

FOR CUSTOMERS ONLY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The ramshackle storefront stands in defiance of the manicured block, like a drunk bully at a class reunion.

The business is adjacent to an ALLEY. A curb side graffiti spackled BENCH marks a--

BUS STOP

TRENT PAGE (30s), chiseled looks in designer silk, stands next to the bench, his stomach GURGLES.

BUS STOP SIGN

The placard reads: Quarter hour stops. 6 a.m. - 9 p.m.

Trent checks the time on his stunning ROLEX watch. 8:08 p.m. He turns and notices a cheesy hand written--

SIGN IN THE WINDOW

"Restroom for **CUSTOMERS ONLY**"

Trent looks around, nothing else is open for business.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A crass BEEP heralds Trent's entrance into the store.

CARL (60s), bifocals in a sweater vest, sits behind the counter reading a book.

Trent spots the RESTROOM in the back. Carl continues to read, as if the store was empty.

Trent walks down the aisle and reaches for the--

RESTROOM DOOR

Trent turns the knob, it's locked. He sticks his foot through a small PET DOOR at the base. The rubber flap sways.

CHECK OUT COUNTER

A surly CAT lays near a TAKE-A-PENNY TRAY.

Trent reads the clerk's name tag.

TRENT
Excuse me, Carl, can I have the key
to the bathroom?

Carl, still reading, points to a KEY hanging on a hook. The
key chain reads: FOR CUSTOMERS ONLY.

CARL
The restroom is for customers only.

Trent sets a pack of gum on the counter, reaches into his
pants pocket, then pauses.

He checks all his pockets with growing alarm, his phone
rings. Trent answers the smartphone.

TRENT
(into phone)
Trent Page. Enzo, look in the
roadster... you've got my wallet?
Great. I'll be right there, ciao.

Trent ends the call.

TRENT
I left my wallet at the garage.

Carl flips a page and reads his book.

CARL
The restroom is for customers only.

TRENT
I need to catch the bus. So, I'll
buy something when I--

Carl looks up from his book.

CARL
What assurances do I have that
you'll come back?

TRENT
Assurances? I want to use the
toilet, not take out a loan.

GURGLE. Trent winces and offers Carl his smartphone.

CARL
That phone has got no chip. It's no
good to me if you don't come back.

TRENT
Well, since I'm coming right back,
it won't be a problem.

Carl eyes Trent's Rolex.

TRENT
No. Not a chance.

CARL
Well, since you're coming right
back, it won't be a problem.

Trent eyes PENNIES in the tray and a nearby JAR of PENNY
CANDY. He reaches for the cache of change.

The cat stinkeye grumbles at Trent.

TRENT
Fine.

Trent takes off the Rolex. Carl reaches for the watch, Trent
holds the watch out of the clerk's reach.

TRENT
Not one scratch.

Carl nods. The men trade items, like wary adversaries
embroiled in a hostage exchange.

A crass BEEP.

The cat leaps off the counter, pads down the aisle and walks
through restroom pet door.

Trent turns from the counter, key in hand, and sees--

SHELDON (20s), tweaker thin in a threadbare army jacket,
points a GUN at Trent with an unsteady hand.

SHELDON
Don't move, suit!

Trent freezes, teeth clenched.

Carl reaches under the counter and presses a PANIC BUTTON.

TRENT
Buddy, I really have to go to the--

SHELDON
My name's not Buddy! It's Sheldon!

Sheldon realizes what he just said.

SHELDON

Shit.

GURGLE. Trent bites his bottom lip, looks at the restroom.

Sheldon trains the pistol on Carl.

SHELDON

Hands up, old man!

Carl complies. Sheldon points the revolver at Trent.

SHELDON

You. Put down the key and give me
the cash in the register.

Trent puts down the key and mashes buttons until the register
opens. He hands Sheldon the meager cash.

SHELDON

That's it? Give me your wallet.

TRENT

I left my wallet in the car.

SHELDON

Yeah, right.

TRENT

Ask Carl.

CARL

He did. Enzo said--

Sheldon points the gun at the clerk.

SHELDON

Shut up, Carl!

Sheldon notices the Rolex on Carl's wrist.

SHELDON

The watch. Give it to me.

Carl takes off the watch and hands it to Trent.

SHELDON

Today, suit!

Trent sighs and gives the Rolex to Sheldon. The robber
marvels at the sight of his loot.

SHELDON

Where'd you get a Rolex, old fart?

Carl and Trent look at each other.

The elated tweaker finagles the watch onto his wrist while holding the gun, but is unable to secure the clasp.

Sheldon puts the gun in a tattered coat pocket and clicks the clasp into place. He admires the Rolex on his gaunt wrist.

The gun falls through the jacket pocket onto the floor.

Sheldon runs out of the store.

EXT. CITY STREET - ALLEY - NIGHT

Trent tackles Sheldon, they land in a garbage pile. Sheldon slaps and kicks at Trent, the pair tussle in a--

TRASH HEAP

Trent "suffocates" a flailing Sheldon with a garbage bag.

TRENT

Give me back my watch!

Sheldon tosses the Rolex. Trent releases him. The tweaker flees down the dark alley into the night.

Trent recovers the watch, using his spit to clean the face.

GUUUURGLE. Trent hunches over and holds his stomach. He grabs a wad of newspaper and shoves it down his designer pants.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CHECK OUT COUNTER - NIGHT

A filthy Trent sets the sullied Rolex on the counter.

Carl inspects the watch, Trent does the potty dance.

CARL

This watch is scratched.

Trent SNAPS.

He grabs Sheldon's gun off the floor and shoves it in Carl's face while crossing his legs.

TRENT

Take the watch!

A crass BEEP.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Don't move, shit bag!

A uniformed POLICE OFFICER (30s) aims his handgun at Trent.

GUUUUURGLE. Trent stiffens.

POLICE OFFICER
Don't even think about it.

Trent screams and runs away from the cop, butt cheeks clenched. Newspaper hangs out of his ass, like a stubby tail.

The cop watches the spastic designer hobo charge towards the--

RESTROOM

Trent aims at the dead bolt, pulls the trigger and--

SQUIRTS. A long stream of water out the muzzle onto the knob.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - RESTROOM - PET DOOR

Trent forces his head and an arm through the narrow opening.

He contorts and looks up at the dead bolt lock. Trent stretches and groans, the thumbturn just out of his reach.

Something GROWLS.

Trent twists around and sees the--

SURLY CAT

The feline sits in a litter box, relieving itself.

TRENT
Nice kitty.

The growling cat hisses at Trent, it's ears pinned back.

Trent tries to retreat and extricate himself, he's stuck.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Carl and the cop watch a stuck Trent flail as the sounds of feline berserker rage and human screams fill the store.

The policeman notices the Rolex on Carl's wrist.

POLICE OFFICER
Nice watch.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The cop escorts a cat scratched, bruised, filthy and handcuffed Trent towards a parked cruiser.

An approaching BUS slows and halts at the designated stop.

Trent watches the bus pull away, he sees a--

SIGN ON THE BACK OF THE BUS

"Now equipped with restrooms!"

Trent tries to run for the bus, the cop grabs and steers his perp back towards the squad car.

POLICE OFFICER
Where you going, pal?

The officer guides Trent down into the back of the--

POLICE CRUISER

Trent laughs to himself, he knows exactly where he's "going".

The policeman sits in the front and reaches for the ignition, he wrinkles his nose.

POLICE OFFICER
What's that smell?

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END