

Sidlet the Shitlet

SUPER IMPOSE - "February 14th, 2007"

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

A sea of pink.

Coffee grinders whirl, romantic music plays, coffee lovers relax - the hum of conversation, workers buzz around like bees around a beehive.

TABLE

A bookworm, MAXWELL MORRIS leans into JANICE SPARKS, taking her hands in his. His arm brushes against a coffee cup at rest. Coffee sloshes over the top, then steadies.

MAX

I'm so nervous.

He takes her hands. An anxious, yet quizzical stare at Max.

CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

A dirty displaced soul, SID FICTION, methodically rocks in his seat, hot coffee in hand, rambling to himself. Clearly not here mentally. His face burned and scarred.

SID

(to himself)

Burn. Burn. Burn.

TABLE

Max digs into his pocket, pulls out a ring box.

He slides out of his chair, drops to one knee. Max pops the box open, revealing a diamond engagement ring.

Janice stares at the diamond, happy shock.

MAX

Janice Sparks... Til death do us
part my love?

JANICE

What?

MAX

Marry me.

He slides the ring on Janice's finger. She leaps into his arms, tears of joy. A proud stare at her ring draped finger.

JANICE

Yes. Yes. OH YES! I'm so excited
I'm gonna pee myself.

Customers clap.

Janice kisses Max on his forehead, then skips toward the rest room sign.

ARM CHAIR

Sid stares at the floor, still rocking.

WOMAN (O.S.)

There's my little Sidlet the shitlet.

He glances up slowly.

FANTASY BEGINS.

SID'S POV. A sloppy white trash, CLARA FICTION, stares at Sid. Cigarette in hand. This is his excuse for a mother.

CLARA

Sidlet the shitlet. What a waste of
life. You shouldda burned up in
that dumpster just like the trash.

POV ENDS.

Sid pulls out a semiautomatic handgun from his jacket. Aims point blank at Clara.

SID

MONSTER!

Unloads a bullet into her ratty skull.

FANTASY ENDS.

Customers scream - head for the door. Some hide. Some stay seated not believe a threat exists.

Sid's snaps out of a blank stare. Blood splattered across his face.

He looks down and sees Janice Sparks lying in a pool of blood. Her face indiscernible.

Sid stares out at frantic customers, evil in his eyes.

SID
Sidlet the shitlet says SIT DOWN!

FLOOR

Max's face, a bundle of shock and tears. He crawls toward Janice oblivious to the chaos around him.

COUNTER

A tall BARISTA frantically dials a phone, while scurrying behind a pole.

ARM CHAIR

Sid stares at customers running and screaming.

A MAN bulging with muscles rushes toward Sid, table in hand, legs aimed at Sid. He intends to impale Sid. Sid points his gun at the table and fires off two shots.

Muscle man drops like a rock, wasted.

O.S. A WOMAN screams and wails.

FANTASY BEGINS.

SID'S POV. Every customer has the same face. It's the face of his mother Clara.

CLARA (O.S.)
What now Sidlet the Shitlet. Make
em' burn. MAKE Em' BURN!

SID (O.S.)
AHHHHHHH!

POV ENDS.

FANTASY ENDS.

Bullets fly.

Bullets rip flesh from bodies, blood splatters, bodies drop. As giant sack of coffee beans is split open, bean exploded into the air. Bullets make mince meat of display racks full of valentine goodies.

Sid empties a clip of bullets. The empty bounces off the floor. He rapidly reloads his barrel of death with a full clip. More death. Windows explode.

A warm, inviting coffee house transformed into something you might find in a war zone.

FLOOR

Max shimmies toward Janice, ignoring death and chaos. Tears run down his cheeks.

The pop of an exploding window. Glass rains down on Max. He flattens out against the floor, arms and hands covering his ears and head.

COFFEE HOUSE

Dust and smoke cast a depressing shadow on this house of explosive anger, destruction, and murderous death. Dead bodies contorted on the floor. Several wounded, cry out in pain.

SID

How do you like your little Sidlet
the Shitlet now Momma?

A shivering female PUNK ROCKER, eyes closed and hands clenched together, mutters a prayer.

Sid kicks broken debris and wasted bodies aside. He rests his gun against her jet black head of hair.

SID

Pray for me.

Unaffected by his reign of destruction and death, Sid stares at her black head of hair and pulls the trigger. Her head snaps back - body slumps to the floor. Blood splashes up on Sid's face, covering him from ear to ear.

Sid snaps his head at Max moving across the floor.

FLOOR

Max pulls himself up to Janice's body. He takes her lifeless body in his arms.

Sid bends down, eye to eye with Max and...

FANTASY BEGINS.

Sid stares into the pudgy face of his father, BRAD FICTION.

BRAD

What have you done my boy?... Look.

Sid's eyes roam the coffee house floor at dead bodies. Each one possesses the face of his mother.

SID

I stopped the monster Pappa.

BRAD

You became the monster.

Brad pokes Sid in the chest with a sharp finger.

BRAD

Now you gotta pay the piper boy.

He jabs another finger into Sid's neck. Sid winces, and pulls away from his father.

FANTASY ENDS.

A swarm of COPS dash toward Sid.

He falls backward onto the floor. A blood spot shows through his shirt from a single hole. His neck spurts blood like a water faucet.

Max holds Janice in his lap. He brushes blood matted hair from her disfigured face.

Sid reaches for his gun. A cop steps on his wrist.

More cops lunge at Sid, restraining him.

He begins to gurgle, choking on his own blood.

FANTASY BEGINS.

Clara giggles. Takes a puff on a cigarette, squinting her eyes.

CLARA

Little Sidlet the shitlet. What a waste of life. Just a throw away.

FANTASY ENDS.

Sid dies, eyes wide open.

Paramedics rush in to the coffee house through broken out window frames, life saving equipment in hand.

Max rocks slowly, holding Janice. Her hand laid out. Diamond engagement ring sparkles.

Clara belts out a hearty laugh.

FADE OUT:

The End