

EXT. TRUCK CAB, STREET, EARLY MORNING

Two young men sit in a truck cab, drinking coffee and watching a doorway from a distance, not talking. They watch until a woman comes out. The driver looks at the passenger, who stares at the woman as she gets in a car and leaves.

ELI
Ready?

LEON
Uh-huh. Let's go.

ELI fires up the truck, rumbles down the street, then backs it neatly into the driveway just vacated by the woman. He shuts off the engine.

LEON
Did you bring the calculator?

ELI holds up a legal pad

LEON
You didn't bring the calculator.

ELI holds up the legal pad again, points to it.

Leon
You're supposed to bring one thing-

Eli
Hey, you asked me to bring a calculator, AND you asked me to bring the truck. That's two things already.

LEON
Jesus.

ELI
It'll be fine. She'll have everything on a sheet or something, right?

LEON
I guess so.

Pause

ELI
You alright?

LEON
Yeah. Let's go.

Both men get out and walk to the front door.

LEON pulls a key from his jacket pocket and slides it into the lock, opening the door.

Both men enter the house holding cardboard boxes. LEON reaches for a light switch. The light goes on and the two men look around the room. Every object, everything, has a red garage sale price tag hanging off it.

ELI stands in the open doorway.

LEON walks into the room and sets his box down on a small table near the front door. He touches the tag on a small bowl of M&M's in a dish.

ELI
Holy. Shit.

LEON
(reading the tag)
\$8.99. Candy not included.

ELI stands near the doorway and fingers the price tag on a sweatshirt hanging from a hook.

ELI
\$7.46.

ELI walks further into the room and picks up the TV remote

Eli
\$5.22

He sets the remote down and picks up a pair of batteries taped together.

ELI
Batteries separate. A dollar eight.

LEON is still standing at the candy dish. He pokes a finger into the dish. Each M&M has a small ".03" written on it in permanent marker.

ELI
(shaking head)

This is...

LEON walks into the kitchen. Each knife has a price tag dangling from it, as does every utensil and kitchen accessory.

LEON opens the refrigerator. He takes a quick look inside, then closes it again. The ceiling fan is slowly spinning with a price tag dangling from one of the fan blades. He reopens the refrigerator and grabs a beer from inside. He opens the beer and takes a drink before looking at the price tag.

LEON

(shouting into the other room)

Hey. I guess one dollar. Mark down one dollar.

ELI enters the kitchen. LEON reopens the refrigerator and stares at the rows of condiments, price tags dangling from everything.

ELI

Wow.

ELI picks up a novelty saltshaker from the table, looks at the price tag.

ELI

You've got to be shitting me. This thing's four-hundred dollars.

LEON looks towards ELI while still holding open the refrigerator door.

LEON

Oh. That's hers anyway. Her grandma's.

ELI

(picking up pepper shaker)

Yeah, the pepper's reasonable.

ELI looks at price tag on the pepper shaker.

ELI

Well, *more* reasonable.

ELI crosses the room. LEON is still staring into the fridge. ELI grabs the fridge door and closes the refrigerator door slowly out of LEON's hands.

ELI

Hey.

LEON

Hey.

ELI

Let's get your stuff and get packed. What time is she coming back?

LEON

She's off at three.

ELI

We have enough time to take two loads if we start now.

LEON

Right. You're right.

LEON gets up and walks into the next room where there's a small bookshelf. He takes a worn dictionary off the desk. LEON puts the dictionary in his box.

LEON

Write that down. \$7.46.

ELI

(shouting from the other room)

Did you bring a pen?

LEON

(digging through a bookshelf)

No. Check the desk.

ELI looks to the pen cup, which is filled with pens, each with a price tag. He picks up one that's priced at .50. He picks up a second that's also priced at .50. A third, a slidey pen of San Francisco, is priced at \$5.00.

ELI

Um. Is there a certain one you want?

ELI starts picking through the pens, looking at the prices, uncapping some.

LEON

(from off camera)

Write down \$4.44.

ELI

Alright, hold on.

ELI picks a big marker, sets his box on the floor and sits at the desk. He writes "\$7.46" in bold numbers. Then, "\$4.44." Then he looks at the tag dangling from the pen and

writes ".86 – PEN." He then draws a line at the bottom and starts adding the numbers.

