

MAINLINE

Written by

Nicholas Matarazzo

775 Comstock Ave
Syracuse, NY 13210
(323)919-0956

FADE IN:

INT. SCHUMER DINING HALL - DAY

A title card on screen that reads "Sunday" fades in for a moment then fades out.

A BUSTLING KITCHEN CLAMORS with the sounds of pots and pans hitting metal counter tops. Steam rising from the grill, FRYERS SIZZLING, and pop 40 music CREAKING out of an OLD STEREO from the dish room. In the chaos that is this college dining hall kitchen, the camera finds 18 year old freshman JEFF MILLER. He's standing behind the counter where the food is on display in a semi circle, almost smiling back at him. Jeff looks down and notices the fries have run out. He walks back to the hot box where a fresh pan of French fries is waiting for him to put out. Jeff awkwardly puts on the safety mittens, slides one hand underneath the pan, and carefully picks up the fries. Balancing it with hands on either side of the tray Jeff walks back over to the counter. Juggling the full pan in one hand, he tries to pick up the empty one but realizes he cant with the mitten still on. Struggling, Jeff desperately tries to remove the mitten. After several attempts he finally gets it off but, it falls to the floor. Jeff then touches the side of the empty pan and burns himself. As the steam from the well is rising from underneath the pan, Jeff grabs a pair of nearby tongs and tries to remove the empty pan. With sweat rolling down his face, and the look of determination in his eye Jeff sees the pan start to wiggle. BAM! The tongs slip out from underneath the pan and an unbalanced Jeff drops the full pan of fries all over the floor.

MIKE

Mainline!

Jeff still frazzled and frantic to clean up the mess he's made, Jeff races back to the cook's counter top to grab the latest entree from "Chef Mike." The quality of the food he prepares is always questionable and he serves it with a certain scour that would scare any person. As Jeff motions to grab the pan from the counter Mike speaks.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Try not to drop this one.

Defeated, Jeff carefully takes the pan off the table and places it in the vacant spot left in the hot box by the now spilled pan of French fries. He walks to the back of the kitchen where the brooms and mops are kept to find a group of workers heading out the back door. Through the window he sees a cigarette light up, and smoke rise above their heads.

Laughter can be faintly heard as Jeff turns to grab a broom. Slumping his way back to the counter, Jeff finds his supervisor standing in the doorway to the hall floor. SHAWN MURPHY is a skinny guy, around 5'8" with thick black frames on his "almost-too-clean" glasses. His "supervisor polo" is tucked into his, very stiff light colored jeans that look like they've been ironed to get all the wrinkles out. The bottoms of his pants are just barely touching his worn out, low cut hiking boots. Grimacing as he meets Shawn in the doorway, Jeff opens his mouth to speak but is quickly cut off by his prick of a boss.

SHAWN

Look I know you're new here but you've really got to work on getting yourself up to par with how we run things here. I need to know that you can handle being out here by yourself so I don't need to keep watch over you. Clean this up and get back to work.

Jeff begins sweeping up the now cold fries off of the tile floor.

SOPHIE

Hey, need some help?

SOPHIE CHASE is a short, around 5'6", very beautiful Brunette, with pale blue eyes like a clear ocean after a storm. She had this way about her, she knew she was pretty but she never flaunted it, the kind of girl you could still talk to and not feel too overwhelmed.

JEFF

Oh...

Stumbling over his words.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Uh, no that's fine I can do it.

SOPHIE

It's no big deal, I bet people drop trays of food all the time.

JEFF

Yeah, I suppose.

SOPHIE

Just relax it only gets easier.

A beat. Jeff hesitates as Sophie introduces herself.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm Sophie, it's very nice to meet you...

Jeff reaches out to shake her hand but quickly realizes that he still has plastic gloves on. Struggling to pull one off he speaks.

JEFF

Oh, uh hi I'm Jeff, nice to meet you too.

SOPHIE

Well I guess I'll see you around then.

MIKE

Mainline!

JEFF

(Looking down as
he speaks)

Yeah, sure thing um see ya.

Jeff begins mumbling to himself.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Sure thing...come on Jeff you can do better than that.

Jeff looks up as the camera freezes on Sophie as she begins to walk away.

JEFF(V.O.)

That was the first time I had met Sophie Chase. Lost in her eyes and her smile, I knew that I had to see her again.

MIKE

MAINLINE!

