

PRICE CHECK-HOME OF ECONOMY

written by

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ACT ONE

(A)

INT. STORE, MANAGERS' OFFICE
(KRIS, BRAD, JASON)

KRIS AND BRAD, TWO COLLEGE-AGED, MEAGER EMPLOYEES, SIT AT DESKS IN THE MANAGERS' OFFICE INSIDE THEIR LOCAL GENERAL STORE.

KRIS

I never said your girlfriend was a bitch. She IS. But I never said it.

BRAD

Have you even met Leah?

KRIS

No, but I feel like I have a close understanding of her personality because you talk about her so much.

BRAD

She's a lot cooler in person.

KRIS

(sarcastically)

I'd bet she is. I thought you said she was being a real bitch to you.

BRAD

She was being a pain in my ass yesterday. That's it.

KRIS

Maybe you could buy her something. Isn't that how you normally fix your relationship?

BRAD

I could, but I've really wanted to get an Xbox 360 for the last couple months.

KRIS

(holds up hands
like weight
balances)

Let's think logically: Xbox 360 gets the Red Ring of Death once, and then it leaves. Leah gets the Red Ring of Death monthly.

BRAD

Who would have guessed you'd pull out a period joke? And you wonder why you don't have a girlfriend?

KRIS

Good questions. What girl wouldn't like me?

BRAD

I don't know, the kind of chick that doesn't like guys that live in their parents' basement when they're in college?

KRIS

Shut up, dude. At least I'm enjoying the benefits of being single in college.

BRAD

Yeah, because you're a real partier once you leave here.

KRIS

But I don't have to make base contact with my girlfriend every two hours.

BRAD

Base contact? What's that supposed to mean?

KRIS

Every legitimate break we take, you have to call Leah.

JASON, THE PUSH-OVER STORE DIRECTOR, WALKS BY THE OFFICE DOOR.

JASON

(outraged)

What the hell are you two doing in here?

BRAD

Oh, Jason, I was just having a discussion with Kris about the social discourses that exacerbated the Cold War.

JASON

(flustered)

Just...Go find something to do. I told you guys not to sit in this office, especially at my desk!
Now, get out of here!

KRIS AND BRAD STAND UP FROM THE DESKS AND STROLL OUT OF THE OFFICE, LEAVING JASON AT HIS DESK.

KRIS

What was all that stuff about the Cold War?

BRAD

I just like to mess with Jason because he's got a middle school vocabulary.

KRIS

Huh. I thought you liked to mess with him because he's an asshole.

EXIT.

(B)

INT. STORE, SALES FLOOR
(KRIS, BRAD, HOBO JIM)

KRIS AND BRAD COME AROUND A CORNER, TALKING BETWEEN EACH OTHER.

KRIS

What do you think makes him so uptight? Bad childhood?

BRAD

Maybe he wasn't hugged enough. Or he was hugged too much. Either way, he had too much or too little of something.

KRIS

Maybe he was molested.

BRAD

(snaps head to look at Kris, confused, then agreeing)

Or that. Wait...can you smell that?

KRIS

Yeah...God, it smells like sweat and piss.

(pauses, sniffs)

BRAD

He's here...

KRIS AND BRAD FOLLOW THEIR NOSES AND DISCOVER A HOMELESS MAN, HOBO JIM, ASLEEP ON ONE OF THE COUCHES IN THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

KRIS

Brad, Hobo Jim, nine o'clock.

(motions to
their left)

HOBO JIM

(snores softly)

BRAD

Jim!

(louder)

JIM!

HOBO JIM

(slightly
grumbles, rolls
over, still
asleep)

KRIS

Hey, Stinky!

HOBO JIM

(annoyed)

What? I'm trying to sleep here.

BRAD

We said you couldn't sleep here,
Jim.

KRIS

Yeah, you smell like piss...and
tuna?

HOBO JIM

(reaches into
his coat
pocket)

Yeah, I found this sandwich
outside and figured I'd save it
for later.

BRAD

(lightly)

Get out of here, Jim. We can't
have you sleeping on furniture
we're trying to sell.

HOBO JIM

Come on, man, I got nowhere else
to go. It's freezin' outside.

BRAD

(thinking for a
moment)

Is there anywhere we could let him
sleep in the store, Kris?

KRIS

He'd probably stink up the place
less if he were in one of the ice
houses in Sporting Goods.

HOBO JIM

Ah, thanks, guys.

(stands up from
couch)

KRIS

(frantically)

Oh no! Quick, Jason's coming,
freak out like we kicked you out
of the store--just come back
inside in about half an hour.

HOBO JIM

(quietly)

You got it, guys.

(screaming, runs
outside,
flailing his
arms)

I'll burn this place to the
ground! All you people are
sinners! God will have his revenge
on you all!

KRIS GRINS AS HOBO JIM RUNS OUT THE FRONT DOORS AND STARTS
TO LAUGH TO HIMSELF.

BRAD

Jason's on lunch, you know that,
right?

KRIS

Yeah, I just love Hobo Jim's
freakouts.

BRAD

I wonder where Tracie's at. We
have to tell her about this.

KRIS AND BRAD TURN TO WALK TO THE BACKROOM TO LOOK FOR
TRACIE.

(C)

INT. STORE, BACKROOM
(TRACIE, BRAD, KRIS)

KRIS AND BRAD WALK INTO THE BACKROOM OF THE STORE AFTER "KICKING OUT" HOBO JIM. TRACIE, THE COLLEGE-AGE ASSISTANT STORE DIRECTOR, SADLY GOES THROUGH A COMPUTER'S INVENTORY SYSTEM.

TRACIE

(downtrodden)

Jason caught you guys not working
again?

BRAD

No-

(gets cut off
by Kris)

KRIS

(cuts off Brad)

We were stealthy like giraffes.

TRACIE AND BRAD EXCHANGE CONFUSED LOOKS.

BRAD

...That, and Jason's on lunch, so
he couldn't catch us. We're too
clever for him, anyways.

TRACIE

I can't believe you guys run from
him. He's really not that bad. He

(MORE)

TRACIE (CONT'D)
treats me better than my ex-
boyfriend did.

BRAD
Jason treats YOU nicely, not us.
He treats us like a couple of
lepers.

KRIS
Or bastard children.

BRAD
Either way, he doesn't like us.
And what happened with your
boyfriend?

TRACIE
(sniffling,
sobbing softly)
I drove four hours to see him. I
don't know who was surprised more:
him, his wife, or his two kids.

KRIS
Ouch. That's pretty harsh.

BRAD
Even coming from you, Kris.

TRACIE
Maybe Jason doesn't like you guys
because you don't work.

KRIS
Doubtful. Highly doubtful.

TRACIE

Oh? And what have you guys done
today so far?

KRIS AND BRAD LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THINKING A FEW SECONDS ON
THE QUESTION.

TRACIE (CONT'D)

Exactly my point. You've done
nothing.

KRIS

We helped Hobo Jim.

BRAD

I don't know if "help" is the
right word...

KRIS

Okay, we caught Hobo Jim.

TRACIE

You found Hobo Jim sleeping in the
furniture department again? Wow,
you two must be tired. Maybe you
should take a break.

KRIS

(joyfully)

Brad, we forgot to take a break!

(bounces around
in glee)

BRAD

Huh, I guess we did. Geez, I don't
think I've seen you this happy
since you realized you could use
(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

bowls as cups.

TRACIE

I don't know what's worse: your
elation over missing a break, or
that you're too lazy to do dishes.

KRIS

(sing-song)

Don't you judge me!

TRACIE PULLS A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER OUT OF HER POCKET AND
HANDS IT TO BRAD.

TRACIE

Sorry to ruin your day, boys, but
Jason left a list of stuff for you
guys to do today.

