

ONE PERCENT

by  
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Int. Dreamscape

HEATHER, a pretty, but nerdy-looking girl in her mid-twenties stands in a pitch black dreamscape. A single light illuminates her. A heart beats in the ambient sound. Credits appear as we hear her voice.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Why is it that people can't see how disgusting they are!? Why am I the only one that seems to notice!? Okay, okay... this isn't so bad...

She puts on her waitress pouch.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just one more hour and the dinner rush is over...

She snaps a latex glove on to one hand.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Two more and this shift is over.

She snaps a latex glove on to the other hand.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

120 minutes, 7200 more seconds.

She pulls a pad of bills out of her pouch.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am Heather. I am strong. I am powerful.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Main dining room of this bar and grill is crowded and noisy. Heather makes her way toward a table.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Ye, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are...

A very large FRAT GUY slings his arm around Heather, beer in hand. The liquid spills mercilessly onto her shirt and arm.

FRAT GUY

Hey guys, guys, take a picture of me with-

HEATHER (V.O.)  
Oh God... it's touching me.

The camera focuses on Heather's face, the man's sweat, his obnoxious laugh, the beer dripping, pooling into her glove.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Agh! Get away from me!

She throws down the glove that had beer pooling in it, along with her pad, and pushing the guy aside, dashes toward the women's bathroom.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Not again. Not again! This makes, what... eight times now? Why do we serve liquor anyway!

She crashes into the women's bathroom without losing a beat, knocking over a girl on the way in. She quickly turns on the water, peels off her remaining glove, and sticks her hands under. In horror she looks back at the door, and leaving the water running she races back to the door, opening and closing it two more times.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Perfect... Grand total of an even three. Or would that be an odd three?

Her hands are back under the running water.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Three is after all an odd number. And would it really be a grand total? I mean, I've been here seven times before, tonight alone. Three closes on entrance, three on exit. Six closes each trip. Eight trips. Forty-eight times. No. Forty-five times, I haven't left yet. But when I do the grand total will be 48. That's if I don't count yesterday.

She notices the door handle, covered with particularly well-animated bacteria. Then she looks at her hands, where the bacteria have seemed to formed a particularly thriving metropolis, sign indicating a population of three-million. Heather spies a container of soap, which appears as though it's been used many times before.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Please God let this be anti-  
bacterial.

She applies gobs and gobs of the stuff, which appears to be annihilating the germ city. With a suddenly free hand she picks up the soap container, reading the label, which indicates that it is anti-bacterial, advertising that it kills 99% of all germs!

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
99%! Defective piece of crap!

The city seems to be wiped out in the destruction, but in the wake she sees that some have survived.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Okay, 1% of three million is thirty thousand. Assuming half are male and half are female, that would mean that they could probably produce thirty-thousand more. By the end of the night there would be at least two-hundred and forty thousand left! Wait a sec... don't bacteria reproduce asexually? By splitting in half? That would mean they could double every half hour. Thirty-thousand to sixty thousand. Sixty-thousand to one-hundred and twenty-thousand. One hundred and twenty thousand to-

Her thought process is interrupted by a fellow waitress, JILL who opened the door.

JILL  
Heather, what are you doing? Harvey is getting pissed off!

HEATHER  
Well you can tell Harvey to piss off!

HEATHER (V.O.)  
Okay, Jill's entrance brings the total to forty-six. That would mean that when Jill leaves, the total will be forty-seven, and when I leave, I'll have to close the door four more times in addition to the three that I would normally have to.

(MORE)

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Two for Jill's entrance, and two  
for Jill's exit. That would bring  
the total to-

JILL  
Look you better get out there  
before he comes in here. I think  
he's serious this time.

HEATHER  
He's not going to do anything to  
me. He knows I'm the closest thing  
he's got to class in this place.

JILL  
Right. Whatever you say...

Jill picks up a glove and snaps it.

HEATHER  
Don't touch that!

JILL  
Sorry, my mistake... But really,  
don't you think that maybe this job  
is a little too messy for you  
anyway?

HEATHER  
I can handle it.

Jill turns off the faucet.

JILL  
Riiight... that's why you're in  
here burning your hands off.

HEATHER  
Okay, okay... I'm done.

She stands there with her dripping hands in the air.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Um, could you hit the hand drier  
please?

Jill hands her a paper towel. Heather looks disgruntled as  
she hits the button for the hand drier with her back.

JILL  
(Yelling)  
Honestly heather, I don't know why  
you want to work here anyway.

HEATHER

WHAT?

JILL

(yelling louder)

I said, I don't know why you would want to work here!

HEATHER

I need the money. Nowhere else is hiring.

JILL

Have you looked?

The noise of the drier stops as Heather takes another pair of gloves out of her pocket, putting them on.

JILL (CONT'D)

I mean, seriously, there's gotta be a job out there more suited to your... condition.

HEATHER

What condition! I don't have a condition!

She twitches slightly.

JILL

Said lady latex.

HEATHER

Okay, I'm going out. I should be alright as long as I don't have to deal with anything disgusting.

Heather emerges and closes the door four times behind her when she's interrupted by HARVEY.

HARVEY

What the heck are you doing in there? We just seated a guy on four and six is still waiting on sour cream.

HEATHER

Alright! Guy on four, cultured bacteria on six. Got it!

HARVEY

And hurry up!

HEATHER

Okay, You're the boss.

She rushes toward table four, where a fat guy with a beard is sitting and looking at a menu. He is sweating profusely, dirt cakes his fingernails, bits of food appear to be stuck in his beard. Heather stops dead and covers her mouth as she's about to vomit.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Oh God...

She happens to be standing next to table six, where a disgruntled patron, ROY takes the opportunity to pester her.

ROY

So what's the ETA on that sour cream.

HEATHER

What... Oh, right away.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

HEATHER

Where the hell is the sour cream!

JILL

Just ran out. There's some in the back though.

HEATHER

Argh!

Heather opens a door to a supply cabinet, which reveals a room neglected by the janitor. Heather covers her nose as she looks out over empty boxes and food spills. She spots a bulk container of sour cream at the top of some shelves. She reaches for it but finds it's too far for her. She puts a hand on the shelf to climb it but pulls it away, revealing something gooey sticking to it. Looking around the room, she spots a broom in the corner, grabs it, and starts poking at the sour cream. It falls in slow motion as if it were going to spill on her, but she catches it. She turns to leave, making her way out of the kitchen. She slips on a previously unnoticed puddle and tosses the sour cream into the air while crashing to the ground. The sour cream again falls in slow motion as if it were going to spill on her. Just as it's about to crash, Jill catches it.

JILL  
That was close, you have to be more-  
oh crap.

And the sour cream container, which was being held upside down, spills all over Heather.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

The kitchen doors open to reveal Heather covered in sour cream, she stomps toward table six, she wipes some off her face and onto Roy's plate

HEATHER  
Sour Cream!

Heather tosses her hands in the air, then runs off toward the bathroom. Roy looks at an unnamed female he is dining with in shock.

ROY  
Well I'll tell you this much; she's  
not getting a tip.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Heather enters and sees two girls powdering their make-up at the sink.

HEATHER  
MOVE!

The two girls back away in fear. It isn't long before the sink is running and Heather is doing her best to remove the sour cream.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay, just relax... relax...  
this isn't so bad, I can handle  
this...

Harvey bursts through the door.

HARVEY  
What in God's name!

Heather, covered in water and sour cream, turns toward Harvey.

HEATHER

What! ... Oh God, I'm sorry.

HARVEY

Heather, I can't take much more of this! I'm trying to run a business here; I can't have you running off to the bathroom every time you get a little something on you.

HEATHER

I'm sorry, it's just there was this fat guy, and this sour cream, and...

HARVEY

Running a restaurant is stressful enough without having to worry about you. I swear, I thought you were over this.

HEATHER

I was, but there are too many triggers here, I just need a moment to clear my mind.

HARVEY

A moment! We're short staffed as it is!

HEATHER

Give me a break!

HARVEY

God, I can't deal with this right now. You want a break? How 'bout a permanent one? You're fired!

Harvey leaves quickly, leaving her alone.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Fired... somehow, that doesn't seem so bad.

She makes her way to the door.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Okay, how many times did I need to do this again? Ah, screw it...

She leaves, letting the door close only once. She makes her way toward the exit and the diner becomes a little more peaceful.

The chaos, mess, and patrons of the establishment fade out a la Back to the Future. Heather leaves the building and smiles to herself. She gets in her car, starts it up and laughs a little. With both hands on the steering wheel she begins to drive away, wiping one hand off on her skirt.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Heather is seated in an office, a business EXECUTIVE is interviewing her for a job.

EXECUTIVE

So what makes you think you'd be qualified to be a Hermitage Anti-bacterial Soap Representative?

HEATHER

Well...