

# Cobblers

By Mark Cantan

2024 08 09

0861531249  
markcantan.com  
mcantan@gmail.com

EXT. LANE - DAY.

LAR and MARE, both mid-twenties in tracksuits, stand nervously in lane. They peak around the corner.

Across the road sits "Benson's Cobblers".

LAR  
So...

MARE  
Okay?

LAR  
Yeah.

MARE  
Cool.

Both of them start to put on wigs and fake facial hair.

LAR  
Just...You're sure this is a good target?

MARE  
Definitely. Nobody hits cobblers man. They have no security.

LAR  
But maybe nobody hits cobblers 'cause they've no money.

MARE  
Well he must be making some money otherwise how's he still in business?

MARE puts on a pair of fake eyebrows.

LAR  
Eyebrows?

MARE  
They're the curtains of the soul man. 86% of facial recognition is based on eyebrows.

MARE raises her eyebrows at LAR to signal that it's time to go.

INT. COBBLER'S - DAY.

LAR and MARE burst into the shop. They brandish a knife and a baseball bat.

LAR  
Right! Into the back!

MR BENSON, a kindly man in his 50s, looks confused.

MR BENSON  
Why?

LAR  
What?

MR BENSON  
Are you here to fix the toilet?

LAR  
No, we're- This is a robbery!

MR BENSON  
Why?

LAR  
Well...uhh...what?

LAR looks at MARE. MARE searches for an answer.

MARE  
'Cause...we want to.

INT. BACKROOM - DAY.

MARE barrels MR BENSON into the backroom and starts to tie him up.

INT. COBBLER - DAY.

LAR opens up the till to find  
a few hundred Euros.

MARE (OS)  
Well?

LAR  
There's only about 200 euros in here.

MARE (OS)

Okay. Perfect. Just keep it simple.  
Let's just get it and get out of  
here.

LAR

Yeah, o'course.

Ding.

The door to the shop opens and an OLD LADY walks in.

LAR slams the till closed looking guilty.

OLD LADY

Hello.

LAR

Uhh. Hello.

OLD LADY

I have a key I need copying.

LAR

Yeah. Right. No problem at all. We  
can take care of that for you.

OLD LADY

Do you have the right kind of keys?

LAR looks at her key trying to pretend like he knows  
what he's doing.

LAR

Oh yeah. Yeah. That's a B...29...4.

OLD LADY

When can I pick that up?

LAR

Tomorrow. Tomorrow would be best.

The OLD LADY turns around and leaves without a word.

MARE comes out of the back room.

MARE

What the hell are you doing?

LAR

I didn't want her to be suspicious.

MARE  
Just knock her out.

LAR  
I'm not knocking out an old woman.

MARE  
(Throws his eyes up)  
Fine! Grab the-

Ding.

A MIDDLE AGED MAN walks into the shop carrying a pair of shoes.

LAR and MARE are pretending to work the various pieces of equipment in the shop.

LAR  
Oh, hello there.

Ding. A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN walks into the shop. She holds the door open for a BUILDER who arrives behind her.

MARE  
(Under his breath)  
Ah, for fuck's-

#### MONTAGE

1.  
LAR holds up a shoe. He tries to look like he's appraising it. He holds a jeweller's glass to it and nods thoughtfully.

A woman watches him, unsure.

2.  
MARE is working on a shoe with a random tool. A piece falls off it. She looks around to make sure no one is watching and then throws that piece away.

3.  
A woman holds a handbag. She demonstrates that the handle has come loose.

LAR takes the bag. He starts wrapping it in reels and reels of tape.

4.  
MARE holds up a shoe.

A man shakes his head.

MARE holds up a different shoe.

The man shakes his head again.

MARE rolls is getting tired and frustrated. She holds up a different shoe.

The man shakes his head again.

MARE holds up another shoe.

Again the man shakes his head.

But MARE won't accept his answer and just shoves the shoes into the man's hands.

The man reluctantly walks away looking at the shoes.

EXT. COBBLER'S - EVENING.

LAR leads an OLD MAN out the door of the shop.

LAR  
Absolutely. We'll fix those boots  
right up for you. As good as new.

The OLD MAN departs and LAR slams the door shut and flips the sign to "Closed".

INT. COBBLER'S - CONT.

MARE exhaustedly drops the hammer she was using to tap nails into a shoe. Her tracksuit is covered in sweat and dirt. One of her eyebrows has slipped out of place.

LAR looks at her bitterly.

LAR  
(Sarcastic)  
Well, this was great! We just worked  
almost a full shift for a hundred  
each!

MARE looks up from the till.

MARE  
Ehhh. 20 each.

LAR

What? How's it less than when we started? We did so much business.

MARE

They all got cashback.

LAR takes €40 out of the till and hands KILLIAN €20.

LAR

(Defeated)

Let's just go.

They get as far as the door and LAR stops.

LAR

We can't leave him in here overnight.  
This place is freezing.

MARE

Fuck.

INT. BACKROOM - EVENING.

They enter the backroom where MR BENSON is tied up, quietly watching the news on the TV.

LAR

Listen, we're going to let you go but you have to promise to wait a bit before you call the police, yeah?

KILLIAN starts to untie him.

MR BENSON

Y'know, if you want I could give you a job, lads. You actually did a pretty good job on those wingtips.

MARE

(Smiles wryly)

Nice try. Only suckers work for a living.

THE END