

The Junkie and the Pea Shooter

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

A pleasant looking middle-aged COUPLE sit in a traditional looking living room when their super cool looking teenage son comes sulking in from school.

A heroin needle falls from his backpack into the middle of the floor. Without realizing he walks away into his room.

MOM

Honey, how was school.

SON

I don't know.

He keeps walking and his mother sees the needle and goes to pick it up.

DAD

Did you learn anything today?

SON

Yeah.

DAD

Well, what was it?

SON

That you guys suck for making me go to school.

The mom holds up the needle; the son sees her and gets extremely nervous.

MOM

Son, what is this?

SON

Nothing.

DAD

Well, it's obviously something.

SON

It's just a -- a pea shooter.

MOM

SON!

DAD

Son, have you been shooting peas?!

(CONTINUED)

SON
Well -- Well, just sometimes, ya
know?

DAD
You know how we feel about violence
in this family. You know we don't
allow weapons in this home.

SON
It's not even a weapon, Dad. Nobody
even gets hurt.

MOM
Well, then how do you explain those
bruises on your arms.

The son has obvious bruises and needle tracks covering his arms.

SON
It's not even that bad. My friends
and I were just having a pea
shooting war.

DAD
War?! You know we're a peace loving
family.

MOM
Just tell me this. Are you at least
eating the peas afterward? To get
your vitamins?

SON
Yes, mom. Of course I am.

He gives her a reassuring hug; she begins sobbing hysterically into his shoulder. Dad paces the room.

DAD
I just don't know what to do.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Dad answers the door to find two POLICE OFFICERS on the porch.

OFFICER 1
Hello, sir. Are you Mr. Kendall?

(CONTINUED)

DAD
Yes, that's me.

OFFICER 2
Well, sir. We believe your son has been selling drugs to some of the other boys at school.

OFFICER 1
Heroin.

DAD
Look, officers. I'm sorry you wasted your time coming down here, but we just found out our son and his friends have been shooting each other with peas. I have to take care of my son right now.

He slams the door in the stunned officers' faces.

SON
Dad, what did the cops want?

DAD
That's not important now, boy. We need to talk about your violent behavior.

SON
I have something to tell you guys.

MOM
What is it, son?

SON
I've been doing heroin. I'm an addict -- a junkie -- I don't think anything but getting high all day. It's my whole fucking life. Fuck -- I fucking hate this junk, but I can't stop.

The son breaks down crying during his confession.

DAD
You mean you're not pea-shooting?

MOM
You're not a violence-monger?

SON

No. I'm addicted to heroin. It's
much worse.

DAD

No it's not. We can fix your
addiction, but we can't change you
from being an ultra-violent
heathen.

MOM

I'm so happy!

SON

What?!

DAD

Listen. When I was a boy my father
caught me smoking a cigarette, and
do you know what he did?

The son shakes his head sullenly.

DAD (CONT'D)

Well, he went to the drugstore and
bought me a carton of
Marlboros. He made me smoke the
whole thing. Made me so sick I
never picked up a cigarette again.
I'll buy you a kilo of H and we'll
just nip this right in the bud.

SON

What?!!

DAD

Not another word.

1 HOUR LATER

The Mom and Dad stand over their son as he convulses on the couch, mouth foaming, with a needle in his arm.

A huge package of heroin sits partially used on the side table.

MOM

He alright?

DAD

He always foams at the mouth when
he learns an important life lesson.