Kids...

by Michel J. Duthin
FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A crowded bar with cigarette smoke hanging above the large room. Noisy people come back and forth with their drinks. A jukebox is playing some Country music.

At the bar, two “COWBOYS” are staring at a booth.

In the corner booth, three young women are seated there, chatting.

MIA (29), the perfect blonde bimbo, is smoking long thin cigarettes, taking long slow drags, and constantly tossing her hair.

Facing her is GLORIA (30), short brown-haired, a glass of tequila in hand.

At last, TONI (28), a beautiful long red-haired woman with opulent breasts. She looks like somewhere else, thoughtful, listening to the music, and turning her glass between her fingers.

The women are in the middle of a conversation and have to talk aloud because of the musical and noisy atmosphere.

GLORIA
--then, I said to that stuttering dumb playboy: “If you walk the way you talk, you won’t get me very far, stud”. If only you could have seen his stupid macho mug.

She laughs along with Mia.

MIA
(to Gloria)
So, what about your kids? How are they?

GLORIA
Don’t talk about it, honey. Last week, I found a cigarettes deck in Vaughn’s bedroom. Under his mattress.

MIA
Say no more! I never thought he could smoke.

She takes a sip of tequila.
MIA
By the way, just guess what I found in little Billy’s school bag?

Gloria gazes at her, eyes full of amazement.

MIA
Can’t you imagine? A small bottle of whisky.

Gloria
No shit?! I never thought he could drink. He’s only seven.
(shaking her head)
Kids...

Toni now looks at them with a smile.

Gloria
Can’t you figure it out? Yesterday, I was looking for one of my sweater in Pauline’s bedroom, in a bottom drawer. I discovered a half-empty box of condoms.

Toni
Whoa! I never thought she had a weenie.

In front of her friends’ aghast eyes, she shakes her head with spite.

Toni
Kids...

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