

Lunch Lady Land

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAFETERIA SERVING AREA - DAY

There is long line in the serving area of the cafeteria. Behind the counter, serving desserts and holding everything up, is LOUISE. An old, slightly man-ish, lady in a hair net.

LOUISE
You want some delicious gelatine?
For desert, Kevin? You can have
some, but you need to say pretty
please! Okay?

The KEVIN isn't nearly as enthusiastic as Louise.

There is a boy a few people back in line. He is CHRIS. He is wearing dark, ill-fitting clothes, and his hair is greasy. He is enthralled by Louise's antics.

KEVIN
(sigh)
Pretty please.

While Kevin says it, Chris mouths it to himself, excitedly.

LOUISE
Feel free to come back for seconds,
sweet heart!

Other lunch ladies are huddled in a corner, looking over at Louise, shaking their heads in disgust.

It is Chris' turn in line, he nervously smiles and waves to Louise.

LOUISE
Hello darling! You've come for a
gelatinous treat?!

CHRIS
Uh, uh, yes!

LOUISE
Good choice son! But what you need
to do... You need to say "pretty
Please"!

CHRIS
Pr, pretty please!

Louise reaches her hand into a paper bag of granulated sugar.

LOUISE
WITH SUGAR ON TOP!

She throws a handful of sugar into his jello.

LOUISE
I gave you a little something
extra, because you're a cutie!

INT. - CAFETERIA SEATING AREA

Chris walks over to the seating area, and sits alone. His
Louise induced smile fades.

INT. - CAFETERIA SERVING AREA

Louise gets pulled aside from her duties by another lunch
lady, and brought into an office.

LOUISE
You just wait right there, I'll be
back in a second to get you your
nourishment!

INT. - CAFETERIA SEATING AREA

Sitting at a table behind Chris, is a group of trouble
makers, led by DAVE NOSTRO.

Nostro throws an entire bag of baby carrots at Chris' back.

Chris turns his head, but does not retaliate.

INT. CAFETERIA OFFICE

Louise is sitting across from the HEAD LUNCH LADY, at a
large, paper covered desk.

LOUISE
I must say, however, that I'm quite
confused. I've been here for 33
years, the students love me! I'm
like the Rick Astley of serving
treats!

HEAD LUNCH LADY
See! You're almost proving my
point, right there. 95 percent of
the kids probably don't even know
who Rick Astley is!

LOUISE
Of course they do! That little red
haired boy with the man voice! Oh,
he was such a cutie!

INT. CAFETERIA SEATING AREA

Chris is still sitting alone, with carrots strewn all around him. The TEACHER that is working lunch duty approaches him.

TEACHER
What is all this?

Chris stares silently.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
You think you're funny? You think you can make a mess like this without any repercussions? You think I get paid extra for this? You think I LIKE this? DO YOU THINK AT ALL!?

Chris blinks twice, but doesn't say anything.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
That's it, you're staying after lunch to help Mr. McCarthy clean up.

Mr. McCarthy pushing a trash can around, stops and waves at Chris.

Chris sighs.

INT. - CAFETERIA SERVING AREA - AFTER LUNCH

Louise and the Head lunch lady leave the office, still fighting.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
You need to understand that we CAN'T keep you! You're inefficient, you don't follow the menu, which we let slide for a while, but the things you serve are EXTREMELY unhealthy, and just having you here, violates countless health code regulations.

Chris, while cleaning up the cafeteria, sneaks over, and looks into the serving area to watch the fight.

LOUISE
That's FIDDLE FADDLE! If you don't want me here, I don't wanna be here! I quit!

HEAD LUNCH LADY
It doesn't work like that, You're fired Louise.

Louise storms out.

INT. - CAFETERIA SERVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

LOUISE
DON'T TELL ME WHAT DOES OR DOES NOT
WORK... LIKE THAT!

Louise walks out the double-door exit. Chris looks heart broken.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Chris is last off the bus. He walks toward the side entrance, but sees Louise walking aimlessly around the grass area, and walks toward her.

CHRIS
Miss Louise?

Louise breaks her trance and looks at Chris.

