Today Just Isn’t My Day

By

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A Dream
INT. OFFICE - DAY

CHELSEA, 26, unfortunately works in a job where she is noticeably an odd fit. Dressed in loose-fitting khakis, with a long, tight button down shirt, that barely covers her arm tattoos. She wears her jet black, dyed hair pulled back in a wet bun. She is working at her cluttered desk, sipping coffee, in her small office when she notices co-workers socializing outside her door.

CHELSEA
(Mumbles under her breath)
Suck ups..

Chelsea stops staring and turns around at her desk and knocks over her coffee mug.

CHELSEA
SHIT!...God damn it...

Chelsea quickly grabs for things to clean up her mess. She grabs her mug and stands to leave.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Chelsea walks in, where WOMAN 1 and WOMAN 2, two young, female, secretaries, are chatting.

WOMAN 1
You heard Bridget is about to get fired, didn’t you?

WOMAN 2
No. Wait, what happened?

WOMAN 1
Well it seems like little miss hot pants done her burned her way through almost every senior exec on the 10th floor. And when I say burned, you know, I mean...

She points down to her crotch area, and begins to scratch her arm. Woman 2 stands there with her mouth open and shocked face. Meanwhile, Chelsea pours herself some coffee and hesitantly speaks to the women.

CHELSEA
Hey ladies, how’s it going?

The women never break away from speaking to each other or even seem to see Chelsea there.

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CHELSEA
(sarcastically)
Oh, I’m doing well, thanks for asking...(mumbles) Bitches.

Chelsea tries to grab something on the counter but the women are in the way and never move.

WOMAN 1
Yep. Just dirty. They’ll probably just chalk it up on terrible work performance or something...

CHELSEA
Uh, excuse me!

The women begin to walk away at the same time and leave out of the room without once talking to or looking at Chelsea.

WOMAN 2
(as they are walking out of the room)
Well I will be sure to get the rest of the story tonight when I go out to drinks with her. I tell you everything she says, tomorrow.

CHELSEA
(she screams out)
How about you two Betty’s go and do some work, for a change. Huh?

Chelsea’s chest fills up with pride as if she actually did something. She leans on the counter in a smug, confidence, but is soon brought back to reality when she begins choking from the hot coffee. She walks out of the room.

EXT. OUTSIDE/BUS STOP - DAY

Chelsea comes walking out of her office building, struggling to balance all of the papers in her hand but begins to drop some. As she is picking them up she sees her bus go by. She immediately begins throwing things in her bag, mumbling curse words and chasing after it and yelling for it to wait.

CHELSEA
WAIT!....HOLD ON!....WAIT!...

The bus pulls off, just as Chelsea gets to the stop.
CHELSEA
SHIT!..Everyday, it never fails.

Chelsea sits down on the bench next to GABRIEL. Gabriel is a confident, gentle-spoken, nerdy guy. Shorter than most men, he wears average-looking glasses, dressed in everyday, business attire.

GABRIEL
Isn’t that how it always works? It may not come when you want, but know, it’s always on time. Much like my boss, actually.

Chelsea continues to sit there staring straight ahead. It isn’t until she continues to feel the man looking at her, that she even looks in his direction.

CHELSEA
Huh? What? Are you talking to me?

Gabriel looks around him.

GABRIEL
You are the only one here?

CHELSEA
(mumbles)
Yea, story of my life.

GABRIEL
Bad day?

CHELSEA
(Pauses)
I guess you can say that...Today just isn’t my day.

GABRIEL
Well...what day is your day?

Chelsea sits with a puzzled, annoyed look on her face.

CHELSEA
Listen, if you don’t mind I really don’t feel like talking, OK? Thanks.

Chelsea gives a half smile and turns back to looking forward. She begins listening to her iPod. A moment later Gabriel pulls out one of her earphones.

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GABRIEL
OK, before you shut me down, again. I have one more question for you. Do you-

Chelsea snatches back her earphone from Gabriel.

CHELSEA
Mister! What part of I don’t want to talk, don’t you seem to get. I’m trying to be nice here, but you really don’t want to push my buttons today.

GABRIEL
Right, because today is not your day. Got it. But I just-

CHELSEA
Is there something you want? Something I can help you with? Are you homeless, hungry? What is it?

Gabriel thinks, with a look of realization on his face.

GABRIEL
Well, there isn’t anything you can do for me. But...maybe you should consider making your way home now.

CHELSEA
I don’t even know what that means, but I couldn’t agree more.

Chelsea looks at the time on her phone and then down the street to see if her bus is near. She figures it is taking too long so she grabs her belongings from off of the bench.

CHELSEA
Can’t say its been pleasant, but have a good one. Oh, and don’t try and follow me or any creepy shit like that. I have plenty of things in my apartment that would only take one good hit, to kill a man.

Chelsea smiles and walks away.
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INT. HALLWAY/APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

Chelsea walks up to her door, sticks the key in but the door refuses to open. She continues to try a couple more times, but to no avail. She pounds the door with her fist.

CHELSEA
FUCK!...Really?

Chelsea sighs and leans her head against the door and turns around to see Gabriel standing directly behind her.

GABRIEL
Tsk Tsk, with that language, you will have him reconsidering his decision.

CHELSEA
How the hell did you get here? Did you follow me? Didn’t I tell you that-

GABRIEL
If I followed you, you would hurt me. In fact, kill me. But figuring you can’t get into your place, I don’t feel quite as threatened, anymore...And don’t worry, I have already forgiven you.

Gabriel steps closer to Chelsea, just as she falls against the door.

CHELSEA
Well...I will call the police, if you don’t tell me what the hell your doing here.

Chelsea reaches her hand inside of her bag and backs up slowly from Gabriel.

GABRIEL
We have so much unfinished business to handle, so lets get to it. Ready to come with me?

CHELSEA
NO! I don’t know you!

GABRIEL
Gabriel. My name is Gabriel.

Gabriel extends his hand. Chelsea just stands there somewhere between fear and shock.

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GABRIEL
That’s OK, Chelsea. No need for a formal introduction. That’s not important, time is running out.

CHELSEA
Time for what? Stop being so cryptic! And how do you know my name? What the hell is going on?

GABRIEL
No time for questions. Lets go.

Gabriel grabs Chelsea’s arm but she pulls away.

CHELSEA
I’m not going anywhere with you.

GABRIEL
You don’t have a choice anymore. Your time is up. Sadly your not a part of this world anymore.

CHELSEA
What does that even mean?

GABRIEL
Simple. Your dead!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gabriel pops up out of his sleep in a sweat. He is breathing heavy. His WIFE lying next to him, turns away from him.

WIFE
Is everything OK?

GABRIEL
Uhh, yea...Just another one.

WIFE
You really have to start leaving what happens on the table in the OR.

GABRIEL
I hate losing patients, you know?...She was so young.

WIFE
You did everything you could, I’m sure...Go back to bed. Tomorrow is a new day.

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GABRIEL

Yea, I guess...Today just wasn’t my day.

Gabriel grabs his cross, kisses it, and lays back down.