

Kenneth hated parallel-parking. It was the same every time. He'd find a nice little spot for himself, with no one behind his car, and when he'd come back from his business, there'd be some jerk wad's car (more expensive than Kenneth's) right next to his back bumper. This time it was a huge black (expensive-looking) Mercedes. "Oh shite." thought Kenneth.

He got into his car, took a deep breath and turned on the engine of his 1993 BMW. Just as he was getting ready to start backing, there was a knock on the passenger side window. It was a man in a long black coat waving his arms. It took Kenneth a moment to realize what the man was trying to tell him. He was gonna go behind Kenneth's car and be his spotter.

The man took his position and Kenneth started reversing. He backed for what he thought was just about the space between him and the Mercedes and looked at the man in the black coat. Mr. Black Coat was still signaling him to back a little more, so he did. There was a loud thunk as Kenneth's car hit the Mercedes, activating the alarm, which promptly started blaring and flashing the lights of the car.

"What the bloody fu-" was as far as Kenneth got with cursing Mr. Black Coat, before noticing he wasn't there any longer.

PHANN.ORG PRESENTS:

"SHE WILL BE SO BEAUTIFUL"

OR

"THAT GOES IN YOUR HEAD, NOW GET OUT"

A SHORT FILM

BY

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Staticstaticstatistic static sounds images emotions, I remember I remember everything, everything in it's right place everyone's here let's get started, let's get this show on the fucking road, but who why where am I what is this place, how did I get here, everything's moving spinning spinning around and round spinning twirling

/CONCENTRATE/

I can't too hard too much debris too many connections

/TOM/

who

/HIS NAME IS TOM/

who is it is it me am I Tom black coat do I have a black coat

/YES/

I can't he can't I can't she doesn't

/NOW GO/

Once the old man's car hit the Mercedes with the diplomatic license plates, Tom was quick to make himself scarce. He knew how to blend almost instantly in to the last-minute-shopper crowd of this December 23rd. It wasn't even that hard though; the sheep were already rubbernecking at the cars, perfectly blocking the old man's line of sight anyway. A couple of quick turns, through an alley here and as the car alarm sounds from behind him finally faded, Tom emerged into a small park.

Whistling a merry Christmas tune, he stopped and took a long look around. There was no reason to hurry; his train wouldn't leave for another hour. His eyes finally settled on the far side of the park, where, partially hidden inside

(flights of angels)

an archway was the un-marked door of a small private abortion clinic.

Next to the door, leaning against the arch was a young woman with her head in her hands, weeping silently. Tom saw her and suddenly had another

(sing thee)

idea. This was turning out to be quite a day.

He crossed the park quickly and picked up two handfuls of fresh snow from the side of the park's main walking path. He looked both ways (safety first, always) and crossed the road, making his way to the weeping woman. "Hey" he said, and as the woman raised her

(to thy rest)

eyes to look up, he planted both handfuls of snow on her face. "Merry Christmas!" And once again, he was long gone before his victim had a chance to get her wits about her.

That's Shakespeare that's real clever not been done before no sir no way no how me I'm more into modern shit like Clancy and King and Brown the king's a real rock fan too I bet the king of horror

likes the king of rock yeah rock rock rock around the clock, cos time is of the essence, time goes tick tock time is the healer

/SHUT THE FUCK UP/

Gee you don't hafta get so mad geez Louise just shooting the shit just yapping away you know me

/GO/

Laura didn't think she could go through with it after all. She got as far as the front door of the clinic but then it hit her again, what she was doing. A part of her agreed with Father Smith, that it was a monstrous crime and so on. But an equally strong part knew that it was the absolute only thing she could do in her situation. Her appointment was 15 minutes away and she was hopelessly deadlocked in her mind. As the first tears started to well up in her eyes, she leaned against the wall and prayed for a sign.

Exactly two minutes and forty-one seconds later, she got one.

"Hey", a man's voice said and as she raised her eyes, she saw a man in a black coat just about to fling two handfuls of snow at her. Before she could do anything to protect herself, there was a blindingly bright flash of light and Laura saw the man's arms had stopped. In fact, everything happening on the street had stopped as well. Two pigeons hung impossibly in the air, a van seemed to be inexplicably parked in the middle of a busy (though non-moving) intersection and several pedestrians were balancing in different gravity-defying positions mid-walk.

(Fuck me sideways!)

(Sssshhhh....)

