

TRANSCRIPT – A little all-white pill

Purple Text is spoken by a female rapping voice

Black text is spoken by character noted.

Morpheus and Neo are sitting in club chairs, facing one another. The room is dimly lit. They are talking about the matrix. A small table rests between the two club chairs. Upon it is a glass of water. At the back of the setting, a massive fireplace anchors the space.

Morpheus: ... Choose the blue pill and everything stops. After that, you can dream beautiful dreams and think whatever you want. Choose the red pill and you stay in wonderland and we go down to the bottom of the chasm with the white rabbit.

Morpheus: Don't forget, I'm just offering you the truth, nothing more.

At these words, Neo pulls back his arm. He inspects Morpheus's open hands attentively. The proffered pills form delicate reflections in the lenses of his sunglasses. Neo moves closer and inspects the pills at closer range; he bites his lip, inhales deeply and says:

Neo: You see, Morpheus, I think the red pill you have in your hand is either an antibiotic like azithromycin dihydrate or else an analgesic like acetaminophen. The blue pill, meanwhile, could be Viagra or morphine.

Morpheus: What brings you to these conclusions, Neo?

Neo: Pharmaceutical labs tend to favor blue for anxiolytics, tranquilisers, or sleeping pills. Warm colors are seen as having more active properties, so you'll see them used for pain medication.

Morpheus: And what do you deduce from that?

Neo: That the pharmaceutical industry places way too much importance on the placebo effect.

Morpheus (entertains a faint smile before adding): We have to hurry, they're coming.

Neo: You ask me to swallow a color and a shape whose name you conceal from me.

Morpheus freezes. A bead of sweat gathers on his forehead. Hurriedly, he begins again.

Morpheus: I haven't told you because the name doesn't exist, Neo! I could tell you that you're going to swallow a galenical pill. I could add that the term pays homage to the Greek physician Galen. I could say more: that the color we give to pills is a device to mask their foul flavor. Finally I could end by saying that the term "blockbuster" is a word that can be applied to a movie, but also to a pill that brings in more than one billion dollars in revenue, and that's exactly what I have in my hands, Neo: two beautiful blockbusters!! I could tell you all of that and more, Neo, and still none of this exists!!

Morpheus's words fade slowly. Silence returns. Neo, head down, claps slowly. He raises his head and says:

Neo: All we need is a little statue to pay tribute to the pills starring in the Oscar ceremony's multi award-winning Matrix.

Neo stares at one of the pills in Morpheus's hand. While fixing his gaze on it, he slowly cocks his head. He stares so intently that at some point the pill breaks in two, revealing a mouth that soon opens and breathes.

*Sung in a sing-song voice*

Pill: I'm a little pill, perfectly oval and red, Neo—and now that you're going to swallow me, here is my story:

My sisters and brothers and I sometimes accompany the water you drink, Neo. We are billions, we are an army ready to hydrate and heal you. I can curl up in your damp hands morning, noon or night. Often you pray that I work, and I am a little pebble, a little pebble in your stomach, an all-white stone now, white like a rabbit, a pebble that the wash of your digestive system erodes. I break apart in your body, I melt into you. I penetrate you and let myself fall apart once inside. I drink your fluids and open up like a cigarette butt left in the rain. You like when I work. You like it and you harbor me. You like it and you destroy me, Neo.

I'm a little pill, a little all-white pill. I'm a sculpture that each person collects, or a bathroom sculpture; I'm a little medicine invented by William Brockedon, an artist who invented the pill in 1843.

That's cool it's not over yet, here is the second.

He did it because he didn't like the pencils he could find. The pencils he bought splintered, they drooled and that irritated him. So he decided to create his own lead pencils by compressing graphite powder.

I'm a little all-white rock and I mix so well with your blood, Neo, that I can feel your cholesterol level in me: the higher it is, the less you have access to my properties. Yes, I'm a little white stone, your platelets tint my curves and your blood sugar bronzes me. I'm a little white pill and my comrades and I are stashes as much as money. I'm a little white pill, and just like an abacus, I teach children to count.

Neo's eyes widen throughout the monologue. The words seem like those of an oracle. Morpheus has been staring at Neo the whole time. Now he smiles and says:

Morpheus: Maybe, to minimize the risks, it's time to update your medical profile.

On the table in front of you, you'll find a sheet of paper on which are already written your name, your phone number, your height and weight, your social security number, the results of your last exams. Do you have any known allergies? When was your last check-up? Do you smoke? You seem like an anxious smoker. I know the brand of the vitamins you take, of the condoms you buy. of the anti-aging treatment you use, of your favorite hair-loss shampoo. I know the address of your pharmacy. I know you're prone to acid reflux, that you wear 50 SPF sunscreen in summer and 20 SPF in winter. I know that you hide a dose of saline solution in your pocket, Neo, because you're afraid that a speck of dust might blind you as you walk down the street.

Morpheus gets up. He leans on Neo's chair and says, quickly:

Morpheus: So I was saying that this whole story started with William Brockedon. At first, to create his lead pencils, he always started by grinding over a big steel ashtray. He pressed the powders in his hands, squeezed very, very, very hard and thus showed the black and white powders how much he loved them. Finally, little by little, he invented the process of "shaping pills, lozenges, and black lead by pressure in dies." There: he had a Matrix, an upper and lower hole punch. He filled the matrix with powder and pounded it with a mallet like you pound money. His pencil was made. History has forgotten how he went from pigments to medicine. And yet we owe him one of the first pharmaceutical labs capable of dosing, stashing, and transporting medical powders.

Morpheus takes Neo's face in his hands, places his forehead against that of the chosen one and gently adds:

Morpheus: To do it, he worked by night, just as we do, Neo. So as not to sleep, he pressed his little pills between his eyelids, just as I'm proposing you do. Yes, his little white pebbles let him see at night, isn't that what you want, Neo? To see in the dark?

Morpheus proffers his two hands again to Neo. They contain the two pills, warm from the long-winded conversations. Neo smiles. He swallows the red pill

*Sung in a sing-song voice*  
Pill Pill Pill Pill Pill Pill.