

Untitled  
Screenplay By  
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Two boys, DEVIN and WINSTON, late teens, sit atop the roof of a suburban house. It's pitch black outside, with only the moon and the stars illuminating the two boys.

There's silence as Devin stares off into the distance and takes a few sips from his beer while Winston carefully prepares a joint.

Once Winston rolls the joint, he puts it into his mouth and lights it. He takes two hits then passes it to Devin.

Devin takes one hit and Winston takes a sip from his beer.

DEVIN

Who did you get this from?

Winston laughs as Devin takes another hit.

WINSTON

Mason.

Devin begins coughing out the smoke as he laughs.

DEVIN

(laughingly)

Jesus. That's why it tastes like shit.

Winston and Devin start laughing together.

DEVIN

Seriously! It's like sour. Where does he get this shit from?

WINSTON

When its ten bucks a gram, you don't ask questions.

DEVIN

When its ten bucks a gram, you don't buy it!

They continue to laugh and Devin passes the joint to Winston, who takes another hit. They both drink from their beers.

WINSTON

Mason's trash weed is gonna be one of the things I'll miss about this place.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

Really?

Winston takes another hit then passes the joint to Devin.

WINSTON

It's endearing, you know? Its what we grew up on.

Devin laughs and takes a hit. They continue to sporadically drink their bears throughout the conversation.

DEVIN

Fuck that. I'll appreciate the good stuff in Colorado.

WINSTON

Is that the only reason you chose to go there? For legal weed?

DEVIN

I mean, what other reason would I have to go there.

WINSTON

Well when I looked at colleges, I looked at shit like academics, sports, campus life.

DEVIN

Yeah. Campus life, weed, same thing.

WINSTON

You really don't give a shit, do you?

Devin and Winston crack open new beers and continuously drink them.

DEVIN

What is there to give a shit about?

WINSTON

I don't know. Getting a job once you graduate. That seems pretty important.

DEVIN

That's exactly what I don't give a shit about.

WINSTON

What do you want to do after college, then?

DEVIN

I don't know, man. A career just seems shitty, you know.

WINSTON

What do you mean?

DEVIN

I mean, like, once you get a job, its done. Its like having your freedom stripped. You have a schedule, and a boss, and shit. That's when your life starts to decline.

WINSTON

I don't know what you're talking about. You get all the freedom you want after college.

DEVIN

Yeah, you have the option to do whatever you want after college, but no one does what they want. Everyone just gets a job and settles down because that's what they're expected to do. It's a norm that everyone is too afraid to stray from.

WINSTON

That's what I want to do. If I didn't want to do it I wouldn't.

DEVIN

Bullshit. You're a fucking finance major. Do you really want to graduate and work some unfulfilling desk job just for the sake of making money?

Winston takes another hit.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

That's not what you want to do. That's what your parents want you to do. That's what society expects you to do.

(CONTINUED)

WINSTON

Alright, Confucius. What do you want to do.

DEVIN

I want to live life to its fullest, you know? Experience different cultures. Climb mountains. Run with the bulls. See the wonders of the world. I want to be impulsive, and do whatever I want to do, not what everyone wants me to do.

Winston takes another hit and they each crack open a new beer.

DEVIN

(cont'd)

No one realizes it, but life is short, you have to put every second of it to good use.

WINSTON

I've never thought about it like that.

DEVIN

Isn't that what you want? Don't you want to be free?

Winston laughs.

WINSTON

(laughingly)

Alright, I don't want to be a fucking finance major. That's just what my parents wanted.

Devin laughs.

DEVIN

(jokingly)

Told you.

They both laugh.

DEVIN

So what do you want to do.

WINSTON

Your little fantasy doesn't seem to bad. I'll run with the bulls. Climb the seven summits. Sleep with some foreign women.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

That's what I'm talking about. A chick in each country. That's what I'm going for.

They both laugh.

DEVIN

That's what I'm gonna do. Fuck college.

WINSTON

Easier said than done.

DEVIN

I'm serious. I'm out. I'm not going to college.

Winston gives Devin a bewildered look.

WINSTON

Just like that. You're done. You think your mom is just gonna let you stay at home and play xbox.

DEVIN

No. I'm gonna run away.