(hands the list
to Brad)

KRIS

(stops being
happy)

I hate you so much sometimes.

TRACIE

(on the verge
of tears)

I'm only a messenger. If I really
cared, I'd be doing the list right
now!

(wipes tears
from her eyes)

Great, now I have to go do another

(MORE)

TRACIE (CONT'D)
interview with runny make-up. So
many new cashiers. I'll talk to
you guys later.

TRACIE LEAVES THE BACKROOM, LEAVING KRIS AND BRAD TO FINISH
THE TO-DO LIST.

BRAD
So...you wanna start doing this
list?

KRIS
What do you think? A minute ago, I
just wanted to take a break.

BRAD
I think we should go take the
break we missed.

KRIS
Yeah, but how can we get past
Jason again?

BRAD
(thinks for a
second)
I've got an idea.

KRIS AND BRAD OPEN UP THE BACKROOM'S LARGE TRUCK DOOR. THEY
WALK AROUND THE BUILDING TO THE FRONT ENTRYWAY OF THE STORE.
THEY HURRY PAST THE CASHIERS AND UPSTAIRS TO THE BREAK ROOM.

(D)

INT. STORE, BREAK ROOM

(BRAD, KRIS, TRACIE, KRIS AND BRAD)

KRIS AND BRAD PLOP DOWN IN A COUPLE OF CHAIRS AND START
READING JASON'S TO-DO LIST.

BRAD

(reads the
list)

Fill the paint aisles. Face the
cowboy boots. Move display pallets
from by the check stands to the
backroom, put new display pallet
in its place-

(gets cut off
by Kris)

KRIS

(cuts off Brad,
overly anxious)

What the hell does he think we
are?! Friggin' robots?!

BRAD

Really, there aren't that many
things to do on here, Kris. It'll
probably take the rest of our
shift to do, though...

KRIS

(afraid, eyes
wide)

Call Leah. Call Leah, and tell her
we need help.

BRAD

I'm not calling my girlfriend to
tell her to come work for us.

KRIS

How are we supposed to get out of
this entire list? We can't just
hide all shift!

BRAD

Jason doesn't know about any of
our hiding spots.

KRIS

Yes, he does! He had security
cameras installed near each one!

BRAD

Even behind the snack bar counter
where I used to take naps?!

KRIS NODS SOLEMNLY, AND BRAD REACHES INTO HIS POCKET FOR HIS
PHONE.

KRIS

What do you think you're doing?
Help me think of a plan!

BRAD

I'm calling Leah. We do need help.

KRIS

Hold on, somebody's coming down
the hall, it might be Jason. Put
your phone away.

BRAD POCKETS HIS CELL PHONE AS TRACIE WALKS INTO THE BREAK
ROOM.

TRACIE

(bitterly)

Catching up on more break time,
boys?

KRIS

(puts hands on
head, lays head
on table,
exasperated)

We're so screwed.

BRAD

A fine question, Tracie, but we
can't really talk right-

(gets cut off
by Tracie)

TRACIE

(cuts off Brad)

You guys haven't even started it
yet, have you?

BRAD

(takes a breath
as if to say
something
profound)

No.

KRIS

Wait, Tracie, you said there are a bunch of new cashiers, right?

TRACIE

Yeah, what about them?

KRIS

We can get them to do our list! They're all new, so they'll believe anything we tell them!

TRACIE

You're seriously thinking about tricking the new cashiers into doing your jobs?

BRAD

Kris, this is the best idea you've had since we turned Lord of the Rings into a drinking game!

TRACIE

(in disbelief)

How'd you do that, exactly?

KRIS

We shotgunned a beer every time Frodo almost died.

BRAD

It's like, every ten minutes in all three movies.

KRIS

(shakes his
head as if to
rearrange
thoughts)

Okay, back to the topic at hand:
we can do this, Brad. Those
cashiers will eat up anything we
say.

BRAD

Yeah...

(smiles
approvingly)

TRACIE

You guys are essentially turning
them into your slaves. You
understand that, right?

