

THE TROUBLE WITH GREASERS

Written by

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EXT. A LONELY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Car headlights cut through the darkness. Tires SCREECH across the road as a car swerves into a stop, kicking up gravel.

The car door flings open. Out pops PETER WILLIS (17, blonde, short), an older teenager, wearing a thrashed flannel shirt.

JULIE (O.S.)  
You're such a goddamn idiot! Fuck.  
Fuck. Fuck.

Peter rakes his hands through his hair, lost in his own mind. He doesn't hear JULIE.

Three other teenage boys scramble out of the car: RUSSELL SHERMAN (15, gangly, gap-toothed), ANTHONY CREMONESI (17, Italian, tall), and DANNY LYMAN (16, pale, and freckle-faced). They yell each other, cussing like Julie.

Julie (16) is the last to climb out of the car. She's a pretty blonde with short hair. Her flushed face is smeared with makeup.

Peter is still frozen.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(directed at Peter)  
Hey!

Peter doesn't respond.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Hey! Asshole.

Julie launches a wad of dirt at Peter's face, snapping him out of it.

He's pissed. A furious Peter lunges towards her.

PETER  
Shut up. Shut up. Will ya?

JULIE  
Shut up? Shut up? You--I--We--You  
made me--

PETER  
I didn't make you do shit.  
(over his shoulder)  
Danny! Hey! Danny! Get her.

Danny drags a kicking Julie back to the car.

JULIE  
Get off me! Get off.

Peter hesitates and looks at Russell whose nervously pacing in front of the trunk. Anthony stands near him, stone faced.

RUSSELL  
(raising the shovel in the air)  
Man, Peter, whaddaya want me to do with this? My ma's gotta garden tomorrow and--

Anthony whacks the back of his head as Peter approaches them.

ANTHONY  
Christ's sake. Your *ma's* gonna be pissed? We--Julie--just killed a son of a bitch. Your *ma*?

Russell nearly takes a swing at Anthony, but Peter yanks him away by his collar.

They all go quiet.

A moment passes before Peter pulls out the car's keys. He opens the trunk. All we see is a CLOSE UP on Peter's horrified face.

Russell is visibly shaken but keeps his tough guy act.

RUSSELL  
Fuck man. It stinks.

ANTHONY  
Christ's sake. Shut up.

Overwhelmed by the smells, he gags, covering his mouth running to the side of the road. He pukes his guts out.

BACK TO THE TRUNK

Under blood-stained sheet, we see a silhouette dead body. Its an older teenager around Peter's age.

JULIE (V.O.)  
Anthony... The poor boy. I didn't want to know what my "ma" would think either. God I hate them. Teenage "gangsters." Such phonies

FADE TO BLACK

JULIE (V.O.)  
I'm Julie Dewitt. Not some,  
"gangster."

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING (ONE MONTH EARLIER)

A beaten down car pulls in. It whines solemnly as it slows to a halt.

The car door opens to reveal Julie. Now, she's put together. No running makeup. No crying. No deadness in her eyes.

Julie slings her bag across her shoulder and closes the door eager to leave.

RICHARD DEWITT (44, curly haired, scruffy), rolls down the window.

RICHARD  
Julie.

Julie looks over, frowning.

Richard is waving goodbye. A goofy grin stretches across his face.

Julie forces a smile, wiggling her fingers back at him. She mouths a goodbye, turns away, and picks up her pace.

The car squeals off, revealing Peter who stands behind a chain linked fence. He saw their entire exchange.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

DONNA (16, tall, doe-faced) weaves through a crowd of rowdy high schoolers with Julie. A taller senior, horse playing with one of his friends crashes into her shoulder.

JULIE  
Animals. My God.

Julie checks on Donna's shoulder.

DONNA  
(sarcastically)  
Summer's 'upon' us. You know how they get.

Donna reaches her locker, messing with the combination. She opens the locker. Its a mess, filled with mountains of crumbled up notes.

Julie spots a few notes with hearts scrawled on the edges.

JULIE  
Ohhh. Who from?

Donna blushes but waves her off.

DONNA  
My dad's a moron.

Julie snickers recalling her dad waving goodbye to her.

JULIE  
I get that.

DONNA  
My mom too. They used to put these sappy things in my lunch. So I started packing my own. Now he just hides them in my textbooks. I forget to throw 'em out.

JULIE  
He's still doing it?

DONNA  
(nodding)  
Like a weirdo. Yea.

Donna tears one of the notes down the middle so only the sketched on heart remains.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Wish they were love letters though...

JULIE  
(tapping at her shoulder)  
Hey, you're going right?  
(grinning)  
Asked anyone?

DONNA  
No. He'll be asking me.

JULIE  
Oh?

DONNA  
(whispering in Julie's  
ear)  
Terry. He's been staring at me all  
week.  
(she leans back)  
You?

Julie takes a beat, like she's trying to figure out the best approach to the question.

JULIE  
Not until I've gotten my dress. Got  
my eye on someone though. You know  
who.

DONNA  
Is it Chris--

JULIE  
(Putting a finger to her  
lips)  
You'll see.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

A large HEAVY-SET MAN works the cash register. His bloodshot eyes bore down on Julie who converses with him. She's begging for something.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

ANGELO (19, half-Italian, half-Puerto Rican), sits on the curb trying to light a cigarette.

A bell jingles when the convenience store door opens.

