

Untitled Vignette Piece

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EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

The sun beats down hard on suburbia as children play, people mow their lawns, and couples walk.

JASON, a twenty-something college student in a t-shirt and jeans, walks along. He takes in a deep breath of fresh air as he admires the neighborhood around him.

As he walks he sees a "GARAGE SALE" sign ahead of him, staked into the ground. He stops at it, and then looks in the direction of the garage.

In the center of the garage sits a 65 year OLD MAN in a lawn chair, surrounded by nothing. The garage is completely empty.

Jason stares at the garage/old man in puzzlement. He looks down again at the sign and then back up towards the garage.

Still staring ahead quizzically, he begins to approach the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

When he reaches the garage, the old man continues to stare ahead, not acknowledging his presence.

JASON
Having a garage sale today?

OLD MAN
(sarcastic)
You saw the sign, didn't ya?

JASON
(nodding)
That I did.

Jason looks around the garage, as he circles the old man. Tools hang and lean against the walls, but the garage remains, for the most part, bare.

JASON (CONT'D)
It's just that, when most people have a garage sale, they usually set their stuff out on tables, as opposed to hanging them on the wall.

OLD MAN
Stuff ain't for sale.

JASON

It's not for sale? I thought this was a garage sale.

OLD MAN

It is. But I ain't selling my stuff.

JASON

Then what are you selling?

OLD MAN

I'm selling my garage.

JASON

You're selling your garage?

OLD MAN

It's too bad I ain't selling hearing aids. You seem to be in need of one.

JASON

How can you sell a garage?

OLD MAN

Like any other type of transaction between two parties, I'd imagine.

JASON

No, I don't think you're understanding me. How do you sell someone your garage when it's still attached to your house? No one's going to buy it.

OLD MAN

I'm sure someone could find some use for it.

JASON

Like who?

OLD MAN

Perhaps there's a wealthy billionaire travelling the world, visiting local neighborhoods in search of fine, vintage garages to add to his already ample collection.

Jason just stares at the old man.

JASON

Ignoring the fact that nobody in their right mind would ever seek out such a commodity, I doubt anyone would classify *your* garage as a "fine, vintage garage".

OLD MAN

Why the heck not?

Pause.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A piece of the garage falls off amidst the silence, making a loud CRASH as it hits the pavement.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

OLD MAN

Look, either you make me an offer on my garage or get out, cause you're wasting my time!

At this time, a MAN IN HIS MID THIRTIES, casually dressed, walks into the garage and begins looking at the tools on the wall behind Jason.

JASON

I think you've missed the point of a "garage sale".

OLD MAN

Or maybe I'm just the first one to get it right.

JASON

No, I'm pretty sure *that's* not it.

The man in the back raises a finger.

MAN IN HIS MID THIRTIES

Excuse me?

OLD MAN

Yeah?

MAN IN HIS MID THIRTIES
How much for this weed wacker?

OLD MAN
It ain't for sale!

MAN IN HIS MID THIRTIES
Well, what about this lawnmower?

OLD MAN
(gruffer)
It ain't for sale!

MAN IN HIS MID THIRTIES
I thought this was a garage sale!

OLD MAN
It is! Now buy something or get
out!

The man storms off, offended.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
(to Jason)
I'm going to have to ask you to
join him unless you make me an
offer soon.

JASON
Have you ever thought you might
need your garage?

OLD MAN
What for?

JASON
Storage?

OLD MAN
Got a shed in the back. I'll just
move everything there.

JASON
What about your car?

OLD MAN
Don't got one.

JASON
Bike?

OLD MAN
Don't got one.

JASON
Don't you have any form of
transportation?

OLD MAN
Don't leave the house much. And if
I do, I take my unicycle.

He points to a unicycle on the wall.

JASON
Unicyc-what decade are you from?!

OLD MAN
Look, are you gonna make me an
offer or just stand around and
insult my method of transport?

JASON
I don't want to buy your garage!

OLD MAN
Then why'd you come to my garage
sale?!

Jason throws his hands up, grunting. He storms off.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
(calling after him)
I'll be here if you change your
mind.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jason marches off down the street, and the camera follows him. It stops at a MAN IN A SUIT standing in front of what appears to be a lemonade stand.

ERIC, a ten year old boy, sits listening to the man. A pitcher and glass sits next to him.

MAN IN A SUIT
-and so I'm travelling the world,
in search of fine, vintage garages
to add to my already vast
collection that I've accumulated
with my enormous wealth.

Eric scoffs at this, laughing.

ERIC
Yeah, good luck with that.

Eric slides the man a penny, and the man picks it up and pockets it, walking away.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (shakes his head)
 Some people.

The camera pans away now to reveal Eric is not sitting at a lemonade stand but a "PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS" stand.

He pulls out a notebook from under the stand and takes out a pencil, writing "BILLIONARE-VINTAGE GARAGES". The entry is one of hundreds. He closes the book and puts it back under the stand.

A 30 YEAR OLD RUNNER comes by, stopping at Eric's booth. He is sweating profusely.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
 How much for a glass?

Eric looks at him oddly.

ERIC
 A glass of what?

The runner points to the pitcher.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
 Lemonade. I'm dying of thirst.

ERIC
 I'm not selling lemonade.

The runner is trying to catch his breath.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
 What?

ERIC
 I'm not selling lemonade.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
 Then what's the pitcher for?

ERIC
 It's for me. I get thirsty when I sit out in the sun.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
 Then what the heck are you selling?

ERIC
I'm not selling anything. I'm
buying.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
Buying what?

ERIC
Thoughts.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
What? What the heck kind of-

The runner back up to look at the sign.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER (CONT'D)
(reading)
Penny for your thoughts booth?

Eric nods.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER (CONT'D)
Well, can't I just buy some of that
lemonade off of you?

ERIC
I'm afraid I can't do that.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
Why not?

ERIC
Because if I sell you lemonade,
then I have to sell the next person
lemonade, and the person after
that, and before you know it this
becomes a lemonade stand.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
Well, why *can't* you sell lemonade,
like a normal 10 year old boy?

ERIC
Because then I'd be a normal 10
year old boy.

The runner shakes his head.

30 YEAR OLD RUNNER
Well, I'm gonna go find a normal 10
year old boy.

Eric makes a face at this, as the man runs away.

Eric shrugs. Leaning back in his chair, he pulls out a "HIGHLIGHTS" magazine and begins reading.

ERIC
(chuckles)
Oh Goofus, will you ever learn?

He continues to read, but is distracted by sounds coming from the right. He tries to ignore them, but finally looks over, putting his magazine down.

About 30 feet away from him, JILL, another 10 year old, sets up a stand. Eric watches curiously.

She sets up her table, and places a pitcher and a cup on it, just like Eric's. She then takes out a chair and places it behind the stand. Finally, she takes out a sign and hangs it on the stand. She returns to the chair, sitting down. She pulls out a "COSMO GIRL!" magazine and begins to read.

Eric can't see what the sign says, so he gets up from his chair and walks around his stand to see. Jill's sign proudly reads "PENNY FOR MY THOUGHTS".

Eric stands, mouth-agape, simply staring in shock at the stand.

Jill looks up from her magazine.

JILL
Can I help you?

ERIC
You stole my idea.

JILL
No, I didn't.

ERIC
Yeah, you did.

JILL
No, I didn't. I *improved* upon your idea.

ERIC
No, you changed one word.

JILL
One word can make a lot of difference.

ERIC
You can't do this!

Jill stands up, putting her fists on the table. She leans in, looking fiercely into Eric's eyes.

JILL
And what are you going to do about it?

Eric pauses for a second, then turns towards his house in a panic.

ERIC
(yells)
MOM!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

The two booths still sit in the hot afternoon sun.

Eric sits back, stern faced with his arms crossed. He glares at Jill, who is helping a customer.

The customer smiles, giving Jill a penny and walking away. She retrieves a cigar box from under the stand and puts the penny in it.

She notices Eric is watching and sticks her tongue out at him. He sticks his tongue out at her in return.

She gets up, threateningly. He quickly looks the opposite direction in fear.

A 60 YEAR OLD WOMAN walks past and stops at Jill's booth, not even noticing Eric's.

60 YEAR OLD WOMAN
A "Penny For Your Thoughts" Booth?
Why, isn't that just about the
cutest thing in the world!

Jill beams at this, flashing a big toothy-grin in Eric's direction. Eric continues to look mad.

The woman reaches into her pocket and retrieves a penny. She slides it over to Jill.

60 YEAR OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'll take one thought, please.

JILL

Certainly.

Jill takes the penny and goes leans under the booth to put it away. But this time Eric notices that Jill quickly looks at her Cosmo Girl! magazine, before returning back to the woman. Eric watches curiously.

JILL (CONT'D)

You should use a bit of blush to accentuate your fantastically beautiful cheekbones.

60 YEAR OLD WOMAN

Awww...why, thank you!

Eric looks disgusted at this. The woman walks over near his booth and stops, looking at the sign.

60 YEAR OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

You know, it's not polite to copy, young man.

She walks away, leaving Eric, once again, fuming mad.

Jill stands up, and puts a "BACK IN 5 MINUTES" sign on her booth. She looks over at Eric and scowls at him again. She walks away.

Eric looks over at her booth with a look of contemplation on his face. A devious smile crosses his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

A Cosmo Girl! magazine is being leafed through by small hands. The camera pulls back to reveal Eric, leaning back in his chair with his feet up, reading.

ANDY, a 9 year old boy scout (and the cutest kid in the world), stands in front of Eric's booth. He struggles to see over the booth.

ANDY

Wasn't there another booth here earlier today?

ERIC

(not looking up)
Yeah, she had to close up shop for the day.

ANDY
Why?

ERIC
Ran out of ideas, I guess.

ANDY
Oh.
(pause)
Do you wanna buy some candy bars?

ERIC
(impatient)
Beat it, kid. I'm studying.

ANDY
(timidly)
Ok.

Andy runs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

Andy runs down the street to catch up with TODD, a 17 year old boy scout. He looks uncomfortably snug in his uniform.

ANDY
(yells)
Hey Todd, wait up!

Andy finally catches up with Todd.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I almost sold some!

TODD
Yeah, that's..um...great.

A couple of attractive teenage girls ride by on their bikes, giggling as they pass Todd. Todd recoils in embarrassment.

ANDY
(dismayed)
Aren't you proud of me?

Todd pauses, and looks down thoughtfully at Andy, sighing.

TODD
Yeah, I am.

Todd pats Andy on the head.

TODD (CONT'D)
Let's go to the next house.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Andy excitedly rings the door bell, smiling widely.

TODD
(under his breath)
Please don't be a girl, please
don't be a girl...

The door opens and an ELDERLY MAN steps out. Todd breathes out a sigh of relief.

ELDERLY MAN
Yes?

ANDY
Hi sir! Would you like to buy some
Boy Scout Candy Bars to help me and
my friend here win our Super Seller
Merit Badges!

ELDERLY MAN
Oh, well I don't think I can handle
any chocolate, but let me see if
Joe wants any.

The elderly man turns to leave.

TODD
Joe?

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)
Joe! There's some nice boy scouts
at the door selling candy!

JO, an *extremely* attractive 21 year old girl appears at the door.

ANDY
Hi! Would you like to buy some Boy
Scout Candy Bars to help me and my-

TODD
-Troop leader!

Andy looks up at Todd, confused.

ANDY
You're not my troop-

Todd puts his hand over Andy's mouth quickly.

TODD
You'll have to excuse him. He has
short term memory loss. He
sometimes forgets who I am.

ANDY
What are you talking about?

TODD
You see?

MRS. JENNINGS (O.S.)
(yells)
Andy? Todd?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Jennings stands with the whole boy scout troop on the street, waving.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Todd's eyes go wide.

JO
Who's that?

Todd turns around and looks.

TODD
That..umm...that's Andy's mom-

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

MRS. JENNINGS
Did you two sell all of your candy?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

TODD
...and our troop leader.

Jo looks curiously at both Andy and Todd.

JO
You mean, you're in the Boy Scouts?

Todd sighs, hanging his head.

TODD
I never made it past Weeblos.

Jo smiles widely, blushing.

JO
That is so cute!

TODD
(optimistic)
Really?

JO
Yeah.
(turns back towards the house)
Hey Greg, come here, and bring my wallet.

GREG, a big bulked-up jock comes to the door, and hands Jo her wallet.

JO (CONT'D)
(genuinely)
Greg, this guy is still in Cub Scouts. Isn't that adorable?!

Greg takes one look at Todd and bursts out laughing in his face, pointing. Jo slaps him on the shoulder.

JO (CONT'D)
Greg, that's not very nice!

GREG
Aw, I'm sorry baby.

Greg and Jo start making out in an exaggerated fashion in front of Todd.

Todd watches in disgust. Andy watches in amazement.

They continue to make out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE PORCH - LATER

Todd stands on the porch of another house, completely burnt out. He rings the doorbell.

Jason answers the door. He looks at Todd oddly.

TODD
(without feeling)
Hello sir, would you like to buy
some Boy Scout Candy Bars to help
me win my Super Seller Merit Badge?

Pause.

JASON
Isn't it a little weird for someone
your age to be selling Boy Scout
candy?

TODD
Define weird.

In the background, the old man rides by on his unicycle.

OLD MAN
I'm rich! Rich beyond my wildest
dreams!

He hoots and hollers as he rides off.

Behind him, Jill chases after Eric swinging a sock full of pennies.

JILL
Give me back my magazine!

ERIC
Never!

Silence lingers between the two of them.

JASON

Ok, give me a bar.