

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. DAY. A GAS STATION BATHROOM STALL

A shot of a man from outside the stall. We see his pants around his ankles. We hear him giggle and pull his pants up.

EXT. DAY THE OPEN ROAD

We see a man driving down the highway. A shot of his car from inside. It's a weathered, beaten-up old sedan. There are crumpled McDonald's, Burger King, and Carl's Jr. bags on the dash. Empty coffee cups and finished Red Bull cans in the backseat.

INT. DAY. A TRUCK STOP BATHROOM

A shot of the same man on the toilet with his pants around his ankles but this time the shot is from the interior of the stall. He's reading the walls and pulls out his little notebook from his shirt pocket and a pen, he guffaws and writes what he reads on the wall in his notebook.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Back on the road. The same day. Comes to a motel and pulls in. It's a little beaten down. It looks like it was built in the 60's and has a beaten down vintagey vibe about it. He gets out and the wind hits him right away. It's cold. He opens the trunk and takes out a cooler of food and his briefcase. He pulls out the cooler, the briefcase, and his jacket and begins to walk to the main office to check-in. As he does, he passes a vending and an ice machine. The sign says, "*Exact change only*" There is a kid about 18-20 in front of the machine banging on it.

KID
God dammit.

He bangs on the machine and sees the man with his hands full walking past him with the cold wind hitting his body.

KID (CONT'D)
Hey, Mister! You got any
change?

ALFIE
Uh...

Alfie immediately stops, puts his stuff down, and
digs in his pocket for some change. He gives it to
the kid.

KID
Thanks, Mister

Alfie doesn't say anything. He just nods politely. He
picks up his stuff and begins to walk on. As he does,
his notebook falls out of his shirt pocket. He
doesn't see it and continues walking.

KID (CONT'D)
Hey, Mister! You dropped this!

As the kid picks it up, we see on the notebook Alfie
has scribbled "Ted Bundy lived here" The kid gives
him a look of recognition and hands it to him.

KID (CONT'D)
Ha! I've seen that one.

And he starts to leaf through the book. Insert of the
book with a few of the sayings he has collected. The
kid starts to laugh. He is impressed.

KID (CONT'D)
Some of these are really good!

Alfie smiles shyly. The kid motions to give it back.
Alfie looks at him for a moment.

ALFIE
You know what? You take it.
It's yours. Add to it or don't.
Read it on the pot. Enjoy.

KID
Thanks, Mister!

Alfie watches as the kid walks away. A look of longing on Alfie's face.

INT. DAY. THE MOTEL ROOM

Alfie opens the door of the motel room and puts the cooler down and his briefcase. He opens the briefcase and we see a bunch of pamphlets about Organic Frozen Food instant meal dinners. There is also a gun. He takes the gun out carefully. Almost fearfully and puts it on the night table. He's not familiar with guns. He feels funny just leaving it on the nightstand so he opens the drawer to put it in there and sees a bible. He puts the gun in the drawer of the nightstand and shuts it. He starts to walk away but stops and goes back to the drawer. He feels funny leaving the bible and the gun in the same drawer. He takes out the bible. Throws it in the trash and stares at it.

CUT TO:

ALFIE IMAGINING A POLICE OFFICER IN THE MOTEL ROOM TALKING TO A DETECTIVE.

POLICE OFFICER

We found a bible in the trash,
Sir. What kind of degenerate
throws a bible in the trash?

Alfie takes the bible out of the trash. He mimes kicking it out the door.

ALFIE

And the crowd goes wild...AHHH.
Touchdown...

A priest appears.

PRIEST

You can't do that son, You
can't kick a bible.

He puts the bible back in the drawer and closes it. A beat. Alfie opens the drawer again, this time he takes the gun out of the drawer. Sits down on the bed and leans against the bedpost. He just holds it for a moment. He's not sure what to do. He moves to put the gun to his head for a moment to see how that feels. He pulls it away from his head. A beat. He's thinking. He starts to bring it to his mouth. He stops. He looks at the gun. He has a thought...He imagines Police and forensics around his dead body slumped on the floor. A mess.

CUT TO:

ALFIE'S DEAD BODY PILED IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR.
DETECTIVE AND FORENSICS OVERLOOKING ALFIE'S BODY.

FORENSICS

Don't you wish that suicides could just go to the bathroom before they do the deed? What did this guy eat? I mean have a little consideration. There is shit everywhere, Man! I mean, come on...depressed people are so self-absorbed!

Alfie puts the gun down, puts it back on the nightstand, gets off the bed, and goes to the bathroom. He pulls his pants down. We see him again with his pants around his ankles. He looks up and there is the old dingy bathroom light with flies stuck in the fixture like little ghosts. He looks at the blank ugly walls of the motel bathroom and thinks...

