

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - DAY

A really small film crew sets up a shot in front of a bandshell with rows of stone benches in front of it.

There's a brisk kerfuffle going on, because the metal grate over the stage has what must be new graffiti on it.

A lot of frustrated bodies make a lot of frustrated gestures. Wayyyyyyyyyy off in the distance -

- SCOTT stands on the corner of a wide intersection. He's got a walkie-talkie on his hip and an earpiece in.

He squints at the kerfuffle but can't make out what the hell is going on. He presses the walkie button.

SCOTT

Uh. Hello?

There's a HISS and some CHATTER. He lets the earpiece drop. A car pulls up behind him and parks. He doesn't notice.

SAMMI hops out of her car and pulls herself into a hoodie in one fluid motion. She carries a walkie.

She threads the chord up her back and to her ear like a pro, and then plugs it in. She beelines for Scott.

SAMMI

Hey, new homie.

Scott jumps. A smile fills his face when he recognizes her.

SCOTT

Whoah. Shit. Hey.

She joins Scott and surveys the scene at the bandshell. She slaps a name tag that reads "DILLON" on her chest.

SAMMI

Hey. Sammi.

She holds her hand out sideways, without looking at him.

SCOTT

Um. Ha ha. Yeah, hey. Scott.
Remember?

He shakes her hand. She pulls it away pretty quickly.

SAMMI

What are these idiots messing up today? Someone try to eat the camera?

SCOTT

I'm not really sure. Graffiti, I think.

SAMMI

Just paint that shit. Done.

SCOTT

They sent me over here to stop traffic but. I mean. The camera's not even pointed in this direction and I don't know if they need me back there or what.

Sammi does a walkie check and gets a positive response. She heads for the ever expanding kerfuffle at a brisk clip.

SAMMI

Stop that traffic.

He's confused. Smiling. But confused.

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - CATERING TABLES - DAY

Scott grabs an empty plate and joins the lunch line. In front of the Gaffer and such. There's muttering.

And grumbling. He doesn't notice. EVERYONE ELSE does.

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - TREE - DAY

Scott sits in the shade of a low tree with wide branches. He scans the rest of the crew, off a ways.

SAMMI pounces from behind the tree, lunch in hand.

SAMMI

Sup, lil homie.

She drops in to a cross-legged sitting position without asking. His posture gets a wee bit grumpy.

SAMMI

You totally gotta watch yourself at lunch. Us lowly serfs eat last.

SCOTT
You really don't remember me? Or are
you just being too cool for school?

She studies his face in an exaggerated way.

SAMMI
Oh shit. You totally look familiar.
Did we hook up at a graduation party
or something?

SCOTT
No. We worked together. At the
restaurant.

SAMMI
Oh, damn. That slop-house? I do my
best not to think about those days.
They were some dark days, lil Homie.
I was failing to handle my shit.
Like. Completely.

SCOTT
Scott. It's Scott.

She sits up straight and formally offers him her hand.

SAMMI
Let's start over. Hi, Scott. I'm
Sammi. Totally awesome to meet you.

He tosses a stoic look at her hand.

SAMMI
Don't front. You know you want to.

She pushes the hand closer. His lips almost smile.

SAMMI
You totally want to shake my hand
more than you've ever wanted to shake
another living person's hand in the
history of handshakes.

He stares for a second more then smiles and shakes her hand.

SAMMI
Done and done.

She shoves a forkful of food in her mouth.

SCOTT

I read this essay one time about the history of handshakes. People think it was a gesture of "peaceful intentions." Like. They'd extend their hand to show they weren't carrying a weapon.

She chortles through her food and swallows.

SAMMI

Holy shit. Settle down, Nerdicus, king of all Handshake Nerds. It's just some shit we do.

He looks down. But smiles. MAN he has a crush on her.

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - CRAFTY TABLE - DAY

AGNES, the perfect picture of the harried director, blocks access to the snack table. She studies a huge binder.

Scott nudges his way in front of her to refill his coffee. He jostles Agnes. She gets a paper-cut.

SCOTT

Hey. Sorry. 'scuse me.

