

GLASSES

Written by Boguslav Beykov

Name: Boguslav Beykov
Address: 90 Tsarigradsko shosse blvd., 1784 Sofia, BULGARIA
Phone number: 00359898230660

ESTABLISHING SHOT

EXT. BRIL GROUP HQ - DAY

A gloomy office building sticks out of the outskirts of town.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Charlie (Dominic's character) is walking slowly along the building towards the entrance. Wearing a colorless suit and headphones, his eyes counting the cracks in the pavement, he looks like he is being swallowed by the concrete around. You can tell that going to work is a debilitating chore for him.

INT. BRIL OFFICE - DAY

Charlie sits on his chair and looks around bored. He notices a pretty girl standing by a cubicle. She looks at him and he averts his gaze shyly. The girl is smiling and talking to someone. Charlie opens up a notebook and continues a drawing of what seems to be the same girl from where he must have left earlier.

WALTER

Her boobs are not that big.

Charlie closes the notebook startled as Walter - a short, chubby, balding fellow appears. The exact opposite of Charlie, he wears a clownish, colorful suit and tie with accompanied with a wide smile on his face.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But it's certainly better than taking a photo of her in the ladies room. Speaking of which, I noticed a peculiar artwork on the wall of the 6th floor bathroom including a phone number. I was wondering...

CHARLIE

No, it wasn't me, Walter. I don't have access to the 6th floor.

WALTER

I thought so. A man named Jerry picked up the phone and was kind enough to send me some nude photos.

CHARLIE

How can I help you, Walter? I have some work to do.

WALTER

Ah, yes. Today, as you know, is Wednesday. Which naturally means...

CHARLIE

You are inviting me to a party?

WALTER

Only the best party of your life! I have made a careful selection of the best Sade hits, no covers, just the originals. I've got board games, party hats, LED fidget spinners. I have a cat who always falls on her back. She died two years ago and I stuffed her.

CHARLIE

Walter, I'm sorry to have to turn you down again but I have other plans. I'm usually busy on Wednesdays as you, no doubt, know since you ask me the same thing every week.

WALTER

Oh well, if you reconsider.

Walter hands Charlie a card with his address.

WALTER (CONT'D)

It would be best to come over after work. Or early before work tomorrow.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

Walter walks away and Charlie sees him talking to the girl he was looking at earlier. She seems to enjoy Walter's company more than he did. Charlie opens up the notebook again and draws a speech bubble next to the girl with the text:

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Sure. I will come to the party.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

On his way back home, headphones on. Charlie turns in his hand the card Walter gave him. He suddenly gets up.

EXT. AN OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Still uncertain Charlie looks at the warm glow of the windows. He hears a muted but cheerful music coming out of the house. He rings the bell. Walter opens.

WALTER

I'll be damned! Picasso came back from the dead! Oh wait, it's Charlie. Well Potatayto, potahto - come on in.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

WALTER

Make yourself feel at home. Just don't walk around naked - the cat is watching.

CHARLIE

OK.

WALTER

What can I get you to drink, Charlie? Oh wait, I have this fun ice-breaking game. Let me get some ice from the fridge and we can break it together. It's fun.

CHARLIE

Wait. Walter, am I early? Where is everyone?

Besides the two of them there is no one in the house.

WALTER

Oh, no. I haven't invited anyone else but you. But how many people do you need for a good game of chess!

CHARLIE

This was a mistake. Walter, I'll have to go now.

Walter picks out a gun and points it and Charlie.

WALTER

I'm afraid I can't let you do that, Charlie.

The gun turns out to be a water pistol as Walter shoots theatrically Charlie.

CHARLIE

What's wrong with you, man? This is ridiculous.

Charlie leaves for the door.

WALTER

Please, Charlie. It's my birthday today. Look, I have a birthday cake and everything. If you could just stay for a moment, this would mean so much to me. I've been in the company ever since you started. You know me.

Charlie hesitates.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Please. Just sit down for a moment.

