

THIS SKIN HAS LIMITS-A SELF PORTRAIT

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REVISION 406

March 24, 2009
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INT. BATHROOM- DAY

Counter displays deodorant, cologne, bar soap, blue toothbrush in cup and a razor. TYLER WASHBURN, 26, balding shaved head, scruffy face, gaunt, examines his receding hair line in mirror.

OLD MAN(V.O.)
Forty-two years.

TYLER (V.O.)
Wow...that's a while.

OLD MAN(V.O.)
It sounds longer than it feels. In the end...it's a blink.

Tyler handles tiny scissors removing traces of unibrow. Notices counter scattered with makeup and perfume. A pink toothbrush joins the blue one.

TYLER(V.O.)
I wish I could find someone to put up with me for forty two years.

OLD MAN(V.O.)
Now that's the tricky part. It's a tough one. It's not enough to just love a person, you have to like them too.

A WOMAN wraps her arms around him from behind. Nuzzles her face in his neck. He closes his eye's in comfort. Opens them, she is gone and the counter's bare again. Sigh.

INT. LOBBY- DAY

Tyler and a Woman pass by each other, he hides his face.

EXT. BUS STOP-DAY

Tyler slumped next to an OLD MAN on a bench. A bus creaks to a stop. Tyler rises.

TYLER
This is my bus, it was nice to meet you.

OLD MAN
Nice to meet you too, good luck with your acting and writing and things.

TYLER

Yeah, thanks good luck with dying soon.

OLD MAN

Thanks have a good day.

He boards. Commuter shrinks down the street.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Tyler enters holding paper sides. A CASTING AGENT shoots up from a desk.

TYLER

I'm Tyler Washburn I'm here for-

CASTING AGENT

-I'm sorry I have to cut you off right there you're far too ugly for this part or any part for that matter and you should probably quit acting altogether. As matter of fact, if I were you I'd seriously think about getting a job changing oil or maybe coal mining, something underground.

TYLER

Sorry?

CASTING AGENT

I said I'm sorry but we've already finished casting for this production, your agent really should have called you.

TYLER

Oh.

CASTING AGENT

Better luck next time.

TYLER

Yeah...thanks.

INT. LIVINGROOM-NIGHT

Tyler pennies scratch tickets. One after another come up "better luck next time." An answering machine delivers.

ASWERING MACHINE

Tiggs it's Jordy man where you been, you don't love me no more or what? Quit being a weirdo come to the bar you little bitch you're not that ugly. Come on I'm getting married!

BEEP!

ASWERING MACHINE

Hey Tyler, it's Linda, sorry I forgot to tell you earlier, but you probably figured it out by now that the audition has been canceled because your face is ugly they finished casting. Um, yeah sorry it's been a zoo over here today, Justin booked another movie and he's flying out to New York to shoot. Paper work, paper work. Anyway's better luck next time hun.

BEEP!

ASWERING MACHINE

Repugnant, disgusting, repulsive, shame, failure, alone, forever, single, one, -

-CLICK!

Tyler switches machine off.

TYLER

Jesus.

He glances over. Curled up beside him is ABIGALE, 20's. They gaze at each other.

TYLER

Hi.

ABIGALE

Hi.

TYLER

Something's wrong with my answering machine.

ABIGALE

Yeah.

TYLER
Wow.
He stares deep in her eye's.

ABIGALE
What?

TYLER
You're...

ABIGALE
What?

TYLER
You're...so...

ABIGALE
What?

TYLER
Beautiful.

ABIGALE
Thank you.

TYLER
What's your name?

ABIGALE
What is my name?

TYLER
Abigale.

ABIGALE
Abigale. That's a pretty name.

TYLER
Yeah.

ABIGALE
Are you ugly to me?

TYLER
Am I?

She examines his face.

ABIGALE
No.

He sighs.

TYLER
I'm glad you're here.

ABIGALE
I've run out of things to say,
what would I say next?

TYLER
You'd say

ABIGALE
That I wish I was real...and then
you'd say.

TYLER
So do I...So do I.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

In the mirror Tyler fights off tears. He sneers at his lonely toothbrush.

INT. LIVINGROOM- DAY

Montage/ Overwhelming sadness of reality.

