

A REALLY BAD DAY

Written By:

Kevin Xavierius

Story by Kevin Xavierius

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Kevin Xavierius

kevinxaverius97@gmail.com
082124581348 (Whatsapp)

EXT. STREET. DAY

A small quiet street with only a few cars passing by and a few people walking on. A MUSTANG is seen passing through the street.

CUT TO

INT. CARL'S CAR (DRIVING). DAY

Inside the car. CARL -- a short, thin, ambitious young thug is holding the wheel. Sitting beside him is his best friend and partner in crimes -- ED -- an innocent, obese young man.

Carl is seen smoking a JOINT. He inhales it and exhales the smoke. The smoke fills the car's inside.

Ed seems disturbed by the smoke and coughs. He waves his hand in front of his face in order to get rid of the smoke from his face.

ED

Dude, can you stop?

Carl stares at Ed for awhile.

CARL

Stop what?

ED

Goddammit Carl, can you please stop smoking? I'm fucking suffocating here!

Ed coughs.

Carl stares at his joint.

CARL

Oh, this?

Carl takes out his joint, throws it out from the window. He then blows the smoke into Ed's face.

Ed coughs uncontrollably.

ED

You dick!

Ed open the window while continues coughing.

Carl laughs

(CONTINUED)

CARL
That's my middle name.

ED
Uhhh..
(take a deep breath)
It seems your mother really wish
you to have one.

CARL
Hey cut it out!

Ed laughs.

ED
So dude uhhh... what are we gonna
do today?

CARL
(pauses for a moment)
(turns his head to Ed)
What do you mean what are we gonna
do today?

Ed stares at Carl cynically

ED
What the, dude! Don't you speak
English?

CARL
Wow wow wow! What I mean is what on
earth made you ask that shitty
question?

ED
What the hell dude. I ask that
goddamn question, because I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT ARE WE GONNA FUCKING DO
TODAY!

Carl takes a deep breath. He then rubs his nose 3 times.

CARL
Well, don't you shithead tell me
that you've fucking thrown away our
June's agenda out of your
cock-sucking shit-head!

Ed seems pretty shocked and offended.

ED

What? We're not out of it? Have you lost your fucking mind? Don't you remember, last time, you almost lose your head for it!

CARL

No no no! A black dragon will never quit.

ED

Ohh... you are not them yet.

CARL

But soon, I will be...

Carl shows Ed a black dragon tattoo on his arm.

CARL

(pointing at his tattoo)
See, they even give me this shit

ED

You give it to yourself with a marker!

CARL

Haha, check out the big brain on Ed!

Ed stares at the window and then stares at Carl again.

ED

So, what's today shit?

CARL

Well ummm... there is a small mini-market down the street. It's small, and ummm those son of a bitches got a real business down there.

ED

What is that suppose mean?

CARL

It means that their cash machine is a fucking gold mine you idiot.

ED

Well okay. So we gonna...
(surprised)
Ow shit Carl!

(CONTINUED)

Carl violently turns the car to right. There is a honking sound heard in the background.

ED

Shit dude, get your eyes on the road.

CARL

I'm sorry man.

ED

Seriously, get your eyes on the fucking road!

CARL

Okay okay, I am fucking sorry man.

Both take deep breaths.

ED

So, we're gonna rob them right?

CARL

Yeah, but not just a robbing. We will give them something nasty. Really nasty that the black dragons won't believe it until they see it with their own fucking eyes. And then...

ED

And then you're going to jail.

CARL

What?

ED

I am serious dude! It's not like you are invincible to the law or something. If you got caught, you're going to jail.

(pause)

Except if you are a black guy, then you're going to a funeral.

Carl cynically stares at Ed.

CARL

Seriously man, don't fuck this shit up for me.

ED

I am serious dude. You can't just do a bad shit and walk away like nothing happened.

CARL

But I never gotten my ass into jail.

ED

It is because you always failed before! Remember? Not even fucking once you got it.

CARL

Geez fine.

CUT TO

EXT. IN FRONT OF A CONVENIENT STORE. DAY

Carl parks his car in front of a deserted convenient store. The store has a gas station and there are several other cars parked in front of it.

CUT TO

INT. CARL'S CAR. DAY

Carl reaches his bag and takes out two guns from inside. He then hands one of them to Ed.

CARL

Okay man, don't fuck this up okay?

Ed takes the gun from Carl's hand.

ED

(pointing at the gun)

So... Are we gonna just walk there and point this out of everyone.

Carl takes a deep breath.

CARL

Dude, you're talking like this is your fucking first time.

ED

Actually, yes this is my first time robbing a damn store.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Seriously?

ED
Yes Carl, I don't know how many
shits have you tried. See I said
'tried', not 'done', because you
haven't done any shit man.

CARL
Wow wow wow, hold it right there
man!

ED
But the only shit I ever gotten
into is robbing an old lady who was
actually a black belt in Taekwondo.
And also breaking into a house
whose owner is a veteran with
fucking PTSD...

CARL
Goddammit Ed! Can you please just
cut the fuck out of it. We don't
get all day okay to fight shit over
and over again!

The two then shares awkward silences.

Ed takes a deep breath several times, trying to calm
himself.

CARL
God, learn to control your shit
man!

Ed doesn't answer and looks away to the window.

CARL
Okay this is what we're gonna do...

ED
(still staring at window)
No, I'm not doing it today!

CARL
(pauses for a moment)
Seriously dude!

ED
(turns to Carl)
No Carl! You hear me! If you want
to do this, do it yourself! I am
not doing it today! Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Jesus Christ!

Carl furiously gets out from the car.

CUT TO

EXT. IN FRONT OF A CONVENIENT STORE. DAY

Carl gets out from the car.

Carls angrily walks toward the store while arming his gun.

CARL
Son of a fucking asshole.

CUT TO

INT. CONVENIENT STORE. DAY

Inside the convenient store. A few people are shopping. Among them are a MOTHER with a BABY, a RICH MAN and a GRANNY. THE CASHIER -- a fat man in his 40s, is cleaning the register desk.

Carl slowly comes inside. He then pulls out his gun.

CARL
Ladies and gentlemen, this is a robbery!

The people inside start screaming.

The mother holds her baby.

The man hides his phone, gold watch, and wallet inside his pants.

The granny passes out.

Their voice is then heard in the background.

CARL
Please stay where you are, no one will get hurt. Furthermore, don't one of you pricks do anything stupid alright? Or else I'll blow your brains out of your fucking head.

Carl then comes to the cashier.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
You! Fat guy!

Carl approaches the cashier. The cashier seems intimidated.

CARL
Hey, hey don't be afraid alright.
(tap the cashier on his
shoulder)
Now dude, just gimme whatever
inside this
(pointing the cash machine
with the same hand)
and we're good!

THE CASHIER
Okay...

The cashier then takes out all the money from the cash money
and hands them to Carl.

CARL
And now that is smart boy.

Carl puts the money inside his jacket. He then laughs and
walks to the door.

Suddenly, he stops and turns around.

CARL
(talks to himself)
No! I gotta do something nasty.

Carl walks approaching the customers and coughs.

CARL
Now, which one of you has the
highest pain tolerance?

The people inside stares him in confusion.

CARL
Hey, you heard me right? Anyone?

Meanwhile, the cashier slowly takes a SHOT GUN from under
his table.

CARL
Dammit, how about you mister?

Carl points at the rich guy.

RICH GUY
Me?

CARL
No, I was talking to your
grandmother! Of course goddammit!

RICH GUY
What, what do you want?

CARL
Umm... I want you to attack me
right now?

The cashier has successfully taken out his gun. He then
takes some bullets from inside his drawer.

RICH GUY
What?

CARL
Attack me! And I'll shoot you!

RICH GUY
Seriously?

CARL
Yes I'm dead serious here! Don't
you worry! I will shoot you only in
your damn leg!

RICH GUY
But...

CARL
(points his gun at the rich
guy)
Just do it or I'll shoot you in
your fucking head!

