

SUNDAY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DELI - DAY

It's the middle of fall, but the unseasonably warm climate of the day has overruled the calendar date. MIKE, a mid-20s lean, but muscular man carrying a bag of sandwiches holds his phone downward to video record himself walking barefoot towards the deli exit.

As he stands in the deli doorway he lifts his feet to show the dirt covering his soles. He ends the recording, exhales a sigh of relief and puts on the pair of flip flops by the doorway.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mike walks over to a sedan parked around the corner. He takes out a sandwich from his bag. He fumbles in his pocket for his key to press the button to pop his trunk, puts the bag in the trunk then enters the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Mike dials a number and positions his phone on its hands-free holder to talk to it. The dial tone sounds on the phone waiting to connect to the call. As he unwraps his sandwich to bite it, he is interrupted by the male voice of AJ on the line.

AJ (V.O.)
How did it feel?

Mike looks at his phone annoyed.

MIKE
Like shit! What do you think?! You saw my feet on FaceTime. I'm gonna be the first fucking guy to have foot herpes. I swear to god. I can't believe Diego really let me do that shit.

AJ (V.O.)
(laughs)
He doesn't care! He hates you! You always ask him some dumb shit about his sandwiches. You really think he's gonna have Artisanal Roasted Turkey in a fucking five dollar deli?!

Mike devours his sandwich.

MIKE
 Fuck outta here! I got standards,
 dude. I eat premium, bitch! I'm
 just broke... 'til Friday. That's
 why I'm here.

A rattling of metal sounds from the rear of the car as a shift in weight wobbles the vehicle and dashboard bobblehead. Mike notices the bobblehead, but remains unphased from his feast.

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

AJ, a lanky mid-20s man lies curled up with a toolbox and his phone leaning against it. He rests his head on a flashlight as he removes his sandwich from the bag and unwraps it.

He bites it, chews slowly, pauses then immediately spits it out. He looks through the sandwich and is instantly upset.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike continues to eat.

AJ (V.O.)
 Hey! Hey! I thought I said no damn
 onions!

Mike stifles a laugh.

MIKE
 You did?

AJ (V.O.)
 You know the fuck I did!

AJ
 (anxious)
 I'm allergic to onions!

MIKE
 (mockingly)
 I'm allergic to onions.

Mike looks at his phone unmoved.

MIKE
 Hey...

AJ breathes heavily over the phone. Mike shakes his head in amusement.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Listen...

AJ panics over the phone.

AJ (V.O.)
 Let me out! My throat's closin' up!
 I can't breathe!

Mike squints at his phone, puzzled.

MIKE
 Hey man, SHUT UP! How can you
 complain but can't breathe at the
 same time?! You're not allergic to
 onions.

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

AJ lies on his back sweating in anxiety and discomfort.

AJ
 You don't know! You never see me
 eat onions!

MIKE (V.O.)
 Actually, I do. On Sundays. When my
 mom makes soup.

AJ picks his head up confused.

AJ
 What?! She doesn't put onions in
 her soup! She knows about my
 condition!

MIKE (V.O.)
 It's soup, dumbass. Of course
 there's onions in it. And what
 condition? Your fake ass allergies?
 Her recipe doesn't care about you.
 I can't believe you got me out here
 like this.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike argues over the phone.

MIKE
 That's part of the whole reason you
 dragged me out here on this "face
 my fear" shit.
 (MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

(mockingly) "Mike help me get over my claustrophobia, lock me in the trunk..." "Mike, stop being a germophobe, walk in Diego's Deli barefoot..." You're more upset about being fake allergic to onions than being in my trunk for 2 hours. If that's the case, then I'll say you're cured.

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

AJ looks at the phone, sullen.

MIKE (V.O.)

And for the record, I'm not really a germophobe, I'm just not nasty. But I went along with this to help you out. So ta da, you're cured. I'm pissed. And my trunk smells like onions your over anxious ass.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike looks intently at the phone in anticipation of a response.

AJ (V.O.)

...Ok...ok. I'm good. I'm good. So we're going to your mom's house to let me out now right? You think she has any soup?

Mike shakes off his frustration and turns his key to start the car.

MIKE

Yeah, AJ. We're going. And it's Sunday, AJ. Of course she has fuckin' soup.

FADE OUT: