

JAGUARS

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FADE IN:

INT. ESTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Porcelain figurines line a bedside table.

In the background, we see a WOMAN dressing slowly. Beige control-top tights are stretched over a soft belly.

The WOMAN steadies herself by holding the back of a chair as she steps into a long navy skirt. She struggles to secure the Velcro on her orthopedic sandals.

INT. ESTHER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Chalky pink lips grip metal bobby pins. Fingers secure them around a tight bun of thinning brown-grey hair.

Hands carefully lift a huge purse into the sink. A travel-size bottle of lotion drops into the open purse. Travel-size hand sanitizer. Kleenex carefully folded inside a tiny Ziploc baggie.

Finally: a huge box of condoms, ribbed for her pleasure.

ESTHER HOLMS looks up at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. She's only 25 years old but dresses like she's in her late 60's.

Esther adjusts her trifocals.

ESTHER

(whispers)

She is young. She is flirty. And she needs a man tonight.

TITLE CARD: JAGUARS.

INT. TIPPLER'S BAR - NIGHT

A dreamy indie rock song plays. Blurry figures float by slowly.

Suddenly, the room shifts into focus. A busy bar filled with attractive men in their 20s-30s. Through a sea of scruff, ironic tattoos, undercuts, Afros, denim, and flannel, we see bartender VIC, 30s.

Vic looks like he belongs in a Levi's commercial. Is this a Levi's commercial?

INT. TIPPLER'S BAR, BOOTH - NIGHT

Esther blinks behind her trifocals, mesmerized by Vic's rugged, rustic beauty. She hugs her purse tightly.

A cell phone suddenly flies into view, screen locked on a dating app.

KARA
Esther, wake up!

Esther snaps to attention. KIT and KARA, 20s, are seated on either side of her.

KIT
Guy at the bar. Look.

Esther looks up to see DAN, 30s sitting at the bar in very tight jeans. He's focused on his phone, definitely swiping thru some profiles.

KIT (CONT'D)
(hisses at Esther)
Don't look! Look.

Esther looks away awkwardly.

KARA
We matched *five* minutes ago. I can't believe he hasn't messaged me yet.

ESTHER
Maybe you could go talk to him?

Kit and Kara stare at her.

KIT
Esther. You can't just go up to guys and talk to them. Hello? We have cellphones.

KARA
Yeah, if I walk right up to him, he'd know I want to fuck him - -

ESTHER
Don't you - - ?

KARA
 (too loud)
OF COURSE I WANT TO FUCK HIM but
 I'm not giving him that - -

She ducks her head down.

KARA (CONT'D)
 Oh my God! He just looked *right* at
 me when I said that.

KIT
 We can never come here again!

They grab their purses and bolt.

Esther sits alone at the booth with her fancy cocktail.

MANUEL, 20s, approaches with a drink in hand.

MANUEL
 Hey. Anybody sitting here?

Esther shakes her head no, smiling shyly.

Manuel slides into the booth next to her. His friend RANDALL
 slides in after him and they both manspreading until Esther
 is pushed off the edge of the booth.

She stands awkwardly next to them, clutching her purse. The
 guys completely ignore her.

RANDALL
 No one's here tonight.

Esther points at her drink, still on the table.

ESTHER
 (softly)
 Uh my - - I - - have mojito - -

They don't see or hear her.

MANUEL
 It'll pick up. It's still early.

Esther leans down and slowly slides her drink across the
 table pulling the paper napkin underneath it.

RANDALL
 I don't see anyone, man. I don't
 see anything!

Esther's drink travels the length of the table before it knocks over at the very edge, spilling down the front of her blouse.

Esther looks up. Now she is seen.

INT. TIPPLER BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Esther stands at the sink, drying off the front of her blouse.

SOUNDS OF A WOMAN QUIETLY MOANING fill the bathroom. Esther turns around.

From under the stall behind her, a similar pair of orthopedic sandals are spread eagle, with a male figure crouched between them. A wallet chain laps the concrete floor rhythmically, then suddenly stops.

TERRI (O.S.)
(out of breath)
Why are you stopping? You *found*
her. You found her!

EVAN (O.S.)
Someone's watching.

The bathroom stall door opens. TERRI, 50s, is seated on the closed toilet, her printed caftan pulled up to her waist. EVAN, 20s, is crouched in front of her. He quickly stands up, wiping his mouth.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(at Terri)
Who's this? One of your friends?

ESTHER
No - -

Terri takes her sweet, carefree time readjusting her caftan.

EVAN
I have an age limit. And I *said*
THAT!

He exits in a huff.

ESTHER
I am so sorry, I - -

TERRI
(smirks)
Nahhh. He'll be back. I'm Terri.

ESTHER
Terri. I'm Esther.

TERRI
Esther. We're sitting at the booth
by the stage if you want to join
us.

ESTHER
Us?

TERRI
(smiles)
The Jaguars.

INT. TIPPLER BAR - NIGHT

Esther emerges from the bathroom.

She spots THE JAGUARS booth with DARNELL, 50s, Grace Jones flat top, former military, very butch; LUANNE, 50s, Southern-sweet; ANYA, 50s, a rail-thin woman with stringy thinning hair, and queen bee Terri.

INT. TIPPLER BAR, JAGUAR BOOTH - NIGHT

The Jaguars sip glasses of rosé and survey the crowd over their glasses.

DARNELL
Already had *him*. Told *that* scraggly
beard to lose my number. Oh. He's
new - -

They check out Dan at the bar.

TERRI
Amen those jeans - -

LUANNE
How's he breathing in there?

ANYA
I can bring him back to life.

They cackle and throw their napkins at her.

INT. TIPPLER BAR - NIGHT

Esther stands at the bar, waiting nervously.