The Devil May Care

By

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A highly domesticated kitchen with two round tables and four plastic chairs in the middle of the room.

A 20 years old young nerdy man -- DEREK -- is pouring a hot coffee into his mug near the stove. He puts the coffee pot on the stove and takes his mug puts it on the table and sits on a chair. On the table is a plate full of COOKIES and a magazine.

Derek takes a zip of his coffee and start reading the magazine. Suddenly, his friend -- MICHAEL -- a young geeky man also in his 20s with a baseball hats, enter the room while holding a newspaper.

MICHAEL
Man... This sucks!

Derek turns his head into facing Michael

DEREK
Huh? What?

MICHAEL
(pointing at his newspaper)
This man, for the love of Neptune, I can’t believe this shitty shit is actually happening!

Derek puts his mug on the table an inclines his body to Michael.

DEREK
And the shit is...?

MICHAEL
Those motherfuckers in Hollywood somehow feels that it’s awesome to pop out a freaking sequels for STAR WARS!

Michael takes a deep breath and sigh.

MICHAEL
Did something spank those people’s heads really hard that they somehow got a fucking amnesia about how the fans wanted to light-saber their fucking asses off for making that bullshit wreck in the ass episode one two three?
DEREK
Well... money talks

MICHAEL
Man, they even even kicked George Lucas from this man for the love of our lord Vader! Bless his old white ass hair.

Derek leans back.

DEREK
Well, from what I’ve heard, I’m pretty sure that he was the one who kicked himself out.

MICHAEL
What?

DEREK
It’s called retirement!

MICHAEL
Well...

Michael pauses for a while and throw the newspaper in the table before sitting on a chair near Derek.

MICHAEL
What’s Star Wars without George Lucas? Star Balls?

DEREK
Something without Jar Jar Binks maybe?

MICHAEL
Yeah and a universe where Luke’s father was actually Vader’s BFF and Obi Wan caused his ass to expired.

Michael takes a cookie from the plate and eat it.

DEREK
Well man, I don’t know what you think but I am pretty sure that George Lucas was responsible in the creation of that things you called bullshit wreck in the asshole!

Derek takes a cookie from the plate.

(CONTINUED)
DEREK
So, yeah I think you should chill man. Episode 7 maybe great without the essence of Lucas.

MICHAEL
(talking while chewing the cookie)
But Man... George Lucas was a fucking hero you know? He gave us Star Wars.

Michael burps and take another cookie

MICHAEL
He gave this cock-sucking world a story that will last even until the time when my crush finally wants to fuck me. And by the way, I said 'ass!' Without hole!

DEREK
And become a goddamn billionaire as the result.

Michael take out a TOOTHPICK from his pocket and start cleaning his teeth while using his cellphone as mirror.

MICHAEL
Well, that man deserves it I guess. Some motherfuckers out there are making some big bucks by kicking balls around a field.

DEREK
Maybe if he is still around it will be called Star Wars: Jar Jar Awakens.

MICHAEL
(surprised)
Fuck, no!

DEREK
That’s possible right?

Michael puts down his cellphone and toothpick.

MICHAEL
Well, I believe that Lucas got his ass sick of that fucking, jeez in Santa Claus’ pants, Jar Jar Binks. In fact in episode 2, he gave the fans...

(CONTINUED)
Before Michael finishes his sentence, his and Derek’s mutual friend -- CHARLIE -- a Chinese decent obese young man with SUNGLASSES, storms into the room.

    CHARLIE
    Man, this sucks!

    DEREK
    (sigh)
    What again...?

Charlie approaches the coffee on the stove

    CHARLIE
    For the love of my mother and
    Jessica Huang!

Michael tries to restore the previous conversation.

    MICHAEL
    He gave the fans a reason to...

    CHARLIE (O.S.)
    For my dog and the moon cake!

Michael takes a deep breath and starts talk again. The sound of Charlie preparing a coffee for himself can be heard in the background.

    MICHAEL
    Reason to...

    CHARLIE (O.S.)
    For the vengeance towards my seven
    ancestors and emperor Qin!

