

NOTES FOR THE NEXT TIME I WILL DIE

by

Stefano Bozzo

stefanojay@me.com

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

BORIS, 40+, cool guy, hipster outfit, a touch of punk with pins on his jacket, Ramones, Rolling Stones and Bauhaus.

He opens the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Boris looks excited.

He empties his pockets on the table: keys, Swiss army knife, cigarettes, iPhone, two wraps of black tape shaped as small balls, wallet.

He carefully hangs the jacket on the back of a chair.

He takes a plate from the kitchen cabinet and puts it on the table.

He starts to unwrap one of the small balls.

He gets the urge to run to the bathroom.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Boris smokes a fag and watches the world go by on the street below.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Boris enters inside from the contiguous balcony.

He passes in front of a MAN immobile on a bean bag, like a piece of furniture.

The man is a huge albino, elegantly dressed as if he's just stepped off a yacht. Yellow Henry Lloyd jacket, white Bermuda shorts and white Tod's shoes, no socks.

Boris doesn't even notice him.

And moves to the

KITCHEN

He sits at the table, in front of that plate.

He stands up suddenly.

He gets a cloth and a bottle of window cleaner from under the sink.

He's back in the

BEDROOM

Boris sprays some detergent and wipes off a small stain from the dressing table mirror.

In the reflection, Boris sees the man.

Impassive he turns around to observe him.

The Albino smiles.

BORIS

Good evening.

ALBINO

I was waiting for you.

His voice is velvet smooth.

BORIS

Here I am.

The Albino smiles again, even more charming.

BORIS (CONT'D)

So?

ALBINO

Tell me.

BORIS

I have no idea.

ALBINO

It's time to stop the pretence.

BORIS

I don't know what are you talking about.

ALBINO

It's time you stopped dreaming and started acting like someone in your condition.

BORIS
I don't understand.

ALBINO
You've stopped living your life.

Boris looks through him, like he doesn't exist.

ALBINO (CONT'D)
You've been like this since
Nineteen Ninety Two.

Boris takes a vacuum cleaner from under the bed, and plugs it into the wall.

ALBINO (CONT'D)
Have you forgotten Lyon? Fourviere station? You jumped in front of the train...

Boris turns on the vacuum cleaner. The old, infernal machine makes an unbearable noise.

The Albino doesn't need to shout over the vacuum, his words are crystal clear.

ALBINO (CONT'D)
You lived a lie ever since. You're dreaming!

Boris vacuums furiously, turning his back on the Albino.

Suddenly Boris halts.

He turns off the vacuum cleaner and faces the albino.

BORIS
I remember all the details of my life. Good and bad.

ALBINO
Then look at yourself in the mirror. Can you see?

Boris peeks into the mirror.

BORIS
I'm albino!

The man shakes his head and smiles.

ALBINO
No. You're dead.

Boris, grabs the vacuum and storms off to the

LIVING ROOM

With rabid dedication he uses the roaring device on any surface.

BATHROOM

Boris, wears yellow rubber gloves to scrub the bathtub, clean the sink and polish the tiles.

BEDROOM

Boris, vacuum cleaner in his hand, looks around. The Albino isn't there.

He smiles, like he's won.

He shouts.

BORIS

I learnt to speak English. How could I do that if I was dead?

Boris puts back the vacuum away, a little happier.

In the mirror he's still albino, with translucent skin. His smile fades.

LIVING ROOM

Boris comfortable on the sofa, holds an iPhone.

BORIS

Siri, call Mum!

The line is available, but nobody answers.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Call Andrea!

The line is connected, but no answer.

Nothing.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Call Grandma!

Nobody responds.

BORIS (CONT'D)
She's deaf as a post!

He ponders.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Call Tita, Kinshasa!

The signal goes on and on.

BORIS (CONT'D)
What time is it in the Congo?

Boris turns on the iPod. Heart wrenching music follows.

KITCHEN

Boris in front of the same empty plate.

Music plays in another room.

He holds his head in his hands.

BORIS
I'm pretty sure that I'm married
and my wife is in Congo. Is that
real?

EXT. VILLA'S GARDEN - DAY -

FLASHBACK

Boris, wearing morning dress, dances. A BRIDE, in white, hovers in his arms.

Tables and gazebos all around and GUESTS applaud.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Boris wakes up, in pajamas.

He opens the shutters and looks outside to the vibrant neighborhood.

He rubs his eyes and peeks at his iPhone.

He checks the room. He's alone.

He dresses. Looks in the mirror. He's still albino.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Boris comes out of a shop with a newspaper in his hands.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Boris enters.

A BARISTA smiles at him.

BARISTA
The usual?

Boris nods and approaches the bar.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
Everything's fine, Boris? You look
beat up.

BORIS
Just a bad dream.

Boris opens the newspaper, sports section.

Over the bar, espresso and croissant pop up.

Boris drinks the coffee and grabs the croissant. But he thinks again and pushes it away.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Maybe eating is just an
old habit.

He pays at the cashier, inside his wallet is only a twenty euro bill.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The wall clock reads one thirty p.m.

Boris puts a pot full of water on the hob.

He thinks again and turns it off.

BORIS
Maybe later.

He sits in front of his usual empty plate.

He takes the iPhone

BORIS (CONT'D)
Call Tita Kinshasa.

The signal goes on and on, again.

He puts the phone away.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Let's see if someone will call me.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Boris, a cigarette in his mouth, dillydallies in front of the mirror.

He's still albino.

Shakes his head and exits to the balcony.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The pot with water is still on the cooker.

The clock reads nine p.m.

Boris wanders in front of the cooker with a lighter in his hand.

BORIS
Maybe later I'll be hungrier.

He puts the lighter away.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Boris wakes up in his pajamas.

He rubs his eyes and looks at his iPhone: no missed calls.

He opens the blinds, the neighborhood is vibrant.

He puts some clothes on. Checks his reflection.

Still an albino.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Inside the barista nods at him.

BARISTA

You look better today. You just
needed some rest.

BORIS

Eternal.

BARISTA

Sorry?

BORIS

Nothing. The usual. Actually, just
the coffee. I'm not hungry.

He opens the newspaper. Drinks his coffee.

At the cashier, when he pays, still the same twenty
euro bill.

He shakes his head and stares at the barista, who's
still smiling.

He smiles back, doesn't pay and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

With a cloth and a spray, Boris wipes each piece
of furniture.

BORIS

Hooray I'm dead! I don't have to be
anymore. And I didn't even know it
had happened!

Meticulous he checks every corner, because every single speck
of dust have to go.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

A rug hangs from the balcony, Boris with a carpet beater hits
it as hard as he can.

BORIS

Pope Woytila said: hell exists but
is empty. He was wrong, Hell is
just like home. Hell is me and
nobody else.

He beats the carpet even harder, but no dust anymore.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Like a shoe without a foot, or a
suit without a man. Being dead is
like this?

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Boris in front of the mirror, albino, with packing tape
and newspaper.

BORIS

A pretty useless life. Nineteen
Sixty-seven to Ninety-two. I was
barely there.

He cuts a strip of tape.

BORIS (CONT'D)

But what about Mozart, Alexander
the Great or Rimbaud?

He covers the mirror with the newspaper.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Another era.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

On a ladder, he covers the windows above.

BORIS

And all the things I've done since
Ninety-two?

He sticks the tape.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Deleted. Like a record not
approved, or an offside goal. Like
being fired without notice.

Off the ladder, he covers the windows at the bottom.

BORIS (CONT'D)

If I had known, I would have tried
harder, I would have been somebody.

He seals the newspaper with the tape.

BORIS (CONT'D)

I feel cheated. Can I send an
official complaint?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Boris enters without newspaper, the barista is more affable than usual.

BARISTA

Look who's back from the dead! Have you been on holiday? It's more than a week since you've been amongst the living.

Boris smiles bitterly.

BORIS

You're so right.

BARISTA

The usual?

BORIS

Just coffee.

BARISTA

Good for you.

BORIS

Treasure your life. When you die, your relatives grieve for you, but you don't know. Until a strange albino character, pops up and says that you're dead, finished, gone.

The barista delivers the coffee.

BARISTA

I know, don't tell me.

BORIS

I picture my grandpa, right before his last breath. He said to us: go, go to eat, is always the right time to eat. Then he died...

Boris sips his coffee.

BORIS (CONT'D)

We're weeping and all the while he dreams he recovers, leaves the hospital, returns home and makes my grandma watch a cowboy movies.

He finishes his coffee.

BARISTA
It's pretty clever.

BORIS
Apart from the albino detail, it's
not so bad.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Boris smokes and looks down at his neighborhood.

BORIS
I've always wanted to watch from
above at my funeral. To see all the
people, everyone I met, all my
Facebook friends.

He takes a long puff and looks at the dying cigarette.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Everybody agreeing that I was one
of the most brilliant, phenomenal
human beings, one of those rare
people born once a century.

With a snap of the fingers he throws the cigarette butt away.

BORIS (CONT'D)
But I missed my own party!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Boris back from the balcony, proceeds to the

LIVING ROOM

A shiver runs down Boris' spine.

The door of the apartment is wide open, but Boris doesn't notice.

KITCHEN

Boris sits at the table, the empty plate in front of him.

He glances up and the albino yachtsman is there.

ALBINO
Shall we go?

BORIS
Shall we go...

Boris stands up and follows him. Then he stops and looks back.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Do I need to take anything?

The Albino stares at Boris with a sweet smile, like he's trying to be funny.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The door of the apartment is wide open.

Tita, the Bride from the flashback, enters.

She looks around and notices all the windows covered and everything so clean and neat.

She reaches the

KITCHEN

Boris lays his head on the plate.

Tita approaches and shakes him.

TITA
Boris... Boris...

Boris doesn't move.

Alongside him is a rolled twenty euro bill.

Tita shakes him again.

BORIS
(without raising the head)
Do I need to take anything?

FADE OUT.