LOUISE
Yes, pumpkin?

CHRIS
What are you doing?

LOUISE
Oh, me? I'm uh, I'm early for work today. I wanted to get a head start, Pasta Thursday's a big day for us here.

CHRIS
I saw what happened. I was in the cafeteria after lunch.

LOUISE
(on the verge of tears)
I'm so embarrassed! I don't know where to go! I usually sleep in the cafeteria, losing this job has me all messed up!

CHRIS
(sighs)
I wish I knew what to tell you.

INT. CAFETERIA

Chris walks into the cafe. He nervously enters the serving area. There is a HELP WANTED sign on the wall.

INT. CAFETERIA SERVING AREA

Chris is next in line.

CHRIS
(quietly)
Pretty please.

The lunch lady, not listening, scoops a ladle of mashed potatoes onto his tray.

INT. CAFETERIA SERVING AREA

Chris is sitting alone once again, this time he's crying.

WINDOW

Louise is looking in from outside. She has one tear dripping down her face.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTER SCHOOL

Chris is waiting, leaning up against a desk as Louise enters.

CHRIS
Thanks for meeting me here.

LOUISE
Well you told me to, and right now
I'm not sure I'm in any position to
decline.

CHRIS
Have a seat.

Louise sits in an open desk.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I think you can get your job back.

Louise jumps out of her desk and shrieks in joy.

LOUISE
Ooh! this is perfect. . . how?

CHRIS
There was a help wanted sign on the
wall. They obviously miss you, if
you just show up tomorrow, you can
get your job back.

LOUISE
Ooh! Jeeze! I could just gobble you
up!

INT. CAFETERIA

Chris and Louise are standing in the cafeteria side by side, next to the closed doors of the serving area. The help wanted sign is gone.

LOUISE
I'm not seeing a sign little boy.

 CHRIS
There was one here yesterday, I
swear.

 LOUISE
Is this a big joke? Did you go
through all this just to make sport
of me? Oh, I'm leaving.

 CHRIS
No, no, no just wait, I'll go talk
with the head lunch lady, they
probably took it down because it's
not during school hours.

Chris opens the door and walks in.

INT. CAFETERIA SERVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Chris closes the door and walks behind the serving station
and knocks on the office door three times.

 HEAD LUNCH LADY (O.S.)
Come in, it's unlocked.

INT. CAFETERIA OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chris enters the office.

 HEAD LUNCH LADY
You that kid from the art program?

 CHRIS
(nervously)
No, uh, my name's Chris, I uh, I
was just wondering why the help
wanted sign is down.

 HEAD LUNCH LADY
I think it's obvious that we no
longer want help.

 CHRIS
Oh.

 HEAD LUNCH LADY
I hope you don't mind my asking,
but what the hell does it matter to
you?

 CHRIS
I uh, someone I know was interested
in filling the position.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
I don't mean to burst your bubble,
but the position was filled
literally five minutes ago.

CHRIS
Oh, don't worry, I know you
wouldn't intentionally burst
someone's bubble, especially that
of a student, I was just thinking
maybe, maybe like, we could have
maybe like a cook-off of or
something? 'Cause I mean like, if
we only missed by five minutes...

HEAD LUNCH LADY
You actually bring up a good point.
How about, next week, you bring
your little friend here, after
school, and we'll have a
competition.

CHRIS
Oh, really, that was way easier
than I planned. I expected a long
argument or something.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
No, I'm pretty cool about those
type things.

CHRIS
But you can't just give this lady a
job for a week, and take it away
just like that, can you?

HEAD LUNCH LADY
I can... I'm the head lunch lady.
You think I won't?

CHRIS
I didn't mean it like that.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
I know what you meant! GET OUT! SEE
YOU IN A WEEK!

Chris leaves, closing the door behind him. The head lunch
lady puts her feet up on the desk.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
MRS. NOTA! I feel like playing,
fetch my figurines!

Mrs. Nota comes out from behind a door. She holds up a small
toy in each hand. In her right hand is a toy airplane, in her
left is a small bison toy.

MRS. NOTA
Plane, or buffalo?

