

OPEN WITH BLACK SCREEN.

We hear a car turn off by MATT (19), soon to be revealed as a slightly handsome and well put together young man. Although he has a strong build, his posture suggests otherwise. He sighs.

We hear movement and then the car door slamming shut.

CUT IN FROM BLACK:

EXT. PITT'S GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - EVENING

Matt, wearing his Pitt's uniform, ashamedly looks around the lot before power-walking inside the medium sized grocery store.

MATT (V.O.)  
Alright here we go. Please don't let  
anybody fucking see me.

INT. PITT'S PRODUCE SECTION - EVENING

After only a few quick and timid steps into the lifeless, artificially lit store, Matt looks ahead to a clear path before him and looks relieved. After a few more steps, he walks by a YOUNG WOMAN (20), a pleasant and friendly-looking young lady.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Hi Matt! How's it going?

Matt smirks and waves, and continues walking.

MATT (V.O.)  
Goddammit.

Matt then passes by MUSTACHE MAN, a middle-aged man with a mustache (early 40's)

MUSTACHE MAN  
Howdy, Mr. Matt!

Matt looks disgruntled and continues walking. Cut to ABRAHAM LINCOLN with a shopping cart, with a bag of produce in hand.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
Why, hello there, Matt!

Matt begins walking faster. Cut to an old woman with a basket.

OLD WOMAN  
Hi Matt. I didn't know you worked

here.

Cut to JOHN F. KENNEDY holding an apple.

JOHN F. KENNEDY

My fellow Americans, ask not what  
your country can do for you, but ask  
what you can do for your country.

Cut to a man making out with an orange. Then, an alien  
monster that says something in an alien language that  
translates in subtitles to "Hey Matt." Then, cut to an OLDER  
MAN (late 50's) bagging some produce. He looks at the camera  
and shiftily around.

(beat)

OLDER MAN

What?

He continues bagging for a moment and after another beat,

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, hey there Matt! How's it goin'?

Matt hurries out of the produce section and through the back  
room door.

INT. BREAK ROOM - EVENING

Matt enters the dingy, dimly lit and cramped break room and  
turns to the digital time clock to punch in. ERIC (mid 20s),  
a tall and lanky guy wearing a flour covered apron, hat in  
hand, and LANCE (mid 20s), a heavysset and ugly young man  
whose hair always seems wet, sit reclined at the break room  
table. Behind Eric, on the wall, there is a large POSTER  
with several pictures of worker's on it and a packet with  
work schedules. As he punches in, Eric speaks.

ERIC

There he is! First night shift  
tonight, eh buddy?

MATT

Yup. Can't wait.

ERIC

Let's see who they got training  
you...

Eric flips through a packet on the wall of work schedules.  
He finds Matt's schedule, snorts and turns to Lance.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Shit dude, they've got him workin'

with Toots!

LANCE  
Good luck with that, man.

MATT  
Nah, I'm pretty sure I'm working  
with JoAnn, or something like that.

ERIC  
JoAnn is Toots. Her last name is  
Tuteberg, so everyone just calls her  
Toots.

MATT  
Oh.

ERIC  
Yea, she's fuckin' crazy man.

Eric looks down and shakes his head.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I hate fuckin' Toots.

LANCE  
Wait...  
(beat)  
Do you like, not like Toots, or do  
you just not like having sex with  
her?

ERIC  
Maybe a little of both.

Eric and Lance laugh bone-headedly.

MATT  
I'm not too surprised. (chuckles)  
The people in this store are so  
fucked.

ERIC  
Yea, good luck, dude. She's, like,  
bipolar or some shit. I'm pretty  
sure she had a brain tumor removed a  
few years ago so some days she's  
tired, some days she's crazy as  
shit. You just better hope it's a  
good day today.

MATT  
Great. You guys workin' tomorrow?

LANCE  
Every day... Hey, just try to ignore  
her, man. She can smell your fear.

MATT  
Alright. See ya, then.

Matt exits the break room.

INT. FRONT REGISTERS - NIGHT

The front of the store has six registers, is lit with bright artificial lighting, and is filled with the steady sound of beeping from the scanner of TOOTS' register. Toots (late 60s), is short and round, with about five strands of thinning grey hair on either side of her head and, of course, no teeth. She seems like the byproduct of if a homeless man had sex with a troll he found under a bridge. Toots checks-out a LITTLE GIRL (10) and the LITTLE GIRL'S DAD at register 4, as Matt walks to register 2.

TOOTS  
(sweetly)  
Hi there, sweetheart. Did you and  
your daddy find everything okay?

Toots scans and bags slowly as she speaks.

LITTLE GIRL'S DAD  
Yes. Thank you.

TOOTS  
Here, I might actually have some  
candy for you. But don't spoil your  
dinner!

