



DIPSOMANIA

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

"Scarce amounts of air with every image resembling the person you love, making you sick to the stomach are symptoms of love, but these symptoms are only felt when you're the one who ruined the relationship."

~Bernard Mersier~

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR OFFICE - AFTERNOON

While Gwen sits twiddling her thumbs, anxiety has the beautiful brown skinned woman in her mid twenties stomach in a knot, with disappointment hanging heavily on her face.

The door clicks open, and the doctor steps in.

GWEN
(Deep, shuddering breath)
Give it to me straight.

The doctor offers a kind smile.

DOCTOR
You'll be expecting soon.

Gwen shoots to her feet, with a wave of disbelief washing over her.

GWEN
Are you serious?

DOCTOR
Yes, ma'am.

GWEN
Thank you, Jesus! You don't know how long we've been trying. He upheld his word, and slowed down on drinking. Oh my God, I'm so happy. I can't wait for him to get home so I can tell him.

DOCTOR
Congratulations. I wish you both the best.

GWEN

Thank you, doctor.

DOCTOR

Remember to eat right and avoid stress.

GWEN

I will. Thank you again.

She practically floats out of the office, with a radiant smile illuminating the usually somber hallway.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DELI RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the bustling deli, the air vibrates with a symphony of indistinct conversations and the sizzle of grilling meats.

Workers are moving efficiently, and their hands are a blur crafting towering subs.

John, in his mid twenties, moves among them, proud of the work they're doing, showcasing a bright smile on his dark brown face.

JOHN

Everybody's doing a good job! Keep up this pace and don't skimp on the toppings. We wanna make sure our customers keep coming back.

A woman in line eyes sparkle with joy, looking at John.

RANDOM WOMAN

You sure do!

WORKER #1

Got it covered, boss!

JOHN

Make sure to get it done.

He walks off making his way to the back. He pauses at the freezer door, leaning against the cool metal wall with sweat beads on his forehead.

Worker #2 comes to the back prepared to grab some supplies, but he stops short, looking at John with concern.

WORKER #2
Are you okay, John?

JOHN
(Waves a dismissive hand)
I'll be fine. Just make sure the new
guys get the orders right.

WORKER #2
I can handle that, but you need a
break. You're not looking good.

JOHN
Yeah, you're right. Thanks.

WORKER #2
Not a problem.

Worker #2 grabs what he needs and heads back to the front, casting a worried glance over his shoulder.

John licks his dry lips, as his hand instinctively dives into his pocket, pulling out two miniature gin bottles.

He unscrews one and easily downs it, repeating the process with the other. He slides the empty bottles back into his pocket, wipes the sweat from his face and then returns to the front.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The empty apartment hallway seems to stretch endlessly before John, stopping beside his door, leaning against the cool plaster.

The quiet hum of the building's pipes and the distant traffic are the only sounds as he reaches into his pocket, pulling out two miniature gin bottles, downing them both, placing the empties back inside his pocket.

His hand goes for his keys, but then pauses, pulling out three pieces of gum, popping them into his mouth.

With a swift hand cup over his mouth, he nods satisfied, before placing his key in the door, unlocking it, walking in.

He closes the door silently, scanning the familiar living room before walking over to the closet door, opening it, reaching up on the shelf.

Tucked away beneath a pile of clothes in the corner, he retrieves a small, hidden box. Taking the lid off, he adds the two empties to the collection.

He puts the box back with a smile, closing the closet door, swallowing the gum.

JOHN

Honey, I'm home!

GWEN

I'm in the kitchen! Dinner is ready!

As he makes his way into the kitchen, his nostrils flare, inhaling the rich aroma of the food. He takes a seat at the table, looking over at Gwen standing over the stove in a soft pink robe.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Are you ready to eat?

She turns with a plate in hand.

JOHN

Eat you? Of course!

GWEN

I was talking about the food, you freak.

She walks to him, placing his plate down.

JOHN

Can I have you for dessert?

She leans in, placing a kiss on his lips.

GWEN

You can have me for dessert, with something extra.

JOHN

What's the extra?

GWEN

We'll talk after dinner. Do you want something to drink?

JOHN

Can I have a glass of water, please?

She goes and retrieves a glass, and then steps to the refrigerator filling it with ice and water.

Coming back to the table, she hands him the glass before settling beside him.

GWEN

How was work today?

JOHN

It was okay. I had to teach the new guys, so I didn't get to rest my feet much.

He picks at his food because his appetite is not quite as robust as usual.

GWEN

Was it hard teaching them?

JOHN

It was more about them remembering the orders and keeping up with the flow.

GWEN

Aside from that, are they good workers?

JOHN

They should be good by tomorrow. I didn't get to sit down, so my feet are killing me.

GWEN

I'm glad I had something to put on your stomach.

He reaches for her hand, squeezing it gently.

JOHN

And I appreciate you for that.

GWEN

You're more than welcome. But in the same breath, I'm sad.

JOHN

Why?

GWEN

I wanted to play out this scene I had

in mind. You would stimulate me in the kitchen, and then you would carry me to the bedroom so I could do something to you.

She parts her legs, using her fingers to lightly trace the inner part of her thigh.

GWEN (CONT'D)

From there, I would give you your extra, but you're tired, so don't worry about it.

