

Exfoliate Me

By

Marc Lemus

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM

TERESA, late teens, attractive, sits reading a magazine. As she reads, she rubs her face with her hand. Bursting into the front door comes her younger brother IAN, early teens, short and hyper.

IAN

Hey sis.

Ian carries a bag with him as he sits down on the couch. Teresa is curious as to what he has.

TERESA

Hey. What's in the bag?

IAN

Oh, nothing. Just something that is going to get me tons of dates, that's all.

Ian pulls out a package of some sort. His sister can't help herself from laughing at his random statement.

IAN (cont'd)

Shut up, I'm serious.

TERESA

Okay, genius, what is this new secret weapon you have there?

IAN

It is this new face stuff. It is supposed to clear up my pimples in just one night.

Ian is so excited that he cannot stop looking at the package, he doesn't open it. Teresa stops her laughter now.

TERESA

I think you might have gotten scammed little brother.

IAN

No, I don't think so. The guy that sold it to me had a pretty clear face. So... It should be good.

Teresa now becomes serious, and moves closer to her brother.

TERESA

Who is the girl you want to impress anyways? I mean, you look fine. You don't even have bad acne.

(CONTINUED)

Ian rubs his face. His enthusiasm turns into serious determination.

IAN

I heard from Brian that this girl from school said I have a lot of zits. Normally I would not care. It just happens to be that I kind of like this girl.

TERESA

Ian, why do you want to impress someone like that? Forget her. You are great and if she can't see that then you should not want to be with her.

She puts her arm around his shoulder.

IAN

Yeah, but I got her number from one of her friends and-

TERESA

Ian... She is not pretty. I have never seen her, but just from hearing about her, I know. Her personality makes her uglier than anything else on the planet.

Ian takes in what his sister said and nods his head up and down.

IAN

That's stupid. She is so hot.

Ian takes his package and leaves the room. Teresa looks on shaking her head. She can't help but to grin at her younger brother's innocent ignorance. She continues reading her magazine.

INT. HOME - BATHROOM

Ian is seen rubbing his face with a soap like substance. The sink is running.

IAN

Let's go, baby. Make me beautiful.

He puts his head down closer to the sink and begins to rinse his face off with water. He dries his face with a towel, hangs it back up, then leaves.

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Ian awakens from his sleep. He slowly gets up and out of his bed and stretches his arms out. He leaves his room.

INT. HOME - BATHROOM

Ian in a very tired manner walks in the bathroom. He turns the sink on and begins to rinse his face with water.

As he is rinsing he catches a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror. At first, he is fine. Then once a second or two passes his composure turns into shock and paranoia. He propels his face closer to the mirror and begins to inspect his skin.

IAN

Ah, you gotta be kidding me! That thing is huge!

Ian has a big pimple on his face. He pokes at it with his fingers. He becomes distraught.

IAN (cont'd)

I can't believe this. I paid freaking eighty bucks for this crap.

He grabs the box in which the face medication came in, and throws it to the ground.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM

Teresa sits on the couch watching TV. She has a bowl of cereal in her hands. Ian comes running in. He stops in front of her. Humbly and quietly, he stands there.

She takes one look at his face and breaks into laughter.

IAN

(Annoyed)

Oh, shut up. Just... you have any make-up that might help fix this?

TERESA

(Still laughing)

Dude, that is not how make-up works, but if you really want some then go look in my room.

(CONTINUED)

IAN  
Okay, thanks.

He runs out of the room. She takes a bite from her cereal, while still chuckling from seeing his face.

INT. HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ian walks in with a bag of make-up. He searches through the bag and finds something he likes. He is about to apply it to his face when he stops.

He stares at the bag, looks stricken. He puts the make-up down. He looks into the mirror.

IAN  
(To himself)  
What am I doing?

Teresa manages to sneak into the bathroom doorway without Ian seeing. She stands there with her arms crossed.

IAN  
(To himself)  
This isn't me. I am not a chick.

Ian pulls out his phone. He lifts his arm. He struggles, but manages to find the number written down on his forearm. He dials it, and puts the phone to his ear.

IAN  
(Into: Phone)  
Hey, is this Candace? -- Yeah, this is Ian. I am in your third period.  
-- Hey listen, I want you to know something, I don't care what you think. I have pimples, big deal. What you think doesn't matter to me anymore. -- Shh, shh! I am not done. You really suck.  
(Takes a breath and smiles)  
That felt...really good.

He hangs up the phone quickly. His smile turns into him dancing around.

IAN (cont'd)  
(To himself)  
Oh my God. So much adrenaline is flowing through me right now.

Teresa stands in the doorway smiling for her brother. She slowly walks away. Ian continues to dance, happy as can be.

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5.

FADE OUT:

THE END