

Forecourt Fiasco

written by

John Stone

Chuck Spunt Goes Forth

FADE IN:

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

CHUCK SPUNT whistles a tune as he stands at the pump and fills his vehicle's sump with petrol.

POV: The digital price indicator rises to fifty pounds when he replaces the nozzle back inside the pump.

INT. FILLING STATION - DAY

He enters and stands third in the queue.

The WOMAN at the front pays and smiles at him as she walks off. He looks at her bemused and grins knowingly.

The tall moustached MAN in front steps up to pay. He taps his card against the terminal.

CASHIER

Sorry that hasn't gone through.  
Would you like to try again?

MAN

Yes please.

He taps his card again. Chuck Spunt gets edgy and begins to tut.

CASHIER

That hasn't gone through either.

MAN

Oh dear. That's not right, is it?

CASHIER

Have you got another card with  
you?

MAN

I'm afraid I haven't.

CASHIER

Would you like to try the ATM  
machine outside? There's one on  
the forecourt.

MAN

Well, if it doesn't work here  
it's unlikely its going to work  
in the ATM machine, isn't it?

Chuck Spunt leans over his shoulder.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, if you like I can pay for  
your fuel and you can BACS me  
later when you sort you card  
problems out.

MAN

Oh, that's very kind of you.  
Would you?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes. If you show me some proof,  
obviously.

MAN

Of course, of course.

He takes out his wallet and shows him his driving license.

Chuck Spunt stares down at the driving license and furrows a  
brow.

CHUCK SPUNT

(aback)  
Mike Kunte?

MAN

That's right And you...?

CHUCK SPUNT

Chuck Spunt.

Cashier shows a look of dismay.

CASHIER

So, who's going to pay, then,  
Spunky or Kunte?

In unison they look back at him agape.

END