

CHARITY SHOP

by

Sebastian Gran

Phone number: 07530273487

Address: 38 Feather Lane, Nuneaton, CV10 7GN

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

The shop is tidy, very small and full of useless bric a brac, second hand clothes and a large collection of media. GALE, an ordinary looking young adult works the counter. He's fed up of listening to an ANNOYING HAGGLER, holding a SOWING MACHINE.

ANNOYING HAGGLER

Five pounds?

GALE

No, sir, it's thirty five pounds.

ANNOYING HAGGLER

But five pounds though?

GALE

No, it says thirty five pounds on the label, so that's how much it is.

ANNOYING HAGGLER

Five fifty?

GALE

Oh my god, how are you not getting this? I'm not going to haggle with you.

ANNOYING HAGGLER

But why not?

GALE

Because it's a charity shop!  
(Gestures to poster for the hospice charity.)  
See that? Charity! If I give you this for five pounds then that's thirty pounds less that the hospice gets to care for the terminally ill.

ANNOYING HAGGLER

Six fifty then?

GALE

No! Get out of here.

The annoying haggler leaves the shop, muttering under his breath. MRS WELLER, a dignified lady in her 60's, very much of the old rinse brigade enters. THOMAS a lanky 20 year old boy with a dorkish demeanour, nasally voice and a bowl cut is practically dragged along.

MRS WELLER

You haven't been rude to the customers again have you Gale?

GALE

He wanted the sowing machine for a fiver!

MRS WELLER

He could have had it for a fiver.

GALE

But...

MRS WELLER

Don't talk back to me. Gale, this is Thomas, he'll be joining us for some work experience for a while.

Gale shakes Thomas's hand, put off by how weak Thomas's handshake is.

GALE

Hi Thomas.

THOMAS

Do you play Yu-Gi-Oh?

GALE

Um...

MRS WELLER

What's that horrible smell? Gale, did you air out last weeks donations?

GALE

I've had my hands full with...

MRS WELLER

Well would you get them out of here? I'm getting my award from the Mayor in a few hours, and I don't want them thinking I run some sort of... curry house.

GALE

I'll cancel the onion bhaji's then...

MRS WELLER

Gale, show Thomas the ropes. I'm going to go get my hair done.

(MORE)

MRS WELLER (CONT'D)

And remember... I want this place  
spick and span by Four!

Mrs Weller rushes out of the shop, leaving Gale and Thomas in  
awkward silence.

GALE

So, Tom...

THOMAS

It's Thomas.

GALE

All right, Thomas.

THOMAS

Thomas Lanyard.

GALE

Lanyard. That's your real last  
name. You're not joking?

THOMAS

I never joke when I'm at work.  
Unlike some, I'm a professional.

Gale brushes off the odd jibe. He leads Thomas to some  
CONTAINERS in the corner.

GALE

Would you mind...

Thomas duly picks one up. Gale does too and they carry the  
boxes into...

INT. CHARITY SHOP STOREROOM - DAY

Thomas and Gale put their boxes down on an empty table in the  
cluttered store room. Gale begins to take stuff out, trying  
to unravel a tangled up slinky with tinsel stuck in it.

GALE

Some of the old shite people  
donate.

THOMAS

Language!

GALE

What, shite? What's wrong with  
shite?

THOMAS

(Covers ears.)

Don't keep saying it!

GALE

What's wrong? Literally nothing bad happens in the real world if you swear!

THOMAS

There could be children about!

GALE

What? Hiding behind the coats?

Gale pulls back some hideous fur coats on a COAT RACK.

GALE (CONT'D)

Look! No children!

THOMAS

I don't like bad language.

GALE

Why not? You mean to say if you stub your toe it doesn't feel better to shout fuck? Or if someone really pisses you off you tell them to go fuck themselves?

THOMAS

Stop it!

GALE

(Pauses.)

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck! See? nothing happened!

THOMAS

I'd prefer it if you used nicer words. Like instead of calling someone the F word, you could say oi you plonker, or you melon, or you cunt.

GALE

What?

(Thomas shrugs.)

You mean to say you won't let me say shite, but cunt is okay?

THOMAS

Why not? It's just a funny word. We call my mom a cunt all the time if she's done something daft.

GALE

How is that okay? It's a vulgar word!

THOMAS

No it's not, you're having me on.

GALE

I'm really not! I assure you.

