

WELCOME TO JACK'S DRFT 1

Written by

Indira Lorick

NY-FEB-32RD-04032-BS

indiralorick@gmail.com  
678-833-7379

INT. BAR - NIGHT

JACQUELINE

Hi, welcome to Jack's. What can I get ya?

Patron throws briefcase on bar haphazardly and slings coat on adjacent chair.

PATRON

Gimme a shitty vodka with a spit of grapefruit.

JACQUELINE

Ok, greyhound it is. Long day?

PATRON

Understatement of the century, lady. I mean, not only am I the only guy left in the office but now they expect me to keep track of their frikkin' PMS schedules. No offense.

JACQUELINE

Oh, I hear ya. Hormones can be tough to handle.

Places meticulously made drink in front of patron.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

So what's the excuse of all you middle aged white collar douchebags? Miss the good ol' days where women stayed at home and pressed your skid marked tightie-whities every day? Made pot roast every night? Come on, get with the program, already. It'll go a lot easier for you if you do.

PATRON

Excuse me? Did you just call me a douchebag? Is the owner here? I would like to speak to him.

JACQUELINE

Oh, sorry. "No offense."  
(extending hand)  
And I'm Jacqueline. My friends call me Jack. Welcome to my bar.