

**A PERFECT DAY**  
By Curtis Rainey

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Blue skies. Not a cloud in sight. A perfect day.

RICK (17) -- athletic, hot, probably has a plethora of girls falling at his feet sits on the roof of a small and gritty three-storey high school.

He has his legs pulled up to his chest. His eyes scan the surroundings.

BELOW

Lunch is in session. Students scatter the grass lawns outside the building.

SAM (O.S.)  
Hey stranger.

BACK TO SCENE

Rick turns his head to see --

SAM (16) -- blonde, innocent looking. An out-going boy with feminine features. Most definitely gay.

RICK  
Hi.

SAM  
Unusual spot for lunch, don't 'ya think?

RICK  
I needed privacy.

SAM  
I need a sandwich.

Sam sits down close to Rick on the roof, un-zips his backpack and takes out sandwiches wrapped in foil. A smile paints it's way across his lips.

He takes one of the sandwiches out and offers it to Rick.

SAM (CONT'D)  
They're chicken and mayo.

Rick shakes his head.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Full-fat mayo?

Another head-shake from Rick. He looks out over the landscape again as wind wisps past both the teenagers.

SAM (CONT'D)

Your loss.

He bites into the sandwich.

RICK

She hit me again...

Sam stops eating. Sets his food down.

As he turns to Sam, we finally get a full-view of his face. A purple bruise graces his cheek.

SAM

Oh my God...

RICK

She was drunk. Remember the promise I told you she made?

Rick laughs to himself.

RICK (CONT'D)

Said she's stopped. The alcohol, the abuse. Lasted about four days, Sam.

SAM

What happened? She was doing so well.

RICK

Jack Daniels got to her after her boyfriend broke up over the phone with her. She went nuts.

Sam leans in, touches Rick's hand. But Rick instantly moves away. Almost uncomfortable with it.

Sam sighs.

SAM

She always does this to you.

RICK

Well, she won't be doing it anymore Sam.

Sam's eyebrow furrows.

SAM

What do you mean?

Rick peers down over the edge of the roof.

BELOW

Student crowds grow as more people exit the building.

RETURN TO SCENE

RICK

I mean... she won't be a problem  
ever again.

Rick reaches inside his jacket, and when he pulls out his hand, he holds an old rusted REVOLVER. He throws it and it lands with a clatter beside Sam.

SAM'S EYES are glued on the object. He gulps. Panicked.

SAM

You're kidding, right?

Sam laughs nervously. Rick simply shakes his head.

SAM (CONT'D)

You killed her?!

Rick nods.

RICK

She was a pathetic excuse for a  
mom. I promised she'd never hurt  
me again. She'll never hurt anyone  
ever fucking again.

Sam's eyes widen.

SAM

What... oh my God... I...

RICK

(Interrupting)  
You helped me.

Sam is cut off, goes silent for a moment. He's in shock.

SAM

What?

RICK

You helped me.

Rick sighs.

RICK (CONT'D)

Only for a while...

SAM

It's going to be okay.

Sam gets to his feet and moves across to sit down beside Rick.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You're going to be okay. We don't  
need to tell anyone.

RICK  
Before I called you to come up  
here, I called the police. Told  
them I shot her. They'll be here  
soon.

As if ON CUE -- in the distance the sound of SIRENS grows  
nearer and nearer. Closing in.

Sam locks eyes with Rick. Who is void of emotion. His eyes  
glassy. Dejected.

SAM  
Why?! Why would you do that?!

RICK  
Because there's nothing left for  
me. Not even you.

SAM  
Are you crazy?! I'll always be  
here for you. Always!

RICK  
I don't deserve you, Sam. You'll  
find someone. I'm not him though.  
Someone better than me. I can't  
even accept myself for Christ's  
sake.

Sam's eyes water.

SAM  
But I accept you!

Rick gets to his feet.

RICK  
No you don't.

He walks slowly to where he threw the gun, picks it up  
carefully, and cradles it in his hands.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Here.

He moves to Sam, who remains frozen on the ground. Trying to  
hold back a Hoover Dam of tears.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Take this.

Rick hands him the old revolver.

RICK (CONT'D)

And end it.

Sam scrambles to his feet.

SAM

You sound crazy! This is all going to work out! No more weird talk, it was self-defense! She hit you! We'll tell the police what happened.

BELOW

Around the school, TWO POLICE CARS skid to a stop in the car park and run, armed with guns, across the green lawn onto the grounds.

BACK ON THE ROOF

RICK

The only problem with that is that it's a lie.

SAM

What do you mean?!

RICK

After she stopped throwing punches, she fell asleep. I walked in. With the gun. She was in bed, and I aimed for her skull... and I closed my eyes...

Rick doesn't finish the sentence. Sam gulps. Running out of options.

SAM

Rick, listen to me! You're a good person! This isn't you, she did this to you!

Rick and Sam are at the edge of the roof. Rick slowly leans in and KISSES Sam on the cheek before moving away.

RICK

Yea... she did.

With a wave, Rick falls backwards and topples off the roof.

He vanishes from view. Leaving Sam shocked and shaken. He reaches out, but it's too late.

BELOW

It's hard to see Rick's body.

He's surrounded by shocked and distraught students. Screams ring out. Some look up to the roof and see Sam with the GUN still in his hands.

He drops the gun. Falls to the ground.

And sobs his heart out.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**SUPER: A WEEK LATER**

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING

SAM looks terrible. Bags under his eyes. Fatigued. He looms at his locker.

A GIRL walking down the hallway approaches Sam. She stops in front of him.

GIRL

Hey Sam.

Sam looks at her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to hear about your cousin.

The girl lowers her head. Not sorry at all, just trying to be nice.

She walks down the hallway which is almost empty.

Sam sighs.

ON THE INSIDE OF HIS LOCKER -- a picture of both him and Rick. They have their arms around each other. Smiling.

Sam looks away.

Puts his hand into the locker and takes out the REVOLVER.

With a determined exhale, Sam tightens his grip on the gun.

His eyes close.

He places the barrel of the gun in his mouth.

He's shaking.

**BLACK.**

SILENCE for a moment until --

A gun-shot rings out.

A GIRL SCREAMS soon after.

**THE END**