

Final Draft 7 Demo

SOAP

by  
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A short comedy.

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Draft 1  
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EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Children's laughter fills the park as kids run around the playground. Two mothers supervise from a nearby bench - LISA (35), pampered and chic; DIANE (55), black. Wise and black.

DAVID (5) runs up to Diane.

DAVID  
Grammy! Grammy! They fixed the  
slide!

DIANE  
Good. It's about time. Lemme tie  
your shoe, baby-  
(leans down)

DAVID  
*Aaa-chooooo!*

David sneezes all over the two women. Lisa tries to control her gag-reflex. Diane is oblivious.

DIANE  
Go on and show me some more back  
flippies.

David runs off to play. Lisa looks up from her magazine.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Damn cold. He been sneezin' all  
day. Snot drippin' all over the  
place.

LISA  
My daughter was sick last week. I  
think I still have some cold  
medicine in my purse.

DIANE  
Oh I don't use medicine. No, too  
expensive, never work. When I was a  
kid we didn't run to little pills  
every time we felt sick.

LISA  
It's children's sinus, over the  
counter. It's pretty light.

DIANE  
No thank you. Not for my boy.

LISA  
It'll keep him from spreading germs  
all over the playground.

DIANE  
No ma'am, I use soap.

LISA  
That's a lot of washing.

DIANE  
No, he eats it.

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Lisa's eyes lock in fight-or-flight analysis.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
It's the one thing you can trust  
these days.

Lisa's not sure if she should laugh or teach. Diane is dead serious.

LISA  
You feed him soap?

DIANE  
Right in his mouth.

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LISA  
That will not fight away sickness.  
The body needs drugs.

DIANE  
Used to cuss alot as a kid, got  
soap put in my mouth. Long as I was  
cussin', I never got sick. Bingo.

LISA  
Soap kills germs on your hands, not  
in your immune system.

DIANE  
You jus can't trust the chemicals  
they put in them drugs. Hands,  
lungs, god made it all.

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LISA  
You can't feed a kid soap, it'll  
poison him.

DIANE  
Sure you can.

David runs up.

DAVID  
My laces are untied again.

Diane pulls a bathroom container of Softsoap from her purse.

DIANE  
Open up--

Like a hungry bird, David opens his mouth to the sky. Diane carefully squirts several ounces into his little mouth.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
There we go. Twenty more minutes,  
Davy.

LISA  
I'm sorry but you're really not  
helping him by squirting soap into  
his mouth.

DIANE  
Save your breath. I've been doing  
this for years.

LISA  
But he's still sick. And what if he  
gets strep, or an infection?

DIANE  
Dish soap, laundry soap.

LISA  
What if he gets the flu?

DIANE  
Straight bleach.

Lisa, disturbed and furious, packs up her things.

LISA  
(to playground)  
Nikki! Time to go.

Cute little NIKKI (5) runs up to the bench

NIKKI  
But we just got here.

LISA  
Sorry honey.

Nikki notices Diane.

NIKKI  
Hi Mrs. Carter.

DIANE  
Hi baby. How's your tummy ache?

Lisa is appalled.

NIKKI  
Still hurts.

Nikki opens her mouth to the sky. Diane empties the container of soap into it.

DIANE  
All better. See you in class tomorrow, Nikki.

Lisa grabs Nikki's hand and hustles to the car. Diane squirts the last of the soap into her own mouth.

CUT TO BLACK

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