

THE FILL

By

STEVE MCDONELL

© STEVE MCDONELL

steve-abbey@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT.SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

A typical Australian supermarket on a Friday night. The clock on the wall reads 6:45 p.m. NICK, a tall, dark haired man aged 22, walks through the entry gates. He is wearing black shirt and long black pants.

A few customers are moving around the store with shopping trolleys. Nick walks along the front end, past the aisles. In Aisle 4, two young guys, LENNY and SCUM are filling biscuits. They wear the supermarket attire but they both have long hair tied back. The guys watch Nick go past.

LENNY

That must be the new guy.

(beat)

Looks ok.

SCUM

How the fuck can you tell that? He could be the biggest asshole on the Gold Coast.

LENNY

(shaking head)

No, can't be.

(beat)

You are.

The two look at each other and burst into laughter. An OLD LADY wheels her trolley near them and stops.

OLD LADY

Excuse me, is tinned fruit in this aisle?

LENNY

(still chuckling)

Ah, no. Aisle Three. Next one over.

OLD LADY

Thank you. I have to say, this must be a good place to work. You boys seem happy.

SCUM

Yes, ma'am, we are. Twenty four-seven. Happy chappies.

The boys break up again, Lenny rolling on the floor with laughter. The old lady moves along.

OLD LADY
Fucking drug addicts.

Meanwhile, Nick is near Aisle nine, when the nightfill boss, BRAD, a short, stocky man in his mid thirties, appears to his left. He is wearing the shop uniform, but also sports a bandanna under a backwards facing cap.

BRAD
Yo! You must be Nick, man. Welcome to da place, bro'. The filler's paradise! I'm Brad.

Brad speaks in a hybrid combining Afro-American with normal English.

NICK
(shaking hands)
Ah, hi, Brad.

BRAD
Nick, hey? The ole' Nickmeister himself. Wo, motherfucker. Follow me, man.

They head down past Dairy/Freezer, Nick a little bemused by Brad's personality.

BRAD
Good crew, here, buddy. Top gang. Even the fuckwits are cool! You did nightfill in Brisbane, didn't you?

NICK
Uh, yeah. Two years. Pet food and cleaning stuff mainly.

BRAD
Awesome, bitch! Prick who just left was in there. You're da man!
(beat)
You're probably wondering about all the street talk. It's, well, I just seem to have an affinity for the brothers, you know. We had a real American mo'fo working here. And I guess I sorta took to his way of thinking. He showed me the light, homes.

NICK
That's fine. I hardly noticed it.

BRAD

Yeah, dat's the truth. It ain't like I overdo it or anything. Look, here's the tea room. You can meet some of the guys.

MARGO(O.S)

...and I said, Trev honey, I don't give a rat's arse what Stuart Dyson said his wife let him do on Sunday night, you are not coming home from the pub full of piss and try and stick it up my a...

INT.TEA ROOM - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Nick enter the room, which is a reasonable size, with tables and chairs, fridge and T.V. Men's and Women's toilet open off the room. MARGO and LIZ, two women in their fifties, sit at the table, drinking coffee and reading magazines.

MARGO

...aah, this must be the new guy. I see you've already met our resident white Negro.

The women laugh together.

BRAD

(smiling)

Yo' hot mamas! This is Nick, just moved here from the Bris 'hood. Wants to learn the rules of our turf.

MARGO

How are you, Nick? I'm Margo, this is Liz.

LIZ

Welcome to the fold. Always good to get a newbie with experience.

NICK

Thanks. I'm looking forward to it.

BRAD

These foxy ladies are the backbone of the Fill. They get the job done...

(he does a little dance step)

(MORE)

BRAD (cont'd)
...in aisle one.

MARGO
It's a pity you aren't a real black
guy, Brad. like that gorgeous
Den-zel...what's his name?

NICK
Washington.

MARGO
Yeah, him. If you looked like him,
Mr. Boss man, who knows? My Trevor
would be put on the bench!

BRAD
Margo, my sweet thing, I may be a
white boy on the outside. But let
me tell you, my soul, my very mojo,
is as black as Ernie Dingo's arse
at midnight!

LIZ
(nodding)
That's pretty black.

BRAD
Amen, sister.

Margo and Liz finish their coffee and get up.

MARGO
Break's over. Come on, Nick. We'll
show you around before you start.

The sound of a bell RINGING comes over the store speakers.

BRAD
That's the back dock. Fruit and veg
truck's in. There's another new guy
starting at seven as well. Should
be in soon.

LIZ
We'll show him the ropes too.

Brad nods and goes out the door.

NICK
You all start at different times
here?

MARGO

Not all the time, no. It's a fairly big load tonight, so Liz and I started at five.

The door opens and the other new guy walks in. NESTY is 30, average height and build, and has a mop of ginger hair. He smiles and looks around.

NESTY

Hi there. I'm Mike but everyone calls me Nesty.

MARGO

Giddy, Nesty. I'm Margo, this is Liz. Nick here, is a newbie like yourself.

NICK

(shaking hands)
Hey, Nesty.

LIZ

You the guy just up from Melbourne?

NESTY

Yeah. Geelong actually.

MARGO

(smiling)
Bloody Mexicans! Haven't they built that fence yet?

Everyone laughs.

MARGO

We were just on our way out to show you boys around.

NESTY

Sounds good.

They all file out the door.

INT.BACK DOCK - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad waits at the back dock, as the roller door trundles up with a GRATING sound. A large delivery truck is reversing in to the dock. Brad moves some pallets with a jack to make room.

The truck driver, RICK, appears. He is 40 years old, medium height but is very plump, almost fat. He wears a bandanna and backwards cap like Brad. He comes up the concrete steps onto the dock and gives Brad a high five.

BRAD

Yo, Rick! How's my main homie?
Looking good, bro.

RICK

Hey, Brad-ley. Smokin', bitch,
smokin'.

Incongruously, Rick shares the same persona as Brad...

The two open the doors of the truck, swinging with rhythm, doing their routine.

BRAD

(strutting)

How was your weekend, man? Wall to
wall ladies, goin' down on you?
Goin' to town on you? Hot damn,
studder!

RICK

Oh, fuck yeah, bro'! All night
long.

(beat)

Actually, Karen made me clean the
gutters. How about you? Any action?

BRAD

(grabs crotch)

Non stop, mo'fo! Volumes!

RICK

Really?

