

PUNKS ROBBERY SCENE

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INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

This place is a typical convenience store located in a run-down strip mall. Bright fluorescent lights beat down and reflect on the glossy white floor, it's blinding to the hungover patrons that seldom walk in. The items in the aisles are scattered and scarce, and the fridges lining the back produce a low whirring sound, which is the only thing that can be heard.

MR. DUNCAN, the clerk walks out of a door behind the counter. He is a man of about 60, moving towards a chair behind the register with a slightly arched back, and weak movements. He sits down, places a pair of cheap reading glasses on the tip of his nose, and begins to read texts from an old touchscreen phone.

Just then, the bell rings with the sound of a creaking door. A YOUNG MAN walks in. His clothes are rugged and worn: a pair of dark gray jeans, and a black hoodie, with the hood down. There's a beanie on his head that keeps the hair off his face, a dumb choice, but at least he wears a pair of black shades to compensate. He tries to walk straight to one of the aisles but Mr. Duncan speaks before he can go far:

MR. DUNCAN

(unemotionally politely)

Good morning.

The young man looks back, startled. He nods awkwardly, and turns back to the aisle. He begins to look through the items. Picking one up every so often, to give the impression that he has a purpose.

He looks through the same aisle for a while, which causes Mr. Duncan to look up at him from his phone. His head still tilted down, he follows the punk's movement with his eyes. Who eventually stops for a moment. Then picks something out and, at a slower pace than before, walks towards the register, and places a candy bar on the counter.

Mr. Duncan stays seated for a moment, looking up at the kid. Then stands up and scans his purchase.

MR. DUNCAN

Dollar sixty.

The young man stands silent, staring down at the candy bar. His mouth half-open, as if he were deep in thought. There is a slight trembling in his demeanor, and a quiver on his lip...

MR. DUNCAN

Sir?

Still looking straight down...

YOUNG MAN

Uh, yeah-

He pats his leg pockets, then slowly reaches into the one on his hoodie and stops.

Silence.

He gathers courage.

And in one quick motion, points a small handgun at the clerk's head, who flinches back, and puts his hands up slightly.

MR. DUNCAN

(Carefully)

Okay... let's stay calm, son. What do you need?

YOUNG MAN

(anxiously, quiet)

Just- whatever's in the register.

(beat.)

Come on!

MR. DUNCAN

Okay, okay. You don't have a bag or anything?

The kid stays silent. The man begins to move to open the register-

YOUNG MAN

Slowly!

The man slows down, and begins taking the money out. The kid looks around at the cameras.

MR. DUNCAN

I'll always wonder what makes young men like you do things like thes-

YOUNG MAN

Shut up.

MR. DUNCAN

(still taking money out)
I know you think there are no other options. But believe me, kid, there are.

YOUNG MAN

Stop talking!

The bell rings again.

YOUNG WOMAN

Beck!

They both turn to the door; a YOUNG WOMAN is standing there. Like the boy, she also wears mostly dark clothes, and combat boots. She looks perplexed at the scene.

BECK (young man)

(snapping at her)
What are you doing!

YOUNG WOMAN

You were taking really long, I got scared!

BECK

Get back in the car, I'm almost done-

They're interrupted by the sound of a cocking barrel.

Mr. Duncan is now pointing a shotgun at Beck's face...

They all stand frozen.

After a long silence Mr. Duncan speaks:

MR. DUNCAN

Y'all can take the money, I can tell you need it. I understand the position you're in. I only hope that you can take this as a lesson, and use it for good. I-

BANG.

Beck pulls the trigger, hitting the clerk on the chest. Mr. Duncan screams, using all his strength to stay up. He begins to fall back, and as he does so he shoots, missing Beck's head by an inch.

The girl screams. She and Beck stand frozen, perplexed. He looks at her with terror, and back at the old man, who groans in pain.

Beck looks back at the girl, and speaks at her, almost commanding.

BECK

Back to the car.
(beat.)
Come on! Let's go!

They dash out.

The loud whirring of the freezers just barely masks Mr. Duncan's gasps for air.