KRIS

Come on, Trace, they're cashiers.
They don't even have souls!

TRACIE

That's a little harsh, don't you
think?

KRIS AND BRAD

(in unison)

Why?

KRIS (CONT'D)

Plus, it's nowhere near as harsh
as that ex-boyfriend of yours!

(laughs to
himself)

TRACIE

(nearly crying
again)

You guys are hopeless. Really. I'm
tempted to switch my major to
psychiatry just to counsel you
both.

KRIS

Geez, be a bigger bitch about it.
It's not like we're getting YOU to
do our job.

TRACIE

(wiping tears
from her eyes)

Just promise me one thing: if
Jason finds you doing this stuff,
I knew nothing.

BRAD

Sure, Tracie.

KRIS

I promise nothing.

TRACIE

(lightly
sobbing)

I have to go down and finish
inventory now that I'm done with
interviews for the day...I'll see
you guys later...

TRACIE STANDS UP FROM THE TABLE AND LEAVES THE BREAK ROOM,
STILL SNIFFLING FROM KRIS'S REMARKS. KRIS SNATCHES THE TO-DO
LIST FROM BRAD AND STARTS WRITING THINGS AT THE BOTTOM OF

THE LIST.

BRAD

What are you doing?

KRIS

Nothing, just revising out list a little bit.

BRAD

You probably shouldn't--Jason's going to want to check it once we're done.

KRIS

Don't worry about it.

BRAD

And maybe you should lighten up on Tracie. She seems pretty upset.

KRIS

Don't worry about her. She'll be fine. Once she finds out that all the candy by the checkstands is only 25 cents a piece, she'll come around again.

BRAD

Man, that's a good deal. Maybe I'll pick some up after work.

KRIS

You should.

BRAD

Why? So you won't eat the other
food in my apartment?...I guess
that makes sense. How many boxes
you want me to get?

KRIS

All of them.

KRIS AND BRAD SIT IN AWKWARD SILENCE.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

(E)

INT. STORE, CHECK STANDS

(BRAD, KRIS, LYSSA, CASHIERS)

KRIS AND BRAD PEER AROUND A CORNER AT ALL THE CASHIERS. THE CASHIERS ALL STAND AT THEIR CHECK STANDS DOING NOTHING, STARING BLANKLY AT THEIR SURROUNDINGS. NO CUSTOMERS ARE IN LINE, AND JASON IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT, SO KRIS AND BRAD APPROACH LYSSA, A NEW CASHIER, AND ALL OF THE OTHER CASHIERS.

BRAD

Okay, guys, I'm Brad, and this is Kris. We're supposed to help train you today.

KRIS

Now, instead of hanging out at your check stands while you're not busy, you need to help around the store a bit.

LYSSA

So...we have to do other work?

BRAD

Yeah...pretty much what Kris just said.

LYSSA

What other work?

KRIS

(pulls out the
folded-up list)

We've got this list written up for
you guys. It doesn't matter who
does what...

(to Brad)

...so long as we're not doing it.

LYSSA STARTS TO READ THE LIST, BUT SCOFFS AFTER READING THE
LAST FEW ITEMS THAT NEED TO BE DONE.

BRAD

Something wrong?

LYSSA

Yeah, of course something's wrong.
Look at the last few jobs on the
list.

(reads from
list)

"Clean the doors. Put stickers on
all the nails. Shake the spray
paint." Why would we shake the
spray paint?

KRIS

Because it's store policy number
1215-K. Look, we don't have time
for this. Just start working on
the list.

LYSSA

God, I hate my life.

CASHIERS

(mutter and
groan about
doing the list)

LYSSA AND THE REST OF THE CASHIERS LOOK AT THE LIST AND WALK AWAY, STARTING THE TO-DO LIST. KRIS AND BRAD WATCH THEM ALL SHUFFLE AWAY. BRAD THEN TURNS AGAINST KRIS, HITTING HIM IN THE ARM.

KRIS

(in disbelief)

Ow, what the hell was that for?

BRAD

What do you think, you mook?

"Sticker the nails"? "Shake the
spray paint"?

KRIS

What's wrong with that?

BRAD SIMPLY LOOKS AT KRIS, NOT SAYING A WORD, EXPECTING KRIS TO REALIZE BRAD'S POINT.

BRAD

Are you trying to get us caught?!

KRIS

Come on, man, we got pranked right
when we started working here, so
why not carry on tradition?

BRAD

Because this isn't tradition. This
is us trying to get out of our
work.

KRIS

But it's gonna be funny watching
them do all this crap.

BRAD

(hesitates a
moment)

Of course it is, but that's not
the point.

KRIS

Just sit back and enjoy the show.

THE TWO SMILE AT EACH OTHER AND WALK AWAY TO CHECK ON THE
CASHIERS.

(F)

INT. STORE, SALES FLOOR-SERIES OF SHOTS
(BRAD, LYSSA, KRIS)

(A) KRIS AND BRAD ARE HALFWAY AROUND A LAP OF THE STORE, CHECKING ON ALL THE CASHIERS AS THEY COMPLETE THE TO-DO LIST AND KRIS'S ZANY ADDITIONAL CHORES.

(B) ONE CASHIERS STANDS IN FRONT OF THE SPRAY PAINT WITH TWO CANS IN EACH HAND, VIOLENTLY SHAKING THE CANS TO MIX UP THEIR CONTENTS. KRIS AND BRAD MOVE ON TO ANOTHER CASHIER, CHUCKLING AS THEY WALK.

(C) KRIS AND BRAD WALK BY THE FRONT DOOR OF THE STORE. THEY WATCH AS ONE OF THE CASHIERS WASHES THE AUTOMATIC DOORS AT THE STORE ENTRANCE. EACH TIME THE CASHIER MOVES HIS ARM TO CLEAN THE DOORS, THE DOORS SWING OPEN.

(D) KRIS AND BRAD KEEP MOVING THROUGH THE STORE AND COME ACROSS LYSSA IN THE HARDWARE DEPARTMENT WITH A PUZZLED LOOK ON HER FACE.

BRAD

Hey, having some trouble there,
Lyssa?

LYSSA

Yeah...how do you put stickers on
nails? They're all separated in
the first place, so why price them
all individually?

KRIS

Here, let me show you.

(picks up two
nails from the
display)

(MORE)

KRIS (CONT'D)

This nail has a sticker, but this nail doesn't; therefore, the nail with the sticker is easier for customers to understand.

BRAD

It's just so customers know the price of each nail. Get it?

LYSSA

No, I don't. The stickers are for the cashiers, not the customers. Besides, there's a price sign right there.

(points to the
bulk nail price
sign)

KRIS

The department looks better when all the nails are stickered, and it helps the customers.

LYSSA

But what sense does this make?

KRIS

Remember, no stupid questions. Now, keep going. You've got the entire department to go through, not just the the galvanized ones.

BRAD

(stifling
laughter)

Keep up the good work, Lyssa!

(G)

INT. STORE, CHECK STANDS

(JASON, KRIS AND BRAD, KRIS, BRAD)

KRIS AND BRAD WALK BACK TO THE FRONT OF THE STORE. THEY WALK PAST THE CHECKSTAND, WHERE THERE ARE NO CASHIERS AND CUSTOMERS FORMING LONG LINES WAITING TO PAY FOR THEIR MERCHANDISE. JASON COMES AROUND THE CORNER AND SEES KRIS AND BRAD STANDING NEAR THE EMPTY CHECK STANDS.

JASON

You two wouldn't happen to know
where the cashiers went, would
you?

KRIS AND BRAD

(in unison,
shocked)

No.

JASON

(exasperated)

Great, now I have to track down a
bunch of rogue cashiers. What the
hell did you guys tell them?