Naturally the snow thrown at Laura was also hanging motionless in front of her face. The only other thing that was moving was the source of the white light, a tall, handsome-looking man dressed all in white, standing on the sidewalk in stark contrast to Mr. Black Coat. He looked at Laura, smiled and said: "My dear child. You asked for a sign and here I am. And I am telling you now; you must leave this place at once. Your daughter must be allowed to live. You shall name her Anne. And she will be so very beautiful!" The apparition (It would take a long, long time before Laura's troubled brain would be able to process what she was seeing and squirt out the word "angel".) winked in a manner that seemed somehow wrong, even a little bit menacing. Then he, along with Mr. Black Coat (and the thrown snow) simply winked out of existence. At the same moment, time itself seemed to realize it had a job to do and everyone on the street started moving again. After a while, Laura composed herself and walked away.

And everything's still spinning, and all the voices are still screaming and Ziggy plays guitar and Pete is packing his bag, he puts in a towel and pair of shorts and he's checking himself in the mirror and taking the baseball bat with him and he leaves the room and closes the door and walks downstairs and gets Jesse and they leave for the game together and all you need is love, who's that girl and there's no place like home and all you need is love

/VAMOS/

Tom was standing on the corner of a bookstore on a busy pedestrian mall. He was surveying the scene, doing the all-important recon work. Suddenly, with a familiar click in his mind, he spotted a beggar, sitting on a street-corner. She was bundled up in what looked like layers and layers of rags and holding up a paper cup with some change in it. She didn't seem to be saying anything to anyone, but she lifted the cup a little higher each time someone walked close enough by her. Tom started paying closer attention to the kind of people who skirted the beggar from afar and the kind who walked right next to her.

Having done some mental calculations, Tom picked a target likely to walk right next to the beggar. He judged the target's walking speed and let her get little more than halfway across the distance between Tom and the beggar. Tom then started jogging after her, carefully adjusting his own speed, so they'd arrive at the beggar at the same time. It worked beautifully. The beggar saw Tom's unwitting accomplice and started raising her cup. Just then, Tom, with a final spurt overtook her, got to the beggar first and kicked the bottom of the cup as hard as he could. For a long, lingering moment, the air seemed to be full of coins. Then time sped up again and Tom ran around the corner and out of sight before anyone could really tell what had just happened.

He's

/DON'T EVEN START/

Jesse was having a great day. He'd slept well and had a great lunch and now he was off to the last game of the season with his best friend Pete. Even the weather was very agreeable, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky but the heat wasn't as suffocating as it had been the previous week. Simply put, it was one of those beautiful summer days when seemingly nothing could go wrong.

And then something went wrong.

Jesse and Pete were going up the stairs leading to the train platform, when Pete freaked out for the first time. All of a sudden his head shot violently to the right, as if an invisible hand had slapped him hard on his left cheek. He then fell down on his knees and started shouting rapidly.

"THIS ISN'T HAPPENING SHE CAN'T BE HERE SHE CAN'T SHE DOESN'T EXIST SHE DOESN'T EXIST..." And so on, until after a while Pete's voice gradually silenced, like a stereo having it's volume slowly turned down. He sat down on the step and breathed hard, then stood up and started walking again, as if nothing out of the ordinary had just happened. "Christ, Pete, have you started dropping acid again?" asked Jesse as they boarded their train.

Meanwhile, on December 23rd, at the same staircase, Tom was moving down, along with a sizable crowd all from the same afternoon train. The stairs were at full capacity and the going was very slow, so Tom, bored, started looking for ways to speed things up or at least make them a little more interesting. He noticed a man walking just ahead and to the left of him, with a large bag. He was carrying it by the handle, so the long shoulder strap hung limply on the ground behind him.

Tom came to a quick decision and stepped on the shoulder strap. The effect was immediate and startling: the man, trying to take his next step went suddenly off-balance, as his bag kept his right arm from moving along with the rest of his body. He turned around some ninety degrees and fell down, taking a few of the people nearest to him down as well. Tom was slightly disappointed to see their combined mass of humanity protect Mr. Bag from any serious injury, although the chaos and confusion of the whole scene was still a sight to behold.

Things are starting to speed up now everything's going faster, everything's spinning spinning cycling spiraling out of control, quantum possibilities and liquid probabilities and space and time collapsing and no one is safe, cos everyone's expendable and no one has a real friend (that's Pink Floyd) and Anne is also in the same stairs (hey these things happen when you fuck with time and space) only now it's night time and spring and there's an old lady, she asks Anne if she knew what time the train was leaving but Anne, she's so beautiful, takes care of her

(Anne heard the bitch ask her about train schedules. What the hell did the old crow think? That she was a walking timetable? Anne was having none of that and promptly slapped her on the left cheek as hard as she could. That ought to teach the bitch to mind her own damn business.)