THOMAS

I'm sure my mom would say if she had a problem with it.

GALE

She's probably too busy wondering what she's done to deserve such abuse.

THOMAS

You're having me on. I know all about these day one practical jokes in the workplace.

GALE

You're impossible.

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

Thomas follows Gale into the shop, carrying a box of keychains to the counter.

GALE

So, do you have any hobbies or interests?

THOMAS

Star Trek, Babylon 5, Yu-Gi-Oh!

GALE

No, I mean things that you do. Like do you draw, do you write, do you travel?

THOMAS

I do hospital radio.

GALE  
(Surprised.)  
What really? That's actually quite cool. You're a DJ?

Thomas shakes his head, turning his nose down at the idea.

THOMAS  
No Gale. DJ's go up the disco and have afros. The correct term is musical technician.

GALE  
What are you on about? Of course DJ's the 'correct term'. Does Chris Moyles go up the disco and have an afro? How about Dr Fox?

THOMAS  
The word DJ just cheapens the profession.

GALE  
You're talking bollocks.

THOMAS  
Language!

GALE  
You play the songs that people request on the radio don't you?

THOMAS  
Yes.

The front door is heard opening.

GALE  
Then that makes you a DJ. Any sane human being on the planet would call you a DJ.

THOMAS  
I'm an audio technician.

GALE  
Well a minute ago you were a musical technician so you're talking out of your arse.

THOMAS  
I'm only...

GALE

You're talking out of your arse.

THOMAS

But there's a...

GALE

You're talking out of your...

Gale notices a CUSTOMER staring expectedly at the counter with a small pile of CD's and an LP. The customer clears his throat.

GALE (CONT'D)

Oh, apologies sir.

Gale scans and bags the CD's into a second hand plastic bag. He picks up a Foo Fighters CD.

GALE (CONT'D)

Oh, have you heard their new album?  
It's really good.

THOMAS

Never heard of them.

Gale stops packing to chastise Thomas.

GALE

You've never heard of the Foo  
Fighters? You're a DJ!

THOMAS

I'm not a DJ.

GALE

Uh... You.

(Gestures to the  
customer.)

Right, settle this for me. If you  
play music live on the radio then  
that makes you a DJ, right?

(No response.)

Just say yes!

CUSTOMER

Well I suppose...

GALE

Thank you!

Customer picks up a CD.



CUSTOMER

Odd question, but I don't suppose you have this on vinyl do you? It's just it's my wife's birthday.

GALE

Maybe, let's find out.

Gale comes from behind the counter and sifts through the LP's on the shelf with the customer. The customer reacts with disgust at one of them. Gale pulls out the offending LP.

GALE (CONT'D)

God, I'm so sorry. I don't know how this got in here.

CUSTOMER

I think I'm going to take my business elsewhere.

GALE

But don't you want the CD's you...

CUSTOMER

You disgust me.

The customer leaves the shop. Thomas shouts after him, sifting through a pile of Yu-Gi-Oh! Cards.

THOMAS

Have a nice day!

Gale takes the LP up to the counter, showing Thomas the cover. It's a Gary Glitter ALBUM.

GALE

Bloody hell. This is why it's important to check all the donations.

THOMAS

What is it?

GALE

Gary Glitter. Can you fetch the bin?

Thomas fetches the empty bin and hands it to Gale. Gale tries to put the LP in the bin, but it won't fit. He grabs a HAMMER, puts the LP on the table and smashes it. Thomas is horrified and GRABS THE HAMMER off him.

THOMAS

What are you doing?

GALE

What are you doing? I'm smashing it.

Gale snatches the hammer back, but is pulled to one side by Thomas.

THOMAS

You can't do that! Mrs Weller will go ballistic!

GALE

It's Gary Glitter!

THOMAS

I don't care about your musical tastes, it's not yours to smash!

GALE

How are you not getting this? He's a nonce!

THOMAS

That's very immature of you.

GALE

Do you really not know? Of course not... Okay, if there's nothing wrong with Gary Glitter, you should play it on your next radio show, see what happens.

Thomas shakes his head and sweeps the broken record into the bin.

THOMAS

Such a waste.

Gale looks at the broken CLOCK on the wall, then to Thomas.

GALE

What's the time?

THOMAS

Quarter past one. Why?

Gale smiles mischievously.

