

The Record Store (WIP)

By

Scott Hollingsworth

2016

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

It's a quiet, normal day in the record store. A light hum of music envelops us.

A jingle as the front door to the store opens. In walks store employee TOM MARTIN. He's clean-shaven, in his mid-twenties and is wearing knock-off versions of the latest fashion trends.

Tom walks up to the counter where his friends and coworkers are already talking to one another. It's been a slow day at the store with not much foot traffic.

Tom sets his bag down under the counter and clocks in. He notices the others are all surrounding around TODD IVERS, another twenty-something with a cheap haircut. He's showing something off to the rest of the gang.

Todd isn't as neatly put together as Tom, and his personality shows it. He's loud, abrasive and relatively naive.

When he first notices Tom has arrived, Tom has his back to him. Todd, unable to take any hints or social cues, quickly shouts directly into Tom's ear.

TODD

Hey! Tom, 'morning man! You sleep any better last night?

TOM

Not even in the slightest.
Surprisingly, when you live next to a neighbor with five cats, you hear a lot of sounds you didn't know could be made.

Suddenly Tom notices what everyone has been jabbering about. It's wrapped loosely to Todd's waist, a gaudy, tacky, so-uncool-it-hurts GAMEBOY FANNY PACK.

TOM

(pointing at the fanny pack)
What the hell is that?

TODD

Well, it's my fanny pack, dude.

TOM

Yours? Please tell me you just brought it from home.

TODD
 (smiling like an idiot)
 I just took it in!

TOM
 To sell? Here in the store?

TODD
 Yeah, wouldn't it look great on the
 shelves out there?

TOM
 What?! No? You're killing me.
 Slowly. That thing is so uncool it
 hurts.

Tom backs away for a second, rubbing his head from an
 already growing pain.

TODD
 Look man, this thing is stylish and
 functional! Ok listen to me, listen
 to me.

Tom raises an eyebrow, allowing Todd to continue.

TODD
 (con't)
 You're walking down the street.
 alright? You've got with you, a
 cellphone, a coffee, and your
 girlfriend.

TOM
 Ok, now I know you're just making
 things up.

TODD
 You look to your right and you
 see...
 (he stares off into the
 distance)
 the *thing*.

TOM
 The thing?

TODD
 You know, the thing. The thing
 you've just got to have. Your
 girlfriend notices it too. She
 knows. She's smiling, she wants
 this thing as much you do. And

TODD
 you've got to impress her, you
 can't not. This is *the thing*.

TOM
 The thing.

TODD
 The thing. You look down. Your
 hands are full. What do you do?

TOM
 (as if playing a trivia game)
 You put your stuff down!

TODD
 You put your- no! You can't just
 put your cellphone down on the
 dirty ground! That's gross. You put
 it right here.
 (he points to the fanny pack)
 This bad boy just saved your life.

Tom ponders the idea for a minute, seemingly impressed. Todd
 is happy, thinking he's won this argument.

TOM
 What keeps your coffee from
 spilling onto your cellphone?

Todd looks around, suddenly confused.

TOM
 For that matter, the things looks
 it walked out of cum-stained
 Nintendo Power! It's a man-child's
 porn holder!

In his anger he quickly grabs the zipper of the fanny pack
 and swipes it open. Out fall dozens of round, circle
 cardboard pieces.

TODD
 (grasping at the discs all
 rolling on the floor)
 My Pogs!

CUT TO TITLE AND OPENING CREDITS

INT. RECORD STORE - LATER THAT DAY

As the store begins to get a few customers in it, the atmosphere changes.

MADISON ECCLESTON, a short, spunky chick who has worked there the longest, is having an elaborate and elongated conversation with a stick in the mud.

THE STICK IN THE MUD

So the way I see it, they should pass sweeping legislation across the whole state.

MADISON

To do what? Exactly?

THE STICK IN THE MUD

To make sipping your coffee louder than you have to be a punishable offense!

MADISON

And how exactly do you expect them to regulate that? Some sort of meter in every coffee shop? Measures the decibels of each sip? If you take too loud a sip, it just goes off?

THE STICK IN THE MUD

Well, I mean... I guess I never really thought of it like that...

MADISON

Why don't you go bother someone else for a while, okay?

THE STICK IN THE MUD

Well excuse me. Maybe I will.

He spots another customer in the distance, and she's unoccupied.

THE STICK IN THE MUD

Well hey there beautiful. You know who has great tits? You do. Look at those bazongas.

She continues her work at the counter, thankful the conversation is over.