

# ROCKVILLE

*A short play by*

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ACT I

Scene 1

The stage is divided into three. Stage right, is the exterior an AMERICAN DINER, where a shabby RED CONVERTIBLE is parked. The other two-thirds of the stage is the interior of the restaurant.

EXT. THE RESTURANT - DAY

A YOUNG WHITE MAN SITS ON THE HOOD OF HIS CAR. HE SMOKES A CIGARETTE. HE COUPLES JEANS WITH A HAWAIIAN SHIRT: NINETIES COOL. WE LIKE JEFFRO.

A WOMAN WALKS OUT OF THE RESTAURANT. SHE IS HOT, STYLISH IN A DRIFTER SORT OF WAY. SHE IS THE GIRL NEXT DOOR WITH A GUN IN HER POCKET. WE LIKE KITCAT ALSO.

When they get into an argument, their usual red-neck banter turns into quick intellectual debate. Kitcat understands everything she is saying and everything she hears in response, Jeffro is simply repeating things he's heard in the past.

JEFFRO TWIRLS HIS REVOLVER ROUND HIS FINGER AND ABSENTMINDEDLY STARES OUT AT THE OPEN ROAD BACKDROP.

KITCAT                   Jeff-baby, can we get breakfast first?

JEFFRO                   Could do. You buying?

SHE LOOKS AT JEFFRO'S GUN, WITH A SMIRK:

KITCAT                   You gonna rob the place, honey?

JEFFRO HOLSTERS THE GUN.

JEFFRO                   If you want breakfast we'll have to make it quick. And you are buying.

HE HOPS OFF THE HOOD AND TAKES HER HAND.

INT. THE RESTURANT - DAY

KITCAT LEADS JEFFRO OVER TO THE TABLE CLOSEST TO CENTRE STAGE.

A YOUNG-ISH BORED WAITRESS LOOKS OVER HER MAGAZINE AT THEM.

WAITRESS           Take a seat. I'll be with you in a minute.

THEY SIT AND BROWSE THE MENUS.

KITCAT             Do you know what you want, Jeffro?

HE SPOTS SOMETHING ON THE MENU.

JEFFRO             Aha!

KITCAT             What?

JEFFRO SHOVES HIS MENU IN HER FACE. AND JABS HIS FINGER AT SOMETHING ON IT.

KITCAT             I refuse, point black refuse, to go through this with you again.

(Softer) It's the same thing, honey.

JEFFRO             That's two out of the last three restaurants we've stopped off at that have it as two separate things.

KITCAT             Bacon, eggs, sausage, hash brown. Bacon, eggs, sausage, hash brown. Same thing. It's just a marketing ploy to fill up their otherwise bland menu.

JEFFRO SITS BACK, SMIRKS - PROUND OF HIMSELF.

JEFFRO             Prove. It.

KITCAT             Make. Me. You know you're going to get a reputation, right? The breakfast punk.

JEFFRO             Prove it!

KITCAT B.O.P. motherfucker.

JEFFRO CRACKS UP.

JEFFRO Ha! Let's order. Waitress!

KITCAT You said they're different so it is your burden of proof to prove that they are different. Not mine to prove that they are the same. In an ideal world.

JEFFRO Yeah in an ideal fucking world. In an ideal fucking world, it would be the Montgomery County Court's burden of proof to prove Big Dan's guilt, not Big Dan's to prove his innocence. But that ain't so, or we wouldn't be-

WAITRESS Welcome to Glen's Diner, my name is Clarrisa, can I take you order please?

KITCAT Breakfast, please. And a coffee, white and sweet. Thank you.

JEFFRO All-day breakfast.

WAITRESS Sir, you can't order an all-day breakfast before 11am.

JEFFRO Ah. So they are different then.

WAITRESS Not really. They are the exact same, but one is served before 11am and one is served after 11am.

JEFFRO So if the serving time differs then they cannot therefore be exactly the same, as the time in which they are served isn't the same. Ergo, they are different.

WAITRESS Do you want the breakfast or not?

JEFFRO Sure. We've only got ten...

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH

Make that eight minutes until we have to get gone.

WAITRESS I'll count it down for you.

KITCAT Are you proving guilt or innocence?

JEFFRO How should I know?

KITCAT It's on the thing, honey.

JEFFRO Have you got it?

