

A NEW SUIT

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A good looking young MAN (20's) steps out of the passenger side of a Black SUV. He's dressed down in jeans and t-shirt. A silver Zippo lighter is dancing in his hand.

MAN

Yeah, no, I get it... But it's not really my style, why a suit?

The driver steps out on the other side. A beautiful WOMAN (40's) lowers her sunglasses and shoots him a look. She's stylishly dressed with a trendy satchel draped over her shoulder a woman oozing confidence.

WOMAN

Because it's your first day and you need to look your best.

She closes the door and steps around the front of the vehicle joining him on the sidewalk. She glares at the lighter as the man repetitively flicks it open and closed.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(disapproving glance)  
Stop with the lighter, its annoying.

MAN

Well, I think I look pretty damn good. And more importantly, I'm confident I can get the job done.

WOMAN

That confidence is good. It's important to show that you mean business.

The car alarm SOUNDS securing the vehicle as they turn and start walking down the sidewalk.

MAN

Yeah, but a suit? I'm more comfortable in jeans and a hoody.

WOMAN

That's all fine and dandy in your personal time. But in your professional career it pays to look your best.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Your appearance matters in life.  
You need to instill confidence that  
you are capable.

MAN

Again, there is no questioning I'm  
capable.

WOMAN

I'm sure you will be fine. Now  
let's get you something to wear.

They reach the front of an old haberdashery. Clearly has seen better days. The front neon sign reads: MEN'S CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES. It fights hard to stay lit up. The woman motions her head toward the door.

MAN

Really? This place is a dump.

She opens the door for him.

WOMAN

Never judge a book by it's cover.

MAN

That is literally the opposite of  
what you've been telling me all  
afternoon.

WOMAN

Shut up and go in.

He grins, victorious. She pops him playfully on the back of the head as he enters the building. She pulls off her sunglasses and follows.

INT. HABERDASHERY - DAY

Old, dusty, run down. The man glances over to the woman and shakes his head.

MAN

Really?

WOMAN

I'm sure you'll find something that  
suits you.

The man grins.

MAN

Suits me. Very funny.

A young female STORE CLERK (20's) appears from the back. Slim, cute and knows it. The man notices her instantly.

CLERK

We're about to close.

WOMAN

This shouldn't take long. The young man here is starting a new job and needs a nice suit.

The clerk and young man make eye contact. She smiles.

CLERK

(playfully)

Well, I'm sure we can find something that will help him get that first big raise in no time.

The young man cracks a smile at this.

CLERK (CONT'D)

But, like I said, we close in a few minutes, the tailor already left so no alterations.

WOMAN

I'm sure we'll be able to find something off the rack.

CLERK

Fine.

The clerk turns to walk toward the stock room.

WOMAN

Will you not be helping us?

CLERK

(as she leaves)

I thought you said you could just find something off the rack.

The young man glances over to the woman.

MAN

She's a little hottie.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his Zippo lighter and gives it a flick.

WOMAN

Put it away.

The young man rolls his eyes, defiantly snaps on a flame. The woman grabs the lighter from his hand.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's annoying, people remember annoying.

MAN

Could we just get this over with.

The man and woman slowly stalk the store.

WOMAN

You want to make sure everything is right. The proper wardrobe for the setting.

MAN

Again the clothes are not what's important. It's what I'm packing underneath that matters.

WOMAN

Please. I don't want to hear about what you're "packing" underneath.

He smiles at this. The woman drops her satchel and sifts through a rack pulling out a black suit. She hands it to him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Go try this one on.

MAN

I don't need to try it on. I'm sure it will fit fine.

WOMAN

The way a man's suit fits says something about who you are.

The clerk re-emerges from the back room, sees the suit in the man's hand.

CLERK

So you ready then.

WOMAN

Almost, just need to try it on.

The man rolls his eyes and smiles at the clerk.

CLERK  
(exhaling in annoyance)  
Whatever.. Dressing room is this  
way.

INT: DRESSING ROOM

The man steps into the room followed by the clerk, crowding him, holding a tape measure.

MAN  
I thought you weren't helping?

CLERK  
I got places to be, hurry up and  
take off your pants.

The man feigns shock.

MAN  
I normally like a lady to buy me a  
drink first.

Unimpressed the clerk hold up the tape measure.

CLERK  
I need to get check your inseam,  
those jeans will screw up my  
measurements.

The man drops the jeans, the clerk begins measuring and notices his wallet has slipped out of his pants.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
She's wrong you know, the fit  
matters. But not as much as the  
logo sewn into the back.

As she slides one hand up to anchor the measure, the other hand empties the cash from his wallet.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
There is nothing sexier than a man  
in an expensive well cut suit. I  
was right, these pants are the  
wrong fit, I'll be right back.

The clerk kicks the wallet back under the pants as she leaves the dressing room.

INT: HABERDASHARY

The woman continues to glance through the suits. The clerk returns from the dressing room and grabs a new pair of pants throwing them over the dressing room door.

WOMAN

So they left you in charge?

CLERK

Uh-huh.

WOMAN

All alone?

The woman moves around the store, picking up a white shirt and black tie and tossing them over the dressing room door.

CLERK

Yeah, well, normally the owner is here with me but he and his wife are having some drama, if you know what I mean. Needs me to cover for him. Between you and me, I'm pretty sure he's going to leave her.

