

Screenplay

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A group of five TEENAGERS stand around outside. Mark is one, HARRISON (19 or 20, long hair, ripped jeans) is another. They sit close together and pass a 40oz OF OLDE ENGLISH back and forth. The other TEENAGERS are romping around, writing in Sharpie on whatever surface they can find.

MARK

She said she liked it.

HARRISON

I told you, man, they always do. Did she bleed?

MARK

Only a little.

HARRISON

Yeah, that's normal.

One of the TEENAGERS throws an EMPTY 40oz BOTTLE at the streetlight. The BOTTLE shatters. Mark watches. A CLERK runs out of the store.

CLERK

What the hell?!

Mark and Harrison stand up. One of the other TEENAGERS runs over.

TEENAGER 1

What are you gonna do, huh?

CLERK

I call the fucking police!

All the TEENAGERS run around HOWLING and LAUGHING. They start THROWING more BOTTLES at the store. Mark holds his nearly EMPTY BOTTLE in his hand. Harrison gives him an encouraging look.

HARRISON

Let it fly, my man.

Mark looks at the BOTTLE for another moment, then up at the CLERK, who is backed against a wall, pleading with the other TEENAGERS. Mark smiles at Harrison and THROWS the BOTTLE right at the clerk's feet.

The glass shatters around the clerk and the TEENAGERS howl with joy. The CLERK watches the teenage monsters in terror.

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They are craning their necks at the sky, yelling and cooing into the night.

He sees his moment and sprints into the store, LOCKING THE DOOR behind him.

The light of an approaching CAR freezes the group. A SILVER MINIVAN pulls in. The group watches the MINIVAN like a pack of dogs.

Jack steps out from the passenger side and from the drivers side Sarah emerges.

Mark's face CHANGES. He recognizes his old friend.

He turns to Harrison.

MARK

Oh shit, that's Jack.

Harrison thinks for a moment, piecing together everything he's been told.

From inside, the CLERK bangs on the glass, holding up a cordless phone.

CLERK

I call the fucking police!

Harrison's eyes leave Jack and land on Sarah.

HARRISON

That's Sarah, I presume?

Mark nods.