

RELÁJATE

Written by

Torrey Garvey

CASTING BREAKDOWN:

MARTIN: A 26 year old American. High strung, reserved, always worried about something, sensitive.

JOSÉ: A 30 year old Spanish native. Social, easy going, a friend to everyone, only speaks Spanish.

BEN: 26, Martin's friend. Outgoing, clueless, a total "bro."

LIAM: 26, Martin's friend. Similar to Ben but a little more toned down.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Spanish rave music PLAYS as clubgoers thrash around the dance floor.

At the bar, BEN (26) stands with his arm around a sitting MARTIN (26). They're both drunk. Ben talks over the music at Martin, who has his head in his hands.

BEN

Think about it. When's the last time you did something like this with Trisa? She was holding you back, man.

MARTIN

(sarcastically)

Thanks, Ben. That really helps.

BEN

You're welcome, brother.

Martin's phone BUZZES on the table. He takes it and checks his email.

BEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MARTIN

Nothing, just my boss asking me about the next budget meeting --

Ben takes his phone.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

BEN

I'm not giving this back until you stop being such a sad sack.

Ben catches the attention of a nearby bartender.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hombre! Tres more, please.

The bartender nods and prepares the drinks.

BEN (CONT'D)

Once Liam gets back from his mission, you're talking to that girl.

The bartender lays down three shots in front of them.

BEN (CONT'D)
(to bartender)
Ah, Gracias!

LIAM (26), also drunk, enters.

LIAM
Bad news, boys. The girl with the
piercings is taken.

Ben slams the table.

BEN
Damn it!

Martin looks at him funny.

BEN (CONT'D)
Cuz -- for you! For you, I mean.

Martin sighs.

LIAM
(to Martin)
Hey, this place is swimming with
hunnies, bro. I promise you by the
end of the night, you'll be dancing
with one of them.

BEN
C'mon, Mart, fuck Trisa, fuck your
job. Go fucking crazy with us.

Each of them take a drink. Ben raises his glass.

BEN (CONT'D)
To the boys' trip, and friendship,
and Martin hopefully bagging one of
these fine Spanish bitches soon so
he's not such a buzzkill anymore!

LIAM
Yeah!

They drink.

BEN
Alright, let's go! C'mon, I saw a
girl with a split tongue.

MARTIN
You guys go ahead, I'm gonna get
some fresh air real quick.

BEN

Ugh, fine. Come find us.

Ben and Liam walk off into the crowd. Martin walks to the back, looking for an exit.

EXT. CLUB ALLEY - NIGHT

Martin emerges and stops. He closes his eyes and breaths in the night air before feeling something coming up. He rushes to a nearby dumpster and vomits.

He takes a few seconds before staggering over to sit down against the wall. He crumples and lets out a few tears.

The back door opens. JOSÉ (30) stumbles out and vomits in the same place that Martin did. Martin pretends to busy himself with his shoe.

José looks proud as he recovers. He notices Martin.

JOSÉ

Ah, ¿Este es tu vómito? Yo vomité en el mismo sitio. ¡Somos compañeros de vómito!

MARTIN

Uhh, sorry. No hablo.

JOSÉ

Oh. ¿Eres Americano?

MARTIN

Uh, sí.

José lights up before noticing Martin's demeanor.

JOSÉ

¿Estás bien?

He points to Martin and gives a thumbs up.

MARTIN

Yeah. Yeah, sí.

José turns his head, as if to say "really?"

JOSÉ

No creo que estés bien.

He sits down next to Martin.

MARTIN
 Oh no, I'm okay. I don't want to...
 Let me translate.

Martin reaches for his phone before realizing it's gone.

JOSÉ
 Está bien. Escucha --

He points to his ear then to himself.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Me llamo José. José. ¿Y tu?

MARTIN
 Martin.

JOSÉ
 Martin. Mucho gusto.

José extends his hand. Martin hesitantly shakes it.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 ¿Por que estás aqui?

He gestures to Martin, then to the alley, then gives an inquisitive look.

MARTIN
 Oh, um. I just needed some air.

Martin gestures a deep breath.

JOSÉ
 Y, ¿por que lloras?

He points at Martin and mimics crying.

MARTIN
 Nothing.

José awaits an answer.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Umm, everything, I guess.

He waves his hands around. José nods. Martin charades everything he says to the best of his ability.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 (with charades)
 I'm here with my friends. Amigos.
 But when I get back, I'm gonna have
 a million things to do.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 At my job I hate. And I'm spending
 half my savings on this trip. And
 using all of my P.T.O.

JOSÉ
 Pee-tee-oh?

Martin brainstorms a way to act it out.

MARTIN
 (with charades)
 Forget it. And, umm... my
 girlfriend broke up with me.

JOSÉ
 ¿Tu novia?

José makes a broken heart gesture. Martin nods.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Ah. ¿Como se llama ella? Como,
 ¿Maria? ¿Jessica?

MARTIN
 (with charades)
 Trisa. I thought I was going to
 marry her.

He points to his head, then his ring finger. He lingers,
 looking at the hypothetical ring.

JOSÉ
 Ah. Yo creo que voy a casar una
 mujer todo el tiempo.

MARTIN
 What?

José waves the thought away.

JOSÉ
 Yo tenía una novia --

He charades long hair to indicate "woman."

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Era muy bonita --
 (points to face)
 Inteligente --
 (points to head)
 Y su cuerpo.

He traces an hourglass shape and gives a chef's kiss. Martin
 chuckles.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Pero, ella no quiso a casarse.

He points to a hypothetical person, then to his ring finger, then shakes his head.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 No sabía la razón. Y dije "por favor, por favor."
 (pleading hands)
 Pero, ella dijo "no." Yo era tan --

He fake sobs. Martin looks empathetic.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Pero, en tiempo --

He taps an imaginary watch then gives a dismissive wave of both hands.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Pasó. Pasó. ¿Sí?

Martin looks confused.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Tus Americanos... ustedes son muy --

He puts on a worried face and mimics running and checking his watch, then gives a "money" hand gesture.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Tranquilo, Martin. Relájate.

He takes a deep breath.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Relájate. Mira.

He instructs Martin to copy his breaths. Martin complies. They share their breathing exercise before Martin's breathes get quaky and he breaks down crying.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Ay, Martin.

José brings him in for a hug. Martin cries into his chest.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
 Yo se. Yo se. Estás bien.

MARTIN
 I wish I knew what you were saying.

José stands up and extends a hand to him.

JOSÉ
Vamanos. Vamos a bailar.

MARTIN
What?

Martin takes his hand and José pulls him up. He throws a dumbfounded Martin in the middle of a drunken, stumbling tango. The two dance around the alley.

JOSÉ
¡Baila, Martin, baila! ¡No puedes
llorar cuando estas bailando!

Martin has no idea what he's doing. But he can't help but laugh.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
¡Más fuerte!

The two spin around together. Martin starts to get in rhythm. Eventually, they break apart and he dizzily stumbles back to his spot on the wall. Both of them are laughing and panting.

José points to the club, then to Martin.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
¿Listos?

Martin puts up his finger to signal "one second."

JOSÉ (CONT'D)
Okay.

José smiles then walks back in the club. Martin sits alone.

After a while, he practices breathing the way José taught him.

After a few breaths, Martin gets up and walks back in the club.

FADE OUT.