

EXCERPT FROM ALL MY LIFE

Written by

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INT. WAWA - NIGHT

The parking lot is situated near a noisy urban intersection. A shitty car is parked nearby, windows open, rap music blaring.

Bobby, uptight and strung out, crosses toward the sliding glass doors of the Wawa Super Mini-Mart. When he reaches just the right spot, the clear paneled doors spread open releasing a gentle air-conditioned breeze along with the sound of Lisa Loeb's "*STAY (I Missed You)*". The chaotic noise of the outside world fades away.

He stands there for a moment, soaks in the cold fluorescent luminance, breaks into a grin. He suddenly appears relaxed. His troubles, albeit temporarily, seem to disappear.

INT. WAWA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The music continues as Bobby enters. He heads down an aisle rubbing his fingertips along a glass display of frozen ice cream. He turns a corner revealing an immaculate coffee station; a giant potato chip endcap display; and the mother of all deli counters.

ANGLE ON ... A self-service touchscreen ordering kiosk. Smiling like a kid who's about to be reacquainted with his favorite train set, Bobby steps up to the machine.

Like a ninja, he masterfully swipes and touches his way through ordering multiple pounds of cold cuts.

ANGLE ON ... The gloved hands of a COUNTER WORKER slicing roast beef onto waxed butcher paper. The pile grows higher.

ANGLE ON ... Bobby moseying along when out of the corner of his eye he notices a donut display. He grabs a set of tongs, takes out a donut and sniffs it like a flower. His conscience gets the best of him, so he tries to place it back on the rack. He fumbles and loses the grip on the donut, which bounces off his wrist and onto the counter. He grabs it with his bare hand, places it back on the rack and stares at the chocolate icing on his wrist. He looks up to God, thanks him for this gift and licks his wrist.

ANGLE ON ... Bobby watches the Counter Worker fill containers with meatballs, turkey chunks with gravy, and ribs. The meatballs weigh in at just over a pound, so he offers one to Bobby; who excitedly accepts his prize and inhales it.

ANGLE ON ... Bobby takes inventory of various assortments of Ben & Jerry's ice cream in the freezer aisle.

He notices some of the flavors are out of order so he expertly reorders them. A FEMALE CUSTOMER steps up behind him looking for a pint. Without saying a word, he hands her his favorite flavor. He goes back to reordering.

ANGLE ON ... The Counter Worker wraps and slaps price stickers on two large packages of cheese.

ANGLE ON ... Bobby is trying on a camouflage trucker's hat in the automotive section. He checks himself in the mirror, it looks weird so he puts it back. He picks up a container of brake fluid and checks the ingredients.

DELI WORKER (O.S.)  
Bobby D. Your order's up.

Bobby steps out of frame.

AT THE CHECKOUT REGISTER

Bobby steps up and places his items on the counter. He's greeted by the cashier, DANI RODRIGUEZ, 30, Latina, pretty, multiple ear-piercings. Her hair is dyed green and put up in a bun revealing a neck tattoo. All traits that coincide with her Borderline Personality Disorder. Bobby notices a brand new forearm tattoo wrapped in plastic wrap.

DANI  
You find everything ok?

BOBBY  
All good. New tattoo? What's it say?

DANI  
(holds out her arm)  
Got it early this morning. Spur of the moment.

Bobby bends forward to read her tattoo.

BOBBY  
(sotto)  
REGRET NOHING.

DANI  
Regret Nothing.

BOBBY  
Oh. Cool. But you do realize there's no "t" in the word "nothing"?

DANI  
You're funny.

BOBBY  
(points at the word)  
I'm serious.

She looks down, tilts her head sideways to read her arm.

DANI  
Fuck.

Distracted by the tattoo, Dani forgets about Bobby's order.  
Someone gets on line behind Bobby.

BOBBY  
Hey, uh, I'm really sorry about  
your arm. But I gotta get going.

DANI  
Shit, Eddie's gonna pay. Oooo, I  
feel sorry for Eddie.

She begins ringing him up.

BOBBY  
Poor Eddie.

DANI  
Fuck Eddie. So you having a party?

BOBBY  
Who? Me? Nah. Just staying in  
tonight.

DANI  
This is all for you?

BOBBY  
No. Yeah. I mean, I'm not gonna  
eat it all tonight.

DANI  
You mind if I say something? You  
shouldn't eat like this.

BOBBY  
It's mostly protein. I know what  
I'm doing.

DANI  
(skeptical)  
Really?

BOBBY

This is my sixth fat. I know how to get rid of it. Ever hear of no sugar, no grains?

DANI

I haven't, but I've heard of sudden cardiac arrest. What's your name?

BOBBY

Bobby.

DANI

(thoughtfully)

I get it Robert. I've been there. I know how hard the fight is. I was overweight too. It's awful.

BOBBY

I appreciate your unsolicited advice, but trust me, this isn't what it looks like.

DANI

Good. Cause to me, it looks like you're binge eating because you probably had a bad day, tried to fight the urge, but still feel shitty. And now you're here all by yourself in the middle of the night, trying to eat your troubles away.

Bobby's speechless. Dani writes on a piece of paper. Bobby turns to the GUY on line behind him, embarrassed.

BOBBY

(to the Guy)

How you doing?

Dani places the paper on the counter with the name and address of an Overeaters Anonymous meeting.

DANI

(to Bobby)

My name's Daniella. I go to this meeting every week.

BOBBY

Thanks. But I don't do groups.

She stares back at him for a beat as if she's sizing him up, drops the piece of paper in his bag and smiles.

DANI

Suit yourself. I tried. You gotta  
give it away to keep it.

BOBBY

I'm good. As they say, regret  
nohing.