

Revived

By

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INT. APARTMENT- DUSK

In an unkept one bedroom apartment a single light bulb sways above a makeshift dining area consisting of a refrigerator box surrounded by four milk crates.

ALEK, 14, pushes open the front door. His bulbous nose and protruding forehead lead his body through. He is met with a THUD to his chest followed by a sharp pain. He watches a butter dish drop to the floor.

Alek looks up with a squinted glare at his mother IZOLDA, 39. She waves her finger to a ragged towel. She motions for Alek to cover her with it.

Alek snatches the towel and drops it in a wadded ball onto her fat belly. She suddenly becomes lively and barks drunken, indecipherable profanities at him.

His father OLEG, 41, asleep at the table, awakes violently.

He lashes at Alek in their Russian tongue.

OLEG

Hey, you worthless piece of
shit....

Oleg's berating trails off to mumbling.

Alek grunts angrily and takes a large stride towards the kitchen and attempts to pass his father.

Oleg raises his right arm to block Alek, then swiftly thrusts his fist into Alek's gut, expelling most the air in his body.

Oleg pushes him backwards into the back of the couch.

Alek lifts himself back up still glaring at his father.

He sloppily covers his mother with the towel.

Oleg nuzzles his face back into his folded arms.

Alek steps past him with a tight jaw and knuckles as white as snow.

He opens the refrigerator door to minimal contents. He closes it and leans his head on it in disgust.

Alek flinches to KNOCKS at the front door. He peers over at his unfazed parents then steps quickly to open it.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIA, 65, stands with a smile in a dirty apron and a red bandanna.

LUCIA
ALEKSANDR! Como Está.

Alek wrinkles his face in confusion.
I means, how are ju?

ALEK
Oh....

Alek smirks, shrugs and tilts his head motioning towards his parents.

Lucia responds with a half smile and nods in agreement.

LUCIA
Mm..si. Please, Aleksandr, can ju
please helps me with mi basurda?
Está muy hebby.

Alek stares blankly.
Mi basurda, basurda.

Lucia points at two large garbage bags in her cleaning cart.

ALEK
(with a light Russian accent)
Oh! Oh. Yes! Yes. I can help.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT DUMPSTERS- DUSK

Alek tosses a bag over the top of the dumpsters.

LUCIA
Gracias, Aleksandr, Gracias. I no
have mucho monies. Can I cooks you
sunting nice por to eat?

Alek's bulging eyes open wider than normal with a slight smile.

ALEK
No, no Ms. Lucia. You don't
need to do that. Thank you.

LUCIA
Ees ok. Es no problem. I finish
clean jor home den ju come down to
eats. Está bueno?

(CONTINUED)

ALEK

He takes a couple seconds to attempt to understand while throwing another bag into the dumpster.

(under his breath)

Bueno? Bueno?

Oh... Good!

LUCIA

(As she walks away)

Good. Bueno. I sees you then.

ALEK

Ok (beat) No...I mean. I meant...

Lucia climbs the apartment's stairs before Alek could clarify.

INT. APARTMENT- DUSK

Alek returns to his apartment as Lucia walks out with a scowl. Lucia forces a smile for Alek.

LUCIA

I see ju soon, Aleksandr.

He storms into the apartment and faces his mother.

ALEK

What did you say to her?!

IZOLDA

I told that dirty, lazy spic to leave. We don't need her here.

ALEK

WHAT?! What the hell is wrong with you two?! You DO need her and if anyone is fucking lazy it's you!

A loud BUNG echos....

INT. APARTMENT- MORNING

Alek awakens to a horrific throbbing at the back of his head and stares directly at mounds of dust underneath the couch.

He reaches back to feel a golf ball sized swelling.

He pushes himself up from the floor. He looks at a frying pan next to his snoring father.

Alek swipes his school bag and a newsboy hat to cover the bump. He frowns and shakes his head as he looks back at both of his parents as he reaches for the door to leave.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLS

Alek walks past a neighboring apartment where he notices a short, skinny girl with dark mascara and an all black outfit.

EMO GIRL/EMILIA

Hi. Are you o.k.? Were you training elephants up there or something last night?

