

SPARE ME

Written by

Simon K. Parker

simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk
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EXT. CITY STREET - BACK ALLEY - DAY

DOUG, 45, in dirty tattered clothes rummages through a dumpster. He finds a half eaten sandwich. And a half drunk bottle of pop.

He pulls these both out. Eats the sandwich hungrily. Then gulps the pop down all in one.

Wiping his mouth clean he jumps back into the dumpster. Continues his search.

He comes up with a stale mouldy loaf of bread. He rips away the plastic packaging. Sniffs at it, unsure. Takes a few careful bites.

Suddenly the sound of children giggling reaches him.

Doug looks out, sees a bunch of school CHILDREN watching him, laughing.

He chucks down the loaf of mouldy bread.

DOUG
Hey, what the hell do you think
you're looking at?

One of the kids yells back.

KID
You're gross.

Another kid joins in.

SECOND KID
That food is not for eating.

Doug slams his hands down against the side of the dumpster.

DOUG
Get the hell out of here!

The kids pick up loose rocks and stones. Throw them at Doug. A couple of them hit.

Doug tries to leap out of the dumpster.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You little bastards.

As he tries to leap, his feet get caught. He trips and falls face first into the ground.

The kids laugh even louder before then running off.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Doug sits outside. A blanket around him. His face, cut and bruised from the fall.

As people walk by Doug holds out an empty cup.

DOUG
Spare change?

They don't acknowledge him. They don't see or hear him. He's a ghost.

RANDALL, 28, JODI, 20, with a pushchair enter the cafe.

They try to carry the pushchair inside. It's awkward, big and heavy. The door closes shut on them. They're struggling. Halfway in and halfway out.

Doug stands up, holds the door open for them.

DOUG (CONT'D)
It's OK. I've got this.

Randall scowls at him.

RANDALL
You're not getting any money out of me.

DOUG
(hurt)
I wasn't asking. You were struggling. I can hold the door open for somebody can't I?

JODI
You stink.

RANDALL
Step back. If I have to call the police I will.

Doug is stunned.

DOUG
Call the police? For what?

RANDALL
Just stay the hell away from me and my family.

JODI
You're disgusting. Do you have any
idea what you smell like?

Doug sits back down in his spot. Devastated.

Jodi and Randall continue to struggle carrying the pushchair
inside. But once inside they make sure that the door closes
firmly shut behind them.

Doug shakes his head. Muttering to himself.

DOUG
Unbelievable.

MATT, 19, now walks past. Gold chains. Rucksack slung over
his shoulder. He peers in through the window of the cafe.

Doug spots him. Holds his cup out to him.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Spare change?

Matt scowls down at him. He's high on cocaine.

MATT
I haven't got nothing for you. I
haven't even got anything for
myself.
(smirks)
But you can keep your mouth shut
right?

Doug doesn't quite follow.

DOUG
Right.

MATT
Be my lookout?

DOUG
(confused)
Lookout?

Matt pulls out a gun. Aims it at Doug's head.

MATT
You can either be my lookout or I
can blow your brains out across
this sidewalk.

DOUG
(stunned)
What?

Matt hits Doug hard across the top of the head with his gun.

MATT
Be my lookout or get shot. Which is
it?

DOUG
(terrified)
I'll be your lookout.

MATT
Good answer. After this, if I'm
feeling generous. I might even
throw some change your way. You
stop anyone else from coming in
here. If you see any cops, you bang
on that window real hard.

Doug is still in a state of shock.

DOUG
Ok, whatever you say.

Matt pulls a ski mask down over his face. Holds his gun out
in front of him.

MATT
Alright. Time to rob some rich
fucks.

DOUG
What are you going to do?

MATT
I'm going to rob every single
person in this soy milk drinking
vegan shit fuck hippie upper class
rich fuck cafe. Then I'm going to
put a bullet into their fucking
heads. Leave no one alive. I'll
show these rich fucks who really
owns this city.

DOUG
Are you feeling alright?

MATT
Haven't you just heard me? I'm
feeling great.

Matt goes inside.

As soon as the door closes shut behind him he starts yelling for everyone to get down on the floor.

Doug, eyes wide with panic crawls away.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Doug is running through the street. Grabbing onto anyone with a phone he can see.

DOUG

You've got to call the police.

Those he touches recoil away in disgust.

Doug keeps trying. Still grabbing onto anyone with a mobile phone.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Call the police. Call 911. Get the police down here now.

Every single person he approaches and touches reacts the same way, with utter disgust, shoving him away. No one wants anything to do with him.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Doug peers in through the window. Matt has everyone on the floor, hands behind their heads. He holds a gun to the baby in the pushchair.

Randall and Jodi, who had been so rude to Doug are on the floor sobbing.

Doug looks around, sees people everywhere. He hisses at them.

DOUG

You've got to help.

He then stands by the doorway. Gesturing for people to come on in.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Take a look. Come on. Look right in. Come on. Right here. Come on over, come on in.

Everyone pretends that he's invisible.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The young BOY, 17, working behind the counter throws all the money he has into Matt's bag.

Matt cracks this young boy in the side of the head. Sending him crashing down to the floor.

MATT

You rich fucks think you run this city. Think you can do what you want. Leave people like me with nothing. Well that changes today. You rich fucks have stolen everything from me. Now I'm about to take everything from you.

Matt turns his attention onto Randall. Spies his impressive wristwatch.

Matt stands on Randall's hand. Randall yells out in pain.

Everyone in the cafe, sobbing, terrified.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to Randall)

That watch. How much did it cost?

RANDALL

(whimpering)

It's yours. Just take it.

MATT

I know I can take it. It's not what I asked you. I asked how much did it cost?

RANDALL

Five thousand. I think. It was a gift. After my father died...

Matt cuts Randall short, stamping on his hand.

MATT

Five thousand. Rich fucks like you took everything from me. Now I'm going to take everything from you.

Matt aims his gun at the baby in the pushchair. Finger on the trigger ready to fire.

Doug bursts inside the cafe.

DOUG
I can't let you do this.

Matt frowns at him.

MATT
Hey lookout. Have you forgotten our deal already?

Doug charges at him. Runs head first into Matt.

Doug headbutts him as hard as he can. Matt gets out a shot. Shooting Doug in the chest.

The blow from the headbutt knocking Matt out. But the shot rips through Doug's chest. Killing him instantly.

Both men collapse to the floor simultaneously. At this, everyone else in the cafe runs for their lives.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Teams of NEWS REPORTERS are gathered outside. A skinny teenage GIRL, 16, is being interviewed.

A female news reporter smiles at her, holds a microphone out.

REPORTER
And you were a witness to today's attempted robbery? Can you tell us what happened?

The girl nods.

GIRL
I was right there. I was one of the people on the floor. These two guys came in to rob us. But then they got into an argument about something. They attacked each other. We're just lucky to get out.

REPORTER
And what do you know about the man who was killed?

GIRL
Just some gross homeless person. I think they were both homeless. Just out to steal hard working peoples money. Disgusting.

The news reporter nods, solemnly.

REPORTER

And by sheer luck and by the grace
of God no one else was hurt.

The teenage girl nods.

GIRL

Thank God.

The reporter turns to camera.

REPORTER

And there you have it. A harrowing
story of two desperate robbers.
We're just lucky no innocent lives
were lost.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END