

## Tribal- Episode 3: Tango ©



**Bill then dips Pilar to the point where her back rests on top of some surprised diners' table.**

8 INT. THERAPIST OFFICE, BUENOS AIRES - DAY

DR GARCIA, 40s, pours a glass of cold ice water from a sweating metal pitcher into a glass and hands it to Bill, sitting on a couch. His face is buried in his hands so she places it on the coffee table. She is comfortable, fully dressed in a suit, but Bill is sweating profusely, despite the fact that the air conditioner is running.

DR GARCIA

Here, why don't you drink this?  
Bill? Bill.

BILL

What? Oh, OK, thanks.

Bill drinks down almost the entire glass, runs the glass across his forehead and then wipes his face dry with a handkerchief, composing himself. As he straightens his shirt collar he smiles at Dr Garcia, embarrassed.

BILL

Sorry, I'm not sure what came over me.

DR GARCIA

Do you feel better now?

BILL

Yes, much better, thank you.

DR GARCIA

How often do you have these sweating episodes?

BILL

I don't know, often enough. It seemed to start within the past few weeks.

DR GARCIA

Do you feel any sense of unease or panic before this happens?

BILL

Not really...well, not really before but perhaps a little after, that is, because of it. And during.

DR GARCIA

Understood. You know, I believe this to be just a side effect of the new medication.

BILL

Wonderful, so now I'm going to be breaking into uncontrollable sweats with no warning. I work in a hot kitchen, you know. That can't help.

DR GARCIA

I wouldn't worry about it. These side effects are quite normal and will disappear after a short time once your body has acclimated to the new medication. Speaking of which, have you noticed any difference over the past couple weeks?

BILL

I don't know, I guess.

DR GARCIA

How about the voice?

BILL

Kind of the same. Not much but still there.

DR GARCIA

Does it ever seem to come as a result of stress?

BILL

Not really, I have a lot of stress at work but I never hear anything there. But then again its so noisy I can't hear myself think.

DR GARCIA

So just at night, then?

Bill gets a little testy.

BILL

Yes, just at night. Like I've told you before, when I'm lying in bed. Sometimes I need a few drinks to make it stop.

DR GARCIA

Bill, we've been through this before. You're not supposed to be drinking. It lessens the effectiveness of the medication and can actually be dangerous.

BILL

Well, you're not me, are you?

DR GARCIA

No reason to get hostile. I'm only trying to help.

BILL

I know, I'm sorry. I know you're trying to help me but I've been seeing you for, what, over a year now? And, quite frankly, I don't see much of an improvement.

DR GARCIA

These things can take time to resolve. Often we need to alter treatment and try different things until we hit on the right course of treatment. Every patient is different.

Dr Garcia pauses, waiting for Bill to comment, but when he remains silent she continues.

DR GARCIA

Can we talk about the voice some more?

BILL

What do you want to know?

DR GARCIA

What is it saying to you lately? Is it still the same voice?

BILL

Its two voices.

DR GARCIA

Two? Is that a new development? I thought it was just one.

BILL

Relatively new. This new one is less frequent...and female. I think.

DR GARCIA

A woman's voice? And what is she saying?

BILL

I don't know...I don't know. I can barely hear them.

DR GARCIA

So you can't make anything out?

Bill leans forward and takes another sip of water.

BILL

From what little I can make out, I think they're telling me to do as they say or I'll have trouble.

DR GARCIA

Trouble? What kind of trouble?

Bill rubs his temples, agitated, rises and paces slowly around the room.

BILL

I don't know. I can't say. I'm not even sure that's what they're saying.

DR GARCIA

Are you hearing them right now?

Bill paces more quickly now, sweating again.

DR GARCIA

Why don't you sit down and try to relax?

BILL

Relax? How can I relax? Listen, I have to go.

Bill puts on his jacket.

DR GARCIA

We still have some time left. Are you sure?

BILL

Yes, really, I have to go.

DR GARCIA

OK, so I'll see you in two weeks then?

BILL

Yes, in two weeks.

DR GARCIA

And Bill?

BILL

Yes?

DR GARCIA

No drinking, please.

BILL

Yeah, no drinking.

9 INT. TANGO RESTAURANT/BAR, BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

The place is loud and packed with people eating, dancing, drinking and smoking. A band plays dance music. Bill is sitting at the end of the bar, downing a penguin carafe of wine surrounded by friends, counting in unison as he imbibes.

EVERYONE

Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven..

Bill slams the empty carafe down, wiping the dribbling wine off his chin. A friend ENRIQUE, late 40s, pats him on the back, pops a cigarette into his mouth and lights it for him.

ENRIQUE

Wow! Eleven seconds! That's a new record! You are amazing.

BILL

It comes with years of training.

Bill reaches over and pulls over Pilar and she kisses him deeply on the mouth.

BILL

And to what do I owe the pleasure?

PILAR

Because I love you! And because I need another drink.

BILL

Bartender! OK but what in return?

PILAR

What in return? You mean besides the kiss?

Just then the band strikes up a lively tango. Bill stands, barely, bows and kisses Pilar's hand.

BILL

Shall we dance, chiquitita?

ENRIQUE

Dance? He can't even walk!

Everyone laughs. Pilar smiles, almost in pity, and then rises, gracefully pulling the edge of her dress around, grabbing Bill's loose tie and leading him toward the dance floor like a dog on a leash.

EVERYONE

Oooo-ooooooo!

Bill and Pilar launch into a comical tango with Bill doing surprisingly well for his state, almost as if the act of dancing has sobered him up. Still, he occasionally missteps, bumping into irritated fellow dancers and then dips Pilar to the point where her back rests on top of some surprised diners' table. As the tune builds to a crescendo, Bill attempts to execute a particularly complex, jerky step, only to elbow a woman on a barstool in the back, causing her to squeal and splash her drink on her date.

DATE

Hey boludo, why don't don't you watch it?

BILL

And why don't you go to hell?

The Date, considerably taller and about half Bill's age, rises. Pilar tries to restrain Bill but he pushes her away. As the two approach one another, Enrique intervenes.

ENRIQUE

There, there...no need for violence now, is there?

Enrique slips some money into the Date's jacket pocket.

ENRIQUE

Here, buy yourselves a few rounds. You'll have to excuse my friend. He's suffered a recent personal loss.

DATE

He'll suffer another loss if he doesn't watch it.

The tango's sobering effect has worn off and Bill is again loaded. Enrique and Pilar lead him away as he sadly shakes his head.