

CRIME OF FASHION

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAFE - DAY

A woman walks over to one of the many tables. With every step she takes, a loud sound is heard by every patron in the shop. They all turn to her direction, some even remove their earbuds to see who's making the noise.

It's MELONY (55), dressed in unique fashion, long sandy-brown hair, and a smile on her face most of the time. She reaches her table and sits down in one of the two chairs and places her coffee in front of her.

She bends her right leg and places it over her left leg. Her one foot hangs out from under the table. On her feet are a pair of bright, all-red shoes, with thick wooden soles.

A young man, PRESTON (28), well-dressed, and well-groomed, enters the cafe and goes and stands in line to purchase his drink. He turns his head randomly to look around. He spots Melony, then her shoes. His jaw drops.

He exits the line without making any purchase, and goes to speak with Melony instead.

PRESTON

Excuse me?

MELONY

Yes?

PRESTON

Are those a pair of Clifford's Big Red Clogs?

MELONY

You got that right, mister. These puppies follow me everywhere I go. You like them?

PRESTON

They're not bad, but check these out.

Preston does an insane vertical jump, onto Melony's table, and he shows off the pair of shoes he has on.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

These are Blue's Limited Edition Shoes! I ask them every morning, do you have any idea where a fella could rest his feet?

(MORE)

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Free from discomfort. And these bad boys always respond with come on in!

MELONY

Good shoes, good shoes! You sure know how to pick them. I bet with those shoes it's never a dull moment, and they must help cheer you up whenever you're feeling down. Or if you just don't know what to do, you take one look at them, and suddenly it all becomes so clear.

PRESTON

Nobody has understood my relationship I have with my sneakers before. You sure know what to say to make a dude feel welcome. No matter how crazy he is about what goes on his feet.

MELONY

I know what you mean. I'm the same way. People look at me crazy when I walk down the street. All I know and truly care about is fashion. I live it! Breathe it! It has consumed me to the point where nothing else matters.

PRESTON

That's too bad, because I was hoping, maybe I could become someone who matters in your life. Someone besides your shoes who you know all about, and truly care for.

MELONY

How about a date?!

PRESTON

Absolutely. What do you say we meet at Club Courageous?

MELONY

Ah, I'm not into that whole scene. How about you pick me up, and together we can go to Roscoe's Pub?

PRESTON

I'd be happy to. What's your address?

INT. MELONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Melony irons out clothes from a massive pile.

There's a knock at her door, she goes and answers it. Preston stands there with a single white rose in his hand, and a briefcase in the other.

MELONY

For me?!

Melony reaches for the flower, Preston pulls it away out of her reach.

PRESTON

No!

(beat)

Actually, it's to go with my ensemble, I was just wondering if we could put this in water until it's time to go to the-- Pub.

Preston whispers the last word, as though he was embarrassed to utter such a foul thing.

MELONY

Oh! I don't see the harm in that. Why don't we leave now for the pub?

PRESTON

There's just a few adjustments I need to make first. I don't want to enter the place looking like this!

Melony fills up a drinking glass with water, and Preston drops the rose inside it.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

There, that should help the little guy.

MELONY

Without question. The washroom's just down the hall, if you need to freshen up a bit. Say, what's in the case? You don't plan on filing any tax returns while on our date, do you?

Preston opens the latches on his black suede briefcase.

PRESTON

No. What's in here are essentials.

He opens the briefcase slowly, then takes from it a gorgeous pleather jacket.

MELONY

God almighty. It's beautiful.

(beat)

On second thought, I think our outfits are sort of clashing. I'm going to slip into something more-- I'll be right back!

Melony searches her closet frantically, until she locates the perfect set of clothes to wear. While Preston puts on his jacket and admires it in Melony's mirror in the living room.

Melony re-enters the room.

MELONY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Preston's jaw drops at the sight of what she has on.

PRESTON

Wow! You look-- While I look-- I almost forgot the perfect item to piece together the look I'm trying to achieve tonight.

Preston once again reaches into his case, and pulls out a lovely silk scarf, like nothing Melony has seen before and her face shows it. She can hardly contain her jealousy.

MELONY

You got to be fucking joking. You-- You-- You look perfect.

PRESTON

Just wait until I finish off this look with that rose I brought. Then, perfection will without a doubt be what I have achieved.

INT. ROSCOE'S PUB - NIGHT

The bar is almost empty, with Melony and Preston seated in one of the many booths.

A WAITRESS approaches them.

WAITRESS

What can I get you two?

MELONY

I'll have a shot of Scoob's brand whiskey.

WAITRESS

And for you?

PRESTON

What's the strongest beer you got in this joint?

WAITRESS

Um. That would be the Snoopy I.P.A.

PRESTON

Bring me one of those, and keep them coming. Thanks toots.

WAITRESS

Okay. I'll get right on it.

The waitress leaves the booth and quickly goes to interact with other customers.

MELONY

You know? You don't have to act so macho just to impress me, that's not the reason I like you so much.

PRESTON

What are you talking about? There's no acting involved when it comes to my manly persona.

MELONY

At least stop deepening your voice.

