Bastard Memories

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LITTLE BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's very dark, the only source of light coming from a dim nightlight plugged into an outlet in the corner.

The nightlight projects a colorful display of the galaxy onto the ceiling and dinosaur-themed wallpaper.

In a small bed against the far wall, TYLER, 5, scrawny with messy brown hair, lies under a blanket.

MUFFLED VOICES O.S. It's a heated argument.

CLOSE ON Tyler's worried face as he hugs a stuffed Tyrannosaurus. As the ARGUMENT O.S. intensifies, he clutches the stuffed Tyrannosaurus tighter.

Just then, a loud CRASH O.S.

Tyler slaps his hands over his ears, squeezes his eyes shut.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The modernly-furnished room is dark and quiet.

FOOTSTEPS O.S. Then, DAVID, 30, a thin man with dark bruises covering his face and neck, quietly limps into the room.

With a stuffed duffel bag slung over his shoulder, he slowly shuffles toward the front door.

A floorboard CREAKS O.S.

David freezes in his tracks.

He turns to see Tyler, dressed in colorful pajamas, standing in his open bedroom door.

David quickly places a finger to his lips, motions for Tyler to keep quiet.

Tyler takes the hint, quietly steps closer to his father.

David winces in pain as he sets the duffel bag down, kneels down before his son. Sadness hides behind his bruised eyes.

One look at his father's busted face is all it takes to bring tears to Tyler's eyes.

David forces a warm smile. He reaches out, moves a few loose strands of hair out of his son's face.

Tyler lunges forward, hugs his father as hard as he can.

David exhales a deep breath as he hugs Tyler back.

A moment passes, then--

David pulls away, grabs Tyler by his shoulders, and plants a big kiss on his forehead.

Then, he stands back up, grabs his duffel bag, and walks toward the front door.

Tyler just stands there with a look of confusion plastered across his face.

He watches in silence as his father exits out the front door, disappears into the darkness beyond.

His bottom lip quivers as tears stream down his cheeks.

FADE OUT: