

CHERRY GLAZED

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1 EXT. QUIET DESERT HIGHWAY ROAD-NIGHT 1

A back country highway where nothing but road exists for miles on either side.

Rain falls so hard you could eat off the desert floor.

CUT TO:

2 INT. TRUCK-NIGHT 2

A red pickup truck drives down the quiet highway road.

Rain continues to fall heavily outside.

The inside of the truck is a mess. Food wrappers, empty cigarette wrappers. Some left over food on the dashboard that appears to be oozing some sort of three day old red glaze sauce.

RACHEL, 32, sits in the passenger seat disgusted by her surroundings, resigns to crossing her arms so she doesn't have to touch anything. Her reflection in the window shows she is not in a good mood.

They pass a lone gas station. A bit run down, and it's neon sign only half illuminated.

Rachel's gaze stays with it as they pass.

MARK, 35, is driving. He has a bandage over his right ear. He looks over at her, shakes his head annoyed and scoffs at her moodiness.

Rachel looks over at him.

RACHEL
(glaring, annoyed)
Pull over Mark.

Mark can't quite hear her because of the bandage. He grabs her arm.

MARK
(aggravated)
What?

Rachel gives him a look of death.

Mark realizes he's just made a huge mistake and lets go of her arm.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. TRUCK-NIGHT

3

Mark pulls the truck over. Rachel jumps out, pulls her hoodie over her head, pulls the back of her hoodie over her bum.

MARK

Charlotte and I screwed up. I know
I messed up. Can't we just let it
go?

Rachel slams the door closed.

Mark rolls the window down.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on Rachel...

Arms crossed, Rachel looks back towards the gas station.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fine.

Mark starts the truck back up. The truck has problems turning over. After a few attempts, it backfires sounding like a gun has gone off, before finally starting and Mark drives off.

Rachel crosses her arms to try to stay warm as she watches Mark's truck drive away until we no longer see the taillights.

Rain continues to come down hard, soaking Rachel from head to toe.

RACHEL

(to herself)

I'm a fucking idiot.

She stands there for a moment looking in both directions. After a moment she turns and heads back towards the gas station that they passed.

CUT TO:

4 EXT./INT. GAS STATION-NIGHT

4

An old run down gas station, but still functioning is about a quarter mile from where Rachel got out of the truck.

A barely working neon sign helps cars along the highway find it, while the gas pumps sit under a leaky roof lit up by a dingy fluorescent yellowish green light.

A CASHIER, male, 45, sits behind what seems to be the only upgrade this place has seen in years—a bullet proof cashiers window.

Rachel walks up to the cashier window. The Cashier doesn't look up.

Rachel knocks on the window.

CASHIER

What pump?

RACHEL

No, Sorry, I've been...I need to call a cab.

The Cashier looks up. His face registers zero emotion. His name tag reads JOE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Is there anyway I can...

CASHIER/JOE

You don't have a phone?

Rachel pulls out her phone which is OFF to indicate that it has died.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)

Stay by the pumps. I'll call you a cab.

Rachel looks back at the pumps. A larger gash of water falls through the roof. She looks back to Joe who picks up the phone then mutters something about finding the number.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Where is that number?

Rachel heads over to the pumps dragging and scrapping her feet along the ground. She sits on the little platform the pumps sit up on. Bringing her knees to her chest she tries to stay warm.

Just as she pulls the bottom of the hoodie over her knees, Joe calls her back over.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)

Twenty minutes.

Rachel doesn't say anything. Instead she stands there shivering.

Joe just stares at her.

Rachel continues to shiver and not move. Just as she reluctantly starts to move, Joe changes his mind.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)
 There's a hand dryer inside the
 bathroom. You can dry off in there.

Rachel is grateful. Joe comes around from behind his desk to unlock the door.

Still shivering from the cold, she nods her head in thanks.

Joe points to where the bathroom is, and Rachel heads there.

CUT TO:

5 INT. GAS STATION-NIGHT

5

Rachel comes out of the bathroom damp, but at least it's better than being soaked. She keeps the hood up over her head.

CASHIER/JOE
 You have time to dry off more.

RACHEL
 I'm okay.

Rachel wanders around the store. When she's out of eye sight, Joe watches her through the security mirrors placed around the store.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Really appreciate your help.

CASHIER/JOE
 No problem. Sorry about making you
 wait out there at first.

RACHEL
 It's cool, it's late and you don't
 know me.

Rachel opens the cooler with her hand covered with her hoodie and grabs a soda.

She heads back to the front pulls out a few coins from her pocket in her palm and starts counting and polishing with the sleeve of her hoodie.

CASHIER/JOE
Don't worry about it.

Rachel puts the coins back in her pocket.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)
Have a donut too. Looks like you
had a very bad night and could use
it.

RACHEL
Do I look malnourished?

Joe didn't mean that at all. Rachel can tell she misread that.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Sure, thank you.

Rachel uses a pastry paper to reach into the pastry shelf and pulls out a plain donut.

CASHIER/JOE
A plain one? I know we're just a
gas station, but our cherry glazed
donuts are legendary in these
parts.

RACHEL
(cracking the soda open
and looking at Joe)
I hate cleaning up messes.

CASHIER/JOE
Fair point.
(beat)
But I tell ya, nothing beats the
sweetness and how delicious it
tastes. More than makes up for it.
(beat)
You know what, hand me one of them.

Rachel puts her own donut and soda on the counter and heads back to the pastry shelf.

RACHEL
A cherry glaze? You act as if God
made them.

CASHIER/JOE
I don't believe in god, but I do
believe in my wife's talents.

