

Metallic Pill

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

RUBEN HALE (40s) prepares to swallow a large metallic pill.
His wife DARCIE (40s) sits alongside him on the bed.

DARCIE
It might get stuck in your throat.

RUBEN
Don't say that.

DARCIE
I mean, look at the size of it.

RUBEN
Show me again how I'm gonna look.

Darcie retrieves an image from her phone: A square-jawed dude
in his twenties ripped with muscle.

DARCIE
You're going to turn into him:
Anton.

RUBEN
He's jacked.

He looks down upon his own body: sagging, flaccid, pathetic.

RUBEN
And what'll you look like?

Darcie scrolls, stopping on a sleek, sexy fitness instructor
with rock-hard abs, nothing like Darcy's jiggly tummy.

Ruben nods in agreement. Good choice.

DARCIE
She's the queen of abs. Her name is
Elka.

RUBEN
Perfect. Let's do this right now.

DARCIE
Remember, after you swallow that
pill, you can't leave the property
until the process is over. If you
leave, it's instant imprisonment
from the feds. The pills have
embedded tracking devices.

RUBEN
Right. Strictly for home amusement.

DARCIE
No transforming into Anton to rob a bank.

Darcie snaps a second pill out of the plastic container.

DARCIE
I'll take mine in here, and you take yours in the bathroom.

RUBEN
Let's do it together.

DARCIE
They say the transition is weird. And it'll be more fun being apart.

RUBEN
Ruben and Darcie will rendezvous as Anton and Elka.

A sly grin.

DARCIE
We've got three hours. Then we transition back to ourselves.

Ruben strips off his shirt, revealing fish-belly skin.

RUBEN
Okay. Here goes nothing.

DARCIE
Or we could switch it up: I could be Anton and you could be Elka.

RUBEN
(frowns)
Oh.

DARCIE
Deb from work switches genders with her husband and says it's a rush.

RUBEN
Let's go one step at a time, okay. I wanna be Anton tonight.

As he hurries to the adjoining bathroom, Darcie continues:

DARCIE

They say physiology technology will change our perspectives on everything. We'll finally know what it's like to live in someone else's skin. It'll solve everything...

Ruben grunts from behind the closed bathroom door.

DARCIE

(softly)

This goes beyond a good fuck.

Alone with her metallic pill, Darcie sits. A deep breath.

DARCIE

Please don't choke. Please don't...

She pops it and swigs from a nearby water bottle.

She pokes her stomach: Rock hard abs coming right up.

She waits. Feels her shoulders. Her breasts. Her face.

A thump from the bathroom.

Darcie stands. Paces. Rubs. Nothing happening. A dud.

More thumps from the bathroom. A soft gasp.

DARCIE

(calls to bathroom)

I've got nothing so far. How's it working for you?

Thud. Thud.

Darcie checks the mirror: Still 100 percent Darcie.

DARCIE

Ruben, is it working for...

The bathroom door swings open. Out steps Ruben as ANTON. A mountain of a man. A bodybuilder to put all others to shame.

DARCIE

Holy shit, Ruben. Look at you.

A viscous brown "syrup" oozes down Anton's chin.

DARCIE

It's not working for me. Why don't you wait in the bathroom for a minute.

Anton flexes in the mirror. His satisfied smirk breaks into a full-fledged grin. Rust-colored syrup stains his teeth.

He shoves the dresser, a test of strength. Tips it over, spilling out shirts and underwear. Kicks a drawer across the room. Heads straight for Darcie.

DARCIE

If you just give me a minute, I'm sure it'll kick in for me. Maybe abs take longer to cook up.

He sniffs her. Looms. Drools brown syrup.

DARCIE

Ruben?

Vacant, dead eyes.

DARCIE

Ruben. Please.

A line of his drool plops onto her sock.

He stares coldly at Darcie until he sniffs out something else: the pills on the nightstand. He bounds to them.

He rips the packaging and shoves a handful of pills into his mouth. They crunch and pop under his molars.

He chews greedily. More. More. More.

DARCIE

Ruben. Stop.

An awful brown froth forms on his lips. He tips over the nightstand.

DARCIE

Fuck, Ruben. What're you doing?

Darcie grabs his wrist to stop him.

He whirls wildly. Swings at her. Growls like an animal. He bares his teeth: rust colored animal fangs.

Darcie grabs her phone, dashes to the bathroom, locks door.

Frantic dialing. A message sounds.

RECORDED VOICE (V.O.)

Emergency services. All dispatchers are occupied. Please remain on the line.

Darcie shouts into the phone, trying to will her way through the "on hold" void.

DARCIE
I need help here. My husband is
having a fit. He took...

Crash. Smash. Outside the door, Anton smashes the bedroom.

Darcie hangs up. Scrolls nervously for a new number. Her fingers shake as she calls elsewhere.

RECORDED VOICE (V.O.)
(from phone)
You've reached Lambert
Technologies. Effective
immediately, we ask customers to
discard all of our physiology
products. Call local authorities if
there's been any recent use...

Bam. Bam. Anton beats the other side of the bathroom door.

Darcie drops the phone and throws her body against the door.

Bam. Anton pounds and shoves. The flimsy lock won't hold.

Darcie squats. She clutches her gut. Gasps.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anton pounds on the door, his face smeared with the syrup. It leaks out of his ears, eyes, and every pore. He's melting.

The door smashes under his fist, but he clutches his face.

He drops. His rage and super-strength giving way to agony.

He collapses, struggles for breath.

ANTON
(a gasp)
Help.

His hand reaches to the bathroom door.

ANTON
(a whisper)
Help...

After a long wait, the bathroom door swings open.

Into the bedroom steps Darcie as ELKA, the queen of abs. Her pill finally took hold.

Elka is every bit the goddess depicted in the preview. She runs her fingers across her super-toned stomach muscles.

Anton reaches out. Elka steps over him.

She cartwheels on the bedroom carpet, laughing at her agility. Her grace.

ANTON

Please...

After a few more tumbles around the room, Elka notices Anton.

She draws close. Assesses. Sniffs. Looks into his pleading eyes. Ruben is down under there somewhere.

She raises her foot and smashes it down on Anton's face. One awful blow.

She assesses what she's done and bounds out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elka cartwheels to the front door, throws it open, admires the night.

As she struts into the darkness, an alarm sounds from the bathroom. It surely blares from Darcie's phone.

ALARM VOICE (V.O.)

High alert. High alert. You have
violated the terms of your
agreement.

Elka disappears into the night, but the alert continues:

ALARM VOICE (V.O.)

High alert. High alert. Step back
immediately.

FADE OUT: