

The Pills

By

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INT. BATHROOM - NIGHTTIME

ALFRED, 27, sits in his toilet. The toilet seat is covered with a towel that has the form of the basin. He stands up, and with the pinky, he flushes the water.

The camera tilts down and we see that he wears a blue silk pajama and furry slippers. He stands in front of the sink and we see him from the mirror's point of view.

He looks down and we see that counter is perfectly organized. Lotions are color-coded and towels are perfectly folded.

Three different tooth brushes have the names "Morning", "Afternoon" and "Night" written on the handle. He takes the one that says "night" and starts brushing his teeth, then he flosses.

After, he combs his hair to one side, then to the other. He does this 20 times consecutively, counting them out loud.

Then, he brushes his teeth again. He takes antibacterial spray and sprays the sink.

ALFRED

(Speaking to himself, calmly)

There's nothing to worry. BBDO  
Advertisement will accept your  
campaign. Alfred Johnson, you are  
the best of the best, nothing will  
go wrong...

He hesitates.

ALFRED

NOTHING WILL GO WRONG!

He calms himself. He breaths and smiles. He takes a box of pills, opens the tap and we see the box of pills is empty.

ALFRED

Fuck.

Then he exits the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME

The room has white painted walls covered with Picasso masterpieces. His bed is strictly built.

He opens his closet and the closet is strictly organized. He puts his slippers inside. Everything ordered by color, occasion and style.

(CONTINUED)

He turns off the lights, then he goes to his bed. He opens his nightstand's drawer and picks up a little red stress ball. Alfred starts to stress the ball.

ALFRED

There's nothing to worry. There's nothing to worry Alfred. Everything will be perfect. 100. 99. 98. 97. 96. 95.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME (LATER)

ALFRED

5. 4. 3. 2...

RANDAL, 27, speaks from the darkness of the room.

RANDAL

Does the counting actually work?

ALFRED

(Horrorified)

Who is there?

Alfred jumps from the bed.

RANDAL

Oh, sorry to startle you, it's me.

ALFRED

Please, get out of my house or I will call the police. I mean it.

RANDAL

That's no way to treat an old friend.

Randal comes into the light and we device a young adult in a very stylish wine-colored suit. His hair is curly, and long.

Has black combat boots, and skinny jeans. Alfred takes a pepper spray with a handkerchief from his side table. He points it to Randal's face.

ALFRED

I don't know how you got in, but you will leave now. I am not afraid to use it. Im warning you.

RANDAL

Oh what a pretty handkerchief. Let me see it!

(CONTINUED)

Randal takes it from Alfred. Alfred has an expression of disgust.

ALFRED  
Ahg! You touched me!

RANDAL  
You still have those weird habits  
of yours?

ALFRED  
This is incredible! Leave! How did  
you get in?

RANDAL  
Oh, I climbed through the window  
porch, like we used to do when we  
were little.

ALFRED  
I'm calling the police.

Alfred reaches the phone.

RANDAL  
Wait no!

He touches Alfred's back.

ALFRED  
Stop touching me!

RANDAL  
Ok, look. You don't remember me?

ALFRED  
Emmm, no.

RANDAL  
I lived on the street when we where  
5. I know your mother Brenda, and  
your father James. We used to play  
"Tag-you're it!". Those were the  
best moments of my life. Then, when  
you turned 10, I moved away, and I  
we haven't seen each other ever  
since.

ALFRED  
Who are you again?

RANDAL  
Randal, sir, at your service.

ALFRED  
I don't recall knowing any Randal.

RANDAL  
Try to remember. Come on, you can do it Alfred.

ALFRED  
How do you know my name?

RANDAL  
I am in town till tomorrow and I need a place to stay. Can I stay in your couch?

ALFRED  
Can you answer my question? And absolutely not.

RANDAL  
I told you, we were friends till we were 10. People forget about their childhood friends.

Randal climbs to Alfred's bed and starts jumping up and down.

ALFRED  
Get off my bed!

RANDAL  
Tag you're it.

ALFRED  
Step down, now.

RANDAL  
Catch me if you can!

Randal starts jumping to the desk and makes a mess. Everything falls down to the floor (Pencils, scissors, paper, etc.)

ALFRED  
What do you want?!

RANDAL  
I want to play.

ALFRED

You are a grownup!

RANDAL

Yes, I am. In fact, I am 27.

ALFRED

Well I can't "play". I have a big presentation tomorrow and I need to get my 8 hours of sleep.

RANDAL

Look, I know you become tense every time you are about to present. I remember that time when you were going to compete in the regional spelling bee, that you threw u...

ALFRED

How do you know that?

RANDAL

That's not the case. Why don't we go out to the bar and get wild!

ALFRED

Are you out of your mind?

RANDAL

Ok, maybe not get wild. Just get a couple of drinks. What do you say?

ALFRED

No.

RANDAL

Please, pretty please, with a cherry on top!

ALFRED

No. I don't even know you.

RANDAL

You need to relax!

ALFRED

(Doubtful)

That is none of your business.

RANDAL

Let me see. Alfred, you graduated from one of the best colleges in the nation, perhaps the world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL (cont'd)  
Newhouse is killing in the advertising world. You got a job right after at BBDO as assistant creative. Then you were making a ton lot of money, and people actually started respecting you. You are that type of person who just is to strict with whatever they have in their hands, that can't make one tiny mistake. Even with their art. To let art happen, you need to breath a little, drink a little.

ALFRED  
Mmmm...

RANDAL  
You see! You're thinking about it! You are going to do great tomorrow I bet, just relax now and wake up tomorrow fresh to kill that presentation.

Alfred looks thoughtful.

RANDAL  
Don't fool yourself, Alfred.

ALFRED  
Ugh, if it's the only way to get you out of this house...

RANDAL  
Yes!

ALFRED  
(With authority)  
But we are leaving at 11, and we are going to the martini bar up the street.

INT. MARTINI BAR - NIGHTTIME

People mingle around. The music is lounge music and the bar is very luxurious.

Alfred and Randal sit next in high stools in the counter. Alfred grabs the stress ball with one hand and with the a martini with his handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

I want to leave. Too many people.

RANDAL

Come on Alfred, loosen up a little.  
Let's play.

ALFRED

(Mad)

I told you I don't want to play!

Randal becomes silent.

ALFRED

Look, I'm sorry. It's just that I  
can't remember who you are. Can I  
know more about you?

RANDAL

There's not much to know about me.  
I disappeared for a while. Didn't  
do much. Traveled through time and  
space.

ALFRED

Where did you study?

RANDAL

I didn't.

ALFRED

(Impressed)

You didn't?

RANDAL

Alfred, there is much more to life  
than being perfect.

ALFRED

So you don't believe I can loosen  
up?

RANDAL

I won't believe it until I see it.

ALFRED

Ha, watch me.

Alfred leaves and walks towards a girl at the martini bar.  
We see him talking to the girl.

(CONTINUED)



ALFRED  
(Stressing the little red  
ball)

Hey

MONICA, 20, has a huge cleavage, tight skirt, and high heels as tall as a ruler. Her long straight brown hair falls perfectly to her buttocks. She sits at the chair next to Alfred.

MONICA  
So you want to sleep with me?

ALFRED  
(Startled)  
Absolutely not, what makes you think that?

MONICA  
It's ok. Most guys want to.

ALFRED  
Yeah but, not me. I mean, I wouldn't mind. I mean...

MONICA  
Monica.

She reaches to shake his hand. Alfred avoids her hand.

ALFRED  
Alfred, nice to meet you.

MONICA  
So, are you gonna buy me a drink?

ALFRED  
Well, I guess.

MONICA  
Next time, the answer's yes.

ALFRED  
Will take it into consideration.

MONICA  
So Alfred, what do you do for a living?

ALFRED  
I am creative director in BBDO international.

MONICA  
That's an ad agency.

ALFRED  
Advertising.

MONICA  
Exactly, that.

ALFRED  
Mhm.

MONICA  
So, you are an artist.

ALFRED  
I lead the artists.

MONICA  
So an OCD artist, interesting.

ALFRED  
How dare you say I have OCD?

MONICA  
It's obvious. You wont shake my  
hand. You won't look me in the eye,  
and you grab your martini with a  
purple handkerchief.

ALFRED  
Well you are wrong!

MONICA  
Then, are you gay?

ALFRED  
I am a fine man. I like my things  
clean.

MONICA  
I keep my things clean.

She touches Alfred's chest. She scrolls her hand down his  
stomach.

ALFRED  
Um, oh, ok.

MONICA  
I am very open minded Alfred.

ALFRED

I see.

MONICA

I know that sooner or later, you will take me to your apartment, and things will get very, how should I put it, mmmm... artistic. Does it sound like a plan?

Alfred looks towards where Randal sits. Randal winks to him, and smiles. Alfred smiles at Monica.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME (LATER)

Alfred and Monica are getting it on. They start to stumble upon the walls.

