

AT THE REST STOP

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From the story DANCING THUMBELINA

with characters from  
the "Guy the Jeep Guy" stories

by Michael Godby

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. GAS PUMP - HIGHWAY REST STOP - DAY**

Typical rest stop with a gas station, parking lot and a full-service visitor's center.

Mid-morning on a sunny day, an old red Jeep Wrangler with no doors or top pulls up to a gas pump and stops.

GUY FOZZY (40), shoulder-length brown hair, scruffy beard, slight paunch and slouch, steps out from behind the wheel. He approaches the pump.

THUMBELINA (20), a slim, awkward-looking brunette, sits in the passenger seat. A big floppy bow ties back her long, dark, soft, straight hair into a loose ponytail.

After she slides out of the Jeep, she straightens out her long skirt, reaches in and grabs a camera and a purse from the floor.

She hangs the camera around her neck, the purse over her shoulder. As she walks away, she speaks in her slow cadence, soft tone and child-like voice, carefully pronouncing every consonant in every word.

THUMBELINA

I'm hungry. I'm getting something to eat.

GUY

Good idea. I'll join you in a bit.

She continues without another word, enters the --

**INT. VISITOR CENTER LOBBY**

She looks around, sees a crowded fast-food restaurant and grimaces.

She spots an empty, small delicatessen with a few tables and proceeds toward it.

**DELICATESSEN**

The female CHECKOUT CASHIER from "We're with the Jeep" (35), works behind the counter. Another EMPLOYEE (22) is stocking a freezer.

Thumbelina approaches the counter.

THUMBELINA  
I would like a ham and egg on a roll,  
please.

The checkout cashier retrieves an egg from the refrigerator.  
Halfway to the grill, she drops it.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
Oh! Shhh...

She retrieves a rag and bends down to clean the mess.

CHECKOUT CASHIER (cont'd)  
Sorry. This will be a minute.

THUMBELINA  
That's okay. I drop things too.

The cashier cleans the mess, retrieves another egg and puts  
it on the grill. She returns to the counter.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
I'm a little nervous. Today's my  
first day on the job here. I also  
just moved in with a new boyfriend  
who I've only known for a week.  
Sounds a little nuts but it just  
feels right, ya know?

THUMBELINA  
I might move in with someone I just  
met, so I know how you feel.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
Really? Now I don't feel so weird  
about it.

The cashier turns to check on the egg. She returns her  
attention to Thumbelina and nods toward the camera.

CHECKOUT CASHIER (cont'd)  
Nice camera.

THUMBELINA  
Thank you.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
What do you take pictures of?

THUMBELINA  
People, places, things.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
Like what?

THUMBELINA

You.

She snaps the cashier's picture and smiles. The cashier returns the smile.

THUMBELINA (cont'd)

Excuse me. I'll be right back.

Thumbelina walks to a freezer and retrieves a bottle of orange juice. She returns to the counter.

CHECKOUT CASHIER

You wanted ham on that, didn't you?

THUMBELINA

Yes... And cheese, please.

CHECKOUT CASHIER

Anything else on it?

THUMBELINA

A little salt and pepper

When the sandwich is finished, the cashier wraps it, puts it in a paper bag and brings it to the counter. She rings up the purchase.

CHECKOUT CASHIER

That'll be ten dollars, even.

THUMBELINA

Nice price.

Thumbelina fishes through her purse for her wallet.

Guy enters the lobby, catches the cashier's attention.

The cashier gasps.

CHECKOUT CASHIER

Oh my god. It's him.

THUMBELINA

It's who?

The cashier gestures toward Guy.

CHECKOUT CASHIER

See that guy over there?

Thumbelina looks into the lobby and spots Guy. She flashes a look of concern.

THUMBELINA  
What about him?

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
He's really weird.

Thumbelina's look of concern intensifies.

THUMBELINA  
Really? In what way?

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
He likes to shit in his pants and eat it.

THUMBELINA  
How do you know?

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
His cousins told me.

THUMBELINA  
Was one of them blonde and the other a Goth?

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
Yeah. Do you know them?

Thumbelina relaxes.

THUMBELINA  
I'm also his cousin and it's worse than you know.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
(wincing)  
Ew, really?

THUMBELINA  
His sick little menu is more than just poo. He rips out his pubic hair and he eats that too!

Guy looks in their direction. He spots Thumbelina and approaches the deli. As he enters, he picks up something from a rack near the entrance. He walks to a refrigerator and gathers a bottle.

THUMBELINA (cont'd)  
(shaking her head)  
And I won't tell you what he does with his urine.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
 (disgusted)  
 That's so sick.

THUMBELINA  
 Tell me about it.

She pays the cashier.

THUMBELINA (cont'd)  
 Thank you for the sandwich.

CHECKOUT CASHIER  
 You're welcome. Ummm, thank you and  
 have a nice day.

Thumbelina replies with a smile, walks to a table and sits.

Guy approaches the counter with a large double-chocolate fudge brownie and a bottle of lemonade.

The cashier rings up the purchase with a revolted look and places the items into a bag. She tries to talk, gags and points to the register display.

#### **THUMBELINA'S TABLE**

Thumbelina watches Guy as he fishes for exact change.

After he pays, the cashier gags, covers her mouth and leaves the counter in a hurry.

He takes a seat across from Thumbelina. He pulls the brownie from the bag and opens the bottle of lemonade.

He turns his head toward the abandoned checkout counter.

GUY  
 What's with her?

THUMBELINA  
 You have a booger sticking out of  
 your nose.

He wipes his his nose with his hand, returns his attention to the conversation.

GUY  
 Really? Did I get it?

THUMBELINA  
 Get what?

GUY

The booger.

THUMBELINA

I don't know. I never saw it.

Thumbelina looks at Guy's brownie, makes a horrid yuck face.

THUMBELINA (cont'd)

A chocolate brownie for breakfast.  
Ugggh.

He holds up the pastry.

GUY

What's wrong with this?

THUMBELINA

It's not what I would eat.

GUY

Why not?

THUMBELINA

I'd like to live to be as old as you.

GUY

(offended)  
I'm not that old.

THUMBELINA

I know and if you keep eating  
breakfasts like this, you won't get  
much older.

GUY

Says you.

He takes a bite of his brownie and a sip of his lemonade.

GUY (cont'd)

So... where am I taking you?

THUMBELINA

I don't know.

GUY

What do you mean, you don't know?

THUMBELINA

I just don't know.

GUY

How can you not know?

THUMBELINA  
I'm not clairvoyant.

GUY  
What does that mean?

THUMBELINA  
It means I can't see the future.

GUY  
(annoyed tone)  
I know what clairvoyant means.

THUMBELINA  
Then why did you waste your time asking? Is this a quiz show?

GUY  
I just want to know where you want me to take you.

THUMBELINA  
Wherever you want to take me. I thought that was clear when you picked me up.

GUY  
You were serious?

THUMBELINA  
(scowling)  
Was I wearing a clown suit?

GUY  
No, but --

THUMBELINA  
But what? It seems you're having trouble with the concept. I'm not like your last two passengers. Let me put it in writing for you.

She tears a piece off of Guy's bag, pulls a purple crayon from her skirt pocket, and writes on the paper.

She pushes it across the table.

Guy reads the note. It reads: I DON'T HAVE AN AGENDA.

He looks up from the note.

GUY  
What does this mean?



She releases a sigh of exasperation.

THUMBELINA  
Did Liala hit you in the head?

GUY  
No. Maybe. What does that have to do with anything?

THUMBELINA  
It's fairly plain for all to see, that you're not understanding me.

GUY  
I just want to know why you got in my Jeep.

THUMBELINA  
Ever ride in a balloon?

GUY  
No.

THUMBELINA  
Me neither, but I've always wanted to.

GUY  
I don't see the connection.

THUMBELINA  
Maybe after you've finished eating you might, although, looking at what you're eating, maybe not.

He grimaces.

GUY  
(annoyed tone)  
Fine.

He takes another bite of his brownie and another sip of his lemonade. He stares at her as she consumes her breakfast.

After a moment of quiet contemplation, he takes a deep breath in nervous preparation for another question.

GUY (cont'd)  
So... What do you like to do for fun?

THUMBELINA  
I like to keep secrets.

GUY

Like what?

THUMBELINA

What color is your Jeep?

GUY

It's red.

THUMBELINA

You aren't very good at keeping secrets, are you.

GUY

How's that a secret? You know what color my Jeep is.

THUMBELINA

There's no doubt now, is there... big mouth.

GUY

You already knew what color it is.

THUMBELINA

You don't know that.

GUY

How could you not know? You were just in my Jeep.

THUMBELINA

How could you know for sure what I know? Are you me?

GUY

No. Didn't you already know what color my Jeep is?

THUMBELINA

(shrugging)

That's a secret.

Guy rolls his eyes. He takes another bite of his brownie and another sip of his lemonade.

She finishes her sandwich, takes another sip of her juice.

GUY

So where are you from?

THUMBELINA

You said you want to go home. Is it far from here?

GUY

About six hours. Why are you avoiding my questions?

THUMBELINA

Why are you asking them?

GUY

Because I want to know stuff about you.

THUMBELINA

I'm happy for you.

GUY

Can you tell me anything about your family?

She finishes her juice, places the cap back on the bottle, all while maintaining expressionless eye contact with Guy.

GUY (cont'd)

Why won't you tell me anything about yourself?

THUMBELINA

Why do you need to know? If you're worried, I haven't committed any crimes and I promise I won't kill you in your sleep. Is that enough?

GUY

That's a start. I still want to know more about you.

THUMBELINA

Did you ever ride a horse?

GUY

(smiling)

Yes.

THUMBELINA

Did it ask you this many questions?

He lets out a sigh as he stares at the note.

GUY

The girls are right. You are really weird.

He looks up at her and his expression turns to one of minor panic.

She sucks her thumb as her eyes moisten. He clearly touched an open sore.

GUY

I'm sorry. I mean, I didn't mean that. I just don't understand you.

She pulls out her thumb.

THUMBELINA

If you insist on going through life looking under every rock, all you'll end up with is a useless encyclopedia and a trail of disturbed rocks, and no understanding of what you ruined when you moved them. The world would be so much better if people admired the rocks the way they are, and just imagined the wondrous things beneath them.

He rests his chin on his folded hands and stares into her eyes with a smile.

She recoils with suspicion.

THUMBELINA

Now what?

GUY

Nothing. I'm just admiring a pair of eyes and imagining the wondrous things behind them.

She stands and polices the table. She places the refuse into her paper bag.

THUMBELINA

Apology accepted. If you're finished, I'd like to get back into the balloon.

He rises to his feet and helps with the cleaning.

GUY

You mean the Jeep.

THUMBELINA

Whatever.

After they bring their trash to nearby waste and recycling bins, they exit the deli and enter the --

**VISITOR'S CENTER LOBBY**

The two stroll across the lobby toward the double doors of the main entrance.

GUY

So you don't care where I take you.

THUMBELINA

Ding!

She accompanies her reply with a quick hop.

As they reach the doors, Guy trots ahead and opens one of the double doors. After he steps through, he holds the door open for her.

GUY

I am going home you know.

She opens the other door, ignores his gesture.

THUMBELINA

Then that's where I'll find my  
adventure.

The two exit the visitor's center and venture into the bright sunlight.

**FADE OUT**

**THE END**