

Shopaholic

# Luke / Rebecca

12.

WOMAN CANDIDATE

(turns to her  
neighbor)

Did YOUR Wall Street Journal come with  
complimentary moisturizer?

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA follows the assistant HAYLEY towards an OFFICE.

REBECCA

So what form does the interview take?

(waves loosely)

Is it mainly general chat about  
interests, hobbies - ?

HAYLEY

No it tends to be very specific on  
finance. How do you calculate the  
length of a butterfly investment? What  
modal PRL's might you expect to find  
in a FDP. That kind of thing.

REBECCA goes pale. FUUUUCK. As she's ushered into:

INT. LUKE BRANDON'S OFFICES, SUCCESSFUL SAVINGS

... an office looking out over Midtown, the sky as usual full  
of SKYSCRAPER-MOUNTED GIANT BILLBOARDS for FASHION and  
PERFUME etc.

REBECCA (V.O.)

I can do this. I'm confident. I have a  
GREEN scarf which DEFINES my psyche. I  
am Rebecca Bloomwood, the girl in the  
green SHITTY DEATH.

Tragically also in the office is THE GUY WHO LENT HER TWENTY  
DOLLARS AT THE GYRO STAND. She THROWS HER SCARF away on  
reflex in the same beat as the door is closed behind her,  
blocking all escape!

Winding up a call, LUKE waves her in and bids her sit.

LUKE

OK.

(checks name)

'Rebecca'.

Does a double take.

LUKE (CONT'D)

We met.

REBECCA

We did!

Start

1/4

LUKE  
Sick grandmother. Scarf.

REBECCA  
Absolutely.

LUKE  
You got it to her?

REBECCA  
I did.

LUKE  
Good.

Pause.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
You have a resume?

REBECCA  
(swallowing)  
Yes. I -

REBECCA reaches down to DISCOVER with some HORROR that having succeeded in CLICKING her BRIEFCASE SHUT she now CAN'T OPEN IT AGAIN. She gives a REBECCA-SQUEAK, and fiddles desperately for a few attempts, before BOBBING UP, FEIGNING CONFIDENCE.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Actually I can just 'tell' you, pretty much. My name's Rebecca Bloomwood. I've been a journalist for five years. I speak fluent Finnish, and I also -

LUKE  
(typing)  
'Finnish'?

REBECCA  
(keen to get off this)  
Yes. And I also -

LUKE  
That's interesting. Why Finnish?

REBECCA  
It's -  
(waves it away)  
Family thing. I also -

LUKE  
Is it a Finnish name, 'Bloomwood'?

REBECCA  
It...  
(swallows again,  
nods:)  
I think originally some of the 'o's  
had lines through them.

LUKE  
(pause)  
So. A few questions.

REBECCA  
(points out of  
window)  
D'you find that distracting?

She points out of the window at a huge FASHION BILLBOARD  
featuring a NAKED MALE TORSO.

LUKE  
I never really thought about it.  
(resumes)  
So. How would you calculate -

REBECCA  
Looking out and seeing a naked chest  
on the seventeenth floor.

LUKE  
Yes. Given a base rate of seventeen  
per cent -

REBECCA  
Makes you wonder what the fifth floor  
are looking out on. Ha.

LUKE  
Miss Bloomwood -

ASSISTANT  
(bobs in)  
Sorry. I think Miss Bloomwood dropped  
her scarf.

The GREEN SCARF is delivered to REBECCA like a BLOOD-STAINED  
PIECE OF EVIDENCE.

They look at each other.

REBECCA  
(think of something-  
g...)  
Sadly she died.

LUKE  
Is that right.

REBECCA  
(quieter)  
Yes.

LUKE  
And she left it to you with her dying  
breath?

REBECCA  
(knows she's sinking)  
Yiss.

LUKE  
My, Miss Bloomwood. You have had a  
very tough last twenty five minutes.

REBECCA  
(stands theatrically)  
Well I can see you're much more  
interested in Finland and my scarf  
than you are in my financial prowess  
so I would propose we save time and  
curtail this interview forthwith. Good  
day.

END

EXT. GARDENING TODAY OFFICES, NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC: REBECCA walks back into her office, deathly. She  
stares at the half hearted sign that reads 'GARDENING TODAY'.

She sighs more heavily than a sigh has ever been sighed.

INT. GARDENING TODAY OFFICES

REBECCA slumps in her chair.

REBECCA  
Come on then. Let's go give Mrs 'Great-  
Outdoors' her tent.

JANINE slumps forward onto her desk in FLOODS OF TEARS.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
(slightly awkward)  
Sorry Janine. I - didn't realize the  
two of you were that close.

JANINE  
She's not 'retiring'.  
(turns, eyes  
streaming)  
She's deserting a sinking ship!  
(holds up piece of  
paper)  
The little RAT! She KNEW! She KNEW and  
she DIDN'T TELL ANYONE!

4/4



(Intro to Scene)

Informational 8.

Pages  
only

Declined.

DENNY AND GEORGE ASSISTANT

REBECCA panics.

REBECCA

Really? Oh god. Could you just -

DENNY AND GEORGE ASSISTANT

Can't hold sale items.

REBECCA

No. I know. I'll get the cash. Hold on.

EXT. STREET CORNER, NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC: A guy is selling GYROS. To general annoyance, REBECCA BARGES IN ahead of a GUY of similar age to her. (This, we'll learn, is LUKE)

REBECCA

EXCUSE ME. EXCUSE - THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

LUKE

Wow. Sure.

REBECCA

(to vendor)

Do you do cashback?

GYRO VENDOR

(frowns)

What?

REBECCA

(wielding a checkbook)

One gyro and twenty dollars cashback. I've an interview in four minutes and they don't hold sale items and it's a desperately important scarf.

LUKE

Interesting. First time I've ever heard the words 'important' and 'scarf' together.

REBECCA

(over her shoulder)

It's for my Grandmother in the hospital.

(waving checkbook at the VENDOR)

Please. I'll buy all your gyros if you give me cashback.

1/2

(Intro to scene)

Informational  
pages  
only 9.

LUKE  
Couldn't you just ask the hospital to  
turn the heating up?

REBECCA  
(rather chippy)  
Look it's the same color green as the  
dress she was wearing the day she met  
my grandfather during the war, OK?

GYRO VENDOR  
You want *ninety seven* gyros?

REBECCA  
(peers in)  
You have meat for ninety seven?

SUDDENLY there's a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL in front of REBECCA.  
She looks round. LUKE is offering it.

REBECCA takes the bill. He takes his GYRO and goes. REBECCA  
calls after him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
That means you end up paying twenty  
dollars for a gyro.

LUKE  
(turns)  
You want your scarf. I want my Gyro.  
'Worth' and 'cost' are very different  
things.

He turns and is gone. REBECCA looks at her money.

EXT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES BUILDING

PAN down this HUGE BUILDING to...REBECCA on the opposite  
sidewalk. She swishes a NEW GREEN SCARF around her neck like  
a WW1 FIGHTER PILOT about to do battle!

INT. DANTAY WEST MAGAZINES LOBBY

This place screams style and money. Largely because there's  
VERY LITTLE in it. One exotic plant. One obscure impasto.

REBECCA (V.O.)  
(as she walks:)  
'Look! LOOK! Over there! Crossing the  
lobby! It's the Girl In The Green  
Scarf!' 'The girl in the green scarf!  
Yes, I hear she works for *Elan*  
Magazine'.

She arrives at an Italian granite CONCIERGE desk at which  
sits ALLON, pernickety-camp, nice suit and tie.

2/2