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Downtown Rockland smells like bait. Fog makes waffle cones droop. It's a pain but Susie finds it humorous.

Laura looks up. Laura is perfect. She loves her lobsterman boyfriend

"Susie, it's been four weeks and you won't say why you're single.

Susie turns off the oven, "It's dead. Lets go."

Laura agrees; she wants to cook dinner. Susie works on college applications.

Laura is persistent. She asks Susie if she wants to go on a double date with her cousin. When she refuses, Laura gets mad.

"I don't understand."

"I'm going to college, I want to get out."

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The Nissan has bad brakes, but Josh spends all his money on cigarettes and movies. One night driving home from his night job as a shelf-stocker at Hannaford, the fraying brake cord snapped and he rear-ended a truck.

The truck driver was an angry man and his cousin.

"There isn't even any damage to your truck" Josh insists.

They point to a miniscule bumper dent.

They rough him up and leave him gasping on the corner of Main and Pebble. The Nissan bleeds brake fluid into the curb and too tired to call for help, Josh lies motionless on the pavement.

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"Some motherfucker fucked up his car on the back end of my truck on the way home" Laura's boyfriend eyes are bloodshot and his muscles flex uncomfortably underneath his tee-shirt.

"I'm sorry, baby" She lays a burger and mashed potatoes in front of him.

"This is cold" He leers at her.

"It just came out of the oven baby want me to put it back?" She's worried.

“No. I wanted it right the first time” He stands and clocks her hard in the left eye.

The cousin cracks open another beer.

Laura leaves and applies concealer.

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The police find Josh at six a.m on a routine round. For no reason they call a tow service before an ambulance. This does nothing for their shady reputation. Josh is transported and diagnosed with mild concussion and four stitches above his cheekbone. The Nissan is considered a total loss. Josh uses the insurance check to cover his medical bills and is left without a car. The police never file a report or return to the scene to clean up. Susie steps over the small pool of blood as she crosses Main and Preble and fumbles with her work key.

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Laura has been crying. The concealer she put over her eye does little to hide the fact that there is a bruise. Susie serves the customers and lets Laura work in the back so no one can see her face.

“Are you alright?” Susie asks while they are in the back making sandwiches. The bell at the counter dings. Susie goes to serve two diet cokes and two slices of pizza to a teenage couple.

Laura brushes her hair over her bruised eye.

“Susie?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you have anymore of those college applications?”

“Yeah.”

“I want to get out too.”