

"SUPERMARKET"

by

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FADE IN:

INT — LATE MODEL VEHICLE BACK SEAT — DAWN

We're seated directly behind a very old MIZ EDNA. She's blue haired, of course, and sees the road through the space between the steering wheel and dashboard. The radio plays classical.

EXT — RATTY NEIGHBORHOOD — STILL DAWN

MIZ EDNA's vehicle creaks as it eases into the SUPERFOOD'S parking lot. A lone piece of trash blows over the empty expanse of asphalt. MIZ EDNA parks in the handicapped spot.

EXT — SUPERFOODS DOORWAY — DAWN

She eases out of the car with her cane. Clutching her suitcase or a purse and leaning heavily on the cane, MIZ EDNA shuffles to the automatic door.

Nothing.

She waves her arm in front of the door, still nothing. MIZ EDNA waits a moment, then stomps her foot around on the mat as if to trigger a hidden switch.

Shadows grow shorter as the day wears on with the door not budging. She glares from side to side before jumping up and down on the mat. MIZ EDNA hops from foot to foot for a few moments before resuming her jumps. Tiring, she catches her breath, steps off the mat, and starts whacking the doormat

with her cane. The blows' noise echoes off the surrounding buildings' surfaces. No one else is around.

Still determined, MIZ EDNA uses her cane as a lever in the door's handle, trying to pry it open. She strains, grunts, and has no luck. Exhausted, MIZ EDNA staggers to her car, leaning against it to catch her breath. Another late model car enters the lot, parking in a spot furthest from the door. The assistant manager, SKIP MONROE, is a schleppey guy in his early twenties. He strolls over to the front entrance, brushing past MIZ EDNA, keys jangling in his hand.

SKIP

Hey, Miz EDNA, what's up?

MIZ EDNA

Your door is stuck again, young man.

SKIP

We'll have to have it looked at again.

MIZ EDNA

(pushing past him through the opened door)
Bah! Make it soon!
Some of us have things to do!

INT — SUPERFOODS - 7:55 AM

SKIP flips on the lights, watching as MIZ EDNA wrestles with and frees a stuck

shopping cart. The fluorescence floods the store; the automatic doors begin humming with electricity. SKIP punches his card in the time clock and unlocks the office. The phone rings.

SKIP

Yes, we're open now.

(beat)

Until 10 tonight, ma'am.

TINA

(bouncing in and around the office)

Heh-loooo! I'm here!
Good morning! My cash drawer? Yay!

TINA MAY, a college age girl, grabs up a cash drawer, rushes out of the office, and punches the clock. She takes a pen from her smock pocket and carefully writes 8:00 over the 7:57 printed in the AM slot while juggling the drawer.

TINA

(spying LISA PRYOR, barely through the door)
LISA! How's it going?
Great day, huh?

LISA

Hey.

The same age and as calm as TINA is not, LISA is handed her cash drawer by SKIP and heads for her register. PETEY LLOYD and JOEY DUNN cause a ruckus entering the store,

punching each other in the arm in a tough man contest. They continue through clocking in and wandering off toward the back of the store.

HARRY SWANSON enters, nods, and goes straight for the break room without removing his dark sunglasses. We see him wince when passing TINA'S express lane register.

TINA

HARRY! Good morning!

LISA

Ever think of decaf?

TINA

Don't be silly, Leese!
Orange juice doesn't
have caffeine.

MIZ EDNA crashing her cart into TINA'S items conveyor belt startles everyone.

TINA

MIZ EDNA! You're ready
to go so soon?

MIZ EDNA

(examining her cart and
the check stand for
damage)
Oh my! Did I do that?

TINA

(bounding around to the
front of MIZ EDNA'S
caved in cart)

That? Goodness no!
Petey did that with a
crate of oranges.
You're fine!

TINA unloads MIZ EDNA'S items over her
protests, almost tossing them onto the belt.

INT — SUPERFOODS PRODUCE ASLE — MIDMORNING

We see PETEY carefully stacking heads of
lettuce from a box. He looks over his
shoulder, still stacking gingerly. As he
works, he keeps an eye on the overhead
cameras, treating each head like it's a soap
bubble.

Placing the last lettuce on the stack causes
another to fall. PETEY picks it up, brushes
the produce off on his smock. Before he can
put the lettuce in its place, yet another
head comes down.

He grabs the second, also brushes it off as
carefully as he did the first, and looks for
secure places for both lettuces.

PETEY'S just about to let go of both when
nearly the whole stack rolls to the floor.
Without even glancing at the camera, PETEY
loses his temper, punching the heads of
lettuce like they were enemy skulls. He
scoots on his belly, grabbing up those
who've moved from him in the fight.

A loose leaf flies out and hits the shoe of
SKIP, who PETEY hadn't noticed. The younger
man stops in mid punch, still holding a head
of lettuce.

SKIP

Bet you're glad these
aren't coconuts.

PETEY

I, um, I can clean this
up right quick.

SKIP

Can you?

PETEY

And make all the produce
look great.

SKIP

Good idea.

PETEY

Probably could sweep up
some of this.

SKIP

Yeah, and keep you from
having to sweep the
parking lot.

PETEY

All of it?

SKIP

Every speck for the rest
of the week, so you'll
want to do a good job
here.

INT - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

JOEY is sitting in the break room and Harry
comes in, going straight for the cups and
sink.

JOEY

Hey, sir, rough night?

HARRY

Umhmmm.

HARRY dunks two tea bags in a small cup of hot water. He sits in the booth across from JOEY.

HARRY

Why are you in here so soon after opening?

JOEY

Fixing coffee for everyone.

HARRY

You can't start brewing and work until it's ready?

JOEY

I could, but there's nothing to do.

We'd see HARRY give JOEY a sardonic look if able to see through HARRY'S super dark sunglasses. HARRY goes to the refrigerator, gets a couple cubes of ice, and puts them in his tea. He sits, stirring the still hot drink gingerly with his finger.

HARRY

Sweeping?

JOEY

Swept.

HARRY

Changing sale signs?

JOEY

Changed.

HARRY

Anything else?

JOEY

Nope.

HARRY fishes out the two tea bags, squeezing out the excess water. He tilts back his head, closes his eyes, and puts the bags tentatively on his eyelids.

JOEY

My Mom does that.

HARRY

Mm hmm. Can you not find something else to do?

JOEY

I can. Mom doesn't put hot ones on. Hot ones won't work and those look like they're hot.

HARRY

They are.

JOEY

They're supposed to be
cold.

HARRY

Mm hmm.

JOEY

Cold shrinks the puffy,
hot makes them puffier.

HARRY sighs.

HARRY

Great. I'll sit here
and wait until they turn
cold. Meanwhile, you
can sweep under the
checkers' mats.

JOEY slides out of the booth, bumping
HARRY'S feet and further annoying the older
man.

JOEY

I'm on it.

HARRY smiles, visibly relaxing. Quiet for a
moment as JOEY hovers.

JOEY

Sir?

HARRY

(screeches, tea bags
flying)
What in the hell do you
want?

JOEY

No prob, chill.
Wondered if I should
sweep under the office
mat? You might have
some managerial reason
for me not to, but if
you're gonna have a
coronary now, I can
check it later.

HARRY has been looking and found his bags,
and placed them back on his eyelids.

HARRY

You can do it now. Make
sure SKIP is out of the
way before you start
pulling on the mat.
Remember last time.

JOEY

Right. Doin' it now,
then.

(BEAT)

So we're clear, I'm
leavin' the room.

HARRY

Fine.

JOEY

(with exaggerated
movements as if HARRY
can see)
Need a cup a coffee
before I go, don't be
afraid.

HARRY

I'm not.

JOEY

Need some creamer,
sugar, and now an ice
cube so I don't burn my
tongue. Don't go nuts
again.

HARRY

Still not.

JOEY

Got my coffee, tastes
good, and am now going.

HARRY

Thank you.

JOEY

(at threshold)
A little outside the
room, don't freak, sir.

HARRY

Are you about ready to
sweep, now?

JOEY

Just about, walking that
way.

HARRY

Walk fast enough to
start before closing
time.

JOEY

Good one, sir! Am going
to start walking now.

INT — CASHIERS' STANDS - MIDMORNING

Tina is checking at 100mph, Lisa is taking
it slower, carefully running BOBBY HUGHES'
items across the scanner. When done with
the current customers, Tina starts cleaning
the unused registers.

SKIP

(he starts bagging
BOBBY'S groceries)
Hey, HUGHES!

BOBBY

What's going on, buddy?

SKIP

I should be asking you.

BOBBY

Do me a favor and read
about it in the paper.
I need all the
circulation I can get.

LISA

Get on the superhighway
and go paperless.

BOBBY

Can't do that, there's
too many old school
subscribers. Once
they're wired, we can
start saving trees.
Until then, we're doing

delivery. In other
news, I hear you have an
interview at
headquarters tomorrow.
Are you nervous?

LISA punches SKIP on the arm, enough to get
his attention but not enough to bruise or
draw blood from her rings.

LISA

Interview? You're so not
cool sneaking out on us
like that, leaving us
with HARRY.

SKIP

Thanks, HUGHES.
(to LISA)
I'm not leaving for
sure.

LISA

You're wanting to and
you're our favorite
assistant manager.

BOBBY

As if that's a prize!

LISA

Still, SKIP'S the fave
who's ditching us. The
Tweedles will cry when
they hear. That'll be
one thirty-five, fourty.

BOBBY

Tweedles?

TINA

It's JOEY and PETEY.
One's Dee and one's Dum
only Lisa's not saying
who is who. I have my
theory but it changes
nearly every day.
Sometimes it changes
every hour depending on
who's playing Dum.
Tweedles fit when you
think about it.

SKIP

anyhow, HUGHES, how'd
you know?

BOBBY

It's my job...

SKIP

JOEY!

JOEY

(a little into SKIP'S
personal space)
Yeah?

SKIP

Would you finish this,
please?

JOEY

M'kay.

LISA

(helping the lethargic JOEY)

you heard about SKIP,
right? I can't believe
he'd leave us.

JOEY

Can't blame him, there's
no jobs in town.

