

THE MAN IN THE CAFE

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INT. DINER - DAY

A regular diner style coffee and breakfast shop. Stools along the counter and booths along the opposite wall against the windows, a few tables by the entrance.

A MAN(40s) with a fedora hat and old fashion neatly pressed suit sits at a booth. He takes a sip from his coffee cup.

A waitress comes by with a bright smile on her face and rosy disposition. This is MEGAN(20s).

MEGAN

Can I top that up for ya?

The man gives a warm and pleasant smile.

MAN

Yes that would be very kind of you.

Megan fills the cup happily, then glances at the man a little more closely and is taken aback by his familiarity.

MEGAN

I'm sorry, but I hope you don't mind me saying, but you remind me a lot of my father.

MAN

I don't mind you saying that at all. You remind me of my own daughter.

MEGAN

Well now, that's remarkable isn't it?

MAN

In deed it is... Would you please have a seat and give me the pleasure of your company for a few minutes?

MEGAN

Oh... I'm sorry I can't, I need to keep on top of things around here.

MAN

I'm sure the place will hold together a few minutes, while you humor me in conversation.

MEGAN

Really I can't

MAN

Megan, please seat with me, if only
for a few moments.

Megan looks to FRED(50s) a worn out looking man on the grill
cooking up some ones greasy food.

MEGAN

Really I can't, My boss would dock
my pay if I took even a moment to
sit and chat. He barley gives me a
break as is.

Megan gives a polite smile and is about to move on-

The man calls out to Fred waving his hand in the air.

MAN

Fred.

Megan looks to the man with surprise and then to Fred.

Fred looks to see who is calling his name and spots the Man's
waving hand.

FRED

Yeah what is it?

MAN

Fred would you mind if I took a few
minutes of Miss Louis's time to
have a chat with her... You can
assure her I'm a pleasant man, and
you are not going to dock her pay.

Fred takes a moment... then:

FRED

Miss Louis take a few minutes to
chat with this pleasant man will
ya, I ain't gonna dock yer pay.

MEGAN

Fred what about the other
customers?

At that moment the few cliental that are in the diner look to
Megan in unison.

A SALESMAN having a coffee at the counter, an OLD COUPLE
eating breakfast in a booth by the corner. A YOUNG FAMILY, a
man and woman with a baby stroller at a table by the
entrance.

SALESMAN
 (with a smile)
 I'll be fine Megan, talk to the
 man.

THE OLDER COUPLE
 We are fine for a few minutes
 without you. Talk to the man.

THE YOUNG FAMILY
 We are fine for a few minutes, talk
 to the man, he seems pleasant.

Megan looks to the Man who is smiling pleasantly.

MAN
 Please Megan have a seat.

Megan puts down the coffee pot and seats herself in the
 booth. Now out of excuses.

MEGAN
 Okay?

MAN
 Are you and your father close?

MEGAN
 Not really, I haven't seen him in a
 long time... You just seemed to
 reminded me of him, he was a good
 man from what little I could
 remember...
 (she smirks))
 You're not my father, are you?

The man chuckles.

MAN
 Oh no I'm afraid not... I think I
 just resemble him. But I would be
 proud to have a daughter such as
 you... So beautiful and lovely,
 caring and hard working.

MEGAN
 How do you know what kind a person
 I am?

MAN
 I suppose I don't really... but I
 can see you are a beautiful young
 woman, and hard working, and your
 eyes...

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

well they gleam with love and warmth. Anyone with a moments glance at you can surmise that.

MEGAN

I'm flattered but If this was all just to come on to me, I really should be getting back to work.

MAN

I apologies, that was not my intention.

(then))

Miss Louis do you have nightmares?

MEGAN

Nightmares?... I can't recall any lately, why?

MAN

I do... I have the same one every night and have for the past three years. A nightmare that takes place here in this diner.

MEGAN

Here?

MAN

Yes here.

MEGAN

In this place?... Have you been here before?

MAN

No, this is my first time being here, with you.

MEGAN

Why do you have nightmares about this place then? If you've never been here before.

MAN

I don't know, a calling perhaps. I thought at first it was a guilt-ridden mind that brought it on, I've done a few things in my past I'm not proud of. I witness the same terrifying and most horrific acts I've ever dreamt, night after night.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Awaking in a cold sweat and short of breath. I thought I was being punished.

Megan becomes a little uneasy.

MEGAN

What happens in your nightmare?

The Man's demeanor takes on a more grim tone.

MAN

It involves you I'm afraid, and all these people, but it is *you* that is the reason I've taken a considerable amount of effort to make it here... to warn you.

