

CRIPPLING EFFERVESCENCE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

--THIS SHORT REQUIRES A SENSATIONAL SCORE OF FLUID MUSIC--

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY SKY LINE - EARLY MORNING

A beautiful view of the hustle and bustle of inner L.A.; animatedly busy crosswalks, constant traffic commotion.

Then (O.S.) we hear CHEERS and APPLAUSE roar in the BG.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. A GRAND GRADUATION CEREMONY - THE STAGE WALK

A traditional college ceremony, each recipient walks across the stage to shake hands upon the diploma's hand-off.

C.U. A nail polished hand reaches for the wrinkly old hand holding her diploma (the headmaster/president), they shake.

CHEERS and APPLAUSE fills the crowd with clapping mothers, whooping friends, and out of town relatives. FREEZE.

(O.S.) BEEEEEP BEEEP BEEP!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MAN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

A BLARING ALARM clock flashes 5:00 A.M. beeps mercilessly. A hand reaches over and slams the snooze button, GRUNTING.

MATT (23) resentfully rises out of bed, barely awake. He peeps through the blinds and the sun has hardly risen.

Matt is a blue-collar worker, definite scruff, he works hard to make ends meet, having that go-getter kind of work-ethic.

He takes no time at all to get out the door, Matt grabs his cap and jacket, jostling down the staircase. Into,

A brisk morning GUST to the face. Fighting the slick wind morning, Matt pops his coat collar and warms his hands.

EXT. CAR LOT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A Buggy convertible comes SCREECHING to a halt before a Volkswagon front office, a salesman ready with pen and paper.

Emerging from the driver's seat is MINDY (24) our former college grad, nails polished, bracelets shiny and all.

That type of beautiful that makes you jealous, not because of her looks, but because of her cheeky confidence andchutzpah.

Her long hair whips in slow-mo while she emerges, beaming ear to ear, the camera fishes to passenger side.

Out steps MOM (41), WHOOPING alongside her ecstatic daughter, pulling out her purse and wallet. Credit card in-hand.

INT. BUGGY CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mindy drives her new car thanking her Mom over on repeat.
Thank you thank you thank you thank you!

A ritzy WELLS FARGO Parking Lot in the rear view mirror.

EXT. WELLS FARGO EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Mindy pulls out of the Wells Fargo exit, hopping a curb.

INT/EXT. CITY BUS - SEAT WINDOW

Matt sits alone on the bus, head pressed against the glass, staring out at the world in a daze, eyes glossed over.

He has headphones in his ears, but not connected to an iPhone or iPod, but a Walk-man. From his inside out, nothing but grey skies and gloomy surroundings to his own perception.

Matt waits patiently through each stop, people passing all around, he remains fixated on whatever's on the outside.

Finally, his stop. He rises and slowly exits the bus.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS AFTERNOON

Matt stands amongst other workers in hard hats, smoking Reds.

Matt's summoned over by Mr. White collar, stomps out his cig. From across the yard, we watch the two men interact, the boss pulls from his fat wallet an assortment of 20's, 50's, 100's.

Looks up from his wallet inspecting the men's work, mulls it over, hands Matt two 20's, shakes his hand then takes a call.

Matt's face clearly less than pleased with his pay.

INT. A BEDROOM - DESK, CALENDAR DOCKET

Overlooking her enormous desk calendar, Mindy traces her pencil across each date; scribbling, erasing, adding, etc.

E.C.U. other nontrivial appointment dates, her pencil lands on bold lettering, "PAY RENT," to which she coolly scribbles in a quick yet legible side note, "F.W. to MOM!"

Her pencil continues tracing along her dates and jotted reminders, finally landing on an X'ed out box, her birthday.

MINDY (O.S.)
Uuuggghhhhhhhhh.

She switches the pencil for a red pen, violently writing in 21 over the former 24. Expressing her exaggerated distress.

Angry mumbles. She looks around her childish worldly goods.

MINDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Twenty-Four my ass.

Purposefully knocking over a cup full of markers, pens, misc.

INT. BATHROOM MIRROR - MATT/MINDY INTERCUT

Both Matt and Mindy stand before their mirror, separately checking themselves. Surveying the land, head to toe.

MINDY'S BATHROOM - Faced pressed against the glass, she attempts to pop every blemish in sight.

MATT'S BATHROOM - Running fingers nervously through his hair, he tugs to ensure no balding. Face against the mirror in desperation, he sorts through each strand looking for grey.

MINDY'S BATHROOM - She's tugging on her face skin, GROANING at the unfortunate forehead creasing. Sharp breathing.

MINDY
(like the sky is falling)
Noo --Not *another* wrinkle!

MATT'S BATHROOM / MINDY'S BATHROOM - SPLIT SCREEN

Dual screen. Matt still rummaging through his hair strand by strand, and Mindy shaving her underarms, toothbrush in mouth.

A *GASP* followed by... (O.S.) BUZZING

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frantic, on edge, he's SHAVING his whole head mid-meltdown.

Running the electric RAZOR through his hair, back and forth, hunting down every grey. His locks fall heavy to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. MINDY'S BATHROOM - MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

Ass out for the full length mirror,

Her hand slides up and down her own backside, outlining her voluptuous bottom; loving it, her body, and her goofy self.

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY TOWERS - DAY

Sitting near a high rise window, we zoom in to see Mindy in her office, twirling her pencil, rolling calls for her boss.

Something catches her eye out the window, her head slowly tilts, focus redirecting outside -hopelessly lost in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Inside an Emergency Room at max-capacity, Matt is having a long awaited talk with the doctor, gripping his back IN PAIN.

He seems to be asking for relief, motioning to his back as the source, gesticulating manual labor a resulting injury.

The Doctor, though sad, shakes his head; sympathetic, but unable to help without pay, Matt dejectedly leaves the E.R.

EXT. HOSPITAL / SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Into the night, back hunched over; physically, he meanders the streets; mentally, he could be on the moon - *anywhere*.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Same blank motionless trance, head in the sky, Matt's boss is chewing him out. Again as Matt's attention only drifts off...

INT/EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD L.A. / MINDY'S CAR - DAY

Weaving in and out of traffic, Mindy inaudibly yaps on her cell phone, carousing in her new Buggy through sunny skies.

En route to pick up her boss' lunch to-go (revealed by the sticky noted food orders on the steering wheel).

She pulls into a small parking lot, PARKS, and as she opens the car door a booming THUNDER strike startles her senses.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDEWALK - MINDY

Catching her breath, Mindy heads down a sidewalk of roadside diners and shops, trotting obliviously alongside sunny skies.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDEWALK - MATT

Matt trudges along, his day seemingly far less sunny, also heard the striking thunder.

Hands in his pockets and beanie cap on, he walks on toward the next bus stop, sighting one a good ways down the road.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDEWALK - MINDY

Noticing the darkening skies and opening clouds, Mindy stares up at the brewing sky, walking along, head in the clouds.

Another thunder CRACK. People on the street check for rain. Most hustling under some form of cover, others struggling to open their floozy umbrellas. Bunch of city-folk.

Mindy continues waltzing down the sidewalk.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDEWALK - MATT

Approaching some loony girl with her head in the sky, she almost knocks into him, had he not sidestepped her path.

Mindy having not even noticed, and Matt carrying on with his way... the two stagger along oppositely, without interaction.

When, Thunder CRACK. Skies open. Rain DOWNPOURS.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDEWALK - MINDY

Snapping out of it, Mindy looks around, drops start to pelt her face as city folk rush to escape nature's wrath.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDEWALK - MATT

Matt too stops in his tracks, looking all about him, laughing at the ridiculous measures people take to avoid the rain.

He revels. Walking out into the street, arms high whirling about, tongue stuck out, and eyes glued to the sky.

Slow twirling in the rain. Catching droplets on his tongue.

Aside from the cars backed up, Matt detects the only other person in the rain - prancing about.

He can't help but smile at her playful excitement and starry-eyed bliss, fixated on her mannerisms, picturing a happier version of himself, dancing freely alongside her in the rain.

Sashaying puddles like a ballerina without rain boots, Matt watches as this girl twirls herself into her own ecstasy. Embellishing that which most people run from, this fun-loving girl emulates the free spirit Matt's foolishly kept within.

He simply watches in adoring awe.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDEWALK - MINDY

Spinning in circles, tiptoeing puddles, resorting to her childhood self, making a ruckus, she loves the attention.

She feels Matt's subconscious stare, turning gingerly...

Like a fairy-tale, their eyes meet, the few yards between them suddenly like a million miles apart. Pheromones flying.

Eyes locked, entranced, they start walking toward each other.

As if remote controlled through a higher being, these two strangers seem magically spellbound - feeling something as magical as the perfectly timed romantic debut rainfall.

Speechless, yet minds both racing, the world is spinning. They stare into each other's eyes. Silence speaking more than words ever could. When another thunder CRACKS!

Followed by a second bolt, they look up in sync, inches apart, they stare in awe before Nature's own Kodak moment.

Lost within this wondrous crippling allure.

In the BG, a bolt strikes, perfectly positioned between the two dotting faces, capturing the most romantic moment two strangers can share - a coupling effervescence.