

SLAM POETRY - WRITTEN BY JOEY NEWFIELD

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SLAM POETRY NIGHT

The HOST stands on stage in front of an audience consisting of several HIPSTERS in three different rows and NELSON.

HOST

Welcome, everyone, to Slam Poetry night here at the Blue Moon Cafe. I know it's a stormy night and we're on a lockdown because the campus killer is on the loose, so I appreciate all of you still coming out.

HIPSTER 3

Not even a creepy killer can keep us away!

Everyone nods in agreement, snapping.

HOST

Now, let's please welcome to the stage, Nelson Roberts!

Everyone snaps. The host goes to watch from the back of the coffee shop as Nelson takes the stage.

NELSON

The tide slights to the right as it rides to its height, washing over our hearts on hot summer nights.

HIPSTER 1

(whispering to neighbor)
Lovely metaphor.

NELSON

Waves crash as our bodies thrash,
the water lashes our skin as our souls mash.

HIPSTER 2

(whispering to Hipster 3)
So powerful.

SFX: Booming thunder

THE CAMPUS KILLER enters the coffee shop drenched in rain and blood, holding a bloody knife. Nelson stops doing poetry.

NELSON

Oh my God! The campus killer is here! Someone call 911 right now!

HIPSTER 3

(whispering to Hipster 2)
Such fascinating imagery.

The campus killer stabs the Host. No one turns around.

NELSON

(panicking, fighting back
vomit)
Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh! OH! OH
GOOD GOD NO! He just killed the
host! Please! Call 911!

HIPSTER 1

(whispering to neighbor)
I feel like his poem is speaking
directly to me.

NELSON

I am speaking to you! The host just
said we're on a lockdown because
the campus killer is on the loose!
He's here right now!

The campus killer starts stabbing people in Hipster 1's row.

HIPSTER 1

(whispering to neighbor)
His emotions are so raw.

NELSON

That's because I'm watching people
die! And if you don't move, he's
going to kill you, too!

The campus killer stabs Hipster 1.

HIPSTER 1

(gagging, being murdered)
This poem feels so real.

Nelson digs for his phone in his pocket. He calls 911.

NELSON

(on phone)
Hello, police? Thank God!

HIPSTER 2

(whispering to Hipster 3)
Wow, he's using props.

Hipster 2 starts snapping, everyone joins in. The campus killer continues killing people behind Hipsters 2 and 3.

NELSON

(on phone)

I'm calling from the slam poetry event at - no, I can't do a poem over the phone! There's a murderer here and he's kil- THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! THIS IS NOT POETRY!

HIPSTER 3

(whispering to Hipster 2)

Wow. THIS. Is. Poetry.

NELSON

Listen to me! There is a murderer here!

HIPSTER 2

(whispering to Hipster 3)

Ok, now it's getting a little repetitive.

NELSON

(on phone)

Please, get over h- hello? Hello? Oh my God, they hung up.

The murderer stabs an audience member who lets out a piercing, blood-gurgling scream.

HIPSTER 2

(Responding to the scream)

Be Quiet!

HIPSTER 3

(Responding to the scream)

Shhh! (To Hipster 2) I bet this poem is about his dad.

The murderer approaches the row of Hipsters 2 and 3.

NELSON

The murderer is approaching you guys! He's going to kill you!

HIPSTER 2

(whispering to Hipster 3)

So evocative! Reminds me of my dad, too!

NELSON

I am not talking about my dad!

HIPSTER 3
(whispering to Hipster 2)
Ok, now I'm positive this is about
his dad.

NELSON
Fine! Let me spell it out for you!
The silver slips a shade of red,
dripping drops of dilated dread.

HIPSTER 2
(to Nelson)
Wait! There's a murderer behind
us?!

HIPSTER 3
And he's going to kill us?!

The murderer stabs Hipsters 2 and 3. The campus killer looks
up at Nelson and slowly approaches him.

NELSON
(hyperventilating)
Oh my God! Oh my God! Wait! I beg
you, please, don't kill me! I'll do
anything! I just want to live!

The murderer stops, drops the knife, and sobs. He snaps for
Nelson.

CAMPUS KILLER
That's such a beautiful way to talk
about your dad.

BLACKOUT