INT. CAFETERIA

Louise is fidgeting nervously as Chris returns.

 LOUISE
Ooh! Little boy, did it work? Do I
have a job?

 CHRIS
Uh, I guess it worked, you don't
have a job yet though. My name's
Chris by the way.

 LOUISE
Good, I'll call you Buster.

 CHRIS
Okay, uh.

 LOUISE
So what's goin' on? When do I start
up?

 CHRIS
Well, here's the deal, They already
hired someone, but if we practice
together, you know, sharpen your
skills, You can compete with the
new hire for the job in a cook-off.

 LOUISE
(excitedly)
OOH! Good job Buster! You did good!

INT. CAFETERIA SEATING AREA

Chris is standing behind a table with Louise. The table is covered with heads of lettuce, tomatoes, carrots, and celery.

 LOUISE
Is this really necessary? I can
chop things, I chop, chopping is my
forte.

 CHRIS
Prove it.

 LOUISE
With pleasure, Buster.

NEVER GONNA LET YOU DOWN by Rick Astley fades in.

Louise closes her eyes, and takes a deep breath in.

MONTAGE -- LOUISE: MASTER COOK

-- Louise is in vibrant leg warmers, and other eighties style clothes.

-- Chopping at a rapid pace.

-- Perfectly chopped vegetables are falling into neat piles.

-- Holds up her knife, using the shiny blade as a mirror, she winks at herself.

-- Goes back to chopping quickly.

CLOSE UP: Chris

Chris sighs heavily.

The song stops, and we go back to Louise, in her original current day clothes, slowly, and very carefully chopping lettuce. Her tongue is out a little bit, in concentration. She wipes the sweat off of her brow. There is a little bit of lettuce chopped and it's scattered messily on the table.

CHRIS

If this is your forte, we have work to do.

LOUISE

What are you talking about Buster?
Did you witness what just happened?
I was steamier like a buff-chick
and a jalapeño kissing in a hot
tub.

CHRIS

(sighs)
Look at the table.

LOUISE

Gracious! I've lost it!

CHRIS

That's why it was so convenient for
them to arbitrarily grant us a week
to train for this.

LOUISE

You're right Buster, they might end
up regretting that certain
decision.

MONTAGE -- CHRIS TRAINING LOUISE.

-- Chris pulls out a stopwatch.

-- Louise taking her time chopping.

-- Chris showing her fast chopping cooks on the Food Network.

-- Louise chops slowly again.

-- Chris grabs the knife from Louise, and chops the vegetables quickly.

-- Louise chops slowly again.

INT. CAFETERIA

Chris and Louise are sitting in frustration in the empty cafeteria.

CHRIS
It's been three days, and you haven't made the least bit of progress.

LOUISE
I know Buster, but I don't know how much help you're being when you're acting like a little fussy pants.

CHRIS
(sighs)
I know, but it's not working!

LOUISE
It's not the end of the world.

CHRIS
Yeah, I know but, you NEED to get your job back!

LOUISE
Why does it matter so much to you?

CHRIS
Because! You're... You know, you're Miss Louise! You're the best lunch lady EVER!

LOUISE
I know, but there's other lunch ladies, right?

CHRIS
Not really, you're the only one who... Who...

LOUISE
Who what? Spit it out little owl boy.

CHRIS
Well like, I'm not real, uh, popular, I guess, and people don't really talk to me, much. But you do. Everyday, I knew I could look forward to lunch, where I'd have you, and you'd talk to me, like we're old friends.

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)

It was the only time when I could have that relationship.

Louise is crying hysterically. She blows her nose into a handkerchief.

LOUISE

That was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard... in my LIFE! Little handsome Buster boy, with your little dark loner attitude, I'm gonna do everything I can to get back to where I was in my hay-day.

INT. CAFETERIA SERVING AREA

Chris is in line, he looks up, and his jaw drops.

The new lunch lady is on duty, she is turned around, but is flipping chicken over her shoulder, about five feet, all landing on opened bulkie rolls set up on the counter, faster than Louise did back in the day.

She spins around, revealing a manly face, ketchup bottles in each hand. She rapidly squirts ketchup onto each chicken piece, except one.

She flips up the ketchup-less sandwich, onto a kid's tray, toward the back of the line.

NEW LUNCH LADY

There you go Petey, ketchup free.

INT. CAFETERIA SEATING AREA

Petey sits down meeting his friends.

PETEY

It's only her fourth day, and she already knows my name AND my fear of processed tomatoes!

INT. BACK IN LINE WITH CHRIS.

Chris is fighting back tears as he gets his lunch from the new lunch lady. The head lunch lady approaches Chris as he walks by.

HEAD LUNCH LADY

Hey buddy, whoever that person is you plan on bringing to take her job better be training.

CHRIS

Oh, yeah, she is, don't worry.

INT. DARK ROOM

Louise is in full training mode, without Chris.

MONTAGE -- LOUISE TRAINING

-- Chopping

-- Push ups

-- jump rope

-- scrubbing potatoes

-- Throwing bags of sugar in the trash

-- Studying recipes

-- Sitting at a computer

COMPUTER SCREEN

On the computer screen reads

BECOMING PERSONABLE AND FRIENDLY By Louise the Lunch Lady

-- Collecting the paper from the printer.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL

Louise runs to catch up with Chris.

LOUISE
Little boy! Buster!

CHRIS
Oh, hey, what's up?

LOUISE
I made you something. It's not
delicious, but I think you could
use it.

Louise hands the paper to Chris.

CHRIS
Oh, uh, thank you.

LOUISE
Oh, don't thank me, I just had to,
because you're such a little cutie.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Chris is holding Louise's paper, reading it.

LOUISE (V.O.)
 Chapter one. Or uh, section one.
 Part one, Communication.

INT. CLASSROOM

Chris is sitting in class. He is fidgeting, back and forth between standing up or not. Louise's voice continues.

LOUISE (V.O.)
 You can't be sitting around like a bump on a log if you want people to talk to you. Try a conversation starter, but be creative, if I were you I'd say something like...

Chris is standing by a group of kids in conversation.

CHRIS
 Hey guys, doesn't watching the food network make you wanna snuggle up against Mario Batali's silly little belly?

INT. DIFFERENT CLASSROOM

Chris is sitting again. Louise's voice continues.

LOUISE (V.O.)
 Part two, make yourself noticed. Think of a skill you have and show it off.

Chris gets up and takes a deep breath. He walks in front of the classroom.

LOUISE (V.O.)
 Don't lollygag and wait for the right time. Just do it. Personally, I'd dance, but do whatever talent you possess.

Chris starts dancing awkwardly, The class starts looking at each other. They eventually start laughing.

LOUISE (V.O.)
 People appreciate a person with a skill.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM

Chris is standing by his closet, he is wearing a black DANZIG T-SHIRT.

LOUISE (V.O.)
 Part three, wardrobe.
 (MORE)

LOUISE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 You need to knock it off with the
 little Satan T-shirts! Nobody wants
 to be friends with somebody spooky.
 Try a nice little sweater, maybe
 something Christmassy.

Chris stands in the mirror, in a Christmas sweater, and a
 turtleneck under it. He tugs on the turtleneck to get some
 air to his neck.

LOUISE (V.O.)
 If you don't like that, just do
 something like a nice collared
 shirt.

Chris looks at himself in the mirror with a collared shirt
 on, sighs, and shrugs.

INT. CLASSROOM

A group of kids are sitting around before class talking.

KID #1
 Are you guys talkin' about that
 Chris kid? I never realized that
 he's like, funny.

KID #2
 I know, he's weird, but it's like
 funny weird though.

KID #3
 He's in my math class, and he just
 got up and started dancing, quite
 pathetically I might add, but it
 was hilarious.

KID #1
 I wonder why he wouldn't talk
 before.

KID #3
 I dunno, I guess he came out of his
 shell or something.

INT. DARK ROOM

Louise is stretching getting ready for the competition after
 school.

LOUISE
 I'm doin' this one for you Buster.
 Ste-retch! 1. 2. 3. 4. Ste-retch!
 1. 2. 3. 4.

INT. CLASSROOM

Chris is sitting in class. Two girls approach him nervously.

GIRL #1
Hey, Chris?

CHRIS
(startled)
Uh, hi, uh,
(deepens voice)
hey ladies.

GIRL #1
Um, what do you think of Courtney?

Girl #1 points across the room to a girl who's looking at Chris.

CHRIS
Well, Courtney, I think she's uh,
she's steamier like a buff-chick
and a jalapeño kissing in a hot
tub.

GIRL #2
Oh my God! Does that mean 'Yes'?

GIRL #1
Chris, you are so funny. Let's go
tell Courtney!

INT. CAFETERIA OFFICE

Chris enters the room, to find The Head Lunch Lady with her feet on the table and hands behind her head.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
Can I help you young man?

CHRIS
Uh, today's the big day.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
Right, Monday, get's it's name from
the moon.

CHRIS
I was talking about the cook-off
thing we have planned for after
school.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
Sorry, I didn't recognize you
without your glasses.

CHRIS
Uh, yeah.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
You really think your little secret
weapon can take Miss. Bulger out
there?

INT. CAFETERIA SERVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The new hire lunch lady is outside the room fine tuning her skills. She's quickly chopping carrots. As the small pieces fall into place we see that she is not holding a knife and is doing it with her hand.

INT. CAFETERIA OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS
Is she using a knife?

HEAD LUNCH LADY
She is not. Care to guess why?
Doesn't need 'em. Sharp fingers.

CHRIS
That sounds dangerous.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
It does, doesn't it? Well it isn't,
they're soft to the touch. It
defies what you think you know,
don't dwell on it. Who are you
bringing anyway?

CHRIS
Uh, just an old friend. I think
you'll like her.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
Don't tell me who I will or will
not like, get out!

CHRIS
Uh, okay, sorry, bye.

Chris leaves.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
(cheerily)
Bye son!
(smile fades)
MRS. NOTA!

Mrs. Nota pops out from behind the desk.

MRS. NOTA
Yes?

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTER SCHOOL

Chris approaches Louise, who's standing around waiting to go into the cook-off.

CHRIS
Miss Louise!

LOUISE
Buster?! I almost didn't recognize you, you don't look like a little gnome anymore!

CHRIS
I know, everything you said helped so much. It's weird. I'm like a new person.

LOUISE
Is that so?

CHRIS
Yeah, it's weird, people started paying attention to me a ton, right away. There was no like, gradual progression or anything, it was like, from one extreme to the other, like that.

Chris attempts to snap and fails.

LOUISE
And don't you feel better now?

CHRIS
Well it does help my confidence.

LOUISE
Speaking of confidence, I've got a lady-butt to whoop.

Louise motions her arm toward the door, and they enter the school.

INT. CAFETERIA

The Head Lunch Lady is rubbing Miss Bulger's shoulders as they wait for the cook-off.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
This is your moment, this is all you, your day, your time to shine.

INT. HALLWAY

Chris and Louise are walking to the cafeteria.

LOUISE
I'm gonna do well, I'm gonna try my best, I won't quit, unless I get injured, sick or feel unsafe, my practice has paid off.

INT. CAFETERIA

The Head Lunch Lady is slapping Miss Bulger in the face.

MISS BULGER
 AGAIN! Make it count! I'm not goin'
 in there to pet puppies!

INT. HALLWAY

Chris and Louise are closer to the cafeteria.

LOUISE
 If I don't win, I'll be happy for
 the other woman, I won't be rude or
 hold a grudge, I will shake her
 hand. AH! The anxiety is driving me
 FLIPPIN' BANANAS!

INT. CAFETERIA

Miss Bulger is blindfolded, doing weird meditation and humming. Head Lunch Lady is approaching her.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 Yes, yes, that's it, relax.

Chris enters the room.

CHRIS
 We're here

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 Sorry little boy. We're having a
 cook-off today, you're little club
 will have to reschedule.

CHRIS
 Uh, it's me, Chris, I'm the one who
 has the other lunch lady.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 I know, I know who you are.

CHRIS
 Huh? Oh, well here she is.

Chris motions Louise in as she enters the room.

LOUISE
 Hello everyone!

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 Wait, what? Louise? You can't have
 the job, you were fired. That's
 ridiculous.

CHRIS
 Woah, woah, you never said that
 someone who lost the job couldn't
 compete to get it back.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 I know, but I mean, if I already
 fired her wouldn't that mean that I
 don't see her fit for the job? Plus
 I already know that Miss Bulger is
 better.

CHRIS
 Yeah, but she's been training.

LOUISE
 I've been training like a loon!

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 Training? Oh... Well that's a
 completely different situation. I
 guess it would make complete sense
 now to have a competition. Let's
 get it started.

INT. CAFETERIA SERVING AREA

Louise and Miss Bulger are standing behind a counter, next to
 each other. Chris and the head lunch lady are on the other
 side.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 We've gone over all the rules
 before, are there any questions?

LOUISE
 Wait, which one are we doing first?

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 Chopping speed, Louise, already off
 to a bad start.

Miss Bulger and Louise turn and stare in each other's eyes,
 comparable to Ivan Drago and Rocky Balboa.

LOUISE
 Good luck missy!

Chris walks over carrying two bundles of carrots, putting one
 in front of each of them.

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 Ready!

MISS BULGER
 UGH!

HEAD LUNCH LADY
 Set!

LOUISE
Yes ma'am!

 HEAD LUNCH LADY
GO!

MONTAGE -- COOK-OFF

- Miss Bulger chopping at an incredible rate.
- Louise, tongue out, chopping slowly.
- Miss Bulger's pile of carrots is huge.
- Louise has about two carrots chopped.

SCORE BOARD: Louise 0 Miss Bulger 1

- Miss Bulger throwing Buffalo Chicken patties over her shoulder with a spatula, landing perfectly on open buns.
- Louise carefully applying buffalo sauce with a brush.
- Miss Bulger quickly putting whipped cream on top of plastic cups of Jello.

 LOUISE
Can I get a pretty please?!

 CHRIS
Pretty Please!

 LOUISE
WITH SUGAR ON TOP!

Louise pours a bag of sugar on top of all the jello.

- Miss Bulger juggling apples.
- Louise greasing a pan with a handful of lard.

SCORE BOARD: Louise -5 Miss Bulger 58

- Louise squirting a sub roll with a large amount of mayonnaise.
- Miss Bulger filling hers with lettuce and tomatoes.

SCORE BOARD: FINAL SCORE Louise -10 Miss Bulger 91

END MONTAGE

Chris is sitting at a table with his head in his hands.
Louise is trying to console him.

 LOUISE
Well, we tried, and they can't take
that away from us.

CHRIS
We failed!

Chris picks his head up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
The whole thing was a waste.

LOUISE
Now, why do you say that?

CHRIS
Are you serious? You didn't get
your job back, that was the whole
point of this.

LOUISE
Don't you see? We won.

CHRIS
Are you senile?

LOUISE
A little bit, yup. But I know what
I'm talking about. Why did you want
me to get my job back again?

CHRIS
Jeeze, you are senile. Because
you're the only person who talks
to me, and you make me feel liked
and all that stuff, remember?

LOUISE
AH HA! Hasn't all that changed?
Drastically, in only a few days?
Look over there.

Louise points to a pair of high school sweethearts holding hands. They are wearing matching "WE LOVE CHRIS" shirts, with a screen printed image of Chris in a heart.

BOY
(waving)
Hey Chris.

CHRIS
I guess there has been a huge
change made recently.

LOUISE
My work here is done.

CHRIS
So you're just gonna leave?

LOUISE
Chris, I NEED to leave. There are
places for me out there.

(MORE)

LOUISE (cont'd)
Places where EVERYBODY's stuck a
few years in the past, where NOBODY
cares about personal image,
hygiene, and most importantly
Health. Places called Dedham, and
Natick. They need me.

Louise gets up and walks away. When she reaches the door, she
looks back and winks to a crying, waving Chris.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Louise Walks into the sunset.

FADE OUT.