

NO, IT'S MUCH WORSE
An original screenplay
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FADE IN:

I/E. BRAD'S CAR/A SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

BRAD, a construction worker, 32, pulls up to the curb in his Toyota Tercel and puts it in park. The expression on his face is clear, he's not in a good mood.

The car's not in good shape either. The roof is caved in, a huge crater sunk down almost to the top of the head-rests, like a massive boulder must have been dropped on it.

Brad has to sit with his neck to one side, his head up against the side window. He gives his horn one loud honk.

A moment later we hear a screen door bang shut and boots clatter down a set of wooden steps. As they approach the car, they slow down, almost coming to a halt.

STEVE (O.S.)

Brad, what the hell happened to your car?

BRAD

It's not as bad as it looks.

(a beat)

We're gonna be late. Just, get in, would'ya?

STEVE, 30, opens the rear passenger-side door and gets in.

STEVE

It doesn't look safe. You're gonna get pulled over by the cops--

BRAD

I don't wanna talk about it, alright? Is that OK?

STEVE

Yeah. OK, suit yourself.

Brad puts the car into drive and pulls away from the curb.

I/E. BRAD'S CAR/ANOTHER SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Brad pulls up to the curb in front of another house and lays on the horn. A door slams shut and boots come stumbling down the walkway.

JOEY, 29, circles the car and gets in the back seat next to Steve. A beat as Joey looks at the ceiling of the car.

JOEY
What ha--?

STEVE
(to Joey)
It's not as bad as it looks.

Joey still wants to ask, but Steve shakes his head, clearly telling him not to. Joey gives Steve a look, like "What's going on?" Steve shrugs he doesn't know. Brad drives.

JOEY
(changing the topic)
Anyways, you're never gonna believe what happened. I just got off the phone with Eddie, turns out he broke his arm last night.

STEVE
Geez, how'd that happen?

JOEY
He didn't say. But, the doc told him it's gonna take six weeks to heal, so he's not gonna be able to play ball with us this year.

BRAD
We still pickin' him up?

JOEY
Yeah, he's still gotta go in and get some forms from the boss so he can get the time off work.

STEVE
That's rough.

JOEY
Yeah, I know. Young kid, startin' a new job in a new town and then something like that happens. I couldn't believe it.
(re: the car)
And, then I see this.

A beat. Brad is just fuming at the wheel.

BRAD
Alright, you guys really wanna know what happened, do ya?
(a beat)
So, I get home from work late last night--

SERIES OF SHOTS - BRAD'S HOUSE - LAST NIGHT

A) Brad pulls into the driveway, the roof of his car still in tact.

BRAD (V.O.)
I get inside, and I start hearing
these noises coming from upstairs--

B) Brad drops his keys on the front hall table. He hears muffled voices and thumping coming from upstairs.

BRAD (V.O.)
It's coming from the bedroom. So,
I go to check it out--

C) Brad comes to the top of the stairs, starts down the hallway towards the master bedroom. The lights are off.

BRAD (V.O.)
And, what do I see? Some guy's in
bed with my wife!

D) Brad opens the door, turns on the lights. He's stunned at what he sees off-screen.

BACK TO SCENE

STEVE
Shocking.

BRAD
D'you know what she says to me--?

INSERT - BRAD - LAST NIGHT

Still stunned, standing in the doorway.

BRAD'S WIFE (O.S.)
I know what this looks like, but,
it's not as bad as it looks.

BACK TO SCENE

JOEY
No way.

STEVE
So, then what happened?

INSERT - BRAD - LAST NIGHT

Still frozen in the doorway.

BRAD (V.O.)

So, I'm standin' there dumbfounded, unable to do anything, and this guy panics, he grabs his clothes and goes out the window onto the roof of the house. A moment later, there's this loud crash outside.

A loud crash comes from outside the house.

BACK TO SCENE

BRAD

The guy jumped off the roof and landed on my car!

JOEY

D'ya get a good look at him?

BRAD

No. By the time I got out there, he'd already run off.

STEVE

So, what are you gonna do, now?

BRAD

I'm gettin' a divorce. And, if I ever find out who that guy was, I'm gonna kill 'em.

I/E. BRAD'S CAR/ANOTHER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up in front of an apartment block. EDDIE, a big, good-looking rock-a-billy kid, early-20s, is waiting eagerly at the curb, his left arm's in a sling with a big white cast on it.

Eddie hops into the front seat next to Brad, carrying a cardboard tray with four cups of take-out coffee in it. He passes the cups around. Everyone thanks him. Eddie notices the ceiling, but doesn't ask. Brad starts driving.

STEVE

(re: Eddie's cast)

So, what's with arm?

EDDIE

You know, funniest thing happened last night. I knocked off work early, so I decide to head to this bar around the corner here for a couple of drinks--

SERIES OF SHOTS - EDDIE - LAST NIGHT

A) Eddie sits down at the bar and orders a beer.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Anyways, I meet this good lookin'
broad there, she's all by herself--

B) Eddie stands at the jukebox drinking and laughing with a tall attractive blonde probably a few years older than he is.

EDDIE (V.O.)
And, before I know it, we've both
had a few too many and we're back
at her place hoppin' into bed--

C) Eddie and the blonde burst into the bedroom, tearing at each other's clothes.

EDDIE (V.O.)
But, just as we're really gettin'
into it, her husband shows up--!

D) The lights go on. Eddie and the blonde are buck-naked in bed.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Now, he's got the doorway blocked,
so only thing I can think of to do
is go out the window onto the roof--

E) Eddie grabs his clothes and dives out the opens window.

EDDIE (V.O.)
I was tryin' to pull my pants back
on and I fell off the roof--

F) Eddie's out on the roof, trying to pull his pants back on. He gets twisted up in the legs and trips over the edge.

BACK TO SCENE

Steve and Joey are speechless. The car is speeding now.

EDDIE
Landed on a dumpster or somethin'.
But, hey, don't worry--
(re: his arm)
It's not as bad as it looks.

Eddie can't help but chuckle a little as he takes a sip of his coffee. Brad gives him a look that could kill.

CUT TO BLACK.