

Today is My Day

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EXT. - DAY - CAR

The scene starts with a close up of our protagonist, **LEWIS**. Lewis is a man in his late 20s/early 30s. He wears dark wayfarer sunglasses and a Hawaiian shirt.

The sound at first is faded. We can hear a woman talk though it is blurred and unintelligible, instead all we can hear is what Lewis is focusing on, the noises of the road as well as the music he is blasting on the radio.

LUCY (V.O.)
Lewis... LEWIS!

On the driver-side seat sits his girlfriend, **LUCY**. She has dark hair and wears extremely long earrings. Lucy turns the volume way down as she gets prepared to confront him.

LUCY
I'm talking to you, you can at least pretend you are paying any attention.

LEWIS
I'm sorry baby I got a bit distracted. What were you saying?

LUCY
Are you in or are you out?

LEWIS
About what?

LUCY
Jesus Christ Lewis! I mean I've been talking about this for...

LEWIS
Chill out, I'm kidding. I'm still thinking about it.

LUCY
What is there to think about?

LEWIS
You know how busy I am these days.

LUCY
You're not that busy.

LEWIS
And you know how stressed I am.

LUCY
I get that but...

LEWIS

And I mean, think about it from my perspective.

LUCY

Oh my god Lewis it's just a dinner.

LEWIS

Just a dinner...

LUCY

Yeah, it's not like I'm asking for anything ridiculous.

LEWIS

I am not saying that you are. All I'm saying...

LUCY

So then what's the deal?

LEWIS

All I'm saying is, I'm under a lot of stress, I feel like I'm only going to embarrass you.

LUCY

That's really dumb.

LEWIS

What's dumb about it?

LUCY

It's a work dinner. No one cares how you present yourself I just don't want to go alone.

LEWIS

I get that, and as I said you are not asking for anything ridiculous, all I'm saying is that it's a bad time.

LUCY

When are you expecting the call-back?

LEWIS

Three days ago.

LUCY

Those idiots just don't get you.

LEWIS

Well these idiots might finally push the goddamn script to be made.

LUCY

Their way.

LEWIS

Regardless, you know the situation and you know how hard last few days have been I'll get back on my feet soon don't worry.

LUCY

Fine, fine. Please come, I'll blow my brains out if I have to hear Mr. Robertson talk about his golf game with "enter celebrity of the week".

LEWIS

I'll let you know today or tomorrow.

Lewis' phone begins ringing. He immediately picks it up and sticks it up to his ear.

LEWIS

Hey Ted, what's up? Tonight?

Lewis picks up a cigarette and lights it while driving.

LEWIS

Sure. I mean I've got some work to do but you can come over for a bit. Still a no. I'm sure they're just bottlenecked to their necks. I know, I know, one of these days is going to be my day. Okay. Cool see you then.

LUCY

You need to quit multitasking while driving.

LEWIS

That was Ted.

LUCY

I got that.

LEWIS

He is coming over later.

LUCY

I got that too. Unlike you I try to pay attention to what you're saying.

LEWIS

And anyway, why do you want to go?

LUCY

Fuck Lewis, I've said I don't. But it's work, I have to.

LEWIS

Well, all I'm saying is that I don't think a bunch of blue collar engineers are going to take to kindly to an unemployed screenwriter with nothing to show for his...

LUCY

No one cares what you do Lewis, it's not really about you.

LEWIS

Regardless...

Lewis pulls over on the side of the street.

LEWIS

This is your stop.

Lewis leans in and gives Lucy a kiss.

LUCY

Please come with, Lewis.

LEWIS

Okay honey, I'll try.

Lucy gets out of the car and walks towards the door to her apartment building.

LEWIS

And don't forget what Ted always says. One of these days is going to be....

Cut to

INT. - NIGHT - LEWIS' APARTMENT

Lewis and his friend **TED** are sitting on a 3-person sofa at opposite ends. Sitting in the seat between the two men is a comically-large bowl of popcorn. Lewis is holding a joint on one hand and a beer on the other. Ted is patiently waiting for his turn. Rock music is blasting over all other sounds.

Title Card

Today is my Day!

Cut to later in the night.

The two men have finished their popcorn and are now in conversation.

LEWIS
No one makes movies like these anymore.

TED
Well yeah, no one wants to see these kinds of movies anymore.

