

Impulse Control

"PILOT"

Created by

Emilie Serna

and

Alex Cavegn

AARON'S HOUSE: COUCH

Aaron & Emilia are hungover from the night before. Lying on opposite ends of the couch, sharing one blanket. Probably still wearing makeup from the night before. They have Diet Cokes and Cheetos. Both are scrolling on their phones.

AARON burps.

EMILIA

Ew.

AARON

What?

EMILIA

Do you remember Mallory from freshman year?

AARON

No

EMILIA

We had intro to world religions with her.

AARON

Did she have an Amish vibe?

EMILIA

You're only saying that cause she didn't have eyebrows... but yeah.

AARON

What about her?

EMILIA

She just had her second baby.

AARON

I'd kill myself.

AARON smirks at their phone.

EMILIA

Who are you texting?

AARON

This old guy who wants to pay to have sex with me.

EMILIA

Are you going to?

AARON

No, he looks like if Gandalf fucked Gollum

They show EMILIA a pic.

EMILIA

Aw, but he has the kind eyes of Smeagol. So why are you texting him?

AARON

I want to know how much he thinks I'm worth. Right now, he's offering \$100 to give me a massage. But I think he's low-balling.

EMILIA

His balls are definitely low to the ground.

Ext. of house. Front porch. Daylight. E still in their pajamas and wearing slippers and vaping on the steps. A comes out in their underwear and sits next to E.

AARON

I thought you gave that up.

EMILIA

I did. This is my one-week reward.

She offers AARON the vape.

AARON

I saw the title of a Substack article that said vaping is our generation's AIDS.

EMILIA

What?

AARON

I don't know, something about how something so harmless can one day decide to kill you.

EMILIA

That doesn't make any sense. Is gay sex the something? And vaping?

AARON

I think you're being a little insensitive. What flavor is it?

EMILIA

It's called pop my cherry

AARON *takes a hit.*

EMILIA

Do you ever want kids?

AARON

Fuck no.

EMILIA

How can you be so sure?

AARON

Last week, when I was biking to my burlesque class because I couldn't afford to put gas in my tank, I passed by the neighbors playing with their dog and two kids, and I thought to myself, gun to my head, I would never want to trade lives with them.

EMILIA

You don't have to raise a kid in a traditional heteronormative way. I think it sounds nice to have someone else to care for and to have a purpose. Like, yeah, you still have work, but now you're working for something- er, someone. You make sure you have gas in your tank so you can drive little Ronnie to gymnastics.

AARON

You don't even have a license.

(ding)

Dumbledore is offering \$200 to finger me

Later the same day. Both AARON & EMILIA in the bathroom. One is doing something at the sink / in the mirror, the other could be in the shower or on the toilet.

EMILIA

I could get my license

AARON

Okay.

EMILIA

What?

AARON

You could get your license.

EMILIA

Why are you saying it like that?

AARON

I could run a marathon.

EMILIA

No, you couldn't.

AARON

Point is, it's not gonna happen.

EMILIA

Yes it is.

AARON

You're 24. And I have to drive you to the pharmacy every month to pick up your acne medication.

EMILIA
It's birth control.

AARON
Pfft. For what?

EMILIA
My acne. But fine. You don't have to drive me anymore, but if I
get pregnant, it's your fault.

AARON
My parents would be so happy
(ding)

EMILIA
How much is Father Christmas offering now?

AARON
\$220 to make him cum... I think he might be broke. I kinda feel
bad for him.

*Later. Same day. Kitchen. Both are eating cereal. Both on their
phones.*

EMILIA
Did you know a shitty car costs like \$2,000?

AARON
Why are you looking at cars?

EMILIA
Well, when I get my license, I'll need a car. Do you think
Father Time would pay me to make him cum?

AARON
No. You could sell feet pics.

EMILIA
That's not something people actually do. It's like millennial
cringe humor.

AARON

No. People actually pay for feet stuff. Go to feets-R-us.org.

EMILIA

Dot org?

AARON

They donate a portion of their funds to paraplegics.

EMILIA

What should my username be?

AARON

Little Latin lesbian lover.

EMILIA

You're racist and homophobic.

AARON

Stinky troll girl.

EMILIA

How about Beauty & The Sheets?

AARON

...

EMILIA

Like Beauty and Bea-

AARON

Yeah, I got it. It's just not as clever as you think it is.

EMILIA

I'm going with naughty nutmeg.

AARON

Now *you're* racist.

EMILIA

I am a size 6, smooth-legged, feminine fantasy.

AARON

You're a size 9, and you've never shaved your legs.