BRAD

Well, none to tell the truth.
Missus wanted me to help with
groceries.

They both sigh, before looking at each other with renewed purpose.

BRAD

But our time will come!

RICK

Hallelujah!

BRAD

All of us brothers will rise up
from under the thumb of white trash
oppressors.

RICK

Say it loud, homie!

BRAD

And we will reclaim the white pussy
that is rightfully ours.

RICK

Fuckin' right on!

BRAD

But until that glorious day
arrives...let's get this bitch
unloaded!

RICK

Fuck yeah!

INT.SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nick, Nesty, Margo and Liz walk along the back end of the
aisles. The ladies name the staff working in each one.

MARGO

Seven...that's Linda.

LINDA, 24, a gorgeous blonde with very tight black pants,
waves to them. She is filling the shelves with toilet paper.

LIZ

Started here years ago as a
checkout operator.

MARGO

Her husband Ash is in Aisle Three.
We have to keep them apart. They
tend to get a bit, shall we say,
frisky at times.

NESTY

Interesting.

MARGO

Yeah it can be.

(beat)

Six and five...that's Tim. He does
all the drinks. He's ok. Just don't
get him angry.

TIM, 30, is a huge man, a regular brick shithouse. The group walk on.

MARGO

Aisle Four...Lenny and Scum. Don't ask me their real names. Probably don't have any! Good workers but only cos' they're on speed and E all the time.

Lenny and Scum look up from their filling, and wave idiotically.

NICK

Um, is that allowed? I'm not a nerd or anything, but that could be unsafe.

LIZ

Lenny's mum is the store manager. And for some reason, she loves him. Enough said.

MARGO

(shrugs)

Long as they do the job, it doesn't matter.

NESTY

(quietly)

And don't kill anyone...

MARGO

There's Ash in three.

ASH, 24, tall and lean with a crew cut, is filling cereal. He waves.

LIZ

Now, old Jimmy in two here, he's a bloody institution.

JIMMY is very old, but spritely. He gives them the thumbs up.

NICK

Christ, he must be in his seventies!

MARGO

He's 81.

NESTY

What? Is that safe as well? Nothing against him but...

LIZ

He's the store manager's grandfather.

NICK

Keep it in the family, hey?

NESTY

Are they all from Tasmania?

The ladies smile, but don't really get the joke. They reach Aisle one.

MARGO

Brad wants you with us, Nesty. Nick, you start in eight. You can either drop or fill off the cages. Whatever you like, ok?

NICK

No worries. I'll get to it.

INT.AISLE 8 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nick is filling the shelves with tins of cat food. The cage is loaded with different boxes. He puts cardboard, plastic, damaged and dead stock in a shopping trolley as he goes. Nick whistles along with the muzak playing in the store.

INT.AISLE 7 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Linda is filling the toilet paper. Suddenly, Ash appears next to her. They both look around surreptitiously, before he embraces her from behind.

ASH

I missed you, honey.

LINDA

I missed you too, baby.

She closes her eyes as he grinds into her, but still continues to fill. After a few seconds, Ash gets serious. He slips her a piece of paper.

ASH

Ok, babe. Here's the numbers for tonight. You remember how to decode it?

LINDA

Oh, yes. I can hardly wait.
Goodbye, my darling.

Ash groans and gives her one last dry hump. Then he is gone...

INT.BACK DOCK - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Rick lock up the doors of the delivery truck.

BRAD

Sweet as, man! Another job well done by the ebony twins!

RICK

Betchya arse, mo'fo!

They high five and Rick heads off. Brad closes the shutter.

BRAD

Damn, that's one great son of a bitch!

INT.AISLE 4 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Lenny and Scum fill biscuits, chatting inanely.

LENNY

I'm getting hungry already, man.
Got the munchies.

SCUM

What? It's only just after seven.
Why so early?

LENNY

We've always found a damaged pack to eat by now. But so far tonight, nothing.

Scum shakes his head, takes his carton cutter, and slices open the biscuits he's holding. He offers them to Lenny.

SCUM

There you go. Damaged.

(beat)

Tuck the fuck in.

They both giggle and chew into the biscuits. A man comes along with a full shopping trolley. He is a GRUMPY CUSTOMER, a solid man in his late 40's. He stops near the boys and sneers.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

Jesus, they'll let anyone work here. You guys out on parole or something? Or finished rehab?

He laughs loudly. Lenny and Scum merely look at each other. They're used to this...

LENNY

Close. We just got out of sex therapy. Got treated for an overdose of your wife's pussy.

Scum giggles. The man lunges forward.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

(cocking fist)

Fuckin' smartarse. I should punch the fuck out of you.

LENNY

(waving a finger)

Uh, uh. No hitting the staff. My buddy here is a witness. You'll be in deep shit.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

Wiseguy fuckin' punks. What's your name? I'm gonna report you to management.

LENNY

The name's Meoff. First name Jack.

SCUM

I'm his brother, Paul.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

(thinking)

Right, I'll remember that. Jack and Paul Meoff.

(beat)

Why, you fuckin' pair of pricks...

The boys dissolve into laughter.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

I've had enough. I'm talking to the store manager about this.

SCUM

No use, man. His mum is the fucking boss! Haha.

Grumpy stares at the boys, trying to save face. He glances at the shelves then up at the stock on the capping. A grin slowly appears on his face.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

Ah, I see my favorite biscuit is out. But luckily you have a fresh box up there.

He points and all three look up. The mentioned box is indeed there, but has other boxes on top of it. The stack is dangerously high...

LENNY

Ah well, I don't think so. Safety issue. Right, Scum?

SCUM

Yeah. Too high, man.
(giggles)
Like us. Too fucking high.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

(undeterred)

Well, you have a nice handy step here, don't you? You can't refuse a customer. I know my rights.

The boys look at each other, beaten for the moment. Then Lenny winks at Scum, unseen by Grumpy.

LENNY

Sure, no problemo. Scum, steady my legs, man.

Lenny climbs up on the step. Scum grasps his legs. Grumpy stands, arms folded, a contented smile on his face.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER

I guess I taught you maggots some manners, didn't I?

Lenny grabs the box and starts tugging at it.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER
 (concerned)
 Hey, careful there. Watch those top
 boxes, they'll....oh fuck!

Lenny yanks the box and the bigger ones on top slide straight off, over his head and smash onto Grumpy's trolley. The sound of eggs SMASHING and bottles CRACKING is loud. The edge of the box grinds Grumpy's fingers, and he leaps back yelling.

