

SWEETHEART

Original Screenplay

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RICHIE'S DINER - EVENING SUNSET

The sun sets outside a homey-looking diner in the small town of Ripley, Tennessee. The window sign reads "Richie's Diner: Food, Beer, Air Conditioning," underneath blue and white striped awnings. The street is still and calm, but the slow drone of chatter and music begins to rise.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHIE'S DINER - EVENING

Inside the diner is a chaotic, bustling energy. Men and women in their late 20s and early 30s fill every red leather booth. Waitresses dressed in revealing blue tops, white aprons and hair bows pace around, carrying trays of overflowing beers and french fries. The owner, RICHIE (46) marches behind the bar.

RICHIE
ANDIE LYNN!

INT. RICHIE'S DINER BATHROOM - EVENING

ANDIE LYNN (24) looks at her reflection in the tiny employee bathroom mirror. She ties her hair into a half-up style with a bow.

ANDIE
Christ.

Andie buttons up her shirt to the collar, and pauses to look at herself in the mirror once more. She lets out a big sigh.

RICHIE (O.S.)
ANDIE, I NEED YOU ON THE FLOOR NOW.

INT. RICHIE'S DINER - EVENING

Andie exits the bathroom and Richie walks up beside her. The two pace through the diner together. Richie talks to Andie while she begins working- (*punching her time card, wiping down the bar, filling up glasses with draft beer etc.*)

RICHIE
I ain't gonna keep putting up with
you if you're gonna be late every
night.

ANDIE
Please, Richie, you know this place
would fall apart without me.

Richie notices Andie's "conservative" uniform and grabs her collar.

RICHIE

The hell! You think I ain't notice
this shit? Unbutton, or you're not
going on stage tonight.

Richie walks off leaving Andie standing there alone. She glances behind her, revealing a small wooden stage in the distance. Andie turns back around, rubs her temples, and in a defeating manner- unbuttons the top of her uniform.

INT. HARVEY'S SUV (MOVING) - LATER THAT NIGHT

HARVEY MOORE (38) drives down the street. DARREN FITZGERALD (34) is laughing in the passenger seat. PAMELA WILSON (26) is sitting quietly in the backseat.

HARVEY

(re: alcohol)

We out?

DARREN

Yeah mate. Afraid so.

HARVEY

Bet we can find something around
here.

PAMELA

I saw a sign for a little diner up
the road-

DARREN

(cutting her off)

Hey, sweetheart. Do us a favor and
just keep your pretty mouth shut,
okay?

Pamela crosses her arms and looks out of the window. The car continues down the street.

DARREN

Here we go. That looks like a
fucking bar.

Harvey slows the car and parks on the side of the road. They get out and slam the doors behind them, walking quickly toward the door of the diner. Pamela exits the car and rushes to catch up behind them.

EXT./INT. RICHIE'S DINER - ENTRYWAY- NIGHT

Harvey, Darren and Pamela make their way inside. They are met with a drunk crowd- people standing on the booths and singing along to "Lola" by The Kinks, playing on a jukebox.

CROWD
(singing)
...Well, I'm not dumb but I can't understand
Why she walked like a woman but talked like a man
Oh my Lola...

HARVEY
Seems like our kind of place.

DARREN
Not bad for Tennessee.

They walk down the aisle looking for a place to sit.

HARVEY
Hey buddy, get up.

BYSTANDER 1
Excuse me? Who do you think you are?

HARVEY
(laughing)
I said get up.

The bystander's friend turns and looks at the commotion.

BYSTANDER 2
(cutting in)
Oh shit! Wait, wait. My man...
Aren't y'all in that band? You played in Nashville tonight, right?

BYSTANDER 1
(stammers)
Oh, my fault... sorry man-

The pair quickly gets up from the table.

BYSTANDER 2
Here, why don't y'all sit right here. We'll grab you some beers.

Harvey and Darren laugh boastfully and sit down in the booth. Pamela sits beside Darren.

DARREN

What a goon.

PAMELA

Look- they got a stage in this place.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHIE'S DINER- BACK ROOM- NIGHT

Andie quickly takes off her apron. Her fellow waitresses are crowded around her, helping her with her hair and makeup.

WAITRESS 1

You better go out there and kill 'em tonight, babe.

