

Cigarette

written by

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FADE IN:

PAUL (22) is selling cigarettes, in an empty parking lot, to teenagers to earn some extra cash. Paul An elementary school girl, named JENNY (9), walks toward Paul and his car. Paul sees her and looks around checking for an adult nearby.

PAUL

Hi, sweetheart. You lost?

JENNY

I'm actually a customer.

PAUL

Nope. Sorry, no can do. What are you, six?

JENNY

I'm nine. And why can't I have one. I have the money, see?

Jenny waves the cash in the air.

PAUL

(He chuckles)

Yeah I see. You're way too young. Not gonna happen. Go home.

JENNY

Wait!...um. I'm just getting them for my aunt.

PAUL

Oh yeah?... How old is she?

JENNY

Uh... sixteen.

PAUL

(sighs, showing it's quite obvious they are not for an aunt. Paul looks around and then nods to Jenny)

Yeah.

(signals Jenny to hand over the cash)

Yeah, whatever.

Paul pulls a pack from his coat pocket and trades them off for the handful of crinkly one dollar bills. He counts the money while glancing at Jenny every now and then. Jenny puts the pack in her coat pocket, and turns to leave, but is hesitant.

JENNY

Hey uh. I got a question.
My aunt... she's got this bad cough
and my mom is real worried for
her... Is she gonna be okay?

PAUL

(Paul scratches the back
of his head)
Yeah, it's just a little irritation
in her throat. She's fine now. But
(sigh)... eventually she will die
from lung cancer.

Paul and Jenny now looks DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA and the
feeling all of a sudden feels a little more eerie.

PAUL AND JENNY (CONT'D)

just like your mother, Lucas.

CUT TO:

2 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Quick pan to LUCAS'S MOM who is in a wheelchair coughing. She
is in a white and cold room with nothing there except her and
her chair. The sound of a flatline plays in the background
and gets progressively louder.

LUCAS'S MOM

Oh honey. Wake up.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

LUCAS (16) wakes up completely startled, his breath wavering.
He sits up, realizes it was just a dream, and falls back into
bed.

FADE TO BLACK.