THIS SKIN HAS LIMITS-A SELF PORTRAIT

written by

Tyler Washburn
INT. BATHROOM—DAY

Counter displays deodorant, cologne, bar soap, blue toothbrush in cup and a razor. TYLER WASHBURN, 26, balding shaved head, scruffy face, gaunt, examines his receding hair line in mirror.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Forty-two years.

TYLER (V.O.)
Wow...that's a while.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
It sounds longer than it feels. In the end...it's a blink.

Tyler handles tiny scissors removing traces of unibrow. Notices counter scattered with makeup and perfume. A pink toothbrush joins the blue one.

TYLER (V.O.)
I wish I could find someone to put up with me for forty two years.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Now that's the tricky part. It's a tough one. It's not enough to just love a person, you have to like them too.

A WOMAN wraps her arms around him from behind. Nuzzles her face in his neck. He closes his eye's in comfort. Opens them, she is gone and the counter's bare again. Sigh.

INT. LOBBY—DAY

Tyler and a Woman pass by each other, he hides his face.

EXT. BUS STOP—DAY

Tyler slumped next to an OLD MAN on a bench. A bus creaks to a stop. Tyler rises.

TYLER
This is my bus, it was nice to meet you.

OLD MAN
Nice to meet you too, good luck with your acting and writing and things.
TYLER
Yeah, thanks good luck with dying soon.

OLD MAN
Thanks have a good day.

He boards. Commuter shrinks down the street.

INT. OFFICE—DAY

Tyler enters holding paper sides. A CASTING AGENT shoots up from a desk.

TYLER
I'm Tyler Washburn I'm here for-

CASTING AGENT
-I'm sorry I have to cut you off right there you're far too ugly for this part or any part for that matter and you should probably quit acting altogether. As matter of fact, if I were you I'd seriously think about getting a job changing oil or maybe coal mining, something underground.

TYLER
Sorry?

CASTING AGENT
I said I'm sorry but we've already finished casting for this production, your agent really should have called you.

TYLER
Oh.

CASTING AGENT
Better luck next time.

TYLER
Yeah...thanks.

INT. LIVINGROOM—NIGHT

Tyler pennies scratch tickets. One after another come up "better luck next time." An answering machine delivers.
ASWERING MACHINE
Tiggs it's Jordy man where youeen, you don't love me no more or
what? Quit being a weirdo come to
the bar you little bitch you're
not that ugly. Come on I'm getting
married!

BEEP!

ASWERING MACHINE
Hey Tyler, it's Linda, sorry I
forgot to tell you earlier, but
you probably figured it out by now
that the audition has been
canceled because your face is ugly
they finished casting. Um, yeah
sorry it's been a zoo over here
today, Justin booked another movie
and he's flying out to New York to
shoot. Paper work, paper work.
Anyway's better luck next time
hun.

BEEP!

ASWERING MACHINE
Repugnant, disgusting, repulsive,
shame, failure, alone, forever,
single, one, -

-CLICK!

Tyler switches machine off.

TYLER
Jesus.

He glances over. Curled up beside him is ABIGALE, 20's. They
gaze at each other.

TYLER
Hi.

ABIGALE
Hi.

TYLER
Something's wrong with my
answering machine.

ABIGALE
Yeah.
TYLER

Wow.

He stares deep in her eye's.

ABIGALE

What?

TYLER

You're...

ABIGALE

What?

TYLER

You're...so...

ABIGALE

What?

TYLER

Beautiful.

ABIGALE

Thank you.

TYLER

What's your name?

ABIGALE

What is my name?

TYLER

Abigale.

ABIGALE

Abigale. That's a pretty name.

TYLER

Yeah.

ABIGALE

Are you ugly to me?

TYLER

Am I?

She examines his face.

ABIGALE

No.

He sighs.
TYLER
I'm glad you're here.

ABIGALE
I've run out of things to say, what would I say next?

TYLER
You'd say

ABIGALE
That I wish I was real...and then you'd say.

TYLER
So do I...So do I.

INT. BATHROOM–DAY
In the mirror Tyler fights off tears. He sneers at his lonely toothbrush.

INT. LIVINGROOM–DAY
Montage/ Overwhelming sadness of reality.
-Alphabetizing DVD collection
-Facebook friends status are all married
-Ordering DVD collection by Genre
-Cell phone no missed calls no messages
-Typing then deleting his script
-Empting DVD shelf again
-Abigale locked on patio he closes blinds
End of Montage

INT. LIVINGROOM–NIGHT
Heavy eyed, Tyler slouches in front of tv. He peeks at closed blinds. Opens blinds. Abigale shivers outside. He closes his eyes. Opens them, she's still there. He let's her in.

ABIGALE
What did I do?

TYLER
How could you do anything?
ABIGALE
I don't know, should I leave then?

TYLER
No, I don't know...no?

ABIGALE
I'll hurt you?

TYLER
This is sick. I'm sick, I...what am I doing?

ABIGALE
I should go.

Abby turns toward the patio. Tyler stops her.

TYLER
No wait just...just wait...let me be crazy for a while.

She turns back smiling.

ABIGALE
I'd like that.

He smiles. They settle into the sofa together.

INT. BATHROOM–DAY

Using a measuring tape Tyler checks his hair line. The lone toothbrush steals his focus.

He tosses a cloth over the Toothbrush.

INT. LIVINGROOM–NIGHT

Tyler zoned out to TV.

TV(O.S.)
Research shows that single men are twice as likely to die early than married men...

He races to patio door. Open's blinds. Empty.

He closes his eyes. Open's them still nothing. Toggles blinds open and closed frantically. Nothing.
INT. BATHROOM—DAY

He flicks light on and off hoping for a surprise. Nothing.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Yep, and then she was just gone.
That was the worst day of my life.

EXT. PATIO—NIGHT

He smokes a cigarette shuddering anxiously. The cigarette has markings along it reading "-10 min, -20 min, -30 min...".

TYLER (V.O.)
I guess I'm lucky that I'll never have to feel like that.

EXT. BUS—DAY

Tyler hunched next to Old Man on bench.

OLD MAN
Maybe, but I got forty two great years of memories to keep me company. And that's all you really are anyways. What you remember. And what you don't.

TYLER
I'm so young in the good one's.

OLD MAN
Yep...that's how she goes.

INT. LIVINGROOM—NIGHT

A prescription bottle and a glass of water stare at Tyler from the coffee table. Tyler pens a notepad jittering and glazed.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

He checks peep hole. It's Abigale.

TYLER
What do you want Abby, you're too late?

ABIGALE (O.S.)
I'm scared Tyler.

TYLER
Please just go away.
ABIGALE (O.S.)
Let me in we can-

TYLER
-Leave me alone!...

Tyler back on couch. Pops lid off pill bottle. Fills palm.
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

He checks peep hole. Abby again. He open's the door. His eye's stuck to the floor.

TYLER
What?

ABIGALE
Sorry to bother you my name's-

TYLER
-What do you want Abby?

ABIGALE
Actually my name's Nicola.

Tyler makes eye contact suspicious.

TYLER
Huh?

NICOLA/ABIGALE
It is you. I thought so we passed each in the lobby a few weeks ago. Hey listen this is sort of weird I know, but do you think I could use your shower?

TYLER
Ah, ah, um-

NICOLA/ABIGALE
-I don't have any hot water until tommorrow, please I won't make a mess I promiss?

TYLER
Ah, yeah, course sure um-

NICOLA/ABIGALE
-You're the best, I'll just grab my stuff, be right back.

She leaves. Tyler bottles the pills. Hides bottle. Straightens up the room.

LATER
With his ear to his bathroom door he hears the faucet engage.

Watches door suspiciously from couch.

LATER

She exits with wet hair and different clothes. He jumps up conspicuously.

NICOLA/ABIGALE
Oh, I feel so much better thanks so much.

TYLER
Um, no, yeah, that's no problem at all it's, it's good yeah.

NICOLA/ABIGALE
When I get all unpacked I'll have to have you...over for a drink.

TYLER
Right, yeah, sure, you'll have to.

NICOLA/ABIGALE
Well...um have good night.

TYLER
Yeah, you too, it was nice to finally meet you Nicola, I'm Tyler.

NICOLA/ABIGALE
Nice to finally meet you too Tyler, bye.

She leaves.

INT. BATHROOM—NIGHT

Tyler pokes his head in. Everything is in place and clean. A pink toothbrush next to his blue one. Toggles light off. Light back on quickly. He spots the pink toothbrush. He picks up the pink toothbrush goes to leave but stops. Eye's it. Thinks. Places it carefully back next to his. Smiles at them from doorway. Toggles light off.

THE END