

SIDE 1 - SCENE 1

1 EXT/INT. GAS STATION STORE, OUTSKIRTS OF TORONTO - NIGHT

EMILY (16, long ratty hair, bags under her eyes yet still pretty) wonders into an empty brightly lit store. She walks aimlessly amongst shelves of harsh coloured snacks and drinks. The store is quiet, a low buzz comes from the freezers, a radio plays faintly in the background.

Emily scratches her arm with grubby hands and dirty nails. She wears a leather motorcycle jacket, stuffing a hand in her pocket, she holds onto something tightly. The other hand carries an battered plastic bag.

Her eyes are glazed as she coughs, spluttering and wheezing. BRIAN (24, light hair, glasses, white shirt with red trimming) sits at the counter, raising his head towards Emily. Beside him we see a poor quality CCTV system, it monitors the pumps outside.

BRIAN
Excuse me?

Emily pretends not to hear.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
EXCUSE ME. Hello?! Miss!

Emily flings herself around. She steadies herself by clutching onto a shelf of Jello. She allows herself a long blink before responding.

EMILY
(pointing to herself)
Me?

She turns around, peering around the store.

BRIAN
(nodding)
Yeah, you.

Emily glides towards the counter.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(wearily)
You know you can't stay here.

The clerk raises his eye brows, waiting for a response. Emily notices the clerk's name tag.

EMILY
Well, Brian, is it?

Brian nods, trying to avoid eye contact.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You really think I want to stay
here? I don't want to stay here
with you!

Emily cocks her head to the side, leaning forward
forcing her weight onto the front of the counter. She
stares through Brian as he nibbles at the inside of his
mouth.

BRIAN
Listen, do you wanna just get
outta here? You know what I'll
do, so you might as
well...(trailing off)

EMILY
(interrupting)
I don't! What will you do?

Emily claps her dirty hands together under her chin, she
squints towards Brian who leans back in his chair, now
not breaking gaze with Emily. Her eyes flicker towards
the CCTV monitor, a dark figure appears near the pumps.

BRIAN
Look, if you want I'll let you
use the bathroom and then you
can be on your way, how does
that sound?

EMILY
It sounds like I'm in a gas
station with some fucking
pervert who wants to watch me
pee.

Brian frowns as Emily grabs a bunch of Twizzlers from
the counter, knocking over the tub, and is out the door
within seconds.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(laughing)
See you later scumbag!

END SCENE.

SIDE 2 - SCENE 12

12 INT. BROWN HONDA CIVIC '89 - DAY

Brian drives down the highway, Emily sits beside him peering out of the passenger window. She looks gingerly around the car. The floor is old and dirty, the seats are patterned and worn down.

EMILY
You like this song?

BRIAN
Yeah, yeah it's good.

Brian turns up the radio, daring to smile at Emily.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(tentatively)
So, what happened to you?

EMILY
Does it matter?

BRIAN
I donno. Well, can I know your name?

EMILY
It's... Dianne.

BRIAN
Oh.

EMILY
(defensively)
What?

BRIAN
I donno I guess I didn't think you looked like a Dianne.

EMILY
Not many people do.

An awkward silence.

BRIAN
Well Dianne, do you usually walk around the highway at night, harassing gas station workers?

EMILY

Maybe.

Emily shrugs as Brian lets out a breath of a laugh.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I like the highway.

Brian peers over toward Emily.

BRIAN

Me too.

END SCENE.

SIDE 3 - SCENE 16C

16C BATHROOM

One last look in the mirror as Emily pulls on her vest. Her hair is wet, she looks refreshed, make-up still a little smudged. A gentle knock at the door.

BRIAN
Are you OK in there?

Emily unlocks the bathroom door, slowly opening the door. Brian stays outside. They stare at one another, Brian notices Emily's feet once more.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Do you wanna sit down and I can help?

Brian gestures towards the toilet. Emily lowers the toilet seat, cooperating. Brian opens the mirrored cabinet above the sink, he brings out gauze and padding.

Emily looks to Brian, an intense exchange. Brian pauses for a second, then wets a white hand towel under the tap and swoops down, kneeling on the floor.

Emily can only stare as Brian gently wipes the dirt and blood from the soles of her right foot. He resists from looking up, and starts to carefully wrap the foot with gauze.

Emily jots out of her trance.

EMILY
I can, I'll do the rest.

BRIAN
Sure.

Emily nods as Brian stands up, he leaves quickly. Emily stares towards the door.

END SCENE.