

Adult Stem Cells

By

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FADE IN:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

DAVID (36), a regular guy with a white lock of hair on his forehead, is peeing in the toilet.

He finishes, zips up his fly and exits.

After a few seconds he comes back, visibly upset with himself and he washes his hands angrily and quickly.

He dries his hands with a paper towel and goes out of the bathroom.

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - DAY

DAVID (V.O.)
No one can doubt the love I have
for my mother

TITLE:

"Adult Stem Cells"

FADE TO:

EXT. DOOR OF DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

DAVID (V.O.)
My mother died two years ago...

David locks the door behind him and walks away, but a few seconds later he returns, angry with himself, grumbling.

DAVID (V.O.)
People used to tattoo "Mother's
Love", you know, and things like
that...

He looks for the keys in his pockets, arguing with himself.

He reenters the house, leaving the door open.

DAVID (V.O.)
But not me, it isn't enough. I
wanted to do something really
special.

He puts on his scarf in the doorway and exits again in a bad mood while he continues to argue with himself.

INT. DAVID'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David sits down to have dinner on the couch while he watches TV.

DAVID (V.O.)
I was flesh of her flesh.

He stretches out and he puts his feet up on the table in front of him, interested in what's playing on TV.

DAVID (V.O.)
So I had THE idea: to implant some of my mother's stem cells under my skin. That way, she would always be with me.

He looks up to the ceiling angrily and he seems to be arguing with someone imaginary.

After sighting, he covers his face with his hands and takes his feet off the table.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

David is seated, talking to a nice looking girl, LAURA (35). She is David's girlfriend.

DAVID (V.O.)
It was the worst idea I had in my whole life. I don't know what happened, but my mother's cells developed some kind of mutation or something, and one day I started hearing her voice in my head.

Laura looks at David skeptically in silence.

David moves his coffee with a spoon while he speaks, calmly, without losing his nerves.

LAURA
You're kidding me, right?

DAVID
I don't like to jokes about with these things.

LAURA
This is a joke.

DAVID
This is serious. It's been a really
hard decision but--

LAURA
So, you're breaking up with me
because your mother doesn't like
me?

DAVID
You know she is very persuasive
sometimes...

LAURA
(upset)
Was.

DAVID
What?

LAURA
(upset)
"She was" not "she is". She died
two years ago, for haven's sake!

DAVID
No, you... you don't understand,
she is still there... okay, it's
difficult to explain...

David looks at her but Laura keeps looking at him stupefied
waiting for a reasonable answer.

DAVID
It's hard for me not to obey her
and... look, this is it, okay? I'm
sorry.

LAURA
This is it?

She gets up.

LAURA
Mature.

She leaves.

DAVID (V.O.)
Since then I have been hearing my
mother's voice inside my head all
the time...

MOTHER'S VOICE
 You did the right thing, son. She
 is not for you.

David hits the table with his head.

DAVID (V.O.)
 And it's driving me crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - DAY

DAVID
 This is a nightmare. You have to
 help me to get her out of my head.
 Please...

In front of David a shocked DOCTOR (60) with a white coat
 listens stupefied to David.

DOCTOR
 (pointing at the white
 lock of David's hair)
 And that?

DAVID
 What? I don't know, I guess some
 kind of allergic reaction to the
 graft.

MOTHER'S VOICE
 Ah, very nice, an allergic reaction
 to your mother.

DAVID
 (desperate)
 Shi--

MOTHER'S VOICE
 Watch your tongue!

DAVID
 (angry)
 No, mom. It is not an allergic
 reaction to you.
 (to the doctor)
 You have to help me.

DOCTOR
 She is here--?

DAVID
(whispering)
She's inside my head.

DOCTOR
Okay... Look, it's true that stem
cells have the ability of
transforming into any other cell of
the human body, but...

DAVID
(desperately)
Please. I don't know much about
these things, but it's happening, I
swear. I need your help.

DOCTOR
Okay. Well I'm going to send you to
a good friend--

DAVID
You don't believe me.

DOCTOR
He's a good therapist.

DAVID
I am not crazy... yet.

DOCTOR
(with tenderness)
I wanna help you, but you realise
it's pretty hard to believe, David.

DAVID
You've known me since childhood,
you know that I don't lie, my
mother is capable of this... and
more.

DOCTOR
I don't know...
(curious)
Is she talking now?

David looks at the Doctor very serious and puts his hand to
his head like a gun and shoots it.

Doctor approaches to him confidentially.

DOCTOR
Perhaps if you could say something
that only she knows.

David turns his head, surprised, as he listens.

DAVID
Do you remember what happened in
summer of 95?

The doctor's face changes dramatically.

DOCTOR
(awkward)
That was only...
(upset)
But that's impossible... How...?

DAVID
I have an idea and you have to help
me.

CUT TO:

EXT. A STREET - DAY

David walks happily down the street, smiling.

A good-looking girl passes by, he looks at her and whistles.

MOTHER'S VOICE
David! Where are your manners?

David keeps smiling, without worrying.

MOTHER'S VOICE
Did you hear me?

