

A Shitty Day - Short Film

Written by

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DANIEL IS A 74-YEAR-OLD WIDOWER WITH A EUROPEAN APPEARANCE, HE DRESSES IN AN IMPECCABLE SUIT, GLASSES, LARGE EYEBROWS AND A FRIENDLY SMILE. HE LIVES ALONE IN A CENTRAL APARTMENT IN BARCELONA.

INT. DANIEL'S ROOM - DAY

On the bedside table, a classic alarm clock, one of those with a metal bell, reads 5:58 in the morning. The second hand, with a slight click at each step, advances with mechanical precision, but just before reaching 6:00, it stops suddenly.

The room remains silent, broken only by the soft and constant snoring of DANIEL (74). His slow breathing accompanies the aura of serenity that emanates from his face, oblivious to any worries.

The first glimmers of morning light begin to filter through the curtains, timidly illuminating some corners of the room, creating soft shadows that dance on the walls.

Despite the incipient rays, the watch's second hand does not move again; He is still stopped at 5:58 a.m., as if time had frozen.

A thin beam of light crosses the curtains and lands on Daniel's face. The warmth and clarity slowly awaken him. He opens his eyes slowly, his gaze directed towards the motionless clock.

With an expression of slight confusion, he sits up in bed, takes the alarm clock in his hands, and examines it closely. The hands are still. He frowns and, with some exasperation, looks at his wristwatch, which reads 6:45 a.m. He stands still for an instant, processing the lost time.

His indignation turns into a brusque gesture: he sits back up in bed and, in frustration, throws the alarm clock on the floor. The thump echoes through the room as the device bounces and slides, inert.

With a heavy resignation, Daniel gets up. He turns on the radio with an automatic movement, and the monotone voice of the announcer begins to give a report on the war in Ukraine. The news flows like a distant echo, while Daniel, distracted, puts on his slippers with slow steps.

As he leaves the room, his gaze rests on a small piece of furniture in the entrance. There rest two plastic jars, intended for urine and fecal samples, both carefully wrapped in transparent cellophane paper.

He takes them in his hands, reluctantly reading the instructions printed on the wrapper.

He watches them for another second, almost reluctantly, and then, without giving it any further importance, he goes to the door with the bottles in hand, leaving behind the silence of the room, only accompanied by the distant voice of the radio.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

News of the war continues to echo from the radio, creating an almost imperceptible background in the bathroom. Daniel, with a concentrated gesture, shaves in front of the mirror with a manual razor.

His hands, already somewhat trembling with age, guide the edge along his face covered with white foam. There are still traces of the thick cream around his cheeks and chin, like small clouds that refuse to fade.

When you slide the blade down your chin, you don't notice the cut that occurs. The blade, sharp but relentless, leaves a small wound, and a drop of scarlet blood slowly gushes out, standing out against the white foam.

Despite his initial inadvertence, the sting of the cut alerts him. He looks at himself in the mirror in surprise, quickly leans over to the sink and wipes his face with cold water, hoping to soothe the small wound that, although insignificant, bothers him.

Without wasting time, open the mirrored cabinet that hangs over the sink. In a hurry, he rummages through the medicines, moving boxes and bottles. At last he finds the box of band-aids. But, when he opens the cardboard, he finds the worst setback: the container is empty.

A sigh of frustration escapes his lips as he squeezes the empty box tightly, warping it until it is completely crushed in his hands. His silent fury is reflected in the tension of his jaw.

With no other choice, he leans over to the toilet paper holder and tears off a piece. He carefully bends it and presses it against the wound on his chin, observing his reflection in the mirror with a mixture of resignation and tiredness.

The absorbent paper is slowly dyed red while Daniel maintains the pressure.

After a few moments, he sighs deeply and removes the paper. His attention is diverted to the two plastic jars he had left on the bathroom shelf. He picks them up with trembling hands, staring at the transparent containers wrapped in cellophane.

In a quick, clumsy motion, he unhooks the wrapper from one of them, tearing it off carelessly, and loosens the red lid that briefly resists before giving way.

With the bottle in hand, turn it over and place it in front of the toilet. With a tired sigh, he pulls down his pajama pants, preparing for what he finds an uncomfortable and humiliating routine.

