIE lies face up in the street, blood streaming from her nose and mouth. She is happy. Relieved. Satisfied. A SIREN blares in the distance. The DRIVER cries O.S.

2 EXT. STREET - DAY 2

CARRIE runs across the street. TIRES SQUEAL. IMPACT. DRIVER screams.

3 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 3

CARRIE hurries along, carrying a box of her belongings or a couple of heavy bags. A PERSON bumps into her. CARRIE drops the papers she's holding.

BUMPER

Oh. Sorry.

4 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 4

CARRIE and her FATHER talk outside. It's obvious they're not comfortable with each other.

CARRIE

If you could just help me out, Dad.

FATHER

I'm sorry, Carrie. This isn't a good time.

CARRIE

But I'm almost out of money. I know I'll find a job soon, but I just need something for the next couple of months.

FATHER

I'm sorry --

CARRIE

Dad! I'm just asking you for a little help.

FATHER

Not this time. I'm sorry.

5 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

5

CARRIE'S BOYFRIEND hands her back her keys.

BOYFRIEND

This isn't gonna work. I'm sorry.

CARRIE

What do you mean it isn't going to work? How can you say that? I love you. I moved out here to be with you --

BOYFRIEND

Look, I'm sorry --

CARRIE

No, you're not! You've never been sorry in your life.

BOYFRIEND

Carrie, let's not start this --

6 INT. OFFICE - DAY

6

DENNY MURRAY, recruiter, sits behind a desk. We see CARRIE from behind.

DENNY

I have just one question, Miss Wallace: what have you been doing these past four years of college?

CARRIE

What do you mean?

DENNY

You say you want to get into our program, but you must have known our recruiting standards. These grades aren't nearly good enough.

CARRIE

But . . . Mr. Murray, this is all I've wanted to do.

DENNY

(closes her file)

Sorry.

SOUND of YOUNG CARRIE and her FATHER arguing, O.S.

7 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

7

YOUNG CARRIE sits at the table, upset.

CARRIE'S FATHER dials the phone.

FATHER

Fine! Here. You wanna talk to your mother? Good luck.

YOUNG CARRIE holds the phone to her ear.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

We're sorry. The number you have reached is temporarily disconnected or is no longer in service. We're sorry . . .

YOUNG CARRIE

(slams the phone down)

You're not sorry! No one is ever sorry!

8 EXT. STREET - DAY

8

CARRIE runs into the street after her dropped papers. TIRES SQUEAL. IMPACT. DRIVER screams.

DRIVER runs out of her car, screaming. A CROWD gathers. CARRIE lies in the street, face up, bleeding.

DRIVER

Oh my God! Oh my God! Someone call 911!

DRIVER kneels beside CARRIE. Doesn't know what to do. CARRIE groans. She seems to be dying.

DRIVER

Oh my God! I'm so sorry! Are you all right?

(crying now)

I'm so sorry. Oh my God, I'm so sorry!

CARRIE opens her eyes.

CARRIE

(weakly)

Really? Are you really . . . sorry?

DRIVER

Oh my God! Of course! I didn't see  
you! I looked away for just a  
second.

(crying)

I'm so sorry. Oh, my God, I'm so,  
so sorry . . .

SIREN blares in the distance.

CARRIE smiles with satisfaction. Slowly closes her eyes.

CARRIE

Thank you . . .

FADE TO BLACK.