

Short Scene

Written by

Patrick Clement

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Patrick Clement  
323-517-8198

EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

YOUNG WOMAN, early 20's, stands in the parking lot of a shabby-looking grocery store. She has a haggard expression, and wears a work apron below a puffy down jacket. She is just about to light up a cigarette when she freezes. Peering ahead she sees a BLACK LIMOUSINE coming toward her.

She puts her hands in her pockets, turns towards the store and crashes into a YOUNG MAN, also in a puffy down jacket, pushing a line of shopping carts.

YOUNG MAN  
Woah, hey Kate.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Sorry, Pete.

PETE  
It's cool. Are you going to The  
Aero on Friday?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Maybe.

PETE  
Ok, I'll probably be there. Well --  
see you inside. Nice coat.

Pete pushes the carts into the store as the BLACK LIMOUSINE rolls up behind the YOUNG WOMAN and stops.

The YOUNG WOMAN looks intently across the parking lot and gets into limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

The YOUNG WOMAN slides across the supple leather seat. It's warm, probably heated. Small monitors lutter with news and financial reports.

Sitting across from her is an OLD WOMAN. She looks nearly identical to the YOUNG WOMAN, but thirty years older.

She pets a small dog sitting obediently in her lap.

OLD WOMAN  
Kate? Really dear.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I thought it was apropos.

OLD WOMAN  
Irony is the fortress of the weak.

The YOUNG WOMAN lights her cigarette, reaches for the bar and pours a drink. It's expensive. At least a year's pay at this shitty grocery store.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I guess I shouldn't count on a lung.

YOUNG WOMAN  
-- or a liver.

OLD WOMAN  
The Midwest always looks so much better from the window of the jet.

The young woman calls to the dog.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Jablonka, kuja! kuja!

The dog stays seated.

OLD WOMAN  
We stopped using Swahili two cycles ago darling; it's Portuguese now.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Jablonka, przyjść!

The dog leaps from the OLD WOMAN and goes to the YOUNG WOMAN. She pets the small dog, now sitting obediently in her lap.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
How is David?

OLD WOMAN  
You know exactly how David is. He understood this entire process, and accepted it --

The YOUNG WOMAN rubs the gold dog tag, imprinted only with the number 17.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
-- which clearly you did not. He was a good man and did exactly as he was told. You should meet the new David, such a sprite boy.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Enough with this Martha Stewart  
bullshit.

OLD WOMAN  
Jablonka, przyjść!

The dog leaps off of the YOUNG WOMAN and goes to the OLD WOMAN. She pets the small dog, now sitting obediently in her lap. The YOUNG WOMAN pours another drink.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I don't have it.

OLD WOMAN  
You and I both know that isn't  
true.

YOUNG WOMAN  
It's true. I left it in the wash.  
Got ruined, just like my chapstick.

OLD WOMAN  
Well, if that's the case, than I  
can just dispose of you and move  
on.

YOUNG WOMAN  
You and I both know that isn't  
true.

The OLD WOMAN leans forward and takes the YOUNG GIRL's drink.

OLD WOMAN  
Oh but it is, you see. We restarted  
your cycle.

The YOUNG WOMAN lights another cigarette.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
It's been a good decade, I thought  
I'd treat myself.

The OLD WOMAN smiles, for the first time.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I don't have it. But I know where  
it is.

INT. GROCERY STORE - BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pete, unzipping his jacket, feels something foreign in the pocket, a small black jump drive.