

Supermarket Blonde

By

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EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT- NIGHT

STEVEN walks out of the supermarket, pushing a shopping cart loaded with food. Steven is in his early 20s, wearing the casual college guy attire. He's fresh faced, a sheen of naivete wafting off him.

PHOEBE is walking right behind him, looking over a receipt. She's also in her early 20s, her dark hair swept in a ponytail, wearing gym attire.

Steven and Phoebe place their groceries inside his car, cramming an unholy amount of food into the trunk.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR- NIGHT

STEVEN

We shouldn't have bought that ice cream.

PHOEBE

Well, we did. You wanted it. The whole "buy one get free" deal.

Steven starts the car, backing out of the parking space, until a BLONDE WOMAN waves them down. She's in her 40s, with fried hair and tan skin reminiscent of a worn out leather handbag. She approaches the car with an oversized white purse hugging her side.

Phoebe has a wary look on her face as the woman walks towards them.

PHOEBE

Don't do it, I know what you're going to do.

STEVEN

No you don't.

PHOEBE

Steven, I swear if you talk to her in any way, shape, or form I'll-

Steven smiles, finger pressing a button. His window starts to roll down.

PHOEBE

(Whispers)

What are you doing?

Steven ignores Phoebe.

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CONTINUED: 2.

STEVEN  
Do you need any help?

The Blonde Woman approaches the car, her eyes wide, quickly glancing over her shoulder.

BLONDE WOMAN  
I just need a ride. It's close by.

PHOEBE  
(whispering)  
Are you kidding me?

STEVEN  
Sure! We'll give you a ride.

Phoebe elbows Steven in the ribs as the woman enters the car.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Thank you so much guys.  
(squeezes her purse)  
Thank you, so, so much.

STEVEN  
No problem.

An eerie quiet fills the vehicle.

STEVEN  
(clearing throat)  
So, where do you need to go?

BLONDE WOMAN  
It's um, not that far from here.  
Just get on the road and I'll tell  
you.

EXT. STEVEN'S CAR- NIGHT

Steven drives onto the road. They're on a main street, cars buzzing by, college kids walking about, littering the sidewalks.

They keep at it, for what seems like a few minutes.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR- NIGHT

Steven's cheery attitude is depleting by the minute, regretting his chivalrous act, shaking his head.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Just keep going straight.

Steven nods his head.

PHOEBE  
What happened?  
(pauses)  
If you don't mind me asking?

Steven turns, giving Phoebe crazy eyes. The Blonde Woman shakes her head, adjusting the strap of her purse.

BLONDE WOMAN  
My son just came back from college,  
but my husband left me.

Phoebe turns to face the woman, eyeing her down, as if trying to recall something.

PHOEBE  
He left you? Where, at the grocery  
store?

The woman looks at Phoebe. She's silent, eyes boring holes into the girl's head, making her uncomfortable.

BLONDE WOMAN  
He did. We had an argument and he  
just left me there.

Phoebe turns away from the woman, stealing a quick glance at Steven. His knuckles are white washed, his body stiff.

PHOEBE  
Where's your son?

BLONDE WOMAN  
At a friend's house.  
(pointing finger)  
Make a left here.

Steven turns the car. They're in a neighborhood. The street lined with shoddy homes.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Keep going straight.

Steven nods his head.

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CONTINUED: 4.

STEVEN

What school does your son go to?

BLONDE WOMAN

He actually-

While the woman is going on about her son's university, Phoebe is texting her roommate, updating her on the situation. She has her phone in between her legs, the mobile barely emanating any form of light.

BLONDE WOMAN

Who you're texting?

Phoebe's eyes go wide, stunned.

STEVEN

Probably her boyfriend.

PHOEBE

Yeah, he's out of town this weekend. Wondering what I'm up to.

The woman sits back, looking out the car window, fiddling with her purse.

BLONDE WOMAN

Turn here.

The car makes a left, venturing out onto a main road.

BLONDE WOMAN

My son has a girlfriend. Nice girl.

Steven and Phoebe exchange glances.

PHOEBE

So, your son's at a friend's place?

BLONDE WOMAN

Yeah, hopefully I'll meet up with him, have dinner. Catch up.

Phoebe turns to Steven, mouthing "the heck?" Steven shrugs his shoulders, eyes darting to the rear view mirror and back onto the road.

BLONDE WOMAN

He's been taking care of me.

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PHOEBE

Isn't your son away for college?

BLONDE WOMAN

Yes.

Phoebe turns around, a sense of anger and urgency emitting from her.

PHOEBE

But he's taking care of you?

BLONDE WOMAN

Yes. My husband took everything and now my son's taking care of me.

The woman stares once again, but only for a beat, looking out the window.

PHOEBE

Of course he did.

An orange light comes on. The gas light. Steven eyes the illuminating symbol with tight lips. He turns to Phoebe, her attention elsewhere.

STEVEN

I need to get gas.

Phoebe's head snaps towards Steven's direction. Her eyes flash towards the light, then onto Steven. She sinks into her chair, running her fingers through her ponytail.

PHOEBE

(points)

Turn into this gas station.

Steven turns, parking.

STEVEN

It will only be a second, promise.

He gives Phoebe a look. The "I'm sorry" eyes, pleading to hang on. He slams the car door and walks away. He left his cell phone in the cup holder, a detail that visibly irks Phoebe.

