

NO SUCH THINGS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The PATTERN of little feet down the stairs. A little hand rides the railing on the way down.

BILL SENIOR (40's), watches the ball game. Takes a swig of beer.

BILLY (5), in green footed pajama's and clutching a worn out teddy bear, shuffles up to his father.

BILLY  
Daddy... there is a monster under  
my bed.

BILL SENIOR  
No there isn't Son. Go on back to  
bed.

Billy's bottom lip starts to quiver.

BILLY  
But I heard something--

Bill Senior leans in close to his son.

BILL SENIOR  
No such thing as monsters boy.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - SEVERAL YEARS LATER - DAY

A YOUNG BILLY works at his desk. Three different model airplane boxes lay open in front of him. The plastic racks of pieces scattered about.

Using pieces from each set he constructs an intricate, futuristic looking SPACE CRAFT.

YOUNG BILLY  
Raptor one... bogies in sector  
seven.

He carefully glues on the last little piece.

YOUNG BILLY  
Roger that control. Raptor One  
engaging.

Billy orchestrates a VICIOUS BATTLE with sound effects as he holds the piece in place.

YOUNG BILLY  
 Splash five Bogies control. Sector  
 seven clear.

He slowly removes his hand. The piece holds fast.

YOUNG BILLY  
 Sweet.

Billy gingerly picks up his creation. Hurries out the door.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The hood of an old Ford Pick Up is propped open. Bill Senior  
 is buried under the hood tinkering with the engine.

Billy backs through the garage door protecting his model.

YOUNG BILLY  
 Dad check it out!

Bill Senior glances back over his shoulder. Billy holds up  
 the model so his father can see it.

BILL SENIOR  
 What is that?

YOUNG BILLY  
 It's a galactic fighter!

BILL SENIOR  
 What happened to the airplanes?

YOUNG BILLY  
 I used the pieces to make this.

Bill Senior grunts... goes back to the engine.

Billy is crushed.

YOUNG BILLY  
 You don't like it?

BILL SENIOR  
 That's make believe son, ain't no  
 such thing.

Billy walks back to the door. The model RATTLES into the  
 trash bin. The garage door closes.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - SEVERAL YEARS LATER - NIGHT

Cheap, cramped and cozy.

Bill, now in his early twenties, watches the baseball game on the couch with a beer in his hand.

Nuzzled up against him is MEGAN (20's), glasses with a pony tail tied low, reading a romance novel.

She snaps the book shut against her breast, holding back tears. Bill looks over and smirks.

BILL  
Gripping?

She playfully smacks him on the arm.

MEGAN  
Let me have my romance.

Bill screams at the ball game.

BILL  
Are you kidding me?

MEGAN  
Why do you watch the games if you get so upset?

BILL  
I enjoy the misery.

MEGAN  
I don't.

BILL  
Guess that makes you a Yankee fan.

MEGAN  
Why don't we watch something happy.

BILL  
The game is fine. Go back to your smutty novel.

MEGAN  
It's not smut. It's romance and true love.

Bill shakes his head, attention shifts back to the game.

Megan studies Bill for a moment. He notices her staring.

BILL

What?

MEGAN

Don't you believe in true love?

BILL

Sorry babe. No such thing.

The novel bounces off Bill's head as Megan stomps off.

BILL

What... Megan?

EXT. GRAVESIDE - A FEW YEARS LATER - DAY

The rain smothers Bill, mid thirties, as he kneels at the freshly carved grave marker. Salt mixes with water as he traces Megan's name in stone.

BILL

She is so beautiful baby. I am so proud of you.

An ELDERLY COUPLE approaches dressed in black. The man carries an umbrella shielding the woman.

MEGAN'S DAD

Bill. Time to head back.

MEGAN'S DAD places a kind hand on Bill's shoulder. He gets up. Wipes his face.

BILL

I'll meet you at the car.

MEGAN'S MOM breaks down. Megan's Dad escorts her away. They pass a PRIEST making his way over to Bill.

The Priest reverently stands at the gravestone.

BILL

Thank you.

PRIEST

It was a lovely service Bill.

Bill straightens the flowers surrounding the marker.

BILL

I should get back.

PRIEST  
What will you do now?

BILL  
The best we can.

FATHER  
Have faith Bill. She is with God.

Bill stops dead. He turns on the Priest with a fierceness that makes the him lean back.

BILL  
No such thing Father... But thanks anyway.

The Priest watches Bill wander off into the rain.

EXT. SUNNY HILL NURSING HOME - A FEW YEARS LATER - NIGHT

A generic, antiseptic white room. Bill, now in his forties with streaks of gray hair, stands next to a bed...

...in which lies Bill Senior, finally at peace. His arms crossed. Bed covers folded smartly across his chest.

An ADMINISTRATOR silently makes her way into the room.

ADMINISTRATOR  
Sorry to interrupt. We have some papers for you to sign.

She hands Bill the clipboard.

BILL  
Of course.

ADMINISTRATOR  
We boxed up your fathers things.  
Just need to sign the release form.

Bill scribbles his signature on the forms.

BILL  
You have a favorite charity?

ADMINISTRATOR  
Yes, we give all unclaimed items to the VFW.

BILL  
That will do.

Bill hands back the clipboard.

ADMINISTRATOR  
There are some personal items--

BILL  
No Thank you. Good night.

The Administrator frowns as Bill walks away.

ADMINISTRATOR  
He was a good man. I am sure he's  
in a better place now.

Bill looks at the shell that used to be his father.

BILL  
If there is such a thing...

INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

Bill sits in silence. In front of him is a BOX post marked  
"Sunny Hill Nursing Home". He cuts it open. Opens the flaps.

A NOTE sits on top.

BILL  
(Reading)  
Thought you might want these...

He digs in, draws out an old watch. Sets it to the side. A  
wallet, reading glasses, a well worn crossword puzzle book.  
Billy flips through it. Tosses it to the side... and freezes.

He reaches in again... and gently pulls out a small grey  
object. Bill is stunned.

His galactic fighter. Beaten and broken but still intact.

BILL  
Raptor one.

HANNA (O.S.)  
What is that Daddy?

HANNA (5), in pink footed pajama's and clutching a teddy  
bear, rubs her tired eyes.

BILL  
It's something I made a long time  
ago. What are you doing up honey?

HANNA  
I got scared.

BILL  
Of what?

HANNA  
There is a monster in my closet.

Bill looks at his daughter for a long moment.

BILL  
You think so?

HANNA  
I can hear his tummy rumble because  
he is hungry and wants to eat me.

Bill can't help but smile.

BILL  
Sounds bad.

HANNA  
You believe me don't you Daddy?

Bill sets the model down. With wet eyes he scoops up Hanna.

BILL  
Of course I do. Let's go check it  
out sweet pea.

Together they climb the stairs.

FADE OUT:

The End.