

## Speak Easy Walmart

The parking lot is always busy. It's like a destruction derby minus the popcorn.

The blue lights from the store illuminate the entire parking lot.

A red work truck pulls into a parking spot. Inside is Michael, 24, hands still dirty from the warehouse.

Michael cuts the ignition on his car then manually rolls up his window.

Sitting in the passenger seat is a letter that reads:

FIRE. CLEAN YOUR LOCKER. EXIT THE BACK.

He reaches inside his back pocket and pulls out his wallet; he looks inside.

A single \$20.

He glances to the store entrance that reads:

WALMART

Michael enters the store post haste.

He's here for one thing, and one thing only, cheap beer.

Aisle 16

Aisle 17

Aisle 18

Aisle 20

Michael stops and slowly does a 360 spin.

He sees an Employee.

"Excuse me, but aisle 19, is it missing?" Michael asked.

"The beer aisle is gone," said the Employee.

The Employee scoots off before Michael can get a word out.

He stands in shock as large groups of people quickly move past him.

"Cheap beer can never last, my friend"

Michael turns around.

He see's a man, Danny, leaning up against the large bags of dog food.

"They got you too?" Michael asked.

Danny lifts up his shirt and shows his Walmart name badge.

"In more ways than one," replied Danny.

Danny stands up and motions for Michael to come closer.

"I want to show you something, aisle 19 just didn't go away."

Michael walks closer to Danny.

He notices the bags of dog food are all stacked upon each other creating a structure.

"Sure Walmart may have stop selling it, but that doesn't mean we stopped carrying it," said Danny.

Michael is standing in front of a large structure made out of piled up dog food bags.

"Are you being serious?" Michael asked.

Danny removes two of the dog food bags exposing a door.

He knocks twice and the door opens.

A man in a pharmacist coat is standing behind the counter.

"How may I help you?" asked the Pharmacist.

"I'll take \$20 of your cheapest," replied Michael.

The Pharmacist holds a clear plastic bag up to a keg and begins to fill it up.

Suddenly the door slams shut. Danny sets the dog food bags back up.

"I'll meet you around back with your bag of beer," said Danny.

Michael walks back to his car and starts the ignition.

He pulls up to the corner where he sees Danny holding his \$20 bag of beer.

"Here you go my friend," said Danny.

Michael grabs the bag and sets it in his front seat.

"I can tell you're a working man. Hopefully this doesn't offend you but we're looking for extra help around the speak easy," said Danny.

"You mean inside this Wal-Mart?" Michael replied.

"That is correct. We would need you to start as a greeter. Then once you put in some time we can move you up."

"What's the pay like?" Michael asked.

The Pharmacist walks out with a garbage bag of beer, interrupting the conversation.

"This the new prospect?" asked Pharmacist.

Danny ignores the Pharmacist's question and continues to focus on Michael.

"It's minimum, plus fringe benefits," said Danny

"Fringe benefits?" asked Michael.

The Pharmacist points to the black garbage bag full of beer.

Michael pauses for a moment then looks toward the others.

"Do I have to ride a motorcycle or wear leather?" asked Michael.

"No."

Michael grins. He reaches his hand out to shake theirs.