KITCAT You've got it.

JEFFRO I gave it to you. Safekeeping.

KITCAT It's in your pocket.

JEFFRO No it isn't! I gave it to you, babe.

KITCAT FIDDLES INTO HIS SHIRT  
POCKET. SHE TAKES OUT A PIECE OF  
PAPER.

JEFFRO Oh.

KITCAT Oh indeed.

SHE READS OFF THE PAPER.

"Notice to appear, April 19<sup>th</sup> 1995. People of the state of Maryland vs Matias comma Daniel. Please be advised that your testimony is required at the trial of the above case. Be at Montgomery Circuit Court in Rockville, Maryland on May 12<sup>th</sup> 1995 at 11.30 in the am."

It's weird hearing Big Dan's real name. He sounds so ordinary.

JEFFRO Big Dan, ordinary? Ha! Worst gang-banger we've ever had the displeasure of running for, I mean-

KITCAT -I don't mean he is ordinary now he's been caught. I mean he sounds ordinary. Daniel Matias. That could be anyone. But there's only one Big Dan.

(Changes the subject, curious)

Would you get into trouble if you we didn't go?

JEFFRO                   It's irrelevant, isn't it? I'm doing it, so not doing it and the subsequent consequences of not doing it is not a cause for concern. New leaf. What we talked about. Where the fuck is your coffee? Waitress!

KITCAT                   Why are we turning over a new leaf?

JEFFRO                   You know why.

KITCAT                   Humour me. If we don't go to Rockville what's the worst that can happen?

JEFFRO                   My ugly mug would be on wanted posters all across the state.

KITCAT                   So we go to another state. The past eight years we've lived in three, there's fifty-out there to explore!

JEFFRO                   My parents live in this one, kitcat.

KITCAT                   I'd rather take my chances with the feds than Big Dan's guys. If some punk testified against me I'd take his nuts-

JEFFRO                   Good to know! We're getting a new start, a house of our own... fuck Big Dan.

KITCAT LAUGHS.

KITCAT                   One house instead of fifty-two states, a Cadillac and a full tank of gas.

JEFFRO SIGHS HEAVILY.

HE POSITIONS THE SALT AND PEPPER IN FRONT OF HIM.

JEFFRO                   Rock. Hard place. I testify against Dan - who let me remind you is a real bad motherfucker who robbed for greed not survival. The rides over. I don't testify, deals off, I'm wanted as an accomplice to murder. The ride never stops. This is me...

HE PLACES THE KETCHUP IN THE AREA IN BETWEEN THEM.

JEFFRO ...If I'm between a rock and a hard place, I must choose the least crushing option. So I'm gonna do what's right.

KITCAT PUTS THE MUSTARD NEXT TO THE KETCHUP.

KITCAT That's me. Always and forever, Jeffro baby.

THEY MAKE OUT.

JEFFRO Always and forever, Kitcat.

THEIR BREAKFASTS ARRIVES, INTERRUPTING THE DEEP DISCUSSION. JEFFRO TURNS HIS CHARM BACK ON.

JEFFRO Ah fucking finally. It's almost all day. Where's her coffee?

THE WAITRESS SAYS NOTHING.

JEFFRO She's a cheery one.

JEFFRO BEGINS TO TUCK IN TO HIS BREAKFAST. KITCAT IS STILL DEEP IN THOUGHT.

KITCAT I'd miss it.

JEFFRO What, this? We can still do this.

KITCAT No, not the perks. The life. The thrill. The quiet satisfaction of holding a gun in some underpaid soul's face knowing that they're probably glad for the change of pace.

JEFFRO Never sleeping in the same bed for longer than a week, the constant driving, the jobs...

KITCAT Incredible, isn't it?

JEFFRO It's damn stupid, is what it is. Look at Henry.

KITCAT You are nothing like your brother, honey.

JEFFRO I'm not saying that. What I'm saying is...Right. Stay with me. Henry worked all his damn life doing the same boring fucking job,

he bought a fucking house and settled the fuck down. He had it all and then boom. A week after paying the mortgage off, fucker has a heart-attack. No more Henry. If a boring fucker like Henry can snuff it...a no-good punk like me certainly- Life is fragile!

KITCAT All the more reason to live for the now, not for the retirement.

JEFFRO He had everything!