WAITRESS 2

Whatcha gonna sing, Andie?

ANDIE

Where the fuck is Charlie?

Emerging into the backroom is CHARLIE ROOSEVELT (32), visibly drunk. He stumbles in- holding a glass of whiskey in one hand and a guitar in the other.

CHARLIE

Relax. I'm right here.

ANDIE

You're drunk.

CHARLIE

Whatever. This shit don't matter.

BACK TO:

INT. DINER BOOTH - NIGHT

Harvey and Darren are inaudibly chatting over the loud music. Pamela sits silently, looking around at everything. The jukebox music abruptly cuts out.

DINER EMCEE (O.S.)

(over microphone)

Alright, everybody. Listen up, listen up. We got a little treat for y'all tonight. Richie's very own, Andie Lynn, gonna be singing an original tune for y'all.

(MORE)

DINER EMCEE (CONT'D)
She gonna be singing with the man,
y'all know and love, Mister Charlie
Roosevelt.

The crowd cheers and claps. Harvey, Darren and Pamela look toward the stage.

HARVEY
Some free entertainment, huh? Let's see what we got here.

INT. DINER STAGE - NIGHT

The small wooden stage is illuminated by a spotlight, and backlit by the colorful beer signs on the back wall. Andie takes a breath and walks up to the microphone. Charlie struts up behind her, swinging his guitar over his shoulder. He cuts in front of Andie and takes the microphone into his hand. Andie steps back out of the spotlight.

CHARLIE
How we doin' tonight, folks?

The crowd cheers loudly. Girls come up to the front of the stage, jumping up and down excitedly.

DINER GIRLS
(chanting)
Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!

Charlie steps back and begins strumming a soft-rock tune on his guitar. Andie steps up to the microphone and starts singing an original song, "HONEYMOON" -- Her voice is unique, mystifying, and beautiful.

ANDIE
(singing)
*...We played classic vinyl,
Threw away your bible,
God ain't what he used to be...*

BACK TO:

INT. DINER BOOTH - NIGHT

Andie continues singing in the background.

PAMELA
(quietly)
She's good.

DARREN
Not bad. He can really play.

HARVEY

Yeah, he's got a cool look to him.

Andie and Charlie finish playing and everyone applauds them. Charlie hops off the stage and is surrounded by girls. Andie rolls her eyes and follows behind him.

HARVEY

(calling out)

Hey! C'mon over here.

Andie and Charlie walk up to the booth and face Harvey, Darren and Pamela.

HARVEY

Sit down, sit down.

DARREN

(addressing Charlie)

Where'd you learn to play?

Charlie lights a cigarette.

CHARLIE

Taught myself.

DARREN

Pretty good. You're some type of
small town celebrity, huh?

Charlie's eyebrows raise and he exhales smoke.

CHARLIE

Is that supposed to be an insult?

HARVEY

Nah, man. Relax. We digged it. The
name's Harvey. This is Darren, and
his girl Pam.

Darren nods toward Charlie. Pamela smiles.

CHARLIE

Well, thanks. I gotta give my girl
some credit... she wrote the song.

HARVEY

(ignoring Andie)

Do you know who we are?

CHARLIE

Am I supposed to?

HARVEY

We're in a band. Us three. Well, we're on the rise. Had a little show in Nashville tonight. Headed back to L.A. tomorrow.

ANDIE

Los Angeles?

She perks up at Harvey's mention of L.A. The men continue to ignore her.

HARVEY

Look, man- we're looking for a guitarist. I think you got what it takes.

DARREN

What do you say?

CHARLIE

You serious?

Darren and Harvey nod. Charlie looks toward Andie, grinning.

CHARLIE

Well, I say hell yes. But...
We're a package deal, you know?

He puts his arm around Andie.

PAMELA

She's in too.

Darren glares at Pamela. He looks back toward Harvey and shrugs.

DARREN

Alright, we'll give it a test-go in the studio. If she can write, maybe she'll prove herself worthy.

The group gets up from the booth. Darren and Harvey put their jackets back on and throw money on the table.

HARVEY

We'll pick you up here, tomorrow morning. Pack light.

Harvey, Darren, and Pamela exit the diner. Charlie and Andie slowly sit back down in the booth, facing each other. Their mouths are open in shock. The music and chatter slowly drones out.

FADE OUT.