GALE

Can you watch the shop? I'm gonna take my lunch.

THOMAS

Sure, go ahead.

Gale rushes into the back room. An old lady walks into the shop, smiling kindly at Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hello!

(Pause.)

What's a nonce?

INT. CHARITY SHOP STOREROOM - DAY

Gale is on his phone, speaking seductively to the inaudible voice on the other end. We don't see where his other hand is.

GALE

...I just want to rip it off. Oh yeah? I just want to keep kissing your chest.

Thomas nonchalantly barges in carrying a dress, oblivious to Gale's dirty phone call.

THOMAS

Gale, do we have this in a size 12?

Thomas notices what's going on and freezes like a deer in headlights.

GALE

(To phone.)

Oh yeah. Squeeze me between your thighs...

THOMAS

What the devil are you doing?

Gale turns around, embarrassed to be caught in the act. He shoos Thomas away.

GALE

Don't you knock, for fucks sake?

THOMAS

Language.

GALE

Really? That's what you're taking issue with?

Gale talks into the phone to his girlfriend.

GALE (CONT'D)

Sorry baby, this stupid kid at work walked in on me.

There is audible LAUGHTER on the other end of the phone followed by inaudible chatter.

GALE (CONT'D)

I know.

(Meekly, hushed.)

I'll... give you a good seeing to tonight. Yep. See you later. I love you.

Gale ends the phone call.

THOMAS

Disgusting.

GALE

Well you brought it on yourself, walking in.

THOMAS

You know that makes you blind?

GALE

Good! I won't have to look at you all day!

Gale discreetly pulls up his trousers.

GALE (CONT'D)

Look, we all have our ways to unwind. You have your Ho-Cho-Minh cards...

THOMAS

Yu-Gi-Oh!

GALE

And I sometimes call my girlfriend during my breaks. Do you know what? I'm not even embarrassed. This is just something that young adults who love each other do when they're really bored in dead end jobs.

THOMAS

I wouldn't know. I've never had a girlfriend.

GALE

Really? Like ever?

THOMAS

I did in year 3. It wasn't a long term relationship though.

GALE

Well, no.

THOMAS

Her name was Anne Franken.

GALE

Anne Frank?

THOMAS

Not Anne Frank, Anne Franken.

GALE

(Laughs.)

I thought you were going to say she kept a diary and hid in attics.

(No response from Thomas.)

Nothing? You've really never heard of Anne Frank?

THOMAS

Should I have?

Gale flies into a blind rage, and stands up.

GALE

Should I have... Should I have? SHOULD I HAVE? What did they even teach you at school? Fucking useless education system.

THOMAS

I wouldn't say that. I had the greatest respect for my teachers.

GALE

Obviously not enough to listen to them! So they never taught you about the second world war? The holocaust? The extermination of millions of people?

THOMAS

No. We learned about Anderson shelters.

GALE

Well that's okay, because Thomas knows about Anderson shelters! Come with me!

Thomas stays put as Gale marches to the door.

THOMAS

Why?

Thomas follows Gale out the door into...

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

Gale purposefully marches, followed by Thomas to the Video section, pulling out a VHS copy of Schindler's list. He puts it into a dusty TV-Video Player by the shop counter and starts rewinding it.

GALE

This is absolutely ridiculous... right, we have 3 hours until the Mayor arrives. You're going to sit here in silence and watch the whole movie!

THOMAS

What is it?

GALE

It's Schindlers List. One of the most important movies ever made.

THOMAS

Okay. Who's in it?

GALE

Liam Neeson.

THOMAS

Who?

GALE

(Exasperated.)

Qui Gon Jinn!

Gale gets to the beginning of the movie and hits play.

THOMAS

I'd sooner watch Star Wars.

GALE

Well that's too bad. You have to learn about man's greatest inhumanity to man so we're not doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past.

THOMAS

I'm not going to watch all this. I'm bored already!

GALE

Well you have to. Mrs Weller left me in charge, so I'm your boss for the day.

(Sighs.)

I'm so angry I need to take a dump. Stay here. Take it in. You'll thank me later.

THOMAS

Bye.

Gale heads for the toilet, taking a book with him.

Time has passed. Thomas is glued to the screen, Gale hasn't returned. An OLD MAN enters the shop, hobbling up to the counter with a walking stick. He strains to look at Thomas.

OLD MAN

Excuse me love.

THOMAS

I'm a boy.

OLD MAN

Sorry love. Sandra said she'd keep back a pair of those Orthopaedic shoes for me.

THOMAS

Sorry, I can't help you.

OLD MAN

Pardon?

THOMAS

I can't help you until after the movie's over. Boss's orders.

The old man jabs Thomas with his walking stick.

OLD MAN

Look here young man. You can watch the telly all you want at home, but you're here to work!

THOMAS

There's only 40 minutes left, you silly cunt.

The old man is instantly offended, reaches over the counter and grabs Thomas by the scruff of the neck.

OLD MAN

How dare you? I nearly lost a hand  
in Korea defending the liberties  
smarmy little bastards like you  
take!

MRS WELLER (O.S.)

What on earth is going on in here?

Both men turn around to see Mrs Weller, with a souped up  
hairdo, carrying shopping, surprised and appalled.

INT. CHARITY SHOP STOREROOM

Mrs Weller is sat down in front of Gale. He looks sheepish.

MRS WELLER

Can you please explain what you're  
playing at?

GALE

Me? What did I do wrong?

MRS WELLER

Well according to Thomas you told  
him he could watch TV all day while  
you were swearing at him,  
destroying stock and exposing  
yourself in public!

GALE

No! None of that happened! And it  
wasn't in public!

MRS WELLER

So it did happen?

GALE

Well no!

MRS WELLER

So you're calling my grandson a  
liar?

GALE

What? No... wait, Thomas is your  
grandson?

MRS WELLER

I know he's a little different, but  
that doesn't give you the right to  
pick on him. You're a grown up and  
I'd expect better of you.



GALE

No! I wasn't picking on him...

MRS WELLER

Let's just draw a line under today.  
But if you do anything else  
inappropriate at work again, then I  
think we should reconsider if this  
job is right for you.

(Gale decides against  
arguing the point.)

Now get tidied up. The Mayor will  
be here any moment.

EXT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

The MAYOR (Holding a NOVELTY CHEQUE to the hospice charity.),  
stands next to Mrs Weller, Thomas and Gale on a blustery  
pavement outside the shop. The MAYOR's CONSORT snaps some  
pictures of them. They cheer as she gives the thumbs up.

MRS WELLER

Thank you again Lord Mayor for your  
generous contribution.

THOMAS

If only we had more people like you  
during the Holocaust.

Thomas looks to Gale for approval. Gale crosses his arms,  
pissed off.

MRS WELLER

Well said. Now let's go in for some  
Cherry Bakewells and a cuppa.

MAYOR

Sound's lovely.

The congregation open the doors and step into...

INT. CHARITY SHOP - DAY

The Mayor shivers having come in from the cold. Mrs Weller  
rushes to pour everyone a hot cup of tea. The Mayor's consort  
chats with Gale.

MRS WELLER

It's two spoonful's you take, isn't  
it My lord?

MAYOR

Oh no, no sugar for me. I'm sweet  
enough.

The Mayor turns to Thomas.

MAYOR (CONT'D)  
Are you related to Mrs Weller in  
some way?

THOMAS  
I'm her grandson. This is my first  
day.

MAYOR  
Oh fantastic! How are you enjoying  
it?

THOMAS  
Well Gale here spent all day  
showing me Nazi movies.

The shop goes quiet. Mrs Weller shoots Gale an icy glare.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
It was really boring. The only  
interesting part was when they were  
shooting the Jewish people.

The mayor is appalled.

GALE  
I can explain everything.

Mrs Weller ejects a VIDEO from the TV, holding it up, It says  
'Schindler's list' on it. She's instantly relieved.

MRS WELLER  
Honey, is this what you were  
watching?

THOMAS  
Yes, it was really boring. I don't  
know what all the fuss is about.

GALE  
I'm sorry that history's greatest  
tragedy wasn't sufficiently  
entertaining for you.

MRS WELLER  
Gale, be nice. Remember our  
conversation.

Gale rolls his eyes. Mrs Weller hands the Mayor a CHERRY  
BAKEWELL.

MRS WELLER (CONT'D)

Here, have a cake.

The Mayor takes the cake but accidentally drops it. They all laugh about it.

MRS WELLER (CONT'D)

Ha ha! You fool.

THOMAS

(Laughs)

You cunt!

The Mayor's face drops.

END OF SCRIPT.