

Shopping Addict

by

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INT. JACK'S BEDSIT - DAY

A double mattress on a crammed-full-of-shit floor in the middle of the *bedsit from hell*. A body grunts under a filthy duvet.

Surrounding the bed are empty beer cans, whiskey and wine bottles. Porn mags, used condoms, and dogends spatter the threadbare carpet. A RAT nibbles on a decomposed pizza.

CRASH!!! Two hoodies, STEPPER and JONAS, *break down the door and storm in.*

STEPPER / JONAS

Wakey wakey! Wakey wakey!

Stepper drags Jack out of bed, pulls a blade, and holds it to his throat.

STEPPER
Three hundred!

JACK
I know, Step, I'll get it.

STEPPER
Today. By five. You get me?

(beat)

You get me?

JACK
I get you, Step'. I get you. Let me go!

STEPPER
Five. Hope 'n' Anchor.

Jonas makes the sign and mouths 'Wanka!'

INT. JACK'S BEDSIT - CONTINUOUS

Stepper throws Jack to the floor. He and Jonas leave, SLAMMING the door. The rat looks up.

Jack lights a fag, coughs. Goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jack turns on the shower, looks in the mirror and squeezes a zit. He puts his hand in his filthy underwear and scratches, then kicks off his pants and climbs in the shower.

CUT TO:

INT. MENSWEAR STORE - DAY

Jack walks in suited and booted - *spick and span* - clean shaven, combed hair, in a long overcoat, carrying a briefcase.

City Slicker!

Jack's POV of the staff - a bleach blonde MANAGERESS teaches a young male fashionista TRAINEE how to work the till.

Jack's POV as he scans the shop floor: empty except for a YOUNG WOMAN in baggy pink tracksuit, fat belly hanging out, pushing a pushchair, chatting inaudibly on her mobile phone.

Jack heads for the suits. CU - his hand fingers the clothes rail.

Jack's POV - The Manageress leaves through a door behind the counter.

TRAINEE
(to Jack)
Need any help?

JACK
(picks up a shoe)
Uh, yeah...you got these
in a nine ?

TRAINEE
(taking the shoe)
Um, I'm not sure...
I'll check.

The Trainee leaves the shop floor.

Jack SEIZES a suit from the rail, takes it quickly into the changing room, and re-appears.

YOUNG WOMAN
(to Jack)
Can you get any service in here?

(on the phone)
Honestly. It's disgraceful Chantelle. If I
was Posh Spice...

(beat)

I'll just have to spend my hard earned
custom elsewhere...

The Young Woman waddles out in a strop. The Trainee rushes to her assistance.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Jack whisks another suit into the changing room.

CUT TO:

The Trainee trots away.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Trainee enters with the shoes.

 TRAINEE
Excuse me, are these...?

He sees the photo on the wall.

 MANAGERESS
What?

 TRAINEE
 (pointing at the photo)
It's him...out there.

 MANAGERESS
You sure?

INT. SHOPFLOOR - DAY

The Manageress enters just in time to see Jack enter the changing rooms. She glimpses his face.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Manageress reaches for the phone, dials.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Jack opens the curtain, fully dressed in long overcoat, holding his briefcase. He stands side-on and checks himself in the mirror.

INT. SHOPFLOOR - DAY

Jack goes to leave. Two security guards and the Manageress POUNCE.

MANAGERESS
Would you mind stepping back in, please,
Sir?

JACK
What for?

MANAGERESS
We have reason to believe you have
something you haven't paid for.

Jack steps back in.

JACK
(laughing)
You've got the wrong man.

MANAGERESS
Would you mind opening your briefcase,
please, Sir.

JACK
You are joking!

MANAGERESS
Please Sir, if you don't open it we'll
have to call the police.

The security guards grab the case, place it on the counter, and BREAK it open. It is *EMPTY!!!*

JACK
(snatching his case back)
Thankyou!

MANAGERESS
(embarrassed)
Very sorry, Sir.

Jack grabs his case and leaves.

EXT. MACDONALDS - DAY

Jack enters.

INT. MACDONALDS TOILETS - DAY

Jack enters a cubicle and bolts the lock. He takes off his overcoat. Something sticks out of his back. He takes his jacket off and retrieves a coat hanger. He hangs it on the door.

Jack undoes his belt, and reveals a suit carefully folded around his waist. He takes out the suit and hangs it on the hanger. CU the price tag - £350.

INT. MOVING TRAIN TOILET - DAY

Jack opens the suit, and forces a small rip in the inside pocket.

INT. MENSWEAR STORE (DIFFERENT BRANCH) - DAY

Jack is at the counter showing the manager the ripped pocket.

JACK

My Mum lost the receipt.
She went mad when she saw it.
You don't want her coming down
and giving you what for, I can
tell you.

(beat)

You know I'm entitled, for
faulty goods, under Consumer
Rights, a full cash refund.

The Manager disappears in the back with the suit.
Jack twitches...looks around nervously...bites his lip...
looks at his watch...looks nervously at the entrance...
...up at the security cameras...thinks about making a run
for it...when...
...the Manager reappears.

MANAGER
Lucky for you we're
out of gift vouchers.

CU - Jack's RELIEF.

MANAGER
(counting cash)
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty,
that's three hundred and fifty
pounds. Thank you, Sir. Sorry
about that.

JACK
That's alright. Shit 'appens!

Jack exits with a handful of cash. He kisses the wad.

EXT. HOPE AND ANCHOR PUB - DAY

Jack enters.

INT. HOPE AND ANCHOR PUB - DAY

Stepper and Jonas play pool.

STEPPER
(checks his watch)
Five o'clock. Fuck me.
Right on time.

JONAS
Right on time.

Jack sits at a table. Stepper and Jonas sit next to him.
Jack counts out three hundred. Stepper takes it.

STEPPER
What you want on tick?

JACK
An eighth.

STEPPER
(to Jonas)
You heard the man.

CU - Jonas hands Jack a bag of white rocks.

Jack pockets it.

STEPPER
That's another three hundred
for Friday.

JACK
Yeah. No problem. Friday.

INT. JACK'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

Jack sits on his dirty bed in his dirty underwear,
holding a home-made crack pipe. He lights a rock,
inhales, and falls back on his mattress, *high*.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BEDSIT - MORNING.

Title - 'Friday'

...a double mattress on a crammed-full-of-shit floor in
the middle of the *bedsit from hell*. Something wriggles /
grunts under a filthy duvet...

A rat nibbles a piece of pizza...

Suddenly, *CRASH*, Stepper and Jonas break through the door.

STEPPER / JONAS

Wakey wakey! Wakey wakey!

Jack sits BOLT UPRIGHT in bed. CU - Jack's WIDE EYES.

The rat nibbles...

THE END