



**Rick at the Cameo**

**By**

**Jay A Daunheimer**

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[jd33@jd33.com](mailto:jd33@jd33.com)

<http://n3zen.com/scrnplay/>

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OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE:

EXT. PRAIRIE HIGHWAY - DAWN

Camera shot from 30 foot high following a lone empty 2 lane highway east into the city. The sun is barely starting to rise emanating a pink glow on the horizon. The glow of a prairie dawn is like the edges of the world glowing with a dying fire. We pass old farm houses, abandoned grain bins and fields of stubble. The big blue water tower is the first we see of this tiny city, just poking up from the flat barren land. The camera pans to the right as it comes up onto the overpass entering the city to show the small community and railway that supports it.

FADE OUT:

The year is 1985 on Nov 5th. Late Fall in a small town in southern Saskatchewan, it's cold and sunrise is just after 8am and sunset at 5pm.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Establishing shot in a very old hotel room done in deep red tones. Camera panning from a sleeping figure in a single bed showing a side table with an empty envelope that held the last UI cheque, Omni & Motorbike magazines, couple of empty beer cans, SciFi novels, job and school application forms and a looming welfare form. 7:45AM alarm goes off, he's got 15min till open. Music playing on clock radio is "For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Metallica but it's a cover with whispered vocals.

RICK (Under his breath)

Coffee. Coffee. Coffee.

Waking and dressing. Meet the titular Rick. Old white ripped sneakers, blue jeans, a red and very worn Ducati t-shirt, and an old minimal design black leather jacket. Meshback hat with !? logo on it, it's brim folded in quarters. Thinning blond hair and mustache. Over 6 feet and solid. Deep brooding voice, mostly soft spoken.

Rick finds his keys on the desk and accidentally knocks over a pile of mail. We get a close look at envelopes marked UI form, STI school form and a King George Hotel Notice.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING

Rick leaves the hotel room. Walking down decrepit hotel hallway walls covered in red velvet wallpaper then down a set of worn wooden stairs. The lighting is old yellow incandescent bulbs and black shadows in every corner. Stephen King would have loved this place.

RICK (Muttering)

Coffee. Coffee. Coffee.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT

Good Morning Rick!

Camera shot of the front desk pans over and around giving a view into the smoke filled dark Hotel Bar full of day drunks getting a head start.

RICK (Muttering)

Coffee. Coffee. What? Ya, Good Morning.

As Rick leaves the hotel lobby to the street we see parked out front a large Haz-Mat team at the back of their truck. They are gearing up with clean suits marked with large biohazard symbols. One of the team members is putting on a full face mask and another is helping putting on what looks to be a flamethrower tank on his back. Their movements are harried and urgent.

EXT. SMALL CITY STREET INTERSECTION - EARLY MORNING

Rick walks across an empty intersection. It's a cold Fall day and there's frost on car windows and it's still dark but the impending sunrise is just breaking. Establishing shot of a café (The Cameo). Camera shows the sign out front and a cameo jewelry head logo painting on glass windows fogged with warm moisture from inside.

RICK (Muttering)

Coffee. Coffee. Coffee.

INT. SMALL TOWN CAFÉ (THE CAMEO)

Interior shot of café, following Rick in, camera showing shot of coffee station setup behind counter with sign declaring "Free Refills all Day!". Faintly we can hear "Once in Lifetime" by Talking Heads playing from somewhere.

Rick settling into booth, sticks cap in pocket, takes off the leather jacket, sets out "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Repair". It's a pink paperback book that is well shelf worn but seemingly never read. He also has a copy of an Omni April 1985 magazine (the camera shot on this seems to signify that it's important, it is not). Rick performs his ritual of the setup and arrangement of coffee cup, serviettes, glass dispenser of sugar and a selection of "Sweet and Low" packets. His hands move without looking as if he is still half asleep, because he is. The booth table has an old school jukebox music selector installed at the end, that's where the music is coming from.

Rick selects this seat and booth that allows him to hide from the front door but still pop his head up to see who has come in.

Airflow from the kitchen means somewhat less cigarette smoke as it's a "non-smoking" section, but everyone ignores that as it's a new thing and the café always has a blue haze hanging in the air. Bathroom at back right with simple dark interior domestic home hollow core door with sign that simply says "bathroom" written in marker on the wood panel, I guess it's unisex. Rick can see people leave as they go to pay at the counter. Newspapers and cigarettes for sale at the counter. They have a bubble gum machine as well, cause hey, kids.

TITLE CARD: BREAKFAST

INT. RICK'S BOOTH

We meet Coltrane Purvis (Cole) and his wife Melony Sue Purvis. They call him Ricard. Black immigrants from New Orleans who own and run the Cameo. Very religious, don't like cussing.

RICK (Muttering)

Coffee. Coffee. Coffee.

MELONY SUE

Good Morning Ricard. Coffee?

RICK

Coffee. Coffee...wait what?

MELONY SUE

I said, Good Morning Ricard. Breakfast? No? You should eat! I'll bring you toast, no charge. Honey, you gonna sit here all day, again? Still!?

Melony pours Rick his first cup of the day. It splashes over the rim of the cup into the saucer. Rick automatically and without thought places a serviette under the cup to soak up the spill in the saucer. This move is performed with such precision you would think it was a Geisha performing a traditional Japanese tea ceremony.

RICK

Coffee good. Oh, ya, I'm good with coffee. Thank you Melony Sue.

INT. CAMERA RICK POV

Rick sighs deeply as the camera shows the cup steaming on its way to his face. Cup obscures shot.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH

Reggie approaches Rick's booth and sits in the bench seat across from him. "Round and Round" by Ratt is playing quietly from the jukebox.

Meet Reg. Calls him Ritch. Overweight, aw shucks kinna guy, well dressed but it doesn't hang right (Mia dressed him), he fakes smoking cause she smokes, pretty smart, no other emotional connections in life. Parents killed by a drunk driver when he was a teen and left him a house and a lot of insurance money.

REGGIE

Hey! Morning Rich. What's going on? Figured I'd find you in here. When did you get here? What's for breakfast? Who else is here yet? How's the job hunt? What is this crap music?

It takes Rick a minute to digest all this dialog thrown at him so quickly and cheerfully before the caffeine has had a chance to hit. He shakes his head a little to clear the cobwebs.

RICK

Good Morning Reggie. Not so good, not a lot of work around here for a guy like me. And it's "Round and Round" by Ratt.

REGGIE

No, it's "Lay it Down", I think. Doesn't matter, same dam song anyways (Reggie reaches over to the jukebox and turns it down and out with the handy volume control) Thought anymore about school? I heard UI might pay for some of that.

RICK

Ya, I'm looking into that. They said they are going to send me the paperwork.

REGGIE

You gotta get on that before they give away that government money to someone else. So you know that Mia wants me to drive her to Regina for a concert. I'm buying tickets. Some shitty pop band. Ya, her and her sister.

RICK

Why do you keep buying them stuff Reg?

REGGIE

Well...you know Mia has it rough. I guess I'm kinna hooked on taking care of her and her sister. Nothing gets a guy hooked like a girl in need.

RICK

You know she's using you?

REGGIE

Yaaa I know, but she'll come around, it will pay off. She'll see how much I care for her.

I'm off to work, half shift today hauling water to dairy farms. Hey, sorry about the KG, you'll figure it out, bye.

RICK

Ya I guess, OK bye. Wait, what about the KG?



INT. RICK'S BOOTH (One refill later)

Rick makes a jukebox selection and "Breakfast in America" by Supertramp starts playing. He smiles at his own joke and looks up to see an older couple approaching his booth.

Meet Alf & Maureen. They call him Reichhardt. Old retired German farmers, Alf has a cigarette that never leaves his mouth and drinks his coffee around it somehow. He wears clean overalls and an old railway engineer's hat. Maureen has a kerchief over her hair rollers.

The Cameo is packed with the breakfast crowd. So they are left with no choice but to sit with Rick. It's not a big deal, happens all the time, people around here are good like that.

Melony Sue pours coffees for Alf and Maureen.

MELONY SUE

Alf, you know you can't smoke that in this section. We got the Non-smoking now.

The unlit cigarette never leaves his mouth.

ALF

Hrumpf. I'll smoke where ever I want, it's a free fucking country.

MAUREEN

Oh Alf, don't talk like that, and don't curse. Good Morning Reichhardt, how are you?

ALF

Ya, whatever woman. You know we are retired, why do we still get up this early? I'll tell you why. Cause you won't make fucking breakfast or a decent coffee. And these cinnamon buns. These things are great. Can't get good food in this town but these buns are dam good.

MAUREEN

I could bake! I'm just busy with the grandkids. So...Alf I was thinking, why don't we travel? We could go somewhere and try new food like Cole cooks here. We could go to New Orleans where he and Melony Sue are from. They have these sugar buns called Beignets, I saw them on a cooking show on PBS last week.

ALF

Ben what? No, I'm not going down there in those States. What you gonna do? Drive there? Fly there? That ain't happening and you know it. Stop thinking, you'll hurt yourself.

MAUREEN

You know, Reichhardt, I was born here and I'll die here without ever seeing the ocean.

Rick gives Maureen a sad smile.

ALF

Drink up woman. Time to go pickup the grandchildren, free daycare. Fucking brats! (Maureen shoots him daggers) No, not the grandkids, our kids.

MAUREEN

Oh Alf, please don't say things like that. People will hear and talk.

ALF

Fuck em, get your ass out of this booth and let's go.  
Watch out for those rats Reichhardt.

RICK

Ya, OK, see ya. What? Huh? Rats? What?

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Two refills later)

Meet Wally. Calls him Dickey. Wally is tall, skinny, long permmed greasy blond hair, a know-it-all asshole, fast talker, insulting, always tells you what you should do, needs to get the fuck out of town (about 10 years ago). Hooked on biker speed, owes bikers money. Always insults Rick but claims to be his friend. Wannabe biker, has a fake "Hog" motorbike. Fake biker jacket with bike part brands and tourist spot badges, aviator glasses, neck kerchief, Huge cowboy boots. Long goatee. High pitched voice. Smoked stained fingers.

Melony Sue comes over with the coffee pot as Wally sits down across from Rick.

WALLY

Hey Dickey, you awake yet? Find work yet? (Wally is frantically jabbing fingers at the jukebox, "Rock And Roll All Nite" by Kiss begins to play)

RICK

Good Morning Wally. Nothing yet, not a lot of work around here for a guy like me. (Rick leans over to turn the music back down)

WALLY

You should apply at the mines. Tell me again why you won't apply at the railway? Get a job at the railway man, the money's real good. I'd work there but you know I fucked up my back. I gotta a buddy makes like \$40 thousand a year workin there.

Wally dismissively waves off Melony Sue while hitting a nasal spray in both nostrils loudly and disgustingly.

WALLY

No coffee, I'm leaving right away.

Wally is OCDing the contents of the table top, he doesn't stop placing and realigning everything. Trembling hands spill coffee and sugar and salt.

WALLY

What is that fucking pink book? Motorcycle repair?  
What the fuck?

RICK

Ya, I got it at the library hoping to learn to fix my bike. Not what I thought. I'm only about a quarter of the way through it but I think it's not very good, at all. It's a mess of philosophical ramblings of some guy touring on his bike with his kid and friends and stopping at bars and drinking all the time. I was hoping it was about Zen and meditation and chilling out and stuff like that.

WALLY

Chilling out is not your problem, trust me. And you know you can get a pill for that. You couldn't fix that bike of yours if you tried. You need a job and buy a new bike. I wanna get a new bike but I haven't two nickels to rub together. Owe too much money. Didn't sleep last night, gonna fuck that Silvia chick when I get some coke.

WALLY (con't)

Me and my buddy (Note: there isn't one) drank a 66er last night and he had like a pound of killer hydroponic and we got totally wrecked. I'm so hungover this morning I almost fell off my bike like ten times getting here. Gotta go see a guy for some wake-me-up pills.

RICK

Sounds like a normal Monday night for you.

WALLY

Apply for that scholarship already you lazy fuck. And get a haircut (laughs). Asbestos at the KG huh, that sucks. First I heard rats, now I hear it's asbestos. Ya, closing down at the end of the month. Didn't you get the letter?

CAMERA SHOT - Cut away to the pile of mail in the Hotel Room showing a letter from King George Hotel.

RICK

What!? That's what that was? Oh man, what am I going to do? I've run out of couches to sleep on. End of the month? What day is it?

WALLY

I think it's the 5th, but I heard this last month. I'm telling you UI will put you through school. You had amazing marks in high school, you are the genius Poindexter. Do something, make it happen. Sitting here all day isn't helping.

RICK

Ya right, I've got a great future behind me.

WALLY

You gotta get on that. See you later.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Three refills later)

Meet Mia (Older sister at 16 years) and Sia (Younger sister at 15 years). Calls him Rickster and Rickerooni. They look like twins, but are Irish twins actually. They are short, round, loud, have bad grammar and use heavy teenage slang with strong Saskatchewan farming accents (they pronounce Thursday as Tursday). Basically a couple of self centered bitches with Bic penned metal band logos on blue jean jackets over rock t-shirts. They always look damp and smell of stale cigarettes.

They jump into the bench seat across from Rick. Their legs don't touch the ground.

MIA

Fuck bitch, scooch over some more.

Hey Rickster, we skipped last period before lunch, easiest to sneak out.

RICK

Good Morning Mia, Sia. That's not the greatest of ideas. Be careful you don't get expelled.

They brought a bag of Old Dutch ketchup chips and order just waters. They don't make eye contact with Melony Sue or say thank you. Melony Sue's face shows it.

MIA

So Reggie is taking us to Glass Tiger (Glass Tiger's hit "Don't Forget Me When I'm Gone" is playing on the jukebox, surprise!). Their music is shit but it's a trip to the big city of Vagina for the night and a chance to get royally fucked up.

SIA

I think it's nice of him but Mia here says he's fucking lucky we let him hang out with us.

MIA

He's a fucking loser. I let him kiss me once and now he thinks were are fucking married. Sia, make sure he gets us beers for tonight.

I need smokes, let's go steal from Dad while he's at work.

RICK

Um, OK, bye? See ya Mia and Sia.

TITLE CARD: DINNER

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Four refills later)

Melony Sue is carrying a large bundle of yesterday's (and the day's before) both read and unsold newspapers to the kitchen to the trash. The pile she's carrying topples over from her arms and Rick jumps from his booth and runs over to help her collect them and then takes them all to the back. We get to see a quick walkthrough of a very clean kitchen and then the dumpster out back.

There is a quick shot in the kitchen of a large tin can on the counter that says "Tremé Turtle" on it.

Rick heads back to his booth and settles in. Melony Sue follows.

MELONY SUE

Thank you for your help Ricard. Honey you know you gotta eat something.

Melony Sue walks off to serve other customers.

Cole, her husband and cook and proprietor walks over to Rick's booth.

COLE

Son, thanks for helping my Melony Sue but I can't let you sit here all day and not order something. That sign says "Free Refills all Day" not "All Day free refills"! You need some sunlight boy.

RICK

Sorry Cole, but I'm not working, money is tight and it sounds like I'm evicted from my place or something.

COLE

That's tough but you gotta work and make your way in this world. Me and my Melony moved up here from NOLA cause we heard good things. And that people spoke French. So we learned to make Pizza from the Greeks in Quebec.



COLE (con't)

Nobody told us about the snow though, so they told us to go out West. Turns out we didn't go far enough west and now nobody speaks French. But I'm ok with that, and as long as I don't go outside the cold ain't too bad. That your problem, you scared of the cold outside too?

RICK

No, I'm ok with cold Cole. You know there's some town in Manitoba where they speak French.

COLE

Snow there too?

RICK

Sadly, ya, and ugly summers with huge mosquitoes.

COLE

Well then I stay here and I make the best of it then. But what about you Ricard? What you gonna do?

RICK

Ya, I'll order something soon.

COLE

Not what I meant son. That's not my meaning at all.

Cole walks off shaking his head.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Five refills later)

The day drunks from the Hotel across the street are filtering in for the only good food around. They are mostly here for the soup. Almost any song by Tom Waits from the 80s is playing in the background.

VO RICK NARRATING

They were slowly poisoning themselves into happiness. Living in that old hotel I saw it everyday. It might be rough for me right now, but not that bad is what I keep telling myself. Not that bad right now, for now.

One of the drunks then brings in a bag of Bacon Puffs to Rick's booth and sits down without a word. He promptly passes out on the table. Rick takes a very serious note of interest in this. Rick sneakily reaches for a Bacon Puff. The drunk's hand shoots out and smack! Rick reaches again. Smack and smack!

VO RICK NARRATING

OK, maybe they aren't that drunk and happy. And they don't like to share. Jeeze.

CAMERA pulls from Rick's booth backwards to the front door and we get conversation snippets from each booth as the drunks noisily slurp up soup.

DRUNK NUMBER ONE

Dam good soup I tells ya.

DRUNK NUMBER TWO

Gimme some more of those crackers.

DRUNK NUMBER ONE

You don't put fuckin crackers in this soup.

DRUNK NUMBER TWO

Give me the fuckin crackers or I'll stab you with this fucking spoon in the fucking eye you fucking cunt.

DRUNK NUMBER ONE

Fine, here's your fucking crackers.

DRUNK NUMBER THREE

Me and my buddy had a blast last night. We went skiing!

DRUNK NUMBER FOUR

The snow hasn't hit the hills yet I heard, where the hell were you skiing?

DRUNK NUMBER THREE

We went Whiskyng! (Donkey bray laugh)

DRUNK NUMBER FIVE

When do you think they will let us back in the Hotel?

DRUNK NUMBER SIX

I heard they got radioactive rats in there, coming up out of the sewers. We ain't getting back in there.

DRUNK NUMBER FIVE

So where we gonna sleep tonight?

DRUNK NUMBER SIX

The Government is gonna ship us all out of town to that shelter they have over in Yorkton.

DRUNK NUMBER FIVE

Sleeping on a cot in an old grocery store? With shit food. Fucking wonderful. Shoot me now.

DRUNK NUMBER SIX

No shit, enjoy this soup while you can my friend. Tonight we dine in Hell.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Five refills later, Melony Sue is busy feeding the drunks)

Meet Cindy. Calls him My Little Dickens. Motherly, voluptuous, slow talker, huge fluttering eyes, asks questions, exudes tons of sexual charisma. Looks like she smells like baby powder. Looks like she is made of baby powder.

Melony Sue walks over to serve her as she sits across from Rick.

CINDY

Hello there handsome, so what's for lunch today? Tea for me and fries and gravy for my little Dickens?

RICK

It's Dinner, not Lunch.

CINDY

It would be a Dinner if you were working and it would be an actual meal that you earned. This is Lunch, a nice snack and it's on me. Be nice.

Why aren't you eating? At least you are bathing. A shave and new clothes and you'd be pretty cute you know.

RICK

Thank you, that's nice of you. But I've got bigger problems. I need a place to live. Couch in your basement?

CINDY

Nope, sorry no luck there Dickens, I'm lucky I'm still at home for now. Dad wants to kick me out. Not sure when I'm going back to school. Eventually I guess. Helping my Mom out.

RICK

How's your Mom doing?

CINDY

Not great. Dad is drinking and hitting her again.

RICK

Oh shit, sorry Cindy. DO you want me to stop by and look in on your Mom, I'm not doing much else.

CINDY

Yes, that would be nice thank you. You are dear.

Cole brings over Cindy's tea - They have a quick exchange in French that we can't quite catch, sounds like it's flirty. Cole blushes and walks off. Melony Sue brings fries and gravy.

MELONY SUE

I'm glad you eating Ricard, and you Cindy, you stop teasing my Cole.

Cindy smiles.

CINDY

Anyways, I think we have a plan to deal with Dad. But dammit this whole mess is stressful. I need a break from all this craziness.

(beat and smile)

I'd like a quiet room and a big hot bathtub, with bubbles, and candles. That would be nice wouldn't it? (she gives Rick a raised eyebrow smile) Some alone time, or maybe some company?

Cindy finishes her tea.

CINDY

Gotta fly. See you later Dickens.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Six refills and a fries and gravy later)

Rick looks up to see the return of Reggie and he isn't looking too good. He pulls, pushes and pulls the Cameo front door before he can get in. As he walks to Rick's booth he has to steady himself on the tables. He's stinking drunk.

RICK

Steady there Reg. How are you? What's going on?

Reggie falls into the booth with a sloppy smile on his face.

REGGIE

Hey! Ritch! Hey! Hi Riititch (this gets mixed in with a loud belch). Oops! Excuse me!

RICK

What's going on Reg? What the hell, are you drunk?

REGGIE

Ummmm...what? Ya, I guess I am a little tiny bit drunk? My last stop the farmer had some homebrew he wanted me to try.

RICK

What the hell man? You don't drink. I've never seen you drink, ever. You always said you were allergic or some shit.

REGGIE

Ya, well I drunk. I've been drank before you know. It's fine, I'm fine. Melony Sue, can I have a coffee please? (he barely slurred that sentence together)

Melony Sue brings over a cup and saucer and pours Reggie his coffee while giving some serious side eye to Rick. Rick shrugs in response. While trying to put sugar in his coffee Reggie promptly spills most of the coffee and a large amount of sugar on the table top. Melony Sue was still standing there watching this unfold. She sighs quietly and mops up the mess with a dish towel she has tucked into her apron. She took the cup and saucer away without a word.

RICK

Jesus Reg, pull yourself together. Here, have some of my water and try not to spill it. The Wonder Twins were in here earlier looking for you.

REGGIE

Mia was here? What did she say? Where's my coffee? Melony Sue, can I get a coffee please?

Awww...shit...Mia is going to be pissed at me. Couldn't get tickets, can't afford them. They only had bus trips and hotel room packages and they cost a shit load. She's gonna be pissed. A hotel room with her would've been nice. Fuck it, wasn't happening. Nope, fuck it.

Dam I'm drunk, gonna leave truck here and walk to Mom's to crash.

RICK

Um, ya, give me your keys. I'll give them back to you tomorrow. Are you sure you can walk home? It's cold out there already. How about the coffee, at least it will warm you up?



REGGIE

No, I can't stay, and Mia and me gotta have a talk. Mia's says she's pregnant and somehow it's my fuckin problem. My problem is that we never ever never fucked ever. That two faced bitch.

RICK

That's a shitty situation to say the least. (beat) Do you know what "cuckold" means Reg.

REGGIE

What you talking about my cock? Fag. I gotta go, gotta fix this shitty situation.

Rick is gobsmacked and Reggie stumbles up out of the booth and out the door before he can get another word out. We hear the sound of a truck outside start loudly, then the starter is cranked again, screeching against the running engine. The truck stalls, starts again and pulls away very loudly with the gas punched. Rick shakes his head sadly.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Six refills later, he's nursing this one, starting to feel jittery)

Meet Edward - Heavy set, dark sun weathered skin, pock marked face, needs a haircut, constantly flipping hair out of eyes. About late 30s. Tiny black eyes. Wearing a heavy flannel lumberjack jacket buttoned right up and dirty blue jeans. Heavy work boots. Has never addressed Rick by any name.

INT. EDWARDS'S BOOTH. RICK'S POV

EDWARD

(Talking frantically) They had cups and more cups. I never saw so many cups and some of them were evil cups. They had collected all the evil cups and kept them in that one place. I wasn't afraid of them or the cups. (beat) You know I was thinking you look amazing! I'm so lucky to have a girl like you. You are so beautiful! I can't wait for our trip next week to Hawaii. No, I love you more!

She's not there. Camera pulls back to reveal he's sitting by himself.

VO RICK NARRATING

Not sure what his story is, some say a bad acid trip, some say she died in a car crash and he has a brain injury. Some say inbred crazy.

EDWARD

(Talking louder now, almost arguing) No! You're wrong, that's not right! No, you are the best thing to happen to ME! I can't believe we found each other. I couldn't live without you. You are so gorgeous, I love your hair. Remember that time we went camping...

(FADE OUT)

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Six refills later, still jittery, getting hungry)

Mia and Sia return, practically running into the café and jumping into the bench seat opposite Rick. Laughing at each other loudly and making a general nuisance of themselves.

MIA

Rickerooni! What you doin!?! Soooo, we got caught sneaking back into school and was told to go to the office and we walked out of the school instead. Fuck em. Where's Reggie? We were supposed to meet him here. Was he here? What he say about tickets?

RICK

Hello Mia, hello Sia. How are you? What a nice day isn't it (sarcastically). Yes, Reg was here. He's come and gone. You just missed him.

SIA

Hi Rickster, yes it is a nice day. Where'd he go? Why isn't he here?

RICK

Hello Sia. Reg wasn't...well...feeling very well. He couldn't get the tickets. They only had the bus and hotel tickets left.

Mia kicks Rick in the shins under the table. Rick's face shows a 50/50 mix of pain and surprise.

MIA

You should have told him to book the full fucking package.

RICK

Mia. It's. Not. My. Problem.

Mia again kicks Rick in the shins under the table. Rick's face shows a 50/50 mix of pain and anger.

RICK

(Rick very angry and loudly enunciating each word) DO. NOT. FUCKING. KICK. ME. AGAIN!

Cole comes over to deal with the situation. A stern look on his face, they don't stand for that sort of language in this place.

MIA

Calm your tits old man, we are leaving Cole. Men aren't worth shit.

Sia gives Rick a weak smile. Girls leave.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Seven refills later, hungry, aggravated, caffeinated)

Meet Silvia aka Sil - Calls him Ricardo. Tall, long black hair and dark skinned, slim with serious cleavage. Just moved to town. Same age as Rick. Probably has done coke at least 10 times in the past. "She Sells Sanctuary" by the Cult is playing.

SILVIA

Good day to you Ricardo. I got bored and wanted some soup, can I sit with you?

Rick shrugs and gestures to her to sit.

SILVIA

I just gotta have some of that soup. Cole makes amazing mock turtle soup here. You know the locals figured it's real turtle!?

RICK

Ya, heard about that. The newspaper had to run an article that it wasn't real turtle and also had to explain what "mock" meant and that it wasn't even worse than turtle.

SILVIA

Fucking hick town. One good thing in this town is this café and Cole's cooking. Miss the Vancouver food I'm telling ya but this sure helps.

Melony Sue brings over a bowl of soup for Silvia and refills Rick's coffee. Rick proceeds to add sugar to his coffee. And stir. And add sugar. And stir.

SILVIA

Jesus Ricardo, want some coffee with that sugar? You're going to be a goddam diabetic and your legs will rot and fall off.

Rick reaches for a Sweet and Low and opens his mouth to respond.

SILVIA

No, that fake sugar shit poison is even worse. Where do you think it comes from? I have no idea, and that scares me even worse.

RICK

(Attempting to quickly change the topic) That's right, I heard you were from Vancouver.

(Jokingly) You miss all that reservation money and casino work? I hear you all did better with money out there than they do here.

SILVIA

(With an angry incredulous look) What the actual fuck!? I'm not Indian, I'm fucking Ukrainian! Why do people keep asking me that?

Cole gives Silvia the side eye. She thinks it's because of the cigarette she's holding, she holds it down behind her back / bench seat.

SILVIA

There! Now I'm not smoking in your fancy non-smoking zone. Tabarnak!

RICK

(Attempting to quickly change the topic again).  
Umm...Sil, so I got a bit of a problem. They are kicking us out of the hotel. You know anywhere in town I can crash? Anyone you know need a roommate real quick?

SILVIA

Nothing I know of. I had a hell of a time finding a place myself. Right now I'm crashing with this guy I'm seeing who works the railroad. He's got good money so he shows me a good time. But he says to me this morning he wants to know if we can meet up tonight to make "love"! I didn't say I was ever making love to him, I said I was fucking him. Do you fuck or make love Ricardo? I'm telling you that we fuck like rabbits!

Anyways, here's money for the soup. I need to get the fuck out of here. Inbreds and idiots.

Silivia drops a handful of two dollar bills on the table (more than enough) and walks out.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Eight refills later)

CAMERA RICK'S POV

At a booth up in front of Rick's are two Single Moms. Both have teased hair and are smoking long cigarettes with long sparkling fingernails. One has a baby in a stroller that is sitting in the aisle that everyone has to walk around to get past it. It's an infant and is sleeping soundly. The other Mother has a 3 year old that is climbing around the booth and getting into everything. She keeps yelling and cursing at him to sit the fuck down or she's gonna smack the shit out of him.

Rick is watching and the kid makes eye contact with Rick while hanging over the booth seat. Rick gives him a smile. The kid gives him an evil smile and proudly and fiercely gives Rick the finger. Rick shakes his head and looks down at his coffee and books.

The Mother with the infant then proceeds to wake the baby and then take the baby out onto the booth table and change it's diaper. Cole is steamed and on his way to give her a piece of his mind. Melony Sue stops him and whispers "Let me, I'll clean up, she needs help.". Trusty spray bottle with "Bleach" written in marker on it, she marches over to help out.

VO RICK NARRATING

Is it me? Or is everyone getting stupider? It must be me. I'm tired, of this, of them and the same shit everyday.



INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Eight refills later, nursing this one)

TITLE CARD - AFTER SCHOOL

Alf & Maureen once again join Rick at his booth due to the after school crowd filling the place up.

ALF

Long day, tired and need some decent coffee. Dam kids. Kids everywhere. Can't get away from them.

RICK

Afternoon Alf, Maureen, how are you? Say Alf, you still got that room for rent?

MAUREEN

Sorry dear but it's hockey season and the billets have everything available in town. The young man staying with us is nice. He's quiet and keeps to himself pretty much. Not like some of those other hooligans we've had stay with us.

ALF

You see the news last night Reichhardt? Some sort of Halloween Fire night or something?

RICK

Ya, they call it Devil's Night. It happens in Detroit right?

ALF

Why we gotta watch all that Detroit news anyways? Why ain't they showing the Canada news?

RICK

It's cause it's all the American channels, like NBC and ABC and the others.

ALF

But why is it all Detroit?

RICK

I have a theory about that. When they were first bringing us cable TV here we all wanted the US channels for their shows. And they have to pay those networks to show it to us. They could have got Minot but I think cause it's so close to us it would just be the same weather and everything and that would have worked fine. But I think they gave us Detroit to show us just how bad it is out there. I think they wanted to show us how good we have it here.

ALF

You know I never heard of it put that way before but that makes sense. (Alf is going into red faced rant mode now and rather quickly) All those black kids down there burning up the town and selling drugs all the time. Does sure make it look good up here. Serves them blacks down there right, burning up their own homes. Stupid Nig..

MAUREEN

(Cutting him off quickly) Alf!!

RICK(sternly)

Now Alf, that's not a word you want to use. You don't mean that.

ALF

Sure do, those people are...

RICK

Alf. Stop for a second and think. Think where you are sitting. Are you going to tell me you have a problem with black people?

ALF

Sure do, all of them are..

RICK

Alf, stop. Who poured your coffee this morning?

ALF

Cole did I think but that's differe..

RICK

And who makes those cinnamon buns you like so much.

ALF

Well, Melony Sue does.

RICK

And I'm certain I've caught you actually smiling back at Melony Sue sometimes when she brings them, right?

ALF

Well...

RICK

So are all black people like that?

ALF

Well I don't know.

RICK

Do you think all white people are the same?

ALF

Well no.

RICK

You and I are pretty different and here we are again sitting at the same table having coffee and talking very politely to each other. But be honest, we have nothing in common, do we?

ALF

No...

RICK

So is it all white people are bad or all black people?

ALF

Well, neither when you put it that way.

RICK

Right, so keep that in mind. Think about the look on Melony Sue's face if she heard you talking like that.

ALF

(Now red faced for a different reason) Ya, you gotta a point.

RICK

Look Alf, you are a grumpy old man and I figure you earned that right. But be fair, be grumpy with everyone OK, just don't pick on one group cause of their color?

ALF

Yaaa.

Maureen smiles. Again.

ALF

(Sitting up, shaking it off and changing the topic)  
Dam grandkids ran me ragged. Screaming they want us to  
take them to Disneyland. Nobody has money for that.

MAUREEN

Actually, I have the money, and we are going.

ALF

What!?

MAUREEN

I've been saving for years from the sewing I do for  
everyone. Me and the grandkids are going, you can stay  
home if you want. I don't care, we are going to  
Florida. (Quietly to Rick) And I'm going to see the  
ocean.

Alf is stunned mute. Rick has nothing but smiles for Maureen.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Nine refills later, getting hungrier)

Meet the Puck Chasers (AKA The Katherines) - Five 17-year old  
girls with puffy nylon hockey jackets, hair sprayed poofy poodle  
hair, smokes, lots of gum chewing to cover smoke breath. All  
named Katherine: Cathy, Kate, Kat, Cat, and Katy. Call him Rick,  
Dickie, Tricky Dick, Ricky, Richy, and Ritch.

They all stuff into the booth in and around Rick. Suddenly the  
table is filled with cigarette packs, bic lighters, coffee cups,  
hair scrunchies, makeup kits and lots of gum wrappers.

CATHY

Hey Rick!

KATE

Hi Dickie!

KAT

Tricky Dick, what's up?

CAT

Hello Ricky.

KATY

Ritchy Rich, buy us fries and gravy?

RICK

Rich I am not. Sorry, can barely afford this coffee  
I've been drinking all day.

CATHY

Melony Sue can we get two orders of fries and gravy  
please? One for us to share and one for Rick.

KAT

Why am I paying for his Trickey's fries and gravy?

CATHY

Cause we still owe him for "pulling" beer for us that  
one time?

Constant moving seats and fighting over seats. Camera can barely  
keep up.

Melony Sue shows up with two plates. Rick's eyes go wide and he tucks in. Argument amongst the girls about whether the fries and gravy gets ketchup. A fight over the choice of song to play on the jukebox, somehow "Never Surrender" by Corey Hart is agreed to and begins playing. Rick shakes his head sadly.

3 different conversations at once with crosstalk:

KATE

We need to talk about getting me gas money from you all to go out to the Pitt for the party. I can't afford to fill the tank on MY car on MY own.

KATY

So you know Kaitlyn has been telling our parents about us not being at Saturday Mass. I swear she only goes to check we aren't there and rat us out. That bitch.

KAT

So I told him that I'm staying a virgin till I'm married no matter what. Buuuuut... I did let him have anal sex with me. So we aren't breaking up now.

The music stopped and the entire café got a quiet lull for a second...

CATHY

You let him put his peener in your pooper!?

The entire café roars with laughter. Cathy turns beet red and leaves quickly crying saying she is leaving this town and never coming back.

## VO RICK NARRATING

Poor girl, and she didn't even do anything, it was Kat. Cathy did leave and she never does return. She is a city councillor in Victoria now. Three kids. Good for her.

Puck walks into the café. He's 18 years old, well built and ruggedly handsome with the same puffy nylon hockey jacket the girls are wearing.

He makes eye contact with Kat, taps her on shoulder and nods to the bathroom as he walks by.

She shortly follows him into the bathroom. The other girls notice but pretend not to. Everyone is playing it cool. Rick is busy eating.

## INT. CAMEO CAFÉ UNI-SEX BATHROM

Puck and Kat are stuffed into a small wood panelled bathroom that barely has room for the toilet and sink, let alone both of them. Note - No nudity in this scene. All is implied or obscuring camera angles.

Puck already has his pants around his ankles.

## PUCK

Blow me. Get it nice and sloppy wet with spit.

Kat obliges and we see the back of her head moving toward Puck's groin. Her actions continue for a very short period of time till he pulls her head away.



PUCK

Turn around, drop your pants, spread your cheeks, I like watching in the bathroom mirror.

KAT

Don't you cum so fast this time and for fuck's sake at least give me a reach around or I'll tell everyone I let you fuck me in the ass cause your dick is so small.

With a bit of squirming Puck is able to engage and quickly starts pumping Kat from behind. They both are enjoying themselves. Kat is really getting into it.

KAT

Wait...wait...wait! Not yet! Not yet, I'm almost there! OK cum now!

They both climax quickly and quietly. Kat produces a Zip lock bag with a baby wipe to clean herself up.

KAT

Snagged the baby wipes from my sister. Handy. You can wash your dick in the sink. I only have one left.

Kat flushes the toilet and returns to the table flushed in the face but unashamed.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Nine refills later, he's eating, don't bother him)

KAT

I didn't do anything wrong. Jealous!

Roars of laughter from girls.

Followed by Puck screaming in the bathroom.

It gets quiet in the entire café.

KAT

Oh, I told him to wash his dick in the sink.

RICK

He must have used that new antibacterial hand soap, it burns.

KATY

How'd you know that!?

RICK

(Blushing) I heard it somewhere. (He shrugs and resumes eating).

3 different conversations at once again:

KATE

Look, everyone on the team is going to be at the Pitt this Friday. They are going to have a big bonfire of old pallets again cause it's getting so cold. And it's an excuse to cuddle a Puck!

KATY

OK, pay up your share girls. And yes, we are all paying for Rick's fries. Don't fucken argue you cheap bitches. Rick do you think you can pull for us again for the Pitt?

KAT

I'm a modern woman and I'm careful. I make sure he uses a condom every time. You know, if he doesn't (whispering) he gets poop noodles. It's like when he squishes out my shit from the end of his dick. It's disgusting. So ya, condoms, every time.

Suddenly all the conversations somehow resolve, the bill gets paid, change piled and counted. Kay sneaks in a \$2 bill for a tip and the girls exit in a flurry. The café is now so much quieter.

Melony Sue comes to the table, cleans up a plethora of coffee cups and two empty plates. Rick is patting his stomach and smiling. Melony Sue returns the smile as she scoops up the neat piles of change and bills.

INT. CAMEO CAFÉ UNI-SEX BATHROM

Puck exiting the bathroom to a café full of giggles and sniggers. He's red faced and pissed off. Ass biting raging pissed off.

He looks around to see the Katherines have left, no one is making eye contact with him seeing how angry he is. He's scary. Rick is head down.

INT. RICK'S POV OF ED'S BOOTH

Ed is chattering away to himself and laughing at an imagined joke.

Puck thinks Ed is laughing at him and stomps over and screams at him.

PUCK

What are you laughing at you fucking retard!?

Ed takes no notice. Cole is already on his way over to deal with the situation.

Puck sits across from Ed to get in his eyeline and scream more at him. Ed finally takes notice and screams.

ED

Don't you touch her!

Ed roundhouse clocks Puck in the jaw knocking him right out of the booth and onto the floor.

Cole runs over not saying a word. Rick is one step behind him, It's deathly quiet in the café as the Puck is trying to come around from being knocked out. Cole helps him up.

COLE

What in God's name is going on here boys?

Rick saw it all and is shooting the most dangerous look at the Puck.

PUCK

My mistake. I'm sorry Cole. (Turning to face Ed) I apologize Ed, I'm sorry I bothered you.

Ed doesn't notice Cole, Rick or Puck's apology or anything.

Puck leaves the café quickly, rubbing his jaw with his shit stained tail between his legs.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Ten refills later, he's enjoying his after dinner coffee)

Wally comes in more sketched out than usual. And paranoid as fuck. And ranting quickly without so much as hello.

WALLY

Hey man, wanna buy my bike? I need some cash quick. Come on, you can borrow some cash from your Mom. Sell it to you cheap, got the transfer paperwork right here. No!?! Who do you think I could sell it to?

RICK

Good Afternoon Wally, and no, I have no idea who would buy your bike.

WALLY

If I get enough money I can pay them back. If I don't get enough I'll use what I can to get out of town. No, I don't know where. I don't know anyone in any other town that I can stay with. I'd go work the rigs in Alberta but they have guys all over there. I can't go to the States because of my record. I don't have any cash or credit cards or even a bank account. I've got fucking nothing except a price on my head.

RICK

Jesus man breathe, what the hell are you talking about?

WALLY

OK, I just need a little money for some more speed and I'll take my bike to Manitoba up north and work in a logging camp. That'll work. I think I can steal some cash from my parents, and my Mom's jewelry.

RICK

You can crash on the floor in my room as long as they don't catch you and charge me for a guest. Oh shit, maybe not. I don't know yet if they are letting us back in there.

WALLY

No, thanks but no. They'd find me there and mess you up for hiding me.

Christ, why did this happen to me? Why are they doing this to me? Why is everyone out to get me? I'm a good guy, everyone likes me. I don't deserve this. I gotta get the fuck out of here.

Frantically as he entered, he leaves in a panic.

VO RICK NARRATING

I never heard from him again. A few weeks later I heard a rumour that he died in a logging "accident". Chainsaw hit his face, no one saw it happen.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Eleven refills later, nursing this one too)

TITLE CARD - SUPPER

Meet Lawrence and Loretta. They don't know Rick's name but both call him Mister. Lawrence looks to be in his late 30s or early 40s with a stocky build and hair buzzed off. Loretta is in her early 30s with curly locks of dark brown hair and sparkling grey eyes. They both have Down syndrome.

They come in and sit down at a table for two across from Rick. Both are wearing canvas newspaper delivery bags. Melony Sue sees them come in and Lawrence and Loretta are both waving frantically and yelling greetings with great joy.

MELONY SUE

Bonsoir Lawrence. Bonsoir Loretta. How are you both this evening?

LAWRENCE

Bonjour! I am very good today Melony Sue. And Loretta is not very good. She's mad.

MELONY SUE

Oh no! Why is that Loretta, is everything OK with you my dear. What can I do?

LORETTA (pouting)

Bonjour Melony Sue. I am good today too, I'm just mad at Lawrence.

MELONY SUE

Why is that my dear?



Loretta crosses her arms and just stares at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

She is mad at me because I get to tell you the good news today. Because she told everyone at the newspaper office and now it's my turn.

MELONY SUE

Well good news is a good thing and nothing to get angry about is it?

LAWRENCE

Yes! And I want to tell you we got..

MELONY SUE (interrupting)

And it's nice to let your wife share the good news because you share all good things. Isn't that right Lawrence? Sharing is a good thing.

LAWRENCE (now he's pouting)

Yes that is right. But it is my turn.

MELONY SUE

Do you want to both tell me both together?

LORETTA

No, it's Lawrence's turn. You tell her.

LAWRENCE

No, I don't want to now. You tell her.

LORETTA

No, I don't want to now either, you ruined it.

MELONY SUE

Now you both don't be like that. How about I get you your drinks and then you can tell me? What would you like tonight?

LAWRENCE

Yes please OK! I would like a Grape Crush with a straw please Melony Sue.

LORETTA (giggling)

And I would please like a Orange Crush with a glass. And...oh and ice please.

MELONY SUE

But Loretta you don't like Orange and Lawrence I know for certain you don't like Grape.

LAWRENCE

Noooo...that's what we like.

MELONY SUE

I think you two are pulling on fast one on me. I'll go get your drinks.

Melony Sue heads off to the Pop fountain to get their drinks leaving the two of them giggling and whispering to each other. Rick is quietly observing all of this. Melony Sue returns shortly.

MELONY SUE

OK, here's a Orange Fanta with a glass of ice for the lady and a Grape Fanta with straw for the gentlemen.

The giggles are now riotous laughter. It's catching and Melony Sue and Rick are laughing now too and not sure why at all.

LAWRENCE (now composed and deadly serious)

Loretta, this is your present! (pushing the bottle towards her)

LORETTA

Thank you very much! Lawrence (pushing the bottle and glass towards him) this is your anniversary present! I love you!

LAWRENCE

(leaning over the table for a kiss) I love you too!

MELONY SUE

Happy Anniversary to you both! And that was pretty tricky of you two. Now do tell, was that the big news?

LAWRENCE

You tell her Loretta, it's OK.

LORETTA

We got a washer and dryer machine! Our brother and sister bought it for us for our Anniversary!

LAWRENCE (interrupting)

And that means we can do laundry at home and we don't have to take all our dirty clothes to the laundromat and I can save my quarters now and use them for pinball sometimes.

LORETTA (sternly)

Only pinball sometimes. Mostly they go in the jar.

LAWRENCE (dejectly)

Yes, mostly the quarters go in the jar to save for a raining day.

MELONY SUE

Well that is wonderful news. I'm very happy for you. Now you enjoy your drink presents and I'll be back shortly.

Lawrence and Loretta tuck into their drinks with relish and smiles.

RICK (leaning toward their table)

Happy Anniversary to you both. How long have you been married?

LAWRENCE

Hi Mister! We have been married forever.

LORETTA

Yup, forever.

RICK

Oh, that's nice. And what kind of washer and dryer did you get?

LAWRENCE

A white one and a green one. But they aren't working yet cause my brother has to come and hook them up. But we went to the laundromat yesterday so we can wait till next week when it's laundry day, he said he will come hook them up on the weekend and I'm going to help him.

LORETTA

But it's in the basement and it's dark and scary down there.

LAWRENCE

I'm not scared!

RICK

Is there not enough lights in the basement?

LAWRENCE

There is a light bulb that you switch on from upstairs. But it's not bright enough.

RICK

Maybe you could put a brighter bulb in? How many Watts is it?

LAWRENCE

How many whats is what?

RICK

How many Watts is the light bulb?

LAWRENCE

It's one light bulb, I told you. What what!?

LORETTA (interrupting)

Lawrence, don't be mean. Sorry Mister, Lawrence is being silly.

LAWRENCE (giggling)

Sorry Mister. That's a good idea, I'll put a 100 Watt bulb in and it will be brighter in the basement for you Loretta.

RICK

You got me Lawrence, that was pretty funny.

LAWRENCE (laughing)

What!?

Melony Sue returns with two cupcakes on a plate with lit candles and begins to sing in a deep, slow and husky voice. The whole café quiets quickly to listen.

MELONY SUE (singing)

Bon anniversaire

Nos vœux les plus sincères

Que ces quelques petit gâteau

Vous apportent le bonheur

Que l'année entière

Vous soit douce et légère

Et que l'an fini

MELONY SUE (singing con't)

Nous soyons tous réunis

Pour chanter en chœur

Bon anniversaire

Que l'année entière

Vous soit douce et légère

Et que l'an fini

Nous soyons tous réunis

Bon anniversaire

Happy Anniversary to you both Lawrence and Loretta!

Lawrence and Loretta were listening in rapture and are now clapping and yelling thank yous. Both jump up and give Melony Sue BIG hugs. The whole café is clapping and yelling Happy Anniversary.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

Cindy approaches Rick's booth. Red eyes show that she's been crying but is smiling. She sits down across him quietly.

RICK

Shit, you ok Cin?

CINDY

Oh Dickens, it's OK, it's a happy sad. It's been a very very long day and it took a lot of work and pain to get here. But I think it's all gonna be ok now, I really do.

Now she's just short of sobbing at this point.

CINDY

Be a dear and pass me a napkin?

RICK

It's a serviette.

Rick hands her a paper napkin with a meek smile and we get a comical long nose blow from Cindy in response.

CINDY

It's good to get all that out. (Looking at the serviette) I was really stuffed up. Yuck.



A smile from both. She pulls a mirror out of her handbag and fixes her face and lip stick. Blows Dickens a cute kiss after the lipstick and snapping shut the makeup mirror.

RICK

Do you want to talk about it? Or we can just sit here and drink coffee, I'm really good at that. I'm a good listener too. Either either or?

CINDY

I'm OK to talk. Just came from the lawyer's office. Mom filed divorce papers, a restraining order and submitted evidence on spousal abuse, and because my little brother is under age it's child abuse on the list as well. She has been tape recording him and he was stupid enough to call the lawyer threatening his life and then admit to doing all those horrible things because "it's his fucking family and he'll do what every he wants and no one can stop him". (beat). The cops are on their way there now to arrest him.

RICK

I thought I heard sirens about an hour ago, was that for him?

CINDY

No, no sirens I think, they are going to sneak up on that passed out drunken drug addled asshole. I feel so awful now though, it's weird, I thought I'd feel better, relieved. Why did it take us so long to finally do something? Why did we put up with that shit for so long and wait till now?

RICK

Well, I don't know. I don't know what I would have done. But you did the right thing. There's a line in this book I'm not reading anymore (Rick opens books and reads) "You always suppress momentary anger at something you deeply and permanently hate." Only good thing in this book..

CINDY

So what does that mean?

RICK

I think that all those bad things piled up over time and that momentary anger just built to the point that you had to do something. Or explode. Not that you'd do that. You get what I'm saying.

CINDY

Kind of, I guess? That's sweet of you to say Dickens though, ya, there's anger there and hate too. I thought it would go away, still hurts though. (She is blinking back tears now)

RICK

(Shaking it off and changing topic) What are you going to do now?

CINDY

I guess I can finally go back to school and start living a life without fear I hope. No, I know I will. This will never happen to me or anything I love again. But how are you Dickens, did you eat something? What's for Dinn...Supper tonight? You look pale, you need some sun. You can't live on coffee alone.

RICK

I'm good thanks, and I'm glad you are good.

A magical shared smile between them.

FADE OUT.

INT. RICK'S BOOTH (Eleven refills later)

Sia drops hard into the seat across from Rick. She is very disheveled, hair a mess and face as white as a ghost.

VO RICK NARRATING

Fuck, now what!?

Sia falls on her side further into the booth, leaning against the booth wall, legs up on the bench seat. Sinks down a little so her head is below the booth wall. Eyes looking around in a panic.

SIA

Anyone comes in looking for me, I'm not here. If anyone does ask for me I'm going under the table and you don't say a fucking word,

RICK

Why!? What!? Are you OK!? What's going on!? Is this about Cindy's Dad or the sirens or what?

SIA

What!?! Cindy? No. Sirens, yes.

The look in her eyes just got even more wild with panic. Rick closes his mouth. Which was agape.

Long tense silence. Even longer now. The only sound is Sia hyperventilating.

Melony Sue, shows up at the table.

MELONY SUE

Water Hun?

SIA

(startled) SHIT! Oh, sorry, yes please, yes water thank you very much.

Ricks eyes are now even wider. Sia's new found sense of manners is even noticed by Melony Sue.

MELONY SUE

Coming right up.

The water comes and she drinks it down in one gulp.

RICK

Is this about you stealing cigarettes from your Dad?  
Where's Mia?

SIA

(Whispering) She's dead. (beat).  
Reg (beat) fucking (beat) killed (beat) her.

RICK

Fuck off. Your fucking with me. (beat). You aren't are  
you? (Rick's eyes are reddening).

SIA

They were fighting. He choked her or snapped her neck  
or whatever right in front of me and I tried to stop  
him but he tossed me across the room into the coffee  
table. He picked her up by the neck and shook her like  
a fucken rag doll. She couldn't even scream.

Sia is now sobbing uncontrollably. Melony Sue appears and  
disappears quickly with another glass of water from out of  
frame.

Sia collapses into her arms onto the table top and cries and  
howls, muffled by her arms and jacket hood. This one plays out  
slowly, Rick is crying, he makes eye contact with Melony Sue  
standing a few booths behind Sia and she is shaking her head  
sadly.

Sia's hand sneaks out from under her jacket and death grips  
Rick's hand.

Long tracking shot of the moderately busy café. Some booths that  
are close by who heard aren't saying anything with shocked looks  
on their face. Other booths obviously are chatting away making  
a racket. Melony Sue is whispering with Cole.

COLE

(Whispering to Melony Sue) I got a phone call from the police, it's all true. She just ran out of the station to here I guess.

Sia hears Cole and sticks her head halfway up and sobs.

SIA

I had to get out of there. They keep asking questions but I can't talk to them there. She's there, in the basement. Probably already cold. And so is he. The fucker.

RICK

(Composing himself) He is? They have him arrested?

SIA

No, he's down there in a drawer too. They shot him. He's dead. Fucking dead. Both of them.

The café is getting real quiet now. Two RCMP officers have just quietly come in the front door behind Sia, They take off their hats and hold them to their chests. Rick makes eye contact with one of them, a female officer he knows well enough to chat with and get away with a traffic warning. He motions to an empty booth next to them and they quietly sit down.

SIA

When I came to I was sitting in the middle of the broken shitty cardboard crap coffee table. I heard the cops screaming at Reg to put her down. They already had shot him with the wire taser things but he was just screaming at the top of his lungs. And ripping off all her clothes, She was naked and he was grabbing her and screaming at her and hitting and biting her. It was fucking insane. He fucking threw her at the cops and then he started walking towards me and the cop shot him in the head. He's dead. He's fuckin dead and so is Mia. None of it makes any fucking sense.

She's howling by this point. Cole is coming up behind Rick and the female RCMP officer is up and over to the booth in a flash putting a hand up to Cole to stop.

FEMALE OFFICER

(Taking Sia's arm) Come on Sia, this isn't the place for this. These people shouldn't hear this. Come on, I'll take you someplace warm and safe. We won't go back to the station. Come on girl, be strong. Come on I'll take you someplace warm and safe. (It's a slow coaxing maneuver to get Sia out of the booth).

Sia tries to stand and collapses. The male officer swoops in and catches her in his arms. He heads for the door with her cradled in his arms. His eyes are shining with tears.

FEMALE OFFICER

Rick? Rick? Are you gonna be ok?

RICK

(Wiping the tears from his face) Ya, I'll be ok. I'm just gonna sit here for a bit. Is she gonna be OK?

FEMALE OFFICER

No, she won't. Not right now, but she'll get help and she'll get better. I know Reggie was your friend, it was a psychotic break they think. He never drank before, did he?

RICK

No, never.

FEMALE OFFICER

Here's my card, there's a support number on the back. I gotta go. We can talk more later.

RICK

Thanks.

Cole sits down across from Rick. The police have left. Rick is blowing his nose on a serviette. For some reason he chuckles a tiny little bit. Cole raises an eyebrow.

RICK

(Noticing Cole) Something Cindy did earlier today.

COLE

You OK Ricard?

RICK

Not right now, but I will be.



MELONY SUE

More coffee Ricard honey? (Whispering) I've got something hidden in the back that can sweeten it up if you need? I think I do.

RICK

No thanks Mel, you are very sweet yourself but I don't think that's gonna help. Pardon my language but I think I need to get the fuck out of here.

Fade to black.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Entering a dark hotel room. Camera tracking Rick from behind.

Rick's hands reaching for unclear/undetermined paperwork on his desk.

FADE TO CREDITS.

## EPILOGUE

EXT. SMALL CITY STREET INTERSECTION - EARLY EVENING

The HAZMAT Team is packing up their equipment into the back of the van. They are approached by one of the day drunks from the Hotel.

DRUNK NUMBER ONE

Heys guys, you killed all those mutant rats? Is it safe to go back in?

HAZMAT GUY NUMBER ONE

There were no rats in there. They even had us check the 2nd basement, it's just filled with dank water. They should have a sump pump.

DRUNK NUMBER ONE

Nah it will freeze over soon and that will kill them rats.

HAZMAT GUY NUMBER TWO

He just told you, there aren't any rats. That's what they paid us to check for. We couldn't find any.

DRUNK NUMBER ONE

There's rats there, there's rats everywhere. You just aren't looking hard enough. They're everywhere.

THE END