WINSTON

Run away?

DEVIN

Yeah. Right now. Lets go the airport and take the first international flight out of here.

Winston laughs.

WINSTON

Oh, you want me to join.

DEVIN

Of course I do. You're my best friend man.

WINSTON

What about our families. They're just never gonna hear from us again?

DEVIN

We'll write to them.

(CONTINUED)

WINSTON

And money? How are we gonna get money if we don't have jobs?

DEVIN

Money will work itself out.

WINSTON

That doesn't mean anything. I hate to rain on your parade, but we need to buy plane tickets, food, water, shelter.

The two boys stare into the distance and they each crack open a new beer.

DEVIN

Lets rob a gas station.

Winston laughs.

DEVIN

I'm serious. Let's rob a gas station here to get money for the plane tickets, then rob places whenever we need money later on.

Winston carefully observes Devin's face.

WINSTON

Shit. You are serious.

DEVIN

Of course I am! I want to do this. I want to escape this prison.

WINSTON

You're gonna have to worry about real prison if you wanna rob gas stations.

DEVIN

Dude, like ninety percent of robbers never get caught.

WINSTON

That's not true at all.

DEVIN

Ok, not ninety. But most don't.

(CONTINUED)

WINSTON  
(sarcastically)  
Alright. What's your plan?

DEVIN  
We drive to the gas station on  
Murray Road, rob it, then haul ass  
to the airport.

WINSTON  
You make robbery sound very easy.

DEVIN  
Exactly. It's so easy.

WINSTON  
If it's so easy, why doesn't  
everyone do it?

DEVIN  
I'm asking myself the same  
question.

Winston laughs.

WINSTON  
Alright. What if the cashier just  
says no.

DEVIN  
We'll beat the shit out of him and  
take the money ourselves.

WINSTON  
Look at us dude. We couldn't beat  
someone up if we tried. And what if  
he's some huge ass dude and just  
fucking drops us.

DEVIN  
My dad keeps his gun in his truck.  
We can easily take it.

WINSTON  
(nervously)  
Holy shit.

DEVIN  
The cashier won't say no if he  
thinks he's gonna die.

Winston nervously runs his hand through his hair.



DEVIN

It's the middle of the night.  
There'll only be one guy working.  
It'll take like five minutes.

WINSTON

I don't know.

DEVIN

Think about it, man. This is what  
you want.

Winston appears to be in deep thought.

WINSTON

You're a lunatic, man. You haven't  
thought this out.

DEVIN

You haven't thought this out! What  
do you want to do? Live your entire  
life being a paper pusher?

Winston appears to be both nervous and contemplative.

DEVIN

Come on dude. I know this is what  
you want. I know you want to break  
away.

Winston begins nodding his head.

WINSTON

What if the police come--

DEVIN

They won't. The cashier won't call  
the police until we leave.

WINSTON

What if the police catch us. We're  
fucked. We won't even be able to go  
to college, let alone some  
worldwide adventure.

DEVIN

You know what? If we don't do this,  
we're fucked. If we don't do this,  
we're gonna go to college, get a  
job, and spend our whole lives  
sitting behind a desk. I'd rather  
get arrested trying to live a  
meaningful life than to not try at  
all.

(CONTINUED)

Winston appears to be dreadfully nervous while Devin looks hopelessly hopeful.

DEVIN

And they won't catch us, man. We'll be quick. We take the money and go. No one will get our plates.

WINSTON

How much money do you think we'll get?

DEVIN

At least enough for two plane tickets. Just what we need to start our new lives.

Winston continues to think.

DEVIN

If you don't want to do this, fine. But I'm gonna go, because I know that if I don't, I'm gonna spend my whole life in some dead end job regretting it.

Winston still doesn't speak.

DEVIN

And I know that you'll regret it to.

WINSTON

You have my back, right?

DEVIN

Always.

WINSTON

Fuck it. Lets do it.

DEVIN

(ferociously smiling)  
Lets do it man.

2

EXT-DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

2

Devin and Winston quietly approach a truck. Devin opens the passenger door, opens the glove box, and pulls out a black 9mm handgun. He cockily displays it to Winston.

(CONTINUED)

WINSTON  
 (laughingly)  
 Your dad's a dumbass.

