

Bagged

By

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INT. J-MART - SUBURBS - DAY

JAMES, 24, skinny grocery cashier with bad posture, yawns. Scans misc. items. Beep. Beep.

INT. J-MART - SUBURBS - DAY

SARAH, 24, re-stocks cans of soup in aisle 8. Looks at skull wristwatch, 3:30pm. SARAH sighs and looks down the aisle. The automatic doors open and shut. SARAH grabs a can of dog food and shelves it with the soups. She continues wrongly stocking the shelf.

INT. J-MART - SUBURBS - DAY

JAMES stares ahead. An ELDERLY WOMAN places items on the conveyor belt.

JAMES

Hello. How are you today ma'am?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh. Hello dear. I'm fine, thank you for asking. How are you?

JAMES

Me. Oh another day, another...
heartbreak.

JAMES blinks wide to keep his tired eyes open and to repress tears.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(distractedly)

I see. (points to a box) I have a coupon for that box of oatmeal...
oh...where is that coupon!

Woman searches in purse. JAMES looks up at the ceiling in disbelief. Minutes pass. He sighs and hunches over.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Okay. Here it is dear. fifty-cents off, that's a lot of money when you're on a fixed income. Social security checks only cover so much...

JAMES tunes out the ELDERLY WOMAN as she rants about the government and social security.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Right.

JAMES types in the coupon code. Grabs a can of soup.

ELDERLY WOMAN

That can of soup and this one
should be buy one get one free. Are
they ringing up that way?

JAMES scans the soup. Blup. Blup. JAMES turns the can over
and types in sku. Blup. Blup. JAMES tries again. Blup. Blup.

ELDERLY WOMAN

They should be \$1.50 each. Is that
right?

JAMES

No.

ELDERLY WOMAN

That's what the sign said. I
specifically picked up those two
cans because of the sign.

JAMES turns around.

JAMES

(to cashier next door)

Hey frank, are these cans of soup
on sale?

FRANK nods his head yes. Goes back to staring at his
customer in mocking silence.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(sweetly and sincerely)

Can you check the price? I need to
make sure these are on sale.

JAMES

Well...I...uh...don't see a problem
if the soup is \$2 versus \$1.50.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Well I do. is there a manager here?

JAMES

Uh, okay. Fine, I'll check the
price.

JAMES picks up the phone and pushes the "intercom" button.

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JAMES
(static muffled voice)
Price check in aisle 8. Please call
02.

INT. J-MART - AISLE 8 - SUBURBS - DAY

SARAH winces and shakes her head no. Stops staring down the aisle and climbs from step stool. Kicks a can of refried beans out of the way and picks up receiver. She dials 02.

SARAH
(DRY)
What do you need?

JAMES
Seriously? You. They've got you working in the soup aisle? Is the universe kidding me today?

SARAH
Are you done yet? What do you need?

JAMES
I need you to check the price of Campbell soup. The chicken noodle and tomato should be buy one get one free. Can you do that for me attitude free?

SARAH
Hold on.

SARAH slams down the phone. TRudges to the soup section. LARS, 35, smarmy, grocery worker is leaning up against the shelves of soup.

LARS
I heard your little boyfriend needs a price check.

SARAH
He's not my boyfriend.

SARAH pushes LARS out of the way. Glances at the sign. Turns and walks away.

LARS
You need a man not a boy. Let me take you places you've never been.

SARAH calls over her shoulder.

SARAH

Like the backseat of your car? I don't think so.

Continues walking. Receiver is now beeping. LARS begins following, catches up. Whispers in SARAH'S ear.

LARS

Don't knock it till you try it baby.

SARAH TURNS.

LARS

I love you. I'll be waiting.

SARAH turns back to the phone. LARS is in her face and catches her hand about to pick up the receiver. he squeezes her face with his other hand. LARS leans in for a kiss. SARAH knees lars in the nuts.

SARAH

Creep.

SARAH turns, picks up the receiver and shoves LARS out of the way. LARS hits the intercom button with his hand as he slides down the wall. SARAH doesn't see.

SARAH

You'll be waiting a long time scumbag.

JAMES

Sarah? What took you so long?

SARAH pauses. Thinks she heard something and shrugs. LARS hobbles away.

SARAH

Lars. He's such an asshole. I wish he wasn't the boss's son.

JAMES realizes that the intercom system is on.

JAMES

Sarah?

SARAH

I mean, he'll never get fired. He steals from the registers, he sexually harasses the employees and shoplifts every time his dad's not looking. Its bullshit. His dad's a

(MORE)

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SARAH (cont'd)
basket case anyway, he thinks Lars
steals to get his attention. Such
twisted bullshit.

JAMES looks at ELDERLY WOMAN. She pretends to not hear the
conversation and checks her watch. JAMES turns away.

JAMES
Sarah?

SARAH
Its disgusting. I hate this place.

JAMES cups his hand around receiver.

JAMES
Sarah?

SARAH
Yeah. What?

JAMES is overcome by SARAH. Emotion fills his voice. He
looks over at the aisle 8 sign.

JAMES
Sarah, I don't care...

SARAH
Oh, that's right, you don't care
about anyone else. You're
so...so...

JAMES
Fuck it. No, you didn't let me
finish. I don't care about this
place or Lars. I love you
Sarah.....(echoing)

JAMES'S last line echoes. Then silence sets in. SARAH
realizes they've been talking over the intercom. Looks down
the aisle and sees the owner and LARS approaching.

SARAH
You were right. The soup is on
sale. Gotta go.

INT. J-MART - SUBURBS - DAY

JAMES rings up the correct price. ELDERLY WOMAN smiles, pays and grabs her bag. JAMES glances beyond her head.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you dearie. Hope your day
gets better.

SARAH is escorted out by lars and his dad.

JAMES

I think its about to.

JAMES removes his smock and name tag. Puts the closed sign in his lane and walks toward the automatic doors. Swoosh. The doors open. Blinding sunshine pours in. JAMES walks into the crisp air. SARAH is leaning against her car, smoking a cigarette and waiting.