LISA

Come on, not even at
Marty's Mart in Salina?
They always need help.

JOEY

Not unless you want to
work 40 hours a week.
It's why I ain't gunnin'
for his job when SKIP
skips.

JOEY laughs at his own pun.

LISA

Perish the thought of
you doing that.

EXT-SUPERFOODS-MIDMORNING

A beater turns into the parking lot fast
enough to squeal the tires. Having seen
better days, the brakes whine as the car
jumps a curb and stops. RICKY WILDER hops
out, jumping around like a prize fighter
warming up before a match. He feints a few
punches.

After a few seconds of this, RICKY reaches
into his car, retrieving a bright pink
bandana and rifle. He struggles with

putting on the bandana, almost dropping his rifle a couple of times. Finally, the mask covers the bottom half of his face. RICKY sneezes and pulls the mask to below his nose but still covering his mouth.

Checking his look in the side window, he grabs another bandana, a yellow one, and covers the top of his head to his eyebrows. Convinced he's camouflaged; RICKY swaggers to the automatic doors and enters the store.

INT — SUPERFOODS- MIDMORNING

RICKY stands there, but before he can say anything, a woman with a baby and a bag of groceries approach him.

WOMAN

Hey RICKY. Ain't seen you around in a while.

RICKY

Yeah, I've been busy on the farm.

WOMAN

Too bad about the feed store. Have you found anything else, yet? I heard Marty's Mart is hiring.

RICKY

Yeah, too bad. What? No, I hadn't heard that.

WOMAN

You should put in for assistant manager if

SKIP here doesn't.

RICKY

I'll keep it in mind.
See you later.

WOMAN

See you around, RICKY.

She leaves, giving RICKY the chance to try
and block the doors with a shopping cart.

TINA watches him for a moment.

TINA

Whatcha doin'? Oh!
You're trying to keep
the doors closed!
That's not going to
work, see? The 'out'
door opens out. You
can't block it from the
inside.

She goes outside with a cart, jams it into
the hand rail. TINA comes in.

TINA

See? Now, let's put
another cart here.

She again jams a cart into the handrail,
this time, inside the store.

TINA

Much better! See? No

one can go in or out.
Which is silly, really.
Looks like you're going
hunting. You need
supplies, don't you?
Here, let's get you a
cart in case you need
one.

She starts tugging at the jammed cart,
trying to free it.

RICKY

(pulling her away by the
arm)
Knock it off!

TINA

Ok! Ok! You don't have
to be rude. I'll get
you a basket instead.

RICKY

You don't understand,
lady, I'm here to rob
the place. Hands on
your head!

TINA

Oh m' God, RICKY! Are
you serious? Because
that is not a smart
thing to do.

RICKY

I don't care what it is,
and stop calling me
RICKY. You don't know
my name.

TINA

(wink)
Sure I don't.

RICKY

You don't.

TINA

(winks again)
No. No, I don't.

LISA comes up, pulls out a headphone bud.

LISA

Back from break, babe.
Your turn. Hey, RICKY,
nice getup. Did you bag
anything while hunting?

TINA

I'm skipping break this
time. By the way, this
isn't RICKY.
(she winks at LISA)

LISA

Whatever.
(yawning)
It's slow today.

RICKY

You gals aren't taking
me seriously. Both of
you, hands on your head.
Come on, we ain't got
all day.

When he brandishes the rifle, the girls

comply.

RICKY

Good. How many people
are in here?

TINA

Customers or workers?
'Cause I think the last
customer left as you
came in and everyone
else is around here
somewhere.

RICKY

All right, good, good.
How about HARRY and
SKIP, uh, I mean, are
the managers or bosses
here? Do they know how
to open the safe?

TINA and LISA exchange glances and shrug.

TINA

I'm sure they do.

RICKY

Good, call them up here.
I noticed there might be
a couple guys I don't
know that work here,
too. They need to come
up here where I can keep
an eye on them. I don't
want anyone calling the
cop.

LISA

In another hour, you
won't have to.

RICKY

Right, lunchtime. We'd
better make this quick.
Call everyone to the
front of the store.
Make it sound normal.

TINA

Can I use my hands? The
PA system has a button I
need to push to use.

RICKY

Fine. You two can lower
your hands, but no funny
moves.

As LISA is making the announcement for
everyone to check or bag, TINA talks to
RICKY.

TINA

So, this is very
exciting! Did you ever
do anything like this
before?

RICKY

Sure, lots of times.

TINA

Really? What other
businesses? Were they
all grocery stores? Did
you get a lot of money?

RICKY
(distracted and becoming
annoyed)
What? Lots of places.
Quit asking questions,
I'm busy here.

HARRY, SKIP, JOEY, and PETEY meander up, no
one seeming alarmed at RICKY'S appearance or
gun.

HARRY
(to SKIP)
Remind me to put a sign
up about concealed
weapons.

SKIP
RICKY isn't concealing
his.

HARRY
You're right. Maybe he
should be concealing so
he doesn't scare the
other customers.

RICKY
Enough talk! This is a
hold up. I want all the
cash from the registers
and the safe. Pronto.