

A NEW SUIT

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A young man, THOMAS (20's) steps out of the passenger side of a Black SUV. He's dressed down in jeans and t-shirt. A silver Zippo lighter is dancing in his hand.

THOMAS

Yeah, no, I get it... But it's not really my style, why a suit?

The driver steps out on the other side. AVERY (40's) lowers her sunglasses and shoots him a look. She's stylishly dressed with a trendy satchel draped over her shoulder, a woman oozing confidence.

AVERY

Because it's your first day and you need to look your best.

She closes the door and steps around the front of the vehicle joining him on the sidewalk. She glares at the lighter as the man repetitively flicks it open and closed.

AVERY (CONT'D)

(disapproving glance)
Stop with the lighter, it's annoying.

THOMAS

Well, I think I look pretty damn good. And more importantly, I'm confident I can get the job done.

AVERY

That confidence is good. It's important to show that you mean business.

The car alarm SOUNDS securing the vehicle as they turn and start walking down the sidewalk.

THOMAS

Yeah, but a suit? I'm more comfortable in jeans and a t-shirt.

AVERY

That's all fine and dandy in your personal time. But in the professional world it pays to look your best.

(MORE)

AVERY (CONT'D)

Your appearance matters in life.
You need to instill confidence that
you are capable.

THOMAS

Again, there is no questioning I'm
capable.

AVERY

I'm sure you will be fine. Now
let's get you something to wear.

They reach the front of an old haberdashery, clearly it has
seen better days. The front neon sign reads: MEN'S CLOTHING
AND ACCESSORIES. It fights hard to stay lit up. The woman
motions her head toward the door.

THOMAS

Really? This place is a dump.

She opens the door for him.

AVERY

Never judge a book by it's cover.

THOMAS

That is literally the opposite of
what you've been telling me all
afternoon.

He grins, victorious. She pops him playfully on the back of
the head as he enters the building. She pulls off her
sunglasses and follows.

INT. HABERDASHERY - DAY

Old, dusty, run down. The man glances over to the woman and
shakes his head.

THOMAS

Really?

AVERY

I'm sure you'll find something that
suits you.

The man grins.

THOMAS

Suits me. Very funny.

A young female CLERK (20's) appears from the back. Slim, cute and knows it. Thomas notices her instantly.

CLERK
We're about to close.

AVERY
This shouldn't take long. The young man here is starting a new job and needs a nice suit.

The clerk and young man make eye contact. She smiles.

CLERK
(playfully)
Well, I'm sure we can find something that will help him get that first big raise in no time.

The young man cracks a smile at this.

CLERK (CONT'D)
But, like I said, we close in a few minutes, the tailor already left so no alterations.

AVERY
I'm sure we'll be able to find something off the rack.

CLERK
Fine.

The clerk turns to walk toward the stock room.

AVERY
Will you not be helping us?

CLERK
(as she leaves)
I thought you said you could just find something off the rack.

The young man glances over to the woman.

THOMAS
She's a little hottie.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his Zippo lighter and gives it a flick.

AVERY
Put it away.

The young man rolls his eyes, defiantly snaps on a flame. The woman grabs the lighter from his hand.

AVERY (CONT'D)

It's annoying, people remember annoying.

THOMAS

Could we just get this over with.

The man and woman slowly stalk the store.

AVERY

You want to make sure everything is right. The proper wardrobe for the setting.

THOMAS

Again the clothes are not important. It's what I'm packing underneath that matters.

AVERY

Please. I don't want to hear about what you're "packing" underneath.

Thomas smiles at this. Avery drops her satchel and sifts through a rack pulling out a black suit. She hands it to him.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Go try this one on.

THOMAS

I don't need to try it on. I'm sure it will fit just fine.

Avery pauses and turns to get Thomas' full attention.

AVERY

The way a man's suit fits says something about who he is.

The clerk re-emerges from the back room, sees the suit in the man's hand.

CLERK

So you ready then.

AVERY

Almost, just need to try it on.

The man rolls his eyes and smiles at the clerk.

CLERK
(exhaling in annoyance)
Whatever.. Dressing room is this
way.

INT: DRESSING ROOM

The man steps into the room followed by the clerk, crowding him, holding a tape measure.

THOMAS
I thought you weren't helping?

CLERK
I got places to be, hurry up and
take off your pants.

The man feigns shock.

THOMAS
I normally like a lady to buy me a
drink first.

Unimpressed the clerk hold up the tape measure.

CLERK
I need to check your inseam, those
jeans will screw up my
measurements.

The man drops the jeans, the clerk begins measuring and notices his wallet has slipped out of his pants.

CLERK (CONT'D)
She's wrong you know, the fit
matters, just not as much as the
logo.

As she slides one hand up to anchor the measure, the other hand empties the cash from his wallet.

CLERK (CONT'D)
There is nothing sexier than a man
in an *expensive* suit. I was right,
these pants are the wrong fit, I'll
be right back.

The clerk kicks the wallet back under the pants as she leaves the dressing room.

INT: HABERDASHARY

The woman continues to glance through the suits. The clerk returns from the dressing room and grabs a new pair of pants throwing them over the dressing room door.

AVERY

So they left you in charge?

CLERK

Uh-huh.

AVERY

All alone?

The woman moves around the store, picking up a white shirt and black tie and tossing them over the dressing room door.

CLERK

Yeah, well, normally the owner is with me, but he and his wife are having some drama, if you know what I mean. Needs me to cover for him.