ELI
(to himself)
...goddamn calculator.

ELI looks through the desk drawers for a calculator, then sees something on the desk.

CUT TO: LEON in kitchen. ELI enters holding a letter

ELI
Uh, hey.

LEON turns and looks. ELI holds up the letter. LEON crosses the room, grabs the letter. His name is written on the envelope. When he takes the letter from ELI, a price tag swings loose from one corner. LEON looks at the price.

LEON
Oh god.

ELI
I know.

LEON
What is it?

ELI
I don't know. It was sitting on the desk.

LEON
But. Just sitting there?

ELI nods.

LEON
(taking a second look at the price tag)
This is the most expensive item I've ever thought about buying.

ELI
I know.

LEON
Seriously. THE most.

ELI
I know.

[pause]

ELI
What are you thinking?

LEON
I have no idea.

ELI
Okay.

ELI takes the letter, sets it on the counter.

ELI
Let's focus. Whatever it is, could it possibly be worth that
(points)
much?

LEON
Yes.

ELI
Really?

LEON shrugs. He carefully sets down the letter and crosses back to the kitchen. He's standing at the cupboards, putting coffee cups and dishes into his box.

LEON
\$2.48. Write down \$2.48. And \$3.89. And \$5.65. Two \$5.65's.

ELI is holding the legal pad, not writing.

ELI
Hang on.

LEON
(fishing the stuff back out of the box and looking at prices again)
It's okay. They were...\$2.48, \$3.89, \$5.65, and another \$5.65.

ELI
No, I mean, "Hang on" as in "Stop feeding coal into the crazy train for one second."

LEON
It's fine.

ELI
C'mon. Some of this stuff has to be yours.

Eli pulls a lighter with a woman on it from a spot on the kitchen table.

ELI
This. This lighter.

LEON
Yeah?

ELI
The kind where you hold it in your hand and the bikini woman transforms into a nude woman?

LEON
(raised eyebrow)

ELI
This was a group purchase? A decision you arrived at together? Went halvesies?
Naked lady lighter?

LEON
There's more to it.

ELI
Like what? From here it looks like you hold it and it turns into a naked woman
who's...a seven, tops.

LEON
Laying it all out...I still owe her some money.

Eli is silent

LEON
A lot of money. I mean, to
(gestures around the room)
her. Not the naked lighter lady.

Eli sits down and starts writing on the legal pad.

ELI

(laughing)
Jesus Christ. You really know how to get yourself into it, you know that

LEON
That's not fair.

Eli
(more laughing)
No, it's fair. You, my friend, have gotten yourself into more of these
(gestures around the room)
these THINGS than anybody else in all of time. I'm sure of it.

LEON
It's not always bad.

ELI
No, they're not. You're right. There's a bright side. For example
(opens a couple desk drawers, pulls out a pink eraser)
This eraser is 18 cents. 18! Bargain.

LEON
Alright, great.

ELI
This
(rummages further)
old folder filled with papers and held together with a rubber band? Yours for only 94
cents. That might even include the rubber band.

LEON
Hilarious. Just write.
(picks up kitchen gadget)
\$4.99.

ELI
(writing)
Okay. Sorry.
(writes briefly)

LEON is silent, continues to rummage in kitchen cupboards.

ELI
How much money do you have to spend here? Total.

LEON is still silent, pulling a gadget from a drawer and hitting it into the palm of his hand.

ELI
Can you ballpark me?

LEON
Let's see. Doing a terrible job of washing dishes at a fancy restaurant. Moonlighting as a worse dishwasher at a buffet on Sundays. So, according to my calculations, not a shitload.

ELI
Alright. So maybe instead of this crap, coffee cups, melon ballers—

Leon
It's a citrus zester.

ELI
Maybe instead of adding up all this junk that you don't really need we should start with something bigger. Stuff you can't live without.

LEON stops and sets his hands on the counter. He pulls the zester from the box and puts it back in the drawer.

ELI
(crossing out the item on the list)
Okay. That's another \$4.99 to play with.

LEON sits on a stool in the kitchen. Looks at its price tag, drops it and sighs

ELI
C'mon. It'll be easy. What do you need tomorrow? Clothes?

LEON
I don't know.

ELI
Maybe clothes then.

LEON
Yeah. I don't know.
(looks down the hallway towards the bedroom)
Let's get something else.

ELI
Like what? You already thought over the melon baller. Nothing is going to be more important than that. What household item could you possibly need more than that?

LEON

Let's just start somewhere else. Not bedroom stuff. I need...I can build up to bedroom stuff.

ELI gives LEON a long look.

ELI

Okay. Sure. Start with something easy. Something you need, but something you don't really care about.

CUT TO: LEON and ELI in bathroom.

LEON is looking through a cabinet. ELI is sitting on the toilet with the lid closed

ELI

Some of this shit is a little pricey.

LEON continues rummaging quietly in a closet.

ELI

Like this toilet paper. This is an open roll of toilet paper. I can't tell if it's been used or how much of it has been used, but just being open, you'd think it would be cheaper.

LEON

How much?

ELI

I'm so glad you asked that.
(in best gameshow host voice)

Leon, this is your shot at a spot on the showdown. Tell me, how much is this opened, used, on the spindle roll of toilet paper worth?

LEON

(laughing)

I don't know, man.

ELI

C'mon. Just get closest without going over. Your only competition is a housewife from Virginia who just today found out that a Maytag isn't slang for the mosquito bites on her pasty thighs.

LEON

Fifty cents.

ELI

We have a bid of fifty cents. Let's go to the board.

ELI whips open the shower curtain

ELI

Oooh, I'm sorry. Five cents. One-tenth what you guessed. What a pitiful display.
What do you have to say for yourself?

LEON

(laughing)

Thanks for coming with me, man.

ELI

Oh please. I had a grandma who did this stuff all the time. I mean took me to estate sales, not go through a terrible breakup with a girl who lost her mind.

LEON

Ever any awesome stuff?

ELI

Hell no. All garbage. They would call it an estate sale, but mostly it was just a family selling off a dead relative's crap. My grandpa was such a cheapass he made my grandma buy her cleaning supplies that way.

LEON

Serious?

ELI

Yeah, not kidding. She would be cleaning windows with a spray bottle she bought off a dead woman, then she'd spray down the table with Pledge she got for five cents at some other dead lady's house.

LEON

Eccch.

ELI

That's not the half of it. The real creepshow was poking around some dead person's whole house. All the cabinets and the drawers, just find whatever stuff they still had and make an offer on it. Nobody gave a shit.

LEON pulls a towel out of the closet

LEON

This is her towel.

ELI

Based on the little tags dangling everywhere, I'd say they're ALL her towels.

LEON

Yeah, but this one is HER towel, her towel. She used it just for her hair.

Wrap it up

(does a somewhat confused wrapping motion)
you know?

ELI grabs the towel, turns it over and looks at the price tag.

ELI

(back in gameshow mode)

Leon, this is your opportunity to get back in the game. One towel. Used.

(smells towel)

Girl hair scented.

LEON

(smiling)

It's a tough one, Chip.

ELI

Chip? Really?

LEON

Chip, I'm going to have to say...eight dollars.

ELI

Ohh. You wish.

LEON

Twenty.

ELI

I'm sorry, but that's just not the number we're looking for tonight. Two strikes.

LEON

Two strikes. Okay, last guess. I'm going to say...\$38.99.

ELI

Ooof. Wow. Unfortunately for you, this towel was priced by a crazy person. It comes in at a whopping seventy dollars and eighty-one cents.

LEON

Seven-TY?

ELI

Seventy. Seven, five, dot, eight, one.

LEON grabs the towel, holds it up.

LEON

Seventy-five eighty-one. Put down seventy-five eighty-one.

ELI

For the towel.

LEON puts the towel in his box.

LEON

Seventy-five eighty-one. Towel.

(pauses)

There's another way to do this.

LEON picks up his box, starts walking to another room. ELI follows.

LEON

Getting the must-haves works better than picking through junk drawers. But think about it.

BOTH enter the bedroom there are two dressers, one clearly covered in LEON's things, one covered with his girlfriend's . LEON crosses the room and picks up a tchachki from the top of his dresser.

LEON

Maybe I take stuff I can't replace.

(picking up a small glass from the dresser)

Who knows if I'll go to the Grand Canyon again, but I'm damn sure not buying another shot glass.

(LEON crosses the room again and picks up something else)

Or maybe I take stuff SHE likes. This is not something you get to do every day. Spite buys. How many breakups do you get to walk into a room, spend some money, and take stuff away from your ex?

ELI

Let's calm down for a second.

LEON

Or maybe

(he walks over to the bed)

I buy stuff and protect it.

(smooths blankets)

I don't want her fucking someone else on our blankets. Some asshole.

ELI picks up a ceramic Halloween decoration from the top of a nightstand.

ELI

Hey. Okay. C'mon.

(starting up gameshow voice)

Everyone's favorite gameshow. Leon, can you price this...pumpkin...thing?

LEON chews his lip, thinks about the items on the dresser, then looks over.

LEON

Seventeen dollars.

ELI

Oh, I'm sorry, that's not even-

LEON

That's how much it cost. When I bought it.

ELI

Oh.

LEON

She used to have one just like it. It was like a good luck thing. On Halloween she put candy in it. When she needed good luck she'd eat a piece and things worked out somehow. Then it broke. It took me months, but I asked around about it at and tracked down the distributor and got her another one just like it.

ELI

That's real boyfriend-y stuff, man.

A couple beats of silence

LEON

Twenty?

ELI

No.

LEON

Forty?

ELI

(setting the pumpkin back on the dresser)

She's gonna be back soon..

LEON
How much?

ELI
I'm serious. She's coming back soon and-

LEON
How much?

ELI
A dollar.

LEON is silent.

ELI
...and eighteen cents.

LEON sets the pumpkin back down on the dresser. He walks to the closet and pulls out a belt and a pair of shoes. He looks at them a minute before tearing the price tags off and handing them to ELI.

Time passes. The two pack some things from the bedroom, the desk, the kitchen, and then move to the living room. ELI reads off DVD titles while LEON sits on the couch, his eyes covered with his hand.

ELI
Best in Show

LEON
No.

ELI
Short Circuit.

LEON
No.

ELI
Varsity Blues.

LEON
Hell no.

ELI

Carmen Electra's...STRIPTease WORKOUT!

LEON

No.

Eli

(grabbing DVD from the shelf)

Yes.

LEON

(uncovers eyes)

No.

ELI

Yes. We are taking this.

LEON

No, I-

ELI

No, we are taking this. I'm helping you and as a token of your appreciation you'll be gifting me this DVD. Two dollars and eighty-three cents. My help is worth two dollars and eighty-three cents.

LEON

Fine.

ELI

Yes.

ELI holds the DVD with both hands, then sets it gently in the box.

LEON

What's the total looking like?

ELI

Let's see. With the addition of your old photo album, bad spank material, and my new Carmen Electra Striptease Workout, fantastic spank material...we're right about at your budget here.

LEON

How close?

ELI looks over the numbers.

ELI

Well...close enough that you're lucky I don't see a Carmen Electra's Striptease Workout Part 2.

LEON
Good.

LEON looks across the room to where they left the letter sitting on the kitchen table.

ELI
Don't.

LEON
Don't what?

ELI
Just don't.

LEON picks up the boxes, stacks them near the door. He then goes to the kitchen, gets the letter and sets it next to the two stacked. Close, but the stack of boxes and the letter are separate. BOTH stand, staring at the two options.

ELI
You want to know what I think?

LEON
No.

ELI
Okay.

BOTH pause.

LEON
(holding the letter in his hands)
Have you ever gotten a breakup letter? A memorable one?

ELI
Who hasn't?

LEON
I haven't. What was in it?

ELI
You know, the usual. Couple things that made no sense and made me glad we were done. A couple things that hit perfect and pretty much killed me. The usual. It was

free, though.

ELI picks up the envelope.

ELI
(laughs)

You know the weirdest thing? She typed it. It was a typed breakup letter, but she used a font she made that looked just like her handwriting. That part I remember.

LEON
Weird.

ELI
Yeah.

LEON takes the letter from ELI. He shakes it a little.

LEON
Feels pretty light.

LEON props the letter on the desk. He takes his key off his keyring and sets it on the table, in front of the letter. He locks the doorknob, then grabs his box and walks out to the truck. ELI follows.

END