ALFRED

Be careful with the bookshelf.

They stumble upon it and knock it down.

ALFRED

Wait, wait, be careful!

MONICA

Shhh! I want you to go down on me, big boy.

ALFRED

Ummm, I don't think that's going to happen.

MONICA

Why? You don't want to taste the flavor of...

ALFRED

Oh my stop!

MONICA

Alfred, loosen up a little.

ALFRED

Why is everyone saying that to me?

We hear Randal's voice from the shadows.

RANDAL

(Mockingly)

Maybe because you have to loosen up, big boy.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED  
Who is it?

MONICA  
What?

Alfred looks at the shadows. No one comes out to the light.  
He starts talking to the shadows.

ALFRED  
Come out, now!

MONICA  
Who is there? I can't see anyone.

Alfred's expression changes as he knows who this person is.

ALFRED  
How dare you come back to my house!  
Get out.

MONICA  
Alfred, I don't hear anything.

RANDAL  
Alfred, loosen up!

ALFRED  
Get out of my room!

RANDAL  
I can't unless you make me.

ALFRED  
I am not going to fight you. I am  
not that type of person. I will not  
say it again. GET OUT!

MONICA  
Alfred is he whispering?

ALFRED  
You get me out to play, you get me  
this girl, and now you are ruining  
it. Thanks for nothing, prick.

RANDAL  
I didn't got her, you did. We did,  
together.

ALFRED  
What are you talking about?

MONICA

Alfred, is he cute? I actually can't see how he looks, or hear. But I don't mind sharing the bed with him.

She grabs him by his crotch, and Alfred throws her to the bed.

MONICA

That's it, I like it rough.

ALFRED

I still don't know who the fuck you are, and you won't get you out of my room.

RANDAL

Alfred, do you remember that red ball we used to play with?

Alfred stops screaming. He looks at the shadows, thinking. The camera zooms at his eyes.

EXT. STREET - DAYTIME

ALFRED, 10, is playing with a red ball. The red ball is bouncing up and down, and is getting dirtier and dirtier with mud. The kid is all trenched in dirt, but he is laughing as much as possible. He is talking to someone that is not there.

NEIGHBOR, 10, trots down the street and sees the first kid. He stops and says:

SECOND KID

Who are you talking to? You're a freak.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME

MONICA

You are pathetic, Alfred.

ALFRED

Shhh. Silence.

RANDAL

You remember me.

ALFRED

That red ball... it made us happy.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL  
It made you happy.

ALFRED  
Randal?

RANDAL  
Im just a bit bigger.

ALFRED  
You are all grown up.

MONICA  
I'm so lost. Who are you talking  
to? Is this your type of foreplay?

RANDAL  
You forgot about me.

ALFRED  
It was the psychiatrist, I swear.

RANDAL  
You forgot about me, Alfred.

ALFRED  
They made me forget about you. I  
was ten and I was still talking to  
my imaginary friend. But that red  
ball...

Randal comes out from the shadows.

RANDAL  
Blame it on the OCD right?

ALFRED  
I couldn't do anything, they  
controlled me with medications.  
Those damn pills, Randal.

Alfred stresses the red stress ball.

RANDAL  
Relax.

MONICA  
Wait, what?

RANDAL AND ALFRED  
Shhh!

RANDAL

I was lost. Without a purpose in life. I was all around the universe looking for you. It was dark, all dark. I couldn't see a path to get to you. But then again, I was free...

ALFRED

Free? Lucky you.

MONICA

Oh my god, can you stop speaking alone? I have to work later. Customers are waiting.

RANDAL

Do you still have it?

Alfred starts to look anxious. Starts stressing his little ball more and more.

RANDAL

Relax, relax! We can get a new one. Just promise me we will get it filthy.

Randal walks towards Alfred. He goes for the hug. Alfred steps back, and Randal smiles. Alfred finally gives him a hug.

MONICA

Yoo-hoo! I'm sorry to interrupt your little romantic moment with yourself, but I am still here.

ALFRED

Monica, I will have to ask you to leave. I have to catch up with an old friend.

MONICA

Ugh, you are definitely gay.

Monica leaves. Alfred climbs to the bed. We see him falling asleep with his little red stress ball tight between his hands. Randal climbs to the bed also.

Randal takes the ball from Alfred's hands throwing it to the floor. Then, he lies down next to him, watching Alfred sleep. A tracking shot pulls out creating a wide frame.

FADE TO BLACK