



ONE PIINT

WRITTEN BY
M.LATHROM

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Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE LAWN - NIGHT

Blue and Red light flash across the lawn. Cars parked all around. Officers talk, draw out tape, hold back a small crowd gathering around the street.

MILDRED (58), an obese woman wearing a decades old flower t-shirt and short shorts stands on her lawn, watching the police shove a bloodied man in the back seat of a squad car.

OFFICER KAUL (37) steps to the side, blocking her view and seizing her attention. He's tall weary-looking man. His dark hair thinning too much for his age. His uniform has a looseness not seen on the rookies behind him.

OFFICER KAUL
And you're sure that man...

Mills points to the body covered with a sheet on the sidewalk.

OFFICER KAUL (CONT'D)
...fired first.

MILDRED
Oh yeah. I'm sure.

Officer Kaul takes some notes in his pad.

Mildred points to the squad car with a novel in her hand.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
But the other guy would have done it any second.

OFFICER KAUL
Ma'am, you're saying Mr. Williams was attacking the victim?

MILDRED
Nah. Nah. It was in his eyes. The dead guy shot first, but that was just luck of the draw.

OFFICER KAUL
So it was self defense.

MILDRED
Is it self defense when a pair of rotts go at it and one ends up dead?

Officer Kaul shakes his head, slaps his pad closed.

OFFICER KAUL

(dismissive)

I think I have everything. Thanks
for your time.

Officer Kaul turns without so much as a nod, then heads
toward the car.

MILDRED

They each got their pint.

He stops, ponders it for second. Knows he should walk away,
but morbid curiosity turns him around to face her.

OFFICER KAUL

Excuse me, ma'am?

MILDRED

My husband used to come home every
night and have a big fat ribeye,
rare. My grandkids shoot up
strangers all day on their phones
and their TVs. I read these.

Mildred lifts up her book. "The Hound of Bakervilles"

She smirks, then lowers it to her side.

OFFICER KAUL

This is my third shooting today. If
you have something else to tell me,
then please...

Officer Kaul sinks his arms to his side in resignation.

MILDRED

Then you already got yours.

(beat)

See, I believe everybody needs a
pint of blood a day. Whether they
get it from a juicy steak, a shoot-
em-up game, or something a little
more... real. And believe me,
Officer Kaul, we always get our
pint.

Officer Kaul doesn't speak. His head nods a bit without him
knowing it.

Mildred half salutes him with her book. Then heads to her
door.

Officer Kaul watches her leave as the red and blue lights dance on his face.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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