

Enter Mr. Smith

by

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BLACK

TITLE SUPER: ENTER, MR. SMITH

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SMITH HOUSE -- DAY 1

The sun rises on a modest ranch-style house in a picturesque suburban neighborhood.

The grass is green, the fence is white picket and the BIRDS are CHIRPING sweetly.

2 INT. SMITH HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY 2

MR. SMITH (50) dressed in a dull colored business suit, sits at the breakfast table reading the morning newspaper.

MRS. SMITH (50) wearing a house robe and curlers, sits across the table looking at the back of her husband's newspaper with a blank look on her face.

Mr. Smith reaches out from around the newspaper and grabs his coffee.

A CLOCK on the wall is TICKING loudly.

Mrs. Smith yawns and breaks the silence.

MRS. SMITH
We are having salmon croquettes for dinner. Will you be home on time?

Mr. Smith doesn't look out from behind the paper and without missing a beat.

MR. SMITH
Yes, just like everyday, dear.

Mrs. Smith gets up from the table, picks up the plates and moves to the sink.

She looks out the window and sees the milkman a few doors down the street.

MRS. SMITH
(robotlike monotone)
Would you like some more coffee, dear?

MR. SMITH
(indignantly)
I've already had my two cups.

MRS. SMITH
Sorry, dear. I'm a little distracted.

Completely ignoring her comment.

MR. SMITH
That's nice.

Mr. Smith folds his paper, takes a last sip of coffee, stands up and grabs his briefcase.

Mrs. Smith meets Mr. Smith at the door and their cheeks meet in a half-hearted attempt at a kiss.

MRS. SMITH
Have a nice day, dear.

MR. SMITH
You too, dear.

Mrs. Smith looks out the window and sees the milkman crossing the street from the neighbors house.

With a sparkle in her eye, she exits the kitchen.

3 EXT. SMITH HOUSE -- DRIVEWAY -- DAY

3

FRED (50) the milkman, average looks, crosses the street, and heads toward the Smith house.

Fred looks at a for sale sign on Mr. Smiths old Packard.

Mr. Smith opens the door to his car and is about to get in.

MR. SMITH
Mornin' Fred.

Fred points at the Packard.

FRED
Mornin' Bob. Say, how much you askin'
for the Packard?

Mr. Smith puts his briefcase in his car and then turns to face Fred.

MR. SMITH
Well, I'm askin' \$650 for her.

FRED
Six fifty, huh?

Fred walks around the car admiring it. He holds the milk bottles in one hand and touches the car with the other.

MR. SMITH
You really like this car, don't you,
Fred?

FRED

Yes sir, I've always liked her.

MR. SMITH

You have mighty fine taste.

FRED

She is a beauty.

MR. SMITH

She *is* a classic. I really hate to get rid of her, but I rarely drive her anymore. Always working or doing chores. No time for fun.

FRED

That's a shame. I'd really like to have her, but I just don't know if I could afford her.

Both men stand directly in front of the car, admiring its beauty.

MR. SMITH

Well, why don't you take her for a spin?

Fred is staring at the car and after a beat, snaps his head up and then looks toward the house.

FRED

I couldn't. I really need to get back to my deliveries.

MR. SMITH

Oh, don't be silly Fred. Just take her around the block. It'll just take a second.

Fred looks at the house nervously, and then back down at his milk bottles.

FRED

I don't know --

Mr. Smith grabs the milk bottles from Fred.

MR. SMITH

The keys are in her, go ahead, crank her up and see how she runs.

Fred looks at the house again and then gets in the car.

He slides into the seat and pauses to relish the moment.

FRED

Ahh. This is nice.

He runs his hand over the seat, the dash and then grasp the steering wheel. He looks in the rear view mirror at his reflection and grins.

Mr. Smith, still holding the milk, leans in the window.

MR. SMITH

That's the choke; that knob right there. Just pull it out half way. Pump the gas pedal twice and turn it over.

FRED

With all due respect Mr. Smith, I know how to start a car.

Mr. Smith stands back up.

