

My Weekend with David

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

An old, rusty 2002 Chevy Impala sits in the parking lot of a McDonalds.

The car is full of belongings that look suitable to a home. In the car is DAVID HILL (34), ROBERT HILL (9), and MARGARET HILL (6).

David's two children are sleeping in the backseat. He sits in the driver's seat with the window down and a lit cigarette in his mouth. His daughter wakes up.

MARGARET
(yawning)
Daddy, whats that smell?

David quickly flicks the cigarette.

DAVID
Nothing. You hungry?

MARGARET
Yeah. A little bit.

DAVID
Wake up your brother.

She nudges Robert and he wakes up.

ROBERT
(grouchy)
What?

MARGARET
Daddy wants to know if your hungry.

ROBERT
I am.

DAVID
Let's go.

David gets out of the car. He opens the door for his kids. They both slide out of the backseat and exit through the same door. David grasps their hands.

EXT. MCDONALDS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

David, with his kids securely in his grasp, walks past some bums and into the McDonalds.

INT. MCDONALDS - CONTINUOUS

He gets in line. A few people order and then the line moves up. It's finally David's turn.

CASHIER

What would you like today sir?

He bends down to talk to his kids.

DAVID

So what do we want?

MARGARET

Hotcakes!

ROBERT

Hash browns.

He stands back up.

DAVID

(to Cashier)

I'll take the hotcakes, a side of hash browns, and a small coffee.

CASHIER

Is that all?

DAVID

(taking out wallet)

Yeah.

He looks into his wallet. He only sees three dollars and couple pictures of his wife and his kids.

CASHIER

That will be six thirty-four.

He itches his head. He takes out the money and folds it. He slowly places each bill on the counter.

CASHIER (cont'd)

Sir, that's only three dollars.

DAVID
Listen... Could you just please--

CASHIER
I'm sorry sir, you have to pay the full amount.

DAVID
Please. It's all I have.

CASHIER
Sir, I--

DAVID
(leaning in and whispering)
Please, my kids. They don't deserve this.

CASHIER
I'm sorry sir. I can't.

He takes his three dollars and puts them back into his wallet. All of a sudden he runs to the other side of the counter and YANKS a meal out of the servers hand's. He runs.

DAVID
(to kids)
Come on!

The kids run with him. They run out the McDonalds and into the parking lot.

EXT. MCDONALDS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

David shoves everyone in the car. He starts it and backs out. He quickly races away as a manager comes out running towards him.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - CONTINUOUS

David is enjoying his free meal with his kids. Robert SPITS out his hash brown all over the floor of the car.

DAVID
I told you they were hot.

ROBERT
(clutching tongue)
Dang!

Margaret laughs.

ROBERT (cont'd)
It's not funny.

DAVID
You guys wanna go to the beach?

MARGARET
Is mommy coming?

DAVID
Sweetheart mommy went away.

ROBERT
She died.

DAVID
Bobby!

David shoots him a dirty glance.

MARGARET
What's that?

DAVID
It's when you get too old or too
sick and uhh--

ROBERT
You go away forever.

DAVID
Bobby!

MARGARET
(crying)
Am I gonna die daddy?

DAVID
No, baby, no.

MARGARET
(teary-eyed)
What about you?

DAVID
I'm not goin' anywhere anytime
soon.

MARGARET
Okay, daddy.

ROBERT
He's gonna die one day.

DAVID
Bobby, stop!

David shoots him another dirty glance.

MARGARET
Really daddy?

DAVID
No, no. Of course not. So who wants
to go to the beach?

MARGARET
(sniffling)
I do.

They pull into the sand-ridden parking lot of a nearby beach. They get off.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

David and his kids are splashing around in the water.

MARGARET
Yay, this is fun, daddy!

DAVID
(splashing Bobby)
I know Sweetheart.

EXT. BEACH - WASH AREA - LATER

David is clutching both of his kid's hands. He washes off. He sends his son in. Bobby washes off. David sends Maggie in. She washes off.

ROBERT
(holding stomach)
Dad, I'm hungry.

DAVID
We just ate a couple of hours ago.

ROBERT
Please, come on.

DAVID
I'll uh... find something.

MARGARET
Can't we go to ant Jane's again?

DAVID
I don't know--

ROBERT
Yeah dad. Please?

They both beg their dad.

DAVID
I have to call her.

ROBERT AND MARGARET
(simultaneously)
Yay!

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

David is inside the phone booth on the phone. His two kids sit in the car staring at him.

DAVID
Jane, please?

JANE (V.O)
I don't know, David.

DAVID
The kids want to see you.

JANE (V.O)
I know but--

DAVID
-- Please. For Marggie, My wife,
The mother of your nephew and
niece.

JANE (V.O)
Okay, but hurry up. You can only
stay for two days.

DAVID
Fine. I'm coming now.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Rain pelts down on the Impala as it pulls into Jane's driveway. From around the corner David can see almost four cop cars making their way towards him.

JANE (36) comes out in her pink robe. David gets out of the car and slams the door.

DAVID
(yelling)
What is this? What the fuck is this?

JANE
David, I'm sorry. The kids can't keep living like this.

DAVID
Fuck you! They're my children, not yours.

JANE
I'm doing what's best for them.

DAVID
You can't do what's best for them, they're my kids. They need their father.

JANE
I'm sorry.

The cop cars stop halfway up the street. 2 POLICE OFFICERS RUN out of their car and towards David. A SOCIAL WORKER (42) walks out of a black sedan and towards David.

SOCIAL WORKER
Sir, I'm Madeline James with Child protective services.

DAVID
Fuck you! You're not taking my kids!

He runs to his car. The Police officers TACKLE him. She bends down to talk to him.

MADELINE JAMES
We're placing them in protective custody until we find their next of kin.

Jane paces over.

JANE
I'm their next of kin.

MADELINE JAMES
How?

JANE
(shaking hands)
I'm their aunt.

MADELINE JAMES
(to David)
Mr. Hill is this your sister?

DAVID
That cunt isn't anything to me.
She's dead! She's fuckin' dead!

JANE
I was his wife's sister.

MADELINE JAMES
Was?

JANE
My sister died last year of ovarian
cancer.

MADELINE JAMES
I'm very sorry.

JANE
We all are.

MADELINE JAMES
I'll arrange the necessary papers
that you need to adopt them. In the
mean time we will keep them in
protective custody.

JANE
You mean an orphanage?

MADELINE JAMES
Yes, mam.

JANE
You can't. Please. Just let them
stay here until we get everything
fixed up.

MADELINE JAMES
I'll have to contact my supervisor.

JANE
That's fine.

DAVID
You fucking cunt! You fucking
whore!

The police officers SPRAY David in the face with some pepper
spray. He coughs and SCREAMS in agony.

DAVID (cont'd)
(crying)
Why?! They're my kids. Mine.

MADELINE JAMES
(squatting down)
Sir, We're gonna have to detain you
for the time being.

DAVID
(crying)
No!

The kids are still in the car. They are watching from the
backseat window. Jane opens the car door.

JANE
Come on, kids. Lets go inside.

She brings them inside.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HOME - DAY

A MAN sits on a rocking chair talking to his GRANDCHILD.

MAN
That's the last memory I have of my
dad.

FADE OUT: