

GET ONE FREE

Written by

Zach Kaplan

FROM THE BLACK  
WE HEAR:

SADLER

(V.O.)

Even in suicide, brand loyalty matters. Pay close attention to what brand your friends and your coworkers and even your family choose to kill themselves with. You'll realize just how little you knew.

FADE IN:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

SADLER, 35, slightly hipster-ish, dirty blonde hair, stands dead-eyed in front of the counter. A low-key paranoid Indian man in his 50s, BARRY, tends to him. Sadler stares at the cigarettes.

SADLER

Can I get a pack of smokes?

Sadler gets his wallet out.

BARRY

What kind.

SADLER

What's that?

BARRY

What kind?

SADLER

Oh, sorry. Um...Camel Crush.

Barry gets the pack like a sloth.

SADLER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Any time you see me with a cigarette, make no mistake, I'm ending my life. Who are we kidding, when we come this counter with eight or nine dollars or holy shit now it's ten dollars!--we're all suicidal. We just click a lighter instead of a trigger.

Sadler turns around and hallucinates/visualizes a bunch of Teamsters-type, blue collar guys.

SADLER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

The Reds kill these types: the longshoremen, the union carpenters, the truckers. Anybody over 300 pounds loves themselves some Reds. The 400 pounders just say fuck it and go unfiltered.

He turns again and sees some slutty, wannabe sorority girls.

SADLER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

They love the Lights, it's just for show. Oh, and here's their mothers, the real housewives of San Francisco.

We see some plastic surgery-infused housewives in their 40s.

SADLER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

They're all about the Parliaments, these types. And my favorite is these types--

Sadler turns again and sees a depressed-looking 65 year-old guy with grey hair and huge eye bags.

SADLER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

The L&M's kill the 65 year-old divorced men who still drive their '78 Camaros, thinking it'll get them virgin pussy. But hey, who am I to judge?

BARRY

Sir! Sir!

Sadler turns back to Barry and snaps out of it.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Do you want your fucking cigarettes or not?

SADLER

Right. Sorry.

Sadler takes a twenty out and hands it to Barry. Even this act raises the ire of Barry, who death-stares an awkward Sadler.

SADLER (CONT'D)  
So...how's your day going?

Barry pauses gathering the change. You'd swear his eyes were ready to pop out and kill Sadler on their own.

Sadler flashes this pathetically goofy and awkward smile.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SOON AFTER

Sadler's walking to his car, but he sees a group of four adolescent, skateboarding degenerates around his car.

Sadler, an unlit cigarette in his mouth, pauses and stares at them, confused. They don't see him.

Sadler takes a few steps back, unsure, then keeps walking toward his car.

SADLER  
Can I help you guys with something?

The kids turn to him, nervous.

KID #1  
Hey man, um...can you buy us a pack?

SADLER  
(V.O.)  
Welcome to the team.

KID #2  
You know, of cigarettes.

SADLER  
I got it.

Kid #1 takes out a crumpled five-dollar bill.

KID #1  
Here's five bucks. Wait, haven't I seen you on TV, man?

SADLER  
No. And you can take those five bucks and buy a time machine, 'cause it's not 19-fuckin-95.