

N A R C

by

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1A EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUSK

COLIN TRAVERS (17) sits on his suburban porch steps. He turns on his DAB PEN and takes a sizable drag.

As he exhales, he is illuminated by a set of headlights pulling into his driveway. Colin tries to wave his cloud out of existence as he stands up to greet the car. He approaches the car, opens the door, and sits down.

1B INT. CAR - DUSK

RODNEY JENKINS (59) sits in the driver's seat. His face resembles a worn piece of leather displaying his weariness and wisdom, but right now he is smiling as he munches on some SKITTLES.

RODNEY

There he is!

COLIN

Here I am.

RODNEY

Ready for one last ride?

COLIN

(nonchalantly)

Yep, so unbelievably ready.

RODNEY

That's what I'm talking about! How many ya think you're gonna get tonight?

COLIN

I don't know Rodney, probably a few, maybe two if we're lucky.

RODNEY

(incredulous)

Two?? Hell, where we're going you can do better. I expect ten for ten.

COLIN

Yeah, we'll see.

Rodney starts the car and begins backing out.

INTERCUT WITH:

2 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Colin walks through the automatic doors of the store and straight to the check-out counter.

He confidently puts a crisp TWENTY DOLLAR BILL on the counter.

COLIN

Hi, can I just get a pack of Newports?

SMASH CUT TO: The pimply-face clerk manning the counter.

PIMPLE-FACE CLERK

Can I see your ID?

Colin moves his arm and claps his hand against his back pocket in one swift, robotic motion while maintaining eye contact with the clerk the whole time.

COLIN

Whoops, don't have it on me.

The clerk looks down at the money, then back at Colin.

OPENING MONTAGE:

-- Colin hitting his back pocket with his hand from his "missing wallet routine"

-- Money being put on various convenience store counters, and rejected

-- Rodney putting a convenience store address into the WAZE app

-- Rodney dropping cigarette boxes into evidence bags

-- Rodney's government ID tag

-- Dab pen hits

-- Clipboard of paper stack reading "Youth Tobacco Inspection" with Colin's name and date.

3 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Colin struts out of the store, NEWPORTS in hand, and opens the passenger side door of a sedan parked outside. He hops in.

Rodney eyes the cigarettes.

RODNEY

Alright, it's about time.

Colin tosses them to Rodney.

COLIN

Oh yeah, one for ten so far we're doing great.

RODNEY

They give ya any trouble?

COLIN

Nope, didn't even need the magic touch.

Rodney takes one cigarette out with his mouth before he starts to seal up the Newports in an EVIDENCE BAG.

RODNEY

(mumbling)

Yeah he looked like a pushover.

He puts away the bag and hands Colin the CLIPBOARD containing a stack of blank forms with the words "YOUTH TOBACCO INSPECTOR" in bold at the top of the page with box templates scribbled in with information, including Colin's name and the date.

RODNEY

Start scribblin'.

COLIN

(sarcastically)

Yeah, thanks.

Colin takes it and starts writing.

Rodney puts the car in gear and begins to back out.

RODNEY

Only got one more stop.

4A EXT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - NIGHT

Rodney pulls into a hole-in-the-wall liquor-convenience store on the outskirts of suburbia.

Colin peers out the window-shield to get a look at the store's sign.

4B INT. CAR - NIGHT

Colin peers out the window-shield to get a look at the store's sign.

COLIN

Oh, we're hitting Tri-Town?

RODNEY

Yeah, they're under new management so we gotta check them out.

Colin looks around the area.

COLIN

My girlfriend lives around here actually.

RODNEY

Abby? Well if she tries to buy cigarettes without an ID she might be shit outta luck.

COLIN

Yeah I don't think she'll be doing that around here anytime soon.

Colin goes for the door handle just as

RODNEY

Well...

He stops and looks at Rodney blankly.

RODNEY

(cont'd)
Here we are...

COLIN

(absent-mindedly)
Here we are.

RODNEY

Last shift, last buy, last one,
nothing?

Colin sinks back into his seat.

COLIN

I don't know Rod. I mean this job is
mostly getting kicked out of
convenience stores then it is walking
away with cigarettes.

RODNEY

Look, I know it didn't turn out to be
the most exciting job you'll probably
have but I like to think it's been at
least somewhat interesting?