ALEK

(distracted)

Uh... yeah....no, I'm fine.

Alek, adjusts his hat where his bump is and continues walking without breaking stride.

EMO GIRL/EMILIA

(Sarcastically)

Rad. Ok. Nice chat. See ya at school then?

ALEK

Umm...ok...yeah, see you at school.

He sees Lucia on the way out.

She pushes her cart through a neighbor's door.

She pulls down a paper mask from her mouth.

LUCIA

Hi Aleksandr. Where do ju go last night? Ees eberryzing ok?

Alek reaches for his head then pulls his arm down quickly.

ALEK

Uh...yeah. Yeah. Fine. Bueno.

LUCIA

Si? Ok. Hab a nice day Aleksandr.

Alek returns a weak smile.

EXT. SCHOOL FRONT STEPS- MORNING

Alek arrives at school.

As usual he hears WHISPERS of his resemblance to a camel from other students standing on the entrance steps.

The bell rings. The few remaining students scatter and hustle to their classes.

INT. CLASSROOM- ROLL CALL

Alek seats himself in the middle of the classroom.

With his hood over his head, he slouches and stares at his desk.

He looks up for a quick moment and notices the girl from the apartment complex.

The teacher motions for the girl to come up to her desk.

TEACHER

Everyone, if you haven't noticed already we have a new student. Her name is Emelia.

STUDENT/RAYMOND

Nice eyelashes!

Muffled giggles are heard from other students.

TEACHER

Enough! See me after class Raymond.

Alek turns to look at Raymond.

RAYMOND

(In a loud whisper)

Raymond extends his middle finger.

Fuck off Al-pacca!

The other students erupt in laughter.

Bell RINGS.

INT. HALLWAY

Alek stops at his locker. He hides his face behind his hood. Raymond walks by and pushes Alek's head into his locker leaving a huge dent.

MOMENTS LATER.

EMILIA

Hey!...Dude. You know my name now,
what's yours?

Alek looks from around his hood but looks back down into his locker.

Are you just going by Alpacca then?

ALEK

Turning to look at her.

Huh? ... No.

EMILIA

So...do you have a name?

ALEK

Yeah. Sorry. Alek. I'm a little
distracted today, sorry.

Class bell rings.

EMILIA

K. Gotta jet dude. Later.

Final bell rings.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Alek walks home slowly.

Along the way he passes a newspaper stand. A headline catches his eye which reads *Suicide Numbers Continue to Increase*. He stops to purchase the paper.

He finishes his walk and focuses intently at the the headline.

He finally approaches the front door of his apartment.

INT. APARTMENT-

Alek pushes the door open.

His eyes poke out from under his hood. A black flash blinds him temporarily.

Blood streams down his nose. Alek feels the trickle and wipes it upward to his wrinkled forehead creating a horrific sight.

His mother ignores the bloody mess. She snaps her fingers and points towards her vodka bottle.

Alek drops his bag and moves toward her. His foot accidentally kicks the small box it sits upon. The bottle flips and shatters.

The crash startles his napping father re-igniting another barrage of Russian profanities.

Alek closes his eyelids hard. A tear squeezes out from underneath one of them.

Alek cleans the mess then shuffles into the lone bedroom while his parents' berating fades to a hum. He drops himself heavily onto the bare mattress and sobs into the sleeve of his sweatshirt.

MONTAGE- POSSIBILITIES FOR SUICIDE

--POV of Alec dumping full pill bottles down his throat.

--POV of Alec hanging himself with thick rope.

--POV of Alec slicing his wrists with broken glass.

Alec sobs quietly.

KNOCKS at the front door disrupt his thoughts.

Alek rises,

grunts and swiftly steps to the door.

Lucia is on the other side smiling.

LUCIA
Hola, Aleksandr.

Alek wipes his cheek with his sleeve and barely curls his mouth to smile at her.

(CONTINUED)

Lucia squints curiously at the dried blood on Alek's nose and forehead.

HMMFFF..., can ju helps me again
wis mi busurda? Mi garvage?

ALEK

I'm sorry. I can't today Ms. Lucia.
I'm feeling pretty weak.

