

Requiem For A Bean

An Original Screenplay By

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Fade In

MONTAGE - STUDYING WITH "JOE"

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A boy sits at a dining table littered with books, papers, and empty cups and mugs. This boy is STEVE, a successful senior at Walpole High School. In high speed Bobby works diligently on his work while constantly drink cup after cup of coffee.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Steve sits at his desk in the back of a classroom with a thermos on his desk. Papers are being handed back to the students by the TEACHER.

TEACHER

Steve, good job, another A.

Steve takes the paper and runs it over with his eyes quickly before putting on his desk and returning to his day dream.

The girl next to Steve turns to him.

GIRL

Why do you ALWAYS get A's?

Steve turns to her, points to his coffee and takes a sip. As the bell rings he places his thermos in the side of his bag.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Steve and his two friends ERIC and CHRIS walk to their cars after school.

ERIC

So, am I the only one freaking out over Alan's essay test tomorrow?

STEVE

(sipping his coffee)
Yeah, yeah you are the only one.

CHRIS

Hey dude, speak for yourself,

I dunno how I'm gonna do either.

ERIC

Well, that's because *you're* dumb.
But anyways, do you guys wanna study
for a bit, try and find something
to write about, and then we can go do
something afterwards?

CHRIS

Yeah, that sounds cool, we can go
back to my place if you want.

ERIC

Sounds good, Steve-O, you coming?

STEVE

Yeah, I'll meet you guys there though,
I gotta run some errands.

CHRIS

Word, we'll cya in a bit.

Eric and Chris get in a car and drive off, and Steve follows
them out.

EXT. DUNKIES DRIVE-THRU - DAY

We see Steve ordering a large coffee from the Dunkies drive-
thru.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris, and Eric sit on the couch going over a pile of worksheets
and books while Steve lays on the floor, drinking his coffee and
playing with a mini basketball.

ERIC

So...Does Hamlet see his fathers ghost
because it really exists, or does he
see it because he's going crazy...or
what...

CHRIS

I have no idea...

STEVE

He sees his fathers ghost because
he's going crazy *and* because he wants
to, to give him a reason to hate his uncle.

Chris and Eric stare at Steve in envy of his leisurely work
ethic yet honor roll outcome, then return to studying.

INT. STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steve lays in his bed, in his room, which only contains a bed, a
TV, and a pile of coffee mugs, a coffee maker and a bag of cof-
fee beans, while watching TV and flipping through Mr. Alan's
study guide. He looks over at the clock and sees that it is
12:30 AM so he throws the study guide to the floor, turns off
the TV and rolls over in his bed.

INT. STEVE'S ROOM - MORNING

The alarm goes off and Steve rolls out of bed on to the floor.
He stumbles over to the side of his room where his coffee maker
is located.

Steve looks in the carafe but finds it contains nothing but the
aroma of old coffee, but no substance. He grabs the bag of cof-
fee beans and turns it upside down, to find only powder. He be-
gins to panic and shake as he looks in the coffee mugs, which
are empty as well.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Steve storms into the kitchen and heads straight for the coffee
maker. His MOTHER sits at the dinning table.

MOTHER

Steve, what are you looking for
hun?

STEVE

(mumbling)
...Coffee...coffee...

MOTHER

I'm sorry hun, we're fresh out,
your father finished it off
before work.

Steve's eyes shoot over to her as his face is overcome with a sickened expression.

MOTHER

Steve, are you okay?

STEVE

No, no I'm sick, I can't go to school today.

MOTHER

No Steven, you're going to school, not having any coffee isn't an excuse to miss school. Besides, you shouldn't be dependent on that stuff anyways.

(looks at the clock)

For God sakes Steven you're gonna be late, hurry up and go.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Steve pulls in to the parking lot with screeching tires, and pulls into his space crookedly as he drives over the curb ahead of him. Without readjusting his parking job, he turns off his car and gets out, slamming his door behind him.

Steve's friends stand around their cars conversing and stop their conversation as Steve approaches.

ERIC

Dude...uh...I think you May have parked a little crooked..

