

IT'S A LIVING

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

MARGE (70s) heavy set, disheveled hair, dressed in outdated, tattered clothes, strolls down the sidewalk pushing an overfilled shopping cart.

Three CHILDREN play in the driveway. They stop and gawk as Marge passes.

The children laugh at the sight of the homeless old woman. One of the kids kicks a ball across the road. It bounces against Marge's head and keeps rolling.

The boys laugh and high five each other. They make no effort to collect the ball immediately.

Marge rubs the side of her head, follows the ball and picks it up.

She puts it in the cart and pulls an old piece of material over the ball.

She strolls down the street a ways and turns the corner.

EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE -- DAY

An older but upper class home.

Marge parks her cart near the front door and enters.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

The room is immaculate, as is the rest of the house. Upper class furnishings.

Marge takes off her hat and coat and hangs them on a hook by the door.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fred (70s) neatly dressed, lounges on the couch, reads a newspaper.

FRED

Ah, you took the long route today?

MARGE

Just a different one.

FRED  
Find anything?

MARGE  
Yup.

Marge is about to sit down, when Fred blocks her with his feet.

FRED  
You should clean up first, dear.

Fred stands, folds the newspaper and tucks it under his arm, heads out the front door.

Marge gapes after him, flips him off behind his back as he walks out.

EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Fred pushes the cart to the garage, presses the remote to open the garage door.

A NEIGHBOR comes out of his house, walks to his post box.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Fred hurriedly pushes the cart into the garage.

He waves at the neighbor, closes the garage door.

Fred rummages through the basket, separates the recyclables from the other stuff that Marge just dragged home.

Each item is sorted into black trash bags of alike items.

Fred opens the trunk of his car, removes the bags from the shopping cart and places them in.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- DAY

Marge sits in her bra and skirt at her vanity and gazes at her aging plump face in the mirror.

She takes out cream, rubs it into her skin.

She looks at her hands, notices callouses from pushing the cart.

She opens the drawer, pulls out a band-aid, stick it over a blister on her foot.

Marge slips on a nice top. She pulls a pair of pumps on and grimaces as the shoe touches the blister.

She reaches for the hair brush, drags it through her washed hair.

Marge stops, stares at her image.

MARGE

I think we'll have pork chops for dinner, dear. Would that be enough for you, or would you like lobster and steak instead, dear?

Marge scowls at her reflection, fixes her hair, puts on makeup.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marge looks like the typical housewife.

Fred comes in, takes a seat at the table.

FRED

Looks delicious, dear.

Marge dishes fried pork chops on to their plates.

FRED (CONT'D)

Please don't leave the cart outside next time for everyone to see.

Marge joins Fred at the table and eats.

MARGE

Fred, I don't think I can keep--

FRED

The bank called today.

Marge stops chewing, stares at Fred with a look of fright.

FRED (CONT'D)

Don't you worry. We have another week. We just need to keep doing what we're doing.

Marge takes another bite, chews slowly.

Fred smiles, pats her arm.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- DAY

The sun peeks through the partly open curtains.

Fred and Marge snore fast asleep.

The bedside alarm clock rings.

Fred peers at the time, slaps it off.

He lifts off the covers, pokes Marge in the ribs.

MARGE

Please, not today.

FRED

Come now, Marge, it's rubbish collection today. You need to get out there early as possible.

He stretches and yawns, before pulling the covers up to snuggle a bit more.

Marge drags herself out the bed.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Marge, dressed as a homeless bum, pours two cups of coffee. Her hair is uncombed, and smeared dirt is used for makeup.

Fred, in his pajamas, walks in, yawns.

MARGE

Eggs?

Fred peers up from his newspaper, makes a face.

FRED

Pancakes today, I think.

Marge scowls as she collects the ingredients.

EXT. WEALTHY NIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

Marge pulls her cart to the side, places it on the grass of a large, very expensive house.

Fred drives past in a not too shabby car. He pretends not to see Marge.

She lifts her hand to wave at him, but lets it slump to her side after the rejection.

She looks in all directions before opening a large trash bin that sits curbside.

Marge peers inside, pulls out a bag, opens it.

INT. WEALTHY NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- SAME

A WEALTHY MAN, well dressed, peeks out the window of the home Marge is in front of.

EXT. WEALTHY NIGHBORHOOD -- SAME

Marge pulls out a discarded game system, a pair of running shoes, and a stack of old baseball cards.

She gasps, surprised at her great find.

She piles the items into her cart.

Marge notices the man watching her, puts her head down, scurries off down the street to the next house.

EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Marge trudges up the walkway, parks her cart at the door, and goes inside.

Moments later, Fred comes out, sees the cart outside.

He opens the front door and hollers inside.

FRED  
I said not to leave the cart out  
front!

He looks around the neighborhood, rushes to push the cart to the garage.

EXT. SECOND HAND SHOP -- DAY

A quiet part of town with a sign in front that reads "FRED'S TREASURES".

On the glass door, a hand that turns is pointed to "Open".

INT. SECOND HAND SHOP -- SAME

Fred unpacks the black bags on the counter.

A young assistant, JANE (20) wipes off hands them to Fred. He slaps a price tag on.

He sits on a chair behind the counter, with a crossword puzzle book.

Jane tidies shelves as PATRONS trickle in.

Fred greets each one.

FRED  
Welcome, friends. How can I help  
you today.

With a smile, Fred begins his day as the Patrons bring their items to the counter for check out.

THE WEALTHY NEIGHBOR comes into the shop, browses around at the second hand items.

He notices the game center that Marge had collected.

He picks it up, walks to the counter, slaps it down on the counter.

WEALTHY NEIGHBOR  
I'm curious, sir. You have a pretty  
hefty price on this. Where did you  
get it?

Fred looks at the price tag.

FRED  
Totally negotiable.

WEALTHY NEIGHBOR  
I'm more curious about where it  
came from?

FRED  
I have a lady who collects for me.  
We have an "arrangement".

The Wealthy man reaches across the counter, grabs Fred by the collar.

WEALTHY NEIGHBOR  
Listen, you arrogant lazy bum,  
while you sit in here all day,  
there is a lady out there busting  
her ass to make a living.

Fred struggles to pull the man's hand off of him.

WEALTHY NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)  
I been leaving things for HER and  
you better make sure you pay her  
her dues.

He shoves Fred backwards, storm out of the store.

EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marge wheels the cart into the garage.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - FOYER -- MOMENTS LATER

Marge hangs up her coat, places her hat on the stand.

MARGE  
Fred!

No response.

INT. MARGES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marge walks in and notices that the couch is empty.

A loud thump O.S.

INT. MARGES HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marge scurries in.

MARGE  
Fred, are you okay--?

The table is set for two, with a rose in a glass in the center.

Fred is cooking up a storm.

He notices Marge, and races over to a chair and pulls it out.

Marge puts a hand to her mouth in surprise.

MARGE (CONT'D)  
I should clean up.

Fred takes her arm, guides her into the chair. He pours her a glass of wine, places it in front of her.

FRED  
You need to relax, dear. I'll run  
you a bath.

Fred bustles out, leaving Marge in shock.

She leans back in the chair, picks up the glass of wine,  
takes a sip and shrugs.

FADE OUT.