

Memoirs of a Father Figure

written by

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Third Draft

FADE IN

EXT. DESERTED STREET - DAY

Under a bridge nestled in the farthest part of the industrial field sits a deserted street that is filled with trash, heroin needles, and graffiti. It's obviously a dump.

Sitting on the curb is MITCH, a man in his fifties. His clothes are worn and dirty. His physical appearance is atrocious. He looks to have not showered in quite some time.

Mitch's head turns to a noise that CLATTERS in the distance behind him. Coming through a hole in the fence is RUBIN, a young and naïve teenager. He carries a skateboard in his left hand.

Mitch watches the kid as he struggles to fit his backpack through the hole. He gets it through but falls to the ground. Mitch chuckles.

MITCH

Ya' need a hand kid!

Rubin looks at Mitch and then proceeds to walk away from him.

MITCH

Don't be scared! I don't bite!

Rubin stops in his tracks and looks back over to Mitch. He shrugs and then walks over to him.

RUBIN

What is it?

MITCH

Nothin'. Just wouldn't mind a lil' company.

RUBIN

That's what you called me over for.

MITCH

Huh. I don't remember callin' you. I think you came over here on your own.

Mitch looks at Rubin's skateboard.

MITCH

Back in the day I use to be
a legend on that thing.

Rubin chuckles to himself.

RUBIN

Yeah, I bet you were.

MITCH

Oh, you doubt me?

RUBIN

Oh, no I don't. Here show me
what you've got.

Rubin hands the skateboard to Mitch. Mitch looks it over and
then sets it on the ground.

MITCH

I ain't done this in awhile
so -

RUBIN

What are ya' scared?

Mitch gives Rubin a long hard stare. Then he puts his right foot
on the skateboard. He moves it back and forth. Then he pushes
off with his left foot and flails in the air as he falls down to
the ground and onto his back.

Rubin laughs.

RUBIN

Legend huh?

Rubin continues laughing.

MITCH

I'm jus' warmin' up!

Rubin still laughs.

MITCH

Aight bigshot, let's see

what you've got.

Rubin takes the board from Mitch and jumps on it, flying down the pavement. He jumps up with the skateboard making it do a flip and lands back down on it. He does this again but even higher. Then he slides and pops the board up catching it right in front of Mitch's face.

RUBIN

How's that!?

Mitch is stunned.

MITCH

That... was... awesome!

Mitch gives Rubin a fierce hug. Rubin is timid to hug back but then finally hugs Mitch back.

RUBIN

Thanks!

Rubin sits his skateboard on a nearby curb and sits on it. Mitch sits beside him.

MITCH

I wish my kid was here to see that trick.

RUBIN

You have a kid? How old is he?

MITCH

He's about your age. But I never see him, seein' as how I don't have a house n' all.

RUBIN

Yeah. Well, don't feel bad, I never knew my dad. He left my mother when I was two.

MITCH

Scumbag!

Rubin smiles and nods at Mitch.

RUBIN
Thanks! You're a nice dude.

Mitch smiles.

MITCH
Thanks.

RUBIN
Want somethin' to eat?

MITCH
You bet!

Rubin reaches into his backpack and pulls out a brown paper bag.

RUBIN
My mom makes the best turkey sandwich. Tons of pickles.

MITCH
I love pickles!

Rubin pulls out a Ziploc bag with a sandwich in it.

RUBIN
Me too. I also got some chips.

MITCH
Barbeque?

RUBIN
Yeah. How'd you know?

MITCH
Juts a guess.

Rubin pulls out a bag of chips. He hands it to Mitch. Mitch opens it and tears through the chips within minutes. Rubin watches in astonishment.

RUBIN
Hungry?

MITCH
I haven't eaten in over a week.

Rubin gives the whole sandwich to Mitch. Mitch takes it without hesitation.

RUBIN

So, why don't you visit your son more often?

MITCH

It's complicated.

Mitch takes a huge bite of the sandwich.

RUBIN

What's so complicated about it?

MITCH

She hates me.

RUBIN

Who?

MITCH

His mother.

Mitch takes another big bite of the sandwich.

RUBIN

Oh.

MITCH

You're right. This is a good sandwich.

Mitch takes another bite, finishing off the rest of the sandwich. He picks up the bag with the other half of the sandwich in it.

MITCH

I'll save this half for later.

Mitch stuffs the sandwich into the pocket of his jacket.

RUBIN

Sounds good. I'll have to come by here everyday on my way home from school. That way you can get some more of my mom's famous

sandwiches.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. DESERTED STREET - DAY

Mitch sits on the curb in the same spot. He wears the same clothes.

Rubin enters through the fence in the distance. Mitch watches Rubin as he approaches.

MITCH
Time for lunch?

Rubin smiles and then sits down next to Mitch.

RUBIN
Chicken salad sandwich today.

MITCH
Sounds good.

Rubin opens his backpack and pulls out a brown paper bag. Rubin pulls out a plastic bag with a sandwich in it. He hands it to Mitch.

RUBIN
You thirsty? I got a caprisun?

MITCH
A what?

Rubin reaches into the brown paper bag and pulls out a caprisun. Mitch looks at it. Rubin pulls off the straw and opens it. He then pushes the straw into the caprisun. He hands it to Mitch.

Mitch takes the drink and stares at it. Rubin watches him. Mitch puts his lips closer to the straw. He watches Rubin as he takes a drink.

MITCH
WOW! That's good!

RUBIN

Isn't it? I got some chips
too.

Rubin reaches back into the brown bag and pulls out a bag of
potato chips.

Mitch takes a bite of his sandwich. Rubin watches Mitch. Mitch
watches Rubin. They share a moment of quiet.

MITCH
(awkwardly)
So, how's school?

RUBIN
It's alright.

MITCH
Any pretty girls?

Rubin blushes.

RUBIN
Yeah. There's this one.

MITCH
You put the moves on her.

Rubin blushes more and smiles.

RUBIN
And how am I going to do that?

MITCH
All you gotta do is give her
attention. Show her you care
about her. Buy her some flowers.
Girls love that kinda thing.

Rubin nods his head and then grabs his bag, throws it on his
backpack and leaves.

RUBIN
See you tomorrow!

Mitch watches as Rubin runs off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. DESERTED STREET - DAY

Mitch sits on the curb. He still wears the same clothes.

Rubin enters through the fence in the distance. He is running towards Mitch.

RUBIN
Guess what! Guess what!

MITCH
What is it champ?

Rubin runs up next to Mitch and then sits down next to him.

RUBIN
She likes me. I gave her the
flowers like you said. She
likes me. She really likes me.

MITCH
That's great little fella'.

Rubin reaches into his back pack and pulls out a brown paper bag. He pulls out a sandwich, a bag of chips, and two caprisuns. He hands the sandwich to Mitch.

MITCH
What's on the menu today?

RUBIN
Roast beef.

Rubin puts the straw in one of the caprisuns and hands it to Mitch.

RUBIN
Thanks for the good advice.

MITCH
No problem little buddy.

They sit in silence, eating.

RUBIN

Hey, do you wanna come over
for dinner tomorrow night?

MITCH

Sure, I'd love to.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. DINNING ROOM/RUBIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Rubin and his MOTHER, an attractive woman in her early forties, sit at the dinning room table. Ruben plays with his food, stirring it about. His mother watches him. Ruben looks up and stares at the empty space at the table.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. DESERTED STREET - DAY

Rubin sits on the curb where Mitch once sat. He looks around. No one is there. He stands up, takes his backpack off, and pulls out a brown paper bag, he looks at it and then places it in the spot he was sitting in. He lays he skateboard down and rides away. Meanwhile, Mitch sneaks over and picks up the brown paper bag. He watches Ruben as he rides off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK