

INT. CAR MECHANIC'S OFFICE

The walls are covered in inkjet photos of various Popes, Catholic saints, and news clippings about the shop. A BEANPOLE of a man in a stained, beige jumpsuit sits on a padded stool watching TV. His white-blue mask is pulled down under his chin.

Another man - muscular, younger - in a black TANKTOP sits behind a nearby desk. He types carefully on an aged laptop. An American flag mask is pulled down under his chin.

The TV is loud; it's playing Wendy Williams re-runs.

Two more men enter the office. The first carries a credit card to the machine in the corner and starts punching in numbers. The second, a CUSTOMER, waits by the door. He has a thick, grey mask on.

BEANPOLE

Hey nice mask, man. That one of those two-parters?

CUSTOMER

Oh. Yeah. It has a thing inside it.

The CUSTOMER tilts part of his mask down.

BEANPOLE

Nice, Nice. I like that. That's that fancy shit.

TANKTOP

What kinda world we livin in, guys complimenting each other's masks. You had told me two years ago, I'd a'said what the fuck.

BEANPOLE

Right, man? Right? Hey man nice condom! Where'd you get that condom?

BEANPOLE laughs at his joke, and stands up a little. He's quick to settle.

BEANPOLE

But hey you know it is what it is.

TANKTOP

It is what it is. The new normal.

BEANPOLE

The new normal.

CUSTOMER

... I hope not for much longer.

TANKTOP

Naw, I don't think so.

BEANPOLE

Pray to god, man. Pray to god.

TANKTOP

Hey alright you're all set.

TANKTOP hands the CUSTOMER his receipt, passed from the man
at the machine

CUSTOMER

Thanks, fellas. Stay safe.

BEANPOLE

Stay safe, man. Stay safe.