He settles in, holding the small jar firmly between his fingers. However, his hands tremble slightly, and the weak and erratic urine flow barely drips into the canister. It's not perfect, but it's enough.

Satisfied, at least with the result, he carefully places the jar on the marble countertop. Screw the cap firmly back on and rinse it quickly under the tap.

After drying it with a towel hanging on the wall, Daniel looks at the jar one last time before leaving the bathroom. Another day, another routine, while the news on the radio continues its course, indifferent to their little morning struggle.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Daniel comes out of the bathroom and begins to walk down the long, narrow hallway of his apartment. Their shuffling but steady footsteps resonate softly on the old wooden floor, which creaks with every movement.

The walls of the corridor are adorned with several framed photographs, silent witnesses of important moments in his life.

As he advances, his gaze stops, almost involuntarily, on a portrait that hangs at the height of his chest. It's a photo of her wedding, taken decades ago, where she appears younger, radiant, with thicker, darker hair.

Next to him, his wife, in her pristine white dress, smiles serenely at him, her eyes shining with happiness. Daniel sighs deeply, his expression softening for an instant as he immerses himself in that memory.

He stands still for a few seconds, staring at the portrait, as if he wants to recapture the feeling of that day. Her lips curl slightly, cracking a nostalgic smile, but a slight pain hides behind her tired eyes.

Time has passed, but that image is still intact, frozen on the wall, so distant and, at the same time, so present.

Finally, he shakes his head slightly, breaking the spell of the moment, and continues on his way. He crosses the hallway, leaving behind the photographs that follow him with his mute gaze, and enters the kitchen.

Upon entering, and although silence reigns in the atmosphere. He stops briefly, taking a deep breath of the familiar air of the room, and moves on, immersed in his routine morning.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Daniel enters the kitchen, the gloom of dawn still keeping the room in shadow. With an almost automatic movement, he reaches for the switch and turns on the light.

Cold, artificial glow floods the room, revealing wear-worn furniture and silent appliances.

Without wasting time, he heads towards a low cabinet next to the countertop. He bends down carefully, his knees creaking slightly from the effort, and opens the bottom drawer.

The sound of the metal brushing against the wood is brief, but distinctive. Inside the drawer, among other utensils, she finds what she is looking for: a large metal bowl, one of those that reflect the lights from the ceiling with cold flashes.

He holds the bowl in both hands, noticing the weight of the metal in his fingers, and examines it for a moment, as if he were making sure it is the right one. He stands up slowly, closing the drawer with his foot, and turns towards the kitchen door.

Without stopping, he leaves the room with the bowl in his hands, walking with determined but calm steps, while the metallic echo of his movements resonates softly through the house.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Daniel walks down the aisle with the metal bowl in his hands, his footsteps echoing softly in the morning silence. As he passes through the walls adorned with photographs, his gaze stops on another portrait.

It is an image of him and his wife during a boat trip. The wind ruffled their hair, and they both laughed, oblivious to the world, immortalized in a moment of pure happiness.

Daniel continues walking down the hallway, until he reaches the bathroom door again. He enters once again, his serious and concentrated gaze.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Daniel places the metal bowl inside the toilet, pulls down his pajama pants and sits on the toilet, waits a little, his face shows an effort to defecate.

Calmly, Daniel picks up a small plastic spoon that rests on the marble counter. Using precise movements, it collects a good amount of the stool sample and carefully inserts it into the second plastic bottle.

Every gesture is meticulous, almost mechanical, while making sure the sample is well stored.

Once you have finished, place both jars on the counter and check that they are well covered. Satisfied, he twists the lid on each until it emits a slight click, making sure they are sealed.

On the counter, a small cardboard bag with two elegant golden ropes, from a famous watchmaker's shop, waits.

Daniel takes the two canisters, with great care, and puts them inside the elegant bag, arranging them so that they do not move.

With the task finally completed, Daniel stands motionless for a moment, staring at the cardboard bag as if it weighed more than it actually contains.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Daniel, now impeccably dressed in a dark suit, stares out the window for a few seconds. Rain gently hits the crystals, forming small rivers that slide across the surface. Outside, the city of Barcelona is shrouded in a faint haze, its wet streets reflecting the grey lights of dawn.

Suddenly, something seems to cross his mind. His posture changes, he raises his head sharply and turns to his desk. He walks determinedly toward him, a dark wooden table set up in front of the window, overlooking the rainy city.

He sits down in his chair, leather creaking under his weight, and opens his laptop. His fingers, already more trembling than in his youth, type his password precisely. The screen glows, illuminating your face as you search for the file you need.

Daniel locates the document and goes straight to the print option. His expression tightens as he reads the notification on the screen: "THE PRINTER HAS NO PAPER. Check the clipboard on the printer and try again."

He exhales impatiently, gets up, and opens the printer drawer. With quick movements, he takes a handful of white sheets and places them on the clipboard, making sure they are well aligned.

He returns to the laptop, but this time, another message appears on the screen: "ERROR 404. The system does not respond. Restart the computer and try again." Frustration is drawn on his face. Without a second thought, he slams the computer shut with a dry sound, the echo of the action echoing through the silent room.

Daniel purses his lips, holding back his anger as he listens to the news about the war in Ukraine in the background.

Without wasting any more time, he heads to the front door. He stops briefly at the coat rack at the entrance, where several umbrellas hang in disarray.

He chooses a long black one, takes it firmly and, with one last look inside his apartment, opens the door and enters the humid and rainy morning of Barcelona, leaving behind the muffled sounds of the city and the distant news.

INT. ELEVATOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Daniel walks down the hallway with firm but heavy steps, the echo of his shoes echoing along the empty corridor. In his hand he carries the small cardboard bag containing the samples, while under his arm he holds his compact umbrella, pressing it against his side as if trying to protect him from the rain waiting outside.

As he makes his way toward the elevator, his brow furrows as he notices a white paper stuck to the metal elevator door. In large black letters, the sign clearly reads, "OUT OF SERVICE."

Anger takes hold of him. He grits his teeth and, without thinking, vents his frustration by banging on the elevator door with a clenched fist. The clanging sound echoes through the narrow hallway, but he immediately feels a sharp pain running through his hand. Daniel pulls his hand back quickly, shaking it angrily, but the pain is evident in his expression.

He stands still for a second, staring furiously at the sign, feeling the pent-up frustration of the day. Finally, he exhales slowly, resigned to taking the stairs. Before he moves, however, he gently rubs his sore hand, as if to ease the physical and emotional pain of that small defeat.

INT. BUILDING STAIRS - DAY

Daniel, with the bag of samples in one hand and the umbrella under his arm, heads for the stairs. He begins to descend with quick and firm steps, his expression reflecting a mixture of impatience and resignation.

After descending to the first floor, turn around on the narrow landing and continue down to the ground floor, with the intention of going out into the street as soon as possible.

However, when he is about to arrive, he runs into a LADY (85) who climbs the steep and narrow stairs with difficulty, pushing a shopping cart. The cart seems heavy, and the lady, with a face marked by fatigue, drags it step by step with great effort.

Daniel observes the scene, immediately realizing that he cannot move forward. The staircase is too narrow for the two to cross paths without her finishing her ascent.

Resigned, Daniel stops on the landing and waits. As the lady struggles down each step, he looks at her with a mixture of patience and frustration, clutching the bag in his hand.

Finally, the lady reaches the last step and Daniel, with a quick gesture, approaches to help her. With a firm hand, he pulls the cart and lifts it to the top step, relieving the lady's exhaustion for a moment.

But in the process, a pack of toilet paper that was misplaced on the cart slides and rolls down the stairs, bouncing up the first floor. Daniel and the lady exchange a look of shared tiredness.

With a sigh, Daniel goes back downstairs, picking up the package that had fallen. He climbs back up, feeling the weight of the day on each step, and when he reaches the lady again, he hands her the package of toilet paper with a gesture of kindness.

The lady, out of breath, looks at him gratefully. The words barely come out, but his tired face expresses everything. Daniel, also out of breath, responds with a slight smile. Then, without further ado, he turns around and begins to go down the stairs again.

EXT. BUS STOP, EIXAMPLE, BARCELONA - DAY

The sound of a bus approaches, and at the corner of the street, Daniel runs determinedly. The bag in one hand sways with each stride, as the wind plays with his umbrella, which flips over in a desperate attempt to resist.

Daniel feels the pressure in his chest as he sees that the bus, when it arrives at the stop, is already picking up passengers. With a last effort, he accelerates, but the driver, oblivious to his career, closes the doors and continues on his route.

Exhausted and breathless, Daniel stops, pulls out his watch, and watches as the minutes run their course. He sits in one of the cold chairs at the bus stop. His gaze rests on a corner, where a homeless man sleeps soundly, his body shrunk.

Just then, a lady in her 45s sits next to her, with a small curly-haired dog that seems to have more energy than she does. The woman is absorbed in her mobile, moving her finger across the screen, ignoring the world around her. However, the dog, with his keen instinct, begins to sniff Daniel's bag, moving his muzzle curiously.

With a quick gesture and a slight blush of discomfort, Daniel shifts the bag away, away from the insistent sniffing of the small canine.

Suddenly, the roar of the bus engine interrupts his thoughts. Daniel looks up just in time to see the vehicle stop again, opening its doors with an almost inviting air. With a slight glimmer of hope, he rises quickly, following the lady and her dog. They both rush inside, the excitement of the moment making the exhaustion fade for an instant.

INT. BUS - DAY

Daniel settles into his seat by the window, the bag containing the samples resting next to him. As you look through the glass, you see how the streets of Barcelona come alive with the hustle and bustle of the morning.

At that moment, a (YOUNG) 25, with a disheveled appearance and a gray hooded jacket, sits next to him. He puts on a pair of worn-out headphones, and the sound of alternative rap music begins to vibrate softly in the air.

While the young man immerses himself in his musical world, Daniel continues to observe the hustle and bustle outside: cars speeding by, people walking in a hurry. However, the young man who seems distracted; his eyes drift to the bag of the famous watchmaker that Daniel has left unattended between them.

The tension in the air is palpable, although Daniel is more focused on the cityscape than his seatmate. The young man casts a furtive glance at the bag, then at Daniel, but the latter is still immersed in his thoughts and the images that pass before him.

Suddenly, the bus stops. The doors open with a slight creak and the young man gets up from his seat, shedding his attention in an almost automatic movement. Without warning, he heads to the exit and exit of the bus, taking with him an air of indifference.

Instantly, the rap music fades away, and Daniel realizes that something doesn't add up. He looks to his side, and his heart sinks: the bag is gone. Panic invades him as he realizes that the young man has taken his samples. Desperate, he gets up from his seat and approaches the driver, his voice filled with urgency.

Unable to hide the anxiety on her face, she pleads with the driver

DANIEL

For God's sake, open the door for me...! Stop it, I tell her!

The driver looks at him with a mixture of surprise and confusion, but at Daniel's insistence, he decides to make an unusual stop, stopping the bus in the middle of the street. The doors open and Daniel waits no longer; He shoots out onto the sidewalk, his mind spinning in a thousand directions as he searches for the young man who has disappeared into the crowd.

EXT. STREET, EIXAMPLE, BARCELONA - DAY

Daniel gets off the bus, his heart pounding as he runs down the sidewalk, trying to catch up with the young man who has vanished into the crowd. The rain, which used to fall heavily, has now turned into a light drizzle, but the ground is still soaked, reflecting the light from the streetlights and the gray sky.

Exhausted and breathless, Daniel stops and sits down on a bollard that stands alone on the platform. Disappointment and frustration invade him; He puts his hands to his face, feeling the weight of the situation and the helplessness of not having been able to protect what belonged to him.

Suddenly, a car speeds by, splashing into a nearby puddle. The cold water hits his face and his jacket, causing a mixture of surprise and annoyance.

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he wipes the water from his face with an almost automatic gesture, but in the midst of frustration, a flash of humor appears inside.

The situation provokes an involuntary laugh. He laughs silently at first, and then laughter begins to flow from his chest, echoing in the crisp morning air.

Laughter becomes an unexpected relief, releasing the accumulated tension and transforming the moment of despair into one of pure irony. As he recovers, he looks ahead, enjoying the simplicity of the moment.

The end