

RICH GIRLS ARE THE BEST

By Sam Baron

We see brief close-ups of a girl asleep in bed: feet, hands, closed eyes, etc. We hear her alarm clock ring and see that the time is 4AM. Still without revealing her face, we see her get up and watch her feet in close up as she shuffles to the bathroom, still half asleep, as the narration plays:

GIRL (V.O.)

My name is Mary-Louise Dalton-Shelby, and I'm rich. Very rich. You may have seen me walking down your street one day and stopped and stared and wished you were me, and if you did I don't blame you. I'm very beautiful.

She has reached the sink, and adjusts the mirror to reveal her face at last. She looks half asleep.

My extravagant finance capabilities provide me with everything I need to embody physical perfection every moment of my life.

We see close-ups of her reaching for various bottles and lotions and using them on her face.

I use only the best in high quality skin care to soften, moisturize and exfoliate..

We see her hand reach out from behind a steamed-up shower curtain to grab a large bottle of conditioner.

..and use professional level hair products to provide myself with the ultimate in synthetic recreation of natural bounce and shine.

It's now a little later, and she turns around, flicking her hair in the process with a smile. She does this again. And again. She's practicing. Suddenly she becomes serious and stares intently into the mirror, pulling and tossing at her hair with intense concentration.

I spend up to four hours every day giving myself that perfect "just don't care, fresh out of bed" look which stops grown men in their tracks and makes me the understandable envy of the wannabees and posers I regrettably call my friends.

We start on a close up of her feet as she struts down the street, pulling out to reveal heading turning as she walks.

I'm a confident, new millennium girl with an identity and a cause, fighting on the forefront of the women's rights movement by embracing and exerting my sexual independence..

We see her with a guy up against an alley wall.

..which in practice means going out night after night and getting fucked in grimy back alleys by guys too stupid to appreciate the irony in the fact that my pseudo-feminist agenda involves becoming the embodiment of the classic male automaton's utopian bride..

The image has "re-wound" to earlier in the evening as she sits with the guy, laughing and smiling as he buys her drinks.

..a readily-available double-DD Barbie who can offer them a taste of the love their mothers never gave them but which their confused oedipal minds so inexplicably desired..

The image has "fast-forwarded" through them going from the bar to the alley and coupling, and we now see her silhouetted as she struts out of the alley and turns the corner (out of shot) leaving him behind.

..but only for a moment, before I dump them and keep moving, living life in the fast lane for no-one but myself, with no destination and only one rule:

We whip pan to a close up as she faces the camera, talking to us.

Have fun. They say money can't buy happiness.

We see an extreme close up of her lips.

They lied.

She blows a kiss, and walks out of shot.

THE END.