(beat)

Between you and me, I think he's going to leave her.

AVERY

They never do sweetie. They always want to have the cake and eat it too.

The clerk smiles, confidently.

CLERK

I'm pretty sure that he's getting tired of choking down that old dry cake.

Avery forces a smile. Thomans returns wearing the suit. Avery notices, the clerk stares at him, impressed.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Looks great, let's ring you up.

He grins. The woman ignores the clerk and moves to the man.

AVERY

Let's take a look. Go step in front of the mirror.

He steps up to the three way dressing mirror.

THOMAS

Well?

AVERY

I'm not embarrassed to be seen with you.

THOMAS

I'll take that as a compliment.

The woman smooths the shoulders of the jacket, moves around the man inspecting the fit.

AVERY

It's the details that are important, crisp and clean.

The woman runs her hand down the sleeve of the jacket, noticing a errant thread.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Never leave any loose ends.

Avery's eyes catch Thomas's, she breaks the loose thread. The clerk is fighting hard to hide her annoyance, the woman notices and keeps her eyes on her.

AVERY (CONT'D)

One loose thread can unravel everything for you and your client.

CLERK

So we ready then?

AVERY

(ignoring the clerk)
Move around in it, how does it feel?

He stretches out, exaggerating the movement in his arms, then throwing a couple of punches as if shadow boxing.

THOMAS

It's good, better movement than I'd imagined.

AVERY

One day you will look back on this moment and realize the importance of it. The first day of your career. The first day as a company man. A real man.

THOMAS

Pretty sure I became a real man
back in high school with that
foreign exchange student.

The clerk smirks.

AVERY

Shush. I don't want to hear about
that. Go, grab your stuff out of
the dressing room.

The man heads back toward the dressing room, the clerk allows
her eyes to follow him as he saunters away. Her eyes catch a
glimpse of the woman's satchel leaning against the wall.

CLERK

That boy of yours is quite the
looker.

AVERY

Don't let him hear you say that.
It'll go straight to his head. We
are going to wear the suit out, can
you get us one more just like it?
Same style, color and cut.

CLERK

We don't have any more of that
style on the floor and we're
closing.

AVERY

So in the back then?

The clerk rolls her eyes at the woman, no longer trying to
hide her disdain.

CLERK

Don't forget your bag, I'm not
opening back up after you realize
you left it.

She vanishes into the back room. The man steps out of the
changing room with his street clothes balled up under his
arm, wearing the suit.

THOMAS

Okay. I admit it, the suit feels
right. What other wisdom would you
like to impart on me.

AVERY

Always be professional, do not deviate from the arrangements. Remember they are the designers. You're just a facilitator. Easily replaceable.

THOMAS

Kinda taking the glamor out of it.

AVERY

There is no glamor. This is simply a job. Nothing more. Nothing less.

THOMAS

Sure pays better than your standard nine to five.

She smiles.

AVERY

Remember. There's plenty of others out there gunning for the same accounts. And they'll be ready to take your place if you screw this up.

THOMAS

Gunning. Funny.

The clerk returns with the garment bags and steps up to them at the counter. She smiles at the man.

CLERK

So two of the same. Keep it stylish and simple.

The man shoots her a look as she rings up the sale.

THOMAS

I'm new at this. That's why she brought me here.

CLERK

Maybe next time you show up earlier and give yourself more of a chance to look around.

The clerk forces a fake smile as she bags the second suit.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Total is \$1,235.72.

He pulls out his wallet confused that it's empty and starts to slide out his credit card. The woman grabs it from him, flicks the Zippo lighter and burns out the numbers on the card. The clerk takes a step back, startled.

AVERY

You should never use credit cards.
Credit is trackable. People wanting
to know your business. Not good.

She pulls out a roll of cash and peels off 13 hundred dollar bills and hands them to the cashier. The man looks embarrassed, he should have known.

CLERK

(recovering)

Sorry Mom, drawer has already been
counted. I'm only accepting credit
cards.

THOMAS

Oh, she's not my mom.

Unfazed, the woman pulls off an additional hundred off her roll and adds it to the pile of cash.

AVERY

Well sweetie, it appears that our
credit card has been damaged... How
about you take the cash and
consider the extra a tip for all
your hard work.

The clerk stares at Avery for a moment, never taking her eyes off her as she picks up the cash, folds it half and tucks it into her bra. The clerk then kisses the receipt and writes her phone number just below the lipstick mark, she then slides it over to the man. Avery gives a smile and forcibly turns Thomas to exit the store. The woman does not grab the satchel that she entered with. The clerk follows behind them locking up as soon as they are out of the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As the man and woman walk back to their SUV the woman tosses the zippo lighter back to the man.

AVERY

You really need to stop playing
with that thing.

THOMAS

Yeah, yeah. Annoying right.

AVERY

It could be the death of you.

Thomas flips the lighter, he flicks it up and snaps it to light, at that moment the haberdashery storefront EXPLODES out onto the street setting off car alarms and sending debris flying everywhere. Unflinching they continue down the street.

THOMAS

Her?

AVERY

She just didn't understand that you don't sleep with married men, sometimes the wives don't handle it all that well.

(beat)

And even moist cake burns.

THOMAS

What?

AVERY

Nevermind.

(beat)

Congrats on your first day... You sure this job is for you?

THOMAS

Never been more certain.

AVERY

Then stop with the cigarettes or you won't live long enough to enjoy the perks.

FADE OUT