Jeff finishes sweeping up the fries but has neglected Mike who yells a third time.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Get your ass over here French Fries, this food's getting cold!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A title card on screen that reads "Monday" fades in for a moment then fades out.

After his first encounter with Sophie, Jeff is mesmerized but with classes beginning today he heads to the bookstore to pick up a few things. Sounds of registers opening and closing, talk of where things are in the store can be heard between clerks and students. Jeff hears a familiar voice.

SOPHIE

HEY! What brings you to the bookstore today?

Startled, Jeff turns quickly to find Sophie standing there behind him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)
Didn't mean to scare you.

JEFF

(playing it off
as nothing)
Hahaha, no I'm just trying to find a few things for class today.

SOPHIE

Oh nice! What classes are you taking this semester? Let me see your schedule.

Jeff pulls out his phone to show Sophie his class schedule. Invading his personal space, Sophie grabs the phone from him and takes a look.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Forensic Science, Philosophy, Political Science...Hey we're in the same poly sci section, we should sit together.

JEFF

Yeah for sure, maybe we could meet up before so we could walk in...

Jeff trails off as he is overpowered by Carrie's booming voice.

CARRIE (O.S.)
Sophie, get down here, I need help
moving these textbooks.

Sophie starts heading downstairs.

JEFF
(calling to her)
Hang on. You work here?

SOPHIE
(yells back)
Yeah, I gotta get back, see you in
class tomorrow!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DORMROOM - DAY

A title card on screen that reads "Tuesday" fades in for a moment then fades out.

Focus is racked on Jeff's alarm clock as it blares like church bells in the early morning. Jeff gets up reluctantly, class starts at 8 AM. Showing his meticulous nature, a slow montage of Jeff's morning shower/bathroom routine ensues as he goes through the motions of just another day. Jeff comes back from the bathroom and opens up the curtains. The light reveals a perfectly organized desk, clothes clearly laid out the night before and the aura of the room is that of a museum, pristine. Jeff looks at himself in the mirror, dressed for class, and sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Jeff walks into an empty classroom, takes a seat all the way in the back row and places his backpack in the seat next to him. He looks up at the clock, he's 15 minutes early.

JEFF
(whispering to
himself)
Right on time.

In what feels like seconds, a stampede of people enter the lecture hall like WILD ANIMALS. LOUD, OBNOXIOUS, it feels like the inside of a lion's cage.

As the professor walks in the class begins to silence and with the clock striking 8 AM the professor speaks.

PROFESSOR

Alright, settle down, settle down.
Welcome to..

The professor is cut off by the loud CREAK of the BACK DOOR. Sophie makes her way over to Jeff and sits down as Jeff in the empty seat next to him.

SOPHIE

(whispering)
Nice work scoring the seats in the back, professor probably didn't even notice me.

PROFESSOR

Class, I would just like to remind everyone to be on time and seated before class starts, to avoid any more... interruptions.

SOPHIE

(to herself)
Shit.

JEFF

Glad to see you're quite the punctual student?

SOPHIE

(with a little sass)
My alarm didn't go off, I swear I'm always on time.

JEFF

Only teasing, it's the first class I'm sure you're fine.

SOPHIE

Well Mr. Punctual, I guess I should be taking notes eh?

Jeff begins to blush. He freezes, and is unsure what to say. Sophie changes the subject.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So what brings you to
(in a deeper
tone than
normal)
"Intro on the Global Economy?"

JEFF

I don't really know, I'm not really
sure what I want to do here so I
kinda just picked a bunch of
different classes.

SOPHIE

This isn't a requirement for you?
Oh man, I heard this class is so
boring, I dreaded the moment I
found out I had to take it.

JEFF

Well, on the bright side it's not
like we're paying a ridiculous
amount of money to go here?

SOPHIE

So true, I can feel the debt piling
up already.

JEFF

Hey, at least the weather is nice,
I've heard we're expecting the
coldest winter in recorded history
this year.

Sophie's laughter carries to the front of the room.

PROFESSOR

Could we please keep it down?
Distractions will only keep us here
longer.

Some of their classmates give Sophie a dirty look.

SOPHIE

(whispering)
You're kinda funny, I like that.

JEFF

I'm not sure about funny.
Sarcastic, definitely.

SOPHIE

Nah, you are. I'm the same way.

Class continues as the Professor drones on about some political jargon no one can understand. Jeff catches Sophie looking at him, she looks away, they both blush.

PROFESSOR

I think that's enough fun for today, class dismissed.

SOPHIE

Hey, listen. I gotta run but it was great talking to you. We should definitely hang out sometime.

JEFF

(trying to be cool)

Yeah sounds good that'd be great.

SOPHIE

Okay well, see ya later.

Sophie begins walking towards the door and opens it. Jeff starts to speak but he's a second too late.

JEFF

Hey wait can I get your...

The door closes.

JEFF (CONT'D)

...number?
(a beat)
Shit.

END SCENE.

FADE IN:

INT. SCHUMER DINING HALL ENTRANCE - DAY

A title card on screen that reads "Friday" fades in for a moment then fades out.

Jeff is sitting down behind the front desk outside that dining hall, standing over him is Shawn who is lecturing Jeff on how to properly guest swipe people in.

SHAWN

How many times do I have to tell you?

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

To use a guest swipe all you have to do is press "Bonus," the number of guests the person has and then swipe their ID. That's it. Done.

JEFF

Okay, I'm sorry, I forgot. It won't happen again.

SHAWN

It's better not, I don't want to have to keep baby-sitting you out here.

JEFF

(grumbling)

Yes, sir.

As Shawn walks away, and with no one in sight, Jeff puts his head back and begins to think.

JEFF (V.O.)

Hmm, I wonder where Sophie was yesterday in class. Only the second one in and she's already skipping, that girl seems a little wild. She's definitely something though, smart, funny, incredibly cute, AHHHHHHH.

Jeff looks up to find Sophie again standing in front of him.

SOPHIE

Sleeping on the job I see, keep that up and you'll make employee of the month.

Jeff clearly flustered, sits up in his chair and moves it in to be closer to the desk.

JEFF

Uh hi. I was just taking a little rest, feels like I've been sitting out here for days, plus my supervisor just yelled at me... again.

SOPHIE

Don't worry I won't tell anyone, and don't worry about him I'm still learning the ropes at the bookstore. My manager was all over my ass yesterday for no reason at all, I was so frustrated.

JEFF
 (thinking about
 Sophie's ass)
 Yeah I would be all over your ass
 if I were her.

Sophie tries to hold back laughter, as Jeff is taking a minute to realize what he just said. Jeff's face turns red as he does.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 (still flush)
 That came out so wrong, I'm so
 sorry.

SOPHIE
 (smiling)
 It's all good haha, no worries at
 all.

As the line behind Sophie begins to build Sophie hands Jeff her ID. Mortifyingly embarrassed, he swipes it carefully. Handing it back to her, he looks up. She motions to walk away as Jeff continues swiping people in. She stops.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Hey, some friends of mine are
 having a few people over tonight,
 would you maybe wanna come?

JEFF
 (eagerly)
 Yeah sure uh, that'd be awesome.

As Sophie starts pulling out a sheet of paper to write on, more students line up to be swiped in.

SOPHIE
 Great!
 (begins writing)
 Well if you come to this address
 around 11 tonight, and text this
 number when you get there, I'll let
 you in and we can hang out.

JEFF
 Sounds good, see you tonight.

SOPHIE
 See you then.

Sophie walks back toward the dining hall doors. The students waiting in line have become impatient. One in the back yells up front.

STUDENT

(thick New York
accent)

Hey, is this fucking place open or
what, we're hungry ova here.

Jeff resumes swiping people in, but has an ear to ear grin
across his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - EVENING

The thundering bass of the music can be heard all the way
down the street. Jeff looks like he just got out of class
wearing nothing more than a dark zip up hoodie, t shirt and
jeans. He walks up to the front door only to get blasted as
the door swings wide open. Two girls, one far more
intoxicated than the other, head off the porch and
immediately on to the grass. As the one girl pukes, the other
holds her hair back. Jeff walks inside. A sea of empty
bottles, red solo cups and a lot of drunk people has filled
this small off campus house. Jeff awkwardly makes his way
over to the couch where two kids are passed out, one slumped
on top of the other. The smell of weed is in the air and as
Jeff is reaching his peak uncomfortably, Sophie walks in.

SOPHIE

(a little drunk)

Heyyy, you told me you were gonna
text me when you got here.

Sophie playfully punches him.

JEFF

(rubbing his
arm)

Hey, I'm sorry I just got a little
lost in all of this, I'm not so
sure this is really my scene.

SOPHIE

Come with me, some of my friends
are just hanging in the other room.

Sophie takes Jeff's hand and pulls him with her into the
other room.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(clears her
throat)

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hey, guys this is Jeff, can we make some room for him?

Space clears on the couch, Jeff and Sophie sit down.

ALEX

Hey Jeff what's up, I'm Alex.

Alex stretches out to shake his hand.

JEFF

How's it going?

ALEX

This is Marcus, Annie, and this is Leslie. She's not much to look at but she's a very talented musician.

Leslie punches Alex hard.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We were just about to play quarters, ya down?

JEFF

I've never played before but sure.

A montage begins of them playing quarters, Jeff turns out to be a natural hitting glasses left and right. Cheering turns into laughter after a several games or so, the group takes a break. As the conversation picks up, Jeff is calm, cool and collected. Alex looks at his watch, it's 1 AM.

ALEX

Wow, I'm so screwed, work starts at 10, think I'm gonna head out.

With Leslie, half asleep on Alex's shoulder, he gives a nod to Marcus, the four of them get up to leave.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But hey man it was great meeting you and hanging out, we should chill some time soon.

JEFF

Yeah you too man, where are you working at?

ALEX

Damn dining hall, sucks but it's the best pay on campus.

JEFF

Which one do you work at?

ALEX

Schumer.

JEFF

Same here, working there tomorrow actually.

ALEX

Alright, well maybe I'll catch you there sometime. Take care Soph.

The four of them exit, as Sophie and Jeff stay behind.

SOPHIE

Sooo, looks like someone was having fun.

JEFF

Haha, yeah Alex and Marcus seem like cool guys.

SOPHIE

They're the best.

There is a slight lull in the conversation. Sophie moves closer to Jeff on the couch.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I had a lot of fun with you tonight, I hope we can do this again sometime.

She pushes her hair behind her ear.

JEFF

Definitely, I had a lot of fun with you too.

Sophie leans closer to Jeff, and starts moving in to kiss him. Shaking, Jeff begins to move closer too. BAM! The door burst open and two of Sophie's friends motion to grab her.

JAMIE

Sorry Soph, Lily is puking in the bathroom, we need to get her back to your room.

JEFF

Who's Lily.

SOPHIE

Ugh, my roommate, second night in a row she's done this. I'm really sorry I have to make sure she gets back to the room.

As the three of them clear out of the room, Sophie looks back at Jeff and smiles.

END SCENE.

INT. SCHUMER DINING HALL - DAY

A title card on screen that reads "Saturday" fades in for a moment then fades out.

Jeff sits down at one of the empty tables with his tray of food. His shift starts in 10 minutes but he makes no motion to start eating. As he picks up his fork to stab, some of "Mike's famous meatloaf" a familiar voice is heard.

SOPHIE

Hey there.

Jeff once again looks up to find Sophie standing there in front of him holding an empty tray.

JEFF

Hey Sophie what's up?

Sophie sits down.

SOPHIE

Nothing much just grabbing a quick bite to eat before work, how bout yourself?

JEFF

Same as you, I'm about to clock in a few.

SOPHIE

Oh nice.

JEFF

You're roommate get back okay?

SOPHIE

Yeah she's alright, going a little crazy, but hey first week of college right?

JEFF
Yeah, haha for sure.

A beat.

SOPHIE
I'm really pissed at Jamie and
Christy for barging in like that,
they should've knocked.

JEFF
(smirking)
Oh yeah, why's that?

SOPHIE
I told you, you're very funny.

Sophie gets up out of her seat, picks up her tray, walks over to Jeff and kisses him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Text me when you get out of work.

JEFF
(trying to hold
back his smile)
Okay, sounds good.

As Sophie walks away, Jeff takes a sip of his water, looks down at his still full plate and stands up. He walks over to the tray drop off, and puts his food on the conveyor belt to find Shawn waiting for him.

SHAWN
Well Mr. Miller, seems your
socializing is going to cost you.
One minute late, that's a write up,
two more of those and you're in big
trouble.

JEFF
(with a smile
but sincere)
Sorry about that Shawn, it won't
happen again.

Jeff walks through the kitchen door and heads to the Manager's Office. He looks down at the shift list to find where he's working at. The line next to his name reads "Mainline." Jeff looks up and smiles.