

September

By

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INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The light of early morning creeps in through the blinds. Golden stripes illuminate the posters hanging on the wall. Steve McQueen. James Dean. Marlon Brando. Various posters of vintage motorcycles: a Kawasaki, a BSA, and multiple Harleys.

DANIEL (18) sits on his bed and yawns. He has on jeans and a short sleeved button-up shirt. In his hands is a revolver. He cleans it with a rag.

He looks at his watch. He wraps the gun in the rag and slides it underneath his mattress.

A comb glides through his hair as he looks in a mirror. His eyes hang on the poster of James Dean in the reflection.

EXT. DANIEL'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Daniel pulls the garage door shut. He squints at the rising sun. His hand moves to shade his eyes as he walks over to his bike. His leg swings over the frame. He stands up on the pedals and pushes off into the road.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

ANNE (36) stocks a shelf with cereal boxes.

DING.

Daniel pulls the door closed behind him.

ANNE

You're late.

DANIEL

I'm early.

Daniel walks over to the magazine rack and grabs a copy of a motorcycle magazine. Anne looks at her watch.

ANNE

So you are.

Anne gets off her ladder and moves it to the next isle. She wheels a box of cans to that isle.

Daniel saunters over to the checkout counter. He drops his magazine and leans over the counter. He takes a lollipop from a display on the counter. He opens the register, drops fifty cents, and tosses it shut.

(CONTINUED)

Anne lifts a can to stock it but pauses. She turns to face Daniel.

ANNE

What are you doing here?

Daniel pops the lollipop into his mouth and flips open the magazine.

DANIEL

Hmm?

ANNE

What are you doing here?

Daniel's eyes dart up to look up at Anne. He looks back at his magazine.

DANIEL

I ... work here?

ANNE

No, I ... I mean ... why are you working here?

Daniel methodically turns the page of his magazine.

DANIEL

For money.

A Beat.

ANNE

It's September and, and you're still here.

Daniel lifts his head to look at Anne. He rolls the lollipop from one side of his mouth to another. He lets out a sigh and returns to reading the magazine

Anne nods and returns to stocking the cans. She again pauses.

ANNE

It's just ... you're bright. You'll read that cover to cover in half an hour. You add tax and give change without the register. I ... I mean I OWN this place and I know this is no future.

DANIEL
I'm saving up for a bike.

Anne chuckles and continues to stock the cans.

ANNE
I don't get that tough guy thing.
That's not you.

Daniel clears his throat. He continues read.

ANNE
Well, I ... I'll be in the back.
Try to look alive, okay?

Anne wheels an empty dolly into the back of the store.

DING.

Daniel's eyes dart up to the door. A TEENAGE GIRL (16) walks in. She wears jeans and a t-shirt. Daniel returns to reading. Text flies past his eyes.

DING.

COBRA (27) looks around the store as the door swings closed behind him. He wears a leather jacket over a white t-shirt and old jeans. He has cheap sunglasses perched low on his nose and a toothpick hangs on his lip. He has a tattoo of a cobra on his neck. He looks much like James Dean.

Cobra slowly walks around the isles. Daniel's eyes look up at him. Daniel follows him as he walks up to the girl.

Cobra flirts with the girl. He pulls at his collar to show her his tattoo, gesturing towards himself with his other hand. Daniel's eyes follow his every move. He points out the window of the store at a motorcycle. The girl nod politely and inches away from him. Daniel returns to reading.

DING.

Daniel's eyes pour over the magazine.

COBRA
A pack of Newports and ...

Daniel's eyes hang on a paragraph. He swings his head up. The barrel of a pistol stares back at him.

Daniel jerks up. His eyes dart around the store. The girl has left. Cobra stand in front of him with a slight smirk and his head cocked to the side.

COBRA

And everything in the register.

Cobra rolls the toothpick across his mouth. Daniel's mouth hangs open, his lollipop teetering on his lip. He squeezes his eyes shut and reopens them. He swallows

DANIEL

I, um ... what?

COBRA

Wake up, compadre, you're bein' robbed.

Daniel opens his mouth to speak.

CRACK.

His lollipop cascades out of his mouth and smashes onto the counter. Daniel freezes. He holds his hands open a couple inches above the counter. His eyes fix on Cobra's gun. They narrow as he focuses on it.

Cobra looks down at the shattered lollipop. He picks up the stick and looks at it. His eyes shoot up to Daniel.

COBRA

Tsk, tsk. Those things'll rot ya teeth.

DANIEL

You're uh, you're right.

Daniel slowly lowers his hands to rest on the edge of the counter. His eyes dart to the door to the back room, then snap back to Cobra.

Cobra's eyes dart around the store. He flicks his toothpick.

COBRA

The register?

DANIEL

Um yeah, uh, sure thing.

Daniel's eyes dart to the back room door again. He inches towards the register. His right hand slips under the lip of the counter. He runs his hand along the counter to silent alarm button.

He presses it. His eyes again dart to the back room door.

Daniel stops moving. He looks Cobra in the eyes.

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DANIEL

Nice, uh, nice glasses.

Cobra raises an eyebrow. His lips part. He hangs like this.

A beat.

A chuckle rises out of Cobra.

COBRA

Heh, thanks. Same ones Cruise wore
in Risky Business.

Daniel opens his mouth to say something, but close it. He gives an empty smile. He again looks at Cobra's gun, squinting at it.

He looks back at Cobra's face. He continues towards the register.

CHING.

The drawer flies open. Daniel puts a hand to the stack of ones. He pauses. He looks up at Cobra.

DANIEL

I uh ... I have to get a bag.

Daniel raises a hand and gestures at the bags down the counter. He remains still.

Cobra rolls his toothpick. He turns to look around the store.

A beat.

Cobra stares at Daniel.

COBRA

Okay?

Daniel nods and walks over to the bags. He takes care and removes one bag. He looks out the front window of the store.

Cobra lowers the gun to the counter, resting his hand. He swallows.

DANIEL

Is that your bike?

Cobra looks down at the magazine on the counter. He chuckles and throws a glance over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

COBRA

Yep, yeah it is. '57 Harley.

Daniel's brow furrows. His hands rest on the counter.

DANIEL

That ... that's not a Harley.

Cobra's chuckle trails off. He flicks his toothpick.

COBRA

What's that?

A beat.

DANIEL

That's not a Harley.

COBRA

I think I know what kinda bike I drive.

DANIEL

Thats a '83 Kawasaki.

A beat.

The toothpick snaps to the other side of Cobra's mouth.

COBRA

Just get the fucking money.

Daniel's eyes dart down to the gun. He looks to Cobra's face, then to the door to the back room.

Daniel walks back to the register. He flips up the clip on the stack of ones. He slides his fingers under the stack. His eyes look up to Cobra. They dart to the front window.

Red and blue lights start to flash on the glass.

Cobra's eyes follow Daniel's hand and he lowers the bills into the bag. Daniel moves on to the fives. His eyes dart over to the door to the back room. He looks back to the gun.

DANIEL

That's not even loaded, is it?

COBRA

What!?

The gun rises from the counter. Cobra's breath quickens. His eyes narrow.

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COBRA
You fucking nuts?

Daniel stops lifting the stack of fives. He places them back in the drawer. He looks Cobra in the eyes.

DANIEL
That gun's not loaded.

Daniel straightens his back. He rest the bag on the counter. Cobra's hand starts to shake with the weight of the gun.

COBRA
Listen, punk! Don't push me! Get
the fucking money!

DANIEL
Punk?! You're robbing a convenience
store.

SNAP.

The broken half of a toothpick falls to the counter. Cobra's eye twitches.

DANIEL
You're a joke.

Daniel looks Cobra in the eyes. His hand flies at the gun, slamming it against the register.

Cobra grabs Daniel by the shirt.

SMACK.

Cobra cracks Daniel in the head with the butt of his gun. Daniel's forehead splits open and blood runs down his cheek. Cobra lets go and Daniel slumps back against the wall.

Cobra begins panting. His eyes dart from left to right. His gaze lands on the back room. His hand and the gun falls to the counter.

Out from the back room comes Anne, carrying a shotgun.

Cobra's mouth hangs open. He shakes his head slightly. His arms fall to his sides. He takes a careful step backwards. Then another

Cobra looks Daniel in the eyes. Another step.

COBRA
Not cool, man!

Cobra spins and around and bolts for the door.

CRACK.

As his foot hits the threshold, a nightstick smashes into his nose. Cobra slams into the ground, his glasses rocketing through the doorway. A COP (40) stands over a motionless Cobra.

Daniel looks on with a still gaze.

FADE TO

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Red and blue lights color the pavement. Blood drips down Cobra's shattered nose and into his mouth as he sits in the back of the squad car. He struggles to keep his eyes open.

Anne stands a few feet away. The Cop is interviewing her.

ANNE
... came as soon as you did. Good
thing I bought that gun. Never know
what scum ...

Daniel leans against the brick wall of the store. He has a bandage around his forehead, but a bit of blood still runs down his forehead. His arms hang crossed on his chest. He stares at the squad car in front of him.

He looks at the mangled Cobra. He blinks. He looks at him again. Cobra's head falls back on the headrest.

A glint of red catches Daniel's gaze. He looks at the sunglasses lying on the pavement.

Daniel walks to the sunglasses and kneels next to them. He lowers a hand to pick them up. His finger stops an inch short. Daniel looks at the sunglasses. He stands up.

CRUNCH.

Daniel twist his toe. Shards of plastic snap out from between the rubber and pavement. Fragments scatter in the red and blue light.

Daniel lifts his foot. He turns around and goes back inside the store and pulls the door closed behind him.

FADE TO BLACK