    MICHAEL
    (To Charlie)
    Char can you cut your ass off me
    and Derek are...

Michael realizes that Derek is standing next to Charlie, trying to calm him down instead of listening to him.

    DEREK
    (To Charlie)
    Dude, what the hell is going on!
    Chill yourself okay!

    MICHAEL
    Ah fuck yo fat ass.

Charlie finally catches his breath and takes a gulp of his coffee and starts speaking in STRONG ASIAN ACCENT.

    (CONTINUED)
CHARLIE
You... you know my roommate right?

DEREK
Hmmm.... you mean Steven?

CHARLIE
Yeah! That MOTHERPUCKER better jerk himself off while he can laa... because if that MOTHERPUCKER’s sees me, I’m gonna fry his PUCKING balls laa...

MICHAEL
Fry balls huh?

Michael leans to his chair and puts both is legs on the table.

MICHAEL
(Sarcastic)
That sounds nice and wrong on the same time.

Derek taps Charlie’s shoulder.

DEREK
Dude, what... what with that guy? You’re acting like a vegan in a bbq party!

Charlie takes a deep breath and exhales it.

CHARLIE
Okay so...

CUT TO

INT. CHARLIE’S ROOM - TWILIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A MESSY one bedroom apartment. Looks a generic apartment in New York City. Charlie is seen making a potato sculpture while sitting on a sofa and watching TV.

CHARLIE (V.O)
It was a smokin hot day and I’m on the couch doing my own business.

Charlie’s roommate, a big, muscular French guy in his 20s with THICK FACIAL HAIR -- STEVEN -- comes out from the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)
STEVEN
Hey Dude!

CHARLIE
What?

Charlie continues making his sculpture.

STEVEN
(speaking in broken English)
You got some... that uh...

Steven points at his facial hair and moves the same hand to right and left.

CHARLIE
Dude, what the PUCK?

STEVEN
That thing.. um... to do this!

Steven continues to move his right hand to left and right in front of his facial hair.

Charlie pauses making his sculpture for a moment and stares at Steven.

SOUND EFFECT - DING!!!

Charlie realizes what Steven means.

CHARLIE
You mean, electric shaver ar?

STEVEN
(Happy AF)
Ya ya ya! That’s right!

CHARLIE
(points at the bathroom)
Mine at the toilet ar. You go and take on the left cupboard.

STEVEN
Okay, thanks man!

Steven goes into the bathroom.

Charlie continues making his potato sculpture.

A few seconds later, there is a LOUD shaving sound from inside the bathroom.

Charlie turns his head into facing the bathroom.
SUPER — 15 MINUTES LATER

Steven goes out from the bathroom with his FACIAL HAIR UNTouched.

Charlie stares at Steven in disbelief.

STEVEN
Okay, Man! Imma going now! Catch you later.

Steven takes his jacket hanged on the wall and goes out from the door.

Charlie keeps staring at the door.

INT. KITCHEN — CONTINUED

Charlie raises both his hands up, indicating his story is over.

Derek and Michael stares at Charlie. Both are obviously confused.

CHARLIE
Hello??

Derek and Michael still look confused.

SOUND EFFECT — DING!!!

Derek and Michael realize and start laughing uncontrollably.

DEREK
Ow shit!

MICHAEL
Fuck Man, I can’t believe this kind of shit really happens! That motherfucker’s gonna get some head tonight!

Derek and Michael continues laughing while Charlie seems annoyed.

CHARLIE
You serious aar?
DEREK
Sorry Man! This is like... the best thing ever!

MICHAEL
Man, if I were you I’d better go and sterilize that shit already. It’s gonna take fucking days!

CHARLIE
I better cut his PUCKING nuts off, turn it into hard cash and buy a new one laa!

Derek puts his hand on Charlie’s shoulder.

DEREK
(still laugh a little)
C’mon Man! Chill! This is not that bad.

CHARLIE
Yeah, it’s PUCKING easy for you to say that aar. No one uses your shaver to clean their itty bity forrest down there laa!

MICHAEL
C’mon Man just buy a fucking new one! It’s like 50 bucks!

CHARLIE
50 bucks is like three PUCKING dinner Man you know ar! Man, whoever that bitch she better got some herpes! Damn, this is why people hate Frenchs you know!

Derek puts his hand down.

DEREK
Actually, I like French people.

Michael gets up.

MICHAEL
Yeah, Imma cool with them too. Some of them, my best homies, are fucking French.

DEREK
You mean Ettiene?

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
And his XL big bro.

DEREK
Dude, they were made in USA.

Michael opens the fridge and takes a can of beer.

MICHAEL
They got French daddy. What’s the fucking different? Suck a dick Man!

Michael drinks the beer.

CHARLIE
Ow I’m not lar! You know I was once in Paris and the MOTHERP**UCKERS there treated me like shit you know!

DEREK
Really?

MICHAEL
Maybe because that’s what you are!

Charlie advances towards Michael.

CHARLIE
P**UCK you!

Derek stops Charlie.

DEREK
(to Charlie)
Hey Dude, chill!

DEREK
(to Michael)
Mike, cut it off!

Michael laughs and takes a gulp of his beer.

DEREK
(turns to Charlie)
Okay Char, what exactly do you mean with ‘treated you like shit?’

CHARLIE
You know, once I was struggling to keep my anus closed and politely, POLITELY, ask a nice guy there, "Sir, can you tell me where the

(MORE)
CHARLIE (cont’d)

toilet please?" And did that motherfucker answer me? Yes! But in French! I asked again, "Sir, can you please, PLEASE, tell me in English? Imma no speak French laar!" And he was like, "No! PUCK yo black ass! Imma speaking French to you!"

DEREK

Wow wow wow! He said that? He really said "fuck yo black ass" when you were asked him to speak English?

Charlie fills his cup with water.

CHARLIE

Not directly laar! But what he did implied so!

MICHAEL

Dude, even my fucking grandmama would say that you look like Jackie Chan instead of Barrack Obama!

Charlie drinks the water.

CHARLIE

See! That’s the point!

Suddenly, Derek’s phone rings. He takes and looks at it.

CHARLIE

Somebody call you?

DEREK

No, it’s a text message.

Michael raises his beer with his right hand.

MICHAEL

Wooho! Derek got a fucking text from his new bitch!

DEREK

It’s my Mom, goddamit!

Michael puts down his hand.
MICHAEL

Oopps... sorry!

Derek reads the text message while walking around the room. His friends stare at him.

Derek becomes more and more annoyed as he reads the message. Derek stops on a spot.

DEREK

(Still looking on his phone)
Man, this sucks!

MICHAEL

Look like it’s your fucking turn now huh!

CHARLIE

What is it?

DEREK

(turns his head to his friends)
My Mom somehow decided that I have to host the goddamn family annual Christmas dinner!

Charlie puts some water into his cup.

CHARLIE

What’s wrong with that?

DEREK

I am a piece of shit when it comes to hosting anything like this shit Man!

MICHAEL

What’s so hard Man? Just hire some cheap-ass bitches from 14th Street corner and them homies will say that it’s the best fucking night ever!

DEREK

Dude! it’s a family diner!

MICHAEL

(looks confused)
Your families don’t like bitches?
DEREK
There will be like... kids there!

Michael confusedly pauses for a while.

MICHAEL
Kids don’t like bithces?

Derek seems confused with Michael’s answer. He then turns away and walks to the door.

DEREK
Nevermind!

CHARLIE
Where are you going ar?

DEREK
Supermarket! I have to get things ready from now on!

Charlie puts down his cup.

CHARLIE
I’m coming! I want to buy some PUCKING cheese cake ar!

Derek walks out of the door and Charlie follows him.

Michael walks and puts his can of beer on the table. He then sits on the chair.

Michael takes the magazine Derek read earlier and starts to read through it.

MICHAEL
Lets see...

Michael seems surprised by something in the magazine.

MICHAEL
Man! Are you fucking kidding me?

FADE OUT