KITCAT Everything to lose, Jeff.

JEFFRO I'm sick of having nothing!

JEFFRO SLAMS HIS HAND DOWN.  
KITCAT TAKES HIS HAND IN HERS  
AND LEANS IN CLOSE.

KITCAT Nothing to lose, everything to gain. Something is not better than nothing. Something is limited to whatever that something is. But nothing implies an infinite possibility of potential something's.

(Pause) When you leave the house what do you say?

JEFFRO You know what I-

KITCAT What do you fucking say, Jeffro?!

JEFFRO Wallet, keys, coins, gun. Alright?!

KITCAT Say it like you had a job.

JEFFRO Wallet, keys, coins.

KITCAT Now look me in the eye and say something isn't missing? Rock, hard place. Least crushing option.

JEFFRO I have to do the right thing, babe. For my parent's at least.

KITCAT Who's to say they wouldn't be proud of you for changing the pace a little?



THAT GETS TO JEFFRO.

THE WAITRESS COMES OVER.

WAITRESS Did you want coffee too?

JEFFRO SIMPLY NODS.

WAITRESS Is everything ok with your meals?

KITCAT It's great, thank you.

THE WAITRESS WALKS OFF.

JEFFRO Liar. The bacon sucks. I wouldn't eat if you paid me to, let alone pay for it myself.

KITCAT Leading question. She said 'Is everything ok with your meals?' not 'How is everything with your meals'

JEFFRO You still could have said no. No bitch, the bacon sucks. No matter what time of the day this is served; it sucks.

KITCAT She doesn't get paid enough to care, Jeff.

JEFFRO True. That's part of our...what's it called? Modus...

KITCAT *Modus Operandi*. Yeah. Only pick places that deserve to be robbed.

JEFFRO Our operandi is fairly fucking admirable if you ask me.

KITCAT I second. Unloaded guns. So if we got caught we wouldn't get done for armed robbery, just robbery.

JEFFRO The devil is in the details, Kitty-cat.

KITCAT If you do something with no intent, then it's as good as a work-related accident. We're just surviving after-all.

JEFFRO TOYS WITH HIS FOOD.

JEFFRO You know what? Places like this deserve to be robbed. They serve inferior quality food

stock, served by underpaid staff struggling to break bank, living off the profits of hard working individuals.

KITCAT                    Good job we're not hard-working then, isn't it?

JEFFRO                    Do you want to marry me?

KITCAT                    I don't particularly want to marry anyone, but if I did, sure it would be you. But I prefer to say you are my lover not my husband. Devil's in the details, huh?

JEFFRO                    Lover, eh? Yeah fuck marriage. I don't even own a suit.

KITCAT                    You don't need one.

JEFFRO                    I would though. Fuck! I've never had a job. I'm twenty-seven and I've never done what most seventeen year olds do. Henry was a manager by the time he was my age. Big Dan had a drug empire!

KITCAT                    I know which I'd rather.

JEFFRO                    Mmm. Me too. Do you think it would suit me, wearing a suit? Nine to five. All that shit.

KITCAT                    I'm sure you'd look very handsome in a suit, but you know what you'd look even better in?

PAUSE.

JEFFRO                    Nothing?

KITCAT                    Handcuffs.

THEY BOTH CRACK UP. JEFFRO SMILES.

JEFFRO                    My sunglasses. You look good in my sunglasses. When we're driving off into the sunset I literally stop thinking. And just look at you. And enjoy the fucking moment because it's so damn good.

KITCAT                    Gun in one hand, cash in the other, your lips on mine, Jeffro baby.

JEFFRO                    Always and forever, Kitcat.

KITCAT Always and forever, Jeffro.

JEFFRO Fuck it. I'm not even hungry.

KITCAT Fuck it?

JEFFRO Fuck it. Fifty-two states.

THEY KISS.

KITCAT The bacon does suck.

JEFFRO And I don't want to wear a suit.

THEY SPRING TO ACTION.

THEY WHIP OUT THEIR PISTOLS  
AND HOLD THE DINER UP.

JEFFRO Okay everyone be cool. Put your hands up! We want the money, not your lives, but we've got nothing to lose, and everything to gain so put your fucking hands up!

FADE TO BLACK

CURTAIN.

THE END.

ROCKVILLE - Written by Ally Haran