

VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COSTCO PARKING LOT - NOON

We are at a Costco in Smithfield, Virginia, a quiet town with a rather long-lasting confederate spirit.

The parking lot is packed. Back to school time settles in as we see a young couple drag their obnoxious toddler around the scene of a car accident.

CLOSE ON: Two wrecked cars are aligned perpendicular to one another in the middle of the lot, surrounded by shards of glass.

INT. SUBARU - NOON

PRESTON GRAHAM, 17 years old, looks at the mangled door of a LIGHT BLUE VOLVO V60 in which he has just struck. He stares expressionless at a sauce-stained American flag pinned to the inside of the cracked window, letting out an irritated sigh.

Sitting in a tense silence, he observes the car more and reads the front license plate of the car he has hit. It reads "VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS"

As we watch him chuckle as his head turns to see the leg of a middle aged man, RODNEY FINCHFOOT, peak out of the driver's side door. An oversized, tacky flip-flop falls to the ground directly outside of the Volvo, being sloppily put on as he begins to step out from his car - a scowl fastened to his weathered face.

EXT. COSTCO PARKING LOT - NOON

Rodney pulls himself slowly out of the car using his door to keep him upright - swinging his other leg out to reveal an OPEN-TOED CAST around his foot. He's in pain, but his adrenaline keeps him angry enough that he doesn't realize.

He paces back and forth frantically talking to himself.

Without acknowledging Preston, he pulls his smartphone out just to instantly put it back in his pocket. His mind racing.

INT. SUBARU - NOON

Rodney paces around, Preston rolls down his window and tilts his body out slowly, getting a better angle of the destruction he has just caused.

After a quick glance, he looks down at his dashboard clock. It reads 12:03. His eyes widen and he sits up straight.

PRESTON

Shit!

He checks his mirrors and urgently pulls into Rodney's old spot.

We watch as he scrambles to gather his phone, keys, THERMOS, and wallet from the median console to leave his car.

In one motion, he swings open his door, jumps out, and slams it shut, beginning to speed-walk towards the entrance of Costco.

EXT. COSTCO PARKING LOT

Rodney peers towards the scrawny boy.

RODNEY

Now where the fuck do you think you're going there kid?

PRESTON

My job interview. Which now...I am late for. Just take a picture of my plate or something, I gotta go.

Preston turns his back and keeps towards the entrance, he rolls his eyes.

Rodney stands behind him in confusion for a moment until making the decision to chase after Preston.

He grips Preston's arm firmly.

PRESTON

Yo get off me! What the hell?!

Rodney pulls on his arm to turn them face to face.

RODNEY

Not until this little fuck up of yours is paid off. Why don't you call your mommy on over here so she can see where she went wrong?

Preston shakes off his grip.

PRESTON

Who do you think you are bruh? If you looked before pulling out maybe you wouldn't have to be out here touching kids in that vacuum seal of a fit you got on. Loosen those damn pants, it'll help get more oxygen to that shiny ass crown of yours.

Rodney laughs sarcastically, he puffs out his chest. His shirt shows a dancing hot dog.

RODNEY

Think I haven't heard that one before?

He points back towards the cars with a fully extended arm. As he opens his mouth to continue his rant. A car honks at him to get out of the parking lot isle. Snarls and hobbling a few steps, his finger is still aimed at the car. He looks like an erratic idiot.

RODNEY

I....I didn't buy this car for my wife to be trampled by a-

PRESTON

And my mother didn't raise me to negotiate with crackheads. I'll be on my way.

As Preston turns back around to enter Costco. Rodney grunts and shuffles in front of him. He holds his cell phone camera to his face - recording while he irately narrates the situation. He twists the facts and spews vulgarity. Preston stops once again, slapping the phone light out of his face.

RODNEY

(to his camera)

The time is 12:05 on this beautiful summer day and I am in the Costco Parking lot being assaulted by this emo little boy. He is trying to commit a hit and run against me and is refusing to give me any of his information! Who knows if he's even old enough to drive?

Preston puts his head down and covers his face, he walks towards his car and away from Rodney. As he is about to get into the Subaru, Rodney steps between him and the door. He raises his voice and shoves the phone in Preston's face.

RODNEY

Nope. Sorry.

Rodney snickers as he stands blocking the front of the door.

PRESTON

Man, move!

We see Preston slap Rodney's phone once again. This time, he hits the cement with a crash. Rodney's eyes fill with rage as he looks Preston up and down. Rodney stands directly above Preston. He looks down.

Rodney

You better pick that shit up before you're down there with it.

We see Preston look up at Rodney's eyes with doubt.

Preston

I don't care about your car, your phone, your wife, or whatever the fuck you think holds value. I just moved to town and need this job before school starts, so either take my plate or go bitch at someone else.

Preston storms past Rodney, he checks his shoulder on the way.

Rodney puts his arm across Preston's chest. He knocks Preston's thermos out of his hand.

The thermos strikes the ground with a thud and spills boiling hot coffee onto Rodney's open-toed cast, his foot burns and causes him to topple to the ground. On his way down we see him hit his back on his bumper sticker ridden trunk.

Rodney

(screaming in agony)

Aghh! Dear god!

Preston stands above him, his eyes roll in annoyed fashion, as if he didn't just boil a mans foot.

PRESTON

Such a bad actor.

He bends over to pick his thermos back up when he catches sight of one of Rodney's bumper stickers.

It reads, "#1 PRINCIPAL".

Preston's face turns white. He looks at the other stickers.  
"Smithfield High School".