

BLACK FRIDAY

Written by

JWB-IV

Copyright Spontaneous Productions (c) 2017

V 2.0

james@spontaneous productions
937-305-5775

CAPTION: November 23 - 3:30 PM

INT. MIDWEST - OHIO - NEW NEW BUY - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Cut-out turkeys line the black board cramped in by snow men, and fake holly- Written across the board are a series of positions across the cash registers and isles: **Golden Team, Alpha Team, Bravo Team, Gamma Team.**

GEORGE WHITTAKER, late 40's with a bit of a gut - stands clapping his chalk covered hands.

GEORGE

I'm going to need you all to take our seasonal staff under your experienced wing... With that, any questions about your team and position?

PERRY CLAYMONT, 19, feet on the table, snaps his head awake- JAMAL BLACK, 17, slips his headphones out- KEVIN WRIGHT, 20, doodles his face melting off, with tongue out- shows it to GRETA MCKINZIE, 19 who blushes and turns away towards- SARAH JACOBS, 22 who grabs the paper, crumples it up and sinks it into the trashcan behind her.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Ahhhmmm.

KEVIN

What's with the naming system here?

GRETA

Clearly it's an organizational technique Kevin Right Mr. George.

GEORGE

It's just George Greta, it's been like a year already.

KEVIN

...kiss ass...Sure, but like, *pulling his cheeks apart into a smile* why so serious?

SARAH

Kevin, shut it.

Kevin sits back pretending that everyone loved his joke.

JAMAL

Back to work, so I'm gold team right? That means I'm on registers?

GEORGE

Right Jamal!

JAMAL

Oh so cause I'm black you want to keep your cracker eyes on me near your precious money?

GEORGE

Wha- No!

KEVIN

No Jamal, you're there to scare off would be thieves.

Jamal shoots a stink eye, everyone slowly turns and stares at Kevin laughing to himself, realizes he is alone, shuts up.

KEVIN (cont'd)

...What?

GRETA

That was insensitive Kevin!

SARAH

Say something like that again shit-heel then we'll see if you're laughing.

KEVIN

So scared Sarah!

Jamal stands, his chair screeching backwards.

JAMAL

Say it again little boy.

Stepping in between Jamal, George tosses his hands up.

GEORGE

Guys guys, I know everyone is tense okay? I mean it's a big holiday. We are the NEW NEW CREW!

Jamal sits and puts his headphones back in, Kevin mimics George from behind.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Just... You all and I, we just gotta make sure we have a safe and fun-

EXT. NEW NEW BUY - PARKING LOT - LINE - CONTINUOUS

MARISA HARRIET, indeterminable age- proud mother of an obese family of three boys all stand salivating, impatient.

CHRIS, Harriet staggers back across the lot with a ripped up and seemingly dripping ketchup box of *KFC*.

MARISSA

Honey! You better a' got the triple
fried-

Stepping into the light, Chris' clothes are ripped and clawed apart, his stagger turns immediately into a lunge.

Diving at Marisa's neck, a healthy bite is ripped out. Marisa falls, dead at his feet.

Fresh blood dripping from his lips, Chris growls runs straight into the throng of the line as the now reanimated Marisa, groans and grabs at anything in reach. SCREAMS.

INT. NEW NEW BUY - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

George, hands on his knees hacks up a lung real quick.

GEORGE

-Sorry, I meant to say BLACK FRIDAY.

TITLE: BLACK FRIDAY - BLEEDS OVER THE NEW NEW TEAM

PERRY

Boooo! I cannot believe daddy made me
work this shit.

Everyone walks out, George looks down at his clipboard.

GEORGE

What did you say Perry?

PERRY

That Daddy is a genius for putting
you in charge of this shift Georgie!
Kisses, lovie lovie, bye.

He slips out the door, George sighs heavily lightly bashes his head to the clipboard.

Caption: **12 HOURS TILL OPEN...**

To Be Continued in: **Black Friday**