PRESTON

Sorry. It's just you never know in a place like this, you need to assert dominance, or else--

A PATRON of the bar appears next to Melony and Preston.

PATRON

Say, those are nice shoes!

MELONY

Thanks!

PATRON

I've never seen shoes like those before! You must be some sort of fashionista.

MELONY

That's funny you say that, I do  
consider myself--

PRESTON

Hey, drunk! Don't you see me  
sitting here? Go find your own--  
Someone else to bother!

PATRON

Okay, okay! Take it easy. I don't  
want any trouble.

The patron backs away nervously.

MELONY

That wasn't necessary. He was just  
complimenting my looks.

(beat)

He was just being nice. You're not  
jealous are you?

PRESTON

Jealous? Why would I be jealous?!

MELONY

I was just wondering. It's just  
that I think I have finally found  
my equal in you. Another person who  
actually has a sense of style, and  
who cares about the way they  
present themselves to others.

PRESTON

You got that right, baby.

MELONY

Okay, that's going to take some  
getting used to.

EXT. MELONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Melony and Preston reach the front entrance of the building.

MELONY

Thanks for taking me out tonight,  
and thank you for walking me home.

PRESTON

Don't mention it.

MELONY

Would you like to come upstairs to watch a movie? You could spend the night if you like.

PRESTON

I really should be getting home. How about we see each other again tomorrow?

MELONY

Oh, please! I don't want to be alone tonight!

PRESTON

Okay. For you.

INT. MELONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Melony sits on the couch in her living room, she is unable to control herself from crying from the movie she watches.

She picks up a Pluto Crunch chocolate bar off the table in front of her, opens the wrapper, and tearfully munches on it.

Preston reaches for the comfort food and takes it from her. He is just as tearful as Melony. He takes a bite from the bar while he sobs loudly.

MELONY

Let's say we guide our attention to something less depressing, and at the same time even more depressing, if you catch my drift?

PRESTON

I don't follow.

MELONY

Come with me.

INT. MELONY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Melony and Preston snuggle with each other and kiss each other playfully. Melony notices his feet peeking out from under the bed sheets.

MELONY

Whoa, I never noticed how small your feet are.



PRESTON

What makes you say that? I don't know what you mean. You think--

Preston quickly tries to get out of bed, and does so while making it look like a struggle.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

You never comment on the size of a man's feet! That's just-- Forget it! I'm out of here!

Preston very quickly gets dressed.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Talk to you later.

Preston exits Melony's home, and slams the door.

INT. MELONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Melony removes the store tags off a pile of new clothes.

There's a knock at the door. She goes to the door, looks through the eye-hole and then opens the door for Preston.

MELONY

Hey, I didn't think you'd be back so soon, after-- Why do you have a backpack on? Backpacks are so--

Preston slowly pulls a rag, and a bottle of Spike's brand chloroform from behind his back.

Melony runs to her bedroom and locks herself inside. She runs over to her bedside drawers, opens the top drawer, and takes out two tiny locks.

Melony quickly attaches the two locks through the shoelace loops on her shoes.

The door bursts off its hinges, and there stands the outline of Preston in the entrance-way.

Melony wakes up tied to one of her chairs, in her living room. Preston paces the floor in front of her.

MELONY (CONT'D)

I should of known. You didn't love me. You just loved my shoes!

PRSTON

Hey, can you blame me.

MELONY

No. No I suppose not.

PRESTON

While you were out, I exhausted almost all my efforts trying to get your shoes off. Thankfully, I planned ahead for this to happen.

Preston goes to his backpack, and removes a long hacksaw.

He steps towards Melony, with a maniacal look on his face.

There's a knock at the door, then the front door also bursts off its hinges, and in enters three fashion police officers. They are dressed fabulously.

The lead FASHION OFFICER has his pistol drawn and points it at Preston.

FASHION OFFICER

Fashion police! Drop the tool, you tool!

PRESTON

How-- How did you find us?

FASHION OFFICER

Don't you recognize me? I'm the drunko from the pub. I was doing reconnaissance on the two of you. It's a good thing too.

PRESTON

Oh my God. You clean up nice. What's your secret?

FASHION OFFICER

Wouldn't you like to know.

Melony sits on a chair beside her kitchen table, with a blanket covering her body. One of the fashion police officers walks up to her, with a rolled up magazine in his one hand.

FASHION OFFICER #2

This has been the fourth attempt on your shoes in eight weeks. Melony. I think it's time you switched to a different pair.

MELONY

How dare you?! How would you feel if I told you you needed to put on a different pair of shoes?! Huh?!

FASHION OFFICER #2

I would probably listen to you. We can help you by covering the costs of any pair of shoes found in this catalogue.

MELONY

(beat)

Let me pick the catalogue and you have a deal.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Melony walks down the sidewalk, with a sad expression. She passes by a HOMELESS MAN without noticing him.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare some-- Hey, nice shoes!

Melony stops in her tracks, turns around and walks over to the homeless man.

MELONY

Can I ask you something?

HOMELESS MAN

Sure.

MELONY

Do you have any idea what company made these shoes?

HOMELESS MAN

No clue.

Melony smiles.

MELONY

Hi. I'm Melony.

FADE OUT.