In the blink of an eye, he's on his knees, gently taking her foot, placing her toes in his mouth, one at a time, before slowly licking up her thigh, leaving a trail of fire in his wake.

She leans back in the chair, with a soft gasp escaping her lips as he moves up between her thighs.

After a few minutes, he stands to his feet, and she hops up, meeting him with a passionate kiss.

They move towards the bedroom, with a shared urgency in their steps. He places her down on the bed, and while he kisses her, she slowly makes him turn over, shifting her weight until she's on top. With ease, she unfastens his pants and guides him inside her, causing a soft moan to escape both of them.

She places her hands on his chest, while slowly riding him as the rhythm builds.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Are you ready for your extra?

John can barely get his words out, with his voice thick with desire and effort.

JOHN

I'm... Yes.

GWEN

We're pregnant.

JOHN

We're pregnant.

He tries to sit up filled with joy, but she holds him down, continuing to ride him, with a playful defiance in her eyes.

GWEN
That's right.

The alarm rings reading 8:00 p.m., and with his eyes still closed, he reaches over, blindly swatting at the offending noise until it clatters to the floor, silenced.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The hospital room is laced with the soft sounds of a newborn as Gwen lies on the bed, looking utterly exhausted but radiant, holding their son.

John is standing beside her with his gaze fixed on the tiny bundle in her arms. He leans down, carefully, kissing her forehead.

JOHN
I love you.

GWEN
I love you, too. This is the family
we've been waiting for.

JOHN
I know. There's nothing that'll come
between this.

Smiling, he gently takes their son and his large hands dwarfs the tiny body as he stares at the baby with a profound sense of awe washing over him.

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

The park is bathed in the warm glow of the sun, with a gentle rustle of leaves blowing in the breeze, mixing with the distant laughter of children, and the soft chirping of birds creating a peaceful atmosphere.

John and Gwen have a picnic blanket spread out on the grass with a small feast laid out before them as their son sleeps peacefully in his stroller, tucked away in the shade of an oak tree.

Gwen reaches into the cooler, retrieving a bottle of water, at the same moment, John goes into his pocket, pulling out a small flask.

As she prepares to take a sip, her eyes catch his movement.

GWEN

What are you doing?

JOHN

I just want a little sip. It won't hurt.

GWEN

You don't need it.

She reaches for the flask, and he jerks back, with his expression hardening.

JOHN

Back up. If I wanna have a drink, I'll have one.

He raises the flask to his lips with his trembling hand, and before he can take a sip, Gwen slaps the flask from his hand.

John shoots to his feet in rage, shattering the peaceful scene.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you?! If I didn't love you, I'd beat your ass for that! I'll see you when you get home!

He storms off with long strides, brushing past the stroller, causing it to wobble precariously, almost tipping over.

Gwen cries out, quickly getting up and grabbing it with her heart pounding, watching him go with tears welling in her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with the bitter sting of a heated argument, while their son cries from the crib.

JOHN

I'm not a fucking alcoholic!

GWEN

Whatever you say, John! I don't care because it's your body and you'll do whatever you wanna do!

JOHN

You're goddamn right! I'm a grown-ass man, so I'll do whatever I want! If I

wanna drink a fifth by myself
straight, I'll do just that because I
can!

GWEN

I just said I don't give a fuck, John!
The only thing I'm worried about is
our son crying while I'm standing here
arguing with your drunk dumbass!

She turns abruptly towards the crib, prepared to grab the baby, and he seizes her arm, spinning her around with brutal force, following it with a sharp, stinging slap.

JOHN

Bitch! Don't you ever turn your
fucking back to me while I'm talking!
I hope that shit stings and reminds
you to never do it again! Take care of
that crying ass baby! I'm going to the
store.

He storms out of the room, leaving the door ajar.

Gwen stands frozen for a moment before stumbling to the crib, picking up the wailing baby, holding him tightly against her chest, trying to soothe him as tears stream silently down her own face.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

Three years later...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

John awakes with a jolt, and the faded remnants of his dream clinging to his mind. The bed is a desolate landscape of crumpled sheets, family pictures scattered and an empty whiskey bottles with the labels torn.

He swings his feet to the floor, and his bare heel kicks an empty bottle that skitters across the floor, colliding with a small armada of other empty bottles.

The room reeks of alcohol and regret.

He glances at the alarm clock reading 8:00 a.m., with miniature shot bottles around it like discarded toys.

His eyes fall on a picture of Gwen smiling, holding their son.

A pang of something cold and sharp goes through him, grabbing the remote with his shaky hand, turning the television and DVD player on.

He presses play, and on the screen, Gwen appears alight with joy, playing with their son as their laughter echoes from the speakers.

The scene flickers, cutting to Gwen alone, and her expression is etched with a deep, weary disappointment.

GWEN (ON THE TELEVISION)

I gave you the child you wanted. I stayed with you through the verbal abuse. I don't know if you cheated because I can't prove it, but the last straw was when you put your hands on me, and you knew there was nothing you could say to clarify your actions. Your love is for something more than me and our child, so there's no way we can be around you until you put the bottle down. I'll pray that you get better. I hate parting ways with you this way, but it's best for my heart and our child.

He reaches for a miniature bottle as his hand trembles uncontrollably, placing it on his trembling lips.

He tries to drink, but the liquid seems to choke him. He hurls the bottle across the room, and then covers his face with his hands, sobbing.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS: