

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

A squat, boxy, one story restaurant with a theoretically festive neon sign, sits across a wide ass parking lot.

It's closed. There are only two or three cars parked right up against the restaurant in employee spots.

Scott (17, but barely) a wiry, awkward kid, sits on a picnic table across the parking lot.

He wears a servers uniform with the restaurant logo emblazoned on the chest over a long sleeve Tee.

A dog-eared paper back sits on the table. Something wicked heavy. Like Tolstoy or Dostoevski.

A RATTY BEATER cruises up to a spot on his side of the parking lot. PUNK MUSIC pours from the open window.

SAMMI (17) a pretty, punkish girl, parks the car. She whips off a CRUCIFUCKS t-shirt. Scott looks but doesn't stare.

SUPER: TUESDAY AFTERNOON LUNCH SHIFT

Now in her bra, she lights a cigarette and grabs a servers shirt. She looks at it with contempt.

She turns up the music and listens until she's done smoking. Scott turns the book so the cover is visible.

He adjusts his hair. His feet. The position of the book. All the while trying not to stare at Sammi. Or her bra.

The song ends when the cigarette does. She slips on her work shirt and gets out of the car.

Before she closes the door she leans over the drivers seat to look for something in the back.

There's a rip in her jeans high up her thigh. She finds a piece of paper and SLAMS the door.

She takes a few steps toward the restaurant before Scott works up the nerve to speak. He stays on the table.

SCOTT

Hey. Um. Yo. Employee's spots are over by the restaurant.

SAMMI

What?

She doesn't stop moving.

SCOTT

You don't have to park way back here.

She either doesn't hear him or doesn't care and keeps moving. He watches until she's halfway across the lot.

He whips out his phone and does a google search for "The Crucifucks."

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Scott threads his way through a jam-packed parking lot. He heads for the picnic table.

Sammi lies on it. Her car is in the same-far away spot. Scott stops moving.

SUPER: SUNDAY BRUNCH SHIFT

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Scott stands a few paces away from the table. Sammi stretches. Her hand touches her belly under her shirt.

One foot is propped on her knee. She's not wearing any socks. There's a bruise on her ankle.

Scott scoots forward a step. He clutches his book - cover out - in front of him.

SCOTT

So you like the Crucifucks?

She all but leaps off the table.

SAMMI

Jesus, you scared the fucking shit out of me.

She pulls her shirt down over her belly.

SCOTT

Sorry. It's just. They're one of my favorite bands.

SAMMI

Who?

She sits on the table.

SCOTT

The Crucifucks. You were wearing one of their shirts the other day.

SAMMI

Oh, that shit? I just like the shirt. I didn't even know they were a band.

SCOTT

Oh. They're pretty good. I could make you a mix.

SAMMI

"Make me a mix?" What are you, nineteen ninety two?

She laughs at her own joke. He fills with hot-face bad enough that he doesn't know what to do.

She notices and takes pity on him.

SAMMI

Hey. Give me your number and I'll send you mine. That way you can text me a playlist.

She scootches over to make room for him on the table. He sits next to her and they share a small digital transaction.

BLOOP. BLOOP.

SAMMI

Got it.

He watches her add his name to her contacts. She enters it as "Mister Mix." He grins like a goofy idiot.

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS play on Scott's face on the picnic table. He wears a suit and tie. He holds a different book. "Herland."

Sammi weaves her way between the cars. She un-tucks her work shirt and fishes a cigarette out of a crumpled pack.

SUPER: FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER SHIFT

She catches sight of Scott before she reaches her car.

SAMMI

Hey, dude. Aren't you off tonight?

SCOTT

I came to pick up my check but I hate going in there when I don't have to. So I'm sitting out here instead.

She squints at his suit through the half-dark.

SAMMI

What are you, going to prom?

She changes course to the picnic table.

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Sammi paces in front of the table. She uses her clothes and her body in her gestures. Scott sits. Utterly enrapt.

SAMMI

- so anyway, the game was gonna be based on this awesome old ghost story called The Lady In White.

SCOTT

You mean the Woman In White? The Wilkie Collins book?

SAMMI

I don't know, Mister Mix, whatever. That's not the point. The point is I did all these awesome sketches of the world and the character designs and she totally told me to fuck off. I mean, what the shit? The whole thing was pretty much my idea.

SCOTT

If you have any of the drawings I'd love to see them. I love that book.

SAMMI

I burned them. Fuck her.

She pauses to light one cigarette with another.

SAMMI

You've worked here a while, right?

SCOTT

About a year.

SAMMI

What the fuck is up with Dennis?

SCOTT
He's a fascist prick.

SAMMI
Right? I don't know if you're aware, but I'm totally here as part of my rehab. I got really fucked up for midterms and ended up over at The Raleigh. The school said it was either work release or summer school, and fuck all that, so here I am. Anyway, Dennis is being a real prick about signing off on my paperwork.

SCOTT
Yeah. My first month I was like ten minutes late because the bus broke down and he sent me home. It was a Tuesday morning shift, too. We weren't even open.

SAMMI
You didn't have school?

SCOTT
I. Um. I got my G.E.D when I turned sixteen. That's why I got this job. Being home all day isn't really an option.

SAMMI
Fuck you're lucky. What should I do about Dennis? I only need to work here so many hours. After that I am gone. If that fascist signs off.

Scott cocks an eyebrow. It's clear that he wouldn't want to work there anymore without her.

SCOTT
Well. I don't know about your paperwork or anything like that, but there are tons of ways to fuck with him. He's pretty thick.

SAMMI
Example, please.

She takes a step forward. They're pretty close to each other. Scott's eyes dart over to the restaurant.

SCOTT

He leaves his work clothes in his locker. Sometimes I snip all the threads on his pants button except one, so the next time he puts them on the button pops off. I saw it happen once. He loses his shit. All hopping around on one foot.

She bursts out laughing. Her hands rest on his knees as she doubles forward. Her shirt is loose on her shoulder.

He looks at her bra strap.

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scott charges through the crowded lot toward the picnic table. He's covered head to toe in New England Clam Chowder.

Two sets of FOOTSTEPS chase after him.

THICK VOICE (O.C.)

Come on, dude. It was a joke.

He heads straight for the picnic table. Sammi darts between two cars and runs after him.

SAMMI

Scott, wait.

SUPER: SATURDAY NIGHT SEAFOOD SHIFT

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PICNIC TABLE

Scott paces in a rage. He gulps air to stop himself from crying. Sammi slows down as she approaches.

SAMMI

I'm so sorry I laughed.

SCOTT

I thought you fucking hated him.

He motions behind her. DENNIS (20) a tall, muscular dummy whose cheeks are always red, walks up behind her.

DENNIS

Dude, she had nothing to do with this. I'm sorry. For real.

SCOTT
You fucking animal.

DENNIS
It wasn't supposed to be so much. I was getting you back for fucking with my pants. Pranks, you know?

Scott's eyes lock with Sammi's. Hers widen.

DENNIS
Come on, kid. Walk it off. Gotta get back to work. I'll get you a new shirt. We only have girl ones left, but one of them should fit.

Scott's hands ball into fists. His whole body trembles. A PAINED SOUND escapes his lips.

He charges Dennis and slams in to his chest. Dennis staggers back a couple of feet. They tussle.

It's mostly grab-ass with a few missed punches thrown by Scott. Dennis tries his best to shut it down.

He grabs Scott's chowdery shirt and pulls it above his head so his arms are forced into the air.

Scott backs out of the shirt, bare chested.

SAMMI
Jesus Christ, Scott.

Dennis and Sammi take a step back. Scott's torso and upper arms are covered in bruises.

He stands there panting.

DENNIS
Bro. Are you OK?

Scott looks at Sammi. She can't look at him.

SCOTT
Fuck you both.

He snatches his shirt from Dennis and marches off.

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Scott sits on the picnic table. His face is buried in a third book - Tender is the Night. He's fairly unkempt.

A well maintained old fashioned car pulls into a spot next to the restaurant. Sammi hops out of the passenger side.

SUPER: THURSDAY MORNING BREAKFAST SHIFT

Dennis gets out of the drivers side, in his work uniform. They kiss. Dennis hands her the keys.

Before she hops in the car he explains - at dull length - how to drive a car to her.

She waves him away, hops in, and drives off. Dennis see's Scott. He waves a genuinely friendly wave.

Scott drops his eyes to the book.

INT. SAMMI'S RATTY ASS BEATER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sammi changes into her work uniform. Before she pulls the shirt over her head she starts sobbing.

SUPER: TUESDAY AFTERNOON LUNCH SHIFT

A real breathy, gripping-the-steering-wheel kind of teenage cry. She even hits the dash a few times for good measure.

BLOOP.

A text pops up on her phone. It reads "Are you OK?" It's from Scott. She looks out the window.

Scott sits on the picnic table. He offers her a weak wave. She texts back. "It's Dennis. He's fucking me up big time."

BLOOP. Scott responds. She swipes it open. It's a link to a Crucifucks song.

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Scott stares at Sammi's car, parked in it's usual spot. His hands grip his phone in front of him.

She lowers her head and texts away. Scott looks at his phone every two seconds. Then back at the car.

It's like she's writing fucking War & Peace over there. He looks back at his phone.

BLOOP. Before he checks the text her car starts up. She drives it to a spot closer to the restaurant.

He looks at his screen. A SMILEY FACE EMOJI looks back.

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sammi stares at the empty picnic table. Dennis comes up behind her. She shoves his hand off her shoulder.

He wears his uniform. She wears the outfit she wore on the first day - Crucifucks T-Shirt, messed up jeans.

SUPER: THURSDAY MORNING BREAKFAST SHIFT

SAMMI

Get off me, you fucking ape.

DENNIS

Look. I can't just sign off on your shit. You're supposed to be improving your attitude and stuff.

SAMMI

Just sign the paper so I can go back to my normal life. This sucks.

DENNIS

You were drunk at work the other day. Do you know how much trouble I'd get in if you got caught? I'd get fired.

SAMMI

You're a fucking loser.

She moves for her car, in it's usual spot.

DENNIS

Hey, we're not done talking.

He takes a step after her.

SAMMI

I'd rather go to summer school than deal with your dimwitted ass every day. You fucking fascist.

DENNIS

Don't be such a jerk.

He grabs her arm. She pulls forward. He won't let go.

DENNIS

We have to talk about this.

She flips out and yells.

SAMMI
Get your fucking hands off me.

Dennis loosens his grip but doesn't let go. Scott comes charging from the the direction of the picnic table.

He tackles Dennis from behind. Sammi jolts against her car. Dennis tries to get up. Scott puts all his weight on him.

Dennis manages to get on his back. Scott's fist is raised above his face. He wears brass knuckles.

An AUTHORITATIVE VOICE comes from behind them. An adult shadow falls on them.

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (O.S.)
What the hell is going on here?

Scott hisses at Dennis.

SCOTT
(Harsh whisper)
The roof. Lunchtime.

He hops off, careful to slip the brass knuckles out of sight. He and Dennis get up.

DENNIS
It's nothing, Mister Crate. We were horsing around, that's all.

EXT. CRAPPY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - LATER

Sammi walks through a small amount of late lunch cars. She holds a piece of paper in front of her.

SUPER: SAMMI'S LAST SHIFT

It's a rehab release form, signed by Mister Crate. She smiles. Smudged makeup lines her cheeks from crying.

A voice calls from above her. On the roof.

SCOTT (O.C.)
Sammi. Up here.

She either doesn't hear him or doesn't care.

SCOTT (O.C.)
He won't lay hands on you again. I
fucking swear.

A door OPENS AND CLOSES. Feet CRUNCH across gravel. Dennis's voice starts to say something.

CRACK. The brass knuckles hit skin and bone. Dennis GRUNTS. A fight breaks out.

Sammi walks to her car, in its usual spot. The sound of the fight gets farther and farther away.

She pauses when she opens the car door. Her eyes look up at the roof. She shades her face from the sun with her hand.

She doesn't see anyone.

CUT TO BLACK: