

REPAIR

Written by

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FADE IN:

I/E. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A flouncing WOMEN looks out the commercial automatic doors to a buzzing crowd as long as the Nile River. Some people near the front are camped out while others wait patiently, small chat roaming about.

Outside the huge Supermarket is rather calm -- gasping, she peers back over her shoulder to what seems to be the mother of all chaos. She is Melanie Johnson (33). She could pass for a hot mom of three with a speciality in exotic dancing.

An ASSISTANT MANAGER approaches her in a frenzy, carrying merchandise.

INT. SALES FLOOR - DAY

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I can not believe the delivery guy did this to us! He's definitely done for it. Where do you want these?

MELANIE

On the other end aisle next too --

-- She notices a simp of an employee about to make a huge mistake with an electric pallet jack.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Richard, what the heck are you planning to do with that?

Mel marches over, the Assistant following looking for a front row seat.

RICHARD

But I thought you said you wanted these on the end aisle...

... Melanie grabs one of the products from the pallet and shoves it in his face.

MELANIE/MEL

How well do you think cotton balls are going to sell on Black Friday?

Richard looks off thinking, but not really about the answer.

MELANIE

Hello? Are you planning on
answering the question today...
this year... this decade?

RICHARD

I guess the more important question
is, what is the purpose of cotton
balls?

Richard seems to be really on to something. The Assistant
Manager sighs, rolling his eyes. Mel grabs the pallet jacks
handle.

MELANIE

Ugh, don't worry I'll do it. We
only have a couple of hours before
midnight hits. What about the
other stock, did you get it done?

RICHARD

Sure did.

MELANIE

You did?

Mel stops, squints her eyes at him, he nods to confirm. She
then drops the handle, storming over to the display isles.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

No, No, No!

RICHARD

But I thought...

MELANIE

These are from the Return stocks.
This is going to take more time
than we have to fix.

Mel starts to demonstrate, pointing at the sign above that
reads RETURNS.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

End isle, New stock! End Isle, new
stock!

(realizing)

But you know what, you did get
something right!

RICHARD

(beams)

What's that?

MELANIE

Your officially the biggest
dumbass.

(getting louder)

This company has ever hired!

RICHARD

Even more than Berry?

INT. WAREHOUSE BACK ROOM - SAME

Richard signals at the flimsy Berry across the way, doing his work with headphones on not even aware of the chewing Mel is handing out to Richard as all the other employees have stopped, jaws dropped.

INT. SALES FLOOR

MELANIE

(shouting)

Loser, Idiot and dumbass equals
you, So Yes.

Richard starts doing this stop and go exercise with his throat, then his eyes get misty, looking around at the staring faces, eventually running off like a baby, tail between his legs CRYING like a whale.

All heads shoot to Melanie.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Thank me later.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Melanie sits lax in a chair in front of a oak wood desk, clearly exhausted and trying not to SNORE too loud in between checking the adjacent door.

The door POPS open, causing her to jump to attention. Enters BRIAN WARSHAW (45), District Manager. Glasses, buzz cut, pot belly and military bearing hide his comical side.

BRIAN

MEL! How are you holding up?

MELANIE

Another one down Sir.

BRIAN

What's it now, number ten?

MELANIE

Yep, number ten and hopefully the last!

BRIAN

Ah, the promotion of course!

MELANIE

Yes Sir, I've waited a long time for this.

Melanie has found some new energy.

BRIAN

Indeed you have.

(Looks at papers)

Sales numbers are the best in the company, customer service marks are second to none. I always say you would have made a fine Soldier.

Mel jumps to attention, giving him a salute before slumping back down.

MELANIE

(rapper style)

I do what I do cause I can only do me!

Brian chuckles, walking over to the window panel overseeing the sales floor.

BRIAN

That's why I like you Mel. Come take a gander.

Mel slowly gets up, eyes heavy, walking like a zombie. She's smiling, dreaming of what's yet to come.

MONTAGE - MEL'S DREAM - WAREHOUSE - DAY

-- The room spins

-- Mel pulls up in a hot Convertible, sunglasses and sees Richard needing help with stocking the end isle.

MELANIE

Awe, do you need some help

RICHARD

Yeah I --

MELANIE

-- It doesn't what you need... So long loser boy, it shouldn't take you but, forever, Haha.

Mel rips out of the warehouse.

BACK TO MANAGER OFFICE

BRIAN

Bang!

Mel gives a light SCREAM, fully waking up from dream walking. Brian is pointing his hand at her like a gun.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Always stay on your toes.

MELANIE

You got me. So how does it feel?

BRIAN

What's that you talkin'?

MELANIE

(gesturing sales floor)

To be the one above all?

Brian chuckles as they overlook the sales floor, ushering her back over to the fine oak wood desk. He sits and starts rubbing his belly.

BRIAN

This represents that of what you speak. You see, to get one of these...

(rubs pot belly)

You need to understand two things in life...

Mel leans in, engrossed.

MELANIE

Is this some type of top secret military stuff?

Brian gets back up and walks over to the window.

BRIAN

What's the difference between you and those other stick figures of the human type out there?

MELANIE

I've been here the longest?

BRIAN

No.

MELANIE

Oh, I brush my teeth everyday?

BRIAN

No, but I can see some truth in that -- Berry even gets a discount for god-sake.

(shaking head)

Horrendous.

MELANIE

It's bad, I mean, really bad.

BRIAN

Because you don't need this.

Mel throws her head back, as if she's had enough of this badgering.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

When I hired you, I knew we had a lot in common. You had that drive, that edge the company needed and that *something* the customer yearns for.

MELANIE

Come on Brian, I've been here for 20 hours straight, I just need to know if I got it this time.

BRIAN

What happened to the vibrant Mel, full of energy and ready to be on top of the world?

Mel shrugs her shoulders, glancing at a picture of Brian's Army memorabilia along with a painting of a Adams Revolver.

MELANIE

I have to let the dogs out or are you going to continue to let them suffer?

BRIAN

It's been ten years and you still haven't figured out what I seen in you the first day you started here.

Mel starts humming nonchalantly. Brian lowers his head, sighing, then goes back to the Oak chair and presents it to her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But you've put in the work and now
this is yours.

She beams, jumping up like someone who just slept 14 hours in a row.

MELANIE

Finally!

BRIAN

Big dolla' Mel's!

Mel does some type of two-step, pimp walk dance over to the chair. Brian dismisses his fatherly moment and gets busy like MC Hammer.

Before Mel sits down, Brian grabs her hand, as if he almost forgot to say something

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh and the other thing...

MELANIE

What?

BRIAN

One more thing I must teach you
before your ascension above all.

MELANIE

(puppy face)
What?

BRIAN

I Know you shy away from profanity
so forgive me but the certification
for your kiss Ass Master Class is
needed?

Brian starts to raise his brow slowly, zooming back like the Matrix, then:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But not my ass.

After a brief pause, they both start laughing. Brian shoots another fake shot, she catches it and blurts out.

MELANIE

You got me there buddy.

BRIAN

A masterclass of ass.

MELANIE

A curriculum of the whole ass,
taught by Sergeant Ass himself.

Melanie blurts out laughter even more, uncontrolled. Brian insists.

BRIAN

Melanie!

MELANIE

(recovering)
Sorry Sir.

BRIAN

Now, to get to those big dollars
bill's hmmm... I think you'll be
pretty familiar with this
gentleman...

Brian proceeds to a door. Mel pulls out her chapstick. Puckering up.

MELANIE

I'm ready for my close up -- Who's
it going to be, Vice President
Larry Lush, cause that man can get
it without the promotion!

BRIAN

His son, Bobby.

MELANIE

Bobby?

Brian adjust his glasses, popping his eyes out at her then goes over to a vacant office, KOCKING three times.

It creeps open, revealing Richard looking handsome and more intelligent.

RICHARD

(puckish smile)
Hello Mel.

