

Mia's Pub

By

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FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - EXT. MIA'S PUB - NIGHT

Dark, rainy town streets. MIA'S PUB, on a corner, crowds stumble by.

INT. MIA'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

Substantial bar that's well kept. Alcohol aligned behind the bar counter top with the shortest in the center, tallest at the edges. Some regulars sit and drink.

MIA KILLIAN, 26, heavily guarded, silent, wears black ripped jeans, boots and leather jacket over T-shirt and angel wings necklace, pours liquor into shot glass.

MIA (NARRATION)

People say I'm quiet and when I
open my mouth I piss people off. I
say what people need to hear versus
what they want to hear.

Music plays quietly from Jukebox. ROX, 24, slutty, loud, misguided, wears short pink skirt, makes out with BRAD, 27, sly hipster smile, grabby, wears flannel at waist. A glass empty on the table beside them.

MIA CONT'D (NARRATION)

Most people think I'm a hard ass
bartender, who'd rather be alone
than loosen up with girlfriends who
talk shit about everyone and fuck
every guy they think is the one,
even though Rox just met Brad on
Tinder two hours ago, they've had
their tongues down each others
throats for twenty minutes now.

Two adolescents leave tip on table, giggle as they walk out.

MIA CONT'D (NARRATION)

I'd call myself an observer.

Mia cleans glass. Brad jerks up, struts towards the bar.

MIA CONT'D (NARRATION)

It's not stalking if they decide to
come into my bar and unleash all
their problems onto me, now is it?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Hey dollface, another Malibu Sunset
and, uh, Sangria?

MIA

Seriously? Wonder which one's for
her?

Mia pours herself a shot of GIN and downs it. Brad gives her
a dirty look up and down.

Mia prepares the Malibu Sunset and Sangria. Slides it to
Brad, hand out for money.

MIA

(sarcastically)

Enjoy.

Brad hands her \$5 too much.

BRAD

Keep the change, you need it more
than I do.

Mia scoffs, shakes her head as he spins around to walk back.

MIA

(under her breathe)

Asshole. Hope he gets gonorrhoea.

Young adolescents come in, plop at booth with friends.

MIA CONT'D (NARRATION)

People wonder why I judge them so
often. They're so predictable, it's
sickening.

Rox and Brad make out up against the jukebox.

MIA CONT'D (NARRATION)

Always after the same stupid shit,
like love, or more like lust. They
claim to care so much but they're
oblivious to what actually matters.

JAYMES TAYLOR, 30, sits down at the bar, dreary, hair messed
up in front of his face, wears worn out jacket and jeans.

MIA CONT'D (NARRATION)

That's why it's better to be alone.
No one to get hurt. You can't get
hurt.

(CONTINUED)

JAYMES

Miss? Can I get a, uh, something strong?

Mia reaches for Tequila.

JAYMES

Uh, not that strong.

MIA

Gin Negroni?

Jaymes shrugs, gestures her to pour away.

Mia pours two glasses of Gin, puts lime in one, hands it to Jaymes.

MIA (NARRATION) CONT'D

But people can't handle being alone for too long. Well, most people. The only time they want to be alone is when they need someone the most.

Mia swipes glasses with a rag, places them under the counter. Grasps her glass, gulps gin.

JAYMES

Don't you sip gin?

MIA

No. You, sip gin. I drink it.

Jaymes leans back in his stool.

JAYMES

So, sorry to assume the missus is a typical lady.

He sips his gin, disgusted, groans and spits out his tongue as he sets the glass down.

JAYMES

So, what's the non-lady's name?

MIA

The place is literally called Mia's Pub. I'm Mia.

JAYMES

All this time I thought it was M-i-a, not M-ee-a.

(CONTINUED)

MIA
Sorry to disappoint you.

Jaymes stares at her, like she's a creature he's never seen before.

MIA
It's a classic mistake, don't beat yourself up over it.

Jaymes chuckles, tries his drink, he grunts.

JAYMES
Yuck. How can you drink that?
Revolting stuff.

MIA
Probably the lime.

JAYMES
(smirks)
Probably.

JAYMES CONT'D MOMENTS LATER
Would you like to know my name?

Mia grabs the cleaned glasses, abruptly turns, places them on the shelf behind her, jolts back.

MIA
Jaymes Taylor, 30 years old. Only child but you have a half brother-Ryan. You're an accountant - the most boring job ever. Just recently got dumped by Venessa, who came here every Thursday night to talk shit about you.

Jaymes' eyes widened and shocked he adjusts his seat.

JAYMES
Wow. Uh, are you always this--

MIA
Observant.

JAYMES
I was going to say aberrant. But, yeah.

Mia scoffs. Grabs 3 beers, hustles over to table, snags tip money, sets the beers at booth with five young adolescents. One woman wears tiara with a big sparkly 21.

YOUNG MAN #1

You're not going to ID my young friend here?

YOUNG WOMAN #1

Henry, shut up!

MIA

It's fine. I know you're all 21 and over.

Mia walks around the bar, gathers empty glasses, bottles and cans, disposes recyclables. Mia trudges to jukebox, Brad frisks Rox, she giggles. Malibu Sunset and Sangria still full on table near by.

MIA

Are you finished?

Mia gestures to the drinks. Brad groans, faces Mia. Jayme's pivots stool to face the commotion.

BRAD

Does it look we're done?

MIA

Like most of the chaps in here, you prefer her tongue.

ROX

That's not true, Mia.

BRAD

Just because you own this dump, doesn't mean you get to be a bitch.

MIA

Actually, it does. Get out.

