

THE POWER OF A SMILE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. OLD FASHIONED GRAVEYARD- BRIGHT DAY

A Bright Blue Sky flourishes with a warm yellow sun. *Birds chirp in peace & tranquility*, the textbook definition of A Perfect Day.

PAN DOWN: CEMETERY. Rusty, dated & full of weeds. An odd place to be at on a day like this. Yet, in the far distance we see a feint figure stand in front of a tombstone.

PAUL HAMMOCK (An 80 year old balding man) holds a smile that could brighten any mood. His face is red, his eyes are blue & he embodies a brown baseball cap. A lovable elderly man if we ever saw one.

TURN AROUND: His Line of Vision stands in front of a Tombstone that reads **LAURA HAMMOCK** 1937-2016. While he holds a smile, a visible tear drops down from his right eye.

DOWN TO HIS HANDS: He currently grasps a handful of Dark Blue Iris Flowers. With great procession he bends over & delicately places the flowers in front of her tomb.

LOOK UP: His eyes embodies the sight of a Empty Blue Sky. OH WAIT: A flock of birds soar right past him.

His smile suddenly turns into a face of grief. He closes his eyes & bends his head back down, smile returns. Everything seems to be back to normal.

Paul picks himself up & turns around. He holds his head high & makes his posture stand out. TODAY, Paul is ready to take the world on.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: THE POWER OF A SMILE

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN-CENTER- BRIGHT DAY

Head up, shoulders back & a Trademark smile. Paul waves his hand to everybody around him. Despite his best efforts, no response back. Yet he persists to wave his hands anyway.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET: A 6 year old boy (**BILLY**) & his **MOTHER** (40) stand in front of a local candy shop. A giant lollipop sticks out in front of the window, waiting to be devoured.

Billy points over to the savory sweet. His mom disappointingly shakes her head no. Billy DOESN'T stop, points again.

The mother pulls out her wallet & opens it wide. Nothing but Air & Dust. The mother closes her eyes and sighs. Billy holds his head down, no hope.

Paul walks right in front of the two. He opens his hand towards the mom. She opens her eyes with a stare that screams LEAVE US ALONE. Paul pulls his hand back & walks away.

The mom looks around & tries to catch a breather. Billy happily holds his arm up with a \$20 dollar bill.

The mom looks over. Paul folds his Wallet & places it in his back-pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CLAM SHELL RESTAURANT BRIGHT DAY

Paul keeps his smile in tact as he strolls into THE CLAM SHELL RESTAURANT.

INT. THE CLAM SHELL RESTAURANT- BRIGHT DAY

RESTAURANT WINDOW: Outside it's busy, vibrant & full of life. The colors are Yellow & the mood is Bright.

PAN INSIDE: The Restaurant holds low-light Grey Tint. More like a Jazz Bar than a 1950's diner.

Paul sits across from an empty chair. Despite his loneliness, he continues to hold his signature smile.

A WAITRESS (mid 20's) walks right in front of him. She sticks her hand out, Paul hands her the check.

She opens & looks, tip is \$500. Her eyes burst in shock.

She turns the check around & points at the tip count. Paul shakes his head in acceptance. In positive shock the waitress runs to the back. Paul still sits still, alone.

He pulls out his cell-phone, e-mail icon. Index Finger scrolls down, Bankruptcy notice. He sighs & places his phone upside-down.

He picks up a couple napkins & covers the phone like a blanket.

Paul picks himself up & walks right out of the Restaurant. The cell-phone lies there, covered.

EXT. CITY SUNLIGHT- EVENING

Paul walks straight down a narrow sidewalk that sits next to a busy street.

HIS RIGHT HAND HOLDS: A hard-cover book Titled: How to live your life to the fullest? PAN BACK:

Paul still holds his trademark smile. Over to his right is a 40 year old business man whose Name tag reads **DAMON**, who sits with his hands over his head.

Paul taps Damon on the shoulder, he shrugs it off. Paul taps again, Damon doesn't even shrug. Damon looks annoyed & Paul looks nervous.

Paul places his book down & struts away. Damon unravels himself & looks down. The book lies right next to him.

He looks up, Paul walks away with his head down & his back turned.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

A yellow colored Vodka bottle lies Shattered all over the floor. The front label has a picture of a Large Yellow Sun.

INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT

A broken light in the bathroom keeps flickering on & off. Multiple Open Pill Bottles infect the bathroom floor. Paul lies there confused & dazed.

Paul grabs a pill & chews on it like candy. He sobs his way into his lungs. He still keeps a smile on his face.

He picks up and unfolds a photo. The flickering STOPS. REVEAL: An old black & white photo of a woman. He delicately holds it tight & firm. His tearful eyes say it all.

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

A pale & wrinkled mess, Paul holds a hammer in his right hand & a rope in the other. PAN UP: He still holds his trademark smile.

WE PAN OVER: To a framed photo of Paul & Laura at a group gathering with tons of people. His large shadow swallows the light away, the photo now pitch black.

CUT BACK: Paul stands on top of a chair, with a rope that grasps his neck. His smile as noticeable as ever. He kicks the ladder, DROP. DEAD. Paul finally hangs there with his true face showing, grief & sadness.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD- CLOUDY MORNING

Grey Skies & Pale Light create a sense of Dread & Loss.

A harsh LOUD wind is heard throughout the sky.

A lonely dark blanket graveyard sits shows the tombstone of PAUL HAMMOCK (1936-2016) stalled right next to his deceased wife.

PAN BACK: An entire crowd of 30+ people stand right in front of his tomb, covered in pitch black. Included in this crowd is Billy, his mother, the waitress & Damon.

Everybody clutches a Dark Blue Iris Flower in their hands. Their faces match those of Paul, grief & sadness.

The crowd starts to walk away with their heads held down & their faces full of gloom.

ON HIS TOMBSTONE: A dozen birds sit at the very top & chirp.

FADE OUT.