Sammi watches from her vantage point by the camera. She winces. Agnes sucks her finger and watches Scott.

AGNES

Oh. Hey. Sorry. Lost in thought over here. You good?

SCOTT

Yeah, thanks.

He (fucking finally) realizes who she is.

SCOTT

Oh. Um. So. Do you need me to do anything or? Like a band aid maybe? Or a new finger, ha-ha?

She moves away, sucking her finger. He follows her with his eyes until his gaze locks on Sammi.

She makes a "cool it" gesture and points behind him at PAULINE, the portrait of the pissed off producer.

Scott does a vaguely slow motion turn. Unsurprisingly Pauline is pissed off.

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - PORT-A-POTTY - LATER

Sammi leans on the Port-A-Potty. She watches Scott gather all the garbage bags from the crews presence.

Sammi is hell of amused.

SAMMI
That was awesome.

SCOTT
It sucked balls.

SAMMI
She got so mad at you. It's like she wanted to fire you just so she could re-hire you and fire you again.

SCOTT
Can you fire someone who isn't getting paid?

SAMMI
You totally can.

SCOTT
Thanks for hanging out.

SAMMI
I just want to see how you get this thing up the hill by yourself.

She bangs on the Port-A-Potty. Something in it SLOSHES.

SCOTT
Still, it's cool of you. I had no idea how. I don't know. Boring being on a set would be.

SAMMI
Dude. Don't ever, ever let anyone know you're bored. Pretend you're doing something if you have to.

SCOTT
Pretend I'm doing what? I'm mostly just standing around.

SAMMI

Yeah, well. You make believe it's the most important standing around that's ever been done.

SCOTT

In the history of standing around?

She touches her nose.

SAMMI

Bingo.

Her walkie HISSES. She listens to the chatter.

SAMMI

Gotta jet. Come find me back at the sound stage. I'll teach you how to look busy and fake-hustle.

He watches her go. Then he looks at where he's meant to lug the Port-A-Potty. It's far.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Scott methodically unloads a table and the crafty stuff from the back of a hatchback.

A DUDE FROM THE ART DEPARTMENT, with a streak of blue in his hair, leans on the car. Vaping. Vaping so hard. It's gross.

Scott moves a box of props to get to a pack of waters.

ART DEPARTMENT DUDE

Oi. Don't touch my props.

SCOTT

Well. Dude. You want to move them so I can get the waters out?

Art Department Dude glances at him for the first time.

ART DEPARTMENT DUDE

Did you just snap at me?

SCOTT

Well?

He gestures at the box of props. Art Department Dude moves the box out of the way in a huff.

Scott continues unloading. Art Department Dude lifts the mouthpiece of his walkie.

ART DEPARTMENT DUDE
Go for art.

SCOTT
Huh?

Art Department Dude holds up a finger, annoyed. He listens.

ART DEPARTMENT DUDE
Turn your fucking walkie on.

He talks into the mouthpiece.

ART DEPARTMENT DUDE
Stop fucking around on our channel.
Go to nine or something.

Scott fiddles with his walkie. Sammi's voice CRACKLES out of the speaker. It's unplugged. He plugs it in.

SAMMI (THROUGH WALKIE)
Turn around.

Scott wheels around and doesn't see anything.

SAMMI (THROUGH WALKIE)
Turn around the other way, dummy.

He spins in the other direction. Sammi stands at the entrance to the sound stage. She waves like a lunatic.

SAMMI (THROUGH WALKIE)
Get your ass over here when you're
done farting around. They have a job
for both of us.

The CRACKLE fades. She waves and darts inside. Scott's whole posture sighs. Art Department Dude notices.

ART DEPARTMENT DUDE
I'd steer clear of that broad if I
were you. She's bad news.

Scott violently SLAMS the trunk. Art Department Dude steps out of his lean.

ART DEPARTMENT DUDE
Yo. W. T. F.

Scott stands there making direct eye contact. Art Department Dude matches it at first. Then he starts to squirm.

Scott doesn't blink. Art Department Dude does. He walks off muttering. And vaping.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - BRICK WALL - NIGHT

Sammi and Scott sit with their backs against a low brick wall. The crew skitters around on the other side.

