

LUNCH. Think about it.

GEMMA. Ohhhhhh, okay. I will.

LUNCH. *The door.*

CHEDDAR. *La Puerta.*

LUNCH. That's directly in front of the door.

We can't just block it with the Solo Shoe Pile.

CHEDDAR. Because of *Access*.

LUNCH. Here, at Tin Cat Shoes,

we're constantly having to put ourselves in *situations*
Gemma.

Where we're thinking beyond the *Current Scenario*.

CHEDDAR. It's part of the *System*.

LUNCH. Say the Solo Shoe Pile grows out of control,
in the exact spot where you wanted to start it
with that green right flat of yours.

(LUNCH lovingly lets this sink in.)

Cut to outside,

a family of four is walking down the street.

Laughing, holding hands, skipping, ice cream, no cares,
oh no,

it's snowing, oh no, FUCK.

CHEDDAR. *Boom.*

LUNCH. – they're in flip flops.

CHEDDAR. *Flip.*

Flop.

LUNCH. The mom – Carol –

(Pointing to CHEDDAR who is now "Carol.")

– oh my god CAROL – Carol is so flustered.

(This is CHEDDAR's goddamn dream to be
playing "Carol," shit, he hasn't acted since he
played Nicely-Nicely Johnson in Guys and
Dolls his senior year of high school.)

She hasn't anticipated this *Cold Turn*.