David takes a piece of chewing gum from his pocket, throws
the paper on the ground and starts whistling.

MOTHER'S VOICE
David! Pick the paper up right now!

David continues on his way...

He doesn't hear his mother anymore.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

David, seated at an Irish pub with a beer half full.

He says hello to CHARLIE (35), David's best friend.

Charlie sees him and sits with him.

CHARLIE
Hey, you showed up at last.

DAVID
(smiling)
Enough joking.

CHARLIE
(pointing the white hair)
Love the new look.

David drinks some beer, beats his chest and then BURPS.

CHARLIE
(disgusted)
Come on dude.

MOTHER'S VOICE
That was disgusting!!

DAVID
(Very excited)
Nothing! I don't hear her!!

A waiter approaches to them.

CHARLIE
(to David)
What?
(to the waiter)
A pint, please.
(to David)
So, you ditch your friends for
weeks and now you burp at me?

DAVID
My mom. I don't hear her, I don't
hear her voice anymore. Now she
would be like... mmm...

MOTHER'S VOICE
Don't be so rude! Behave yourself!

DAVID
... "Don't be rude" or something
like that.

CHARLIE
Seriously? Congratulations!

DAVID
Come on, dude, don't get mad. She
was driving me crazy.
(MAS)

DAVID (continuación)
But it's over. I can go out with
you guys again.

CHARLIE
And how did you do it?

DAVID
My dad.

Charlie sees him stupefied.

DAVID
My father had a great talent: he
never listened to my mom, he just
said "Of course, honey" or
"Whatever you like, dear".

CHARLIE
And?

DAVID
Well, I injected some stem cells of
my father and, voila: she's gone.

CHARLIE
(surprised)
Are you insane?? You didn't have
enough with your mother's voice, so
now you have your father's voice as
well!

MOTHER'S VOICE
So that's it, huh?

CHARLIE
And does it work?

David BURPS again.

DAVID
(happy)
You bet it works!

MOTHER'S VOICE
I knew it was your father's fault!
Like always. But he's going to hear
me.

CHARLIE
You avoided your friends for months
and now you come to us with this
bullshit.

DAVID
I told you why I couldn't see you.

CHARLIE
Really? Do you blame your mother?

DAVID
Damn it, I just got rid of my
mother's voice, don't you start.

CHARLIE
How do you expect us to understand
anything? You always said your
mother hates us, that she thinks we
are lazy and disgusting...

DAVID
You met her! You know how she was.

CHARLIE
Yes, I know... but she died two
years ago, dude!

DAVID
I understand that it sounds crazy,
but now I want my life back.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry but... it's hard to
understand.

DAVID
(upset)
Even more difficult to live it,
believe me, but it is solved, okay?

CHARLIE
Okay okay... and you said that your
mother's voice is still in you? Bad
feeling, dude.

David shoots him a look that could kill..

The waiter brings the pint.

CHARLIE
(laughs)
What a looker you are with that
hair. Let's drink.

DAVID
Yeah. At least I can get drunk!

They toast, both happy.

CHARLIE

Well, of the two voices, I don't know which one I would prefer to have in my head.

DAVID

Why?

CHARLIE

Come on dude, he was always in a shitty mood.

FATHER'S VOICE

Who does this bastard think he is?

DAVID

(horrified)

Dad?

FATHER'S VOICE

Who else, son?

DAVID

Shit!

David HITS the table with his head.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David enters very stressed and closes the door behind him, hard.

FATHER'S VOICE

Don't slam the door! You're gonna send it spinning!

MOTHER'S VOICE

(kindly)

Son, what's the matter?

FATHER'S VOICE

What's the matter? He's finally gone crazy, that's the matter!

David runs to

INT. LIVING ROOM

David enters and the stereo up high.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Can you turn the volume down
please? You're bothering the
neighbors.

FATHER'S VOICE

I told you: he's crazy.

David switches on the TV and increases the volume too.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Of course he is going crazy, you
annoy and mock him all day!

FATHER'S VOICE

It's always my fault. You're the
one who spoils him!

David starts singing along loudly to the while he covers his
ears.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Could you turn down the music? We
can't hear ourselves.

FATHER'S VOICE

But don't you see that's what he
wants?

MOTHER'S VOICE

You be quiet! I know my little boy
and he needs love and compassion.

FATHER'S VOICE

He needs to be a man, and you
always have him trailing along
behind you.

David keeps his ears covered with his hands as he tries to
ignore the conversation going on in his head, but it's
useless.

DAVID

(desperate)

Stop!! Stop, please! Shut up!

TOC! TOC!

A couple of thumps come from the ceiling.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Turn down the music!

MOTHER'S VOICE

See! You've driven him crazy.

David gets up quickly and takes the remote control. He turns off the TV and stereo.

FATHER'S VOICE

Me?

MOTHER'S VOICE

Shut up Anthony, you make me sick.

FATHER'S VOICE

Bah!

David runs to

INT. BEDROOM

He runs up to his room and shuts the door.

MOTHER'S VOICE

See, it's always the same thing.
Every time you scream at him he
hides in his room.

