



Scripts.com

# A Special Day

By Francesca Comencini

Damn it!

- Did you put sugar in it?
- Yes, want me to drink it for you?
- Come here.
- What's wrong?
- Are you upset?
- No, I'm in a hurry.

Does she have to go?

It's important.

You should go to work now.

Alan!

Quiet, you'll wake up Gina.

Breakfast is ready.

- Watch it, butterfingers!
- Hush up!

Great, my manicure's ruined.

- I said no!
- All the kids have one.

Who cares!

Hurry or you'll be late!

- Put on your backpack, you're late.
- Leave me alone.

I said be quiet,

your sister got home late last night.

- Go!
- Is my iPod inside?

#### **A SPECIAL DAY:**

I can't bear to look at you  
with that thing in your mouth!

- What have you done?
- What?
- Did you do them yourself?
- Sabrina did, why?

Come on...

Almost done.

Enough!

Let me finish this baby toe,  
which I adore.

It's the first thing I saw:  
your foot with this long baby toe.

It was so cute!

You've told me that a million times.

Come here, enough with that!

You could use some work here...

What? Where?

- What's this?

- They're yours.

- Mine?

- Yes.

How tall are these heels?

More like 15.

- I'll snap my ankles.

- No, you can do it.

Here.

Maybe it's better without?

You need something,  
or you'll look naked.

- Like this?

- Yes.

You're gorgeous, you're a goddess.

Mom, how much did it cost?

You can't go around  
with a raggedy dress.

I understand but...

Nice things cost money.

I don't know if I feel up to it.

- Why am I meeting him here?

- He couldn't find our house.

Let them burst with envy!

- Hi, are you Gina?

- Yes.

I watched you grow up.

I heard you'll be starring on TV!

Sweetie,

I'd love for you to come visit me.

- I'm in a hurry...

- In hurry every day...

Monday, Tuesday, always hurrying.

Life is so short,  
over in the blink of an eye.

We lose the best things.

Give me a kiss.

- Don't ruin your make-up!

- Relax, mom.

Be careful!

Oh my God...

I'm off.

Wait! Gina!

Wait! Leave your coat on!

- You'll catch a cold.

- Okay, fine.

- Wait!

- Now what? No, mom.

It'll protect you.

- Bye, mom.

- Bye.

Hello.

Sorry you had to walk,  
your mom insisted we meet here.

- I know my way around this area...

- What?

Actually, I don't live far from here  
but my neighborhood's  
inside of the beltway.

So, what's that supposed to mean?

- We're just slightly outside of it.

- Right...

Sorry, I didn't mean it that way.

Is the temperature okay?

Yes.

Is that your school, miss?

What is it?

- Arts high school.

- Oh, I see.

I had some friends there,  
I went to a technical high school...  
but I dropped out.

You don't need a diploma  
to strike it rich in life.

It's not what you do  
but how you do it.

You need the right insight  
at the right moment.

And the courage to jump in.

Courage is essential.

Don't you agree, miss?

With all the space out there,  
why here?

Unbelievable!

Fucking hell!

Sorry miss, the car is new so...

I'm a bit uptight.

Music?

I'll be right back.

Why the heck are your sheep  
grazing in the street?

In the street?

- What a mess, I have to go to work!

- How cute!

Wait.

- You call this normal behavior?

- Normal...

Okay, if it's normal for you...

Put them over there  
where there's space.

Sorry.

I have to say this area is pretty odd.

Stuff like this  
doesn't happen in the city.

Excuse me, what are you staring at?

Stop it.

Sorry, I didn't mean to bother you.

I'm in a particularly good mood today,  
I keep smiling at everyone,  
don't mind me.

It's my first day of work, that's why.

- Really?

- Yes.

A stroke of fucking luck...

I mean of luck.

It just happened out of the blue.

I never expected it.

Let's be honest,  
it's not like I won the lottery  
but I could work my way up  
with this job.

If you're bright, naturally.

Like I said, you need a good head.

My first day of work  
is off to a great start...

Look at the client I've got!

- Anyway, I'm Marco.

- It's a pleasure, I'm Gina.

- Gina, that's a beautiful name.

- Thanks.

What do you do, Miss Gina?  
Do you work or...  
I'm still in school...  
- I see.  
- Even if...  
I dream of becoming an actress.  
- Actress?  
- Yes.  
Holy cow! For real?  
So why are you visiting  
the Congressman?  
Excuse me, I didn't hear you?  
I asked why you're going to visit  
Congressman Balestra.  
He pulled strings for you?  
I bet you're going to thank him.  
Pulled strings for me?  
What are you trying to imply?  
How dare you!  
I've studied acting!  
Since I was a kid  
I've been dancing, singing, everything  
and you talk about pulling strings?  
I paid my dues in the theater,  
got that? So don't you dare...  
Sorry, I didn't mean it that way.  
Really, I didn't.  
You know...  
the Congressman...  
is a distant relative of my mom's.  
He heard I'm trying  
to get into show biz and...  
he wants to help me out.  
Is there anything wrong with that?  
No, of course not, nothing at all.  
- He just wants to help you out...  
- I don't even know him.  
Damn these things  
and whoever invented them!  
Hello?  
Good morning.  
Yes, she's here with me  
Yes, everything is fine.  
No, no problem...

Perfect!

All right, let me know.

Goodbye.

The Congressman's secretary  
said unfortunately  
he can't see you because  
he has an important meeting  
which might be prolonged,  
they apologize.

They'll keep us posted though.

They told me to take you  
anywhere you want.

So where do you want to go, miss?

I'm at your service!

- I want to go home.

- Home?

- Yes.

- It's far away, it'll take forever.

Like I said,  
we're slightly outside of the beltway.

Sorry, I didn't mean it that way.

What if we don't get back in time  
to see the Congressman?

- Who cares!

- What do you mean?

I'll see him some other day.

As you wish.

- Turn here.

- Where?

Turn right here.

Next time give me some warning  
when I have to turn,  
I don't want to have an accident  
on my first day.

Take it easy,  
I know my way around here.

- Where are we?

- You're asking me?

Good thing you know  
your way around here!

It was a "plazer" like this one!

Right, a "plazer"...

There are lots of plazas here.

- What I need is an address.

- I don't know it.

We even have a GPS,

let's make use of it!

All I know is it's a sports center.

A sports center?

That's easy enough!

The GPS can find it then.

- Why didn't you just tell me?

- Didn't feel like it.

Get in.

You could've opened my door at least.

Voila.

Aurelia Nuoto team will be next.

Wla Flaminia team

will now perform.

Here's some water.

Drink, it'll help.

A bit of water will do you good.

- Nice and cool.

- Freezing!

Yes, my boss installed

a fridge in all of the oars...

Your blood sugar levels just dropped,  
no need to worry.

Eat a piece of chocolate...

I don't know what to give you!

Potato chips?

Maybe not, they create crumbs  
and are greasy.

I know!

A nice sandwich

and you'll be back on track.

Come here.

Homemade by my mother.

Trust me.

Voila!

All the comforts you could ask for,  
even a tablecloth...

First class!

- Take a bite.

- No, thanks.

Just one. Have some,

it'll make you feel better.

- I feel better.



- Are you sure?

You're absolutely sure?

All right.

I'll put everything away  
and we'll leave.

Knock it off,

I want to sit up front.

Those suit you better.

They're comfier too.

- Really?

- Yes.

Oh, sorry!

- Where shall we go?

- Dunno... there's nothing here.

- Have you ever been here?

- Yes, for the reptile expo.

- The what?

- The reptile expo.

- You like snakes?

- I have one as a pet at home.

- You have one at home...

- Snakes are cool.

You sleep without worrying  
it'll slip out of the cage?

- Yes.

- Wow, I would never be able to.

- Do you like animals?

- Sure, I like dogs.

Normal animals.

- Like it?

- Nice.

- Want to do some shopping?

- No, no...

Let's go, I don't have the money.

That's the problem.

- At least you work.

- I work...

This is cute.

- No?

- No.

This is cute.

- Looks good.

- The Congressman would like this.

They're completely ignoring me.

You disappeared, what's up?  
Nothing, let's go. Come on!  
Why do people bother coming  
to the mall if they're broke?  
Isn't it pointless?

Yes.

In fact, it is.

Who cares about where you are,  
all that matters is who you're with.  
Being in heaven with the wrong person  
is like being in hell.

Like it here?

Yeah.

- You don't really like it here.

- It's fine.

Let's play a game,  
I'll pick the next place,  
then you pick the one after.

All right.

- Okay?

- Okay.

Let's go.

Hi, Neda.

- Hi, Marco! How are you?

- Fine, and you?

Fine. You're so fancy...

- Why are you dressed up?

- I work as a chauffeur.

- Your mom must be happy.

- She is.

She managed to hook you up, huh?

- We'd like a lane for an hour.

- All right.

- I'm a size 43, and you?

- 38.

- Thank you so much

- Sure, it's my job.

That's six euros, Marco.

- Six euros?

- Now that you work...

- You can pay.

- Right, I work now...

- Say hi to your mom.

- Okay. Bye, Neda.

- Almost a strike!
- Yeah!
- Your turn.
- What do you mean?
- I'm not playing alone.
- But...
- I don't like bowling.
- Don't like it or don't know how?
- I know how to play.
- Then bowl.
- I'll ruin my French manicure
- French manicure...
- Are you going to play or not?
- All right.
- Take that!
- You got a strike...

All those excuses  
and then you get a strike...

It's all technique.

You distracted me!

- Impressive!
- Impressive...

No call from them yet,  
should I call my boss?  
Forget it, I don't really care.

- Sure?
- Yes.

Q k3Y-

Some people have no respect  
for themselves.

Who, her?

I was fat too when I was a kid.

- No way!
- I swear, I was a lardball.

At school the kids called me  
"mutilated walrus".

- Why mutilated?
- I'd just had my appendix removed.

That was the straw  
that broke the camel's back.

**I said:**

time to make a change!"

- What did you do?

- Diet and exercise, naturally.

No sweets, no carbs,  
and lots of bowling.

- Bowling is no sport!

- It does help balance you out.

- Give it a try.

- Right.

And it used to be free.

Oh God!

- What?

- Nothing, don't turn around.

- Why?

- Nothing, don't turn around!

- Don't tell me that's your ex!

- She sure is my ex...

- Don't turn around.

- Fine.

- Do you mind if we leave?

- Let's go.

Honey, wait...

I forgot my purse.

- Right, your purse.

- Sorry.

- Shall we go?

- Yes.

- You are nuts.

- And you're an asshole.

- Why?

- You put your tongue in my mouth.

You kissed me, I couldn't help it.

- "Asshole" is a bit much.

- Dummy, that kiss was just an act.

Well I'm not an actor.

- I'm going to tie your feet up.

- You wish...

- Look what you did.

- Relax!

- I want to return it spotless.

- It's not yours?

Mine? I wish it were!

I do plan on buying my own one day.

And I'll work for myself.

Maybe I'll lease one...

I'd be crazy to ditch this job now.

Maybe in the future though...

I was born to be a businessman!

Fucking hell! I knew it.

Shit!

- It's no big deal.

- No big deal, my ass!

It's my first day of work.

They'll fire me and rightfully so.

- It's just a scratch.

- The whole bumper has to be replaced.

- It's nothing, chill out.

- Just be quiet, please.

Really? Then fuck you!

- Are you serious?

- I am serious.

Maybe I can wipe it off.

No luck!

I can't wipe the damn thing off!

I'm screwed!

What' || I tell them now? What?

"I went bowling because.

Why did I go bowling?

What am I going to do? What?

I'm sorry.

That's right, you'd better apologize.

She jinxed me!

- Who?

- The bowling alley lady.

She's all happy now.

She's bitter that the priest

hooked me up instead of her son.

- The priest?

- Yes, he got me this job.

My mom did his hemming and mending

at her seamstress shop.

She's a pro, she works her magic

with needles.

Anyway, he got me this job

and she's jealous

her son didn't get it.

There she is, look at her!

That's why she was rude.

Exactly...

"That's six euros!"

I never paid before, I've bowled  
for free dozens of times.

- But today she made me pay.

- You work now...

Slow down,

you don't want to hit another car.

I have an idea.

- Pull over.

- Oh God...

- Ever driven an automatic car?

- No.

It moves by itself

when you release the handbrake.

Look at this jackass cutting us off!

- Jerk!

- Release it...

- It moves by itself...

- Yes.

Nice and easy.

Concentrate, please.

Make sure you look around...

Slowly.

- Don't stress out.

- I'm not.

It feels different. This car is snazzy  
but mine's more responsive.

- Make sure to look in the mirrors.

- I know.

- Eyes on the road!

- Yes, they are!

- Feel how smooth it is?

- Yes, I feel it.

It's like a cinch, once you get  
used to it, it's like a game.

All right.

- Come on.

- This way?

Yes, be careful.

Fury!

- Scared?

- No.

I'm not scared.

Touch him.

Hi!

Like that...

- He's nice.

- Yes, but he's always all alone.

You know there are boars here?

- Boars?

- Yes, but don't worry.

They only come out at night.

You know...

a friend of mine from school  
had a baby.

Yes... I went to visit her,  
she was holding the baby,  
he was beautiful,  
so tiny with these little gray eyes...

His name's Alessio.

It was so strange though because  
having a baby at our age...  
isn't easy.

- How old is she?

- My age.

- How old are you?

- You don't know how old I am?

- How old are you?

- I'm 19.

But if you ask me...

having a baby is...

a way to resolve all of your problems.

- Does that sound odd?

- No, no...

I wouldn't say that...

But it is a huge responsibility,  
for sure.

It's a big change.

- Here.

- Thanks.

Let's clean ourselves up  
before getting into the car.

Hello?

Yes...

No, no problem.

All right.

I think I know where it is,  
I've been there before.

Yes.

Perfect.

Talk to you later.

Good bye.

They don't know when  
he'll be out of the meeting so...  
they booked a table for us,  
they're paying. Let's go.

- Where?

- A restaurant.

- Do you know where "Gusto" is?

- No.

Can't your fancy GPS find it?

It can't find everything.

You should take off your tie.

- No way, I'm on duty.

- That's my point...

Oh well...

- Sorry, we're fully booked.

- Excuse me...

- Hold on, ma'am.

- Excuse me...

- Hey!

- Yes?

A table for Romoli, I believe.

Nope, no Romoli on my list.

Congressman Balestra reserved it.

The Congressman, right!

You're his chauffeur?

No!

He's my boyfriend.

Very well. Follow me to your table.

- Is this all right, miss?

- Yes.

I'll send over the waiter.

Why did you say I'm your boyfriend?

- It bothered you?

- No, it didn't but...

I'm proud to be a chauffeur,  
don't you understand?

So long as you weren't upset by it...

If my boss finds out, he'll kill me,  
don't you get it?

No!

- Even if, you can always blame me.



- Right, blame you.  
It's not that easy.  
Or...  
you can tell him  
we really are a couple.  
It could happen...  
me and you together,  
love at first sight.  
I'm just kidding!  
I never know if you're kidding or not.  
Always kidding around.

- Hello, welcome.  
- Hello.  
To drink?  
- Champagne!  
- Would you like to see the list?  
The list?  
- No, it's for our engagement.  
- Felicitations!  
- Thanks.  
- Which do you prefer?  
You choose. The most expensive one.  
Very well.  
"Felicitations!"  
Sounds like something you'd say.  
What are you thinking? Champagne?  
- So what?  
- We can have oysters too...  
- I wouldn't mind some lobster.  
- You don't get it.  
- Get what?  
- They'll fire me.  
- No! Just blame me.  
- The Congressman will see the bill.  
What do they care?  
You think they'll look at our bill?  
Here you go, Catalan style lobster.  
I don't know how to eat it.  
- Did anyone notice?  
- No, nobody noticed.  
- Want some help?  
- That would be nice...  
Don't worry, I'd never eaten one  
before I joined the agency.

Well, I'm not in the agency yet  
but I will be soon.

They serve us lobster  
at any time of the day.

- Really?

- Yes. Here.

If you need an apartment,  
my agent can find you one quickly  
Just like that, for free?

- He pays for everything

- Wow!

You girls sure are lucky.

- Only if you're a pretty girl.

- Only if you're pretty...

If you're ugly  
they don't give you the time of day.  
Unfortunately.

But if you're pretty,  
things happen like they did for me.  
What happened?

I placed on ad online looking  
for work as a waitress, bartender,  
cleaning lady,  
but instead they called me for...  
porn films, naked photos,  
hostess, escort...

Once, this old guy called me...  
to go clean his house.

I was ironing shirts for him  
and he kept insisting

I give him a damn massage.

He kept insisting, I didn't want to,  
I felt uneasy.

Then he changed his mind  
and asked if he could massage me.

He said he'd pay me too.

I felt gross.

It was lunchtime by then.

He sat down at the table  
and started eating,  
he asked me to sit next to him  
and to eat with him.

I was actually starving  
at that point...

but there was no way  
I was going to sit next to him.  
He was the typical sleazy man.  
This is what happens if you're pretty.  
Ask for more.  
You guzzled that champagne!  
Kind of...  
Kind of?  
Still no call.  
Do they think  
we have nothing to do all day?  
I saw a great film last night.  
It really struck me...  
because I identified with it.  
She was a real bitch,  
but deep down she's a good person,  
a good woman.  
The plot was pretty tragic.  
A little girl dies...  
her country is at war.  
- Check it out!  
- What?  
A tattoo. Cool, isn't it?  
Actually,  
I don't like tattoos very much.  
Figures...  
This is cute.  
Sharks and snakes?  
A less aggressive animal maybe...  
So I should get a sheep tattoo?  
You're right,  
but I just don't like tattoos.  
- Let's go in.  
- For what?  
- A tattoo.  
- No way!  
I'll watch you get one,  
but I'm not getting a tattoo.  
If you have allergies, you may suffer  
from rash, abnormal swelling,  
itchiness, and anaphylactic shock".  
Should I put it here?  
- Where?  
- Here.

Here?

Nice spot.

You should put one here.

What do you think I should get?

A design that means something  
to you.

All done.

Thank goodness.

Your turn.

- I was freaking out.

- You were?

Yes, while he was tattooing me.

- It didn't show.

- Because you didn't look at me.

- But he was good.

- Yes, it's a nice tattoo.

Yes, I know it's been postponed.

All right, sure.

It's no problem.

Yes, I'll call her now.

No worries.

Q k3Y-

Bye, honey.

Who was it?

- My agent.

- You call him "honey"?

Everyone calls each other  
"honey" there.

Who are you texting?

My mom... what do you care?

I don't... honey.

- Listen up, honey...

- Enough!

- I'm hungry, want to eat?

- Again?

You eat non-stop.

- Want some?

- God no!

- It grosses you out?

- No, but it's 3,000 calories!

- Just this once...

- I can get fat too, you know.

Don't choke!

- You get fat?

- Yes.  
- You're a toothpick.  
- But if I'm not careful I'll get fat.  
And then goodbye career!  
Always worrying...  
- Isn't this beautiful!  
- Are they crazy?  
- Did you see the price tag?  
- Nice things cost money.  
Then we'll have to make do  
with ugly things.  
Play along, let's go in.  
Hello. I'd like to try on that dress.  
- That one?  
- Yes.  
Follow me.  
Size 38.  
It's in the stockroom.  
- Hello.  
- Hello.  
Honey...  
do we like this one better?  
- Actually...  
- I'd like to try this one as well.  
- Okay.  
- Size 38.  
Very well, be right back.  
You're nuts.  
- You're nuts. Do you have money?  
- Smile, you're on camera.  
B ravo.  
- Aren't they nice?  
- Yes.  
No, I want it in green.  
All right.  
What are you doing?  
Let's go?  
- Let's go...  
- Come on!  
Fuck you!  
You're nuts!  
You're nuts!  
Those ladies were idiots.  
- Did they follow us?

- No, they're too stupid.  
They left us unattended,  
they don't know how to do their job!

- It's so amazing here.

- Yeah...

You're a pretty good actress.  
No wonder why they hired you,  
you deserve it.  
That's not the reason why.

- Why they hired you?

- No, why they fell for our act.  
They fell for it  
because I acted bitchy.  
If you want people to think  
you're rich, just act bitchy.  
You really are a good actress,  
because you're not a bitch.  
You're just nuts.  
Do you really think  
I'm a good actress?  
Yes, I do.  
I can't let him go, I can't!  
There must be some way  
to bring him back.  
I can't think about that right now  
or I'll go crazy.  
I'll think about that tomorrow.  
No!  
I must think about it.  
What is there that matters?  
Ta ra  
Home. I'll go home.  
And I'll think of some way  
to get him back.  
After all...  
tomorrow is another day.  
I'm actually on duty.  
I'm her chauffeur, we have  
an appointment we can't miss.  
You should've thought of that  
before stealing the dress.  
I'll leave my ID and come back later.  
You don't get it,  
that dress costs over 5,000 euros.

- For your information...
- The police will deal with you.

The police?

That rag costs less than 5,000 euros.

- Plus, what do we care?
- What do we care? Please, Gina!

It's my first day of work,  
don't ruin me!

You'll ruin me!

He's right, it's my fault.

I'm the one who stole the dress.

- Check your security cameras.
- We will.

Whatever...

- What are you doing?
- Fuck off.
- Who are you calling?
- My agent.
- Even pips squeak...
- Look who's talking!
- What are you doing?
- Climbing over.
- Haven't you done enough damage?
- No.

