

GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR

By

Bryson G

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brysong417@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. HOME - DAY

A young man scrolls past various lenses on his computer. Four and five figure prices stare back at him.

VENICE, mid 20's, shakes his head but searches for other lenses on another site.

A busted nifty-fifty to his left lies on the table, K.I.A.

He stumbles across one site, an obnoxious male wears sunglasses and a grin, a bulky camera and huge lens held in his mits. Thing looks like a canon.

Venice chuckles at the shady site, looks to his mangled fifty millimeter, and searches for his replacement.

VENICE POV

A slick fifty mill, with a beyond affordable price it's almost criminal. He reads aloud the delivery method.

VENICE (O.S.)

One of our representatives will
meet you in the alley on third.
Order now and this item will be in
your hands by tommorrah!
Tommorrah?!

He sighs.

VENICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Why not?

The pointer on the screen clicks "buy".

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

THE NEXT DAY

The alley snakes its way between homes and trash bins. Venice waits around, checks his watch, when a lone man strolls down the alley, he holds a small box and nibbles on a sandwich.

TOMMY ONE SHOT, late thirties, the slob holds the huge camera from the website. He has an old neon paper wristband on, stamp on the back of his hand, and big sunglasses on.

VENICE
 (to himself)
 What the hell...?

TOMMY ONE SHOT
 Are you the guy?

VENICE
 Are you Tommy?

TOMMY ONE SHOT
 Yes sir. Tommy One Shot. You
 ordered the lens, right?

VENICE
 Yeah.

Tommy hands over the small box, Venice hands over the money.

A beat passes.

TOMMY ONE SHOT
 You got some mustard?

Venice gives him a long look.

TOMMY ONE SHOT (CONT'D)
 This sammy is missin' something!
 Hate to throw it away, and all it
 needed was some damn mustard. Shit.

Tommy takes a huge bite out of it.

VENICE
 O...kay. I'm gonna head on back
 now. Hope you find that mustard.

TOMMY ONE SHOT
 Me too. Hey! Any problems with the
 lens you let us know. We're twenty
 four seven baby. All day.

VENICE
 ...alright.

TOMMY ONE SHOT
 Deuces.

Tommy turns his back to Venice and walks back from where he came.

INT. HOME - DAY

Venice puts his small box on a dining room table, sits and opens it up.

His curious face turns sour at what he sees. He pulls out a purple crown royale bag with something in it.

He stares at it, then shakes it. The sound doesn't mimic that of a lens, doesn't mimic the sound of a lens at all.

Venice opens the bag up and peers inside.

VENICE
WHAT THE FUCK?!

He dumps it out on the table.

FILTHY ROCKS tumble from the velvet bag onto he tabletop.

Venice stands and stares at the rocks, he throws a haymaker at the air in anger.

He digs his phone out of his pocket and makes a call. Tommy One Shot's voice is heard.

TOMMY ONE SHOT (V.O.)
Sorry I couldn't answer, I'm
probably too busy counting this
lens money, baby bayyyy bay! Ha ha
ha ha!!! Tommy One Shot...Tommy One
Shot...Tommy One shot!!! Oh yeah!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

BEEP!

Venice looks at his phone, eyebrows clinched, he ends the call.

AN HOUR AND SIXTEEN MINUTES LATER

Venice calls back. This time, a female REPRESENTATIVE answers.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)
Hello? Uhh, thank you for calling
Tommy One Shot's camera shop. This
is...Vickie, how can I help you?

VENICE
Where's Tommy? I want to speak to
Tommy.

REPRESENTATIVE

What seems to be the problem?

VENICE

He sold me a bag of rocks is the problem. He took my money. I'm not JG Wentworth, but I want my money, and I want it...NOW!

REPRESENTATIVE

Mmm hmm. Well, we'd love to help but how do we know you didn't just swap out the lens with a bag full of rocks yourself, you know?

VENICE

Would I be this damn upset, if I-I'm taking this shit to the triple b, FCC--

REPRESENTATIVE

Sir--your-reaking up--I--hear you-Sir?

VENICE

Hello? Hello?! Hello, god damnit?!!

He looks to his phone, "CALL ENDED".

Venice paces not like he's upset, but like a lion prowls inside a cage, as it contemplates it's escape.

He sits, elbows on knees, chin in hand.

FLASH ON

Tommy One Shot's neon wrist band...

FLASH ON

Tommy One Shot's stamped hand...

FLASH ON

Venice reviews photos of a night club.

FLASH ON

Hands putting on the same wrist band on his wrist.

HOME

Venice raises his head from his palm. His face says it all.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Neon lights frame the doorway to the disco. A half full line of over dressed patrons wait to be let in. Another handful of people stand opposite side of the door, they smoke and chat it up.

A well dressed man with a short and cute woman exit the club. His arm slung over her.

The well dressed ladies man looks familiar, it's Tommy One Shot.

The two walk past the line as they share a laugh, one patron turns around at the couple.

Venice slips out the line and follows.

EXT. PARKING RAMP - NIGHT

Tommy One Shot and his date make it to his clean sedan in the middle of many.

He opens the door for her, makes sure she's in, and closes it.

He comes around the automobile, as Venice emerges from behind one of the parked cars. He slithers towards him.

Tommy One Shot examines his trunk, he finds a small scratch

He rubs the blemish. Venice closes in.

Tommy One Shot leaves the imperfection when a hand grabs his shoulder and spins him around.

The two are face to face.

VENICE

A bag of rocks? A BAG OF ROCKS?!

TOMMY ONE SHOT

Do I know you?

VENICE

Yeah! I'm the guy you sold a sack of stones to instead of a lens.

TOMMY ONE SHOT

Call customer support, they'll help you.

Tommy One Shot turns and heads for the door.

VENICE
You're not going to give me back my
money?

Tommy One Shot stops.

TOMMY ONE SHOT
...nope.

Venice shakes his head. He notices a watch.

VENICE
That's a nice watch.

Tommy One Shot turns to Venice.

The female passenger opens the door slightly, and pokes her
head out.

FEMALE
What's going on?

TOMMY ONE SHOT
Nothing, Darby. I'll be in a jiff.

DARBY
Uhh...okay.

She looks at Venice through unimpressed eyes and shuts the
door.

Venice squints and tilts his head.

TOMMY ONE SHOT
Are we done here?

Venice rubs his chin as he looks to the car, when it hits
him...

VENICE
She's the one who answered the
phone!

Tommy One Shot smiles and shrugs. He turns to head to his
car, when he's turnd around...again.

As soon as he's facing Venice, Venice delivers an uppercut
from hell to heaven.

CRACK!

Tommy One Shot's body lifts from the cement and damn near
lands on his neck.

Tommy One Shot can't answer right now, he's in the middle of counting sheep.

Darby hops out unaffected, she has a big and obnoxious purse slung around her forearm, and goes straight to Venice.

She looks to Tommy One Shot and rolls her eyes.

DARBY

Look, how much did he get you for?

VENICE

Two.

Darby digs out a check book and a pen. She signs and tears.

DARBY

That should cover it.

VENICE

I just wanted to take pictures. Not all this.

DARBY

No, it's fine. Maybe it'll teach his silly ass a lesson.

VENICE

If I ruined your night, I'm sor-

DARBY

It's fine.

Venice takes a last look at Tommy One Shot, and leaves.

Tommy One Shot sleeps it off.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

TWO DAYS LATER

Venice goes back to the expensive website and browses through the list of fancy glass. He picks one, he buys one.

No hesitation.

END