LUCIA

Ok. Ees no problem. I find
somebodies. Ju looks tired
Aleksandr. Ju chood gets some
sleeps.

Alek nods politely and half-heartedly raises his arm to say goodbye then closes the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

He begins his walk to school.

DAYDREAM- *SUICIDE RATES CONTINUE TO INCREASE* -IMAGE

Midway he approaches an uninhabited playground. A jump rope lays beneath a set of monkey bars; near it stands a young child's bike.

Alek dumps his bag near the entrance of the playground.

EXT. PLAYGROUND- MORNING

He grabs the rope. Using the bike, he steadies himself while and ties one end of the rope to a rung on the monkey bars. He forms a noose on the other end.

His eyeballs are engulfed with tears. He places his head through the loop. A tear drips off his chin as it rests on the bottom half of the loop.

Alek's next view is a blue sky accompanied by fast moving clouds. He hears children giggling.

He turns his head only to find a snapped jump rope inches from his face. In the distance he sees two small boys running with the bike away from him.

He smacks the ground and gets up slowly. He sobs lightly and peels himself from the playground earth. Mulch is stuck and falling from his face.

He continues his trek to school.

INT. SCHOOL LOCKER- MORNING

Raymond walks by, grabs Alek's hat and tosses it down the hallway.

ALEK
(under his breath)

Dickhead.

Raymond rushes back and spins Alek around and grabs his sweatshirt.

RAYMOND
What did you say asshole?!

Alek says nothing.
That's what I thought camel boy.
Try not to spit on anyone with
those lips of yours.

Alek turns around. Raymond pushes him into his locker then sprints down the hallway.

MOMENTS LATER

EMILIA
Sup Alek.

Alek peers from around his locker door his hood covers half of his face when he turns.

ALEK
(mumbling)
Hey Emilia.

EMILIA
I gotta go to the library after school to get some dumb book for Literature class, can you show me where it is?

ALEK
Dumb?! Books aren't dumb. Anyway, yeah, you just take 5th ave.....

EMILIA
No. Dopey. Can you walk me there? I just moved here, remember? And actually I like books too but let's just say me and Mrs.Cobb got off on the wrong foot.

(CONTINUED)

ALEK

Mrs. Cobb? Really? She's not that bad but I guess I could see how she might not mix with some people. Oh, and it's Mrs. Cobb and I, not me and Mrs. Cobb.

EMILIA

What? Oh. Sorry, Shakespeare. I can see how you two get along now. Can you take me to the library or what?

ALEK

(chuckling under his breath)
Uh, yeah. I guess so.

EMILIA

Oh. Well. Don't let ME put you out or anything.

ALEK

Ha!

He quickly muffles his laugh with his hand.
Ok. Yeah, sure.

EMILIA

Meet ya on the steps then?

ALEK

Ok.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL STEPS-AFTERNOON

The final school bell rings. Alek pulls his hood off of his head and looks excitedly around for Emilia.

Twenty minutes pass. Only Alek and a few other kids remain.

ALEK

(To himself)
I knew she was a fake.

Alek yanks his hood back over his head and walks back towards home.

Along the way he sees a garden hose dangling inside a open garage with a car idling. He quickens his pace towards the garage.

INT. GARAGE- AFTERNOON

Alek hurriedly grabs the hose.

He burns his hand while feeding the hose into the exhaust pipe, flinches but ignores the pain.

His lips quiver. He snuffles while his eyes water. He lays the hose over the roof of the car and into the driver side window.

Alek sits in driver seat and rolls up the window.

INT. INSIDE CAR-AFTERNOON

Alek begins to feel the effect of the carbon monoxide.

His eyelids blink slowly and almost shut for good when an overly tanned, muscle-bound Italian man with a tank top and spiked hair, jerks the car door open and pulls Alek out.

He drags Alek out of the garage and props him up at the end of his driveway. Before the man walks back he shoves Alek down with his foot into nearby grass.

Alek, still intoxicated, haphazardly unfolds himself to stand. Crying quietly to himself he creeps along his path.

Alek choses not to return home. He walks aimlessly around town as the sun drops beneath the horizon.

He stumbles upon....