ERICA

Steve what's wrong, you look pretty sick.

STEVE

(mumbling)

No coffee, there was no coffee, I didn't have any freakin' coffee..

CHRIS

Jeez kid, you gotta lay off

that stuff.

STEVE

Shut up, okay? Shut up.

Steve's friends stop their talking and stare at him like he has three heads.

STEVE

What?! What are you looking at?

ALL

We're...we're gonna go inside,
it's getting time for school..

All of Steve's friends walk into the school together, with Steve following them, muttering to himself.

INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - MORNING

Steve walks into the school lobby and sees all of the teachers conversing and sipping on their coffee blissfully. The sound of every sip seems to amplify and shake Steve down to his bones.

INSERT TITLE:

Period 1

4 periods Until Exam

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Steve sits in his desk, completely unaware of what is going on in his class. His eyes shoot around in paranoia at the other students, the clock & the door.

Frantically, Steve asks if he can go to the nurse, and is allowed to do so.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Steve stumbles down the hallway, picking up speed as he moves along until he is eventually in a full out sprint.

INT. NURSES OFFICE - DAY

Steve storms into the nurses office and immediately eye's the nurses coffee.

NURSE
Steven, what's wrong?

STEVE
I don't feel good...I don't feel
good at all.

NURSE
Well how much sleep did you get last
night, Mr. Smith?

STEVE
(still eyeing her coffee)
No it's not that, it's...

The nurse cuts Steve off mid sentence and starts to overload him with packets and pamphlets on proper sleep habits.

Steve keeps trying to get a word in and inform the nurse of why he feels ill but can't get a word in.

He begins to panic storms out of the nurses office.

INT. SCHOOL HALWAY - DAY

Steve runs down the halls of the school. As he takes a turn he bumps into a Hippie looking kid in a tye-dye shirt at the water fountain. This is TREVOR.

TREVOR
Hey man...whatsup man?

STEVE
Trevor, I need coffee.

TREVOR
(laughing)
Oh yeah? I can get you some "coffee"
man, haha. What kinda "coffee" do
you want? I got some nice columbian
stuff man, haha.

MR. ALAN walks by the two, caring his shiny silver carafe of coffee, that seems to shine like it never has before.

MR. ALAN
Guys, get to class, now.

TREVOR
Okay man, I'll talk to you later
about your "coffee"...haha cya man.

Steve stares at Mr. Alan's carafe of coffee and extends an arm
towards it.

STEVE
But...

MR. ALAN
(walking away around the
corner)
Go to class, Steve.

STEVE
(to himself)
...but...

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Steve opens the door to his class and takes his seat. As soon as
he sits down, the bell rings.

TEACHER
Uh...Steve, do you have a pass
for me?

STEVE
...No...she didn't give me one...

TEACHER
...Next time you don't have a pass,
you'll have hours, got it?

STEVE
...yeah...yeah I got it...

INSERT TITLE:

Period 3
2 periods Until Exam

INT. STUDY - DAY

Steve sits in his desk tapping loudly on his desk, looking around the room. His eyes stop their dart like motion when they fall upon a dunkies cup in the hand of student sitting three rows over.

Steve jumps out of his desk and shoots over into the desk next to the student.

BOBBY

I'll give you 10 bucks for that.

STUDENT

10 bucks? For this? Sounds
Like a deal!

Steve hands the student 10 dollars and takes the cup, shaking in amazement, Steve takes his first sip, and then cringes as he forces himself to swallow it.

STEVE

What...the hell...is this?

STUDENT

A double mocha chai caramel latte
with steamed skim milk...
(beat)
with a hint of vanilla powder.

Steve stares at him as if he had just torn out his heart and stomped out it.

STEVE

...wha...what...what...

STUDENT

Delish, huh?

The bell rings and the girl starts to gather her books.

STUDENT

Well, I'm outski, thanks
for the money.

The class files out of the room but Bobby stays put.