CHARLIE

Alright. But I won't stay long.

They move to the table.

WALTER

Wonderful! Charlie listen, confession time. The truth is I'm actually an alien. Not from Mexico but from another planet.

CHARLIE

Sure. Makes sense.

WALTER

No, really. I came here many years ago. There are no parties on my planet. Aliens are schmucks, Charlie. Look, I have a photographic evidence. This is my alien family.

CHARLIE

This just looks like a Bar Mitzvah party.

WALTER

Hm, you have a point. Well most Jews are aliens anyway.

CHARLIE

So how often do you host these parties.

WALTER

On Wednesdays only. See, it takes a shorter amount of time for our planet to orbit the sun. So I end up having a birthday every week.

CHARLIE

Well, Happy Birthday then!

DISSOLVE TO:

Some time has elapsed and the two men, possibly after a few drinks too, seem to get along better.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No, man, I'm telling you - the best women are from Pittsburgh - they can cook, arm wrestle and fix a locomotive.

WALTER

Close. But not quite. The best are from Proxima Centauri. Nothing beats an egg-laying female who can beat you! Listen, Charlie, I want to give you a gift.

Walter hands Charlie something that appears to be a pair of goofy, star-shaped plastic party glasses.

CHARLIE

But am I, being merely human, worthy of this ... precious artefact?

WALTER

I present to you one of the most advanced technological achievements of our race. This brain-wave enhancing, bi-ocular and undoubtedly fashionable device has helped me tremendously. Virtually every person I've met while wearing these has accepted and loved me dearly.

CHARLIE

Why, thank you.

WALTER

My time as an alien has expired, Charlie. This has been my last birthday. I give these to you and I die...

CHARLIE

Well don't die yet, let's finish the cake. Walter? Come on, man.

Charlie tries to wake up an unconscious Walter. He checks his pulse and but is none.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh no! Walter!

Charlie reaches for his phone and calls 911.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie stays besides an ambulance with a blanket over his shoulders and a cup of tea. Walter's body is on a stretcher and the paramedics are moving it to into the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC
Are you OK, sir?

CHARLIE
I'm fine.

PARAMEDIC
There was nothing you could have done. It was a sudden cardiac arrest.

CHARLIE
Wait.

Charlie moves closer to the stretcher. Walter still holds the glasses in his hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
May I have these? It was a gift.

PARAMEDIC
Of course.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Charlie is going to work again. Headphones on, staring at the ground. This time he stops midway. Reaching into his pocket, he takes out the glasses. After examining them for a while he decides to put them on and continue.

POV.

Charlie sees the girl from his office walking toward him. She smiles and starts waving at him. He looks around startled but there is no one else there.

CHARLIE
Oh my God. This is really working.
I can't believe this!

The girl reaches for his headphones and pulls them down.

GIRL
I said funny glasses. Where did you get these? May I...

She takes his glasses off. Surprised, Charlie realizes she is still smiling and joyful even without him wearing them.

GIRL (CONT'D)

My niece has the same pair. We play with them when I'm babysitting. I'm Katy by the way.

CHARLIE

I know. I mean, I'm aware of you. In the company. That you are, we are working in... I'm Charlie.

KATY

Nice to meet you, Charlie. Hey, me and some of the guys from the team will be going out for dinner tonight. You should come.

CHARLIE

Oh, well. I guess. Sure, yeah. I can come.

KATY

Nice. Don't forget the glasses though.

CHARLIE

I won't.

Katy walks away. Charlie puts the glasses back in his pocket and with a wide smile on his face goes inside the building.

CUT TO:

A vagrant sitting on the side of the street nearby puts down a newspaper he's been reading. He has a long beard and hair but you can instantly recognize that this is Walter. He looks at a bag full of the same glasses he gave Charlie beside him.

WALTER

One down. Seven hundred to go.

Walter walks away.

WALTER (V.O.)

Maybe I should be doing this on the weekends...

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END