

SMILE MORE

Written by

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Based on, that time someone told me to "smile more."

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FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The typical late night CROWD at a typical hipster coffee shop. A college age GIRL sips on a cup of tea and scrolls through her phone, a tall, lanky HIPSTER GUY with big glasses types furiously at a computer, a middle-aged BALDING MAN reads a home improvement magazine.

Behind the counter stands ALISA (20-something, pretty), dressed in a typical barista uniform and a face that says "get me the fuck out of here" despite the "SERVICE WITH A SMILE!" slogan on her name tag.

Alisa checks the watch on her wrist: 10:45. She sighs.

Hipster Guy walks up to the counter holding his empty coffee mug and extends it to Alisa.

HIPSTER GUY

Can I get a re-fill?

Alisa nods and takes the cup from him. She fills it up with the dark, steaming coffee and hands it back to him with a slight, closed-mouth smile.

HIPSTER GUY (CONT'D)

A-actually, can I get that to go?

I'm so sorry.

Alisa turns away, her back facing him, and grabs a to go cup. She speaks with a slight lisp.

ALISA

It's okay. Coming right up.

She pours the coffee into the other cup. A little bit drips onto her hand, but she doesn't flinch a bit.

Alisa turns back around and hands Hipster Guy the cup with that same closed-mouth smile.

HIPSTER GUY

Thank you very much...

He adjusts his glasses and looks at Alisa's name-tag.

HIPSTER GUY (CONT'D)

Alisa?

Alisa nods. Hipster Guy smiles and takes a sip of coffee.

HIPSTER GUY (CONT'D)

Pretty name.

Alisa shrugs, looking down at the ground in an "aw, shucks" kind of way. Hipster Guy slips a dollar into the tip jar and returns back to his seat.

Alisa looks back up and stares longingly at Hipster Guy as he packs up his COMPUTER into a leather SACHEL. He wraps a scarf around his neck before looking back at Alisa, smiling, and leaving the coffee shop.

Alisa blushes and turns around to wipe up the coffee she spilled earlier.

MAN (O.C.)

Great happiness.

Alisa turns around in confusion. A MAN (mid-30s) stands at the counter. He's tall with a slight "dad-bod" and a bit of muscle. The type of guy who makes you feel uncomfortable without even trying.

MAN (CONT'D)

Your name. It means "great happiness." It's Hebrew, right?

Alisa nods uncomfortably. The two stand awkwardly in silence.

MAN (CONT'D)

I saw your name from across the shop and decided to look it up. You can learn a lot about people from their names, don't you think?

Alisa stares at him blankly. She blinks slowly and pulls out a paper MENU from behind the counter and slides it to him.

The Man scoffs and looks at the menu, shaking his head.

MAN (CONT'D)

I get it. Too good to talk to me, huh?

He scoffs again and looks the menu up and down.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'll take a coffee. Decaf. To go.

Alisa nods and turns around to the to go cups, moving as quickly as she can.

MAN (CONT'D)  
So, how long have you been working  
here?

Alisa looks down, hiding her face behind the coffee machine.

ALISA  
(quietly)  
Four months.

The Man leans over the counter, scrunching his face and cupping his hand over his ear.

MAN  
I'm sorry, what was that?

ALISA  
Four. Months.

The Man steps back from the counter, throwing his hands up in a "don't shoot" gesture.

MAN  
Jeez, calm down. No need to get  
shrill.

Alisa pours the steaming coffee into the cup. Her hands are shaking, causing coffee to drip onto the sides of the pristine, white cup.

The shop is empty now, all except for the Man and Alisa.

The Man walks back to the counter and leans on it. A sleazy grin creeps across his face.

MAN (CONT'D)  
You know how I said-

Alisa snaps the lid onto the coffee and hands it to him. Turning her back away from the Man, she checks her watch: 10:50. A look of dread washes over her.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Actually, can I get some cream? And  
two Splenda. Gotta watch my sugar  
intake.

He laughs. Alisa doesn't.

Alisa grabs a box of creamer from the mini-fridge below the counter and pours it into the cup, her hands shaking.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Why don't you try smiling sometime?

Alisa's hands stop shaking. She looks up at the Man.

MAN (CONT'D)

I bet you have a pretty smile in there.

That same, skin-crawling sleazy grin creeps across his face.

MAN (CONT'D)

I think you should smile more. Really.

Alisa hands the coffee to the man and gives him a bright, closed-mouth smile. Their hands touch as she hands him the cup.

Their eyes meet. The Man's eyes are full of lust.

Alisa strokes his hand a bit with her finger. She looks at him and bats her eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)

There's that pretty smile.

Alisa walks to the door and flips the sign from OPEN to CLOSED. Her back is facing the Man.

MAN (CONT'D)

So, uh, where you off to?

ALISA

My place. You wanna come?

The Man stands in awe before adjusting his shitty polo shirt and subpar bulge.

Alisa takes off her apron and hangs it onto a hook before turning off the overhead lights of the cafe.

Her "SERVICE WITH A SMILE!" name tag drops to the ground. She picks it up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alisa walks on the empty street, still wearing that closed-mouth grin. The Man nervously walks behind her, trying to keep pace with Alisa's quick strides.

MAN

Aaliyah? I-I should've asked earlier but, um, are you legal? I'm not trying to catch a charge, I mean, I just got a new job and-

ALISA

Yes.

The Man nods and continues to follow Alisa until they reach-

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alisa fishes a set of keys from her pocket. The door is adorned with about 6 locks, all with their own corresponding key. The Man looks around as she unlocks each one.

MAN

Bad area?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. The only light comes from the OPEN DOOR and a small FISHTANK. A little piranha swims around.

Alisa locks all of the locks on her door before grabbing the Man and leading him to-

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alisa pushes him onto the bed, his head hitting the wooden headboard at the edge.

MAN

Oh jeez, you're a freaky one, huh?

Alisa opens her bedside drawer and pulls out a roll of DENTAL FLOSS.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Alisa wraps the Man's hands together and feet together, the floss digging into his skin and making his limbs turn purple. She grabs a small remote from the nightstand and presses "ON."

A glowing, red haze fills the room from the lights lining the walls.

MAN (CONT'D)

Are we gonna have a safe word or something? I've never done something like this before so this is new territory for a guy like-

Alisa squats and pulls a black BOX out from under the bed. She grins, mouth still closed.

ALISA

Smile.

MAN

Excuse me?

ALISA

The safe word.

Alisa stares down at the box.

ALISA (CONT'D)

Smile.

The Man furrows his brow.

MAN

Smile. Sure. I guess that works.  
Weird, but sure.

Alisa grabs the box and crawls onto the bed, straddling the Man. She places the box onto his chest.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh god. What's in there? I mean,  
handcuffs are already a step out of  
my comfort zone so I don't know how  
much farther I can-

Alisa opens the box to reveal A SET OF PLIERS.

MAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Allison?

Alisa pulls the pliers from the box, smiling at them as she moves closer to the Man's face.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Smile. Smile. Smile!  
Goddammit!

The Man's eyes are full of fear as Alisa is inches from his face. She holds the pliers up to his mouth and smiles, with an open mouth.

Something falls from her mouth. It drips with saliva, leaving a pool of it on the Man's chest.

The Man looks at it with horror. They're dentures.

He looks back up at Alisa.

Alisa has no teeth.

She takes her other hand and punches the Man in the balls, knocking the wind out of him before holding his head down.

ALISA  
Open your mouth.

MAN  
You're fucking crazy, you know  
that? Absolutely fucking-

Alisa punches him again. He screams as Alisa holds his head down again. She reaches the pliers into his mouth and pulls out a TOOTH.

The Man screams as Alisa shoves the pliers into his mouth again, yanking out a molar.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Jesus fucking Christ! You fucking  
whore!

Alisa digs the pliers into the back of his mouth, using her other hand to hold his mouth open by his top teeth.

The Man continues to scream. Alisa keeps pulling his teeth out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Alisa stands behind the register, humming a sweet melody as she wipes down the counter. There's a new aura around her: bright, happy.

Her "SERVICE WITH A SMILE" pin glows in the sunlight.

DING!

The bell above the door rings. She looks over and sees Hipster Guy walk in. Alisa fixes her hair around her shoulders as he settles into his usual seat.

Hipster Guy turns around and smiles as Alisa blushes. He walks to the counter.

HIPSTER GUY  
Hey, Alisa, right?

She nods enthusiastically and smiles,

With teeth that aren't hers.

END FILM.