MR. SMITH

Right, right... you just go ahead and take her around the block.

Fred starts the car on the first try.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Well, I'll say you know what you are doing. I don't think I've ever gotten her to start on the first try.

Fred pulls the car out of the driveway and Mr. Smith walks to the curb.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Be careful when you get to the corner, she'll stall on you if she's not completely warmed up.

Fred shoots a look at Mr. Smith.

FRED

I got it Bob. I'll treat her with kid gloves.

MR. SMITH

Ok, you got her. I'll just wait here for you.

Fred backs into the street and then pulls away.

Mr. Smith just stands there watching as the car heads down the block.

4 INT. SMITH HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

4

Mrs. Smith is just finishing changing into her negligee and she looks out the bedroom window.

She sees the Packard driving away.

MRS. SMITH
Hmmm. That's weird. He's driving the
Packard today. Oh well.

She goes back to the mirror.

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)
Don't you look stunning today, Mrs.
Smith. Why yes I do, if I must say
so myself.

She blows a kiss into the mirror.

5 INT. PACKARD -- DAY 5

Fred stops at the corner and adjusts the rear view mirror
and sees Mr. Smith standing in the driveway.

He watches Mr. Smith turn and walk back up the driveway with
the milk bottles in his hands.

Fred stomps on the gas pedal and the TIRES SQUEAL as he turns
the corner.

6 EXT. SMITH HOUSE -- DRIVEWAY -- DAY 6

Mr. Smith stops and looks down the block toward the sound of
TIRES SQUEALING.

7 INT. SMITH HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY 7

Mrs. Smith hears the SQUEALING TIRES and looks toward the
window with a puzzled look on her face.

MRS. SMITH
Huh?

8 EXT. SMITH HOUSE -- DRIVEWAY -- DAY 8

Mr. Smith walks back up the driveway, carrying the milk
bottles, walks by his car and shuts the open door.

9 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- DAY 9

The Packard speeds down the street. Fred HONKS the HORN and
swerves to miss a car backing out of a driveway.

10 INT. SMITH HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- DAY 10

Mrs. Smith walks down the hallway.

She is dressed from head to toe in sexy lingerie.

Her negligee flows behind her.

A line runs up the back of her stockings.

Her high heels are spiked and black.

11 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- DAY 11

TIRES SQUEAL as the Packard rounds another corner and blows right through a stop sign.

12 EXT. SMITH HOUSE -- FRONT STEPS -- DAY 12

Dress shoes step from the front walk and make their way up the front steps. The shoes SOUND like SANDPAPER against the brick steps. The milk BOTTLES CLANG together.

13 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- DAY 13

Fred HONKS the HORN and shakes his fist at a paper boy, throwing papers, as he zooms by.

FRED
GET OUT OF THE WAY!

14 INT. SMITH HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY 14

Mrs. Smith stops in the doorway between the hall and living room, strikes a sultry pose and looks toward the front door.

She fusses with her hair and her negligee.

Then she looks down at her finger and touches her wedding ring. She pulls it off and quickly heads back down the hall.

15 INT. PACKARD -- DAY 15

Fred stops the car at the stop sign at last corner on the block and looks down the street at the Smith house.

Mr. Smith reaches for the knob at the front door.

Fred's eyes widen, he guns the gas and HONKS the HORN.

The ENGINE ROARS and the TIRES SQUEAL.

SLOW FADE TO:

16 INT. SMITH HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY 16

Mrs. Smith returns to the doorway of the living room, settles into her pose and smiles big and sexy.

The front door knob jiggles.

KEYS JINGLE in the lock.

The LOCK CLICKS.

The front DOOR CREAKS open and the milk bottles enter the room first.

Mrs. Smith tosses her hair back.

MRS. SMITH
Take me Fred, take me!

Fred follows the milk bottles into the room with a funny look on his face.

Mrs. Smith saunters toward Fred.

Mr. Smith enters the room behind Fred.

Mrs. Smith stops short and reacts with a loud GASP.

CUT TO BLACK