Devin laughs as he closes the door. He then shoves the gun into his waistband, opens the back door, and pulls a backpack from underneath the backseat.

DEVIN  
 (handing the backpack to  
 Winston)  
 Here. For the money.

Winston grabs the backpack.

WINSTON  
 Shouldn't I have some sort of  
 weapon?

DEVIN  
 No, its fine. There'll only be one  
 clerk.

WINSTON  
 (unsurely)  
 Alright.

DEVIN  
 Lets get going.

The two boys walks towards a car parked next to the truck and climb inside. Once the car is started, it backs out, and drives down the street.

3 EXT-GAS STATION-NIGHT 3

Devin's car pulls into a parking spot right outside the convenience store of the gas station. The only person in the store is the clerk who is sitting behind the register.

4 INT-CAR-NIGHT 4

Devin puts the car in park then turns it off.

DEVIN  
 Only one clerk. Just like I said.

He then takes the gun from his waist and holds it in his hand.

WINSTON  
 Shit Devin! We don't have face  
 masks.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

Shit.

There's a moment of silence as the two boys think.

DEVIN

Fuck it. We'll be fine.

WINSTON

What do you mean?

DEVIN

The quality of security cameras suck. They won't be able to make out our faces.

Winston nervously shakes his head.

DEVIN

We're this far, dude. Come on. We'll be out of the country by the time police get here.

WINSTON

Alright, fine, lets go.

DEVIN

In then out. You ready?

WINSTON

Yeah. Lets go.

The two boys get out of the car.

5 EXT-GAS STATION-NIGHT

5

Devin and Winston approach the door and then open it.

6 INT-STORE-NIGHT

6

Devin and Winston storm into the store. Devin points his gun directly at the clerk.

DEVIN

(screaming)

Give us the fucking money!

The two boys run towards the register and clerk jumps back and throws his hands into the air.

DEVIN

Open the fucking register and give us all of the money!

(CONTINUED)

Both of the boys are at the register, Devin's gun is just inches away from the clerk's head. Winston holds the open backpack towards the clerk.

WINSTON

Put all the money in here! Fast!

The clerk frantically opens the register and begins loading the backpack with money.

DEVIN

(to the clerk)

Lets go! Faster!

The clerk finishes loading the money and Winston zips the backpack closed.

Suddenly, a door towards the back of the store bursts open and ANOTHER CLERK, who is holding a shotgun storms out.

CLERK #2

Hey!

As soon as the two boys turn around, Devin points his gun his gun at the second clerk, and the second clerk SHOTS HIS SHOTGUN. The slug impacts Winston's upper chest, causing him to flail back as his blood splatters across the store.

Devin, who is now covered with Winston's blood, falls to the floor in fear. The second clerk pumps the shotgun, ejecting the shell, then turns to Devin.

Devin, still on the floor, raises his gun and FIRES ONE SHOT at the clerk. The bullet flies through the clerk's stomach, causing blood to splatter on the wall behind him.

The first clerk is taking cover behind the counter.

Devin continues to sit on the floor, his body stuck in the same position as it was when he shot the armed clerk. His face is still covered by his shirt, but his fear-filled eyes are opened wide.

He then turns to Winston, whose body is sprawled across the floor, drowning in his own blood.

Still sitting on the floor, Devin begins to shake Winston.

DEVIN

(shaking Winston)

Winston. Come on, man. We have to go.

Winston's body remains completely limp and unresponsive.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN  
(vigorously shaking winston)  
Winston! The cops are coming! Lets  
go.

When Winston continues to lay unresponsive, Devin rolls over to his back, covering his hands with his face as he cries.

DEVIN  
(crying)  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Devin cries for around ten seconds until he hears police sirens in the distance. He frantically bursts up, takes the backpack from Winston's hand and puts it on, and begins dragging Winston out of the store, leaving a large trail of blood.

7 EXT-GAS STATION-NIGHT

7

Devin drags Winston towards the car, opens the back door of the car, and loads Winston's body into the back seat.

The police sirens progressively get louder.

He closes the door then runs to front door, opens it, and gets into the drivers seat.

As soon as the car is started, it pulls out, and takes off.

FADE OUT.

THE END