

Screenplay

EXT. DAY - Neighborhood Drug Store

Holden sits at a picnic table eating lunch. Justine slams her soda on the table.

JUSTINE

I hate my job.

HOLDEN

That makes two of us.

JUSTINE

I hate everybody here. I hate Gwen. I don't know what the Hell she's so happy about. I'm starting to understand why maniacs go out and get shotguns and shoot everybody to pieces.

HOLDEN

Maybe you're a maniac.

JUSTINE

Maybe so.

(Beat.)

You know your lips are real pouty. Like a woman. And your eyes always look sad the way they droop off to the side... How old are you?

HOLDEN

22. How old are you?

JUSTINE

How old do you think?

HOLDEN

I don't know. How long you been working here for?

JUSTINE

Forever and a day.

(Beat.)

They call you Tom?

HOLDEN

That's my slave name. Holden's what I call myself.

JUSTINE

What are your folks like?

HOLDEN

They're OK. They don't get me. I mean, they're alright. I just...

JUSTINE

My husband doesn't get me.

HOLDEN

Since when do you have a husband?

JUSTINE

Since seven years. He's a painter.

HOLDEN

What's he paint?

JUSTINE

Houses. He's a pig. He talks but he doesn't think. I'm sick of it.

(Beat.)

Did you go to college?

HOLDEN

Um, I had to drop out, because I had a problem with drinking and stuff... But, I'll go back. I just gotta prove to my folks I can fly straight. Did you go to college?

Justine shakes her head.

JUSTINE

I was afraid I'd lose Phil if I went. Now it'd be reason enough to go.

(Beat.)

I was looking at you in the store and I liked how you kept to yourself. I saw in your eyes that you hate the world. I hate it, too. You know what I'm talking about?