He sits on the floor and covers his face with his hands,
rocking himself.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(to David)

Don't worry, dear, your father
won't disturb you anymore.

DAVID

(ignoring his mother)

This is not happening. It can't be
happening.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Come on kid, everything's gonna be
OK, you'll see.

DAVID

(hanging around)

Before I would hide in my room but
now...

MOTHER'S VOICE

Tell me, darling. What's worrying
you?

David, every second more disturbed, and looking for something in his bedroom.

DAVID
I can't take it anymore!

MOTHER'S VOICE
Come on, tell your mother.

DAVID
This is a nightmare! I'm gonna go crazy!

MOTHER'S VOICE
Are you listening to me? Don't be rude, talk with me.

David enters the

INT. BATHROOM

He looks in the mirror and then he looks at the razor blade.

MOTHER'S VOICE
Don't even think about it!

He takes the razor blade.

MOTHER'S VOICE
What are you doing?

DAVID
(mad)
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! IT'S OVER!

MOTHER'S VOICE
Take it easy sweetie. What's going on?

DAVID
Do you really want to know?

MOTHER'S VOICE
You know that you can talk about anything with your mother.

David looks at himself in the mirror.

DAVID
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

MOTHER'S VOICE

I can't believe that you are so
rude to your mom.

DAVID

(breaths deeply)

It's you or me, there's no place in
this head for two of us.

David approaches the razor blade to his face.

MOTHER'S VOICE

What are you doing?

DAVID

Mom, it's over!

MOTHER'S VOICE

You wouldn't do it...

DAVID

Sure, I would. It's time to think
of me.

MOTHER'S VOICE

So that's it, is it? I gave you
everything, and now...

Mother starts to cry.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(crying)

You are doing it again.

DAVID

(sighs)

No please, not that again.

MOTHER'S VOICE

You want me out of your life again,
like when you locked me in that
nursing home.

DAVID

I didn't lock you in there. We've
already discussed this. Mom, I
couldn't take care of you.

MOTHER'S VOICE

I know, I've always been a burden
for everyone.

DAVID

(screaming)

I'M SORRY, OKAY? I'M SORRY! I don't know how to apologize for what I did. I can't fix it. Are you taking revenge on me for that?

MOTHER'S VOICE

How could you think that of me? A mother would never take revenge on her son.

DAVID

(desperate)

So why are you doing this?

MOTHER'S VOICE

I'm just with you... But it seems like everything I do is wrong.

DAVID

No mom, it's just... you love me too much.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Well, I don't know how to love any other way.

DAVID

Sorry, but you smother me!

Silence.

DAVID

(more relaxed)

Sorry... I love you too but... it's just... I don't know. The graft, I thought it was a way to express my love... But I need to live my life.

He draws up his courage and TAKES the lock of white hair. He reaches for the razor to cut it.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(very firm)

DAVID! I am your mother and I order you--

DAVID

I love you mom, and I can never thank you enough for everything you've done for me. But I have to move on.

(MAS)

DAVID (continuación)
I have to decide for myself, I have
the right to be wrong.
(sighs)
I'll never forget you.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(begging)
I always tried to do the best for
you. But maybe it wasn't enough.

DAVID
It's not that and you know it.

MOTHER'S VOICE
Do you want me to sing you your
lullaby? You always relaxed when I
sang that.

Mother SINGS a lullaby.

DAVID
No, mom. I'm not a child. Sorry.

Silence.

DAVID
Mom?

MOTHER'S VOICE
Yes son?

DAVID
I'll miss you a lot.

MOTHER'S VOICE
Me too son, me too.

David CUTS the lock of white hair.

Closes his eyes and a tear falls down his cheek.

David goes to

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

David, exhausted, falls on the bed and curls up.

Clutching the lock of hair he begins to sing the lullaby that
his mother used to sing.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The curtains are open and rays of light come through the window.

David opens his eyes.

He sits on the bed and looks at the lock of white hair.

He breathes in deeply.

 DAVID
 Thanks, mom.

Silence.

He goes out of the bedroom

EXT. A STREET - DAY

He leaves the house, takes in a deep breath and smiles.

We see David walking away down the street.

 MOTHER'S VOICE
 It's hard to see how fast they grow
 up.
 (sighs)
 But it's great to see them
 smiling... It's a long journey
 until they mature.

 FATHER'S VOICE
 I thought we'd never make it.

 MOTHER'S VOICE
 WE? Like you did anything...

 FATHER'S VOICE
 I know, I'm always the bad guy.

 MOTHER'S VOICE
 Oh, shut up and go inside.

FADE OUT.

"DEDICATED TO ALL MOTHERS"

FINAL CREDITS

Each actor will appear individually, on a chair, with a panel with their names and their characters.

They will all cover their faces with a picture of their mothers and with the other hand takes an representative object of their profession, i.e., a skull like Hamlet or a theater mask.

For the crew, the same with the pictures of their mothers as a mask, but instead of the panel, they will hold in one hand an object symbolizing their job: Photography director with a light bulb, make-up artist with a brush, costume designer with some scissors, hairdresser with a wig, director with an old megaphone... and so on.