INSERT TITLE:

LUNCH

1 PERIOD UNTIL EXAM

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Steve sits at the lunch table with all his friends, but is disconnected with them as he seems to be in his own world. Eric and Chris have their books laid out in front of them and are studying for the test next period.

CHRIS

Dude, why don't you give up on the fact that you can't get your precious coffee and just study with us? The test is next period man, you're running out of time.

STEVE

Why don't *you* just shut up?!

BRITTANY

Uhm, why don't you just drink some soda instead? That has caffeine in it.

STEVE

Soda? Why don't I drink soda? Soda is nothing but an artificial wanna be coffee. It isn't beautiful, natural and delicious. It *isn't* coffee. It never will be coffee.

ERIC

Well...then why don't you just go up and get some coffee milk?

STEVE

Don't even get me-

Steve stops in the middle of hi sentence, turns his head in thought and then stares Eric in the eyes before he shoots up to the lunch line.

Steve storms into the lunch line and runs up to the LUNCH LADY.

STEVE

Do you guys have coffee, or coffee
milk or anything?!

LUNCH LADY

Of course sweetie! Right over there
with the rest of the milk.

Steve runs over and grabs two cartons of coffee milk.

STEVE

(opening the milk)

Thank you, thank you, thank you,
thank *you*.

LUNCH LADY

And it's caffeine free too, so it
won't stunt your growth!

Steve stops opening the milk, stares the lunch lady in the eyes,
squeezes the milk cartons to the point that they burst, and
falls to his knees.

LUNCH LADY

I think you spilled your milk sweetie.

The bell rings.

LUNCH LADY

Oh, you better get moving, don't
wanna be late!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Steve makes his way through a busy hallway, dodging kids, while
pushing others out of the way.

He sees Mr. Alan rounding walking towards to the corner and
speeds up to follow him, but when he rounds the corner, Mr. Alan
is no where to be found.

Steve's eyes widen and he begins to shake.

INSERT TITLE:

PERIOD 5

EXAM

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Steve sits at his desk in an utter state of panic and disarray while Mr. Alan goes over the rules of the test, all of which sounds like complete gibberish to Steve.

Mr. Alan announces the test will begin now.

Steve looks over at Eric and Chris in fear. They look prepared and smile at Steve and each other.

Steve stares at his blank page, the clock and Mr. Alan sipping his coffee receptively. He looks down at his test paper and then back at Mr. Alan's coffee one more time before he begins to write profusely.

MR. ALAN

Okay guys, time is up. So pass those puppies up.

Steve passes his essay up and then stares blankly at his desk.

INSERT TITLE:

3:05 pm

1 HOUR AFTER EXAM

INT. DUNKIES - DAY

Steve, Eric and Chris all sit at a table at dunkies. Chris and Eric are both drinking a coffee while eating a bagel, while Steve holds two coffees.

CHRIS

So how'd you think you guys did?

ERIC

I dunno, I guess I can only hope I did well at this point.

Steve is staring blankly at the table.

CHRIS

...Steve-0? What about you? How do you think you did?

Steve's eyes shoot up at Chris's.

STEVE

I wrote about coffee.

ERIC

...eh...what?

STEVE

I-I-I don't know...I couldn't think of anything...I didn't know what to write about so I wrote about coffee.

CHRIS

Wait..for your essay...you wrote about coffee?

STEVE

I didn't know what else to write about...I was freaking out...so... I just wrote about coffee...it's all I could think about.

ERIC

Yeah...I don't think that's going to work out to well for you bud.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Steve sits at his desk with a coffee in his hands.

Mr. Alan is passing papers back to the class.

MR. ALAN

(handing Steve his paper)

Steve...I gotta be honest...this is... the *best* paper I have ever read.

Steve's eyes widen.

STEVE

Uh...what?

MR. ALAN

No, I'm being serious...the way you compared Hamlets desire to avenge his fathers death and coffee addiction was amazing...it was brilliant. *Brilliant.*

STEVE

Uh...haha, thanks. I guess. Haha.

MR. ALAN

Yeah, well, you deserve it. Whatever you did, keep it up.

FADE OUT.