

CURSED DAY EVER

Written by

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INT. GARAGE - DAY

Tools and shelves adorn the walls of the impressive open garage. Unassembled mailbox pieces are organized on the workshop table.

SINCLAIR, 12, positions her phone for a selfie. UNCLE WILL, 35, drains a glass of sweet tea and assembles the mailbox.

SINCLAIR

Ooh, I like this one! The sun is illuminating me today.

UNCLE WILL

At least for about another hour.

Uncle Will inhales.

UNCLE WILL (CONT'D)

Smell that? Rain's coming.

Sinclair examines the sky.

SINCLAIR

I don't see any clouds.

UNCLE WILL

Just wait for it.

SINCLAIR

Well, I'm excited to paint the mailbox! I'm thinking a bright red.

UNCLE WILL

We won't be able to paint it for at least a few hours.

Sinclair checks her phone, and strolls in the house smirking.

SINCLAIR

In that case, let me go find my *special* paint brushes.

UNCLE WILL

Sinclair, we have plenty of paint brushes right here.

SINCLAIR

One can never have too many paint brushes.

INT. SINCLAIR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sinclair's amateur paintings decorate the walls of her bedroom. A full length mirror stands aside the closet.

Sinclair plops onto her bed with her phone. She taps around her screen.

SINCLAIR

Now, let's see what's popping on  
the 'Gram.

Sinclair gives a dramatic gasp, and covers her mouth to stifle a squeal.

ON SINCLAIR'S IPHONE SCREEN

*"YungT\_Wat liked your photo."*

*"YungT\_Wat started following you."*

BACK TO THE SCENE

Sinclair screams and jumps out of bed.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Finally! He's following me!

Sinclair's phone dings.

ON SINCLAIR'S IPHONE SCREEN

*"YungT\_Wat added to their story."* Terrance is at the mall.

BACK TO THE SCENE

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Yes, this is perfect!

There is a knock on Sinclair's door.

INTERCUT - SINCLAIR'S ROOM/UNCLE WILL IN HALLWAY

UNCLE WILL

Sinclair, do you want sandwiches or  
do you want whatever your Aunt is  
bringing home?

SINCLAIR

Actually, I was in the mood for Del  
Taco at the mall. Can we go?

UNCLE WILL  
Nah, we just had Mexican food.  
Plus, a storm's rolling in and I  
hate driving in the rain.

Uncle Will walks away.

SINCLAIR  
Okay then, plan B.

Sinclair rushes to change her outfit, puts on jewelry, and  
examines herself in the mirror.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Perfect!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sofas occupy the clean, spacious living room. Family  
picture frames adorn the walls.

Sinclair tiptoes toward the front door. She stops when she  
sees Uncle Will is asleep on the sofa. He stirs, then awakens  
as Sinclair cracks open the front door.

UNCLE WILL  
Huh? Oh, Sinclair? Where are you  
going?

SINCLAIR  
Oh, uh, just outside to get some  
more sun before the storm hits.

UNCLE WILL  
Dressed like that?

SINCLAIR  
One can never wear too many  
outfits.

UNCLE WILL  
But you have your purse too? What's  
really going on?

SINCLAIR  
Okay, you got me. I really just  
want to go to the mall and see a  
friend of mine.

UNCLE WILL  
Okay, what time is she expecting  
you?

SINCLAIR

Well, *he's* more of an associate actually.

UNCLE WILL

Well I don't know who *he* is, but he won't be seeing you today.

SINCLAIR

Wait, are you saying I can't go?

UNCLE WILL

*Absolutamente.*

Uncle Will stands and walks down the hall. Sinclair follows.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

SINCLAIR

What's the big deal, Uncle Will?  
I'll literally be right back.

UNCLE WILL

Or, you can just stay here since you didn't bother to ask me first.

SINCLAIR

When did you become such a tyrant?!

Sinclair storms to her room and slams the door shut. Uncle Will sighs.

UNCLE WILL

No way do I miss being that age.

INT. SINCLAIR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sinclair slumps on her window sill and stares outside. She hears thunder rolling in the distance, and grunts in frustration.

Sinclair's phone dings.

ON SINCLAIR'S iPHONE SCREEN

*INSTAGRAM "YungT\_Wat added to their story".* Terrance is eating at Del Taco. The caption reads: "Flying solo today, I guess."

BACK TO THE SCENE

SINCLAIR  
Plan C, you're up!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Another wave of thunder rolls. Sinclair tiptoes out of her room, heading toward the back door. Just as she reaches for the knob, it turns and Uncle Will comes in.

UNCLE WILL  
So, this is the game you want to  
play with me?

SINCLAIR  
*Tio*, if you would just please  
listen--

UNCLE WILL  
To your room, Sinclair! My answer  
is the same.

INT. SINCLAIR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sinclair enters her room and tosses her purse, grunting in frustration. She briefly clutches her stomach, the pain fleeting.

SINCLAIR  
Ouch! What in the world?

Sinclair sips from a nearby water bottle. She glances around her room, and her eyes land on the window.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Third time's the charm.

Sinclair unlocks the window, slides it open, and sticks her arms out. She just gets her head out when--

UNCLE WILL  
*Querida*, your head and arms  
definitely won't fit together. You  
should have gone feet first.

Sinclair stiffness. Uncle Will is sitting on a lawn chair in the backyard reading a magazine.

SINCLAIR  
Sounds like you know a lot about  
sneaking out, *Tio*.

UNCLE WILL  
At least I knew how not to get  
caught! Now, get back in there!

SINCLAIR  
Unbelievable!

Sinclair slams the window shut, flinching as she just misses her finger. She plops back on her bed and doubles over in pain again.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
OUCH! What *is* that?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Uncle Will enters the living room and plops down on the couch. Keys jingle at the door and AUNT JACKIE, 34, enters carrying a few shopping bags.

AUNT JACKIE  
Hey, ya'll.

UNCLE WILL  
Baby, thank God you're back. Your  
niece is going crazy.

AUNT JACKIE  
Does my niece have to be crazy?

UNCLE WILL  
She's been trying to sneak out to  
see some boy. I have no idea who he  
is, and she won't tell me.

AUNT JACKIE  
Well, did you ask?

UNCLE WILL  
I didn't have to because I told her  
no.

AUNT JACKIE  
I see. Let me go talk to her then.

Suddenly, the lights flicker, thunder rolls, and rain pours outside. Sinclair's scream resounds in the house. They shuffle to Sinclair's room.

INTERCUT - SINCLAIR'S ROOM/WILL & JACKIE IN HALLWAY

UNCLE WILL  
*Querida*, are you alright?

AUNT JACKIE  
Sinclair, it's just the rain honey.

SINCLAIR  
Aunt Jackie? Is that you?

AUNT JACKIE  
Yes, we're here.

Sinclair screams again.

SINCLAIR  
I'm bleeding!

UNCLE WILL  
We're coming in, Sinclair!

SINCLAIR  
No Uncle Will, stay out! Just  
Auntie, please!

INT. SINCLAIR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Aunt Jackie enters.

SINCLAIR  
Auntie my stomach hurts so bad. And  
there's so much blood!

AUNT JACKIE  
I take it now isn't the time to  
remind you of that little chat we  
had?

SINCLAIR  
What do you mean?

AUNT JACKIE  
I didn't think so. Lie down, I'll  
be right back.

Aunt Jackie exits briefly, and returns with a handbag. She pulls out a pack of pads, a bottle of Tylenol, a water bottle, and an electric heating pad.

AUNT JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Here, take a couple of these.

Sinclair takes the water and swallows the pills. She grips her stomach in agony. Aunt Jackie hands her a pad.

SINCLAIR  
Auntie, I--

AUNT JACKIE  
--Get cleaned up. Go on.

SINCLAIR  
Why don't these things give you  
like, a heads up?

AUNT JACKIE  
Because that's what periods do.  
Now, go on.

Sinclair grabs fresh clothes and enters the bathroom. When she returns, Aunt Jackie ushers her into bed. She prepares the heating pad and applies it to Sinclair's stomach.

AUNT JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Now, tell me about this boy you've  
been dying to go see.

SINCLAIR  
Terrance Watson is smart, athletic,  
and super cute. Plus, he liked one  
of my photos and followed me on IG.

AUNT JACKIE  
He followed you on Instagram?  
Sounds serious.

SINCLAIR  
Majorly! I have to go see him!

AUNT JACKIE  
You possibly could, but just not  
today.

SINCLAIR  
Auntie!

AUNT JACKIE  
I agree with your Uncle, we don't  
know him at all. Furthermore, it's  
storming outside and you don't even  
feel well enough to go.

SINCLAIR  
I feel fine!

Sinclair tries to get up but winces in pain, and lays back down.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
But there's nothing wrong with a  
little rest. I can relax sometimes.

There's a knock at the door.

AUNT JACKIE  
Come on in.

Uncle Will enters. Sinclair crosses her arms.

SINCLAIR  
Oh look, it's the tyrant.

UNCLE WILL  
I come in peace. And with lunch.  
Tomato soup and a grilled cheese  
sandwich anyone?

SINCLAIR  
Well, I could be at Del Taco with  
Terrance right now, but no--

AUNT JACKIE  
What Sinclair means is, thank you  
for the food.

Aunt Jackie glares at Sinclair, and she hangs her head. Uncle Will sets the food down and slides back towards the door.

UNCLE WILL  
No problem. I'll let you ladies  
continue your talk.

He turns to leave when--

SINCLAIR  
Thank you... for the food, *Tio*.

He turns around.

UNCLE WILL  
*De nada*. And, I'm sorry if I was a  
little hard on you earlier. I guess  
I didn't listen very well.

SINCLAIR  
It was my fault, *Tio*. Not yours.

Another roll of thunder booms outside and Sinclair is frightened. The rain continues pouring outside.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
I was wrong! It won't happen again.

UNCLE WILL  
Thank you. Next time, we'll handle  
it differently. Deal?

SINCLAIR

Deal.

They exit. Sinclair eats her food. She grabs her phone and takes a selfie. She taps around on her screen.

ON SINCLAIR'S IPHONE SCREEN

The Instagram caption reads: *"Not feeling my best, but name a better combo than warm soup & a warm bed. #Chillinginthestorm."*

BACK TO THE SCENE

Sinclair gets settled in her bed and falls asleep.

INT. SINCLAIR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sinclair awakes from her nap, and stretches. She picks up her phone and gasps at the screen.

ON SINCLAIR'S IPHONE SCREEN

Instagram: *"YungT\_Wat sent you a message"*

The message reads: *"Hey, I was hoping I'd see you at the mall earlier, but that storm knocked the power out, so everyone had to leave. Would you let me take you to a movie sometime?"*

Sinclair's reply reads: *I would love that! Friday at 8 is perfect. And I hope you're not afraid of overprotective Uncles because I have one. Just be cool and it'll be fine.*

BACK TO THE SCENE

SINCLAIR

YES! Uncle will! Aunt Jackie! Guess what?

THE END