

Scene 1 (of 2)

TIM, Caitlin's imperious, red-neck, authoritarian general manager, addresses Caitlin as he enters the kitchen from his back office.

START →

TIM
Sunshine, you can not eat there.

CAITLIN
Uh ...

TIM
Okay ...

CAITLIN
Me?

TIM
Yes.

CAITLIN
I can't eat ... ?

TIM
You cannot eat here.

CAITLIN
I'm in the kitchen.

TIM
You can't eat in the kitchen.

CAITLIN
You said front of house.

TIM
Did you get Beth's message?

CAITLIN
Where do we eat?

TIM
Beth sent a message.

CAITLIN
Where do we ...

TIM
You need to eat in the break room.

CAITLIN
(confused)
The *break* room?

TIM
(nodding)
Servers need to eat in the break room.

← **END**

Indoor Feeling Films

Scene 2 (of 2)

Tim is approaching Jackie at the host stand. He has recently been outside and is wearing a generic jacket over his dress shirt and tie, along with a dark wool soft-brimmed cowboy hat that is sitting slightly loose upon his head, and angled slightly forward.

JACKIE
Hi Tim.

TIM
You're gonna be up front today, so I'm gonna tell you: you see that bike out there?

Tim points in the direction of the window Caitlin and Remy are standing at. They dodge Tim's point like a bullet, ducking out of sight, and pretending to be very busy nearby.

Jackie looks through the restaurant's window at Tim's motorcycle.

JACKIE
Yeah?

TIM
If anyone touches that bike, you tell me.
I'll go to jail.

JACKIE
(fake giggles)
Okay.

TIM
I'll go to jail. I'll bust kneecaps over
that shit.

JACKIE
(fake giggles)
It looks really nice.

TIM
She's real pretty. She takes to the road
even better.

JACKIE
Yeah, no one's touched it so far. Some
people looked at it.

TIM
Looking I'm okay with.

JACKIE
Okay.

TIM
Rule'a thumb:

Tim gets closer to Jackie, speaking confidentially as he counts off with his fingers.

Caitlin and Remy instinctively lean toward him from across the restaurant.

TIM (CONT'D)
You don't touch a man's bike, you don't
touch a man's woman, and you don't touch a
man's pool cue.

Jackie fake giggles.

TIM (CONT'D)
You think I'm kiddin'. My pool cue's worth
almost a thousand dollars.

Tim walks away.

JACKIE
Oh my God. Are you a pool player?

TIM
I play a lotta pool.

←END