

Goddamn Kids
by
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INT. SILVER PRIUS - MORNING

We can hear a GIRL VOCALIZING the melody of "La Cucaracha".

FADE IN:

We see a COLLEGE GIRL pull her car into a parking space. From our view, we can tell she's at a PARK, but we can't really see it.

The engine cuts. Jangle of keys. Door opens.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

From inside the car, SOUNDS seem muffled, but as the girl steps outside, the sounds transition into clarity - some WIND, birds CHIRPING, a suppressed MURMUR of something else too...

We see that she is ready for a morning jog. She breathes in deeply, closing her eyes and sucking in the crisp fall air. A small smile of content crosses her face.

The MURMUR loudens. The SOUND of children laughing and playing is heard.

Suddenly her eyes pop open. She looks into the park.

It's filled with kids - an elementary school field trip. They're running around, chasing each other, some are sitting under trees picking their noses, but a majority of them are in groups doing different activities led by adults. One group seems to be finger painting with red paint.

A scowl replaces her smile.

A MOTHER and her SMALL SON pass in front of the girl. The son is holding one of those paper stadium trays that they serve nachos in. There's some indistinguishable food in it.

Suddenly, we see him drop it, and he begins CRYING.

The mother immediately stoops down and CROONS, reassuring the boy. Then she scoops him up and walks hurriedly past the girl who looks annoyed.

She looks down at the dropped food. It looks like a half-eaten soft taco. Kinda messy and gross.

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The girl gasps and looks up and scans the park. We see what she was looking for: an obnoxiously orange food stand on the other side of the park. It almost looks like it's glowing.

We get a quick closer glimpse. The sign above it says, "GODDAMN CHICKEN TACOS".

We snap back to the girl's face. Crazy eyes. Devilish licking of lips.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Some VIBRAPHONE-Y UPBEAT JAZZ MUSIC (elevator music) plays on the soundtrack.

We see an overwhelming number of crumpled paper bags, used napkins, and crumbs of food strewn all over the girl's kitchen counter, chairs, couches and floor. The "GODDAMN CHICKEN TACO" logo is on the bags and napkins.

We see the girl and her FRIEND standing on a couch having a heated, angry tug-of-war bout over an indistinguishable blob of food. It's flying everywhere. The girl looks like she hasn't showered in days; she has food all over her face - beastly.

We can hear the girls' struggling - shrieks, screams.

FRIEND

JANE. YOU ARE NOT OKAY.

JANE (GIRL)

I JUST WANT MY GODDAMN CHICKEN TACOS.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

We see the same manic look on the Jane's face from before. She's in line for at the taco stand now.

Two to three PEOPLE show up and get in line behind her.

As she's reading the menu, two KINDERGARTEN BOYS run O.C, GIGGLING, with red paint on their hands. They disappear behind Jane and we hear a smack and Jane shrieks.

The boys run O.S. GIGGLING.

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JANE
(angrily)
Come here you little perverts!

She steps out of the line and attempts to catch one of them.

The second she does this, the people behind her immediately close the gap. It's like she was never there. No one in line seems to notice her. They don't even react to her getting smacked on the buttocks by those kids.

She tries to force herself into the line again, but the people don't budge. They're acting normally, but it's like she's invisible.

She groans in exasperation and goes to the back of the line.

Immediately after, a MAN and his 7 year old SON show up and stand behind her in line. The boy is holding a glass jar filled with...something moving. A faint BUZZING noise can be heard.

The boy taps Jane to get her attention.

BOY
Excuse me, ma'am? Would you like to
see my bees?

Currently, Jane is trying to gauge the damage on her buttocks.

JANE
(distracted)
No. Sorry, kid. I just want my
goddamn chicken tacos and I'm outta
here.

As she talks, the boy begins to enthusiastically unscrew the top of the jar. The BUZZING gets louder.

Once fully opened, he presents the jar to Jane.

BOY
See! Bees!

Jane doesn't look. The jar isn't even in her line of sight.

But then she hears the buzzing, and looks up slowly.

JANE
Bees?

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN

Pages 4-5 omitted