LEWIS
Well, I do, and so do you.

TED
Yeah but we're nerds.

LEWIS
Valid point.

TED
Anyway, sorry to bring it up again.

LEWIS
Oh my lord please don't start.

TED
What do you want me to say? You know how these execs are. They want something flashy, not artsy.

LEWIS
These execs want quality.

TED
No they don't.

LEWIS
Well if they don't then I guess I'm screwed anyway right?

Lewis picks up his rolling tray and starts rolling another joint.

TED
Not necessarily.

LEWIS
I'm not going to re-write *Night of the Singing Butterflies*.

TED
I'm not saying re-write it.

LEWIS
Thank you.

TED
All I'm saying it is touch it up a bit.

LEWIS
But why?

TED
It's a great script.

LEWIS
Another detective noir story with a twist at the end. What a novel concept.

TED
I thought you said these execs don't care if your ideas are original or not.

LEWIS
I mean they don't really...

TED
So why are you so stuck up about it?

LEWIS
Because I hate the script.

TED
Oh, but *Indigent Dancers* is going to be a surefire hit.

LEWIS
I thought you liked that script.

TED
I do, but you must admit it is very pretentious.

LEWIS
What's pretentious about it?

TED
Everything, including the title.

LEWIS
Well, tell us how you really feel.

TED

As I said I liked it. But why not have something to show that is more... commercial.

LEWIS

I'd rather die than become a commercial screenwriter.

TED

Oh my god, how can you be broke, pretentious and have such an inflated ego at the same time?

LEWIS

touché.

TED

All I'm saying is, it couldn't hurt.

Ted gets off the couch and goes to leave.

LEWIS

You're going? What am I rolling this for then?

TED

I got to go. Got some sketches I need to finish up.

LEWIS

Fine go.

TED

You'll think about it?

LEWIS

I'll try not to.

TED

Dumbass.

Ted closes the door behind him.

LEWIS

Love you too buddy.

Lewis lights his joint, proceeds to scroll through Netflix to find something to watch. After a moment, his phone starts ringing. He picks it up to check who it is, but the number is unknown.

LEWIS

Hello?

ANGELA (V.O.)
Hello, Mr. Lewis Farraway?

LEWIS
The same.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Hello Mr. Farraway and sorry for the
late call, I'm calling from Mr.
Bupkis' office.

Lewis springs up off the sofa and begins nervously pacing
around his living room.

LEWIS
Hi, hi, hi, how, hello, how do you
do?

ANGELA (V.O.)
I'm doing just fine Mr. Farraway. I
won't take up too much of your time.

LEWIS
Please you're not bothering at all.

ANGELA (V.O.)
I'm calling regarding a script you
sent us.

LEWIS
Uh-huh?!

ANGELA (V.O.)
Well Mr. Bupkis had a chance to read
it and he would like to set up a
meeting. As a matter of fact I'm
calling this late because he has 20
minutes free before lunch tomorrow?

LEWIS
Tomorrow?

ANGELA (V.O.)
Yes, I understand it's short notice
so if you are not available we can...

LEWIS
No tomorrow before noon sounds
perfect!

ANGELA (V.O.)
Great, lovely to hear, please be in
the office around 11:30 Mr. Farraway.

LEWIS
I'll be there, thank you very much
Angela.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Goodnight Mr. Faraway.

Lewis hangs up suddenly and runs down the stairs after picking up his keys. He runs down his apartment stairs and runs towards the parking. He steps in front of a car to make it stop. Inside the car is Ted.

TED
What the hell?

LEWIS
(Out of breath)
I just got a call?

TED
From an Exec?

Lewis is too out of breath to say anything so he just nods instead.

TED
Fantastic.

LEWIS
Yeah. I'm meeting them tomorrow
morning.

TED
That's short notice.

LEWIS
Yeah.

TED
Well, I'm ecstatic for you buddy.

LEWIS
Told you my script was good.

TED
Never said it wasn't.

LEWIS
Anyways, I'll let you go, just wanted
to say it in person.

TED
Happy you did, call me tomorrow to
let me know how it goes.

LEWIS
Will do buddy.

Ted drives away. Lewis is trying to catch his breath. Once he calms down he takes a puff of the joint he has been holding this entire time and goes back into his building.

Cut to.

INT. - MORNING - MR. BUPKIS' OFFICE.