because she's also tough she doesn't take shit from anyone

/SHE'S A PSYCHOPATH/

She's a little wrong in the head but that's not her fault it's society's fault it's all the violence on the TV it's the music she listens to it's her damn mother who can't raise a child worth a damn it's a wonder she turned out as well as she did under the circumstances

/NO EXCUSES/

(The second time Pete freaked out was at the pedestrian mall. He)

All going round in circles same place different time

(went suddenly pale as he saw a beggar sitting on a street-corner, holding up a paper cup to the people passing)

same shit different day

(by. He looked at Jesse, through Jesse, and said "The air is full of coins." Before Jesse could figure out what that meant, there was some sort of commotion coming from the bookstore. A young girl)

she is so beautiful, thank God she lives

(was running out with a pile of magazines in her hands and an older man in a security guard's uniform followed her. She was laughing maniacally and throwing the magazines around her one by one as she went)

she stole them just for sport

(on. As they passed only some meters from Pete, he suddenly crumbled to the ground. He lay there on his side and let out a long, tortured cry that sounded to Jesse like a choking victim singing)

gee this isn't fun at all now

(opera. Jesse was considering calling an ambulance, but just as suddenly as it had begun, Pete's freak out just stopped)

that's because Anne just entered another building

(cold.)

faster, it's going faster, it's gonna crash everyone's gonna die, a time paradox, the end of the world

/LIES/

how can you say that how can you look so calm

/ALL LIES/

Tom's second phone rang when he was crossing the yard to his front door. A man's voice, responding to the ad Tom had put out on the papers for a Santa Claus. "Yeah, let me just check my schedule real quick, I think I might have an opening, hold on, I need both my hands". Tom rustled the phone against his black coat for a bit and then returned it his ear. "Yes, as I remembered, looks like I'm still free from six thirty to seven. Is that all right for you? Yeah, it's a busy night all right. Okay, I'll put you down for six thirty. What's the address? Ah-ha, okay, got it. Merry Christmas to you too, friend!" By Tom's mental count that was the ninth guy he had put down for six thirty. Merry Christmas, indeed.

Tom opened the phone's back cover and took out the sim card. He snapped it in half and threw the pieces into the snow, then deposited the phone back into his front pocket. He walked to his door and went in to greet the family.

What a great joke he promises to come play Santa Claus but doesn't go and they can't even call him back ha-ha it's real funny if you think about it, real funny a real zinger

After the pedestrian mall Pete had started acting normally again. Jesse really wanted to get to their baseball game, so he was willing to let Pete's strange behavior go for now. Might just be an LSD flashback anyway. Jesse had had a couple of those himself. It always looked creepy, but it hadn't been really dangerous. It was probably over now anyway.

They'd come to a little park and when Pete saw the building with the archway leading to a private clinic, all hell broke loose. Pete started screaming. Some of it was words,
(SHE DOESN'T EXIST THIS CAN'T HAPPEN THE AIR IS FULL OF COINS SHE'S DEAD SHE'S DEAD THE LITTLE PSYCHO IS DEAD SHE WAS NEVER BORN)
but mostly it seemed to be a mass of Aaahs. He dropped his bag but held on to the baseball bat, still screaming the whole time. He swung the bat back and then hit Jesse straight into the face with it. There was a sickening sound and a burst of blood as Jesse's nose exploded. Pete's next swing hit the side of the head of an older woman walking next to them. Her skull cracked and she swayed drunkenly from side to side for a moment before falling down. She hit her head again, this time on the asphalt and fell into a coma.

After that, Pete wasn't the only one screaming.

/NO/

Tom walked through the door into his house. "Daddy!" his son shouted as he ran into the hall and came to hug Tom. "Hello, son." Tom's beautiful wife came, smiling, from the kitchen and walked over to Tom. "Hello, dear" she said as she leaned to kiss him on the cheek. She didn't hug him though, as both her hands were behind her back, holding the biggest butcher's knife of the house.

Still spinning, still twirling everyone's gonna die I'm scared man I don't want to

/SILENCE/

Laura didn't think she could go through with it after all. She got as far as the front door of the clinic but then it hit her again, what she was doing. A part of her agreed with Father Smith, that it was a monstrous crime and so on. But an equally strong part knew that it was the absolute only thing she could do in her situation. Her appointment was 15 minutes away and she was hopelessly deadlocked in her mind. As the first tears started to well up in her eyes, she leaned against the wall and prayed for a sign.

Exactly two minutes and forty seconds later, she got one.

"Hey", a man's voice said and as she raised her eyes, she saw a man in a black coat flinging two handfuls of snow at her. The snow hit her square across the face. "Merry Christmas!" she heard the man say as he walked off.

As the snow started melting Laura knew she had to go inside to dry up at least. So, maybe this was the sign she needed. She decided to go through with the abortion.