Suddenly, Carl hears a 'click' sound. He then turns his head
and finds that the cashier is pointing his shot gun at him.

Carl seems very surprised and frightened.

THE CASHIER
Shoot this motherfucker!

The cashier shoots Carl at his right hand. Three of Carl's
fingers are destroyed and his gun is thrown to the floor.
Blood sprouts everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
(screaming)
Ow shit!

Carl falls down to the floor.

CARL
(screaming in pain while
holding his hand)
Ow fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Goddammit son
of a bitch cake!

The cashier reloads his gun while Carl continues screaming in pain.

The cashier then points his shot gun at Carl once again.

CARL
No no no! Wait!

The cashier tries to shoot Carl. But Carl rolls and the bullet hits the ground instead of his head.

Carl stands up and storms to outside.

The cashier jumps over the register desk and chases him.

CUT TO

INT. CARL'S CAR. DAY (LATER)

Ed is listening to the radio when suddenly Carl storms into the car.

Carl then furiously tries to start the engine. But he can't do it because his right hand is severely wounded.

ED
Dude, what happened?

Suddenly, the car's back window is shot and destroyed.

ED
Holy fuck what is that.

Ed turn around and seems shocked.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. IN FRONT OF A CONVENIENT STORE. CONTINUOUS

ED'S POV -- The cashier is reloading his shot gun.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. CARL'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

ED

Jesus Christ! Drive Carl! Drive!

CARL

I'm trying!

Carl finally manages to start the engine. He then push the gas and drives with his left hand.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. IN FRONT OF A CONVENIENT STORE. CONTINUOUS

The cashier is pointing his shotgun at Carl's car.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. CARL'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

The car's rear view mirror is shot and destroyed.

ED

Holy fuck!

Carl continues driving in panic.

Ed turns around several times to check on the cashier.

ED

Faster dude! Faster!

CARL

Can you just shut the fuck up!

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. IN FRONT OF A CONVENIENT STORE. CONTINUOUS

The cashier is seen maiming at the car with his shot gun.

The car is seen in distance and becomes out of the cashier's reach.

The cashier puts down his shot gun.

THE CASHIER

Shit!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. CAFETERIA. DAY

A quiet family cafeteria with only a few customers inside. Carl is sitting on a table. his right hand is bandaged and he is seen grunting in pain. Ed sits next to him. On the table are two plates of partially eaten PIZZA.

Ed stares at Carl's right hand.

Carl notices it and does not seem happy about it.

CARL

What the fuck are you looking at
Man?

ED

Umm... I'm looking at your hand.

Carl's face shows an offended expression.

CARL

(shows chaotic hand gestures)
Fuck you dude!

ED

What?

CARL

(louder)
Fuck you! F-U-C-K, fuck you!

ED

Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

CARL

(angry tone)

You know what? If you got your ass there, I would still be able to jerk myself off tonight!

ED

Well, you can still use the other one.

Carl pauses for a moment. His face indicates extreme annoyance.

CARL

You think I'm fucking joking my ass off, don't you?

Ed hits the table.

ED

(in angry tone)

What? You got your hand blown off by a greasy dick head and now you put that shit on my fucking face?

CARL

(screaming)

Listen! Leaving your brother at the last minute just because you got your ass in a fucking PMS is not okay!

ED

(scream louder)

Well, who fucking told your cock-sucking balls to make me lose it at the last fucking minute?

CARL

(scream louder)

But you have mother-fucking promised me...

ED

(scream even louder)

I never, in any fucking circumstance, promised your anus that I will fucking help you to fucking rob a fucking mini-market!

Ed and Carl realize that they are exposing their crime publicly in a loud voice. They slowly turn their head to the other customers.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON -- a woman and a man who are sitting near the window are staring at Ed and Carl.

ANGLE ON -- a waitress and 3 other customers who are sitting on 2 different tables are staring at Ed and Carl.

ANGLE ON -- 4 customers including a mother carrying a baby who are sitting on 2 different tables are staring at Ed and Carl.