EXT. ALLEYWAY- NIGHT

Alek notices a shopping basket full of glass bottles. The broken end of one catches his eye.

He grins while tears fill his eyes simultaneously. Then laughs lightly with morbid satisfaction.

He leans against the wall, grabs the head of the busted bottle and forcefully pushes the jagged edge into his wrist.

Blood appears and slides off his wrist onto an old newspaper on the ground.

Alek closes his eyes and drops his head backwards. He presses harder into his skin.

His eyes open violently when a THWACK from a newspaper smacks the bump on his head.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS MAN

Let loose of my bottle boy!!!
(Beat)

Little shit head.

Alek watches the man push the noisy cart away. He looks back down at the dark red streak rolling down his forearm. His eyes spin backwards. He slowly drops to a crouch against the brick wall. The weight of his head tips him over. He falls into a fetal position.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY- NIGHT

Alek opens his eyes to a silhouette exiting the hallway and out of sight.

Before he is aware of where he is, the door to his apartment jerks open.

Alek falls back and stares directly up between his father's legs.

OLEG

Get up you stupid asshole!

Oleg steps back and kicks Alek's shoulder.

Alek snaps out of his daze and jumps to his feet, fists in a boxer's pose.

With his face red and his knuckles white Alek begins to step forward when a hand presses against his chest to stop him.

LUCIA

No Aleksandr!

OLEG

Ha! What little pussy you are, boy!

Without hesitation, Lucia grabs her broom, jabs the handle of it into Oleg's gut, flips it around and uppercuts the bristle end into his crotch.

Oleg folds over in pain.

Lucia shoves the same end into his face and pushes him. The force knocks him onto his ass.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIA

Ju leaves Aleksandr alone ju lacy
fat peeg!

Izolda sits up quickly from the couch and opens her mouth to attempt to speak but stops when Lucia turns her glare at her.

LUCIA

Ju has sunting to says lady?!

Lucia points the broom at Izolda face.

Izolda lies back down on the couch.

Alek lowers his fist and relaxes his whole body as he stares with his mouth slightly open at what just happend.

LUCIA

Come on Aleksandr. I makes ju
sunting nice to eats.

Lucia walks by Alek with all of her cleaning supplies.

Alek looks at his parents. Their faces have turned powder white as they keep their positions.

Alek smirks at them.

INT. APARTMENT- MORNING

Alek gathers his things for school.

His parents are in their normal places.

Alek's displays a tight-lipped smile. He looks at his parents who refuse to make eye contact with him.

On his way out he sees Lucia and waves.

ALEK

Buenos dias Lucia.

LUCIA

Ju has a good days Aleksandr.

Lucia winks at Alek.

Alek walks past Emilia's apartment. Her door is closed. Alek frowns and sighs.

INT. SCHOOL LOCKERS- MORNING

Alek grabs his books and turns around to head to class when he sees Raymond walking towards him.

RAYMOND

Hey Alek.

Alek doesn't answer and squints at Raymond's face.

Raymond has a black eye and a bruise on his forehead.

Alek continues walking to class and sees Emilia.

She mouths the words I'll see you later.

Alek walks into his classroom with a confused look on his face.

The final school bell rings.

EXT. SCHOOL STEPS

Alek stands on the steps and looks around.

He waits a couple of minutes. He drops his head and pulls his hood over his forehead and takes a couple steps towards home.

A hand pulls his hood back down to his neck.

EMILIA

Dude, you gotta learn some patience.

ALEK

I thought you were blowing me off again.

EMILIA

Blowing you off?....oh wait. Shit. I haven't seen you. I didn't get to tell you. That day we were going to go to the library that prick Raymond was harassing my little brother. I had to have a little talk with that shit head. Sorry about that.

ALEK

Sorry? Don't be sorry. (Beat)

So did you ever make it to the library?

(CONTINUED)

EMILIA

Uh...no.

ALEK

Want me to show you where it is?

EMILIA

Uh...yeeah.

Alek and Emilia walk away from the school.

ALEK (V.O.)

So when you had that "talk"
with Raymond would you say
that you do a lot of talking
with your hands?

EMILIA

Hahaha! Yeah, you might say
something like that.

FADE OUT