

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 preform 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.

Watch slaps around wrist, buckles in place. Downpour stops. Birds chirp. A rainbow.

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.

TIMMY

Cuh. I'm just sweaty from the workout.

SEXY STRIPPER

(playfully)
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 brrringgs.

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:

Wild Cherry. Doubler. Wild Cherry. Wild Cherry.

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.

Knock. Knock. Followed by ominous silence. Commotion
 wafts in from outside the door. Then. Knock. Knock.

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 glimmering 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 flitters
 to the floor, face up. Frank's eyes light up, thrilled,
 now five grand richer.

the end.