

A Child's Story

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

Through a dirty windshield we see a winding rural road. The camera pans to see a MAN through the driver's window.

It's 1933, the depression.

He is sweating, nervous, looking behind to see if anyone is following him.

He starts to relax.

He looks down at a gun sitting on the passenger seat. He can't believe he forgot to get rid of it. He reaches for it and fumbles, taking his eyes off the road for a moment.

He lifts his head to see a YOUNG BOY with a BALLOON in his hand standing in the middle of the road!

It's too late to turn.

He hits the brakes, cursing!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DAY - SAME

The car skids and comes to a stop on the side of the road.

Silence.

He is dazed, but snaps out of it exiting the car.

He runs to see what happened to the boy, but he's nowhere to be seen. He spins around frantically.

Is he losing his mind?

He turns once more and sees the BOY in a field in the distance.

He runs to him, arriving out of breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY - SAME

MAN

Hey there, are you alright?

The boy shakes his head yes.

MAN

Didn't your folks talk to you about
playin' in the road?

The boy is still, practically expressionless.

MAN

Where are your parents anyway?

Again, the boy doesn't respond.

MAN

Don't talk much do ya?

He tries to joke.

MAN

Cat gotch'r tongue?

Nothing.

He stares back at the road remembering why he was in a
hurray.

MAN

Well so long as you're alright.

Then he sees it. The boys face. Something familiar...

MAN

Say, do I know you?

The boy nods yes.

MAN

Really? Well what's your name?

He gets down on one knee as the boy walks up to him and
whispers in his ear.

The screen blows out to white.

CUT TO:

INT. OSGOOD RESIDENCE - EARLIER THAT SAME DAY

The BOY, walks through front door, closing it behind him
gently.

He walks to the kitchen and picks up the pathetic little
BROWN SACK lunch that he forgot.

It has a P written on it in a sloppy child's handwriting. He turns to leave and hears voices in the back of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. OSGOOD RES. - BEDROOM DOORWAY - SAME

A MAN enters the bedroom.

He sees a WOMAN, approximately his same age, in the arms of a SALESMAN.

The MAN stands sadly watching as they are oblivious.

The SALESMAN paws at her, his hands roaming her body. She holds a glass of wine.

The SALESMAN sees the MAN in the doorway.

SALESMAN

Jesus Christ!

The WOMAN, drunk, screams. The SALESMAN steps away from her.

The Man speaks softly.

MAN

What are you two doing?

The WOMAN settles and addresses him in a sweetly drunken tone.

WIFE

We are about to make love that's what. That's right. What did you think darling? Come on in and have a seat.

She motions to a small child sized chair in the corner.

The MAN doesn't move.

She turns to the SALESMAN, angry now.

WOMAN

I need a real man God dammit! He's not a man, he's a little helpless child. Useless as his Father. I deserve to live my life don't I? But he likes to watch.

(to the MAN)

Don't you?

She puts her fingers to her lips ssh-ing, laughing. Drunk.

SALESMAN

This is crazy. You're both crazy.
I'm outta here.

The MAN leaves the room while she continues and the SALESMAN frantically tries to get dressed.

WOMAN

(to the Salesman)
Spineless bastard.
(Screaming at the MAN)
He can give me what you can't. I
have needs too you know. You're
always causing problems, getting in
the way. I curse the day you came
into my life.

CUT TO:

INT. OSGOOD RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - SAME

One shot: The MAN goes to the cupboard, gets a gun, returns to the bedroom and shoots them both. A moment passes and he walks out of the room, down the hall, out the front door, out to his car and drives away.

The screen blows out to white.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

MAN

Hey, that's my name too.

BOY

No. Your name is Gerald.

MAN

What?

BOY

Yes. You're my best friend.

MAN

Sorry son, but my name is Percy
Osgood.

The MAN's ears are ringing and his legs start to get weak. He stands.

BOY
I want to thank you Gerald.

The MAN snaps back.

MAN
What? What was that?

BOY
I said, I want to thank you. For
saving me.

MAN
Jesus kid. This is...I can't be
sticking around here, you don't
understand.

His hands are numb, he starts to feel faint.

BOY
Yes I do. You killed her and her
lover.

The Man freezes in place.

BOY
Don't worry. They can't hurt us
anymore.

The Boy walks towards him. The Man, still speechless, falls
to his knees.

MAN
Hurt us?

BOY
We don't have to be afraid anymore.
Good Mommies love their little
boys.

MAN
I don't understand. Oh God, what's
happening to me.

The BOY hands him the balloon.

BOY
Goodbye Gerald.

With that, a flash of white sends us to...

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - OSGOOD RESIDENCE 1933 - DAY

A small crowd gathers as a POLICE OFFICER escorts the BOY out the front door and down the steps.

A handful of other OFFICERS and DETECTIVES pass by heading in and out of the house.

The BOY and the OFFICER pass by another COP as he interviews a gossipy NEIGHBOR over the fence. As they speak, we see shots from inside, showing the carnage, money on the dresser, the little child's chair in the corner. An officer picking up the gun.

The same gun the MAN had.

NEIGHBOR

That's right Percy Osgood. His mother Bedelia was a lady of the evening, you know, a prostitute. Poor little angel. I used to see him sitting on the porch just talking away, talk-talk-talkin' to nobody. I asked him once who he was talking to. He said it was his best friend Gerald. Poor little angel. Had to have an imaginary friend. It's a shame. It really, truly is.

As the OFFICER shuts the door of the squad car, we see PERCY stare out at his house.

The car starts.

Percy smiles as it drives away.

THE END