

TOO HOT

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Perspiration beads across a forehead.

CHARLIE (30s), swipes the sweat from his brow.

He stands in front of a window air conditioner and turns the knob to the right. Nothing.

His eyebrows rise in surprise. He looks out the window. A thermometer reads: "104° F".

He turns the knob to the left. He flips it faster to the right. Nothing. He sinks with bewildered.

INT. STORE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Looking through the glass doors as Charlie approaches. He's hunkered down, melting, moving rather slow.

The glass door opens and he enters. Charlie spreads his arms wide, welcoming the cool air and breathes a sigh of relief.

A female CASHIER (30s), notices him and sends a smile his way.

Now with a spring in his step, he pushes a shopping cart into the store.

INT. STORE - MEAT DEPARTMENT

Charlie stops his cart at the ground beef section.

He reaches out for a package of hamburger. His fingertips walk across the package.

He looks around at shoppers walking by, all in their own little worlds.

His wrist flatens down on top of the packaged meat.

Charlie picks up the meat and presses it against his cheek, his forehead.

Catching himself, he glances around.

A cranky female SHOPPER (60s), whispers to a chubby, MALE MANAGER (40s). Both turn toward him and watch.

Charlie sets the meat down. He gives it a little pat to tidy it up, then turns away.

The shopper rushes to the hamburger. The manager follows close behind.

The manager lifts the meat from the case and takes a look. The shopper puts her hand on her hip as she watches him.

Charlie looks into another meat bunker.

Many slabs of ribs fill this section.

Charlie's eyes wander up. He turns and scans the area. His eyes stop on the manager, glaring straight at him.

They lock eyes.

Charlie slowly reaches for a package of ribs.

The manager shakes his head no. He points to his badge that clearly reads: "MANAGER".

Charlie pulls a pad of paper and pen from his pant pocket and writes something. He holds the paper up on his chest and points to it. It reads: "CUSTOMER".

Charlie smiles as he looks for a reaction. The manager stares at him. Charlie stares back.

Charlie watches the manager puts his hand on his hip and tap his foot impatiently.

The female shopper steps in front of the manager. She puts on her glasses and watches him.

Charlie snags a package of ribs and wraps them around his neck. He presses them down tight. He sinks a little in comfort.

The manager's eyes bulge in disbelief.

The female shopper shakes an angry finger in the manager's face.

The manager sends Charlie a look to kill.

Charlie slides the ribs from his shoulders, back into the meat cooler.

He dashes away.

The manager gives chase after him. He rounds a corner and heads down an aisle.

INT. STORE - ICE COOLER

Charlie lays on top of bagged ice. The manager sprints by, none the wiser.

INT. STORE - GROCERY AISLE

The manager stomps to the end of the aisle. He peeks out into the main aisle. He looks to the left, looks to the right.

INT. STORE - BEER COOLERS

The shopper pushes her shopping cart to a stop. She watches Charlie slide through doors and go into the back room.

INT. STORE - GROCERY AISLE

The shopper targets the manager at the end of the aisle. She pushes her cart as she runs full force toward him.

He turns around and she rams him head on. He doubles over.

INT. STORE - COOLERS

Charlie sits in a lawn chair with his feet propped up on a case of beer. He eats grapes.

The manager sneaks up behind him and taps him on the shoulder.

Charlie jumps to his feet and flips around. He lifts a receipt to eye level and points at it as he shows the manager.

The manager frowns with anger.

Charlie offers him a grape.

The manager shakes his head no. He points to the door.

A COP stands behind the manager. He slaps his night stick into his hand in a threatening way.

Charlie's eyes go wide. He runs off.

INT. STORE - ENTRANCE

Looking outside through the glass doors at Charlie as he drags himself away in the heat.

The manager and cop shake hands.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlie stands in front of the air conditioner.

Perspiration beads on his forehead. He swipes it away.

Charlie clicks the knob to the right. Nothing. He turns it back.

In a fit of rage he slaps the appliance.

Charlie drops down to the floor on his butt.

Straight ahead a cord hangs to the floor. Nothing plugged into the outlet.

Charlie looks around the room. His demeanor suddenly changed, hope shows on his face.

He reaches for the cord and plugs it in.

Charlie gets to his feet. He turns the knob to the right. The air conditioner HUMMS to life.

Charlie closes his eyes. He stands there with a heavenly smile on his face.

He opens his eyes and looks outside the window. The cop walks down the sidewalk.

Charlie drops to the floor.

FADE OUT

THE END