

THE PRODUCE MAN

Written by

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION. EARLY MORNING.

Two cops, DYLAN (early 30s, kind hearted and lanky) and RANDY (mid 50s, serious and stout), sit next to each other in two metal chairs at a metal table.

Dylan anxiously keeps his eyes trained on Randy, his hands fidgeting nervously in his lap.

Randy stares unblinkingly across the table.

We follow Randy's unfaltering gaze directly to ALYSSA (19), an "emo" girl who reclines, her feet propped up on the table.

The frayed ends of her pink lob cut are just visible from beneath the bottom of her puke green beanie embroidered with the Grinch's face.

Randy leans forward, never breaking eye contact.

Alyssa leans forward.

Their faces are almost close enough to touch, tension peaks.

Suddenly, Alyssa blows a giant pink bubble that pops in Randy's face.

RANDY
(jumping to his feet)
Alright, that's it! You little punk
ass bitch!

Dylan leaps to his feet and begins massaging Randy's tense neck and shoulders.

DYLAN
Now, now, Randy. Remember those
breathing exercises I taught you?

Dylan quickly plugs one side of Randy's nose with his thumb.

RANDY
(nasally)
Dylan, get your hands off--

DYLAN
Plug one side of your nose, suck
in, hold for four, blow it out the
other side. Do it with me now...

Alyssa smirks. Randy, breathing to Dylan's counts, relaxes and sinks back into his chair.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(patting Randy on the
back)
That a boy! Now where were we?

Dylan sits back and squints at Alyssa's nametag that reads
"MANDY".

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Let's start with an easy question.
Miss Mandy--

ALYSSA
My name isn't Mandy.

DYLAN
But miss, your nametag says--

ALYSSA
I know what it says! I can read.
That isn't my name.

Dylan blinks. Randy groans.

DYLAN
Alright miss.
(beat)
We'll skip that for now.

Dylan picks up a pad and pen.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Can you tell us a little bit about
what you saw the night of the
robbery?

ALYSSA
Please.

RANDY
Huh?

ALYSSA
Did your momma never teach you
about the magic word? Say please
and then I'll tell you what I know.

Dylan whispers something to Randy. Randy glares back.

RANDY
(murmuring)
Please.

ALYSSA

I'm sorry what was that? I can't hear you.

RANDY

PLEASE TELL US WHAT YOU SAW AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!! Better?

ALYSSA

Jesus, yeah. No need to shout about it.

(beat)

So like, I really hate people right? That's why I took the shitty night shift in the first place. I figured if I just sit there and mind my own business, ain't nobody gonna try and mess with me. Usually, it's no big deal. You sell a couple Powerball tickets to the hopefuls, some cigs to the crackheads, and let Old Lady Linda out of the bathroom when she locks herself in.

RANDY

How do you lock yourself in a bathroom?

ALYSSA

I don't know man, but it happens all the time. Anyways, last night I'm just sitting there doing my coloring when this midget man in a luchador mask gotta come in and fuck up my vibe, you know what I'm saying?

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION. LATE NIGHT.

Alyssa hunches on a stool behind the checkout counter.

An eerie quiet fills the store except for the SCREAMO MUSIC streaming through Alyssa's earbuds and frenetic colored-pencil SCRIBBLING.

Just then, a bell above the door JINGLES.

A short man (SLIM JIM), early 20s, wearing a black and gold luchador mask, white tights that accentuate a bulge in his crotch area, a black cape, and a gold speedo, enters.

Slim Jim strikes a pose by the door. Alyssa fails to notice.

Slim Jim begins to idle his way through the aisles, impulsively grabbing at the shelves: a pack of lubricated condoms, cough drops, two tomatoes.

Clearly inebriated, Slim Jim fumbles his way toward the back of the store.

INT. MAGNIFICANT DISPLAY OF ALCOHOL - GAS STATION

Slim Jim stares slack-jawed with admiration at a 24-pack of Bud Light.

Slim Jim falls forward and smashes his lips into the glass.

SLIM JIM

Don't worry, baby. Papa's a-comin'
for ya.

Slim Jim reaches for the fridge handle but catches a glimpse of his reflection and stops. A shadow of doubt flickers.

SLIM JIM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

C'mon big guy. You got this. It'll
be super quick, a one and done.

Slim Jim clumsily opens the door, dropping all of his other items in the process. The tomatoes smash into a pulpy mess.

An ethereal cloud of vapor washes over him. Arms outstretched, Slim Jim reaches for the beer and embraces it gingerly, stroking and kissing the cardboard box.

SLIM JIM (CONT'D)

(to the beer)

Whaddya say we get out of here and
go someplace a little more private,
hmm?

