

"THE FAN"

By

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INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

"Harry's Vinyl": a dimly-lit hovel of a record shop. One or two customers browse the stock, flicking through banks of albums with expert precision. At the back of the shop is a tall counter covered in band stickers and yellowed posters. Sitting behind it is JESSIE, who tries to stay awake as they leaf through a magazine.

A *DING* from the bell on the shop's front door. In walks this guy, this *kid*, we'll only know as THE FAN. They walk straight up to the counter with a confidence that irritates JESSIE immediately. They stare at JESSIE. The faintest smile.

THE FAN

Seventies?

JESSIE

On your left as you came in.

THE FAN

Are you...

Pause.

JESSIE

Am I what?

THE FAN

Okay. On your left, you said?

JESSIE

On *your* left, back by the door.

THE FAN doesn't move. They lean towards JESSE.

THE FAN

I'm sorry. Sorry, but- It's you, isn't it? You're Jessie Talone.

JESSIE

Not me.

THE FAN

You are. I recognise you.

JESSIE

Just one of those faces.

THE FAN

Bullshit. What are you doing here?!

JESSIE

I'm not Jessie Talone.

THE FAN

Yes you are. Come on.

JESSIE

You've got the wrong person. You here to buy records, or what?

THE FAN

Okay. *(Pause.)* Okay...

THE FAN strides to the seventies section. A quick browse, before they tear an album off the shelf. They run it back to the counter and throw it down with a satisfying "smack".

THE FAN (CONT'D)

Tell me that's not you! "Jessie Talone And The Skiffs". I'd recognise you anywhere.

JESSIE looks down at the album. THE FAN notices another "Jessie Talone" album, up on display behind the counter.

THE FAN (CONT'D)

There's another one! You're practically *begging* to be recognised! *(Beat.)* I'm not a creep, I just want you to admit it's you. Jessie.

JESSIE

I ... I didn't put that up there.

THE FAN

So what are you doing here? Is this, like, a hobby for you?

JESSIE

I work here.

THE FAN

Why? When are you touring next?

JESSIE

I'm not Jessie Talone. I don't know what to tell you at this point.

JESSIE waits for THE FAN to get it. They don't.

THE FAN

You're being kind of rude, Jessie.

JESSIE

Frankly, you're not leaving me a lot of options.

THE FAN

All I did is walk in here, recognise you and love your music.

JESSIE

Please. I'm telling you one more time. You've got the wrong person.

THE FAN

You can't admit it, can you?

Before JESSIE knows what's happening, THE FAN has taken out their phone. They snap a photo of JESSIE at the counter.

JESSIE

What are you doing? Delete that!

THE FAN

If you're a nobody like you say, who cares if I take your picture?

JESSIE

I do! Delete it. I won't ask again.

Other customers are looking over. THE FAN seems to enjoy the attention. They point to the LP on the counter.

THE FAN

You're a private person. I respect that. What if- What if you sign that record for me? And I buy it?

JESSIE

You'd delete the photo?

THE FAN

I'd delete the photo. And I'd pay extra for your signature, too.

A long pause. JESSIE takes a pen from beside the register and signs the album. THE FAN deletes the photo.

THE FAN (CONT'D)

No judgements, Jessie. Hard times, gotta hustle.

JESSIE

I'm not Jessie Talone.

THE FAN

This has meant a lot to me.

THE FAN winks, pays, scoops up the album and leaves. JESSIE is stunned until they hear the *DING* at the front door.