

A BEAUTIFUL DAY

INT. CAR - DAY

Sun blazes onto the blood-drenched dress of a WOMAN (40). She MOANS through split-lips in semi-conscious pain as -

A huge cactus blocks the driver-side exit in this two-door sports-car. MOANS become -

GASPING panic as pain brings her eyes into focus. They see -

A SPLINTERED BONE protruding from her shin. It's the summit of a heap of shit she's in. But base camp is -

THE SUN so bright it sets the windshield ablaze while -

Beads of sweat blossom from her skin so fast the clothes that aren't soaked with blood are wet with perspiration.

Her jaw sets as her brain clicks into survival mode. She -

UN-CLIPS the seat belt and WHIMPERS as she goes for the passenger door. She can't reach. Looks down at -

The splintered bone. Every millimeter of movement is a marathon of pain. Tears mingle with sweat as she WRENCHES her leg up so she can -

Shuffle across to the passenger side. She grips the seat and steering wheel to force her broken body far enough to -

Reach across and clasp a door-handle next to a useless electric window control. She pulls the handle ... nothing happens. TUGS at it wildly but -

EXT. CAR - DAY

The crash has melded the door's metal with the frame.

INT. CAR - DAY

She gives up on the door. Puts her hand down on the black leather seat but -

Draws it away in horror. In direct sunlight that section of leather is scorching hot. She shields her eyes from the glare and searches for escape until she spots -

A rectangular GIFT on the floor. She reaches down for it but that -

PUSHES HER BONE FURTHER OUT AS -

She SCREAMS with the effort of grasping it. Pulls it up to her lap. Looks tenderly at the -

GIFT TAG: *Happy anniversary my love.*

Her eyes linger on it. Desperate to see her love again, she tears the wrapping paper away. Opens a presentation case and brings out -

A BOTTLE OF BOURBON. Holds it like a club and looks hatefully at a windshield so bright it's impossible to see freedom beyond. Then she -

CLUNKS the base of the bottle against the windshield. Doesn't crack. So she takes a few deep breaths - summons all her energy - and CLUNK - not a scratch.

She half-laughs half-cries in near-death delirium. Takes a look at the bottle and ... what the hell. Pulls the cork out with her teeth. Takes a swig so good it's a first step on her stairway to heaven. But she's not ready to make that climb yet. So the woman -

Corks the bottle and CLUNK - CLUNK - CLUNK - **SMASH** - THE BOTTLE EXPLODES covering her in bourbon and glass.

The windshield isn't even chipped.

She looks at the bottle's remnants in her hand. The classy label holds shattered glass together. It's useless now so she throws it onto the driver's seat. Gets that strange sense of calm people have when facing death. Until that peace is broken by a -

ROCK SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD. Then a FOOT breaks through. It belongs to a -

MAN (30) with a head-wound but otherwise intact. He stands on the bonnet and kicks the windshield through until he -

Reaches in with powerful arms and DRAGS the woman out ...

EXT. CAR - DAY

And lays her on the vehicle's black hood. She looks up in wonder as the man jumps down off the hood and -

Picks her up carefully. He's about to take her away but -

His stern face gets close to hers and he SNIFFS suspiciously. Sternness becomes ice-cold rage as he looks through the broken windshield and sees -

The bourbon bottle's remains.

Then the man's eyes fill with tears of rage as he looks at -
ANOTHER CAR with a DEAD WOMAN in the passenger seat.

Finally the man's eyes settle on the car's black hood - so hot it shimmers. And he carefully lays the woman back down on the scorching metal.

Her face contorts with confusion and pain. She opens her mouth to say something but -

He's gone. All she's left with is a beautiful day.

END