

"Have a Nice Day..."

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LOUISE'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Erik Satie's 1st Gymnopedie plays sadly on a stereo in an apartment as the first sun rays appear.

The rooms are small, but are a mess just as if a hurricane had blown everything up.

However, something is missing.

Open drawers are half empty. Clearer spots on the wall show frames were hung there.

An open wardrobe with only feminine clothing.

On the floor, a picture under frame of a young couple with a broken glass.

The PLUNK PLUNK of a dripping faucet into water can be heard.

As we keep advancing to the bathroom, the noise increases incredibly and sounds deafening.

PLUNK PLUNK PLUNK

BATHROOM

In the bathroom, steam is everywhere.

The bathtub is full of steamy water.

The PLUNK PLUNK ceases all of sudden.

Seated on a chair, LOUISE (mid 20s), wearing a gown, stares at the bathtub.

She raises her head. Her eyes are puffy and red like she had cried a lot. Her hair is a mess. She looks desperate.

BETWEEN HER FINGERS, A STRAIGHT RAZOR

Louise takes a deep breath and kneels by the bathtub.

She leans over and plunges her hands into the hot water.

HER HANDS AND THE STRAIGHT RAZOR LOOK DISTORTED IN THE WATER

She puts the razor against her wrist. She sighs a last time and --

A TELEPHONE RINGS IN THE APARTMENT

Louise freezes. She hesitates.

Her face changes and becomes lighted. She almost smiles.

LOUISE
(to herself)
That's him.

She drops the razor to the bottom of the bathtub and gets up. Hands dripping, she steps out of the bathroom to the --

LIVING ROOM

Louise rushes to a cell phone, sits on the sofa, and picks up the phone without checking the caller's ID.

LOUISE
(on the cell phone)
Tim? I knew you'd call and --

A BEEP can be heard in the phone.

COMPUTER GENERATED VOICE (V.O.)
(in the cell phone)
Congratulation. You have been chosen by our jury to contest to win a TV set. If you want to contest, dial 1 --

Louise's smile fades out.

LOUISE
(on the cell phone)
I'm sorry, but --

COMPUTER GENERATED VOICE (V.O.)
(in the cell phone)
If you want being put through to an operator --

Louise pushes back violently the cell phone that falls on the carpet and she still can hear the metallic voice from the receiver.

COMPUTER GENERATED VOICE (V.O.)
(in the phone, muffled)
Be sure we appreciate --

Louise keeps staring at the phone.

LOUISE
(to herself)
A machine.
(nervously sneering)
Saved by a -- fucking machine.

COMPUTER GENERATED VOICE (V.O.)
(in the phone, muffled)
-- have a nice day.

DEAD TONE

Louise gets up slowly and walks back to the bathroom like a somnambulist.

BATHROOM

Louise reenters the bathroom. She wipes the steam out of the mirror and faces it.

Her fingers brush her face, her wrinkles, her nose, her lips.

LOUISE
Listen, pathetic little girl.
Don't do that stupid shit again.
He doesn't worth it. Do you hear
me? He's just a lousy bastard.

Pulling with her fingers on each side of her mouth, she draws exaggeratedly a big smile that rather looks like a grimace.

LATER

Louise is in her bath, washing up. A loud soul music song resounds through the apartment.

LATER

Facing the bathroom mirror, Louise wears make-up. She finishes to draw some red on her lips.

LATER

Still facing the mirror, Louise is radiant. She wears a beautiful summer linen dress.

She's a different young woman, ready to conquer the whole world.

LIVING ROOM

The apartment is transformed back and neat.

Louise walks to the door, a trash bag in hand, and takes her keys and her cell phone on the table. She checks her cell phone, and looks at a small mirror by the main door.

LOUISE

(to her reflection)

Fuck him.

She steps out of the apartment.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

It is a nice summer day. Sun is high in the immaculate blue sky.

Louise walks, taking her time, crossing hurried people. Her light dress sways at her rhythmic pace.

She appears to watch the everyday life around her this like an outside spectator.

She enters a park.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Louise sits on a bench, under the trees shade. Pigeons coo.

She stretches out her white legs and reclines her head back, relaxed.

She closes her eyes and enjoys the quietness.

LATER

As if she was waking up from a long lethargy, Louise opens her eyes and sits back.

A bawling LITTLE BOY walks by her with his MOTHER. He keeps pulling her mother's arm.

LITTLE BOY

Mom! I want an ice cream!

The mother sighs and grabs him to the ice cream stand.

LATER

Louise eats a huge ice cream.

She scans around when her eyes meet a casual young man, TERRY (26), who stares at her behind his sunglasses.

Louise acts naturally, but keeps peeping at him.

Terry keeps looking at her, smiling.

After a while, Louise looks nervous and spills some melted ice cream on her dress. She jumps with surprise and tries to wipe it up, when a hand holding a handkerchief enters the FRAME.

Louise raises her head.

Terry stands before her, holding the hankie. He wears his shades on the forehead and smiles at Louise.

Louise pretends not seeing him, but looks amused. She takes the handkerchief and wipes the ice cream with it.

TERRY

Funny way to break the ice --
cream.

Louise gives him back the handkerchief and, not looking up,
nods thank you.

TERRY

Do you always eat this way?

She looks away.

TERRY

Hope you have a good dry cleaner.

Louise gets up with a furious stare.

TERRY

Hey! I'm joking!

Louise lowers her head to her ice cream and checks if it is
not melting again.

TERRY

My name's Terry.

She is still not looking.

TERRY

If you can't speak, I'm an expert
in sign language.

Louise raises her face to him with a shy smile. He has
incredible blue eyes.

She sits back.

LOUISE

I'm Louise.

TERRY

You're prettier when you smile.

(a beat)

I'm not used to talk to unknown
young women, but this time,
believe me -- I couldn't help it.

Louise sizes him up. He looks so cute and clumsy.

LOUISE
It might sound weird, but I
believe you.

TERRY
(nodding to the bench)
May I?

She nods to Terry. He sits by her.

As he turns to her and they start to chat --

LATER

They both have a good time. Terry speaks with large moves.

Louise laughs like a little girl.

She gets up.

LOUISE
Time to go.

TERRY
I want to see you again.

She looks down to him with her most ravishing smile.

LOUISE
Today was the first day of the
rest of my life.
(a beat)
Okay. Tomorrow. Same bench. Same
time.

She leans over his cheek, gives him a kiss, and she is
already gone.

As she walks away, she puts her hand on her heart, smiling.
She crosses the park gateway.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Happy, Louise walks on the pavement and turns a last time
to the park, seeing Terry still seated on his bench looking
at her walking way.

She waves slightly at him.

Her cell phone rings. She takes it out her purse and checks the caller's ID.

It reads: TIM

Louise steps on the road and keeps on walking, hesitating to answer the phone.

This is at the last moment she sees the cab hurling onto her, screeching its tires.

The shock is inevitable...

EXT. PARK - DAY

Seen from Terry's POV, Louise is thrown in the air and bumps on the cab hood.

He freezes with horror.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Louise slams hard on the road and lies like a dislocated marionette, her cell phone still in hand.

People gather around, horrified.

FADE OUT:

COMPUTER GENERATED VOICE (V.O.)

(muffled with a slight
echo)

-- have a nice day.