

AA

By

Christian Islava

(323) 400-9319
islava@unlv.nevada.edu

EXT. CHURCH/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

KARL, mid-40's, stares at the church. He's standing at the trunk of his car. He grabs a brand new bottle of whiskey, opens it and takes a big gulp.

KARL
(to the bottle)
I wish I knew how to quit you!

He lifts the bottle, as if he wants to smash it on the ground but puts the cap back on and places it gently in the trunk instead.

KARL
Let's get this money.

Karl closes his trunk and walks towards the church.

INT. CHURCH/DINING HALL - NIGHT

Karl walks in on a group of alcoholics sitting in a circle and a main speaker, LISA, at the end of her dialogue. Karl sits.

LISA
-so now we're going to switch over to our open discussion portion. Ah, I see we have a new friend. Why don't you introduce yourself sir. I'm Lisa.

KARL
Hi everyone, my names Karl and I'm a victim...not of alcohol, of bad timing...and good advertising.

LISA
I'm sorry?

KARL
Don't be. I was 3 times over the limit but two dollar drinks at happy hour? I think it would've been a crime if I didn't go! Am I Right?

Karl reaches out to fist bump the guy next to him, ADDICT #1, but pulls his arm back before the guy can give a fist bump.

LISA
I'm not sure I understand, are you
an alcoholic?

KARL
Lisa, you don't have to waste your
breath. I'm not here because I'm an
alcoholic. This is court ordered,
but, if I can be afforded some time
to tell you a little bit about my
background then I guess I'll play
along.

LISA
We don't have to get into the
details right this second but yes,
tell us about yourself.

KARL
I will admit, I do enjoy drinking.
Who doesn't?

Karl looks around to see if he's won any people over. A lot
of people have either have their head down or seem very
anxious.

KARL (CONT'D)
I can actually remember having my
very first beer, it was the night
my dad and I found out wrestling
was fake, I was eight.

LISA
Oh my god! How irresponsible!

KARL
No, no, we weren't driving or
anything.

LISA
I'm referring to your age!

KARL
Okay, that was a bad place to
start. Let me talk about why I'm
here.

LISA
Please.

KARL
I'm here because I like to drink on
occasion. Not always, but like at a

family party, or when my favorite team scores a touchdown, or when the Lakers lose, which is a lot these days.

LISA

So, your drinking is purely celebratory?

KARL

Not necessarily, I think some of it is because of stress. I stress out easily.

LISA

What causes that stress?

KARL

I have a lot of responsibility at home. Two kids, a dog...a wife. So yea, I have a beer or two to relive some of that, after work.

LISA

Is work the issue?

KARL

Work is a bitch. I don't really wanna get into that. Once I get back home I feel like I should be at peace and my wife tends to disagree with that idea.

LISA

Have you considered couples therapy or other forms of counseling?

KARL

What am I doing now?

LISA

Well, this is more of a group discussion setting. We don't really focus on one singular person. And also, I'm not a doctor.

ADDICT #1

Let him continue. It's getting good.

KARL

Thanks man.

Addict #1 extends his arm for a fist bump but Karl ignores it and continues to talk.

KARL (CONT'D)

My wife complains about the dumbest shit. Money. The kids. My mom.

LISA

All of those seem pretty important. Karl are you drunk?

KARL

I'm legally obligated to say, mind your own business.

LISA

You know, this may sound cliché, but admitting that you have an issue is really the first step on the road to recovery.

KARL

Look, on a serious note, I know it may seem like I have a problem but just hear me out. Since when was it bad for someone to drink in their sanctuary?

LISA

Maybe that's not the worst thing in the world but things can get very bad. It starts off small and then the next thing you know, you're destroying your whole life and the lives of others. Do you understand that?

KARL

Wow. Talking about it, I see it now. I'm not an alcoholic. I'm a catholic!

LISA

(agitated)

No. You're an alcoholic.

Karl embraces everyone in the circle, one at a time. He arrives at Lisa, opens his arms for a hug.

KARL

You cured me. How do we notify the court about this?

LISA
Please leave.

Karl dances his way out of the room. Addict #1 dances in his seat, there is no music playing.

FADE OUT.