

NIGHT TRIPPIN'

By

Sir Mix and Match

Horror

Chandelier, Clothing Store, Theater Actor

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

KANSAS, 39, African-American, stands in his living room. He holds a playbook of Shakespeare's "Othello." Portly, with mustache, he reads aloud in a booming voice.

KANSAS

I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this. Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

Rap music blares from the apartment above him. The chandelier over his head sways back and forth.

There is a knock on the door. He opens it and no one is there.

A white envelope lies by his feet.

INSERT

An eviction notice.

INT. CLOTHING STORE

ARBY, 40, balding with ponytail, and Kansas walk down the clothing aisles.

ARBY

Have you spoken to the landlord?

KANSAS

He says no one else complained so he won't do anything. Plus, I got served an eviction notice. I'm behind on rent as it is.

ARBY

Any gigs now?

KANSAS

I'm doing Othello.

They stop at one of the racks. Arby pulls out a white tunic with a lace up front.

ARBY

Ah, this should do it. What do you think?

KANSAS

Sure. Um, can I pay you for it later?

ARBY

Consider it a gift.

KANSAS

Thanks. You may be the only friend I have.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kansas prepares a roast duck dinner. Rap music blares and he holds a shining cleaver to chop the duck.

He brings the blade down hard, severing the duck head. It rolls off the counter onto the floor.

Kansas goes about chopping the carcass with a vengeance, as if to compete with the the booming bass.

He slices a finger. Angrily throws down the cleaver and goes to the

BATHROOM

where he bandages the finger.

He and closes the medicine cabinet and sees, in the mirror, a reflection himself covered in blood. Running down his face and entire body.

He shrieks and turns on the water. Splashes his face and tears off his shirt. No bloodstains. He looks again. Back to normal.

KANSAS

Farewell, the tranquil mind.

EXT. STREET

Kansas walks alone. The street is empty. A MUGGER, 18, sticks a gun in his back.

MUGGER

Hands up.

The Mugger comes around in front of him.

KANSAS

Please, don't do this.

The mugger sticks the gun in his face.

KANSAS

What do you want?

MUGGER

Your wallet, dumb ass.

KANSAS

I don't have any cash.

MUGGER

I'm losing my fucking patience.

Kansas reaches behind him.

MUGGER

Uh-uh. Right or left?

KANSAS

Left.

The Mugger reaches into Kansas' left pocket and takes his wallet. Looks through it.

MUGGER

You got plastic though. What's your PIN?

KANSAS

I won't tell you.

The gun clicks.

KANSAS

Five, five, nine, eight.

The gun is taken away from his face. The Mugger walks off.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Kansas stares into the mirror. An expression of sorrow and anger. To go along with this, the music hasn't stopped. It echoes all around him.

KANSAS
Coward. Loser.

THE CHANDELIER

comes loose and crashes to the ground.

KANSAS

smashes his fist through his reflection.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kansas stands like a man defeated, staring at the broken chandelier on the meager coffee table. Along with the pounding bass now comes the sound of shuffling feet, along with male and female voices.

Kansas picks up the eviction notice from underneath the chandelier. He tears it into pieces.

MONTAGE

Kansas putting on black pants, slipping into knee-high black boots, and lacing up his white tunic.

INT. BATHROOM

Kansas applies black eyeliner, holding a shard of the mirror.

He takes it away from his face, then holds it up again. The bloodied version of himself stares back at. This time it is met with mounting laughter.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Kansas walks down the hall, the music and voices growing louder. He holds the cleaver behind his back.

He stops in front of a door where the noise is the loudest. This must be the one. He makes a fist, knocks loudly. The door opens.

A six-foot-tall African-American man with a shaved head and dark sunglasses, looks down at him. The man appears to be a BODYGUARD, 27.

BODYGUARD

Who the fuck are you?

TWO SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN, 19, bump and grind to the music, which is being made by a DEE-JAY, 21, at a turntable booth. One of the girls takes a hit from a bong and blows out smoke.

The Bodyguard steps into Kansas' field of vision.

BODYGUARD

I said, who the fuck are you?

KANSAS

May the winds blow till they have wakened death.

BODYGUARD

Say what?

Kansas attacks the Bodyguard with the cleaver. Chops into his shoulder. The girls scream and the Dee-Jay whips off his headphones. He lifts his shirt and pulls out an AK from his belt.

DEE-JAY

Yo-yo. Back the fuck up, man.

GIRL

Shoot him, Boo.

Kansas is sprayed with a line of fire. The girls shriek again. The Bodyguard groans where he fell.

DEE-JAY

(to Girl)

Yo, call an ambulance.

He stands over Kansas' body with the Other Girl. Kansas lies on his back, face splashed with blood from the gunshots. His eyes are open. His lips curled into a smile.

FADE OUT.