Rachel grabs two donut papers, grabs a cherry glaze and hands it to Joe making sure to hold onto the outside paper.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)
 She has an instagram of all her
 donuts if you want to follow her?

Rachel puts the wrapper in her hoodie pocket without Joe noticing.

RACHEL
 I'm not on instagram.

Rachel jumps up onto the counter to sit. Joe takes a step to the side to give her room.

CASHIER/JOE
 Fair enough. She's really into it.
 Though I guess if you're into...

Rachel dusts off the crumbs from her hands when she finishes the donut and interrupts Joe.

RACHEL
 Must be pretty lonely out here.
 Does your wife come visit you?

Joe scrunches his face and shakes his head "no" while finishing his donut.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 So, any crazy weirdo stories? Come
 on, entertain me while we wait for
 the cab.

Joe is amused by Rachel. He takes a swig of his coffee to clear his mouth.

CASHIER/JOE
 No weirdo stories. Sadly.
 (beat)
 Oh, wait, there is this old lady
 that dresses like she's going to a
 ball every Wednesday and always
 stops in to buy a coffee before
 going to where ever she goes
 dressed like that. Though I guess
 I'm just more curious about that
 than it being weird...I mean, where
 is she going??

RACHEL
 I'd follow her one day to find out.

CASHIER/JOE
Yep, thought about that.
(beat)
Then I'd be the weirdo.

They both laugh.

Joe doesn't say anything else for a moment after they stop laughing.

Awkward silence.

Rachel sips her soda.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)
(trying to impress her)
I did get robbed a few days ago.

Rachel shifts her body to face him more. Moving her legs to the back side of the counter from the front.

RACHEL
Oh yeah? What happened?

CASHIER/JOE
Just two jerks rolled up. Masks on, full guns out. Marched in here and demanded money. I gave them some, but when they weren't fully paying attention I grabbed my gun and got a shot off before they fled. Think it at least grazed one of them because he dropped the money.

RACHEL
Wow, so that's why you made me wait outside?

CASHIER/JOE
Yeah, sorry. Police are still looking for them, but at least they didn't get the cash.
(trying to impress)
And now with my new bullet proof windows they ain't gonna be able to do that again at night. Although it does mean shutting down the convenience store at 10 PM.

RACHEL
Surely, you got them on camera, no?

Joe doesn't say anything at first. He can't admit to a stranger that his cameras are too new and haven't been hooked up yet.

A motorcycle pulls into the station.

When he's turned towards the outside window, Rachel gracefully slides off the counter placing her behind the counter.

CASHIER/JOE
Just a motorcycle. Mind ducking
down?

Joe turns towards Rachel and is surprised to see her behind the counter.

Rachel notices a bit of Joe's cherry glazed donut dripped on the counter. She runs her finger through it and licks it off her finger.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)
(taking a gulp)
Don't want anyone knowing you're in
here.

RACHEL
(wiggling her fingers in
the air)
I'll just go wash my sticky
fingers.

CASHIER/JOE
Go on.

As she walks away, Rachel turns her head.

RACHEL
Don't get rid of that soda. I still
have some left.

CASHIER/JOE
You got it.

As Rachel walks towards the bathroom, she turns on her cell phone. We can see that it isn't dead.

CUT TO:

Joe is reading his magazine when Rachel comes out of the bathroom.

The motorcyclist is gone.

Joe notices the light from approaching car headlights bounce off the windows of the station.

CASHIER/JOE
 (calling out to Rachel)
 This must be you.
 (looks at his watch)
 Not even twenty minutes.

Rachel gives a slight head tilt of disappointment.

Joe and Rachel smile at each other. He's glad that he was able to help and that Rachel has dried up some.

The sound of Marks's truck pulling up grabs Joe's attention. Mark stops the engine.

CASHIER/JOE (CONT'D)
 Ah, never mind. Just a customer.
 (beat)
 Guess you'll have to spend more
 time with m...

Joe turns to face Rachel, but when he does, a revolver is staring him straight in the eyes.

Rachel motions to the cash drawer.

Joe is confused, disappointed and angry as he opens the register with one hand while never looking away from Rachel and her gun. He puts the money in a red plastic shopping bag.

RACHEL
 Why don't you throw in a few of
 those napkins too.

While reaching for the napkins, Joe glances to where he keeps his gun. He doesn't see it. He looks at Rachel.

Rachel lifts her hoodie up to reveal she's already taken his gun and has it secured in her waistband.

Joe holds the bag of money out towards her.

Rachel grabs the bag, and her soda can. She starts walking out backwards. The gun still pointed at Joe.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 (licking her lips)
 You're right, the cherry glaze was
 very delicious.

CASHIER/JOE
Will I be able to share that
sentiment with my missus?

RACHEL
(at the door)
I don't like messes, remember?

CASHIER/JOE
(beat)
You're a...

RACHEL
...Fucking idiot. Yeah, I know.

Mark's engine turns over again.

There is what seems to be the sound of a gun shot.

We're left unsure whether Rachel fired the gun or if that was
the truck backfiring.

Rachel heads to Mark's truck.

Mark is in the truck but in the middle seat and looking
straight ahead and not moving. There is a gunshot wound to
his head.

CHARLOTTE, female, 30's is in the drivers seat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
Boss.

Rachel opens the door and sits next to a dead Mark.

Mark's head starts to fall towards her.

She pulls out a few napkins and uses them to push his head
away from her.

Rachel looks at Charlotte with her eyes indicating that
Charlotte should start driving.

They drive away and down the deserted highway.

THE END.