

A&P

Adapted by:

Emily Johnson

INT. SMALL GROCERY STORE- DAY

SAMMY, an eighteen year old boy who has puberty still written all across his face, stands motionless behind a check out counter. His face is blank as he stares at something. He is wearing a crisp, white, collard shirt, partially covered by his green work apron. A shiny name tag gleams in the fluorescent light- "Sammy".

Standing on the other side of the counter is an OLD WOMAN. Her face, a road map of wrinkles, is searching through her mound of coupons to find the right one to give to Sammy. This image explains Sammy's previous expression.

The inside of this grocery store is fairly empty, aside from the few older shoppers with nothing else to do to fill their long, post-retirement, days.

The glass door swings open, prompting the attached bell to clap against the door.

In walk three teenage girls in nothing but bathing suits.

They saunter in like they own the place, as the tall blond one grabs a shopping basket from next to the door.

Sammy's attention suddenly switches from the white haired prune, still shuffling through coupons, to these three, almost naked, angels that have just brought some joy to his dreary day at work.

The girls walk in unison along the canned food section. All of them barefoot and shameless. The tall blond one even has her straps to her suit pulled down revealing her lean, naked shoulders.

Sammy is completely entranced with her beauty. He swallows hard and wipes his brow.

The girls walk past jugs of milk, while the short, busty, brunette holds a gallon of 2% and skim up for the other girls to decide from.

Sammy looks around, seeing if anyone else is noticing this unnatural event taking place in the usually tame grocery store.

The tall blond girl grabs the 2%, and they continue on.

The third girl with light brown hair adds a bag of hot dog buns to the basket.

An older woman looks on with moral judgment as she picks up some canned corn to place in her basket.

The tall blond girl finds the hot dogs to go with the buns.

Sammy looks on with lust in his eyes as he thanks the lord the hot dogs are placed down on the very last shelf of the freezer.

The tall blond bends completely in half to reach the coveted wieners. Her knees stay as locked as a gymnast who has just completed a perfect vaulting routine.

A STOCK BOY notices this sight and drops all of his pop tart boxes to the ground.

The girls close the freezer door, oblivious to the stares they are getting and slowly make their way up to the checkout.

Sammy is filled with excitement and panic as the girls get closer to him, the blond leading her pack.

The old lady is still riffling through her coupons, luckily slightly to the right and out of the way of Sammy's register.

The girls hesitate when they notice Sammy's customer.

Sammy sees their hesitation and clears his throat.

SAMMY

I..I'm open!

OLD WOMAN

I know it's here...

The girls continue toward Sammy as he moves the Old Woman's prune juice off the convayer belt.

The three girls stare at Sammy as he fumbles around and scans their three items.

SAMMY

Nine seventy-two

It has become apparent that none of the girls even have a purse with them. The only thing they possess is the sheer, stretchy, material of their swim suits separating their nakedness from the world.

The blond beauty slowly slips a ten dollar bill out from beneath her bikini top.

Sammy melts.

The front door flies open once more, making the bell on the door ring.

This time, a middle-aged man in a green vest comes in. He is carrying two large cardboard boxes that no doubt just came off a delivery truck. This is the store's manager, MR. LENGEL.

As he struggles with his heavy boxes, he notices the girls standing at the checkout and makes a determined stride over to them.

Sammy watches Lengel approach, filled with impending doom.

LENGEL

Girls, this isn't the beach.

The three girls easily break with embarrassment, while the blond leader of the pack blushes.

BLOND

My mother asked me to come pick up some things for a cookout.

LENGEL

Yes, but...

Lengel puts down the two boxes with a thud, as if to say he's keeping his stance.

LENGEL

(cont.)

this isn't the beach.

Sammy looks to the girls for their rebuttals.

The tall blond looks to the floor.

The busty brunette pipes up.

BUSTY BRUNETTE

We weren't doing any shopping, we just came for these three things.

LENGEL

That makes no difference. We want you decently dressed when you come in here.

BLOND

We are decent.

LENGEL

Girls, I don't want to argue with you. You come in here with your shoulders covered- that's our policy.

Sammy noticed that all eyes in the store were on the small scene taking place near his register. He felt embarrassed for the girls as well.

LENGEL

Sammy- have you rung up their purchase yet?

SAMMY

Yes sir.

LENGEL

Ok, well in that case you can finish up and leave, girls. Now you know our policy.

Sammy is about to hand the girls their change but they grab their goods and leave in a hurry.

OLD WOMAN

(completely oblivious to the scene that has taken place right next to her)

I found it!

In a split second of the door chiming to announce the three girl's exit, Sammy sends his attention to Lengel.

SAMMY

I quit.

Lengel, who has picked up the heavy boxes again turns back to Sammy. Knowing full well what Sammy just said.

LENGEL

Did you say something Sammy?

SAMMY

You didn't have to embarrass them like that.

LENGEL

It was they who were embarrassing us.

Sammy takes off his apron and sets it down on the counter top and heads for the door.

LENGEL

You don't want to do this to your
parents Sammy.

Sammy is at the door.

LENGEL

(calling after him)

You'll feel this for the rest of
your life.

Sammy bolts out the door to hear the thankful praises of his
three girls, but they are no where in sight.

Sammy is left alone, in an empty parking lot with his
thankless deed.