

BUMP

written by  
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EXT. SHOPKEEPER/RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK

An overcast sky gives the street a desaturated bluish look punctuated by a warm orange glow coming from the shop windows.

A traffic light broadcasts red.

Traffic is stalled, while pedestrians go about their business.

A car's bumper. Honking. A tailpipe spews vile gases.

Behind it, an old Volkswagen's tire inches forward.

An angry red brake light flashes.

Braking, the rear of another car falls and rises.

A car inches forward.

The Volkswagen's tire follows.

The angry red brake light flashes again.

Down the street, a wave of brake lights looks like a sequenced string of Christmas lights.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - SAME

A GIRL is looking at the people moving on the sidewalks.

Clearly, she is frazzled.

Lipstick twists and slides out of a tube like a warhead launching in slow motion.

She applies some lipstick.

She pulls the lipstick away, looks in the mirror: satisfied.

She dabs a spot on her upper lip.

The lipstick jets off across her face as she is bumped by a car from behind.

She lurches forward as her Volkswagen hits the car in front of her.

An angry red brake light.

She gets out of the car, into...

EXT. SHOPKEEPER/RESIDENTIAL STREET

Drivers along the entire street are getting out of their cars.

Some are angry. Some look dumbfounded.

The cars are bumper to bumper, literally.

An extremely good-looking GENTLEMAN ahead of her approaches.

He looks concerned, stops in front of her, and gently cups her face in his hands.

GENTLEMAN

Let's take a look at you, luv.

The Girl almost swoons.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

(distant)

Are you alright, luv?

Time slows down...

She nods---a prominent lipstick skid across her face.

She releases her handbag to the street, and with bedroom eyes, she moves forward to kiss him.

They embrace and kiss in the street---like an Eisenstaedt photograph from the end of the War.

An older woman walking with her husband on the sidewalk witnesses the spectacle---and caught up in the moment, turns to her husband and abruptly tries to kiss him.

He protests, and she points to the young couple in the street as a defense.

One by one, more and more people take the chance to kiss a stranger---men sweeping women them off their feet as if they were Rudolph Valentino---or women grabbing men and getting what they want.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(distant)

Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

Around the couple---still in embrace---the entire street has broken out in amorous passion.

Then...

...the traffic light turns green.

Distant honking.

FADE OUT: