

Sickies

Written by

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INT. DIRTY BAR - NIGHT

In a crowded dive-bar, TRISTAN, loner with a heart of gold, finishes up his drink. He hands a ten dollar bill to a friendly-faced barkeep, BIG DEAN.

TRISTAN

Thanks for the hooch, Big Dean. Now
I'll be on my way out-

He looks up and spies OLIVIA, punk with a sullen demeanor. They lock eyes. She smiles.

BIG DEAN

Oh you stay away from her, Tristan
Driftwood. She runs with a pretty
rough crew.

Tristan ignores this immediately. From pie to windowsill, he follows Olivia to the backroom door.

TRISTAN

Hi, I'm Tristan.

Olivia pushes him away.

OLIVIA

You don't want this.

TRISTAN

I think I do.

OLIVIA

You don't even know me-

TRISTAN

-I want to.

These words win the heart of Olivia. They kiss, and she sneezes on him.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

(mesmerized)

Gesundheit.

OLIVIA

Thanks.

She wipes her nose, grabs his hand, and leads him outside.

EXT. BACK OF DIRTY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Tristan is led to a dumpster where a group of LEATHER-CLAD PUNKS loiter. They all look pretty gross. And a little jaundiced. They surround Tristan and sneeze on him.

TRISTAN
(keeping up with each
sneeze)

Gesundheit, god bless you,
gesundheit, god bless you,
gesundheit, gesundheit-

Tristan retches. He collapses to the ground.

Was this a set up? After a beat, Olivia holds out her arm.

OLIVIA
Come on, you're one of us now.

Tristan hesitates, then grabs her hand.

TRISTAN
(getting up)
One of what?

SKEEBALL, in mohawk and shutter shades, cackles like a jackal.

SKEEBALL
Sickies.

Tristan sniffles.

TRISTAN
Sickie?

SKEEBALL
(cackling)
That's right-

DRESDEN, the bleach-blonde charismatic leader stationed in the center of the group, snaps his fingers.

DRESDEN
Relax, Skeeball. Best not scare
away the new recruit.

Tristan starts coughing. Oh yeah. *He's a Sickie.*

TRISTAN
What the hell did you do to me?

DRESDEN

No sense in fighting it. Come on, I
want to show you something.

Dresden walks two feet to the left. He plucks a SOGGING HEAP (gym socks in spinach aioli) from the dumpster and presents it to Tristan.

DRESDEN (CONT'D)

Eat up.

TRISTAN

(defiantly)

I won't!

Dresden looks to the rest of the group. He snaps his fingers, and they start eating trash from the dumpster.

OLIVIA

You'll be hungry soon, like us,
Tristan.

TRISTAN

I won't do it! I won't eat garbage.

He runs away.

DRESDEN

(calling out)

You will sooner or later. Sickies
love garbage.

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On a futon, a sweat-soaked TRISTAN tosses and turns. He pops up and looks out the window.

A glistening can of garbage beckons him.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - LATER

Tristan picks up a head of moldy cabbage. He stares at it, moving it slowly towards his mouth. But before he can eat it, a CROTCHETY NEIGHBOR catches him.

NEIGHBOR

Hey! Stop that!

The neighbor runs towards Tristan with a broom.

Dresden & JOCKO (a large-and-in-charge Sickie) have been watching from the sidelines. They swoop in and hock loogies on Tristan's neighbor.

JOCKO
Shove off!

The neighbor screams as skin slips off his forehead into a pile of goop.

TRISTAN
Is he-

Tristan's neighbor is now a skeleton. All of his muscles and organs have been turned to slime.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Is he gonna be okay?

JOCKO
Yeah. Hunky-fucking-dory.

TRISTAN
B-but how come that didn't happen to me?

DRESDEN
(signing with his hands)
Sickie spit *dissolves*, Sickie snot *evolves*.

TRISTAN
Huh?

He coughs. Dresden puts his arm around Tristan.

DRESDEN
Come on, there is more to show you.

INT. INDUSTRIAL GARAGE - NIGHT

Jocko lifts up the gate to an industrial garage. Inside, Skeeball and Olivia (both in aprons) package GREEN POWDER into baggies.

Olivia plucks a baggie and hands it to a TEN YEAR OLD in a backwards hat, who in turn palms her a CRISP HUNDO.

The child dips their finger in the powder and rubs it against their gums.

Skeeball laughs maniacally.

TRISTAN
(fuming, to Olivia)
Sellin' drugs to kids? That's what
being a Sickie means to you?

JOCKO
(matter of factly)
Yeah. That's a big part of it.

TRISTAN
It's awful.

OLIVIA
You'll sell drugs to kids sooner or
later, Tristan.

TRISTAN
No! I'm not gonna sell drugs to
kids!

DRESDEN
But *Sickies* sell drugs to kids.

The group coalesces around Dresden as the ten year old passes out from drug use.

DRESDEN (CONT'D)
And you're a Sickie now.

JOCKO
Do the math.

Jocko throws a baggie of GREEN POWDER to Tristan. He catches it and briefly gazes at his destiny. But ever the defiant one -Tristan runs away.