GRUMPY CUSTOMER
 Ah, shit! Fuck me, you dumb
 bastard.

Scum laughs again. Egg runs over the rest of the groceries, mixing with sauce, honey and other ingredients.

LENNY
 So how many packets did you want?
 (beat)
 Sir?

Grumpy storms off with his mangled shopping.

INT.AISLE 1 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Margo, Liz and Nesty are filling shelves with cans of tuna.

MARGO
 You're doing well, Nesty. It's easy
 enough work, you just have to keep
 going. Get a system and you're
 laughing.

NESTY
 Yeah, it's ok. These small tins are
 a pain in the arse though.

LIZ
 You'll get used to it after a few
 years.

They all laugh.

MARGO
 So, Liz, how did you go with young
 Jarrod's boil?

LIZ
 The one under his scrotum?

NESTY
Christ, how many does he have?

LIZ
Oh, they pop up everywhere on the
poor boy.

MARGO
Jarrod's her twelve year old.
(beat)
Yeah, the scrotum one. You get it
fixed?

LIZ
Yes, but we didn't waste good money
at the medical centre.

MARGO
No?

LIZ
No. I'm sick of paying for some
doctor's holiday.
(beat)
Ron held him down and I used the
bread knife.

NESTY
(shocked)
Holy shit! Ouch!

LIZ
I washed it with Dettol first.

NESTY
I...Jesus, that's...

MARGO
Oh, it's alright, love. Lizzie
here's a dab hand with dressing
wounds. I'm sure Jarrod is fine.

LIZ
Too right, dear! He was out
climbing the fence and riding his
bike twenty minutes later.

NESTY
(wincing)
Your kids must be tough.

LIZ

Well, you can't pamper them too much, can you?

Brad appears at the end of the aisle, rolling two full cages.

BRAD

Hey dudes. Here's the last ones. I'll go and check on the others, then help Jimmy for awhile.

MARGO

No worries, Brad. Nesty here is a good pickup. He's doing very nicely.

BRAD

That's my man!

INT.AISLE 5 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad walks down the aisle. Tim is filling the shelves with juice. Brad suspends his 'black' demeanour in this man's presence...

BRAD

Hey, Tim. Going alright? As usual?

TIM

Yeah, it's fine. A normal night.

BRAD

Cool. Hey, what game is on telly tonight?

TIM

Broncos playing Melbourne.

BRAD

Should be big! Give us an update when you have your break.

TIM

As always, Brad. No bother.

Brad nods and walks on. Tim keeps filling, almost robotically.

BRAD

(quietly)

Great bloke. Shit for brains but a great bloke.

INT.AISLE 8 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad walks along Aisle 8. Nick is at the far end, filling the shelves with dishwashing powder.

BRAD

Yo, Nick. How goes it, bro'?

NICK

Yeah, good thanks.

BRAD

You're doin' real fine, my man.

Bitch slappin'!

(beat)

The Dairy/Freezer truck will be in soon. I might get you to help me with it.

NICK

Sure. You'll come get me?

BRAD

That's affirmative, motherfucker!

Lenny and Scum come round the corner, giggling as usual.

LENNY

Hey guys.

BRAD

What the fuck? Aw, come on bro's.

No slacking off now.

SCUM

Easy homes. We just came to say hi to the new boy.

(beat)

Hi, new boy.

NICK

Ah, hi. I'm Nick.

BRAD

These two studs are Lenny and Scum.

NICK

The girls told me about you guys.

LENNY

Well, the truth is all lies. And the lies are all true. I think.

SCUM

Whatever! So, Nick, you got a
nickname, or is Nick just your
name?

(beat)

Nick.

All four blink, deciphering the moment.

NICK

Ah, I think my answer should be
'yes, just Nick'.

LENNY

Hey, we can live with that.

SCUM

Hell, no! we can't call you
somethin' else? Something special?

NICK

(shrugs and smiles)

Maybe. Depends on what it is.

LENNY

How about...

BRAD

Hold it! Stop just a minute,
bitches.

LENNY/SCUM

Why? What's wrong?

BRAD

This ain't funny.

(turns to camera)

This bit ain't funny at all.

(beat)

Who the fuck wrote this shit?

DIRECTOR(O.S)

Steve McDonell.

BRAD

Who the fuck is he when he's at
home? What does he know about
scripts?

DIRECTOR(O.S)

(sighing)

He won a competition. The owner of
the production company liked it.
Look, can we get on with...

LENNY

So he's the prick that wrote us as dumb fucks?

DIRECTOR(O.S)

You are dumb fucks. Now, there's funny parts on the next page. This is just a lull produced by writer's block. I think it's kind of arty, myself.

SCUM

Fucking arty my aunty's fart! I bet this McDonell prick has some cute Internet name.

DIRECTOR(O.S)

Stevie.

SCUM

What?

BRAD

He said the wanker's user name is Stevie.

NICK

Just about sums it up, doesn't it?

LENNY

Maybe we shouldn't abuse him too much.

SCUM

Why the fuck not?

LENNY

He'll do a re-write. Have us blowing each other or something.

BRAD

Shit, you could be right. Fuck it. Let's move on.

INT.AISLE 2 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad walks into Aisle two, still shaking his head. Jimmy is filling the shelves with sugar.

BRAD

(muttering)

Fucking asshole scriptwriters.

(beat)
Yo, Jimmy, you old shagger. How's
it hangin'?

JIMMY
Hey, Brad. Yeah, good. Great, in
fact. Did I tell you about my new
girlfriend?

BRAD
(grinning)
No, man. A new girlfriend? Let me
guess, ah, Doris from the bowls
club? No, wait, that hot eighty
year old from the RSL. Vivien, was
it?

JIMMY
Hey, I don't go after dry old
pussy! I got me a twenty year old.

BRAD
(stunned)
Get the fuck out of here! Twenty?
Motherfucking cradle snatching son
of a bitch.

JIMMY
(proudly)
Her name is Zoe. She works in a sex
shop.

BRAD
Hot damn! You hit the jackpot,
Jimmy boy.
(beat)
How the fuck you meet this sister?

JIMMY
On the 'Net. Dating service. She
was looking for an older, mature
man willing to teach her the art of
love.

BRAD
Fuck me, that's half of the east
coast of Australia!
(high fives Jimmy)
And she got the man! The best shelf
stacker goin' round!

JIMMY

That's me.

BRAD

So, you gettin' any? She put out?

JIMMY

First date, Took her to a fancy restaurant. Walked along the beach. Talked, got a kiss goodnight. Second date, she blew me in the back of a cab.

BRAD

Wow.

JIMMY

Third date, she bought six condoms and fucked my brains out.

(beat)

Fourth date, she bought a dozen condoms, and I bought ear and nose plugs.

BRAD

Ear plugs?

JIMMY

She's a loud one in the fart sack. Her screaming hurt my ears.

BRAD

And the nose plugs?

JIMMY

That was to block the smell of burning rubber.

INT.AISLE 9 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Linda is in here now, filling health and beauty products. She checks her watch, and counts slowly. Looking at the slip of paper, she walks to the end of the aisle.

INT.AISLE 3 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Ash is filling tinned fruit. He checks his watch, counts slowly, then heads to the end of the aisle.

INT.AISLE 2 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Jimmy are filling the shelves with spaghetti and pasta sauce. The back dock door RINGS.

BRAD
That'll be Dairy/Freezer.

JIMMY
Need a hand, boss?

BRAD
No, I'll get Nick, the new guy.
(sarcastically)
Besides, you need to save your
energy for your teenage girlfriend.

JIMMY
She's twenty.

BRAD
Whatever!

INT.AISLE 8 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad appears in Aisle eight. Nick is filling the shelves with dog food.

BRAD
Hey, Nick. The truck's here. Can I
get a hand?

NICK
Sure.

INT.BACK PASSAGE - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Nick walk down to the back dock, along an alleyway. Pallets of stock line the walls.

NICK
I notice you don't always speak,
well, you know, like a gang member
from East L.A.

BRAD
Hmmm? Oh, well, no, not always.
Sometime I feel I need to give it a
rest. Keep it fresh.
(beat)
Besides, I know everyone thinks I'm
fucking crazy.

NICK
 (shrugs)
 I don't. Actually, I think you do
 it pretty good.

BRAD
 Wow. Thanks man. You know, no one's
 ever complimented me on it before.

NICK
 Maybe you should try some new
 stuff. A bit of rap would be a
 start.

INT.BACK DOCK - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Nick walk to the back door shutters. The bell RINGS
 again, but Brad ignores it.

BRAD
 So give me an example. Rap ain't my
 strongest point.

NICK
 Ok, give me a moment.

He paces around, thinking, then nods to himself.

NICK
 Try something like this.
 (starts rapping and strutting)
 I've come down the back here to
 unload the dairy. I wanna be cool
 not a nightfill fairy. My buddy
 here Brad is a motherfucker scary.
 I like to hear Jimi play 'The Wind
 cries Mary'.

BRAD
 Wow, man. That's good shit. Any
 more?

NICK
 (getting into it)
 We da homies gonna unload the
 truck. The mamas all chase us but
 dey clean outta luck. We gotta
 frozen chicken but no frozen duck.
 Mess with me and Brad, man you a
 stupid fuck.

The bell RINGS urgently now.

BRAD

Nick, you're a fuckin' poet. A real jive brother. Sure you ain't got no nigger in you?

NICK

(laughing)

I wish! then I'd be longer than nine inches.

BRAD

Haha. Man, you got the jokes as well.

NICK

Actually, no joke. My dick is nine inches long.

BRAD

(deflated)

Oh.

The bell RINGS again. The truck driver, BANGS on the door.

SAM(O.S)

Hey, open this fucking door.

BRAD

(frowning)

That ain't Dave.

SAM(O.S)

Dave's sick. I'm Sam and I'm doing his run. I'm an hour behind already, so open up and stop acting like faggots!

Brad sighs and enters the door code. The roller door moves up. SAM walks in, scowling. He is a man-mountain, tall and overweight, in his 50's. He glares at Brad and Nick with all the cheer of a pit bull.

SAM

About fuckin' time. I got four pallets and sixteen fuckin' cages.

He slams his clipboard on the desk and opens the truck doors.

NICK

(whispers)

Brad, no street talk. I don't think this guy will appreciate it.

BRAD
(whispers)
I hear what you're saying, homie.

Sam starts to unload the pallets with a pallet jack, while Brad assists.

BRAD
(to Nick)
You know the difference between dairy and freezer stock? They hate it if anything gets put in the wrong place. The yogurt freezes and the ice cream melts!

NICK
Actually, I worked in Dairy/Freezer a few times in Brisbane. Freezer stuff is minus eighteen, Dairy minus four.

BRAD
That's it. Man, is there anything you can't do?

SAM
Ok, enough with the wankfest! Only a complete fuckwit wouldn't know the difference.

BRAD
(can't help himself)
Yeah? Well, that fuckwit would be YOU, motherfucker! Who da fuck asked for yo' white cracker opinion? You just de fuckin' driver, not de grocery expert! Why don't you...

His rant is cut short by Sam's fist in his left eye. Nick winces and scurries off with a cage.

INT.AISLE 1 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nesty, Margo and Liz work their way down the aisle, filling and chatting.

MARGO
Don't forget to have your fifteen minute break, Nesty. You get one when you work a five hour shift.

NESTY

Yeah, I heard. Generous, aren't they? I'll go at nine or so. Check out the footy score.

A MUSLIM LADY comes along, a shopping basket on her arm. She wears the traditional garb, complete with face veil.

MUSLIM LADY

(softly, with accent)

Ah, excuse me.

LIZ

Yes, love. How can we help you?

MUSLIM LADY

I am looking for, how do you say, 'Wiggles' spaghetti? My kids, they love it.

LIZ

Oh, yes, it's just at the other end. Here, I'll show you.

They walk to the tinned spaghetti section.

LIZ

(pointing)

There you go, dear.

MUSLIM LADY

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Liz walks back to the others and continues to fill.

MARGO

It's amazing really, isn't it?

LIZ

What's that, love?

MARGO

Well, one day they're flying planes into buildings, and the next, they're eating pasta shaped like Dorothy the Dinosaur.

Nesty glances up, eyebrows raised.

LIZ

Well, that's the beauty of the Australian supermarket, isn't it? Brings people together. And there's

(MORE)

LIZ (cont'd)
so much more variety than your
average store in Baghdad.

MARGO
True, love, so true.
(beat)
Aren't Muslims from Sydney?

INT.STOCK FREEZER - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nick rolls the cage up to the big steel door of the freezer.
He slides it open. Cold air wafts outs and he shivers.

Suddenly, he jumps, startled. Ash and Linda are in the
freezer, wearing winter jackets and gloves. They are having
sex, Linda leaning over a pallet of ice bags. She eats an
ice cream as Ash pounds her from behind.

ASH
Hi! You must be Nick.

LINDA
Oh, sorry. Did we surprise you?

NICK
Ah, no. I, ah, wasn't...

He brings the cage in, trying not to look.

ASH
Don't worry, mate. My balls are
quite safe from the cold.

NICK
Ah, yeah, I'm sure they are. I've
got a few more cages to bring in...

LINDA
That's fine, Nick. We'll be
finished soon. Oh...

Nick leaves in a hurry.

ASH
Seems like a top bloke.

LINDA
Yes. Maybe we should've invited him
to watch.

ASH
 (frowning)
 That wouldn't be right, honey.
 (beat)
 There's no more gear for him to put
 on. The poor bugger would freeze.

He starts thrusting harder.

LINDA
 Mmm. You are so considerate, my
 darling.

ASH
 I try, baby, I try. Besides, we
 wouldn't want people to think we
 were kinky now, would we?

LINDA
 True. Oh, yes...

INT.BACK DOCK - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Sam has unloaded all the cages off the truck and closes the doors. Brad moves about slowly, a packet of frozen peas taped to his eye. Sam signs the paperwork and looks at this watch.

SAM
 Nearly nine. Still running late, no
 thanks to you pricks.

He snarls and heads off. As the truck departs, Brad gives it the finger. Nick rolls two cages towards the passageway.

BRAD
 (to truck)
 And don't come back till you learn
 some respect, bitch!

He closes the shutter and follows Nick with more cages.

INT.STOCK FREEZER - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nick peers into the freezer but it is empty. Brad comes up behind him.

BRAD
 You ok, man? That Sam wanker scare
 you?
 (beat)
 (MORE)

BRAD (cont'd)
 Wait, let me guess? Ash and Linda
 were fucking in here?

NICK
 Yep.

BRAD
 That's four times this month! Man,
 those two should be in pornos!

NICK
 You mean, they screw at work all
 the time?

BRAD
 Oh, fuck yeah! At least twice in
 one night. It's like a special game
 for them. They haven't missed once
 in two years. They make up random
 codes and times, and meet in
 different spots. I sprung them in
 the manager's office once, doing it
 on the desk.

Nick is nodding, a thoughtful look on his face.

NICK
 You have access to the security
 system here? Like video monitors?

BRAD
 Of course. It's in the manager's
 office. I can...holy shit! I see
 what you're driving at.

NICK
 Yep. And hopefully, we'll get to
 see Ash driving Linda again.

INT.AISLE 6 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Tim fills the last box on the cage and checks the time. He
 grunts and heads off to the tea room.

INT.TEA ROOM - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Tim walks in and turns on the TV set at the back of the
 room. The channel shows coverage of an AFL game. He changes
 the channel.

TIM
Fucking Gayfl.

He finds the rugby league channel and grunts in approval. Tim watches for a few moments then goes into the men's toilet.

INT.AISLE 1 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nesty and the girls fill shelves with packets of soup. Nesty checks his watch.

NESTY
Might have my break now.

MARGO
No worries, love. Have a cuppa and relax.

NESTY
Sweet. I'll watch some of the footy.

He walks off. Liz watches him, frowning.

MARGO
What's wrong, love?

LIZ
Somethings not right. I sense trouble in the future.

MARGO
I thought you fixed Jarrod's boil.

LIZ
No, no. my left tit is aching fiercely. You know what means.

MARGO
Dodgy bra?

LIZ
No, love, no. Please, be serious. It's never been wrong before. Boob ache equals heartache. Somewhere...
(beat)
It all started on Boxing Day 2004, remember? My breast began to hurt really bad. And later, I discovered that was the exact moment the tsunami hit Indonesia.

MARGO

Oh, yes. I remember that! We swimming at my place, recovering from Christmas.

LIZ

And now history is repeating itself. But I can do nothing...

MARGO

(looks at ceiling)
Do you think the waves will come this far inland?

INT.TEA ROOM - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nesty walks in and looks at the TV. He changes the channel back to the AFL, shaking his head in disgust.

NESTY

Fucking rugby shit.

Nesty makes a coffee and sits down, watching the game. Tim comes out of the toilet. He nods at Nesty then looks at the TV.

TIM

This is not the NRL.

NESTY

Oh, sorry. Didn't know you were watching it. Can I just watch the footy for a few more minutes, then you can...

TIM

No. I hate this game.

He turns the channel back to the NRL.

NESTY

Steady on. No need to get shitty.

TIM

(snarls)
What you gonna do about it, Gayfl boy?

NESTY

(holds up hands)
Nothing. Just take it easy. Watch what you want.

Tim nods, his dominance asserted. Nesty watches in silence for a few moments.

TIM
See? Much better. AFL is for girls.

NESTY
I've changed my mind.

TIM
Ah, you are liking the game, hey?

NESTY
No, I am going to do something.

TIM
(vaguely)
What?

NESTY
This.

He flips his coffee into Tim's face and it's on! The two start wrestling, knocking over chairs, moving the table.

TIM
(grunting)
Fucking aerial ping pong!

NESTY
Catch me fuck me hope I trip!

For all his size, Tim isn't that agile, and Nesty is stronger than he looks. The pair end up on the floor under the table, locked together. Their faces are inches apart.

TIM
Chris Judd is a cross dresser!

NESTY
Lockyer takes it up the arse!

TIM
Cousins is a coke fiend.

NESTY
(pauses)
Ah, he is actually. Well, was.
Maybe still is.
(beat)
Billy Slater is Australia's
girliest sportsman.

TIM
 (pauses)
 He is, actually. No arguments
 there.
 (beat)
 Johnathon Brown is a wimp.

NESTY
 Israel Falau couldn't run out of
 sight on a dark night.

TIM
 (thinking)
 Israel Falau is...Batman?

NESTY
 (screaming)
 Fuck you're dumb!

He lunges up. Tim's back hits the table and it rolls over. Tim recovers and stands astride Nesty, his fists clenched for the hammer blow. Nesty whips his leg up and connects Tim in the groin. He falls over Nesty's head, groaning.

