

TINY WHITE PILLS

Written by

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Address
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INT. COUNSELING OFFICE - DAY

A neatly organized desk sits in the middle of the room.

MR. SMITH, 55, an older student counselor, hangs up a phone.
DAVE, 17, a scrawny, reserved teen, enters.

DAVE
You wanted me?

MR. SMITH
Hey, Dave. Have a seat. There are
things I need to talk to you about.

David does not respond, but he sits down.

Mr. Smith looks David's black eye.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)
How's that healing up?

David slouches in his chair.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)
I thought William would have
learned his lesson after the
detentions I'd given him.

DAVE
Well, you thought wrong.

Mr. Smith taps his fingers on his desk, and then retrieves a
folder from his drawer.

MR. SMITH
Anyway, on to what I've called you
in for. We've caught you with pills
for the second time this month.

He pulls out slips with Dave's names on them. They are write-
ups from the school's officer.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)
You need to get some help because I
can't bail you out forever.

DAVE
Then don't. I never asked you to.

MR. SMITH
I know you've been having a hard
time ever since your uncle passed,
but if you need help, I can call
your paren--

DAVE

They don't give a shit about me.
The only person who cared was my
uncle. I'm fuckin' out of here.

MR. SMITH

Dave, no, please stay.

Dave grabs his bag, and barges out of the office.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Beer stains, dirty plates, and bottles litter the house. Dave enters. He rubs his black eye.

FRANK, 48, a nine-to-five drunk, watches TV.

FRANK

Tell your mom to hurry the fuck up
with dinner. I thought you people
were supposed to be good at labor.

Dave navigates across bottles to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chaos. Prepared food fills various kitchenware. Dave walks in on CARLITA, 42, a fatigued Hispanic housewife.

DAVE

Frank wants you to hurry, mom.

CARLITA

I heard him. Just leave me be so I
can finish dinner. I don't want
Frank getting upset again.

Frank stumbles into the kitchen

FRANK

What the fuck did I say, boy? I
said tell her to hurry up, not slow
her churro ass down.

Frank takes a swig of his beer.

DAVE

I'm going to my room.

Dave's retreat path is blocked by the drunk.

FRANK
Where did you get that black eye.

DAVE
I fell down. Can I go now?

FRANK
You're such a fucking pussy that
you can't admit that you got your
ass kicked.

Frank turns to Carlita.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Is this what that beaner taught
your son to be? A fucking pussy?

CARLITA
Frank, calm down. Dinner is almost
ready. Dave, go to your room.

FRANK
Yeah, run away from your problems
like you always do.

DAVE
Just leave me alone, Frank.

Frank SLAPS Dave.

FRANK
Don't you EVER disrespect me again.

Dave looks to Carlita for protection, but she does not come
to his side. He gets up, and runs out of the house.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - EVENING

The floor is moist, and the smell is putrid. Dave opens up a
bottle, and pops a pill into his mouth. The bell rings, and
after-school detention lets out.

WILLIAM, 17, testosterone-driven, walks into the bathroom. He
catches Dave with his bottle of pills.

WILLIAM
Heeeeeey, buddy. I sure enjoyed
spending an extra hour at school.

William takes the bottle from Dave's hands, and pushes him
against the wall.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Well aren't you just the little
cartel member. You should overdose
already, you waste.

William walks to a toilet stall, and empties the bottle's
contents. He flushes.

DAVE
You son of a bitch!

Dave tackles William. The two stumble. William falls and hits
his head on the toilet. He bleeds.

WILLIAM
Agh, fuck. What the hell, man?

Dave gets up and realizes what he's done. He sprints to the
school's office.

INT. COUNSELING OFFICE - EVENING

Mr. Smith talks on his phone. When Dave enters, he hangs up
the phone.

DAVE
I need your help. Please.

MR. SMITH
Dave, what's the matter? Is
everything all right?

DAVE
I need help, and I can't do it
alone. Just...I need somewhere safe
to be, anywhere but here.

Mr. Smith pulls out some pamphlets, and hands them to Dave.

MR. SMITH
Pick one out, and I'll call the
number right now.

Dave looks through them, and picks one out.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)
I'm glad that you're finally
getting the help you need.

Mr. Smith calls the number from Dave's pamphlet.

THE END