

How was your day fucking awesome

By:

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INT: GIRL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

An alarm clock violently blares in a pitch black room, the clock reads 11:00pm.

A college-aged girl bangs on the rectangular sound box desperately trying to hit the snooze button but fails. She yanks on the string of her Ikea lamp.

The light flickers then turns on. Papers and an uncomfortable amount of empty energy drink cans are scattered all over the floor.

The girl finally turns the alarm off and resets the time. She appears annoyed and sleep deprived.

Wiggling herself back into bed she turns the light off and makes herself comfortable.

INT: GIRL'S APARTMENT-DAY

The alarm goes off again, the clock reads 11:00am.

The girl wakes up frazzled, puts her feet on the floor to realize she has stepped in cat piss.

She squints her eyes as a look of repulsion spreads across her face.

She saunters to the bathroom to realize there isn't any toilet paper to blot the stinky urine.

She picks up a nearby article of clothing from the floor and places it mindlessly over the yellow stained carpet.

Stepping on the shirt in efforts to clean it up, she notices the last name "Harrison" on the back of the blue garment and swaps with a pair of sweatpants from a pile of dirty laundry.

She wipes her hands on a soiled towel and walks towards a calendar pinned to her wall.

Crossing off yesterday's date with an oversized red sharpie, "Orgo Exam/Game Day" are scheduled for today.

She puts her middle finger and thumb to her eyeballs, rubbing them in disbelief and walks backwards into the bathroom avoiding the piss.

She reaches for a bar of soap at the corner of a caked-on-toothpaste-ridden sink and starts aggressively washing her face.

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She gets soap in her eye and struggles to cup water into the affected area.

Once she alleviates herself of the stinging soap sensation she reaches for her toothbrush from a lime-stained cup.

She douses the toothbrush under the running sink water for a millisecond and globs the toothpaste on spreading it around with her eye juice finger.

While brushing her teeth simultaneously, she worms out of her pants and plops herself on the toilet seat.

Mid-pee she looks ahead at the cardboard emptiness of the bare toilet paper roll she had forgotten about.

Wiggling her torso on top of the toilet seat she stands up without wiping and hocks a spit wad of saliva and toothpaste into the sink.

The sides of her mouth are dripping with residual toothpaste and she is in clear need of a dixie-cup for a proper mouth wash.

She opens the mirrored medicine cabinet to reach for one with Clifford The Big Red Dog on it and a cockroach scurries from behind a box of over-the-counter yeast infection pills into the cup.

She jolts back, picks up a sneaker from the floor and begins swatting the roach.

The roach is not winning this one.

It's near-dead body is limping on the bathroom counter, the girl gives it her final wack.

Neglecting to pick up the roach remnants she walks proudly back into her room.

Closing the door behind her, she turns around and writes "toilet paper" on the to-do list that's taped to the back of her door.

Her room is an almost mess.

Grateful Dead posters adorn the walls along with ornate, handmade dreamcatchers and a large painting of the lunar phases.

The girl begins undressing herself, her back exposing a tattoo of a sizable Buddha.

She paces toward her dresser, opens it, and selects a loose fitted long sleeve shirt and pair of bohemian harm pants.

Kneeling down to her shoe collection scattered across the width of the dresser she rummages around until she finds a pair of brown Birkenstocks.

Her cat is hiding underneath a knitted sweater but is barely visible, it starts to purr.

Still scrounging around the parameters of the floor, the girl comes across her dead cell phone.

She expresses a sigh of relief but a look of annoyance.

She snatches her backpack from her desk chair, checking for it's necessary contents and exits the room.

Her keys are left in the door from the day before but she fails to notice.

She pulls a pair of headphones out of the little pocket of her backpack and mindlessly attaches them to her dead phone and walks down a very long, eerie hallway.

She takes the headphones out of her ears after about 15 paces.

INT: LIBRARY-DAY

The girl walks into the library and makes a B-line to the vending machines.

She is jingling from the sound of coins shifting in her thin pockets.

Placing her hand in her pockets she takes out four quarters and one penny.

She gawks in despair at the iced-tea can that costs \$1.25.

There is no one around her to spare her the extra twenty-five cents.

She instead stops at a grody water fountain and slurps down a gulp of lukewarm, not-iced tea.

The search for a table begins.

For some reason the library was packed but there wasn't anyone hungry or thirsty enough to be near the vending machines.

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The girl mopes up and down the aisles, mentally flipping off the loners occupying the four-tops.

After about ten minutes of hopeless searching she sits down across from a lone Asian boy who is writing something down vigorously with his head two centimeters from the paper.

In hopes of being productive before her Organic Chemistry exam, she takes out her notes and begins studying them.

She positions herself 2 centimeters away from the paper.

