

Mousetrap

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT.

RAFAEL (19) wears a cashier's smock while attending the register. JESS (18) is leaving.

JESS
They put you on the night shift?

RAFAEL
Every night this week.

JESS
Ah ha ha!

RAFAEL
Shut up.

Black.

SUPER: MONDAY.

Rafael fills in the Monday crossword.

ZAK (late 20s) approaches the register. He sets down:

- a pack of nicotine patches
- and a mousetrap.

Rafael scans the patches and the mousetrap.

ZAK
You know if those work?

RAFAEL
The patches? My friend quit with them.

Zak holds up the mousetrap.

ZAK
No, these.

RAFAEL
Oh, I dunno. I never needed one.

ZAK
Yeah, me neither. New apartment.

RAFAEL
Yeah. Nine-twelve.

Zak pays and leaves. Rafael stares at the empty store.

Black.

SUPER: TUESDAY.

Rafael tries the Tuesday puzzle. Zak approaches again. He drops

- thirty mousetraps

on the counter.

RAFAEL
I guess they work?

ZAK
Huh? Oh.

That seems to be that. Rafael scans one and keys in: 30.

RAFAEL
Seventy one eighty.

Zak slides his debit card through the reader. Rafael bags the traps. Zak hurries off. Rafael watches him go.

Black.

SUPER: WEDNESDAY.

The Wednesday crossword lies half-completed, abandoned. Rafael leafs through a tabloid.

Zak marches up to the counter anxious, apprehensive. Two nicotine patches are visible on his neck. He unloads:

- a vicious looking kitchen meat hook,
- an 8-pound eye round roast,
- and a large bottle of Drano.

Rafael puts down the magazine and scans the three items.

RAFAEL
Twenty three forty eight.

But Zak is studying the headline of the tabloid: HYBRID CREATURE AT LARGE! SCIENTISTS ESTIMATE AT 200 POUNDS!

ZAK
Can I get this, too?

RAFAEL
Sure. Twenty seven seventy five.

Zak pays and runs off with his bags. Rafael's brow furrows.

Black.

SUPER: THURSDAY.

Rafael looks down an aisle. Waiting. Two words are filled in on the Thursday crossword puzzle.

Zak wheels a shopping cart to the counter.

RAFAEL

Whoa! You OK?

Zak doesn't seem to understand the question. Rafael stares at his face.

Zak has a large bandage on his forehead, and a gauze band wrapped around his arm. But more disturbing are the three deep slices running down the left side of his face.

ZAK

Oh. Yeah. I'm good.

He piles his groceries onto the counter. Today he has

- ten boxes of frozen hamburgers,
- a bottle of rat poison,
- a bottle of roach killer,
- a gallon of charcoal lighter fluid,
- fifty feet of clothesline,
- and a bottle of extra strength aspirin.

ZAK

Is there a Sports Authority around here?

RAFAEL

Down the road.

ZAK

Do they. Carry hunting equipment?

RAFAEL

Not sure. What are you hunting?

ZAK

Um. Not sure. I mean.

He lets it drop.

RAFAEL

Forty two twelve.

Zak swipes his credit card through the reader. Rafael hands him his receipt, and watches him tear out of the store.

Black.

SUPER: FRIDAY.

Rafael stands at the register, staring down at a blank Friday crossword puzzle.

Someone approaches. Rafael steadies himself, then looks up.

Zak now sports an eyepatch, stuffed with cotton. His right arm is in a sling; the hand is hidden under his coat. No less than seven nicotine patches are stuck to his neck.

He slowly moves the items from his basket to the conveyer:

- five pork tenderloins,
- a gallon of milk,
- a quart of motor oil,
- a bottle of lye,
- a bottle of rubbing alcohol,
- five jars of peanut butter,
- an electric meat carving knife,
- a gallon of antifreeze,
- a pack of rubber gloves,
- and a bottle of No-Doze.

Rafael slowly scans each of the items. Zak's eyes are far-off, searching for some haven. Then, violently:

ZAK

Wait! Pack of cigarettes.

Rafael pulls a pack from a glass cabinet. Zak tries to open the pack one-handed, growing desperate.

RAFAEL

Hey, hey man, here.

Rafael opens the pack. Zak chomps down on a cigarette and yanks it out.

Rafael grabs a lighter from the stand and lights Zak's cigarette. Zak drags in deep, eyes closed, tasting nirvana. He holds in the smoke for a long moment, then breathes out.

ZAK

I'll take the lighter, too.

RAFAEL

Sixty one eighty.

Zak manages to get his credit card. Rafael swipes the card and waits for the receipt. Zak doesn't wait; he walks away.

RAFAEL

Hey, man! Your card! Hey man!

But Zak is gone. Rafael looks down at the card in his hands.
Black.

SUPER: SATURDAY.

Rafael stares at Zak's credit card. Then at the door.

Jess leaps out in front of him. He suppresses a scream.

JESS

Hey! I'm taking the rest of your
shift. Happy birthday!

RAFAEL

My birthday was two months ago.

JESS

I'm making it up to you.

But Rafael is still preoccupied, becoming nervous, cagey.

RAFAEL

But what if he comes back? He'll
come back. He's got to. Look, a
guy is going to come back for this
credit card. You have to-

JESS

Blah blah blah, done and done.
I'll give the guy his card.

RAFAEL

You have to tell me if he comes
back! Please!

JESS

Yes, Christ, fine!

Rafael takes off his smock.

JESS

Just do me a favor, OK? Put this
in the break room before you go.

Jess slaps down a mousetrap on the counter.

JESS

We have a mouse.

Rafael looks from the mousetrap to Jess, horrified.

Black.