Slim Jim tries to move but trips over his cape and falls.

Slim Jim slowly rises and examines his tomato-stained chest. Shrugging, he grabs his beer and presses onward.

Arriving at the register, Slim Jim clears his throat.

No answer from Alyssa.

SLIM JIM (CONT'D)

Hey.

Still no response.

Slim Jim slams his drunken fist on the counter.

Alyssa tiredly reaches for the scanner.

ALYSSA

What method of payment today?

Alyssa looks up, the tip of a gun wrapped in a brown paper bag in her face.

SLIM JIM

No payment.

(beat)

Alyssa sighs.

She reaches nonchalantly under the counter for her phone.

Slim Jim clammers onto the counter keeping his gun on Alyssa.

Slim Jim makes a "scary" face. Alyssa rolls her eyes.

SLIM JIM (CONT'D)

Seriously? Nada? Not even a little scream?

ALYSSA

(deadpan)

Ahh.

Suddenly, Slim Jim plops down on the counter dejectedly.

SLIM JIM

The life of a criminal is so rough these days. I mean what's a guy gotta do to get a little respect?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION. EARLY MORNING.

ALYSSA

I'm just a girl, standing in front of a midget man, asking him to put up his Glock. I'm terrified, defenseless. So, I let him lock me in the bathroom. The end.

RANDY AND DYLAN

The end?!

ALYSSA

Yeah, I mean he obviously escaped or some shit. But it's not like I could've done anything! He was completely, downright--

CUT TO:

INT. REGISTER - GAS STATION. LATE NIGHT.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(gesturing with a banana
in hand)

--stupid. For starters, if you want respect, you should get yourself a real weapon instead of a fucking piece of fruit.

SLIM JIM

(sniffling)

I know but--

ALYSSA

And this outfit? Man, you look like a Motel 6 bellboy that strips for spare change. Who the hell would be scared of you?

Slim Jim turns his back to Alyssa and sobs. Reluctantly, Alyssa pats his shoulder.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

That was too far. I'm sorry. Ok?
I'm sorry.

SLIM JIM

You don't mean it. You're just like everybody else. You take one look at me and all you see is a small man with a small ego in an even smaller speedo.

Alyssa climbs up onto the counter next to Slim Jim.

ALYSSA

Take off that ridiculous mask and look me in the eyes.

Slowly, Slim Jim turns and removes his mask.

SLAP. Slim Jim clutches at his face.

SLIM JIM
Yo, sis! What the hell?

ALYSSA
Pull yourself together, man! You
wanna be a criminal? Then start
acting like one. Threaten me! Force
me to get in the bathroom and lock
me in!

SLIM JIM
Uh--

ALYSSA
Go on, do it pussy! You won't
because you're the *worst* robber
I've ever met!

Slim Jim leaps down, pushing Alyssa toward the bathroom.

SLIM JIM
Get in the bathroom!
(beat)
Stupid!

Alyssa, rolling her eyes, walks into the bathroom and locks
the door. Slim Jim turns to leave.

SLIM JIM (CONT'D)
And uh, by the way, thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION. EARLY MORNING.

DYLAN
Well, we're almost done here. Just
a few more questions.

ALYSSA
Ugh. What?

DYLAN
If your name isn't Mandy, then why
have a nametag that says "Mandy"?

ALYSSA
It was the name of the last girl
working night shifts who quit right
before me. People keep quitting
because of "crazy incidents," so
the boss got lazy and stopped
making new nametags.

(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Same with the security cameras.
Pretty sure they haven't worked
since '92.

DYLAN
Oh.

Randy and Dylan share a look.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
And can you confirm for me that
this is the mask worn by the man
who robbed you?

Dylan pushes an evidence bag across the table.

ALYSSA
No! Give me that! It's my weekend
cosplaying mask!

Alyssa snatches the bag and hurriedly exits.

INT. PRIUS. EARLY MORNING.

Alyssa climbs into the passenger seat of a Prius. PAN over to
reveal Slim Jim in the driver's seat.

SLIM JIM
Did you get it?

Alyssa proudly holds up the evidence bag. Slim Jim smiles and
reaches clumsily into the backseat, producing a hastily-made
luchador mask that matches his own.

SLIM JIM (CONT'D)
Here. I just wanted to give you a
little something for helping me.

ALYSSA
This piece of crap? C'mon man, it
looks like--

Slim Jim's face falls.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
It was, uh, made with love so...
thanks.

Slim Jim and Alyssa smile at each other. Slim Jim hits the
gas and the Prius tears away bumpily.

CUT TO BLACK.