NESTY
 How do you like that, bum sniffer?

Two CHECKOUT GIRLS walk in just then, to clock off. They giggle at the scene. Nesty realises his face is a bit too close to Tim's arse.

NESTY
 (trying to be cool)
 Ah, hi there, girls. I'm Nesty, the
 new guy.

The girls titter again.

CHECKOUT GIRL 1
 Don't you mean the new gay?

They clock off, giggling. Nesty gets up quickly.

CHECKOUT GIRL 2
 Have fun.

NESTY
 Look, this isn't what it looks
 like. We were...

CHECKOUT GIRL 1
 Hey, don't let us interrupt you.
 Bye!

They run out, still giggling. Nesty stands for a moment, a bit dazed. Suddenly, Tim rises up behind him, face twisted with rage.

INT.AISLE 4 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Lenny and Scum work their way down the aisle, filling.

SCUM

How we gonna get to the party later?

LENNY

You said you were gonna drive.

SCUM

But my car's fucked at the moment. Carbie's playing up.

LENNY

Why didn't you tell me this before?

(beat)

We'll just get a cab straight from here at midnight.

SCUM

Sweet.

(beat)

Where's the party again?

Lenny looks at him, frowning.

LENNY

Um, I forgot.

SCUM

Oh.

(beat)

At least we'll save on cab fare!

LENNY

Thinkin'!

INT.AISLE 1 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Margo and Liz fill the shelves with tins of soup. Suddenly, Nesty appears, sprinting down the aisle. Tim follows him, roaring.

NESTY
(passing)
Excuse me, ladies.

MARGO
You've still got five minutes,
Nesty.

LIZ
Yes, love, have a decent rest.

TIM
You're gonna be fucked when I get
you!

Then they are gone, careering out of the aisle.

MARGO
They seem to be hitting it off.

LIZ
Boys will be boys. Probably got
carried away watching the footy.

MARGO
Yes. Mind you I didn't know Tim was
gay.

LIZ
Well, it takes all types, doesn't
it?

They work in silence for a moment.

MARGO
Did I tell you about the boil my
cousin Roxanne had?

LIZ
No, love, I don't think you did.

MARGO
Nasty one it was. Right next to her
clitoris.

INT.MANAGER'S OFFICE - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Nick are checking the security monitors. Different
views of the store are shown.

BRAD
They're just filling. Linda in
nine, Ash in three.

NICK
Surely they'll sneak off again
soon? I know I would!

BRAD
(wistfully)
Yeah, that Linda's a hottie
alright. But, look, we can't stay
here too long. The load won't get
filled.

NICK
(thinking)
Well, there isn't really too many
places they can go, is there? I
mean, where they're hidden from
view?

BRAD
Dat's true! You one smart homie,
Nick.

On one of the screens, what appears to be a ZOMBIE is in
Aisle ten, pushing a shopping trolley. Brad and Nick don't
notice it...

NICK
We'll just keep an eye on them.
Peek in the aisle or something.

BRAD
My bet is the fruit and veg cooler.
That's a favourite of theirs.

NICK
Sweet.
(beat)
What was that? Something going on
in Aisle six.

BRAD
(peers at screen)
Looks like Tim and Nesty beating
the shit out of each other.

INT.AISLE 6 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Tim and Nesty beat the shit out of each other.

INT.AISLE 4 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Lenny and Scum are nearly finished. They fill the shelves with jam and honey. Suddenly, the zombie comes round the corner, pushing the empty trolley. His face is decaying, his clothes stink, and he limps, leaving a trail of fluid. Lenny and Scum glance at him.

LENNY

Store's closed, man.

SCUM

Yeah, you better get to the front end. You'll be locked in.

(beat)

Then you'll have to help us.

They both giggle.

ZOMBIE

Aaaaworrrr...

LENNY

Man, you smell bad. Soap and deodorant is in Aisle nine.

SCUM

(studying zombie)

Hey, Lenny, I...I think this guy's some sort of zombie.

LENNY

What? No shit?

(beat)

Yeah, that would explain his fucked up condition. Either that or we're totally ripped.

SCUM

That's a possibility. He could be just a real ugly dude.

LENNY

Might be a tourist. Missed the bus at Movieworld.

ZOMBIE
Orrrrr...laaaa...

SCUM
I think he's asking for some honey.

LENNY
(holding out jar)
Here you go, man. Try this.

The zombie takes the jar and manages to open it. He dips a rotted finger in and tastes the honey. His ravaged head nods slowly.

ZOMBIE
Gooo...darrrrr....

SCUM
Right, now fuck off. We're busy.

INT.AISLE 1 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Margo and Liz are almost done.

MARGO
Thought Nesty would be back by now.
He didn't seem the lazy type.

LIZ
We're nearly finished. Brad
probably got him to help Tim.

The zombie stumbles into the aisle, and passes them.

MARGO
Is that a zombie?

LIZ
I think so.

MARGO
What a cheek. Being here after the
store's closed.

INT.AISLE 8 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Nick fill the last of the boxes.

BRAD
Good job, man. I'll go help Jimmy.
Can you start facing?

NICK
Yeah, no probs. Hey, you given up
on the street talk?

BRAD
What? Oh, I get sick of it myself.
But, you never know when it'll pop
up again.
(beat)
Hey, could you do the rubbish later
on? You right with that?

NICK
Yeah, sweet. Used to do it in Bris.

BRAD
Ok, and, ah, I'll keep an eye on
Ash and Linda. But it's tough to
catch them at it. They're slippery
customers!

He leaves and Nick starts facing.

NICK
I bet somethings slippery,
anyway...

INT.AISLE 6 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad walks down the aisle. Tim and Nesty still pound each
other.

BRAD
Hey, guys, we're ready to face.

The pair stop their fighting.

NESTY
Ah, sure, Brad.

TIM
Ok. no problem.

NESTY
Man, you're just like a fucking
robot!

TIM
Gayfl bitch!

They commence smashing each other again, as Brad walks on.

BRAD
Ah, the joys of democracy...

INT.AISLE 2 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad walks down the aisle. Jimmy fills the shelves with sugar and flour.

BRAD
Hey, Jimmy. Nearly done?

JIMMY
Yeah. It's been a good night.

They fill the last remaining boxes.

BRAD
So, what's on for the weekend, Jim boy? Bowls, perhaps? Some cards with the old guys?

JIMMY
No way! All that shit is for decrepit farts. I'm spending the whole weekend with Zoe. She's gonna teach me how to surf.

BRAD
What, the Internet?

JIMMY
No, out in the waves. She wears the tiniest bikini.

BRAD
(enviously)
I bet.
(beat)
What does her family think about her seeing an old bugger? No offense, but, you know...

JIMMY
None taken.
(shrugs)
They're ok with it. Her parents are just happy that's she's happy.

BRAD
That's pretty cool.
(grins)
She got any sisters?

JIMMY

Two. Both as beautiful as her. But, hey, you're a married man, Brad. Me, I'm free as a damn bird!

BRAD

Yeah, a dirty old vulture!

JIMMY

Zoe's picking me up after work tonight. We're going clubbing in Surfers.

BRAD

(testily)

Ok, no need to rub it in.

JIMMY

Come on! I've done nothing of the sort.

BRAD

Whatever! I'm off.

He walks off. Jimmy shakes his head and starts to face.

INT.AISLE 3 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad looks down the aisle. Ash waves, as he faces. Brad nods, then stops as a thought comes to him. He smiles and moves on.

INT.AISLE 9 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Linda is still filling health and beauty products, as Brad walks down to her.

BRAD

Hey, Linda, if you want, me and Nick can finish in here. You go face with Ash if you like.

LINDA

(delighted)

Really? Ok, then. You'll be ok in here?

BRAD

Yeah, sure. Nick's turned out to be a gun filler.

LINDA

Alright. Don't worry. Ash and I
won't muck around. We'll get into
it.

She heads off to aisle three.

BRAD

Yeah, you'll get into it alright...

INT.AISLE 8 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad walks into the aisle as Nick faces.

BRAD

Hey, Nick, I've devised a plan.
Come into nine and fill for awhile.

NICK

Ah, sure. What's up?

BRAD

I've put Ash and Linda together in
three, facing.

He laughs wickedly, which comes like a cackle...

NICK

Is that good?

BRAD

Good? It's fuckin' great! What
usually happens when you put a male
and female rabbit together in close
confines?

NICK

Well, normally they'd...holy shit!

BRAD

Exactly! They won't be able to keep
away from each other. All we have
to do is wait.

NICK

And keep an eye on them...

INT.AISLE 6 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Tim and Nesty have stopped fighting, and face in silence. They glare at each other but work steadily.

NESTY

Maybe we could come to an arrangement.

TIM

Share the TV?

NESTY

(shrugs)

Yeah. Or stagger our breaks. Then we each get to watch what we want.

TIM

(nodding slowly)

That sounds good. Perfectly workable.

(beat)

I knew you would come around eventually.

NESTY

(frowning)

What do you mean?

TIM

Come around to my way of thinking.

NESTY

Hang on! I was the one who suggested a ceasefire.

TIM

So you should. The inferior game always gives way. It is the reality of life.

They face for a few more moments in silence.

NESTY

(calmly)

That's strange. I always thought the reality of life was something different.

TIM

Like what?

NESTY

This.

He grabs Tim's head and slams it into the shelf. Bottles of soft drink go fly off. One hits the floor and the lid comes off. Coke sprays into Tim's groin. He roars and swing wildly. Nesty gets a quick punch in then takes off.

INT.AISLE 8 - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Brad and Nick fill with urgency.

NICK

Hey, I've got an idea. I'll go and start doing the rubbish now. Then I can see if Ash and Linda try to sneak into the fruit and veg cooler.

(beat)

What's wrong?

Brad shakes his head and turns to the camera.

BRAD

It's going again. I think this whole script is crapping out big time.

DIRECTOR(O.S)

What? No, no, we're nearly finished. There's a great finale coming up.

BRAD

About fucking time. This script is all over the place. The SS regulars are gonna be right onto it.

DIRECTOR(O.S)

Who?

BRAD

Simply Scripts website. I did some research between scenes. This McDonnell prick puts his scripts up for review. They'll murder this one.

NICK

He's right. I've read some stuff on that site. Those boys are vicious.

DIRECTOR(O.S)
(leafing through script)
Looks ok, Brad. Everything resolves
itself at the end.

BRAD
Well, this Ash and Linda thing
isn't working. For a start, I've
already mentioned I saw them
rooting once before. Why would I be
trying to catch them again?

NICK
Why not?

BRAD
What? I, no...look, we can't
justify it being in the script just
to have a gratuitous sex scene.

DIRECTOR(O.S)/CAMERAMEN(O.S)/NICK
Why not?

BRAD
You guys are pathetic!

DIRECTOR(O.S)
Look, it's a modern comedy. It has
to have sex, swearing and sick
jokes.

NICK
Which this script has in abundance.

BRAD
Alright, alright. But the SS guys
will be sharpening up their
keyboards now.

DIRECTOR(O.S)
Huh? Lost me there...
(beat)
Ok, people, let's move on.

INT.CRUSHING ROOM - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

The cardboard crusher is in a general rubbish room, near the
back dock. Nick feeds the cardboard through a barred chute.
Plastic is recycled separately, dead and damaged stock
sorted. The trolleys with rubbish are brought through one by
one.

The passageway outside the room leads to the fruit and veg section. Nick can see along it to the cooler door. Suddenly, the cardboard starts to build up in the chute. Nick looks into the aperture.

NICK
Shit! It's blocked.

He gets his mobile out and calls Brad.

NICK(ON PHONE)
Brad, Nick. No, I haven't seen them yet. Listen, the cardboard's blocking up. Can you check it out?
Ok.

He grabs a long, steel rod and tries to force the cardboard down. It won't budge. Brad appears and has a look.

BRAD
Fuck. It does this every now and then. Bigger boxes don't get flattened properly and it builds up. I'll have to open the side door and unjam it.
(turns to camera)
Hey! I didn't give Nick my mobile number! It's ridiculous. This script is out of control.

DIRECTOR(O.S)
Shut up! We'll write it in later.
Just act!

BRAD
Those SS guys will be loving this. They can't wait to rip shoddy scripts to shreds.

NICK
Well, so they should. But this'll be ok. There's lots of young dudes on the site too. They'll give this a great review. It'll balance.

BRAD
I dunno. You can only use so many fancy interactive scenes like this. They'll eat us for breakfast.

DIRECTOR(O.S)
Shut the fuck up and get in the crusher!

BRAD

That's right. Poor Brad. Into the crusher, Brad. He was noble. He died for the cause.