..ALL of a sudden there is a pounding on the door.

VERA

Alfie? Are you in there?

Alfie freezes.

VERA

(CONT'D)

Alfie! Open up!

Alfie pulls his pants up and runs toward the door. His belt buckle is still undone...Then he remembers the gun is on the nightstand. In a flurry, he doesn't know where to put it and in a moment of desperation, decides to hide it under the pillow on the bed. He disguises his voice:

ALFIE

Who is it?

VERA

Who do you think? Let me in!

ALFIE opens the door. His son and wife barge into the room. VERA is in a bright floral dress, high heels, and a hand bag. She resembles Sylvia Miles. She's a ball-buster. A loud, obnoxious but loving woman. ARI is a 17-year-old high-school student. A good kid. A little odd but in the best way possible.

ARI

Hey Dad. What's up? You got any food in here? I'm starving. We've been driving for hours.

ALFIE

Uh...no son. Sorry.

Ari sees the cooler and makes a beeline for it.

ARI

What's in here?

ALFIE

That's for work. You can't have that.

ARI

Oh, come on. What's the big deal? Just act like I'm a customer.

Ari takes two boxed dinners out of the cooler. One box says Meatloaf and the other says, Vegetable Lasagna.

ARI (CONT'D)
Which one's better? **(And he holds up both to show Afie)**

VERA
Alfie, what's going on? Were you going to kill yourself?

Alfie ignores Vera and talks to Ari:

ALFIE
Uhh...Well, the lasagna is made from homemade pasta and the tomatoes are heirloom with fresh basil with a touch of locally sourced olive oil, and the kicker is that it was made in a pizza oven.

ARI
Sounds good. I'll have the other one. You got a microwave in here?

ALFIE
Uh...I don't think so.

VERA
Enough with the food. How could you, Alfie? I'm so mad at you right now, I could kill you myself!

ALFIE
Uhh...I'm sorry. I'm just so unhappy. I can't talk to you.

VERA
But you haven't even tried! You're just going to give up?

ARI

Dad, were you really going to kill yourself?

ALFIE

Uh...Yes, son. I was. I..I mean I am.

ARI

Cool. How were going to do it? Drugs? Cut your wrists in the bathroom? Hang yourself? Pills? Gun?

ALFIE

Yes Son, with a gun.

ARI

But they say you shouldn't use guns in stories. Especially with everything that happened on that film set with Alec Baldwin last year.

Vera opens her handbag, takes out a piece of chocolate or a coffee nip candy and starts eating it.

VERA

Plus all the shootings....

ARI

Yeah, it's too triggering....
No pun intended.

ALFIE

Ha ha, that's a good one, Kiddo.
Maybe so. But I can't think of another way yet and this is my fantasy. A gun seems the most versatile right now.

ARI

Yeah. I get it. Choosing your method of death is not easy.

(MORE)

ARI (CONT'D)

There are all kinds of things
to consider.

VERA

Oh my god, A gun. Where is it?
You were going to use a
firearm? Really? Did you think
about me at all? What this
would do to me, to us, if you
left me here all alone?

ALFIE

Well, I didn't get that far.

VERA

Well, get that far Alfie! I
need you to think about this!
Don't do this.

**Alfie takes the gun from under the pillow on the bed
and points it at his head.**

VERA (CONT'D)

Give me the gun, Alfie.

ALFIE

No. Why should I?

VERA

Because you're scaring me!

ALFIE

I can't.

VERA

Try!

ALFIE

I'm tired of feeling like this.

VERA

But killing yourself is not the
answer!

ALFIE

How do you know?

Vera doesn't know what to say. A moment passes between them.

VERA

Fine, you want to do this? Go ahead. But if you make a mess I am not going to clean up after you! If you miss and shoot your ear off instead don't give it to me as a gift because I won't accept it! If you wind up a vegetable I won't take care of you. You can rot for all I care....

ARI

Don't worry Dad, If you miss and wind up a veg, I'll get your back.

Ari is sitting at the table eating the boxed meal with a makeshift fork or spoon he found somewhere in the room.

ALFIE

Thanks kiddo. I'm lucky to have you.

ARI

Sure thing, Dad. Do you have any salt? This is really bland.

Vera is pacing back and forth. She is talking to herself and to Alfie. Trying to think of what to say or do. She takes guilt as a tactic.

VERA

(Whispering in Alfie's ear)

Will I be horrified and disturbed for years? Yes! Will I be a struggling single mother trying to make ends meet? Yes! Will your child be damaged forever by this? Probably.

(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

But with all that, we'll be okay Alfie. I will go on. I imagine I will probably meet somebody, someday.... (**more to herself**) I guess I'll have to join a dating app. Yuk.

ARI

You know, just because you love each other does not mean you are the best match for one another.

