

CLARKSTON

Written by

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Based on Clarkston, playwright by Samuel D. Hunter

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FADE IN:

1 INT. MOTEL - ROOM - DUSK

1

BATHROOM

JAKE (20s), a scrawny, delicate-looking man, WASHES his recently scarred face. The foggy mirror he looks at is chipped at the corners and stained with all kinds of "fluids".

Stuck in the 80s, the tiles, sink, stained plastic curtain, and hideous green toilet all scream small town. And to top it off, there's the naked, FLICKERING bulb disguised as overhead lighting.

He gently presses the cloth against his face to dry it. Excess water trickles down his emaciated, bare torso.

BEDROOM

On the moldy wooden nightstand, a very cracked phone BUZZES. Call from: Dad.

Jake peeks at it from the bathroom. He SIGHS yet won't take it;

BATHROOM

Instead, he pulls two pills from a bottle with an illegible label and swallows them, cupping water from the sink.

2 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

2

SECOND FLOOR

Jake, wearing a hoodie and jeans, locks the door and turns to the stairs.

GROUND FLOOR

Next to the stairs, in the disabled parking space, there is an almost totaled, early 2000s yellow car.

MOMENTS LATER, Jake, behind the wheel, tries to turn the ENGINE on. To no one's surprise, the car doesn't start, but rather, the ALARM goes off.

Jake presses the car key fob, and the sound surrenders. Through the rearview mirror, he fixes on the four-lane highway behind him.

3 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

3

Jake stands on the motel's curb, ready to face the extremely dangerous crosswalk.

After a couple of CARS pass by, he takes a deep breath and walks forward parsimoniously.

Not a single car as he glides.

Then, just as Jake is about to reach the other side, a blaring HORN and the sudden swerve of a truck behind him mess up his hair. Not a single flinch.

4 EXT. COSTCO - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

4

Jake walks carelessly through the empty parking lot.

He has arrived at his almost out-of-town destination: an immensely beige and innocuously ordinary Costco.

Behind him, the highway and motel he was just at.

5 INT. COSTCO - MOMENTS LATER

5

ENTRANCE

Jake walks through the automatic doors, unzipping his hoodie to reveal a red polo shirt with Costco's logo embroidered on it, and a name tag fastened with a blue magnetic pin.

JANET (40s), the night merch department manager, comes swinging with a wooden clipboard full of spreadsheets.

JANET

(writing)

Welcome, Jake. I'll clock you in--
just on the dot.

FLOOR

Jake is following Janet through the aisles: massive metal shelves filled intermittently with goods and other products.

JANET (CONT'D)

Night shifts are assigned in pairs
so you can work more efficiently
and help regulate each other.

In the background, some coworkers are re-stocking, with clipboards of their own and forklifts. All of them are working in pairs.

JANET (CONT'D)
For now, Horacio can train you on
beverages or Chris on snacks.

Jake looks at himself and thinks about what tasks require the
least effort for him to do.

JAKE
Umm, "snacks" is fine.

They make it to the back, then turn right to the--

FOOD DEPARTMENT: SNACKS

Janet stops, so Jack stops too.

CHRIS (20s), a tall and broad dude, is at the end of the
aisle pulling a palette on wheels with two large boxes full
of items.

JANET
Chris! Hey!

Chris turns and walks towards them.

JAKE
(awkwardly low)
Hi.

Chris wipes his right hand on his pants and extends it.

JANET
(gesturing)
This is Jake.

CHRIS
(shaking Jake's hand)
Nice to meet you.

Jake manages to nod and smile.

JANET
He will also be working night
shifts. I haven't decided which
department to assign Jake to yet,
so you'll see a rotating schedule.
For now, you'll be working
together.

CHRIS
All right.

JAKE
Good.

6

INT. COSTCO - SNACKS - MOMENTS LATER

6

Chris and Jake are removing tape from the pallets and boxes. Chris uses a box cutter, while Jake relies on his bare hands and fingernails.

CHRIS
Horacio? Really?

JAKE
(giggling)
What about him?

CHRIS
Just tell Janet you won't work full shifts with him.

JAKE
Wait. Is he like dangerous or something?

Chris stops cutting. He needs to rearrange his train of thought.

CHRIS
Oh, no, no, no. It was a drug problem-- I think I'm sure he isn't violent.

Jake stops working, too. He raises his gaze and opens his mouth, but not a single word comes out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sorry, I'm not trying to scare you.

Chris picks up one of the large boxes and puts it down.

JAKE
No, I'm not-- it's fine.

Chris starts taking out the wholesale bags of potato chips. Jake locks his eyes on him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'm just glad you're the one training me.

Jake, struggling, also manages to bring down a box.

CHRIS
It's for the better, I guess.
(beat)
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

A few years ago, he was training this kid from the reservation, and he was being incredibly racist.

JAKE

Does he still work here?

CHRIS

No. Why?

JAKE

I just thought it was cool that he's an Indian-- Native...

Jake shies away and begins unloading a box faster.

CHRIS

-- Where are you from, again?

JAKE

Connecticut. A coastal town called Waterford.

CHRIS

Cool.

JAKE

You?

CHRIS

Clarkston, born and hardly raised.

JAKE

Cool.

(awkward pause)

So what do I do?

CHRIS

Just that. Take the stuff and put it on the shelf.

Chris "inspects" Jake doing exactly that.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's basically the training.

Chris goes back to the same task, but Jake doesn't buy it and begins placing items from the box onto the shelves at random.

Chris peeks at him. SCOFFS.

JAKE

So there *is* more training.

CHRIS

I mean, you gotta put them in rows
of the same item, as indicated on
the label located under the shelf.