As Toots looks around her register for a small bowl of candy the MANAGER (late 30s), a wiry, bald man, who wears a shirt and tie instead of the uniform of the other employees, walks over.

TOOTS  
What now?

MANAGER  
Toots, there's a customer at the  
service desk that says you didn't  
give them sale prices...

TOOTS  
Yea. None of the stuff she wanted  
was in the system. She kept showing  
me an old mailer from last week.

MANAGER

Well, you know our policy. You have to suggest that the customer read through the new mailer and then call a manager over.

TOOTS

Yea, yea. Well, can I make a suggestion for you?

MANAGER

Sure, what is it?

TOOTS

Why don't you go suck a dick?

(beat)

She turns and gives the candy to the now frightened little girl.

TOOTS (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

Here you are sweetie. Have a nice night, now.

Meanwhile, Matt logs onto his register.

MATT (V.O.)

Lancet, it's gonna be a long night.

The customers leave and the Manager walks over to Matt.

MANAGER

Hey, Matt. Lookin' good tonight.

MATT

Thanks?

(Beat: Matt's eyes shift around uncomfortably.)

MANAGER

Mmm. Let me take a mental image of that.

(beat)

Save that for later.

He winks and Matt gives a dead stare.

MANAGER

Yea, well, I'm getting off right now. So-

MATT

Yea, I can see that.

MANAGER

What was that?

MATT

Oh, sorry, I just thought it looked like you were ready to head out.

As the manager talks, Matt looks him over and focuses on his incredibly bad dental hygiene.

MANAGER

Right. So, now that I'm heading out, it'll just be you Toots and a couple of the night crew people in the back. I'd love to show you my rope-- I mean, show you the ropes, but if you have any questions just ask Toots. She should hopefully know a thing or two by now.

MATT (V.O.) [ON TOP OF OTHER DIALOGUE]

Damn. Looks like his *teeth* clocked out early.

CUT to reveal a DRUMMER at a set behind Matt who plays a rim-shot, while Matt winks and points at the camera.

MATT

Alright thanks.

MANAGER

Ok. See you two! Be gentle with him Toots.

The manager waves, laughs, bumps into the drummer, who is carrying his snare and crash cymbal, apologizes, and exits. Matt looks around, up at the ceiling, and then sighs.

TOOTS

Hey kid.

MATT (V.O.)

Fuck. Just ignore it.

(beat)

TOOTS

Hey!

Matt pretends to look under his register for something.

LANCE (V.O.)

Hey, just try to ignore her man. She can smell your fear.

TOOTS

Hey shut the fuck up!

Matt looks confused, and then looks over his shoulder to see Lance on the register 3's intercom behind him with Eric. Lance and Eric laugh.

ERIC

Hey man, we're about to make like a tree and get the fuck out of here, but it looks like someone is trying to talk to you.

MATT

Oh. *Thanks guys.*

LANCE

Good luck.

Lance and Eric leave. Matt turns to face Toots.

MATT

I'm sorry, what was it you said?

TOOTS

I *was gonna say*, do my eyebrows look even? Not sure if I drew them on crooked.

Cut to show that Toots has penciled in eyebrows that appear to be normal.

MATT

Yea. Looks... great.

Matt turns his back to Toots again and looks forward blankly.

TOOTS

You know, back when I wasn't this fat piece of shit that I am now, I was a total hot ass. I mean, I used to get with all the guys.

MATT

Yea... that's great.

TOOTS

I got more than my fair share of... well... you know me.

MATT

Actually, no. I don't know you at all. I literally just met you.

TOOTS

Ok, well, let's just say I used to

get a lot of... *rooster*,

Toots winks.

TOOTS (CONT'D)  
if you know what I mean.

Matt smirks uncomfortably and nods.

TOOTS (CONT'D)  
I'm talking about cock.

MATT  
Yea... I- I got it.

A customer comes to Matt's rescue, and he greets them.

INT. FRONT REGISTERS - NIGHT (LATER)

TOOTS (V.O.)  
Attention shoppers: Pitt's will be  
closing in 15 minutes. Thank you.

Matt rubs his face from boredom, just as the NIGHT SHOPPER (mid 40s), a fit young woman, in workout attire, goes by with a grocery cart, clearly beginning a week's worth of shopping.

Toots wipes off her eyebrows and draws on angry eyebrows.

TOOTS  
Are you twisting my nips right now?  
The people in this fucking town do  
this shit all the goddamn time.

Matt leans up against his register and looks around the store. He watches the NIGHT SHOPPER walk by.

MATT (V.O.)  
God-fuckin-dammit. Shannon's mom's  
gonna see me and tell her I work  
here. This night keeps getting  
better and better. Fuck me.

The store looks completely empty. Suddenly, he hears moaning. We can only see Matt.

TOOTS  
Ah, hell yea.

Matt doesn't turn around but seems disturbed.

TOOTS (CONT'D)  
Yea, that's what the fuck I'm

talking about, baby.