Angelo tosses his cigarette on the ground, stamping on it before Julie sees.

ANGELO  
(not looking up)  
How'd it go?

JULIE  
Won't do it.

ANGELO  
Told you. Place is full of pigs.

Angelo pats the ground next to him, but Julie remains standing.

ANGELO (CONT'D)  
Not even overtime?

Julie touches at the forming bags under her eyes. She frowns.

JULIE  
No. Angelo. I can't--I can't do  
anymore of that.

ANGELO  
Why? Tryin' to keep pretty?

Julie glares at him, saying nothing. She crosses her arms, staring off into space for a long moment.

JULIE  
Got a cigarette?

Angelo presses his foot down harder on the cigarette stub.

ANGELO  
Nah.

JULIE  
Angelo.

ANGELO  
I told you I don't.

JULIE  
I'm not an idiot. I smell it.

ANGELO  
Thought you wanted to keep your  
looks.

JULIE  
You smoke too.

Angelo only shrugs.

ANGELO  
Not my looks that keep girls  
around. That was my last one  
anyway.

Julie wrinkles her lip at that, but stays quiet. She knows Angelo is right.

ANGELO (CONT'D)  
You found any boys yet?

JULIE  
Haven't even got a dress yet.

ANGELO  
Why not just wear that pink thing?

JULIE  
(she looks almost offended  
at the suggestion)  
I wear that to school Ange.

ANGELO  
So?

JULIE  
So?  
(under her breath)  
Men.

Julie shakes her head to herself.

Its uncomfortably silent for a few beats.

ANGELO  
(standing up and brushing off his  
pants)  
Welp. I gotta head back. Ma'll have  
my head if I don't get the stove  
going.

Angelo walks over to his bike that rests on the side of the  
curb. He props it up and flings himself onto it.

ANGELO (CONT'D)  
(waving to Julie as he  
wheels off)  
Good luck gettin' the money Jules.

Julie only waves back when Angelo turns away.

INT. THE SAME CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Julie walks through the aisles, thumbing through various  
snacks and candies. She picks out a few, putting them under  
her arm. Then she heads over to the freezer section, opening  
up the door to grab a carton of milk.

Julie places all her groceries near the register.

The heavy-set man is gone, replaced by ALAN (17, acne-faced,  
greasy).

ALAN  
Just these?

Julie nods.



As Alan begins to ring up her items, Julie's eyes wander over Alan's shoulder to the CAMEL CIGARETTES advert plastered against the back wall. Printed under an illustration of a gorgeous blonde are the words: "Pleasure to Burn."

Julie picks at her skin.

JULIE  
Hey Alan.

ALAN  
Hm?

JULIE  
Could you be a gentlemen?

Julie nods her head at the advertisement behind him. She gives him a little wink.

ALAN  
(shaking his head)  
Nuh-uh, Jules.

JULIE  
I could take your night shift.

ALAN  
(sneering)  
Working to rot your teeth out?

Julie flushes in anger.

JULIE  
(sarcastically)  
Yes. Trying to look more like you actually. Seems its in the job description.

Alan has no reaction to her remark, like he's heard it before. He finishes ringing up her items.

ALAN  
Goodnight, Julie.

Alan bags her groceries, pushes it toward her, before walking out the back door for his break.

Julie grabs at the bag, picking at her cuticles now. She heads out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Julie exits the store. The bell rings behind her.

A shadow leans against the front of the convenience store.

PETER

Didn't take you for a smoker.

A pack of cigarettes hits Julie's chest with a THWACK. She almost screams.

Peter steps into the light before she howls to the neighborhood.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's Jules right?

JULIE

(taking a step back)

Julie.

Julie begins to reach for her bag of groceries.

PETER

You're not gonna knock me out with  
a carton of milk.

Julie stops fussing with her groceries.

JULIE

My answer is no by the way.

PETER

What--?

JULIE

I don't do it with your type.  
You're too short anyway.

Peter shakes, almost erupting with laughter.

PETER

Fuck, that's some vanity.

JULIE

(looking at the pitch  
black surroundings)

Sanity, more like. What do you  
want?

Julie's arms are crossed. Her nails dig into her arms. She's nervous.

PETER

You don't know me?

JULIE  
(scoffing)  
No, like I said I don't--

PETER  
Peter Willis. Now do you?

Julie looks up for a moment. The name sounded familiar to her.

JULIE  
You're one of those greasers...Yes  
I believe I do. Grow up.

Julie throws the pack of cigarettes at his feet. She tries to walk around him.

Peter steps in front of her.

PETER  
I heard about your 'sich.

Julie stops, looking startled now.

JULIE  
My...situation?

PETER  
Yea.

JULIE  
(still on guard)  
What about it?

PETER  
You need money right?

JULIE  
I do...

PETER  
For a dress right?

JULIE  
(looking oddly relieved)  
Yes--I mean, why?

Peter picks up the pack of cigarettes, slipping a couple that spilled out back in. He tucks it in her bag.

PETER  
We'll talk about it over grub.  
Whaddaya say to George's at six.  
After school?

Julie wrinkles her lip, but says nothing.

JULIE

No. No. There's a reason why you're helping. What is it?

PETER

I never said it'd be free, Jules.

JULIE

Julie.

PETER

(ignoring her correction)

Tomorrow. Six. George's. Its your choice.

Peter walks away, whistling a tune.

Julie is left standing alone with her groceries.

FADE OUT