

GOOD OLD DAYS

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Under the bed. A dripping bottle of lube, a dirty hoodie, and a moldy slice of pizza lay in the foreground. Piles of dirty clothes take up space beyond the bed.

JULIE (64), enters and pauses. She slowly bends, picks up a shirt, and takes a loud sniff.

JULIE (O.S.)
Christ almighty!

Wide shot on Julie. She wears a cloth tied over her hair and polka dot pants.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Jesus, but this--this is
an unholy smell.

Julie throws the shirt in the basket. We stay on the basket as clothes are flung in it at an accelerated rate.

Back to Julie: she's on all fours, reaching under the bed.

We again see from under the bed as Julie approaches closer, her hand comically large.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Almost... Aha!

She pulls out the hoodie. When she lifts it, a SMALL ZIPPERED BAG falls from the pocket.

JULIE (CONT'D)
What do we have here? Adolescent,
under the bed secrets?

She lifts the bag to inspect it. Confusion fills her face as she begins to sniff the air, then the bag. She smirks.

She opens the bag to find a BOTTLE OF WEED, a GRINDER, and a GLASS PIPE. She gasps.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Chase, you little devil! Good for
you, kid.

She takes out the glass pipe and inspects it. The pipe has a cool glasswork design. She puts it up to her mouth and pretends to hit it. She relaxes.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Ahhh, the good old days. There's
not as much good in these old days.

She lets out a heavy breath. Her eyes fall on the weed.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Then again, who's to say these
can't be good old days?

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT: Good Old Days.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The laundry basket and the zippered bag sit on the kitchen table. Julie grunts as she pushes open the last unopened kitchen window. She turns on the ceiling fan and opens the door to the outside.

She excitedly claps her hands together and sits at the table. She opens the bag and takes out the contents. She packs herself a bowl, breaking up the weed with her hands.

JULIE
It's just us gals now, Mary Jane.

She wolf whistles, shaking her head with a smile. She puts the pipe to her mouth, lights it, and inhales.

Beat.

She coughs out smoke, she can't stop coughing. Standing, she grabs a dirty glass on the counter and fills it with water.

She returns to her seat and takes a sip before lighting up and inhaling again. She doesn't cough.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Thatta baby! We're back--

The front door creaks open. Julie freezes, glancing at the clock on the microwave.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(muttered)
Crap. Who the hell is home this
early?

She scrambles to put the weed away. She panics, looking at the bowl. It's not finished.

CHASE
Grandma?

Julie stares like a deer in the headlights as CHASE (17) enters. He takes a few more steps forward and sees the zippered bag.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Is that my... bag?

Julie recomposes herself, as if she remembered she is the adult in this situation.

JULIE
You mean your *pot* bag, mister?

Chase stays silent, looking down.

Beat.

Julie laughs at him.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(between laughter)
I'm sorry, sorry. I couldn't help myself.

Chase takes a closer look around the kitchen. He notices the airflow system Julie created and smiles devilishly.

CHASE
Grandma, what are you doing with my bag?

JULIE
Nothing.

Chase comes closer. Julie slides the pipe behind the laundry.

CHASE
Is that a half-finished bowl?

JULIE
(sighs)
Take a seat kid.

Chase laughs as he sits.

CHASE
I can't believe it, Grandma's still a stoner!

JULIE
Now Chase, don't forget the position you're in. I just found your pot possessions, you're really lucky it wasn't your mother.

CHASE
 (gulps)
 Are you gonna tell her?

Beat.

JULIE
 Only if you don't tell her I smoked
 it with you.

CHASE
 ...We've never smo-

Julie hands him the pipe.

CHASE (CONT'D)
 Shit, Grandma!

JULIE
 Language!

CHASE
 Sorry.

JULIE
 And I'd like you to know, this is
 the first time I've smoked pot
 since your mother was born.

Chase hits the pipe and passes it. They talk in between
 smoking.

CHASE
 How do you like it?

JULIE
 They don't make 'em how they used
 to. It's... a lot. Feels good in my
 muscles though. Especially after
 crawling around your floor,
 collecting your laundry.

CHASE
 I'm sorry.

JULIE
 Is it so hard to throw your clothes
 in the hamper instead of the floor?

CHASE
 Yes!

Julie serves him a look as she has the pipe to her mouth,
 about to light it.

CHASE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
No.

She lights and inhales.

JULIE
Let this be a lesson to you. Keep
your clothes off your floor so your
grandmother doesn't find your pot.

CHASE
We mainly call it weed now,
Grandma.

She waves him off. He grabs the pipe.

JULIE
You're a weed.

CHASE
Hey!

JULIE
(giggles uncontrollably)
Get it? Cause you keep growing up
so fast!

CHASE
(laughs out smoke)
That's a bad joke.

JULIE
(frowns)
You're a bad joke.

She inhales. The front door opens and closes with a SLAM.
Chase's eyes widen.

CHASE
Shit.

JULIE
Language!

CHERYL (O.S.)
I'm home!

JULIE
(mutters)
Shit.

Julie grabs the pipe and the weed and launches herself to the counter. She puts the items in the cabinet right before CHERYL (45) walks into the kitchen.

Cheryl wears a pantsuit, she puts her briefcase on the table. Julie and Chase stare at her, frozen.

CHERYL

What?

JULIE

Nothing.

CHERYL

(shrug)

How was school today?

CHASE

I... It was... Good? Normal. Normal day at school.

CHERYL

What did your teacher say about making up the calculus test?

CHASE

... She said uhhhhhhh... I don't know. I don't remember.

Cheryl stare down Chase, perplexed that he can't answer this simple question. She looks at Julie who is examining the wrinkles on her hand. Cheryl sits at the table next to Chase, eying him suspiciously.

CHERYL

Well did you ask her like I told you to?

CHASE

Yeah! I did I just... She didn't answer.

CHERYL

You just said you don't remember what she said.

Cheryl spots the grinder on the table. She grabs it. Chase sinks in his seat while Julie tries to escape.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Mother, were you smoking pot?

JULIE

Chase says it's called *weed* now.

CHERYL
Were you smoking with *Chase*??

JULIE
No! Never. Of course not!

Cheryl turns to Chase. She gives him a hard stare down.

CHERYL
Did you smoke that pipe with
Grandma?

CHASE
No.

Cheryl narrows her eyes.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Yes.

Julie throws her arms up.

JULIE
It's his pot.

CHASE
You said you wouldn't tell!

JULIE
You said *you* wouldn't tell!

CHERYL
Enough! Both of you!

JULIE
Hey! Don't forget who is whose
mother here.

CHERYL
No Mom, this is just as bad as when
you used to smoke with my friends
without me!

CHASE
What? You said you hadn't smoked
since Mom was born!

JULIE
(to Cheryl)
You didn't want to *toke*!

CHERYL
You shouldn't have been smoking
with them!

JULIE

Oh but it's okay when the other
parents give their kids and their
friend's alcohol?

Chase tries to slip out of the kitchen unnoticed. Cheryl
notices.

CHERYL

Don't you make another move.

JULIE

Cheryl, sit down.

CHERYL

No.

Julie gives Cheryl a powerful look. Cheryl sits.

JULIE

I think you should try it.

CHERYL

I don't want to.

JULIE

Yes you do. I know you do. Everyone
wants what they can't have. Just
try it this once.

CHERYL

But Mom-

JULIE

Fine, fine. Be a square forever!

Cheryl groans like a teen. She picks up the pipe and lights
it, coughing before she even finishes.

Julie brings Cheryl the water. Cheryl drinks. Julie puts a
hand on Cheryl's shoulder.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you.

Beat.

CHASE

So... Am I in trouble?

FADE OUT.