Ed and Carl slowly turn their head into facing each other again.

Ed coughs.

ED

Can I have some of them cigarettes?

CARL

Yeah, sure.

Carl takes out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and hands it to Ed.

Ed takes one of the cigarettes and put it into his mouth.

Carl lights up the cigarette.

Ed smokes and exhales smoke.

ED

(coughs)

You know dude. When you were inside that store, doing that shit. Some thing came across my head.

CARL

(being skeptical)

What?

ED

You know, why are we even doing all of this shits?

CARL

(surprised tone)

What?

ED

I mean dude! You know there are hell lot of things we can do in this world. And we choose doing shits.

CARL

Bro do you even...

ED

You know, we're lucky to still be able to breath this damn air and wander our ass freely. You remember how many times we almost lost our head? And how many times that fat-ass greasy taco-eating cop almost put our ass into jail?

Carl takes a deep breath.

CARL

Yeah I know, there are hell lot miracles in our life. Hallelujah!

ED

No man! I mean! What if one day someone really manage to blow our fucking head off? Or just a cop finally throw our ass into the jail? Remember dude, life inside a jail is a pain in the ass...

(pause for effect)

...literally.

Carl takes a deep breath.

CARL

(mocking tone)

So... you're basically saying you are afraid.

ED

No man, I'm fucking dead serious here, okay? I'm saying this because you're my brother.

CARL

If you wanna spend the rest of your fucking life being a fagot go ahead! Cause I'm not coming with you.

Ed seems surprised and silences.

Ed stands up.

ED

Whatever, this is your life.

Ed walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

16.

ANGLE ON -- Carl's sad face. A sound of the cafeteria's door being opened and closed is heard at the background.

CUT TO

INT. CARL'S CAR (DRIVING). TWILIGHT

Carl is driving down the road alone. His face shows sad expression.

A NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER announces a news via the radio.

NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
So, there is an incident occurred
in Ferguson today. A teenager was
shot down to dead by a police when
he was trying to loot the store. An
investigation...

The news reel announcer's voice continue as distorted background voice.

Carl seems shocked by the news.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET (NEAR A DINER). TWILIGHT

Carl's car stops at the side of the street.

CUT TO

INT. CARL'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

Carl thinks about his life.

Carl hits the steer 3 times.

CARL
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Carl notices a diner in front of him.

CARL'S POV -- an old diner with only a few cars parked outside of it (seen from inside the car).

Carl then turns around to see his behind.

CARL'S POV -- a quite road with no other car.

Carl then stares at his dragon tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

17.

Carl takes his gun from his pocket with his left hand. He then stares at it for 2 seconds before going out of the car.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET (NEAR A DINER). CONTINUOUS

Carl gets out from his car.

CARL

Okay baby, let's do this!

Carl walks to the diner.

CUT TO

INT. DINER. TWILIGHT

A dirty old-fashioned diner with a glass entrance door. Carl storms into the diner and directly points his gun to everyone.

CARL

Ladies and gentleman! This is a fucking robbery! Just don't do anything stupid and give your...

Carl becomes shocked when he sees the people inside the diner. There are at least 8 customer. All of them are GANGSTERS with big muscular tattooed bodies. They are scary and have guns in their belts.

The gangsters shows the expression of being offended in their face. They stand up and takes out their gun.

CARL

Ow shit!

Carl, in confusion, waving his gun at every person in the room.

The gangsters storms Carl's body with bullets. Carl screams in pain as blood sprouts from his body to everywhere.

One of the bullets hits Carl's head. Lots of blood sprouts from his head and his body falls onto the floor.

GANGSTER 1

Little prick!

ANGLE ON -- Carl's messy dead body lying in his own pool of blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18.

ANGLE ON -- the gangsters put their guns inside their belts.

CLOSE UP -- one of the gangsters' arm with a black dragon tattoo on it.

FADE OUT

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER: IF YOU HAD A REALLY BAD DAY, YOU'D EITHER LEARN SOMETHING OR DIE.