Move it!

If they catch us...

With our luck they will catch us.

Where are you going?

My dad always tells me  
he played in here as a kid.

- Here?
- Yes, he played ball.
- Really?
- Back then they could.

My family used to live in the center,  
in Trastevere...

not in the outskirts.

Thanks for before.

If we'd been taken to the station,  
I would've been doomed.

I wouldn't dare crush your career!

I could use your mom's help now.

- You know that priest...
- The one who hooked you up?

Yes.  
My mom never let him pay.  
He insisted but she always refused.  
- Know why?  
- Because he's a priest.  
That's not why.  
Because she wanted to sweeten him up  
for my benefit.  
I was always a dunce in school.  
I'd open a book  
and get distracted after 5 minutes.  
I couldn't concentrate.  
I've been a failure...  
at everything, I've missed  
any opportunity life offered me.  
The only goal I've achieved  
was with this job.  
It's a real satisfaction.  
In fact...  
I want to do it well...  
and give it my all.  
I lied to you today.  
- About what?  
- My mom doesn't have a shop.  
So no hemming and mending?  
She did that at night. But my mom...  
is a cleaning lady.  
At bowling alleys,  
private homes, anywhere.  
To think,  
I would always sleep till noon!  
I couldn't help it.  
I knew I was supposed to get out  
of that fucking bed but...  
I couldn't.  
Listen...  
did that blonde chick  
ever bring you here?  
Never.  
Don't answer.  
Don't answer!  
Come on!  
Move it, you jackass!  
Unbelievable!



Afraid we'll be late?

No, why?

He cut me off.

I'm not afraid we'll be late.

What's wrong?

Nothing.

- No, stop! Stop!

- Now what?

Hold on, I'll pull over.

Come here!

My shoes!

Sorry.

A panic attack.

Why are you going to see  
the Congressman?

Hold on, come through here.

- Go ahead.

- Thanks.

- Who are you?

- No worries.

Sorry, my pockets are full of stuff...

- I'm her chauffeur.

- Who told you to come inside?

The Congressman's secretary  
told me to accompany her myself.

- You need keys for the elevator.

- Fine, let's go.

- I'll accompany you.

- Perfect.

- Go ahead.

- Thanks.

What the hell are you doing?

I'm a total mess!

Shit...

Now get lost.

- Hello.

- May I help you?

I'm here to see Congressman Balestra.

Down the hall to the right,  
last room on the left.

- Thanks.

- Good evening.

- You're the chauffeur?

- Yes.

- You may go, close the door.  
- Very well.  
Good bye.  
Come in.  
I made you wait all day.  
Sorry, I had a hell of a day today...  
We were locked inside all day.  
They even dragged infirm congressmen  
out of the hospital to vote!  
Only in Italy...  
My knee has been aching for a week,  
but I had to show up.  
Nice, isn't it?  
I paid a ton for it.  
- So... what's your name?  
- Gina.  
Gina, here's the deal.  
I had a rough day today.  
So I wish you luck with your career...  
you're really pretty and special,  
I'm sure you'll do well.  
Let's just leave it at that now.  
I'll call your agent and tell him.  
Thanks.  
- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
Hold on.  
Stay 5 minutes, let's have a drink.  
Pour yourself a drink, get comfy,  
I'll be right back.  
Not drinking?  
Then I won't either.  
Let's go.  
It went well.  
Everything okay?  
I thought we'd be waiting all night.  
No, sorry...  
- Can I give you the keys?  
- Yes.  
What is this?  
What?  
You can't pretend  
you didn't have a fenderbender.  
I didn't have a fenderbender.

Don't get smart with me  
on your first day of work!  
Ivan, call the boss  
and we'll show him this car.  
No! Wait, come here!  
Before you get the boss, come here!  
This is the scratch?  
Yes, I did it.  
- Watch it.  
- Watch it?  
I went bowling,  
I did whatever the fuck I wanted.  
I scrape up the whole car now...  
What the fuck?  
What the fuck?  
You piece of shit! Let go of me!  
- Get lost!  
- Go call your boss.  
Do you know who you work for?  
Do you know?  
You work for shitheads!  
- Careful, I'll clobber you.  
- He's crazy!  
Fuck off, all of you!  
Here's my tie, you shithead!  
He's nuts!  
Gina!

**A SPECIAL DAY:**