COLIN

I mean yeah. It's a fun ride for sure.

RODNEY

I've enjoyed it, still do.

COLIN

If I get a buy here... is there any
chance of me getting my juul back
tonight?

RODNEY

Yeah, I don't think so. Should've
fired your ass after I caught you with
that thing.

COLIN

Worth a shot.

4C EXT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - NIGHT

Colin opens the car door and exits.

RODNEY

You got cash right?

COLIN

I think so. Wait, how's your blood
sugar?

RODNEY

Good call.

COLIN
Probably'll need more.

RODNEY
Okay.

Rodney pulls out a wad of twenty dollar bills and hands one to Colin.

RODNEY
Wait, how come you didn't quit?

A beat.

COLIN
Something to do.

Colin shuts the door and walks into the store. Rodney watches the fleeting moment.

5 INT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - NIGHT

Colin suddenly finds himself facing the FEMALE CLERK (early 60's) separated only by the vast empty space between the door and the counter.

They stand off for a beat before Colin goes to the back of the store.

6 INT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - AISLE - NIGHT

He grabs a pack of SKITTLES and takes a moment to hit his pen.

MS. WILSON
Colin?

Colin darts his eyes across the aisle to see **MRS. WILSON** (48), a woman who's had more than her fair share of keratin treatments, holding several boxes of WINE.

Colin quickly hides his pen as she approaches.

MRS. WILSON
Hey how are you?

COLIN
Oh Mrs. Wilson hello! I'm great how are you?

MRS. WILSON
(suspiciously)
I'm... well. What brings you around here? Abby didn't say you were coming over.

COLIN
No, no I'm actually working right now.

MRS. WILSON
Working? Oh yeah I forgot you're like a little narc! That's so fun! Wait so are you on a bust like right now?

COLIN
Well potentially yeah.

Mrs. Wilson eyes the SKITTLES.

COLIN
Oh, these are for my boss, Rodney. He has low blood sugar, it's fine.

MRS. WILSON
Oh exciting! Are you heading up now? I'm all done here, just picking up a lil' pick-me-up.

Colin raises his eyebrows in a flash.

COLIN
Uh yup, only thing on my list haha.

7 INT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - COUNTER - NIGHT

Colin walks with Mrs. Wilson up to the counter as the contents of his pen begin to hit.

MRS. WILSON
I was gonna say I hope you aren't the cigarette AND candy police.

Colin lets out the most forced chuckle of his life before locking eyes with the already-suspicious clerk.

MRS. WILSON
Are you and Abby still heading into the city this weekend? Excited for your birthday?

COLIN

Yeah it'll be nice, but I'll have to find a new job since I'll be out of this one... since I'll actually be of age.

MRS. WILSON

Oh right yeah. Well, don't get too comfortable and actually start smoking.

Colin exchanges another glance with the clerk as she rings up Mrs. Wilson's items.

MRS. WILSON

Well, you'll find something. If I don't see then you two have fun. I'm sure Abby got you a very nice present, and happy birthday.

COLIN

Thanks so much Mrs. Wilson, great seeing you.

She takes her bag and turns around to Colin as she makes her way out.

MRS. WILSON

(hushed)
Good luck!!

The Clerk looks right through Colin after witnessing the interaction.

COLIN

Hi.

CLERK

(apathetically)
Can I help you.

Colin puts the SKITTLES on the counter.

COLIN

Just thissssssssss and can I get a pack of Newports?

CLERK

I need to see ID.

COLIN

Sure.

Colin whips out his routine.

COLIN

(unconvincingly)

Whoops, don't have one on me.

CLERK

Sorry, can't sell them to you.

The clerk rings the candy up without saying a word.

Colin pockets it and turns around, bored as hell out of this routine.

He heads for the exit as the disappointment of such an unclimactic finish starts to set in. He heads for the exit.

He passes a MAN IN A BLACK HOODIE scoping out some chips who reaches for Colin's arm.

HOODIE

Hey man, you need me to grab something for you?

COLIN

(a little blindsided)

Uh... no, no it's cool.

HOODIE

You sure? I gotchu-

COLIN

YYYYeah, no it's really...

HOODIE

Smokes, pods, beer, anything you want.