Megan jumps a little at the sound of the bells JINGLING, announcing new customers.

A YOUNG REBEL COUPLE enter. A young man with TATTOOS and a sleek and dangerous look to him enters with a young and equally REBEL GIRL.

They seat themselves in the booth directly behind Megan, but as they pass, the TATTOO MAN locks eye contact with Megan, his icy blue eyes holds a void of blackness behind them that it sucks in Megan's attention... he flashes a grin which gives Megan the shivers. She whips her attention back to the man.

Megan loses herself in a moment unnerving foreboding.

MAN (CONT'D)

Have you ever became aware that you were dreaming while asleep?

MEGAN

(a little distracted)

I don't know... I can't recall.

MAN

Well its suppose to be a wonderful thing... to become lucid in your dreams. To take total control over them. To do what ever you like without consequences.

MEGAN

I suppose that would be nice.

The man places his hands on top of Megan's hands. She notices that her own hands are shaking of their own free will.

MAN

When my nightmares became lucid, I found I still had no control over them, the horrible event would happen regardless of my tireless efforts to stop it... that's when I knew this was more than just a dream, more than a nightmare. It was something beyond me.

The Man is frightened which makes Megan frighten.

Megan delicately pulls her hands from under the Mans.

MEGAN

I don't understand but you're starting to really scare me.

MAN

Good, you need to be frightened, you need to remember *this!* Look around you Megan.

Megan scans the Diner, there is an uneasy stillness to the place, everyone's eyes are on Megan. Fred, the SALESMAN, the OLD COUPLE, the YOUNG FAMILY and... the TATTOO MAN sitting behind Megan with a grin, his eyes tell another more dark intention and holds such intensity Megan pulls away from his gaze immediately shutting her eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)

Megan please open your eyes and look again.

Megan slowly opens her eyes to the Man across from her, his grim but gentle face locked on Megan, then his eye line shifts towards Fred.

Megan follows suit to see Fred standing behind the counter, his face suddenly changes to the face of the TATTOO MAN, who's sinister grin is forged into her memory.

Then Fred pulls up a gun to his temple and fires blowing his brains out.

Megan looks to the SALESMAN at the counter, his face changes to that of the frightening grin face TATTOO MAN. He places the barrel of a gun under his chin and pulls the trigger.

The OLD COUPLE's faces change to the same evil grinning TATTOO MAN, before they each pull a weapon, cross firing into their partner's chest.

Megan whips her head towards the YOUNG COUPLE and their baby in the carriage. The man and woman's faces change to the visage of the TATTOO MAN. Then the young man pulls a gun and shoots his newlywed wife then turning the gun to the carriage and fires twice, then turning it onto himself and pulling the trigger.

Megan finally turns to the booth behind her, the TATTOO MAN is holding the weapon in his hand, smoke whispers up from the barrel. His devil grin a permanent fixture on his face.

His rebel girlfriend then turns to face Megan.

REBEL GIRL

He did this for me, because he
fucking loves me, look at his hard-
on. Now its *your* turn bitch!

The rebel stranger turns the gun on Megan, drawing a bead on her and fires.

BANG!

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Megan jolts from her sleep. She is sweating, and breathing labored. Catching her breath she scans her surroundings. It the tiny staff room where she was taking her break.

She gets up and straightens out her uniform with shaky hands.

MEGAN

(to herself)

Holy shit Megan get a hold of your
self.

(then)

What in Gods name brought that on?

Megan exits heading back to the floor.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Megan enters to Fred's greeting,

FRED

Thank you your highness for making
a god damn appearance.

MEGAN

Sorry, I fell asleep.

FRED

Well I hope you got yer beauty rest
'cause yer gonna need them looks to
make up on tips what yer little
venture to dreamland cost you in
wages.

Fred's voice becomes distant as Megan is flooded with daja
vue: The SALESMAN at the counter drinking his coffee, the OLD
COUPLE in the corner booth, the YOUNG FAMILY of three, man,
wife, and baby in a carriage by the entrance.

Everything is familiar as if she had just lived this scene;
except for one detail: the MAN is nowhere to be seen.

MEGAN

(distracted)

Yeah... fine... whatever.

Then the RINGING of the bells over the entrance door, and
enter the YOUNG REBEL COUPLE.

Megan freezes with a silent gasp.

The TATTOOED MAN locks gazes with Megan, his icy blue eyes a
facade to the black empty void that lies behind the glassy
balls. He gives her a spine chilling grin.

Megan still frozen in terror, watches as they sit in the same
booth they had done in her dream, the TATTOOED MAN not taking
his gaze off Megan, winks at her.

CUT TO BLACK