KRIS AND BRAD LOOK TO EACH OTHER, PRETENDING TO THINK ON THE QUESTION.

KRIS

Nothing. Maybe they're...all on
break?

JASON

I'm sure. Have you guys finished
that list yet?

KRIS AND BRAD

(in unison,
shocked)

No.

JASON

(annoyed)

You two stay here while I go find
them all.

JASON WALKS AWAY TO FIND THE CASHIERS.

BRAD

God, that guy is an ass.

KRIS

Not even Billy Mays could talk a
girl into sleeping with HIM.

BRAD

Too soon, man.

KRIS

What are you talking about?

BRAD

He's dead. Just recently, too.

KRIS

(thinks a
moment)

Jason's a zombie?

BRAD

No, Billy Mays, he died a few
months ago.

KRIS

Oh. That just proves that he
couldn't talk a girl into banging
Jason.

BRAD SLOWLY TURNS HIS HEAD TO LOOK AT KRIS, AS IF BRAD IS
WONDERING HOW STUPID KRIS REALLY IS. THEY STAND NEAR THE
CHECK STANDS IN AWKWARD SILENCE.

(H)

INT. STORE, DELI COUNTER
(KRIS, BRAD, LOUIE)

KRIS AND BRAD WALK TOWARDS THE GUN COUNTER IN THE BACK OF THE STORE.

KRIS

Tell me again why we're asking
Louie for help?

BRAD

Who else are we going to ask? We
can't ask Tracie because you made
her cry, and we obviously can't
ask Jason. Who else is there?

KRIS

Anyone but Louie. He really freaks
me out, man.

KRIS AND BRAD WALK UP TO THE GUN COUNTER WHERE LOUIE, A
HEAVY-SET MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN WITH BIPOLAR DISORDER, HANDLES
A HATCHET.

LOUIE

Greetings and salutations,
gentlemen. What can I help you
with today?

BRAD

Lou, we need some help.

LOUIE

(angrily)

What's your problem, huh? Ever
think about my problems?

KRIS

(to Brad)

See? Creepy.

BRAD

Sorry...Didn't mean to make you
mad.

LOUIE

(suddenly
smiling)

Nah, it's cool. So, what's up?

BRAD

I'm pretty sure we got all the
cashiers fired.

LOUIE

All of them? Wowzers. What'd you
guys do?

KRIS

Made 'em sticker the nails and
shake the spray paint.

LOUIE

(suddenly
angry)

What do you want me to do? Wish
them all back? Life doesn't work
like that, kids.

LOUIE SWINGS THE HATCHET AROUND AND SLAMS IT INTO A STUMP THAT SITS ON THE COUNTER; LOUIE WHEELS AROUND AND STARES AT KRIS AND BRAD WITH A SNARLING FACE.

BRAD

(slightly
frightened)

We were actually looking for
advice, Louie...

LOUIE

(happily,
leaning on the
counter)

Just kidding, guys!

SOMETHING INNOCENT AND FUNNY HAPPENS IN THE BACKGROUND.

KRIS SLOWLY LOOKS OVER AT BRAD, ANGRY AND FRIGHTENED. LOUIE LOOKS EXPECTANTLY AT THE TWO OF THEM.

(I)

INT. STORE, CHECK STANDS
(JASON, LYSSA, CASHIERS)

JASON ROUNDS AND ALL THE CASHIERS STAND IN A SEMI-CIRCLE THE CHECK STANDS.

JASON

Okay, everyone...uh...well,
there's no easy way to say this.
You're all fired.

LYSSA

(outraged)

What?! What for?!

JASON

You were all hired as cashiers,
but none of you were actually
working your registers.

LYSSA

But...but...Kris and Brad...

(gets cut off
by Jason)

JASON

(cuts off
Lyssa)

Kris and Brad have their own
things to worry about, and not one
of those things is cashiering. I'm
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

sorry.

LYSSA

This is crap! I'm outta here!

JASON

(to Lyssa)

I'm going to need your nametag
back before you get too far.