Colin seriously contemplates. He eyes out the window; Rodney doesn't have a great view of the inside of the store's rear.

COLIN

Could you actually get me a juul?

HOODIE

Word dude yeah no problem.

COLIN

I don't have enough cash on me lemme

just hit the ATM-

HOODIE

Whatever you got's fine dude, don't worry about it.

Black Hoodie grabs the cash.

COLIN

No really I can just grab more cash-

Black Hoodie is already on his way to the counter.

Colin watches him go for a beat.

COLIN

(hushed)

Thank you!

Colin heads to the back of the store, peering out the door to make sure Rodney isn't looking.

8

INT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - ATM - NIGHT

He reaches the ATM MACHINE perched up against the store's back corner. He puts his card in and starts interacting with the machine, while hitting his pen.

HOODIE (O.S.)

Everything in the register now!

Colin darts his eyes to the front of the store: Black Hoodie is holding a wad of cash and waving a REVOLVER in the Clerk's face.

HOODIE

All of it! Okay, now a juul!

A panicked Colin crouches behind an aisle to hide himself. Black Hoodie spins around, waving around a brand new JUUL.

HOODIE

Hey! Hey I got your juul!

He searches for Colin to no avail.

HOODIE

Ah fuck it!

He bolts for the door.

Just as Black Hoodie exits Rodney sacks him straight into the pavement.

The gun goes flying and Rodney and Black Hoodie wrestle on the ground.

Colin looks up after hearing the combat to see the Clerk jogging out of the store wielding a BASEBALL BAT. He follows her out.

9 EXT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - NIGHT

Colin exits just as Rodney retrieves the revolver, who tries to cock and point it at Black Hoodie.

RODNEY
Goddamn thing isn't even loaded.

As Black Hoodie notices Colin, he tosses a new juul in his direction.

HOODIE
Here's your juul, asshole.

Rodney shoots his eyes right through Colin.

COLIN
(anticipating)
No, no, no wait-

RODNEY
Why don't you just call the fucking
cops, Colin!

Colin stands in his shame for a beat before pulling out his phone and starts dialing.

Black Hoodie sees his opportunity for escape and takes it, shoving Rodney off and bolting up. He breaks loose, delivering his shoulder into Rodney's abdomen. Rodney goes down as Black Hoodie runs off into the night.

Colin bursts after him, despite the egregious head start.

RODNEY
(exasperated)
Colin!

10 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Colin takes off after Black Hoodie with a full sprint, but

it's not enough. He slows to a stop with crushing defeat in his eyes.

The Clerk suddenly bursts from behind Colin, gripping the baseball and sprinting full-speed herself in pursuit of the burglar.

A confused and dejected Colin starts back towards the store.

He finds the SKITTLES in his pocket and starts to hustle a little faster back to Rodney.

11 EXT. TRI-TOWN LIQUORS - NIGHT

Colin approaches an exasperated and clammy Rodney. He sits down next to him and cautiously offers him the SKITTLES.

RODNEY

Oh hell yeah, you're a life saver.

COLIN

I feel like that's the last thing I am.

A beat. Rodney starts to open the package.

RODNEY

I'm just glad you're okay.

COLIN

You took more of a beating than I did.

RODNEY

Got used to it after a while.

A pause.

RODNEY

So is this shit exciting for you yet?

Colin starts laughing.

COLIN

Ya know I think I spoke too soon.

RODNEY

Hmmm. Look if you're gonna have someone get cigs, beer, juuls, whatever can you at least make sure that they're not gonna rob the fucking store?

COLIN

Fair enough. I thought I was gonna pay him back.

RODNEY

I'm glad you're being considerate. Saw more action than me on my last day that's for sure.

COLIN

One way to go out.

RODNEY

Yup. Happy fucking birthday.

Colin chuckles.

RODNEY

We should probably call the cops though.

Colin immediately grabs his phone and starts dialing.

COLIN

Oh yeah yeah yeah.

He stands up and walks away as he holds the phone to his head and begins talking to the operator.

Rodney looks on in admiration before his eyes are drawn to where Colin was sitting next to him.

He picks up Colin's DAB PEN and looks at inquisitively before fixing his gaze back on Colin.

SMASH TO BLACK