Extension chords trail by their feet. One of them IS UNPLUGGED. Scott looks exhausted.

They talk at a normal volume but it sounds like a whisper lost in the noise the crew makes.

SCOTT

- so I found a dude renting a room. He doesn't care about a credit check or anything. I just need to come up with two months rent up front.

SAMMI

So you took a job that doesn't pay?

SCOTT

I'm hoping it will lead to something. I really kind of need it to.

SAMMI

What about the restaurant?

SCOTT

Dude. You got me fired. Ya dink.

SAMMI

I didn't tell you to attack a dude with brass knuckles.

SCOTT

Ah ha. So you do remember.

She stares at her hands.

SAMMI

Lil Homie. Of course I remember you. You were super nice to me and I was a total dick about it. Shit was rough back then and I did a lot of stuff I'm not proud of.

(MORE)

SAMMI

And I was so fucked up all the time I don't remember a whole lot of it either. But I remember you. Mister Mix.

A wide smile crosses her lips and nudges into him.

SCOTT

Are you doing better now?

SAMMI

Yeah. Film school kinda sucks, but I get to do shit like this. What about you? Are you. You know. OK?

She offers him a pointed look. He shrugs away from it.

SCOTT

I dunno. Sure. I just want to get through today and maybe get a frosty beer in my gut.

SAMMI

You old booze-hound, you.

A general "Settle" comes from set. Scott and Sammi pipe down and stare at nothing in particular.

Scott notices the UNPLUGGED CHORD. He grabs it and leans for the outlet. It takes a second for Sammi to notice.

SAMMI

Dude, don't -

FOOM. Yup. All the lights go out.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

Scott and Sammi stand in front of a desk. Their eyes are firmly planted on the ground.

Pauline leans on the desk. Agnes sits behind it. Scott stares at the band-aid on her finger.

AGNES

We really need to know who did it.

PAULINE

I know it was one of you two dimwits.

AGNES

Paul.

PAULINE

Go eat.

Agnes surveys the scene with a nervous glance. She gulps a deep breath and decides to let Pauline play bad-cop.

She squeezes her binder to her chest and slips out. Pauline steps in front of Scott.

PAULINE

I'm thinking you're the dimwit.

Scott lifts his eyes to meet hers. It's a mistake. One that sets her on an absolute tear.

PAULINE

How could you be so fucking stupid? You're obviously green, and I sure as hell don't think you're too bright, but Jesus. Fucking Christ. Did your folks drop you on your head as a kid?

Her physicality gets aggressive. Sammi watches Scott shrink in to himself. She's having none of it.

SAMMI

Hey. Mind your fucking manners, you old bag. He didn't do anything.

PAULINE

Excuse me? What was that?

SAMMI

You heard me. I did it. He tried to stop me.

Scott shakes his his head. Sammi stops him with a look.

SAMMI

He's been carrying me all day. I only took this stupid job to get your bosses autograph for my roommate. But you know what? Fuck you jerks.

A horrible and weird smile crosses Pauline's face.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sammi chucks her stuff in the backseat. Scott watches. He's absolutely BEAMING. She's his hero, now and forever more.

SAMMI
You got another chance, Lil Homie.
Don't blow it.

SCOTT
Sammi.

SAMMI
Fuck it. This whole thing is a clown
college. And the movie's gonna be
total bunk anyway.

She throws her arm around him.

SAMMI
You should tough it out, though.
It'll build character. Or whatever.
No reason not to.

SCOTT
Thanks.

She hops in the car. He BEAMS more. LOUD PUNK MUSIC BLARES.
She turns it down and leans halfway out the window.

SAMMI
Hey. Me and my roomie-bestie are
doing a house warming thing soon. You
should come.

SCOTT
Oh. Yeah, cool.

SAMMI
You're gonna love my roomie. She's an
egghead too. But a foxy one. You guys
would make a super cute couple.

She revs the engine. His smile dims a little. She peels out
and flips the sound-stage the bird.

He slowly deflates as she drives away.

CUT TO BLACK: