

CHOCOLATE LOVE

by
The sToryTeLleR

Based on a f***ed up Mind

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Address: Neverland
Phone Number: AAA

FADE IN:

INT. DENTIST OFFICE — DAY

Teeth yellow and spread like an opened banana. The emergency case, also known as LITTLE RONNY, 12, fidgets nervously on the chair.

DOCTOR PHIL, 30s, frowns.

PHIL

I hate to be the bringer of bad tidings,
but I'm afraid we have to drill it.

The little boy moans and Phil turns to his assistant:
AMY, Late 20', blond, an all around snack.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Please write down for me: 38, 37 and 48.

Amy nods.

LITTLE RONNY

Wait! Can I order something too?

PHIL

I am talking about your teeth, Ronny.

LITTLE RONNY

Those I already have, but I am hungry.

Phil moves closer to him.

PHIL

I am serious, Ronny. Your mouth is in a
worse condition than my marriage.

Amy and Ronny stare at him blankly.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Forgive me, I don't know where this came
from.

Amy ignores it and turns to a report.

LITTLE RONNY

Is it because of the nice lady?

PHIL

What no! And don't change the subject,
young man. This is no joke. Oil rigs have
less action than I've with your teeth. I
can't keep replacing them, Ronny.

Ronny snorts and crosses his arms.

LITTLE RONNY
Why not? Sharks do it too.

Phil misses the joke and scans a chart in front of him.

PHIL
You gotta cut down the sweets! Especially
chocolate!

This hits the young boy like a crushing tsunami, fierce
and surprisingly.

LITTLE RONNY
(Shakes head)
No, no, no. Nobody puts Baby in the
corner.

Phil frowns in disbelief.

PHIL
Dirty Dancing?

AMY
Gosh! Love him. RIP, Darling.

LITTLE RONNY
I can't give it up. You don't understand
our history.

The young, good-looking doctor leans back with crossed
arms.

PHIL
Go on. Explain it to me.

Little Ronny tilts his head and puts on a dreamy look.

INT. BUCKET'S HOUSE - GRANDPARENT' ROOM - NIGHT, DREAM

A miserable small room, dark. Two nasty mattresses on the
floor.

On the first one lies MRS. BUCKET. She's asleep.

But on the other lies Little Ronny with open eyes and a
golden Ticket in his hand.

LITTLE RONNY (V.O.)
We've lived in this small, rundown house
for as long as I can remember. Nothing
about our life was promising or worth
sharing, but on this very night. Holding
this golden ticket in my hand, I realized
that --

PHIL (V.O.)
 -- Wait a minute!

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Phil's face tightens.

PHIL
 This is Charlie's Chocolate factory. It
 was yesterday night on TV.

The young boy moans.

AMY
 You need to stop watching films.

LITTLE RONNY
 Marry me?

Phil moans.

PHIL
 Focus, Ronny. Focus.

LITTLE RONNY
 Fine!

EXT. A SAVANNAH STREET - DAY, DREAM

A feather floats through the air like dancing to a secret melody.

Passing cars and people change its course until it softly lands on a boys mud soaked shoe.

As the stubby fingers pick it up one thing becomes apparent: it's little Ronny. All suited up with a small briefcase.

Next to him sits a NURSE.

Ronny opens a box of Chocolate.

LITTLE RONNY (V.O.)
 My Momma always said, "Life was like a
 box of chocolates. First you enjoy it,
 then you regret it."

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

Phil rubs his face.

PHIL

Ronny, I swear to you ... If you don't come to an end here!

LITTLE RONNY

Okay, okay, okay. So ...

INT. SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - DAY, FLASHBACK

Little Ronny sits alone at a table and takes a bite of a chocolate bar.

Happiness spreads across his face faster than drinks at a bar on a Friday night.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY, PRESENT

Amy and Phil stare at him blankly.

PHIL

That's it?

RONNY

That's it.

Phil turns to Amy - "Help me".

Amy shrugs and turns back to some reports, pretending being busy.

PHIL

Ronny, the truth is that if you don't stop eating these kind of things you'll find yourself very soon in the hospital.

LITTLE RONNY

I've heard they serve you as much ice cream as you can eat. Challenge, accepted.

Phil takes a deep breath. Then, unlike the stroke he was hoping for, an idea hits him instead.

PHIL

You're fond of stories. So here is a good one for you.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT - NIGHT, DREAM

SUPER: Somewhere in the desert

The view pans over majestic hills of sands until it rests on a small but impressively charming eastern village.

PHIL (V.O.)
 Once upon a time in a far eastern place
 lived a fancy folk. Hidden from the eyes
 of the world, the tribe was guarding a
 secret.

The view zooms slowly into the town.

LITTLE RONNY (V.O.)
 What Secret?!

The frame freezes.

PHIL (V.O.)
 I was getting to it! If you may allow me
 to go on.

LITTLE RONNY (V.O.)
 Are there dragons?

PHIL (V.O.)
 What? No! This is no Game of Thrones!

LITTLE RONNY (V.O.)
 But I want there to be dragons!

OS: Phils harrumphs loudly.

PHIL (V.O.)
 Fine!

The view zooms slowly back into the town

PHIL (V.O.)
 (continued)
 As I said: The small town was hidden
 behind gigantic hills of sand. Unnoticed
 by the rest of the world.

LITTLE RONNY (V.O.)
 And a dragon lived there too!

PHIL (V.O.)
 (agitated)
 And every once in a while a dragon would
 show up there too! Yes! Yes!

A dragon flies quickly by and disappears in the night.

INT. CASTLE – CONTINUOUS

A splendid castle made of chocolate. From bottom to top,
 every inch.

PHIL (V.O.)

In this majestic castle lived a young boy. A boy with a dreadful curse.

RONNY (V.O.)

Uuuh, I love cours ... Curs .. Coco .. chocolate.

PHIL (V.O.)

Just like you the little boy had a special relationship to chocolate.

A small, Indian boy, PRINCE CHOCO, 12, walks into the great hall. His face is lined with concern. As he opens his mouth, it becomes apparent that he has no teeth, but rotten gum.

PRINCE CHOCO

What a dreadful fate. Why thee punish me with this coil? Cursed with this vindictive trap. Oh dear gods, wherefore is the thing my heart holds most dear, bringing this vile madness and extinction over my dear folk. Wherefore you abhor me?

LITTLE RONNY (V.O.)

Why is he talking like a character from D&D?

PHIL (V.O.)

It's a story! If I may continue!

The prince sits down on a big throne made of chocolate.

His eyes sweep the place: multiple statues made of chocolate.

PRINCE CHOCO

I used to caper through this quaintful halls. Now I fear my thoughts are clouded and I all mated. Please expiate this guile. For everything I touch turns into ... turns into ... turns into chocolate.

The prince cries. His glance pans over to two statues next to him.

PRINCE CHOCO (CONT'D)

Father, Mother. What would I give to hold thee once more in my arms. Please forgive me. I peregrinated to every corner of the kingdom. No cure for my malady, no magical words to break the spell. Whether I live or die has no meaning to me anymore. Darn the day I wished to have more chocolate than I can take.

The prince breaks out in tears once more.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE — DAY, PRESENT

Phil looks worried at Little Ronny.

PHIL

And the little prince died all alone with
a broken heart and shattered teeth.

Amy and Little Ronny look like got off at the wrong
station.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE — LATER

Little Ronny leaves and Amy approaches Phil.

AMY

You did an incredible thing today.

Phil blushes.

PHIL

Oh, that was nothing. Although I put a
lot of effort in my drilling technique.

AMY

Not the drilling. The story.

PHIL

Oh, yes. Of course - I was just joking.

Uncomfortable silence.

AMY

I think you got really into him.

PHIL

I hope so. Otherwise the filling will not
last.

Amy frowns.

PHIL

Not funny - I got it. Yeah.

AMY

I think he learned his lesson.

PHIL

Yeah - I doubt that.

AMY

Why?

Phil cleans up his desk.

PHIL
Because it's the fifth time I'm telling
him this story.

Uncomfortable silence.

AMY
So should I schedule for next Thursday?

PHIL
(nods)
Next Thursday is good.

Both approach the door.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Care for some chocolate muffins?

AMY
You had me at chocolate.

Both leave and the view pans to rotten teeth on a silver tablet. A feather floats into the frame and lands gently next to it.

THE END