INT. TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tristan tosses and turns on his futon.

The glistening garbage can beckons him from his window. It's paradise, and it's not even a block away.

His neighbor's skeleton tells a different story.

As Tristan shakes from trash withdrawal, the voices of the SICKIES GANG echo through his head for further torment.

DRESDEN
(v.o.)
Sickies eat garbage.

TRISTAN

No!

JOCKO

(v.o.)

Sickies sell drugs.

TRISTAN

I won't!

OLIVIA

(v.o.)

Sickies live forever.

TRISTAN

Wait, they do?

DRESDEN

(v.o.)

Sickies make millions!

TRISTAN

Seriously? How?

DRESDEN

(v.o.)

Sickies sell drugs.

TRISTAN

Right, right.

Tristan sits up. He begins taking notes and reconsiders the bag of GREEN POWDER.

INT. INDUSTRIAL GARAGE - MORNING

Tristan shows up slurping on some BANDAID SOUP.

TRISTAN

Hey guys, I'm ready to be a millionaire now-

The operation has been frozen. Jocko, Olivia, and Dresden sit on the ground with their heads down. Clean.

CURED.

Sickies they are, no more.

OLIVIA

It's too late.

TRISTAN
What happened here?

OLIVIA
They made a cure for being a
Sickie.

DRESDEN
Well what if we didn't wanna be
cured?

On a VIDEO CONFERENCE MONITOR, SKEEBALL appears, now with a suit and his hair slicked-back-all-capitalist-like.

SKEEBALL
(confident)
No matter. It's in the credo.
"Sickies sell drugs." You never
specified which ones.

Jocko rises with fist.

JOCKO
You sonofabitch, you sold us out!

Skeeball takes off his shutter shades.

SKEEBALL
(smiling)
Please. I set you free.

OLIVIA
He must have spiked the drug supply
right under our noses.

JOCKO
What the hell did you put in the
stuff??

SKEEBALL
A dash of Vitamin C, some anti-
inflammatories.. The rest is a
trade secret, I'm afraid..

OLIVIA
Why'd you flip? You were a top
earner.

SKEEBALL
Pennies to what can be earned when
you control both the sickness *and*
the cure.

JOCKO
You're sick.

Skeeball chuckles.

DRESDEN
(finally speaks)
We trusted you, Skeeball.

SKEEBALL
(losing cool)
Trusted me to stay in line. Do my part. And listen to your words as gospel.
(regaining composure)
"Sickies live forever." Oh yes, you'll live as long as you can afford our bevy of prescription pills.

TRISTAN
(holding his bandaid soup)
But Sickies-

SKEEBALL
"-eat garbage?" Don't worry, you still can. Hell, most Americans already do. Ever hear of fast food?

Various former Sickies slowly nod their heads. Even Dresden. Tristan remains stoic.

DRESDEN
(now understanding)
The rest of the world was *already Sickie*.

OLIVIA
(she gets it)
He caught us up.

TRISTAN
To hell with that.

SKEEBALL
But I'm offering a very generous severance package, Tristan. Of course you'll need to subject yourself to immediate inoculation, per the terms of the agreement.

TRISTAN
My answer is no.

Tristan walks away with shoulders held high. Skeeball grimaces as his video monitor cuts out.

TITLE UP: 5 MONTHS LATER

INT. STERILE BAR - NIGHT

In a trendy but sterile bar, a DIRTY PUNK with spiked hair and "Oi! Oi! Oi! energy" approaches a MIXOLOGIST.

DIRTY PUNK
(cockney accent)
Gimme a dirty martini, *emphasis* on
dirty.

The mixologist obliges, though he's visibly uncomfortable. After a fancy display of mixology, he presents the drink to the Punk.

MIXOLOGIST
(ahem)
Payment, sir.

The Dirty Punk rolls his eyes, then places his hand, equipped with a HI-TECH ARMBAND, on the table. The mixologist scans it. He immediately frowns.

MIXOLOGIST (CONT'D)
Sir, I can't serve you if you
haven't been inoculated against
mutations.

DIRTY PUNK
Want me to bark like a dog too?
Cover my mouth when I sneeze?

MIXOLOGIST
Well, yeah.

The Dirty Punk growls.

DIRTY PUNK
I don't recognize this town
anymore.

MIXOLOGIST
Perhaps you'd feel more comfortable
by the *rubbish bins*?

The Punk mean-mugs the mixologist. He hocks a loogie, and walks outside.

EXT. BACK OF STERILE BAR - CONTINUOUS

The Dirty Punk opens the door and sees, by the dumpsters -
-TRISTAN DRIFTWOOD, The Sickie King of San Basura, sitting on
a throne made out of garbage. He's surrounded by over a dozen
GREEN-FACED ACOLYTES.

Some of them eat trash, some of them play with knives, but
all of them are SICKIES.

DIRTY PUNK
Now just the who the hell are you
lot?

Tristan smirks.

TITLE UP: SICKIES

Beat.

TRISTAN
We're Sickies. You can call us
Sickies.

THE END.