

INT. PET STORE

CLERK is idly cleaning the countertop when the bell on the door rings as CUSTOMER enters, in heavy trenchcoat and hat.

CLERK

(American) Hi, welcome to PetCo, how can I help you today?

CUSTOMER

(Thick British accent)

Ah, yes, 'ello, 'ello, I'm looking to purchase a bat.

CLERK

A bat?

CUSTOMER

Yes, you know, lives in caves, hangs upside down, echolocates, a bat.

[shakes hands in a flapping motion]

Tomorrow is All Hallow's Eve and I require a bat.

CLERK

I'm sorry sir we-

CUSTOMER

Ideally a Vampire Bat, though if I must I may settle for a Fruit Bat.

CLERK

Sir we don't sell bats here.

CUSTOMER

Of course you do.

CLERK

No, we really don't

CUSTOMER

You have them right there
[gestures to birds]

CLERK

Sir those are birds.

CUSTOMER

That is a bat.

CLERK

That is definitely a bird.

CUSTOMER

Don't condescend, boy, I know a bat
when I see one. Don't you recall the
three defining characteristics of a bat
I told you a moment ago! Look, see,
you've got it in a cave.

CLERK

It's in a cage.

CUSTOMER

Now don't pin your dyslexia on me, boy.
A bat hangs upside down.

CLERK

And this is very clearly right-side-up

CUSTOMER

Because you've hung it the wrong way
'round! The poor thing doesn't know
port from starboard in there! And
finally, echolocation. [SHOUTING]
HELLO!

There, see, it turned. I have been echolocated. Ipso facto, one bat please.

CLERK

...I, uh, I'm sorry sir, er, these, uh, these "bats" aren't for sale.

CUSTOMER

Hmm, fine. A spider.

CLERK

What?

CUSTOMER

I need a Black Widow Spider.

CLERK

Why?

CUSTOMER

Tomorrow is All Hallow's Eve and I require a Black Widow Spider.

CLERK

We don't have those here, they're dangerous.

CUSTOMER

Fine, if a Black Widow is unavailable, I will settle for an African-American Divorcee. [beat] I'm sorry, a Brown Recluse.

CLERK

We don't carry anything venomous here, we have tarantulas?

CUSTOMER

I don't want to dance the tarantella, I want a spider. Why must this be so difficult? Why, it's discrimination!

CUSTOMER (cont.)

This is 2016, you can't be Arachnophobic anymore. It's not politically correct.

CLERK

I don't think anyone is protesting in the name of spiders.

CUSTOMER

Well they should, our eight-legged brethren have been stepped on for too long. I tried to order them online, you know, it's strangely difficult to obtain spiders over the web.

CLERK

Hah, that's ironic.

CUSTOMER

How do you mean?

CLERK

Oh, it's just... you know... spiders and web...

CUSTOMER

We don't have time for puns, this is very serious. If you cannot provide me with bats nor spiders... then I will purchase a ghost.

CLERK

[biting his tongue] A ghost.

CUSTOMER

Tomorrow is All Hallow's Eve and I
require a Ghost.

CLERK

[Deep frustrated breath, gets an idea]
Okay, okay, you know what, sure, a
ghost. We've got ghosts, I've got a
ghost, sure.

[pulls out an empty fish bowl]

[sarcasm] Here you go sir, a ghost.
Right in here.

CUSTOMER

Well I don't want a **fish** ghost we've
all already got **fish** ghosts. Goldfish
are quite literally a dime a dozen,
we're positively swimming in **fish**
ghosts.

CLERK

[Tosses bowl behind him]
You know what, we're closed.

CUSTOMER

It's 2pm!

CLERK

We're. Closed.

[beat][beat]

CUSTOMER

If you could just look in the back-

CLERK [finally snaps]
[shouting] I'LL GIVE YOU A BAT, A
GODDAMN BASEBALL BAT

CLERK brandishes a baseball bat as CUSTOMER hurriedly leaves. After a beat, the CLERK looks shiftily left and right, before walking back and parting a curtain revealing a BAT, a black widow SPIDER, and a GHOST. (The BAT and SPIDER can be large cardboard cutouts, the GHOST is someone in a sheet)

GHOST
Is he gone?