It's working.

About two hours of studying fly by in the vortex of concentration.

The girl checks her watch for the first time and realizes she is late for her exam.

As she swings her backpack across her shoulder she unknowingly knocks over the boy's hot beverage right into his lap.

He is panicking in pain while yelling obscenities in a language she can't comprehend.

She cannot help or apologize because she is severely late.

She runs out of the library, juking past other students in her way like a running-back.

She approaches a Gothic-style building and pushes the front doors open with strength she does not appear to have.

INT: CLASSROOM-DAY

Running down the hall she locates her testing room and opens the door.

No one is in the room.

She is puzzled and cannot figure out why the test is not being administered.

By the podium she sees a large digital clock that reads 2:00pm.

A bead of sweat drips down her reddened face as she brings her watch 2 centimeters from her face.

She settles herself in the classroom and takes her syllabus out from her backpack.

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Scanning the exam schedule, she makes the connection that her watch is wrong.

Daylight savings had set the clocks back an hour.

She puts her head down to pass the time until her Professor and classmates arrive.

She tries to take a power nap but right as she lays down she is immediately bothered by a strange ticking noise.

Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick.

Still positioned with her head down, her eyes widen with annoyance.

A fly buzzes past her ear.

ZZZ, ZZZ, ZZZ, ZZZ.

A creaky noise infiltrates her ear.

The door of the classroom opens, ending the synchronic tunes.

An attractive male classmate enters the room.

He has shaggy brown hair that looks unwashed and a perfect 5 o'clock shadow.

He is dressed in purposefully distressed Levi's and an ironed flannel shirt.

He brushes past her, she blushes very obviously.

He chooses a seat two desks behind her taking an iPod out of his pocket.

She can hear the muffled undertones of Cher's "Believe" and puts her head back down on the desk.

Students begin to trickle in as it gets closer to the exam time.

The girl reaches into her backpack searching for a pencil.

She finds a nifty lead pencil but there is no more lead.

She sighs and keeps looking.

She then finds a wooden one but there isn't an eraser and the point is dull.

Realizing that's her only option, she stands up and locates the manual sharpener.

You can see her hot pink thong through her pants.

She cranks the sharpener oblivious to her classmates laughing at her.

She sits back down and waits for the Professor to administer the exam.

INT: HALLWAY-DAY

The girl walks out of the classroom with a proud smirk on her face that indicates she had just gotten away with something.

She struts down the hallway ignoring a "Caution: Wet!" sign and slips.

She gets up as if nothing happened.

Luckily no one saw her except the Cher fanboy.

INT: HARRISON'S ROOM-DAY

A husky college-aged guy, about 6'4 in football pants is rummaging through his room looking for something.

He is frustrated and appears to be in a rush by the way he is pacing around his cluttered room.

CUT TO:

INT: GIRL'S APARTMENT-DAY

The girl compiles the plethora of dirty laundry from her bedroom floor.

She walks it to the laundry machine near the kitchen.

Sniffing the basket of clothes, she makes a nasty face and dumps it in the machine.

Making sure to use a lot of detergent and slams the door shut.

She walks back to her room and plugs a cracked, first generation iPod into her enormous stereo.

She spins the dial to shuffle mode. "Bad Day" by Daniel Powter begins to play loudly.

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She starts to tidy up her room up. Her cat is supervising on the bed.

It's laying on an old essay of her marked with a big, red 79 that is circled on the top.

After the room is relatively clean, the girl heads to her vanity and starts applying elaborate, spirited makeup.

As she applies mascara to her right eyelash, she stabs herself accidentally and that whole side of her face smudges.

She starts over and again messes up but this time her thumb grazes over the wet, golden pinstripe of paint she had just drawn across her face.

Frustrated, and fed up she takes all of the makeup off and begins to frantically push around the hangers in her closet.

She selects a garnet and gold cheerleading outfit and slides into it with ease.

She reaches for socks from a hanging closet organizer, grabs a mismatched pair by accident but doesn't seem to notice.

She throws her sneakers in a bag with her school's mascot on it and heads out in a hurry.

She forgot her keys in the door, again.

INT: STADIUM-EVENING

The girl begins stretching by herself in the practice room where her squad is gossiping, giggling, and carrying on.

She is emotionally and intellectually detached from the girls in her squad, she ignores them and their vapid conversation.

Extending her legs out in front of her bringing her chest to her shins, she takes a deep breath.

Her phone buzzes interrupting her stretch- it's a text message from "Harrison" that reads: Have you seen my jersey?

Pondering where it could possibly be she flashes back in her head to when she threw it on the cat piss and gasps.

She responds to him: "MY LAUNDRY MACHINE!!"