EMILIA

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize [feets-R-us.org](https://feets-r-us.org) was a site where people were their most authentic selves. Should I post a casual photo dump on here and pretend like these are all candid photos that I took on a digital camera from 2005 because apparently that's retro now? And should I caption it 'Life Lately...' and it's literally the most curated photos ever, but one or two are a little bit blurry, so that no one can question my realness?

AARON

Have you drunk any water today?

EMILIA

No.

Back in the bathroom, A is shaving EMILIA'S legs.

AARON

Are we sad?

EMILIA looks at them like, are we really going there? They shake their head.

AARON

No, like. This is what we've done today.

EMILIA

We went out yesterday.

AARON

We got drunk outside, didn't talk to anyone, and then slept together but didn't sleep together.

EMILIA

I'm always telling you that you can try it if you want. I just don't think either of us will have fun.

AARON
I don't want!

EMILIA
Okay! Me neither, god forbid I be a bit generous! Okay, true
life, yes, we're a bit sad.

AARON
I just don't know how to- not ... be.

EMILIA thinks and then jumps up, making A jerk the razor.

EMILIA
Ow!

AARON
Oh my god, I told you I hate doing this because-

EMILIA
I'm kidding. Please keep going, it's way more of a bloodbath if
I go past my ankles. But, okay, we need to stop being sad. We
need to do stuff. We can do stuff. Whatever we want. No impulse
control, what would you want to do or say? Pretend it's like a
truth spell- I'm putting a truth spell on you.

She waves her hands in their face like she's performing a spell.

AARON
I wish you wouldn't wear that shirt where my parents might see
it.

*EMILIA looks down at her shirt. It says "Two Seater" with arrows
pointing at her face and vagina.*

EMILIA
Okay. I want to do cocaine.

AAARON
Okay.

EMILIA

Okay, finish my legs, and then I'll see you in an hour.

LATER: STILL AT AARON'S HOUSE

EMILIA bursts into the house.

AARON

Where are we going to get cocaine? Where are we going to get cocaine that isn't laced with fentanyl? This isn't the 1880s, we don't have doctors on sexy pennyfarthings handing it out like candy.

EMILIA

Duh, I already thought of that.

She pulls out a testing kit.

EMILIA

And I think you should text Moose.

AARON

Moose from 7th grade?

EMILIA

Yes. He always thought you were cute, and he was all about the ganja while the rest of us were trying warm beer for the first time. He has to know where to get cocaine.

AARON

Flattered.

He thought I was cute?

EMILIA

Ew. You can't prostitute yourself out for *cocaina*.

AARON

I don't think we can say that anymore.

EMILIA

What, *cocaina*?

AARON

Well. Probably not that either. But, prostitute. I heard it's better to say sex worker.

EMILIA

You can't sex worker your way into getting the cocaine from Moose. We need it to fuck actual hot people, don't waste your cum.

ON THE STREET, NEAR MOOSE'S PLACE

EMILIA is wearing an insanely racy, tight, unflattering tube top (?) with insane pants. She looks terrible but is walking with a confidence that almost makes it work.

A

So how is that any better than what you were wearing earlier?

EMILIA

Just because we're doing radical honesty doesn't mean I have to listen to you. I only changed because I've always wanted to wear something like this. It's a bitch magnet.

She eyes their polo and jeans.

EMILIA cont.

I feel like you aren't embracing your impulses right now.

AARON

Sighs. You're right.

CUT TO: LEAVING A THRIFT STORE.

AARON is now wearing assless chaps or something equally insane.

IN MOOSE'S APARTMENT:

EMILIA

Moose! It's been forever!

AARON
Hi, Moose.

MOOSE
Yo!!! Take a seat you two.

AARON and EMILIA look at the seating options and decide to stay standing.

MOOSE
What's up you guys? How have you been holding up?

AARON
Fine.

MOOSE
Yeah? You know, I've been thinking about you two-

EMILIA
Moose, do you know where we can get coke?

MOOSE slowly points at his fridge.

AARON
-aine.

EMILIA
-aina.

AARON
Cocaine.

EMILIA
Is it diet?

She opens the fridge and grabs a can.

MOOSE
Ohhhh... No, I don't mess with that stuff. I know a great weed guy though. He operates out of Mears Park, but I have his number.

AARON

Weed is legal in Minnesota, Moose! Why you buying weed from some guy in Mears Park?

MOOSE

He gives me a good deal.

AARON

Oh my god. Moose, have a good day.

EMILIA gently hands him the box of fent testing strips.

EMILIA

... Can you give me the weed guy's number?

AARON

We're going!

EMILIA

He might know where to get coke, and clearly Moose is still alive!

AARON drags her out.

ON THE STREET, NEAR MOOSE'S PLACE

AARON

This was a terrible idea.

EMILIA

Impulse control! We're not supposed to be overthinking this. I can get new testing strips, I just thought Moose needed them more!

