

Something for the Weekend

Written by
Anthony Cawood

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anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk

INT. VEHICLE IMPOUND YARD - DAY

Cars as far as the eye can see, bumper to bumper, and door to door, every colour, brand and age you could ever imagine.

BEN, 20s, dishevelled sweat-stained suit, red-faced and gesticulating widely shouts through the chain-link fence.

BEN
Hey, let me the in!

He yanks on the fence to emphasize each word!

The cars remain silent as the sun beats down.

BEN
Let me get my fucking car!

A door pops open in a little portacabin partially hidden from view by a very large and customised Land Rover.

BEN
Hey, you, let me the hell in.

STAN, 50s, overalls and a clipboard, exits his office, talking on a mobile phone.

STAN
(on phone)
Sorry, it's impossible this weekend.

He holds the phone away from his ear as someone subjects him to a tirade of abuse.

STAN
Love you too.

He hangs up and saunters over to the fence.

STAN
Closed.

BEN
What?

STAN
The sign, six fiery red letters.

He points to the gate to Ben's left where a large sign does indeed say 'Closed'.

BEN
You trying to be funny?

STAN
Not since 1983.

BEN
Pardon?

STAN
1983, when I last attempted to tickle
the funny bone of my fellow man.

Ben stares, infuriated and nonplussed in equal measure.

BEN
Whatever.

STAN
That was the very response that led
me to a life bereft of comedy.

Ben pauses, looks Stan up and down, takes a breath.

BEN
Look, I need my car, it got towed, I
really need it... like now.

Stan looks around at the cars in the impound yard.

STAN
Which one?

BEN
That one, the Land Rover.

Ben points at the one obscuring Stan's office.

STAN
Figures.

BEN
I've got golf tomorrow.

STAN
Also figures.

BEN
Sorry?

STAN

It figures that you are the sort of man who would drive what is essentially a tank on wheels, and also figures that you are the sort of man that would use said tank for something as banal as golf.

BEN

I need --

STAN

No, you don't.

BEN

You don't know what I was going to say.

STAN

Yes, I do. You were going to try to justify your choice of vehicle.

BEN

Well, yes, because --

STAN

You are not an agriculturalist, you don't have a job that involves land management, livestock or, anything of that ilk.

BEN

But --

STAN

You don't climb mountains, hand-glide, surf or, any other adventurous hobby that justifies this vehicle.

BEN

Well --

STAN

You work "in the city", whatever that might mean these days, so you do not need a Land Rover.

BEN

(laughing)

Fair.

STAN

I'm glad we are agreed.

BEN

But I was only gone a minute, it was just an urgent errand really, just --

STAN

What was?

BEN

What was what?

STAN

The errand that made you think you could potentially inconvenience someone with more to worry about.

BEN

I --

STAN

The truth may be beneficial to your cause right now.

BEN

I had to put a bet on.

STAN

Ah, an urgent one?

BEN

Well...

STAN

Was the race about to start?

BEN

No, it was a football match.

STAN

It's Friday, no one is playing today.

Ben squirms but doesn't answer.

STAN

Urgent is defined as something that needs immediate action or attention. Does your bet on a match that is at least twenty-four hours away fit this specific definition?

BEN

No.

STAN

So, your tank was towed because you parked in a disabled persons driving space, when you do not have a permit for such a space, so that you could place a bet on a football match that is tomorrow. That a fair summation?

BEN

Yes. But --

STAN

You would still like your car back?

BEN

Exactly.

Stan shuffles over to the sign, taps it through the fence.

STAN

Still closed.

BEN

But it's only just gone two.

STAN

Friday.

BEN

Oh, early closing?

STAN

For you.

BEN

Eh, so if I was someone else?

STAN

You'd probably have a reasonable car, and not selfishly park it in a disabled space. Ergo this conversation wouldn't be happening.

BEN

I can pay.

He reaches for his wallet.

STAN

On Monday, yes you can.

BEN

Double, I'll pay you double.

STAN

Well, it will be by then as the weekend storage fees come into effect once I've closed on a Friday.

BEN

What?

STAN

If I am required to store your vehicle over a weekend period then I may at my discretion charge an additional fee.

BEN

You robbing old cu--

STAN

It's all documented in the impound rules and regulations.

BEN

Which rules?

Stan points to a faded sign at the very back of the yard.

BEN

I can't read them from here.

STAN

Come back when we're open and you'll be able to read them.

BEN

Are they on the website?

STAN

Website? I have no need for one, or Facebook group, Twitter, or TikTok.

BEN

No, the council's.

STAN

The council have TikTok?

BEN

No, I mean are your rules on the Council website?

STAN

No, why would they be?

BEN

So voters and taxpayers like me can see what ridiculous rules and regulations we have to follow.

STAN

Nope, my yard, my rules.

BEN

So you could maybe bend them?

STAN

I tried that last month, went badly.

BEN

There must be something?

Stan strokes his chin. An idea dawns.

STAN

You could rent the car.

BEN

Rent my own car?

STAN

Technically it's my car until you pay the fine. It's in the rules.

BEN

For fucks sa --

Ben sighs.

BEN

How much?

STAN

You'd like to rent the car?

Stan points at Ben's car.

BEN

Yes, I would like to rent my own car for the weekend. How much?

STAN

Well, you'll be renting it for today, Saturday, Sunday and, Monday.

BEN

Monday?

STAN
Yes, I don't open till lunch, so
you'll need to --

BEN
Pay for the full day?

STAN
You're catching on.

Ben's shoulders slump, defeated.

BEN
How much, altogether then?

Stan calculates some imaginary numbers with the aid of his
bony fingers.

STAN
Eight hundred should cover it.

BEN
How much?!

STAN
Well, if you'd rather come back
Monday afternoon?

Ben shakes his head.

BEN
And that clears the fine too?

Stan beams.

STAN
Of course, what do you think I am?
Some sort of crook, flimflammer,
crook or, mountebank?

Ben opens his wallet.

BEN
Card okay?

STAN
Let me just get my machine.

Stan retreats into his portacabin and returns with a card
machine, typing numbers into it as he walks.

STAN
Just follow the on-screen
instructions.

He holds the card machine to the fence.

BEN
(sarcasm laced)
Thanks.

He pops the card in and enters some numbers.

Stan waits for the machine to authorise the payment.

STAN
Sorry, mobile signal isn't great out
here, cell tower issues.

The machine beeps.

STAN
Receipt?

BEN
Please.

Stan hands over a receipt.

BEN
Now, can I get my car?

Stan nods and then unlocks the padlock on the gate.

STAN
Come through.

Ben trudges in, fishing the car key from his pocket.

WHOOOP, WHOOOP.

He disables the car alarm.

STAN
And of course, no need to come back
Monday and return the rental.

Stan chuckles at his joke.

BEN
Generous to a fault.

He jumps in his car and starts the engine.

Stan motions for him to wind down the window.

STAN
Drive safe now.

BEN
You cheeky little fuc --

The rest of the expletives are lost to the sound of London traffic as Ben pulls away.

Stan takes his phone back out and dials a number.

STAN
Hey there...

He holds the phone from his ear again as the tirade resumes.

STAN
If you'll let me get a word in
edgeways.

He pauses for a response.

STAN
So... weekend away at the coast?

BEAT

STAN
Just so happens I had a bet come in.

BEAT

STAN
Football, kind of, so get your bags
packed.

He holds the phone away from his ear again, this time to avoid squeals of happiness.

FADE OUT

THE END