

SOAP

MAN steps to CASHIER. He holds a bar of soap in one hand and reaches in pocket for money with the other.

CASHIER

Is that it? Just the soap.

MAN

Yep.

The CASHIER turns to the cash register and taps. Then ...

CASHIER

Phone number?

MAN

My phone number?

CASHIER

Yes.

MAN

Uh, I don't want to give my phone number.

CASHIER

I can't ring it up without a number.

MAN

But I don't want to give my number. You're just going to text me things.

CASHIER

It's store policy, sir.

MAN

(Holding out soap)

It's a bar of soap! I'm not giving out my phone number to buy a bar of soap.

The CASHIER taps the little microphone on her blouse.

CASHIER

(To mic) Manager please at the checkout.

MAN

You're calling a manager?

CASHIER

Yes, sir. That's what I'm supposed to do when I don't have a phone number and I can't ring you up.

MAN sighs and turns away in disgust, then turns back a moment later.

MAN

OK, OK, tell you what. I'll give you *my* number if you give me *your* number.

CASHIER

That's not allowed, sir.

MAN

Of course not. Because you shouldn't be giving your number out to just anyone who asks. And neither should I. Especially to a company that's just gonna send me...

MAN distracted as MANAGER arrives.

MANAGER

(To CASHIER) What is it, Maidson?

The CASHIER whispers something to MANAGER, who then turns to MAN.

MANAGER (cont'd)

Sir, we need your number to put you in the database.

MAN

I don't want to be in the database.

MANAGER

If you're not in the database, we can't complete the sale.

MAN

It's a bar of soap!

MANAGER

The system won't allow a sale – any sale – if your number is not in the database.

MAN

(Peeved) Jeez.

CASHIER

(Aside to MANAGER) He asked for my phone number.

The MANAGER appears alarmed and turns to MAN.

MANAGER

Is that true, sir? You asked for her phone number?

MAN

I was trying to make a point. I said, I'll give you my number if ...

As MAN is talking, MANAGER taps microphone on blouse.

MANAGER

(To mic) Security needed at checkout.

MAN

Security? For what? I'm just trying to buy this goddamn bar of soap.

MANAGER

No need for the language, sir.

MAN rolls his eyes.

MAN

OK, OK ... here's my phone number. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, alright?

The MANAGER smirks and a moment later a SECURITY GUARD arrives. The MAN is visibly frustrated. The GUARD huddles with the MANAGER for a moment, then...

GUARD

(To MAN) Is that correct, sir? You asked this young woman for her phone number?

MAN

Oh, stop. I'm just trying ...

GUARD

Did you or did you not ask this young woman for her phone number?

MAN

I was kidding! I was trying to show her how ludicrous this is. Having to give my phone number to buy a bar of soap!

GUARD

But you did ask for her phone number.

MAN throws up his arms in exasperation.

GUARD (cont'd)

Sir, how old are you?

MAN

Jeez.

GUARD

Sir, do you have identification?

MAN

Forget it. I'm outta here.

The MAN attempts to leave ...

GUARD

(Physically stops MAN from leaving) I'm afraid not. We need to file an incident report.

MAN

(Fussing and backing away) Stop! Let me go!