

BitterSweet

By

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CLYDE and MARY HOLSTROM, (40's), lay in bed, both stare at the ceiling.

MARY

It's crazy to think that we're finally here. I feel so alone in this.

CLYDE

I know, we're not alone though-

MARY

I mean if you would of told me fifteen years ago, when we first were married, this is where we would be...

CLYDE

Fifteen years seems like a blink now doesn't it. (laughing) Fifteen years ago I was just starting at the shop, and you weren't even through school yet.

Mary sits up and swings her legs off to the side of the bed to get out.

MARY

...and in a blink, shop, job, all gone.

CLYDE

Time sucks, what's it going to be like 15 years from now? Ya know.

Clyde hops out of bed, heads for a window and opens the shade. Morning greets him with a bright hello. He just stares back, distant.

From Clyde's POV a darked out SUV slowly drives into the frame.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Mary brushes her teeth in a near empty bathroom, there's a single towel hanging off a bar, but nothing else.

MARY

Everything is out of here right
Clyde? Did you get the boxes
marked like I asked you to?

CLYDE (O.S.)

Yes... blue marker for bathroom,
red for kitchen, brown for all of
the other shit...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Clyde takes a look around a living room half filled with moving boxes, the other half with those loose ends of moving we don't ever quite get tied up.

Clyde opens the front entry door, and there are now 2 SUV's parked on the curb, and a satellite truck driving up.

CLYDE

What the hell?

Clyde closes the door, and takes a perplexed look back toward the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CLYDE

Mary, what time do we have to leave
today?

Mary comes out of the bathroom, now fresh.

MARY

The paperwork said 2:30, but when
Ruth and Gary did this, they said
nobody really pressed them for
time. Why?

Clyde puts on a pair of pants over his boxers.

CLYDE

I don't know, there's something
going on out there. The bank isn't
coming here right... why would
they?

MARY

No, that's all done, I talked to Mr. Crowther down at the bank, he's knows were leaving.

Clyde takes another look out the window. It's now a full blown circus in the front yard.

MARY

What are you looking at?

CLYDE

Get over here and see this.

Mary joins him at the window. Instantly upset, she covers her mouth with a hand.

MARY

Why are they doing this? Isn't it bad enough we lost our god damn house!

Her emotion picks Clyde right up, as he pounds a fist in his hand.

CLYDE

I'm going out there.

We follow Clyde through bedroom, into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

and right out through the front door.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT - MORNING

A gaggle of reporters, security types, and others are setting up a makeshift press area in the front yard.

CLYDE

What the hell are you doing!?

A few heads turn to him, but no one seems too interested.

CLYDE

HEY! Are you listening to me?!
HUH!? Wake the HELL UP, WHAT ARE
YOU DOING!!

Nothing. Frustrated, Clyde heads back inside. Suddenly, a host of motorcycle cops, blacked out SUV's, and a massive black limousine pulls up to the scene.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Clyde and Mary are quite scared now.

MARY

What is going on Clyde?! What is this?!

CLYDE

I have no idea!

Suddenly the door comes smashing in!

CLYDE

Jesus Chri--!!

8 men in dark suits and glasses come crashing in and hurry about the room, some exit towards back areas of the home.

Clyde and Mary hold each other, stupified. A large SECURITY MAN, ear piece and all approaches them.

SECURITY MAN

Clyde and Mary?

CLYDE

Yes.

SECURITY MAN

Sit tight, he'll be here in...

The Security man holds a hand to his ear piece.

SECURITY MAN

4, 3, 2, 1...

With a huge smile the President of the United States comes in through the door, followed by a press corps of 4 or 5 reporters.

POTUS

...you see it's middle America that's taking the hit. Good, decent folks like Carl and Martha Hollsey here.

The POTUS puts a hand on Clyde's shoulder.

POTUS

...but my Administration is doing everything it can to spur this economy. Create jobs, keep the dream of America alive. We're

POTUS
fixing the potholes, rebuilding the
bridges, making sure the street
lights come on at night.

Clyde and Mary are speechless, just staring at the POTUS.

POTUS
...and that's why I'm here today,
to help folks like Carl and
Martha. Good hard working
Americans.

CLYDE
uh, I lost my job like 8 months ago
Mr. President.

POTUS
I know Carl, I know you have. I
want you to know I understand, the
first lady, Sasha, Malia, everyone
back at the White House, we all
share in your family's
pain. That's why I'm here,
Martha. Are we going over here?

The POTUS motions to the kitchen, then quickly moves that
way.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

An ASSISTANT joins the POTUS, and throws a large mixing bowl
on the counter, he hands the POTUS a box of cake mix and a
wooden spoon.

The POTUS takes the mix, pours it in the bowl in a cloud of
cake dust, then starts to stir it.

POTUS
The spirit of America is still
alive. It's still alive in the
small towns, the big cities, and in
homes like this. When you think
everything is lost, it's
not... The Gulf of Mexico was
nearly destroyed by a terrible oil
spill, but America didn't despair,
we went swimming! And now with job
losses and home foreclosures
literally killing our country,
America again won't despair! We
will get into our kitchens and bake
a cake!

The POTUS hands the bowl to the assistant, who trades him a fully baked cake.

POTUS

We're gonna eat cake! That's what American's do during hard times folks. They eat cake!

The assistant cuts up the cake, magically pulls out plates, loads them with the cake pieces and hands them around.

POTUS

...mmmmm, this is good cake. What do you think Carl? Martha?

CLYDE

uh, it's Clyde Mr. President.

POTUS

That's exactly what I mean, change you can believe in! God bless you guys, you are the fabric of this great nation, the threads that bind us all together and make it one America!

Like a shot, the POTUS drops everything in a BANG, and rushes back out the door, pulling all the others with him.

Clyde and Martha just stand there. Clyde forks into the cake for a bite.

CLYDE

This tastes like crap...

FADE OUT: