

SHOP

Written by

Billie Jean Van Knight

Billie Jean Van Knight
Billiejeanvk@hotmail.com
@BillieJeanVK

The Click, click, Click, click of a turn signal breathes the darkness.

VOICE (O.S.)
I would have got whatever you
needed.

WOMAN
I wouldn't've come out if I didn't
know I could do this. I'm better. I
promise.

FADE IN:

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - CAR - NIGHT

THE WOMAN, 30s, is sitting behind the wheel, talking on a cell phone, waiting for a car with it's lights on to pull out of a parking space.

WOMAN
I'll go in, get it, and come out.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're sure.

White lights join the red. The car she's been waiting for is in reverse.

A beater of a car comes around the corner.

WOMAN
Um hmm.

The beater squeezes into the parking space before the departing car has cleared out of The Woman's way.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Why?

VOICE (O.S.)
Why what, honey?

The Woman watches as a woman with over processed frizzy BLONDE hair, gets out of the driver's side, and a BRUNETTE with a man's hair cut, gets out of the passenger side.

They are laughing.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

Click, click. Click, click. The women do not even look in The Woman's direction as they go into the store.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

WOMAN
They took my parking space.

VOICE (O.S.)
But you're still OK, right?

WOMAN
Why would they do that?

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't worry about it.

The Woman takes her foot off the break. She drifts towards the filled space.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Find another space. You'll be fine.
Right?

The Woman's car grazes within inches of the parked beater before peeling off into the next aisle of cars.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Right?

WOMAN
Fried Green Tomatoes.

VOICE (O.S.)
What?

The Woman pulls into a new spot, in the corner of the parking lot, far away from the door.

WOMAN
I wanted to ram into that car over
and over again. Why did she have to
do that?

VOICE (O.S.)
Go home.

The Woman gets out of the car.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please, honey, go home.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Woman weaves through the cars staring daggers at the beater as she goes past.

VOICE (O.S.)
Look, I'll-

The Woman's voice, light and chipper, belies the cold anger on her face.

WOMAN
I'm OK. I'll talk to you later.

VOICE (O.S.)
Alright. Remember, in and out.

WOMAN
Um hmm.

The Woman hangs up. She's going faster now. Almost jogging into the store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The Woman looks around, briskly going from one aisle to the next looking for the pair of women.

Jagged FLASHES of an intense search. A SINGLE LADY with black hair, an OLD MAN, an APRONED EMPLOYEE, a MOM with her TEENAGE DAUGHTER. The women are nowhere to be seen.

All movement stops on her third trip the length of the grocery store.

BAKING/KITCHEN SUPPLIES AISLE

The Woman stands in the middle of the aisle. Cake mix on one side. Pots, pans, kitchen accessories, on the other. Metal reflects the harsh florescent lighting.

She picks a pair of sharply pointed kitchen shears from the wall. As she stares at them, the Blonde and the Brunette walk behind her, past the end of the aisle.

The Woman shuffles out the other end of the aisle.

REAR AISLE

The Woman's heart beat and breathing has slowed. She adjusts her grip on the kitchen shears.

LIQUOR AISLE

The patrolling SECURITY GUARD tracks her as she goes by.

BOXED DINNER AISLE

The Woman sees a cart with no owner. She REMOVES THREE CANS OF TUNA AND THREE ORANGES. Each orange is of the exact same size and color from the cart and places them on the nearest shelf.

She sets the shears on top of a meticulously circled and folded newspaper grocery ad.

She pushes the cart through the store scanning the aisles one last time.

DRINKS AISLE

Large jugs of water and soda are her only companions as she leans against a shelf. The Woman begins to sob. A gasp. A moan escapes her.

A GENTLEMAN enters her aisle. She wrestles control over the sounds escaping her. She turns pretending to decide between drinks.

The Woman listens as the Gentleman makes his selection and moves on.

Still shaking but calmer The Woman digs her cell phone from her purse and dials.

It's picked up on the first ring.

WOMAN

If people knew how close they were
to dieing they'd never leave their
house.

VOICE (O.S.)

Where are you?

The Woman looks at the label on the bottle next to her.

WOMAN

Distilled water.

VOICE (O.S.)

Lock yourself in your car. I'll
come get you.

WOMAN

I don't want to go to jail.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jesus. Don't do this to me. Just walk to the God damn car.

WOMAN

God help me.

VOICE (O.S.)

Fuck God, do what I say. I'm coming.

Over the phone the sound of someone laying on a car horn as they drive by.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Shit! Are you still with me?
Listen, you-

The Woman hangs up the phone. Picks up the shears looks at them one last time and slips them in between the large jugs of water.

She grips the handle of the cart, takes a deep breath, and closes her eyes. One foot lifts off the shiny white linoleum...

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT

...and lands on the parking lot asphalt.

The Woman is at her car, her eyes glazed over. Focusing again, she exhales and unhinges her fingers from their death grip on the cart.

A MAN, with a single grocery bag, is walking to his car. He smiles at her and gestures to the cart.

MAN

Would you like me to take that for you?

The Woman nods.

WOMAN

Thank you.

She pushes the cart towards him. He wheels it to a cart corral, taking the ad out as he does so.

As The Woman unlocks her car door she looks for the beater in the parking space. Like so many of the other spaces now, it is empty. She sighs and opens her car door.

The door is slammed shut as her body is hurled into it. Her head is smashed onto the roof.

Any intake of air is cut off by her attacker's hand over her nose and mouth.

She is dragged scratching, clawing, kicking to the van a couple of spaces away.

The Woman cries out as she is thrown into the van. Pain explodes through her back and head as she slams against the paneling.

Her eyes focus on the figure framed in the open sliding door. It's The Man.

INT. VAN

The Man jumps in after The Woman. With amazing speed, duct tape is secured over The Woman's mouth. Her wrists and ankles are handcuffed. The Man grabs her by the throat.

MAN

If you hadn't been so rude I
wouldn't have been so impulsive.
You know that, right?

The Woman stares at him terrified.

The Man drops her.

He squeezes into the driver's seat and starts the van.

MAN (CONT'D)

Just remember, you forced me to do
this.

The van pulls out and something rolls over the floor towards her. It's an orange. She cranes her neck in the direction the orange came from. Through the plastic grocery bag she sees two more bright oranges and three cans of tuna.

FADE OUT.