

STORE CREDIT

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LOGLINE: When a dejected ex-fiancé is returning the engagement ring he bought, he discovers an overly-complicated store policy, along with the man his fiancée left him for.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

SOFT JAZZ plays in the bright, empty shop. SAM (late 20s, confident), types behind the glass case of rings. The bell DINGS. JAMIE (late 20s, disheveled) enters.

SAM
Morning. What can I do for you?

JAMIE
Uh, hi, I need to return this ring.

He sets a velvet box and a receipt on the countertop.

SAM
Alrighty, sorry that didn't work out. Reason for the return?

JAMIE
Uhm, yeah, the girl rejected my proposal for another guy...

A beat. Sam studies the ring, then Jamie.

SAM
That will do it. Name?

JAMIE
Jamie.

Sam freezes. His calmness fades. He turns to the computer. BUZZ. Sam's phone on the counter lights up—a photo of Sam holding a girl as the background. Jamie glances at the screen and goes still. Sam instinctively flips the phone over, but it's too late.

The boys look at each other. A beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
No freaking way. Are you Sam?!!

Sam's confident stance collapses.

SAM
Shoot, um yeah, I guess I am...

Jamie slumps onto the counter, running his hands through his hair. Sam awkwardly reaches out, but quickly pulls back.

JAMIE
Yo, don't touch me, Bro.

SAM
Right, right.

JAMIE

Get me another associate.

SAM

Unfortunately, I'm the only one here. You can come back tomorrow.

JAMIE

This is the last day I am eligible for a return, so...

SAM

Ok, um, yeah, let me start processing things.

Sam CLACKS on the keyboard in front of him.

SAM (CONT'D)

You didn't purchase any insurance on this, correct?

Jamie's eyes squint, and he takes a deep breath. His tone switches to a far angrier one.

JAMIE

No, Bro, I didn't purchase any insurance. I wasn't planning on having some jeweler-douche swoop in and steal the love of my life.

SAM

Right, right, that makes sense... Without insurance, I can only offer you a 70% refund, and the rest can be transferred to store credit.

JAMIE

Oh, trust me, Brother, I will *not* be coming back here. Don't bother with store credit; give me a full refund.

SAM

Right unfortunately it's not up to me, it's store policy.

JAMIE

Well, as I hear it, you're some rich genius who has his shit together, so given the circumstances, I am sure you can figure out a way to hook me up.

Sam clears his throat. He types.

SAM
Yeah, I can try to figure something out.

JAMIE
Bet.

SAM
So, do you want the refund returned to the original card? It's under Rebecca Davis.

JAMIE
Uhm, yeah... It's my mom's card...

SAM
Right.

Jamie's eyes well with tears. Silence until... his tear falls onto the glass and makes a quiet but noticeable PLOP. Sam looks up and slowly walks out from behind the counter to approach Jamie.

Sam attempts a hug with Jamie, who looks at him in disgust but eventually caves and grips onto Sam tightly as tears fall.

JAMIE
I really miss her, Dude. I want her to be happy.

SAM
I know. She cares about you a lot. You're a great guy.

Jamie coughs and takes a step back. He wipes his eyes and falsely deepens his voice.

JAMIE
We don't tell anyone about that.

SAM
Our secret. The refund should show up in the account shortly. Call the store if there's a problem.

JAMIE
Thanks.

SAM
Yeah, good luck, Jamie.

JAMIE
Good luck, Sam.

