Drugs Are Bad

By:
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FADE IN:

INT. FAMILY KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is spotless, the only kind of clean a stay at home mom can achieve.

KATHLEEN, 39, red hair and freckles, the look of no sleep in her face, enters from the basement stairs.

In her hand, a small baggie.

The man of the house, Mark, 42, stern look with thick rimmed glasses, with just the touch of gray hair, reads the newspaper, oblivious to her behind him.

She throws the baggie on the table.

    KATHLEEN
    Do you know what that is?

Mark places his paper down and looks at the baggie.

    MARK
    Is that?

    KATHLEEN
    Yeah huh.

Mark puts the paper down and sighs.

    KATHLEEN
    So which one do you think it is?

    MARK
    I'll find out.

Mark stands up, in a flash, he grabs the baggie and goes to the bottom of the staircase.

    MARK
    (yells upstairs)
    Adam and Jason, get the hell down here right now.

Mark walks back into the kitchen.

    MARK
    Honey, I'm their father. This is a father son talk, I think you should leave the room.

    KATHLEEN
    But I-
MARK
-No butts. I'll tell them I found it, so they won't get upset with you. Go on.

She hesitantly nods, then leaves.

ADAM, 14, pimple covered face and JASON, 16, braces and messy hair, walk past their mother and into the kitchen.

MARK
Downstairs now.

All three walk downstairs.

INT. BASEMENT
The basement is unfinished. The bright pink insulation surrounds them. Old furniture fills the room with a tube tv and record player on the floor.

Both Adam and Jason sit on some folding chairs. Mark stands in front of them.

MARK
Can anybody tell me what this is?

Mark pulls out the baggie, Adam and Jason look at each other and then back at Mark.

ADAM
Oregano?

Jason smirks.

MARK
Oregano? Is that supposed to be funny? Are you a comedian? Is this a bit you're doing?

ADAM
No, sorry.

MARK
You're a regular day Carrot-Top aren't ya?

ADAM
No sir.

MARK
I'll tell you what, quit school and do stand up.

(MORE)
MARK (CONT'D)
Cause you're hilarious. One word guys.
(beat)
Marijuana.

Adam and Jason look at each other again, then back to Mark.

MARK
Or as it's referred to on the streets, weed, MJ, grass, hash, hi-tide.

JASON
Hi-Tide?

MARK
Yeah, I know the lingo. Just because your old man is older, doesn't mean he don't know the slang.

JASON
I've never heard it referred to as Hi-Tide.

MARK
Oh really? And uh, tell me something. What makes you the expert on marijuana? Huh?

JASON
I never said I was an expert.

MARK
You didn't have to. I read your face.

Jason shakes his head in annoyance.

MARK
So, is this the type of stuff circling your group? Huh? What are you a dealer? Why do you have this stuff? Is it peer pressure? Are all the funny kids smoking the Hi-Tide? You wanna be like one of the funny kids? Huh? Is that it?
(beat)
So why do you have this stuff Adam?

ADAM
It's not mine. If it were mine I would tell you, you know that.
MARK
Let me guess. You're holding it for a friend? No? You're not holding it for a friend, you want to know how I know? Cause you're holding it between your index finger and thumb, that's how I know. Little puff here a little puff there, it's all good right?

ADAM
Dad, if you were to ever believe me about anything, it's this.

JASON
You don't trust us?

MARK
I use to think I could, until I found this stuff stashed here.

Mark eyes both Adam and Jason, he tries to intimidate them.

MARK
Your mother-
(beat)
-and I, are very disappointed in you boys. You leave me no choice. Since neither of you will confess, I'm gonna have to punish both.

JASON
That's not fair.

ADAM
I told you it's not mine.

JASON
Well, it ain't mine either.

MARK
Well it has to belong to someone doesn't it? It sure as hell doesn't belong to the dog.

ROCCO, the german shepard lying in the corner of the room lifts his head up.

JASON
I'm being punished for something I didn't do. This is bull -
MARK
- You watch it young man.

ADAM
What's the punishment?

Mark ponders for a moment.

MARK
When my dad found a pack of cigarettes under my bed he made me smoke the entire thing.

Both Adam and Jason's eyes widen with fear.

MARK
In one sitting.

ADAM
That must have tasted disgusting.

MARK
It did and you know what? I should do the same to you two. I should make the two of you sit down and smoke this entire thing, right here right now.

Jason smirks a bit.

MARK
But I won't, cause you'd like it wouldn't you. Potheads. You think you two are smart and sly, well guess what? Your pops here knows a thing or two about a thing or two. No, your punishment will be worse.

JASON
Come on.

MARK
Church.
   (beat)
Every Sunday.
   (beat)
For three weeks.

ADAM
Oh my God.
MARK
That's the spirit, you're talking to him already. Now get the hell out of here. Hug your mother.

Jason and Adam run upstairs.

Mark sits in the lazy-boy unoccupied. He looks to the bag of weed, smiles to himself.

MARK
I need a new place for my stash.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.