MELANIE

Brian, what is this?

BRIAN

Their's been a change in the corporate board structure. Richard here just bought his father's share and decided to do some... undercover work to see how things were going out there.

MELANIE

Oh snizzap!

BRIAN

Bang, got you!

Mel doesn't react, staring like a deer in the headlights. Richard shoots him an 'exit' look.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Well, I'll leave you two at it.

Brian exits, leaving a dumbstruck Mel staring at the sales floor of lost dreams. Richard intervenes candidly.

RICHARD

I'm very impressed with you Ms. Johnson, you gave me quite the stir these last couple of months.

MELANIE

(comical relief)

Well my training is tailored to those who need it the most, Sir.

Richard walks around her like a shark, expensive suit, hands behind his back.

RICHARD

What impressed me the most is that even after I went off to my lonesome, shedding involuntarily tears if you will.

(shoots a brass look)

You persisted to get the job done, covering yet another hectic Black Friday.

MELANIE

Well, I try.

RICHARD

(urging a smile)

Indeed.

(goes to oak chair)

Your seat awaits you, Ma'm.

Melanie, totally shocked, shoots a uncertain look to the peeping Brian in the other room. Brian nods as she goes to lowering herself like a crane on soft pillows.

Melanie embraces it's comfort, alleviated from years of sales floor walking wear and tear.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
So how does it feel?

Melanie looks off, then returning a light smile, closing her eyes in the process.

MELANIE
It feels... Wonderful.

With Melanie still day dreaming, finally reaching what seems to be her life goal, doesn't notice Richard eyeing her down with the utmost disgrace.

RICHARD
I'm glad your feelings are of that of the most high so now it's time to show you how I feel....

INT. MELANIES CAR - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Melanie is sitting in her car, make-up all over her red face, crying.

MELANIE
Can you believe this, fired because of some *assclown* undercover boss. This is so bogus!

Mel sighs.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
I don't need that -- hello? Hello?

Mel takes the phone from her ear and looks at it.

INSERT - MEL'S PHONE - NO SERVICE

MELANIE (CONT'D)
MOTHERCLUCKER!

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - SAME

A remarkably handsome GUY sits in his car two rows away, one the phone as well.

OTHER PERSON

I'll get the test results -- this week for sure.

He looks over and sees Mel prostrating her head into the wheel. He gets out, gradually striding to her window.

Mel, still unaware, holds her face in her hands.

GUY

(knocking on window)

Hello Miss, are you alright?

No response, just keeps crying.

GUY (CONT'D)

Miss?

She looks up and sees a smile from the heavens above. His eyes and distinct accent brings her back to the bonhomie.

GUY (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Are you alright?

Mel rolls her window down about an inch.

MELANIE

What do you want?

GUY

I seen you from over there, I just wanted to make sure you were alright?

MELANIE

Do I look alright? Go away!

She rolls the window back up, addressing her disconnected phone situation. It reads: MESSAGE FROM TIM: "LIKE THIS SERVICE I'VE BEEN PAYING FOR, WE'RE DONE".

Mel starts SLAMMING the phone on the wheel.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

FUDGE, FUDGE, FUDGE!

The handsome guy starts walking away, then stops, pausing to look at a flock of migrating birds, shooting back around heading right at Mel's window.

Mel, now noticing, looks around for an object, then pulls her skirt up as if she's holding a gun under it.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Don't make another move buddy.

He pauses, shooting both hands up.

GUY
I was wondering if you would fancy
a coffee.

MELANIE
(still muffled)
I know your type buddy, now move
along.

GUY
I can't hear you.

She gestures for him to move along with her fake gun.

Hesitantly, he pulls out a wad of cash.

GUY (CONT'D)
I just want a moment of your time.

She stare's at the cash, then jumps out the car with her fake
gun still pointed at him.

MELANIE
Are you nuts? Pulling out a wad of
cash in public like that.

GUY
If I would have known I was going
to get robbed today I would have
avoided a bank visit, especially
with a loaded .22.

MELANIE
It's an Adams Revolver.

GUY
Really, because I thought they
stopped making those in what, 1880?

Discovered, she dismisses her hand and heads to the coffee
shop sitting besides the supermarket.

MELANIE
Ok you can fancy me, or whatever
you want to call, with a *coffee* but
it's going to cost you.

GUY
How much?

MELANIE

\$500.

GUY

Flat fee?

MELANIE

An hour.

He thinks, smiles and puts his hand out.

GUY

Deal?

MELANIE

And what is your name again?

GUY

Ross, Landen Ross.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

The place seems almost vacant. The BARISTA is taking care of a customer while another guy works with his computer, headphones on.

In the corner sits Ross and Melanie. Melanie is rambling, going on and on about the termination. Ross just leans back with a grin, engaged but as smooth as they get.

MELANIE

... And I never curse, but I had to let him have it! And he knew it the whole time... Undercover boss my bubbles -- So you enjoying our date so far?

ROSS

If you want to call it that, sure.

MELANIE

So this *is* a date? Wait, are you even my type?

(examining him)

No, you're not.

ROSS

(taking it lightly)

Ok.

MELANIE

Not that you couldn't be, it's just it shouldn't be this easy right?

(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Wait, do I look easy?

(to self)

No, I definitely not right? Maybe
it's my smell...

(smells self)

No, that's definitely not it.

Ross starts laughing, finding amusement in her rambling.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Do you usually sway girls this way?
With the looks, smile and all of
that jazz because trust me I'm a
hard catch buddy.

ROSS

No, I'm actually into guys.

MELANIE

(stoic)

Oh.

Ross breaks from his smooth grin into a full smile.

ROSS

I'm kidding.

MELANIE

You funny guy you....

ROSS

(shooting fake gun)

Bang.

MELANIE

You listener I see. So are you
some downtown corporate guy over in
the outskirts looking for some easy
stay-at-home mom catch?

ROSS

(Amused) Almost true...

(she's taken back)

Currently I'm a consultant but
before then, I was a stress
Management Instructor.

MELANIE

Really? So am I a wreck?

ROSS

Only if you think so.

MELANIE

Good answer. Now I see why you're
a Consultant.

Ross chuckles. Mel takes a sip of her free coffee, smiling
for the first time as she capitalizes on his flaw.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

So what are your intentions with me
seeing that it's been almost 2
hours and your out of a grand for
hearing the wonderful life of Mel?

ROSS

No, I've enjoyed it.

MELANIE

Really?

ROSS

A bit chaotic but I believe I may
be able to assist you with your
current situation.

MELANIE

Does it involve money?

ROSS

Yes.

MELANIE

Lots of it?

ROSS

For your current situation, I would
say so.

MELANIE

I'm in.

ROSS

Really?

MELANIE

Yep, stick it to me daddy-o.

The person that just got their coffee is walking pauses on
this, shaking their head towards the exit. Mel mocks her.

ROSS

Wait, are you sure?

MELANIE

Come on with it.

(points at watch)

I'm trying to save you some money
here Casanova.

Ross quickly gathers himself, not expecting this type of response, goes in his things and puts in front of her a diagram of what looks like a new-age sit-under hair dryer with thin tubes running out the top of it.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

What the *fudge* is that?

ROSS

It's a device that relieves stress,
anxiety, worries and all sorts of
negative thoughts stuck in the
brain.

MELANIE

Looks like a hair dryer... And this
relieves stress?

ROSS

More like empties the trash with
all the negative junk.

MELANIE

And you want me to do what now?

ROSS

I want you to test it out?

MELANIE

Oh now I see, this is some top
secret ginny pig operation you got
going on.

(standing)

You reeked government, luckily my
husband.

(looks at phone)

Well *Ex-husband* was military.

She gets up to walk away -- He insists.

ROSS

I was like you ya know, before this
came into my life.

She stops, turning around with her coffee still in hand.

MELANIE

So you've used this, *thing*?