- Alphabetizing DVD collection
- Facebook friends status are all married
- Ordering DVD collection by Genre
- Cell phone no missed calls no messages
- Typing then deleting his script
- Emptying DVD shelf again
- Abigale locked on patio he closes blinds

End of Montage

INT. LIVINGROOM- NIGHT

Heavy eyed, Tyler slouches in front of tv. He peeks at closed blinds. Opens blinds. Abigale shivers outside. He closes his eyes. Opens them, she's still there. He let's her in.

ABIGALE
What did I do?

TYLER
How could you do anything?

ABIGALE
I don't know, should I leave then?

TYLER
No, I don't know...no?

ABIGALE
I'll hurt you?

TYLER
This is sick. I'm sick, I...what
am I doing?

ABIGALE
I should go.

Abby turns toward the patio. Tyler stops her.

TYLER
No wait just...just wait...let me
be crazy for a while.

She turns back smiling.

ABIGALE
I'd like that.

He smiles. They settle into the sofa together.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

Using a measuring tape Tyler checks his hair line. The lone
toothbrush steals his focus.

He tosses a cloth over the Toothbrush.

INT. LIVINGROOM-NIGHT

Tyler zoned out to TV.

TV(O.S.)
Research shows that single men are
twice as likely to die early than
married men...

He races to patio door. Open's blinds. Empty.

He closes his eyes. Open's them still nothing. Toggles
blinds open and closed frantically. Nothing.

INT. BATHROOM- DAY

He flicks light on and off hoping for a surprise. Nothing.

OLD MAN(V.O.)

Yep, and then she was just gone.
That was the worst day of my life.

EXT. PATIO-NIGHT

He smokes a cigarette shuddering anxiously. The cigarette has markings along it reading "-10 min, -20 min, -30min...".

TYLER(V.O.)

I guess I'm lucky that I'll never
have to feel like that.

EXT. BUS- DAY

Tyler hunched next to Old Man on bench.

OLD MAN

Maybe, but I got forty two great
years of memories to keep me
company. And that's all you really
are anyways. What you remember.
And what you don't.

TYLER

I'm so young in the good one's.

OLD MAN

Yep...that's how she goes.

INT. LIVINGROOM-NIGHT

A prescription bottle and a glass of water stare at Tyler from the coffee table. Tyler pens a notepad jittering and glazed.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

He checks peep hole. It's Abigale.

TYLER

What do you want Abby, you're too
late?

ABIGALE(O.S.)

I'm scared Tyler.

TYLER

Please just go away.

ABIGALE (O.S.)

Let me in we can-

TYLER

-Leave me alone!...

Tyler back on couch. Pops lid off pill bottle. Fills palm.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

He checks peep hole. Abby again. He open's the door. His eye's stuck to the floor.

TYLER

What?

ABIGALE

Sorry to bother you my name's-

TYLER

-What do you want Abby?

ABIGALE

Actually my name's Nicola.

Tyler makes eye contact suspicious.

TYLER

Huh?

NICOLA/ABIGALE

It is you. I thought so we passed each in the lobby a few weeks ago. Hey listen this is sort of weird I know, but do you think I could use your shower?

TYLER

Ah, ah, um-

NICOLA/ABIGALE

-I don't have any hot water until tommorrow, please I won't make a mess I promiss?

TYLER

Ah, yeah, course sure um-

NICOLA/ABIGALE

-You're the best, I'll just grab my stuff, be right back.

She leaves. Tyler bottles the pills. Hides bottle. Straightens up the room.

LATER

With his ear to his bathroom door he hears the faucet engage.

Watches door suspiciously from couch.

LATER

She exits with wet hair and different clothes. He jumps up conspicuously.

NICOLA/ABIGALE

Oh, I feel so much better thanks so much.

TYLER

Um, no, yeah, that's no problem at all it's, it's good yeah.

NICOLA/ABIGALE

When I get all unpacked I'll have to have you...over for a drink.

TYLER

Right, yeah, sure, you'll have to.

NICOLA/ABIGALE

Well...um have good night.

TYLER

Yeah, you too, it was nice to finally meet you Nicola, I'm Tyler.

NICOLA/ABIGALE

Nice to finally meet you too Tyler, bye.

She leaves.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

Tyler pokes his head in. Everything is in place and clean. A pink toothbrush next to his blue one. Toggles light off. Light back on quickly. He spots the pink toothbrush. He picks up the pink toothbrush goes to leave but stops. Eye's it. Thinks. Places it carefully back next to his. Smiles at them from doorway. Toggles light off.

THE END