DIRECTOR(O.S)

You're the nightfill boss. You have the key to the side door.

Brad mutters and opens the roller door. He climbs down and opens the crusher's emergency door. He looks in.

BRAD

Yeah, it's well and truly jammed. I'll have to get in. Don't touch any buttons up there.

Nick looks down the chute as Brad climbs in.

NICK

It's ok. Here, take the rod.

(beat)

Hang on. I think someone's in fruit and veg.

Brad grabs the rod and jabs at the mass of cardboard. He crouches uncomfortably amongst it.

BRAD

It's pretty solid but I can get it. Nick? You there?

Suddenly, Tim and Nesty burst into the crusher room. Punching and kicking, they fall onto the control board. Lights come on and the crusher starts with a RUMBLE. The pair tumble out of the room and are gone.

BRAD

Hey, what the fuck? Who turned it on? Nick?

Nick comes back in.

NICK

I barred the cooler door so Ash and Linda can't escape! Hey, you got it unjammed.

BRAD

(yelling)

No, someone turned the fucker on. I'm slipping. Quick, shut it off.

NICK
Hey, I'm on it. Settle down.

He presses the 'stop' button. Nothing happens! He keeps pressing it. Still nothing...

BRAD
Help, I'm trapped. It's got me.

NICK
It won't switch off!

He looks down the chute. Brad is slowly being dragged into the maw of the crusher.

BRAD
Jesus, Nick, help me. My legs...aaaaaargh!

NICK
Grab the rod, quick. I'll haul you up.

Brad grasps the rod. Nick starts to pull him out of the crusher's grip. Inch by inch, Brad moves up the chute.

BRAD
It's working. I should be able to get across to the door.

Suddenly, Lenny and Scum walk in, pushing rubbish trolleys. Another trolley bumps forward and smashes into Nick's back! He staggers and lets go of the rod. Brad slides back into the crusher.

BRAD
Aaaargh! Fuuuck!

Lenny and Scum rush over and look in. The rod slips down the chute away from Nick's hand. He keeps trying the switch but it doesn't turn off.

LENNY
Oops. Sorry man. Just bringing you the rubbish.

NICK
Crusher won't go off.

SCUM
Hey, this is just like that scene at the end of 'Jaws'. You know, when Quint slides down the deck of
(MORE)

SCUM (cont'd)
the boat and into the shark's
mouth.

LENNY
Oh, yeah! Awesome. Hey, Brad, can
you thrash about as if the shark is
biting into you?

BRAD
(thrashing)
Aaaargh! Fuuuck! Help me!

SCUM
Wow, that's great, Brad! Just like
in the movie. You should be an
actor.

NICK
He is, you dickhead. This isn't
funny!

LENNY
(puzzled)
Yes it is! It's a well-written
comedic scene. A good send-up of a
famous screen death.

SCUM
Brad, any chance you could spray
blood from your mouth?

Suddenly, Ash and Linda run in. Ash takes in the situation,
and presses a sequence of buttons on the control board. The
crusher comes to a halt.

ASH
Easy when you know how.

NICK
What? How did you get out of the
fruit cooler?

LINDA
Huh? We weren't in there!
(grins)
We've been in the manager's office.
On the desk! Saw all the commotion
on the video camera.

BRAD(O.S)
You were screwing in there again?
Oh, Christ, my legs...

NICK
I'll ring an ambulance. Brad,
you'll be fine.

BRAD
I need a fucking holiday.

INT.CRUSHING ROOM - SUPERMARKET - LATER

Paramedics gently remove Brad from eh side of the crusher.
The others watch as the ambulance drives off.

ASH
Lucky boy. A broken leg, bruised
hip. Could've been worse.

LENNY
Yeah, his package might've got
squished.

He and Scum giggle.

NICK
I wanna know who's in the fucking
cooler.

INT.FRUIT AND VEG ROOM - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nick unbars the door and slides it open. Everyone peers in.

NICK
What the fuck?

LENNY
Hey, that's the guy who took the
honey!

Sure enough, the zombie is in the cooler. He's screwing
Margo! She lies back on a bed of lettuce, feeding the zombie
honey from the jar. The group of onlookers are speechless.
Liz pushes her way through and shakes her head.

LIZ
Love, how could you? Honestly,
What'll Trevor say about this?

MARGO
It's ok, Liz. I felt guilty at
first. But its not really like I'm
beimg unfaithful, is it? This guy's
dead!

ZOMBIE
(thrusting)
Gaaaar...deeeer...

Nick slides the door shut, as Jimmy enters the room.

JIMMY
What's been happening? Did I miss anything?

SCUM
Just your typical night here.

ASH
We're gonna need a new boss.
Brad'll be out of action for awhile.

Suddenly, Tim and Nesty crash into the room.

LENNY
Hey, you guys better fuckin' stop that now.

TIM/NESTY
Why?

LENNY
It's the end of the movie.

SCUM
Not quite...
(turns to camera)
We need the final scene that shows us at our next shift. Right, Mr. Director?

DIRECTOR(O.S)
There's always a smart arse, isn't there? Yes, Scum, you're right.
(beat)
But you better hope the writer doesn't change it to you and Lenny going to town on each other!

Everyone except Lenny and Scum laugh...

INT.SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nick walks along the front of the supermarket. He's wearing the store uniform now, as well as Brad's bandanna and cap. The store clock reads 6:45 p.m.

INT.TEA ROOM - SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Nick walks in. All the gang are around the table, drinking coffee, chatting about the weekend. They greet Nick with a cheer and applause.

NICK

Yo'! How's all my damn homies?

LENNY

Man, you look cool, Nick.

SCUM

Yeah, man. Fuckin' smokin'.

NICK

Thanks guys. I'll do my best to fill Brad's shoes.

(beat)

We all set for a good night? It's a pretty big load.

NESTY

I hear Jimmy got rid of a big load on the weekend!

Everyone laughs. Jimmy looks worn out and frail, but grins.

LINDA

How was the surfing lesson, Jim?

JIMMY

Actually, we never made it to the beach. Spent all weekend in bed!

ASH

Hey, so did we!

Everyone laughs again and gets up to start work.

NICK

We got another new guy starting tonight. To replace Brad's hours.

Suddenly, the door bursts open. The zombie stumbles in, moaning. Margo's face lights up.

NICK
Aah, here he is.

FADE OUT.