BLONDE WOMAN

Are things alright?

PHOEBE

Yeah, it's just been a long day.

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CONTINUED: 6.

The woman smiles, inching off the backseat, closing the space between her and Phoebe. Her purse pressed against her chest.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Is your friend waiting for a call?

PHOEBE  
What do you mean?

BLONDE WOMAN  
Well, you keep looking at his  
phone. Is he waiting for someone?  
Are you?

The tension in the air is palpable. The two women are now inches apart from one another. Phoebe swallows. The gulp is audible.

PHOEBE  
I feel like I've seen you before.

The blonde woman smiles; similar to the Cheshire cat, who happens to have an addiction to tanning.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Have you?

The driver door opens, Steven popping his head in.

STEVEN  
I just need to pump the gas.

He looks at the two women before him. Phoebe appears as if she's on the brink of shattering into a million pieces, while the blonde woman eases her way into the backseat, clutching her purse.

Steven squints his eyes, his signal that something is wrong. Phoebe shakes her head, waving her hand in front of him.

PHOEBE  
Do that. Fill up the car.

Steven hesitates for a moment, before closing the door.

Phoebe slumps in her chair, rubbing her face.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Do you remember me?

Phoebe doesn't turn around, just stares into her hands.

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BLONDE WOMAN

Your friend doesn't remember me,  
but you do.

(pauses)

It's been a loooong time, but I  
finally found you kids.

Steven opens the door, putting the keys into the car's  
ignition.

STEVEN

Alright ladies. Where are we  
heading?

Steven looks over his shoulder, the woman staring at him.

BLONDE WOMAN

When you get out, make a left. Just  
head on straight and we'll be  
there.

STEVEN

Where is it again?

BLONDE WOMAN

You'll know when I tell you.

Steven sets his attention onto the road. Phoebe remains  
silent, which causes Steven to stir in his seat. He moves  
his head side to side, stretching his fingers, biting his  
lip.

STEVEN

Do I keep on going?

BLONDE WOMAN

Like I said, head straight until I  
say. We're almost there.

STEVEN

Meeting your son, right?

BLONDE WOMAN

Yes.

The woman tugs on the strap of her bag.

Steven's brow furrows, mouth forming an O. He looks at  
Phoebe, who seems to have climbed out of her self induced  
paralysis.

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BLONDE WOMAN  
Turn into this plaza.

The woman points to a fast food restaurant. Steven pulls in.

The woman opens the door, halfway out the car until she turns around.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Thank you so, so, much.

She steps out and closes the door. The duo watch the woman walk into the fast food joint.

PHOEBE  
What is WRONG with you Steven?

STEVEN  
What do you want from me Phoebe? I can't help but say YES!

PHOEBE  
You can't say no to any woman.  
None, unless it's me. Great.

STEVEN  
That's not fair Phoebe! I was just being a good person.

PHOEBE  
YES. You're such a good person!  
Leaving me alone with a crazy lady.  
Beautiful. She could've killed me!

Steven huffs out a sigh, banging his head against the steering wheel.

STEVEN  
She didn't kill you, she didn't kill me. We're fine.

Phoebe looks out the window, biting her nail.

PHOEBE  
She knows who we are.

STEVEN  
What?

PHOEBE  
We've seen her before.

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STEVEN

Get out! I've never seen that lady  
in my life!

Phoebe looks at Steven, leaning her head back into the  
seat's headrest.

PHOEBE

You have. Remember freshman year?

STEVEN

Not much.

PHOEBE

Remember we stole that plastic  
flamingo for your frat? That big  
fluorescent one?

STEVEN

That, I do remember. Fratty the  
Flamingo, the ultimate house good  
luck charm.

PHOEBE

You guys named it?  
(shakes head)  
Doesn't matter. Do you remember the  
part where the lady ran out of the  
house? She came at us with a frying  
pan, asking for the flamingo back.

STEVEN

When it comes to lawn ornament  
theft, you know I only look one  
way: straight ahead.

PHOEBE

Unlike you, I turned around and I  
swear it's that blonde lady.

STEVEN

Nowa-

A knock from the passenger's window causes the pair to jump.

It's the Blonde Woman, twirling her finger, motioning to  
lower the window.

PHOEBE

I'm not lowering it. Nope, not  
doing it.

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CONTINUED: 10.

The window starts to descend, slowly. Phoebe shoots her head back, seeing Steven's finger pressing down on a button. He mouths "sorry."

BLONDE WOMAN

Listen, I know you two are busy,  
but I forgot to show you something,  
while we were chatting.

The woman sinks her hand into her purse. Rummaging around. Her eyes light up, as if she's found the freaking Holy Grail.

BLONDE WOMAN

Here it is!

She takes out a square piece of paper. She holds it in front of her face for a moment, her eyes darken. She turns the piece of paper around.

The piece of paper is actually a photograph. The picture: the pink FLAMINGO. The same one the pair stole from her lawn.

BLONDE WOMAN

WHERE IS IT?

The blonde woman reaches into her purse with the speed of Usain Bolt, pulling out a frying pan.

BLONDE WOMAN

WHERE IS IT?

The duo screams as the woman stabs the frying pan through the window. Steven hits the accelerator, speeding away, leaving behind the crazed woman.