

HAPPY PLACE LABS

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LEO CANTER, a seventy-six year old decaying man sits in a gigantic leather armchair. The blinds are shut and the room is filled with old books, pictures, and trinkets. It hasn't been cleaned in years.

Scattered in certain areas remain standing picture frames containing photos of a woman and Leo.

Leo stares blankly at the TV playing fast-talking infomercials in front of him. The ads switch from product to product as he clicks the remote.

SALESMAN #1

The washer soaper scrubber will solve all your specific hard to reach problems with one squeeze!

Click.

SALESMAN #2

The iPhone 13 X plus is by far our greatest design.

Click.

SALESMAN #3

Need a vacation?

Click.

HAPPY PLACE SALESMAN

With the new found research released about anti-depressants, our pill dependent society seems to be lost.

Leo almost clicks forward, but perks up after hearing what the HAPPY PLACE SALESMAN said. He glances at an almost empty orange prescription bottle next to him.

HAPPY PLACE SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Here at Happy Place Labs, we've developed the most non-chemical, effective way to deal with the enemy inside.

Leo watches intently.

HAPPY PLACE SALESMAN (CONT'D)

With our Permanent Rainbow treatment, your frown is guaranteed to be turned upside down.

(MORE)

HAPPY PLACE SALESMAN (CONT'D)

There will be no more reasons to  
not smile!

Leo looks at a picture of him and what we can assume was his wife. His eyes turn glassy and nose fades into red. He looks at the TV again.

HAPPY PLACE SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Call now at 1800-424-8765 to  
schedule your life changing  
appointment today!

Leo gets up as fast as he can (which is not very fast) and proceeds to shuffle through boxes and things. Finally he finds a home phone. He dials the number.

LEO

Uh, hello. Happy Place Labs?

INT. HAPPY PLACE LABS OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Leo sits in a waiting room anxiously. He glances at the other people in the room. There's a young woman with bandages around her wrists, a transgender lady with smeared makeup and a greasy face, and a middle aged man in a PE teacher's uniform.

DESK WORKER

(Smiling) Leo Canter. You're up.

Leo nods and proceeds down the hall.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Leo sits in a chair across from a man with a yellow tie and a botox face.

BUSINESS MAN

What is the main source of your  
sadness, Mr. Canter?

LEO

Well, my wife passed away about a  
year ago...

BUSINESS MAN

(cutting him off) You'll be  
receiving the grief treatment.

(MORE)

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

It fades the worry wrinkles in your temples and injects glow to the dullness and improv your drooping, sad, miserable cheekbones. Any questions?

Leo is a bit dumbfounded.

LEO

Um, no I don't believe so.

BUSINESS MAN

We hope you are satisfied with your service. Let's turn that frown upside down!

Leo smiles nervously.

LEO

Thank you, sir.

INT. OPERATION ROOM

Leo lies on the operation table wearing a hospital gown and cap. Lights chaotically shine in his face and people hustle around the corners of his eyes.

SURGEON

Patient out.

His eyes get heavier and heavier until everything goes dark.

INT. OPERATION ROOM - HOURS LATER

Leo's eyes open hesitantly as he looks at his surroundings. The lower half of his face is not shown.

INT. CAR - LATER

Leo gets into his car. Begins driving to the cemetery. His face is still not fully shown.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Leo stands by a grave stone that reads: *Pauline Canter. 2007 - 2083. Beloved Wife.*

We finally see Leo's face. The sides of his lips are sewn to the middle of his cheeks. His eyebrows are plucked to a high arch. The botox in his eyelids create a cheery illusion.

He stands there in front of the grave, artificially smiling.  
A single tear falls out of the crease of his squinting eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.