

INT. CAR- LATE MORNING

TORI HASTINGS (25, pretty, sundress, methodical, logical) is in the car with her boyfriend CHAD DUNN (29, generically attractive, shorts and a t-shirt, egotistical, bad temperament, lazy), who is behind the wheel. A phone is open to Google Maps and the time left remaining is one hour. The fuel gage is very close to empty.

Chad lets out a deep sigh of frustration. Tori, who is putting on mascara, glances over at him for a second before looking back into the mirror.

TORI
Have something to say?

CHAD
Nope. Everything's fine.

The car begins to slow down. Tori looks worried.

TORI
Chad?

The car comes to a full stop. Chad leans back with his hands crossed over his head.

CHAD
Yeah, so...we're out of gas. But it's no big deal.

TORI
We're *what?!?*

CHAD
Out of gas.

TORI
But I told you to refill the tank yesterday!

CHAD
Yeah, well, I didn't.

TORI
What the hell, Chad?

CHAD
I was watching soccer when I got your text and I honestly didn't think it was that big a deal.

Tori scoffs.

TORI

Oh, great forethought, Chad. Real great.

CHAD

I really thought we had enough gas for a two-hour trip.

TORI

Well, *clearly*, we didn't and now we're an hour away from Bailey's with no way to get there.

CHAD

I'll wait for Triple A, and you could call an Uber.

TORI

Wait. Did you intentionally not fill the tank so you could skip the party?

CHAD

No, that's crazy, but I don't understand why Bailey would choose to move so far away.

TORI

She's working at Disney, Chad. What she's been dreaming of her entire life.

CHAD

Then maybe she should've waited before getting knocked up. And I don't understand why you volunteered to bring the cake.

TORI

She's my best friend, Chad. No one knows her better than I do. On her eighteenth birthday, she told me her baby name choices. If it was a girl, Britney. If it was a boy, Luke. The cake she had was a chocolate cake with strawberry filling, chocolate frosting, with strawberries and chocolate shavings as toppings. I recreated that cake for her. She's going to love it.

CHAD
Surely someone closer to her
could've brought a cake.

TORI
Okay, that's it.

Tori unbuckles her seatbelt.

CHAD
What are you doing?

TORI
I'm going to hitchhike.

She opens the car door.

CHAD
It's 110 degrees outside!

TORI
If we'd left earlier like I
insisted, we could've beaten the
heat!

CHAD
I was occupied!

TORI
Taking shirtless selfies for
Instagram! How vain are you?

CHAD
You used to go mad for them!

TORI
Well, now I'm just mad.

CHAD
Okay, I admit I didn't think this
through. I messed up. Bad.

TORI
You never think anything through!
I can't count the number of times
we've been severely late to places
because you had more "important"
things to do. Well, I'm sick of
it. And you. We're through.

Tori gets out, goes to the trunk, pulls out the cake box,
balances it with one hand, and sticks out her other thumb.