Brad arrogantly dumps the drinks all over the table and floor, sets glasses down, smiles, arms out, shrugs.

MIA

Get the fuck out of my bar.

Brad heaves a chair in, darts at Mia, ready to swing.

ROX

Brad stop! She's my friend.

Mia unfazed. Brad halts, he struts back, yanks Rox's arm, pulls her with him.

(CONTINUED)

MIA

She stays. You go alone.

Brad glances back, snarls.

ROX

Just leave Brad.

He flings her arm free and struts out.

Mia straightens up their table, picks up glasses.

ROX

We matched great on Tinder.

MIA

That was your second mistake. First was calling me your friend.

Jaymes chuckles and sips Gin, disgusted again, sets it down. Mia glances up at him, rushes to the bar, puts down glasses, grabs paper towels, retreats to table, wipes down table and floor.

ROX

How am I getting home?

Rox stumbles to a booth and lies down, passes out. Mia strides to throw the soaked paper towels out, goes back behind bar.

MIA

I'll call you an Uber.

Jaymes swivles his stool towards Mia.

JAYMES

I'll take her.

Mia grabs glass, wipes it.

MIA

No offense, but I don't trust strange men taking a wasted Roxane home.

JAYMES

Uber drivers are way more sketchy. Besides, you knew me 5 seconds ago.

Mia looks up at Jayme's angrily, rolls eyes, sighs, sets glass down.

(CONTINUED)

MIA

Fine.

Mia pulls out a notepad and pen, writes, rips off paper, hands to Jaymes.

MIA

Her address. My number. Text me when you drop her off and she's safe.

JAYMES

I'll send a picture of your non-friend walking inside her lovely house.

Jaymes lounges up, picks up Rox over his shoulder, carries her to his 2019 Silver Hundai Sedan, they speed off.

Very few people inside.

MOMENTS LATER Mia's phone buzzes. Text from Jaymes, picture of Rox stepping inside her house.

TEXT READS

Non-friend safe and sound. Least I can say I got a girls number today.

Mia smirks. Types back.

TEXT READS

Thanks.

END SCENE

INT. MIA'S PUB - BAR - DAWN

Bar is empty, dead silent, stools stacked on top of tables, glasses upside down on counter top, liquor bottle tipped over, alcohol drips.

INT. MIA'S PUB - MIA'S ROOM - DAWN

Small closet space, a small folded table leans against a small file cabinet, sleeping bag, mop and broom, rock poster on the wall, and one small window.

Mia sleeps with the sleeping bag, no pillow.

Phone buzzes. She wakes and answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MIA
What?

ROX
Hi Mia!

MIA
Jesus can you not be so loud?

ROX
Oh sorry. What are you up to?

MIA
Cut the shit Rox, what do you want?

ROX
Oh well, since we're friends I figured we could get breakfast or something.

MIA
It's fucking 6 am! Ugh. And we're not friends.

ROX
You've known me since we were little and you always protect me.

MIA
That's because you're stupid. I'm hanging up.

ROX
Mia come on -

Mia ends the call. Looks up at the window and groans.

MIA
Fuck.

Mia rises out of bed, puts black pants on, changes shirt, puts jacket and boots on. She exits her room, looks at herself in the bar mirror, fixes hair.

MIA (NARRATION)
People tend to believe they understand everyone and everything. But in reality they don't even understand themselves.

Mia picks up the liquor bottle, sees the spill.

(CONTINUED)

MIA
God dammit.

She takes a rag, wipes down the counter and the bottle.

MIA CONT'D (NARRATION)
Even I can't say that I understand
everything. People who think they
know everything are just arrogant.

A man pounds on the doors.

Mia looks up at the man, takes a swig of the liquor, sets it
back on bar counter.

She sighs, mopes toward the doors, snatches keys hanging on
a tack above the door. She unlocks it.

BRUCE FETICHINI, 29, wears a suit, bow tie, fedora,
aviators, and a fanny pack. Mia opens the door, steps aside.
He strides in.

MIA
(Sarcastically)
What do I owe the pleasure?

Bruce removes his fedora, places it on the coat rack hook,
removes aviators, sets them in his pants pocket.

BRUCE
Always nice to see you too Mia.

He kisses her on the cheek. She smirks.

MIA
Could you be anymore of a granddad?

BRUCE
Could you be anymore gothic?

MIA
The slang has changed, almost as
often as your style.

BRUCE
Hey, I have my own complex.

MIA
Whatever you say. What are you
doing here anyways?

Bruce takes off his fanny pack, unhinges the latch, pulls
out a stack of files.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Cases. If you're interested?

Mia pivots and sighs. Grabs the liquor.

MIA

I'm not.

Mia gulps the liquor.

BRUCE

When are you going to get out of
this funk Mia.

Mia turns back towards him.

MIA

This is my life, Bruce. You come
here almost every month to hand me
more cases that I don't fucking
want.

Mia roams behind the bar, liquor in hand.

MIA CONT'D

They just sit in my filing cabinet
collecting up dust. You solve the
damn cases if you're so concerned
about them.

Bruce saunters to the counter, sets the files down, points
to the bottle and stares at Mia.

BRUCE

This will be the death of you.

Bruce puts his aviators back on, walks to the coat rack and
removes his hat from it.

BRUCE CONT'D

At least look at these ones Mia.
They used to bring you so much joy,
whenever you'd crack a case and
help someone out.

MIA

I caused more harm than good Bruce.
Please just leave.

Bruce puts on his hat and exits MIA'S PUB. Mia takes another
swig of liquor.

(CONTINUED)

MIA CONT'D
It's better this way. For everyone.