WOMAN

They never do sweetie. They always want to have the cake and eat it too.

The clerk smiles, confidently.

CLERK

I'm pretty sure that he's getting tired of choking down that old dry cake.

The woman forces a smile. The young man returns wearing the suit. The woman notices, the clerk stares at him, impressed.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Looks great, let's ring you up.

He grins. The woman ignores the clerk and moves to the man.

WOMAN

Let's take a look. Go step in front of the mirror.

He steps up to the three way dressing mirror.

MAN

Well?

WOMAN

I'm not embarrassed to be seen with you.

MAN

I'll take that as a compliment.

The woman smooths the shoulders of the jacket, moves around the man inspecting the fit.

WOMAN

It's the details that are important, crisp and clean.

The woman runs her hand down the sleeve of the jacket, noticing a errant thread.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Never leave any loose ends.

The woman's eyes catch the man's, she breaks the loose thread. The clerk is fighting hard to hide her annoyance, the woman notices and keeps her eyes on her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

One loose thread can unravel everything for you and your client.

CLERK

So we ready then?

WOMAN

(ignoring the clerk)  
Move around in it, how does it feel?

He stretches out, exaggerating the movement in his arms, then throwing a couple of punches as if shadow boxing.

MAN

It's good, better movement than I'd imagine.

WOMAN

One day you will look back on this moment and realize the importance of it. The first day of your career. The first day as a company man. A real man.

MAN

Pretty sure I became a real man back in high school with that foreign exchange student.



The clerk smirks.

WOMAN

Shush. I don't want to hear about that. Go, grab your stuff out of the dressing room.

The man heads back toward the dressing room, the clerk allows her eyes to follow him as he saunters away. Her eyes catch a glimpse of the woman's satchel leaning against the wall.

CLERK

That boy of yours is quite the looker.

WOMAN

Don't let him hear you say that. It'll go straight to his head. We are going to wear the suit out, can you get us one more just like it? Same style, color and cut.

CLERK

We don't have any more of that style on the floor and we're closing.

WOMAN

So in the back then?

The clerk rolls her eyes at the woman, no longer trying to hide her disdain.

CLERK

Don't forget your bag, I'm not opening back up after you realize you forgot it.

She vanishes into the back room. The man steps out of the changing room with his street clothes balled up under his arm, wearing the suit.

MAN

Okay. I admit it, the suit feels right. What other wisdom would you like to impart on me.

WOMAN

Always be professional, do not deviate from the arrangements. Remember they are the designers. You're just a facilitator. Easily replaceable.

MAN

Kinda taking the glamor out of it.

WOMAN

There is no glamor. This is simply a job. Nothing more. Nothing less.

MAN

Sure pays better than your standard nine to five.

She smiles.

WOMAN

Remember. There's plenty of others out there gunning for the same accounts. And they'll be ready to take your place if you screw this up.

MAN

Gunning. Funny.

The clerk returns with the garment bags and steps up to them at the counter. She smiles at the man.

CLERK

So two of the same. Keep it stylish and simple.

The man shoots her a look as she rings up the sale.

MAN

I'm new at this. That's why she brought me here.

CLERK

Maybe next time you show up earlier and give yourself more of a chance to look around.

The clerk forces a fake smile as she bags the second suit.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Total is \$1,235.72.

He pulls out his wallet confused that it's empty and starts to slide out his credit card. The woman grabs it from him, flicks the Zippo lighter and burns out the numbers on the card. The clerk takes a step back, startled.

WOMAN

You should never use credit cards. Credit cards track you.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
People wanting to know your  
business. Not good.

She pulls out a roll of cash and peals of 13 hundred dollar bills and hands them to the cashier. The man looks embarrassed, he should have known.

CLERK  
(recovering)  
Sorry Mom, drawer has already been  
counted. I'm only accepting credit  
cards.

MAN  
Oh, she's not my mom.

Unfazed, the woman pulls and additional hundred off her roll and adds it to the pile of cash.

WOMAN  
Well sweetie, it appears that our  
credit card has been damaged... How  
about you take the cash and  
consider the extra a tip for all  
your hard work.

The clerk stares at the woman for a moment, never taking her eyes off the woman she picks up the cash, folds it half and tucks it into her bra. The clerk then kisses the receipt and writes her phone number just below the lipstick mark, she then slides it over to the man. The woman forces a smile and forcibly turns the man to exit the store. The woman did not grab the satchel she entered with. The clerk follows behind them locking up as soon as they are out of the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As the man and woman walk back to their SUV the woman tosses the zippo lighter back to the man.

WOMAN  
You really need to stop playing  
with that thing.

MAN  
Yeah, yeah. Annoying right.

WOMAN  
It could be the death of you.

The man flips the lighter, he flicks it up and snaps it to light, at that moment the haberdashery storefront EXPLODES out onto the street setting off car alarms and sending debris flying everywhere. Unflinching they continue down the street.

MAN

Her?

WOMAN

She just didn't understand that you never, ever get in the way of a married woman. And even moist cake burns.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

Nevermind.

(beat)

Are you sure this job is for you?

MAN

Never been more certain.

WOMAN

Then stop with the cigarettes or you won't live long enough to enjoy the perks.

FADE OUT