DEAD MAN'S WATCH

A short by
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FADE IN

INT. REST ROOM -- 24 HOUR SUPERMARKET -- ???

TIMMY PILGRIM is taking a shit.

Riding porcelain in a stall of a ubiquitous supermarket.

He’s an awkward-looking employee, late 20s. His face contorts, reddens as he plops a turd into the toilet.

Toilet flushes. Whoosh. Timmy stands up. Wipes.

Zips. Tucks his shirt in-- he stiffens, alerted by something nasty smearing the tail end of his work shirt.

REST ROOM SINK -- MOMENTS AFTER

Running water. Foamy suds are massaged vigorously into a brown stain, haunting the tail end of Timmy’s shirt.

Timer pings – out of time. Water quits. Timmy waves his hand over the spigot frantically, water kicks back on.

INT. 24 HOUR SUPERMARKET -- LATE DAY

Timmy stacks paper towels on an end cap serenaded by overhead contemporary music. Timmy winces. Ouch. Paper cut on his ring finger, though no wedding band.

SHOPPERS browse. LISA, a fellow employee, storms up.

LISA
(miffed)
Dole wants to speak with you in back.

TIMMY
I like your new hair cut, Lisa.

Lisa gives Timmy the bird as she walks out of view.

INT. OFFICE -- 24 HOUR SUPERMARKET -- LATE DAY

A cinder block office cast in ugly florescent lighting.

A desk. File cabinet. A company white board marked in stats and schedules dons the wall.
DOLE, a middle-aged store manager, sits perched behind the desk, key-clacking pertinents into a computer.

Timmy stands in the office doorway.

Timmy

Heard you wanted to see me.

Dole

(pointing to chair)

Take a seat there for me, wouldja, Tim?

Timmy

It’s Timmy. But that’s cool, it’s only been three weeks.

(sitting)

I took the liberty of finishing stocking those end caps for Lisa, with her being so busy on her personal cellphone all day long, I figured I’d step up and perform her required tasks for her.

(by the way)

Oh, and Herbert’s looking for someone to cover his A.M. shift - told him not to worry, I’d totally cover it - so -

(now rambling)

- we’ll go ahead and do the paperwork on that - I need the extra hours, plus, got maintenance stopping by my new apartment in the morning, rodents, who knew I’d have roommates, so now I won’t hafta be there for that, and listen just so you know, I don’t in any way intend this to be a stopgap job. I’m committed. Here to make an impression. A caree-

Dole

(shut up!)

I gotta let you go.

Timmy

Go where?

EXT. BACK LOT OF 24-HOUR SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Timmy booms out of the back-lot door, looks bereft, agitated. He straddles a crappy-looking mountain bike parked nearby.
As Mr. Poopy-shirt pedals away on his bicycle, a sudden clap of thunder. Torrential downpour.

**EXT. SIDE ROAD -- (PEDALING HOME IN THE RAIN)**

A mile stretch linking two developing subdivision. Two-lanes. Surrounded by pseudo-rural farm land.

Timmy pedals, downtrodden, water logged. Gusting winds whip rain about, coaxing more misery out of Timmy.

Th-whack! A metal raindrop pelts Timmy in the face.

Timmy yelps, hands clutch face. He careens down a steep embankment, smashing the mountain bike into a fence post.

**TIMMY**
(exasperated)
Great.
(re: busted tire)
Fantastic.

Timmy lumbers up the embankment, jerking his bike along with him, when he happens upon the glint of a relic-like WRIST WATCH with etchings on it.

Timmy scoops it off the gravel for closer inspection: Looks old. Wet. Glass face bristled in cracks. Needs a good cleaning but otherwise looks like a pretty cool...

**TIMMY**
Cool watch.


A car passes - brakes grind - car skids to a stop then rolls in reverse for Timmy.

Passenger window rolls down... and a **SEXY STRIPER** calls out:

**SEXY STRIPPER**
Wanna ride?

**TIMMY**
No, I’ve been meaning to walk more often. Keeps me fit.

**SEXY STRIPPER**
Yeah, but you’re drenched.
Cuh. I’m just sweaty from the workout.

(SEXY STRIPPER)
Don’t be a moron. And get in.

TIMMY
What about my bike?

Trunk pops open.

EXT. STREET -- HONEY GLOW OF SUNSET

Sexy Stripper hands Timmy his cellphone back, her info now saved to it. And with a flirty peck on Tim’s cheek...

(SEXY STRIPPER)
...It’ll be my treat, okay, so don’t forget to call me first.

She drives off. Timmy, with a renewed skip in his step, crosses for his apartment building.

His eyes lock around a twenty dollar bill sitting abandoned like flotsam atop a sea of grass.

INT. MINI MART -- (MOMENTS AFTER)

Timmy purchases a microwave dinner. Some candy. Soda.

(TIMMY)
(to cashier)
...An instant lotto scratcher. One dollar. No. A two dollar one.
Please. Thank you.

As Lucky-day Timmy speaks, he flaunts the $20 bill.

INT. TIMMY’S DRAB APARTMENT -- NIGHT

TIMMY’S KITCHEN

Jolly as a June bug, Timmy prepares his microwave dinner.

While he waits for the ding, his cellphone brriinggs.
TIMMY
(into cellphone)
Hello?

MAN’S VOICE (V.O.)
Hi, Mr. Pilgrim, I am Clark Gibson of Walter and Gibson. I recently received your resume and would like you to come in tomorrow and interview with me about our regional sales manager position. Just being up front with you, but it appears you have a shoddy work history and your experience seems lacking, but I gotta good feeling about you. About this.

Off Timmy’s wrist watch...

TIMMY’S BEDROOM -- (LATER ON)

Timmy undresses - remembers the instant lotto scratcher.

He looks at his wrist then makes a wish, rubbing the face of the WRIST WATCH as he wishes. He scratches at the lotto ticket, unveiling beneath the metallic glaze:


Prize: $2,500.

Timmy whoops and hollers. Pure elation, He’s now five grand richer! He marvels at the WRIST WATCH.

TIMMY
(light-bulb moment)
My lucky watch.

He slips it off his wrist and props it atop the night stand - like it’s the holy grail of wrist watches. He steps back to bathe in its presence.

A cracking pop. Timmy drops to the floor wearing the heavy ceiling fan like a ball cap.

A RAT topples out from the hole in the ceiling leftover by the ceiling fan. Skitters off.

INT. TIMMY’S -- FRONT DOOR -- EARLY NEXT MORNING

Knock. Knock. Some one’s knocking on Timmy’s front door.
MAINTENANCE (O.S.)
Garden View maintenance here to preform a work order.


Deadbolt clacks unlocked. Door pops open. FRANK, 30s, maintenance worker, scans the room...

FRANK
Y’ello? Maintenance here to sit bait.

Nothing.

TIMMY’S BEDROOM

Sounds of a refrigerator door popping open. Then shuts.

Eventually Frank moseys in, chugging a can of soda. He shrieks at the sight of Timmy’s crumpled corpse, head smashed beneath the ceiling fan.

Frank blanches, yaks. Then bumbles to dial 911.

FRANK
(hyperventilating)
Yeah, I work maintenance over at Garden View Apartments, yes, off Streeter and Wise and need to report an incident. Possibly an accident. Definitely a fatality.
(listens, then)
A ceiling fan. Fell on some dude’s head. I don’t know how. Okay. I’ll meet ‘um out front.

Frank hangs up, turns to leave when a glistening object tickles his fancy - a WRIST WATCH propped atop Timmy’s night stand.

Frank gravitates toward it, fascinated. Scoops it in his hand.

FRANK
Cool watch.

Watch slaps around wrist. The WINNING SCRATCHER flutters to the floor, face up. Frank’s eyes light up, thrilled, now five grand richer.

the end.