The game started in thirty minutes and Harrison still had to head over to her apartment to retrieve his wet jersey.

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Ahead of her, pasted to a mirror is a life-size poster of the starting line-up, Harrison in the dead center.

Bringing her knees to her chest she looks down at the floor and notices a speck of of blood on the finished wood.

She stands up and turns around to see a sizable red stain on her white skirt.

A few girls from her squad begin laughing uncontrollably, some falling to the floor, smacking it in amusement.

GIRL

FUCK! FUCK THIS DAY! FUCK YOU
BITCHES! FUCK YOUR BOYFRIENDS, THEY
ALL FUCKING CHEAT ON YOU ANYWAYS!
FUCK! FUCK ME! WHAT THE FUCK DID I
DO TO FUCKING DESERVE THIS SHIT?!

She storms out of the double doors in full blown tears and heads back into the locker room to retrieve her gym bag.

She finds it atop a wooden bench and unzips it to find out she doesn't have any extra bottoms.

She kicks the bench over violently, still crying and takes off her top and wraps it around her waist, hiding the stain.

On her way out she bumps into her coach but ignores her completely and makes her way to the exit.

She walks outside, still in just her sports bra, the residual mascara dripping from eyes to the corners of her mouth.

EXT: BUS STOP-NIGHT

The bus passes right by her.

She retreats to a nearby bench to sulk a bit more while she waits for the next bus that is coming in another hour according to the posted schedule.

An aggressive street light shines right above the bench illuminating the girl crying.

An elderly, unkempt, Black woman approaches the same bench. She is pushing a grocery cart filled with trash bags of recyclable items.

Her shoes are completely sole-less, her hair is matted into 8 thick dreadlocks and her worn out clothing has holes and tears all over.

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The old woman takes a seat at the other end of the bench, not saying a word.

The girl stops crying and scans the old woman up and down and looks straight ahead.

GIRL

Ma'am do you mind doing me a favor
and telling me how your day was?

The old woman is surprised that the young girl is acknowledging her so quickly after she had just finished crying.

OLD WOMAN

(in a thick Caribbean accent)
Well young lady, it was excellent.
I collected two-hundred thirteen
items today and now I'm on my way
the recycling center to cash out.
My grand babies are going to get
fed real right tonight!

The genuine happiness and sense of accomplishment exuding from the old woman was exactly what the girl needed.

The girl nods her head in agreement, running her fingers through her hair, still looking straight ahead.

She turns to face the old woman with glazed-over eyes, a single tear trickles down her cheek.

GIRL

That's fucking awesome, ma'am.
Excuse me, but really, that is
fucking awesome.

The old woman reaches across the bench and touches the girl's hand. She begins singing "Three Little Birds" by Bob Marley

OLD WOMAN

"Don't worry, about a thing,
because every little thing is gonna
be alright."

She pulls her hand away and continues to hum the tune of the song.

Unstoppable tears are formulate in the girls eyes, her face reddens with emotion.

The young girl scoots closer to the woman, resting her head on her shoulder singing along as she continues to hum.

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The old woman strokes the girl's head with her long un-manicured fingernails.

The old woman's bus approaches the stop.

The girl lifts her head from the woman's shoulder, the vulnerability seeping through the pores of her skin.

She looks up at the old woman expressing a sense of gratitude with her body.

GIRL

Thank you ma'am, really.

The old woman drags the bag of recyclables onto the first step of the bus and turn around.

OLD WOMAN

All a girl needs is a chocolate ice cream cone and a little reggae to cure a bad day, my mother told me that once!

She winks and waves goodbye at the young girl and boards the bus.

The girl sits for a second to absorb all that had just happened.

She stands up from the bench and begins walking toward the stadium.

An ice cream vendor is conveniently stationed right in front of the entrance catches her eye.

She remembers what the woman had told her and peruses the selection.

GIRL

Can I have the Chocolate Eclair bar please?

The vendor points to the similarly packaged Strawberry Shortcake bar.

GIRL

No, not the Strawberry Shortcake. The Chocolate one, yeah.

VENDOR

That'll be \$2.00.

GIRL

Thank you!

The girl turns around and walks back toward the bus stop.

She sits on the bench, unwraps the ice cream bar and takes a bite.

She has not eaten all day, the ice cream is hitting the spot.

She closes her eyes, savoring the flavor of the artificially flavored dairy treat.

As she opens her eyes, a distraught looking boy her age approaches the opposite side of the bench.

He sits down, puts his elbows to his knees running his fingers through his shaggy hair, he takes a deep sigh.

Lifting his head up from his lap, he faces her in need of emotional support.

She realizes it's the same attractive boy from her Chemistry exam site and stares at him with her ears.

BOY

Can I ask you something?

END.