Matt turns his head to see Toots holding a magazine.

TOOTS (CONT'D)  
Goddamn, that's a fucking thick slab  
of meat right there.

MATT (V.O.)  
Are you kidding me? Who the fuck  
looks at porn at work?

TOOTS  
Uh, you gotta see this kid. So  
fuckin' hot.

MATT  
Uh, no thanks.

TOOTS  
Just look at it!

Toots holds up the magazine to Matt and it's revealed that she's literally looking at a picture of a honey-glazed ham in the store's weekly mailer.

Matt's discovery is interrupted as Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy then step up to Matt's line and plop a single banana and a box of condoms down on the conveyor, and Matt starts the belt. Matt looks down at the items, at Lincoln, at the items, and back at Lincoln. Lincoln and Kennedy bow their heads down ashamedly.

Matt scans and bags the items in complete silence.

MATT  
Alright, your total is 14 even, and  
did you want a bag?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
No. No, thank you.

As Lincoln leaves, Matt's face becomes panicked, and we see that Toots has grabbed onto his ass. Matt becomes statuesque in fear.

MATT (V.O.)  
Oh my God. Please, just get away  
from me.

After a moment, Toots pulls away.

TOOTS  
Oh, you're no fun. Usually the guys

around here squirm a little bit.

Matt jumps back and away from her.

MATT

What the fuck lady?! You can't do that shit! You're just like every other scumbag piece of shit in this place! I'm gonna get you fired for that. That's so fucked up!

Matt storms off toward the back room, and over his shoulder adds.

MATT (CONT'D)

And, I don't even really think your eyebrows look that good!

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Matt throws open the door, whips out his cell phone, and begins to dial a number. He runs his hands through his hair and taps his foot impatiently as the phone rings. Matt looks around the room and notices the POSTER on the wall with large Nursery School letters that spell out "Get Well Soon". Scanning the poster, he notices a picture of Toots recovering in a hospital bed with bandages on her head, to imply that she got the brain tumor removed.

MATT (V.O.)

Wow.

(beat)

Matt drops his eyes to the ground ashamedly.

And I'm complaining about people *seeing* me.

Matt pulls the phone from his ear, stops the call, and returns his phone to his pocket.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I can't believe she's been here s--

TOOTS (INTERCOM V.O.)

Hey, lady! 5 minutes 'til the store closes, you asswipe!

Matt chuckles and exits the break room.

INT. FRONT REGISTERS - NIGHT

Toots and Matt stand silently at their registers. Toots checks a clock on her register.

TOOTS  
Alright, 11 O'clock. Time to get the  
fuck outta here!

Not a moment after Toots says this, the Night Shopper pulls up to her lane. Toots grabs the telephone at her station to page the intercom, staring the shopper dead in her eyes.

TOOTS  
Attention shoppers: Pitt's is now  
closed. So please, get the fuck out!

NIGHT SHOPPER  
Excuse me? I'm a paying customer.  
You have to check me out.

TOOTS  
No, I don't lady. The store's  
closed.

NIGHT SHOPPER  
Didn't they teach you 'the customer  
is always right'?

TOOTS  
Look, it's past closing time.

NIGHT SHOPPER  
How do you know? Do you even know  
how to tell time? Most of you people  
didn't even get through middle  
school, you dumb idiot!

Toots shrinks down and looks sad. She wipes off her eyebrows and draws on sad eyebrows. Matt turns to the Night Shopper.

MATT  
Excuse me, Mrs. O'Brien. I can help  
you out. Unlike *some people*, I *did*  
finish middle school and I'm  
actually in college right now, so I  
think I should be able to handle  
this.

NIGHT SHOPPER  
Oh, Matt, I didn't even see you  
there! Thank God. Let me tell you,  
some of the people they have working  
here...

Matt walks over to Toots' register.

MATT  
Certainly. Certainly. Let me just

check the time here.

He looks at Toots' clock.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh, wait... It's *still* after 11, and the *store is still fucking closed*. I guess you're the one who can't tell time, you fuckin' dumb bitch! Get the hell out of here and learn to treat people with some goddamn respect!

The Night Shopper becomes appalled and abandons her cart.

NIGHT SHOPPER

Well, I'll be telling your manager about this.

As she exits, Matt stares off at her OTS and Toots slowly creeps in frame behind him.

TOOTS

Hey, thanks, kid. You really didn't have to say anything. I'm used to this shit at this point.

MATT

That's alright. You don't deserve that... or what I said earlier either. No one does.

TOOTS

Welp, it's time to shut off your register and you can head home. You did good.

Matt turns off his register and wipes down his conveyor. Toots grabs his ass again.

TOOTS (CONT'D)

Unless you wanna come out to my truck and let me use *your* stick shift.

Matt closes his eyes, chuckles, and shakes his head.

CUT TO BLACK

