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PANEL 1. GARDELL sits in a mall food court, drowning in a sea of people, staring at his untouched cheese burger and small coke, water droplets condensing on the waxed cardboard. He's in his mid-twenties, attractive. He wears a conservative, short sleeved, white-button down shirt (top button is opened) and his blonde hair is well groomed and professional looking. In his eyes is a type of sadness that says, "we're going to do this again", an emptiness that goes hand in hand with the feeling of being swallowed whole by the world around you.

The food court itself is very drab. Plain white walls with eateries stacked side by side. Empty spaces are covered up by cheap five dollar paintings of fruit and Norman Rockwell reproductions. There are corroded plants and palm trees sprinkled liberally about the cafeteria's cold, gray, tiled floors. Everything is right angles and perfectly straight, no creativity, no architectural chances being taken. Shoppers fill the uninspiring hall, holding bags from the GAP and Disney Store, fat women stuffed into spandex sucking down cheeseburgers and milk shakes. A man is on his cell phone, his free hand plugging his ear and blocking out the world, they all long to be someplace else, they just don't know it.

NO COPY

PANEL 2. Pull in on Gardell. He looks at his wrapped up burger, seemingly oblivious to the world around him.

NO COPY

PANEL 3. Gardell begins to open the wrapping of his hamburger as an obnoxiously loud woman passes by with her friend, dragging her child behind her. The woman is caked in mascara and lipstick and wear her bangs high, her hair puffy. She has on this ridiculous Tweety Bird shirt, holding onto a youth she forgot about decades ago. Her friend is more conservative, the small woman in the tight, stone-washed jeans, button down flannel shirt.

SFX
(from wrapper)
Crinkle

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN

SO I TOLD ANGELO, I SAID, "ANGELO, WHEN ARE YOU GONNA PAY UP THE
FUCKIN' SUPPORT MONEY YOU FUCKIN' FUCK!"

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT FUCKIN' PRICK SAID TO ME?

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN'S FRIEND

NUH-UH

PANEL 4. Tight on the obnoxious woman and her friend. All we see of the friend is from the eyes up, the obnoxious woman is much more massive. The friend stares up at the obnoxious woman, hanging on every word. The obnoxious woman's mouth is drawn wide, spittle flying out as she screams.

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
THAT FUCKIN' PRICK SAID HE COULDN'T PAY ME MY FUCKIN' MONEY
'CAUSE HE WAS GOIN' TO FUCKIN' VEGAS NEXT WEEK!

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN'S FRIEND
VEGAS?

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
FUCKIN' VEGAS!

PANEL 5. Farther down from where Gardell is sitting a father, sitting with his five year old son, turns to confront the loud, obnoxious woman. The obnoxious woman turns to the man, loving a good verbal confrontation like most obnoxious women do.

FATHER
HOLY CHRIST! WILL YOU WATCH YOUR FRIGGIN' MOUTH! I GOT MY
FRIGGIN' KID OVER HERE!

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T JUST FUCKIN' YELL AT ME! YOU AIN'T MY FUCKIN'
FATHER! DON'T PLAY THIS FUCKIN' GAME WITH ME!

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
(CONT)
DON'T PLAY ME FOR A FUCKIN' FOOL!