

The Mini-Mart  
By  
Xavier Gonzalez

Second Draft

xgonzalez93@yahoo.com

EXT. MINI-MART -- NIGHT

A completely white van speeds up and stops in front of the mini-mart.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Two men sits in the van, JEFF and PHIL. Phil sits at the wheel staring out at the mini-mart. He taps the steering wheel in a drum roll fashion. Jeff breaths rapidly.

PHIL

Okay, look, this is simple, all you have to do is go in, act cool, don't look into any of the cameras or anything, do what you have to do and then get out, alright?

Jeff nods.

PHIL

Okay... Oh and don't forget to use the glasses, they'll hide your face.

JEFF

Alright.

PHIL

Okay, go!

Jeff quickly gets out of the car.

EXT. MINI-MART -- CONTINUOUS

Jeff puts on a hooded sweater and zips it up all the way, with the hood up. He then puts on a pair of big glasses, not sunglasses but normal glasses which do not hide his face but instead magnify it.

He exhales and makes his way into the mini-mart.

INT. MINI-MART -- CONTINUOUS

A CLERK and his 17 year old SON stand behind the counter, they look like they were arguing. As soon as the door opens the straiten out and stare at Jeff.

Jeff looks at them. He starts to sweat a little. He gulps and then starts to walk to the back of the store.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

(as if trying to act)

No need to help me with anything, I will just help myself.

CLERK

Okay.

Jeff walks towards the coolers. The whole time he is staring at the clerk and the son.

JEFF

Cute kid, is he yours?

SON

Don't call me cute or kid.

CLERK

Yeah, he's my son, it's, um, bring your son to work day.

JEFF

Oh yeah, I remember that, my dad would take me to his milk factory, I never liked it. You having fun with your dad?

SON

Dude, will you shut the hell up and buy something already. I mean, what are you doing, stalling? Are you trying to rob us or something?

Jeff starts to sweat some more.

JEFF

No, I'm just making small talk.

Jeff opens a cooler door and reaches for a 12 pack of beer. The son stares him down. The clerk looks a little nervous as he stares at Jeff, he notices a big bulge in Jeff's pants, a gun?

CLERK

Buy two 12 packs get the third one free.

A beat, Jeff looks up at the Clerk, he looks very nervous.

JEFF

One will be fine, it's just me and a pal.

The son rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

SON

Will you hurry it up?

Jeff stands still, more nervous, almost frozen with fear.

JEFF

You know what, I will buy two, and get the third one free, it really is a good deal.

He looks up and spots a camera and then quickly looks away.

JEFF (CONT'D)

A really good deal.

Jeff grabs two cases.

JEFF (CONT'D)

This is heavy can one of you grab the third?

SON

No. Just bring those two over and then grab the other one.

Jeff nods. He takes the two 12 packs and sets them on the counter. He goes back and grabs the third pack, but as he does the box rips open and the beer bottles fall to the floor and smash open, beer spills everywhere.

JEFF

OH!

SON

Come on, man! What the hell?

JEFF

I am so sorry! I'll clean it up.

SON

No. Just leave it, I'll clean it. Just hurry it up.

Jeff grabs another box. As he makes his way to the counter he tries to keep his balance on the slippery beer filled floor. He slips. As he falls he grabs hold of a rack holding potato chips, but it is not strong enough to hold him up, he and the rack fall. Chip bags pop open and chips fly everywhere.

CLERK

Oh, my goodness! What a mess.

(CONTINUED)

SON

Shit, man, what is wrong with you?

JEFF

I'm sorry, I'll cle--

SON

No! Please, just buy what you're gonna buy and get the hell outta here.

JEFF

Okay, okay.

Jeff quickly gets up and runs up to the counter. As he puts the third beer pack on the counter he notices a tattoo on the son's neck.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Cool, a tattoo, my dad would kill me if I ever got one of those at your age.

SON

You are my age.

CLERK

Yes, I am very cool dad, his body is his skin, he does what he likes with it.

SON

Yeah, he's a cool dad, whatever, is this all you're gonna buy?

JEFF

Yes.

CLERK

Okay let me bag this for you. Oh, but first I need to see an ID.

The son again rolls his eyes. Jeff gets more nervous and starts to sweat even harder than before. He nods and slowly reaches into his pants.

As Jeff reaches into his pants the clerk gulps. Everyone is getting nervous, fear falls over all of them.

SMACK. Jeff slams his wallet onto the counter. The wallet is covered in sweat.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

It's in here.

He opens the wallet and pulls out his ID but before it is completely out the wallet falls to the floor.

SON

Will you hurry it?

JEFF

Just a second.

Jeff bends over to pick up his wallet. A ton of cash, a few credit cards and two IDs lie on the floor. He picks it all up but when he goes to grab the IDs he takes a second to examine the two, he then shoves one back into his wallet and puts the other one on the counter.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That is it.

The clerk barely examines the ID.

CLERK

Good. That will be twenty-two.

Jeff pays the man. The clerk writes the price of the purchase on a piece of paper.

CLERK (CONT'D)

The register is broken. Have a nice day.

JEFF

Thank you, the same.

Jeff smiles and walks out.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Phil watches as Jeff walks out of the mini-mart and into the van. He sees the beer.

PHIL

Yes! The fake ID worked?

JEFF

Yeah. The weird thing is that he hand wrote the purchase.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL  
Ah, just through that out.

JEFF  
Okay.

Jeff throws the piece of paper out the window. The van speeds off.

EXT. MINI-MART -- CONTINUOUS

As the van drives off we see the paper hit the ground. On it the words "three 12 packs, \$22.00" are written in large letters, but just below it something else is written: "911!"

INT. MINI-MART -- CONTINUOUS

The son sighs.

CLICK. He pulls up a giant .357 Magnum and points it at his "father".

SON  
Alright, old man, the cash!

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**