AARON walks ahead in silence while EMILIA tries to catch up in her ridiculous high heels. When EMILIA finally does, she's pouting, and AARON glances at her.

AARON

My mom has left over oxycontin in her bathroom.

EMILIA looks starry-eyed.

EMILIA
Percs??!!

AT AARON'S HOUSE:

EMILIA
Like a (terrible) rapper.
Popping a perc. Popping a perc.

AARON
I don't know why you keep saying it like that, it's like, normal
medicine. It's for my mom's back spasms.

EMILIA
I have to say it like that, otherwise it's sad. Like, these are
washed up football player frugs.

AARON
Okay Miss Thang, you can try to find us fun drugs. Spit in the
face of my generosity.

EMILIA
To the tune of a your mom joke.
Your mom's generosity...

AARON
Yeah.

They each take a pill.

CUT TO: LYING ON THE COUCH

EMILIA
When was the last time someone picked you up?

AARON
That Tinder guy last month.

EMILIA

More.

AARON
Counter top.

EMILIA looks at the kitchen counter, bug-eyed.

EMILIA
Of your parent's *home*? Actually, wait, I don't know why I'm
acting scandalized, that's actually so swag.

AARON
It was medium swag. He smelled weird, my ass was cold, and I had
to do a lot of Cloroxing after.

CUT

AARON
Should I be taking creatine?

EMILIA
For what purpose.

AARON
Like- muscles, like, getting big.

EMILIA
I feel like you have to actually lift for creatine to do
anything.

AARON
I could lift.

EMILIA
Yeah, you could.

CUT

AARON
Do you feel anything?

EMILIA
... I don't think so.

AARON
What are percs supposed to feel like?

EMILIA
I don't actually know. Most songs just talk about popping them.

AARON *Googles it. "What does popping a perc feel like." They think for a moment and add, "Reddit."*

AARON
"Warm, at peace with the world. Itchy?

EMILIA
Aren't we all a little itchy? "...Lying in your childhood bedroom on Christmas morning." Well, we have your childhood bedroom right here, let's test it?

AARON *smacks her.*

AARON
It's August. "Good but makes you no poopy." Huh.

EMILIA
...Do you wanna watch a movie while we wait?

CUT TO:

AARON *and EMILIA are passed out on the couch, lit only by the TV. AARON startles awake and skedaddles to the bathroom, waking EMILIA, who quickly takes stock of the situation and does the same.*

IN THEIR RESPECTIVE BATHROOMS

AARON *is on the toilet frantically googling, "Fentanyl making you shit???? Reddit????"*

EMILIA *is on the toilet searching "Britney Spears Emancipation Full Documentary" [or better joke]*

Both emerge from the bathroom, sweaty.

EMILIA

Can you lace percs with food poisoning?

AARON

I was googling it and I don't think so. These are from the hospital, they shouldn't be laced with *anything*!

Lightbulb moment. They rush to the bathroom and grab the bottle of pills. EMILIA follows when she realizes that they're not going to use the toilet.

EMILIA

Whew!

AARON

The hospital prescribed my mom extra-strength laxatives because the oxy... backed her up.

EMILIA

Because percs make you- no poopy.

AARON

-Make you no poopy, yes. I didn't look at the label. There's not even oxy in here. She must have hid them like she thinks I'm some sort of drug fiend - not that there's anything shameful about addiction. This is just like when I had my knee surgery and she told the doctors not to give me pain meds because she didn't want me to get addicted. It hurt!

EMILIA

Well, we were going to pop her percs to get high. Recreationally. And if there were good, I was definitely going to get addicted.

She hits her vape. AARON hits her vape.

AARON
Yeah.

They're quiet for a moment before AARON looks uncomfortable.

AARON
Okay, you have to go.

EMILIA
Yeah.

BACK IN THEIR RESPECTIVE BATHROOMS

EMILIA *texts* AARON a poll. "Fentanyl Coke Son or Laxative Oxy Daughter?"

AARON *texts* back. "Not funny." They click the coke son one.

AARON: *This is making me hungry.*

EMILIA: *Doordash Taco Bell? *cat starry eye emoji**

AARON: *I'm getting us McDonald's.*

CUT TO: ON THE COUCH EATING MCDONALD'S

AARON
I should've worn the assless chaps for this. The toilet seat really started hurting my ass after the first hour.

EMILIA
This is a win for you though.

AARON
How?

EMILIA
Just douche a little and then you're alllll cleaned out for some Tinder guy,

AARON
This is a win for you too. You look so skinny.

EMILIA

You look so skinny! I was going to impulse control recommend
heroin next but I should've known the laxative way would be
easier.

AARON

The worst thing about you is that I can't tell if you're joking.

END.