They both look at him for a moment. Who is this kid?

VERA

What? You think I don't have days where I want to end it all? But I don't. I persevere.

ALFIE

Good for you.

VERA

Enough! This is bullshit. Killing yourself is not the answer.

ALFIE

How do you know?!

VERA

Because I love you and I don't want you to!

Ari starts singing, "You Can't Always Get What You Want" by The Rolling Stones.

VERA (CONT'D)

Ari!

ARI

What? I'm just trying to lighten the situation.

(MORE)

ARI (CONT'D)

That's what they teach us at school in those suicide prevention seminars. Take the patient seriously but also enter in a little levity.

ALFIE

That's what my dollars are going for at that school? Suicide prevention workshops?

VERA

You'd be surprised. It's a very progressive school.

Vera takes a compact out of her purse and reapplies her lipstick.

ALFIE

Huh.

VERA

Is this really what you want? You really don't want to be alive anymore?

ALFIE

I don't know! It's just, I don't know how to do this! I'm on the road for days. It's lonely and I don't want to feel this way anymore.

VERA

Come home, Alfie. Don't be on the road. We'll figure something else out. You can open up a restaurant. You love food, You can do something with food.

ALFIE

I don't want to do something with food.

VERA

Well, what do you want?

ALFIE

I want to write graffiti books!
I want to find and make up
lyrics on bathroom walls and
publish them!

VERA

Oh, Alfie, that's a pipe dream!
No one is going to buy books
with filth from bathroom walls
written on the pages by
degenerates.

ARI

I write on bathroom walls.

VERA

(She gives Ari a look) How can
you make a living doing that?
It's disgusting! You want to
write? Write a short story! A
novella! A self-help book! But
paraphernalia found in public
bathroom stalls in the middle
of nowhere? I don't understand
why people write on bathroom
walls in the first place!

ALFIE

Because they want to make their
mark! They want others to know
they were there! I can hear the
great hollow farts of departed
travelers. In the silence, on
the open road, in Truckstop
Johns, the walls begin to speak
and then I'm not alone anymore.

VERA

Oh, Alfie, You're a poet. Don't
shoot yourself. Make love to me
instead.

Ari perks his head up. Does he really want to be in this conversation between his parents?

ALFIE

I'm too old to fuck truck stop whores.

ARI

You're never too old for that.

VERA

Alfie! I'm not a whore! I'm your wife!

ALFIE

I'm sorry baby. Not you. I was quoting a limerick from the last gas station.

She gives him a look, sits down at the table, pulls out nail polish, and begins to polish and file her nails.

VERA

And that's exactly why I don't need everyone to know where I peed or went number two. The only thing I want to leave when I go to the bathroom is what was extricated from my body. You want to make your mark? Make it other than in a bathroom. Norman Mailer never wrote on bathroom walls, Enda St. Vincent Millay never wrote on walls, Emily Dickinson never wrote on walls.

ARI

Well, yeah, cuz she had a stick so far up her butt she probably couldn't even take a shit let alone write on a wall.

VERA
That's not true. Emily
Dickinson was misunderstood.

ARI
Agatha Christi?

Vera thinks for a moment before answering. Does she really want to engage in this conversation?

VERA
I could see her writing in the
loo with a fountain pen.

ARI
Elie Wiesel?

VERA
No, no...I can't see him.

ALFIE
What about Charles Bukowski?

ARI
He probably invented writing on
walls. Hell, he probably wrote
on walls with his semen and
then pissed on it. Poetically
of course.

VERA
Jesus!

ARI
What? I'm just musing...and I'm
sure Jesus wrote on walls.

Alfie begins to laugh and he laughs so hard he starts to cry. Vera pulls a handkerchief out of her handbag, sits down on the bed next to him and starts to wipe Alfie's tears.

VERA
So Alfie, what's going to be
with you?

Alfie continues to cry on the bed. The camera pulls away and Vera and Ari are both gone. Alfie is alone, holding his own handkerchief and wiping his tears away. He picks up the gun and puts it in his mouth. He is breathing heavily, shakily. He tries to breathe and calm himself. All of a sudden he has a thought...He tries to push the thought away but he can't...Finally, he pulls the gun away and says out loud to himself:

ALFIE

Here I sit about to cool it. My
plan to eat a fuckin boolit.

He giggles to himself. Starts to cry again. Puts the gun back in his mouth. It's hard to cry while having a gun in his mouth. He is getting shaky. He can't help it. He takes the gun out of his mouth, finally puts it down, and pulls out a small blank notebook and pen out of his pocket protector in his shirt, and writes it down. He reads it back to himself and gives a little smile.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Not bad.

Alfie sits there for a moment just thinking to himself. Relief or sadness comes over his face. A look of resignation or surrender?

Fade out.