(to the rest of
the fired
cashiers)

You must all leave the premises
immediately. Your paychecks will
be mailed out to you.

CASHIERS

(mumble
obscenities
about Jason)

THE CASHIERS WALK AWAY, LEAVING JASON STANDING AT THE EMPTY
CHECK STANDS WITH CUSTOMERS STILL LINING UP. JASON GETS A
FRIGHTENED LOOK ON HIS FACE UPON SEEING THE THROG OF
CUSTOMERS WAITING TO CHECK OUT THEIR MERCHANDISE.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

(J)

INT. STORE, DELI COUNTER
(LOUIE, BRAD, KRIS)

KRIS AND BRAD WAIT FOR LOUIE'S RESPONSE.

LOUIE

Bummer. So they all got fired?

BRAD LOOKS AROUND THE CORNER OF AN AISLE TO SEE JASON COLLECTING NAMETAGS FROM ALL OF THE FIRED CASHIERS; THE CASHIERS GIVE JASON THEIR BADGES AND WALK OUT OF THE STORE.

BRAD

Looks like it. They're all leaving, and Jason's taking their nametags.

LOUIE

Bummer. But they were making a pretty big difference around the store, weren't they?

KRIS

Yeah, the cowboy boots look even better than when I work them.

LOUIE

(bitterly)

Like it takes a lot of effort to
do that.

KRIS

Harsh, Lou. Really harsh.

LOUIE

(sentimentally)

You know I don't mean it, man.

BRAD

What should we do? How can we get
the cashiers back?

LOUIE

Tell Jason how good of a job they
all did. Maybe he won't fire them.

KRIS

That's such a stupid idea. Where
do you come up with this crap?

LOUIE

(suddenly
angry)

Listen, you sniveling little worm,
I've got a whole crate full of new
rifles I'd love to test fire on
your lifeless corpse.

KRIS

(nonchalantly)

Generally, I like the idea...

LOUIE

(smiling)

Hope everything works out okay!

KRIS AND BRAD TURN TO WALK AWAY; KRIS LOOKS BACK TO SEE
LOUIE SCOWL AT HIM AND BEAR HIS TEETH WHILE RIPPING THE
HATCHET FROM THE STUMP. KRIS WINCES AND HURRIES AFTER BRAD.

(K)

INT. STORE, MANAGERS' OFFICE
(KRIS, BRAD, JASON)

KRIS AND BRAD WALK TO THE MANAGER'S OFFICE AND WAIT OUTSIDE
THE DOOR.

KRIS

Should we tell Jason what we did?

BRAD

No, you idiot, don't tell him the
truth. Just do exactly what Louie
said: it's flawless.

KRIS

I hope you're right. I could never
find another job after what
happened in the convenience store
across the street...

BRAD

They still have you banned from
shopping there? What happened?

KRIS

I drunkenly used the payphone to
call the operator.

BRAD

...And?

KRIS

I got mad and knocked over some shelves.

BRAD

...Because?

KRIS

The operator couldn't pinpoint my location and tell me how to get to Denny's.

BRAD

(with heroic
bravado)

Right. Okay, put on your game face. Jason knows we lie to him, but he'll believe our lies today.

KRIS

No, he won't. He never does.

BRAD

Shut up.

BRAD OPENS THE DOOR TO THE MANAGERS' OFFICE, REVEALING JASON SITTING AT HIS DESK.

JASON

Oh, God, what do you guys want now? Back braces for all the hard work you do? I don't have time for this right now.

BRAD

What makes you automatically assume that we're going to cause
(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

trouble?

KRIS

Because we didn't this time.

(smiles
awkwardly)

BRAD

(aside to Kris,
fake smiling)

Shut up

(back to Jason)

We just wanted to see how things
were going in the store.

JASON

Not so good. I had to fire those
new cashiers.

BRAD

Oh? Why's that?

KRIS

Because they were helping us
around the store?

BRAD SLOWLY LOOKS OVER AT KRIS, WHO OBLIVIOUSLY WAITS FOR
JASON TO REPLY.

JASON

They were...helping you? Why were
they helping you instead of
working at their check stands?

BRAD

Maybe they just wanted to take a stroll around the store and try new things.

JASON

They should have been ringing up merchandise, not helping you two stock shelves.

BRAD

But they did make an improvement around the store, didn't they?

KRIS

(factually)

The cowboy boots look even better than when I work them.

JASON

That aisle never looks good once you're done with it.

KRIS

(hurt)

Why does everybody keep saying that?

BRAD

During the slow times of the day, those cashiers could be stocking shelves.

KRIS

Then when the five o'clock rush
hits, they can help ring up
people's stuff.

JASON

That's not a bad idea, guys. I
like where your heads are at...but
I already sent all the fired
cashiers home.

BRAD

Can't you just call them all back
and tell them they're un-fired?

JASON

It'll take a little while...but we
need people to cover their check
stands until they're back.

(smiles
sinisterly)

(L)

INT. STORE, CHECK STANDS
(OLD WOMAN, KRIS)

BRAD STANDS BEHIND A CHECK STAND, SWIPING BARCODES ACROSS THE REGISTER'S SCANNER. THE SCANNED ITEMS CRAWL DOWN A CONVEYOR BELT TO KRIS, WHO PUTS ALL THE ITEMS IN PLASTIC BAGS. A LITTLE OLD WOMAN WRITES A CHECK AND HANDS IT ACROSS THE COUNTER TO BRAD, WHO PUTS IT INTO THE CASH REGISTER.

OLD WOMAN

(to Kris)

Can I get some help out to my car
with this?

KRIS

Sure, ma'am...

(to Brad)

This is all your fault.

(M)

INT. STORE, TIME CLOCK
(BRAD, KRIS, LYSSA)

KRIS AND BRAD WALK UP TO THE TIME CLOCK; THEY TAKE TURNS
CLOCKING OUT, SWIPING THEIR NAME BADGES, AND GRABBING THEIR
BELONGINGS FROM THEIR LOCKERS. THE TWO START FOR THE EXIT.

BRAD

At least we didn't have to work
too hard today.

KRIS

Easy for you to say. You didn't
have to carry out merchandise for
four hours. I don't even think I
have a soul anymore.

BRAD

Don't worry, I don't think you had
one to start with.

KRIS

Yeah, I guess you're right.

LYSSA WALKS PAST KRIS AND BRAD AS THEY GO TOWARDS THE
SLIDING GLASS DOORS.

LYSSA

Hey guys, I heard what you did for
us. Thanks.

KRIS

Yeah, that was mostly me...Brad had a couple of good ideas, but it was mainly my plan.

LYSSA

(sarcastically)

I'm sure. Thanks, Brad...and then there's you.

(scowls)

LYSSA QUICKLY TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, LEAVING KRIS STUPEFIED AND BRAD CONFUSED.

KRIS

Whoa, she's a bigger bitch than your girlfriend.

BRAD

(suddenly
angry)

You've never even met her!

KRIS

(laughs to
himself)

Hey, remember that Leslie girl that worked here a few years ago?

BRAD

Yeah...why?

KRIS

I banged her the other night.

BRAD

Uh...neat. Why are you telling me
this?

KRIS

I just wanted you to be jealous.

BRAD

Wait, you wanted me to be jealous
that you slept with a girl with a
mustache?

KRIS

She had it waxed since you saw her
last. What, do you think I'm
immature because I slept with her
and rubbed it in your face?

BRAD

No, no, I'm sure she thought you
were rugged and manly, what with
the Bob the Builder sheets on your
bed.

KRIS

I hate you.

KRIS AND BRAD WALK OUT OF THE AUTOMATIC DOORS OF THE STORE
IN COMPLETE SILENCE. THE DOORS SLIDE CLOSED.

THE END.

END OF ACT THREE

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THE END.