

THE KID

A Short Film by
Mickey Fisher

Based on the song, "Raspberry Beret" by Prince.

INT. MCGEE'S FIVE AND DIME - DAY

Cheap plastic goods line the shelves. Dust motes float in the mid-day haze. The kind of place that smells like stale popcorn and old leather shoes.

Behind the counter, **THE KID** sketches in a notebook with colored pencils. He's 19. Earring in one ear, Sly and The Family Stone tank top. We get a look at his sketch --

It's a ROCK GOD version of him. Eyes closed, one finger pointing toward the sky, the other hand wrapped around a guitar bent into unnatural shapes.

MCGEE (O.S.)

I'm not paying you to draw, you know.

The Kid whips around, sees his boss, **MR. MCGEE** (60's, potbellied) standing over his shoulder. The Kid tries to cover the sketch, embarrassed.

THE KID

There was nobody here.

MCGEE

There's still work to do, right?
You could straighten the shelves,
you could grab a broom --

THE KID

I swept up when I came in.

MCGEE

Then grab a mop. See, this is the problem with your generation. No initiative. You're lazy, you don't take any pride in your appearance. Look at you, what are you wearing?

THE KID

Sly and the Family --

MCGEE

I know who it -- look. Kid. I get it. I used to daydream too. Back when I was seven or eight years old. Then I got a job, working for my old man. When he died, sitting right here, right behind this very cash register, he left this place to me. Now I own a successful business.

(MORE)

MCGEE (CONT'D)

That could be you some day, but you
have to put away childish things.

The Kid pushes the sketchbook away, feelings hurt.

McGee grabs a DEPOSIT BAG from the register --

MCGEE (CONT'D)

I'm going to the bank. I'll be back
in a half-hour. Please. For the
love of God. *Do something.*

He leaves through the EXIT door -- a bell overhead DINGS!

The Kid watches him go. Looks around. Wondering what to do.

In a series of shots --

The Kid straightens items on the shelves.

He restocks.

Mops up an aisle.

He spots a PLASTIC GUITAR in the toy aisle. Puts down the
mop, grabs the guitar. Gives the little plastic tuners a turn
or two. He STRUMS, lets it ring -- and imagines he's on stage
in front of a club full of people, addressing them:

THE KID

Dearly beloved... we are gathered
here today to get through this
thing called life.

STRUM!

THE KID

And if the elevator tries to break
you down -- go crazy --

He plays a rock riff as he dances through the aisles. Yes,
it's dorky, but -- he's REALLY FUCKING GOOD. He grabs the mop
at one point and uses it like a mic stand, mimicking James
Brown. A ROCK RIFF slowly fades up on the track...

He holds his hand up to his ear, asking the "audience" to
respond to his call --

THE KID (CONT'D)

Let me hear you Minneapolis!

The Kid WHIRLS around and mid-spin and we get fully swept up
into his fantasy, MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FIRST AVENUE CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Kid finishes his spin ON STAGE in front of a thousand people at the legendary Minneapolis club. He's the rock god from his sketch. One part poet, one part pirate -- a LOT of purple. And he's Burning. It. Down with his BAND.

They're a rock/funk phalanx, playing and moving in unison, working the crowd as hard as The Kid. He climbs to the top of a stack of speakers, jumps off and lands in a split --

POPS up -- spins -- and SOLOS! The crowd goes wild.

THE KID
(to the crowd)
Let's go!

THE BAND
Let's go!

THE CROWD
Crazy!

THE KID
Let's go!

THE BAND
Let's go!

THE CROWD
Crazy!

THE KID
Let's go!

THE BAND
Let's go!

THE CROWD
Crazy!

THE KID
Good God -- OWUAH!

He lays the guitar on the floor and "makes love" to it -- rolling his body on it, totally caught up, when --

DING!!!

MATCH CUT BACK:

INT. MCGEE'S FIVE AND DIME - DAY

The Kid is back in the five and dime, humping the toy guitar when the bell snaps him out of his reverie. He bolts up to his feet, just in time to see **THE WOMAN**.

She's coming in through the EXIT. Older than him by a few years. Big sunglasses, white boots and a RASPBERRY BERET.

From his stunned expression, we can tell that she is unlike anything he's ever seen. He slips behind the counter.

THE WOMAN

Can I use your phone?

THE KID

I'm sorry, wh --

THE WOMAN

Do you have a phone?

THE KID

We have a pay phone --

THE WOMAN

Great.

THE KID

But it's busted.

THE WOMAN

You got a land line?

THE KID

Bosses office.

THE WOMAN

Can I --

THE KID

It's locked.

THE WOMAN

Shit.

THE KID

Is everything all right?

THE WOMAN

No. My car broke down. I'm trying to get to the city for an audition.

THE KID

Are you a singer?

THE WOMAN

I'm a singer, actor, *and* a dancer.
In that order.

THE KID

Right on.

THE WOMAN

I've been trying to get in there
for months. There's an agent who --

She spots the sketch, grabs it before he can stop her.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Is this you?

THE KID

No.

THE WOMAN

It looks like you.

THE KID

It's just -- stupid. Something to
pass the time.

The Woman gives him a look -- reading him. He takes the
sketch back, puts it inside the notebook, out of sight.

THE WOMAN

What's your name?

THE KID

Kid.

THE WOMAN

Where's the nearest gas station,
Kid?

THE KID

About two miles that way.

THE WOMAN

About two miles? Shit.

She looks at the clock. Deflated.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm never gonna make it. All right,
I'll figure something out. Adios.
Kid.

The Kid watches as she turns to go. She stops.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)
It's not stupid.

THE KID
What?

THE WOMAN
If it gives you a reason to wake up
in the morning and try to be a
little better than you were the day
before... it's not stupid. That's
called a dream. And dreaming's how
we make it through the long, cold
nights. Ya dig?

The Kid nods, grinning. He gets it.

The Woman makes her way to the "IN" door. She's leaving the
wrong way, just like how she came in. At the last second,
just before the hammer hits to the bell to DING --

THE KID
I'll take you.

She stops. Turns.

THE WOMAN
Thanks. But by the time they tow it
back to the station --

THE KID
To Minneapolis. I'll take you to
the audition.

A beat.

THE WOMAN
You got a car?

THE KID
I got a motorcycle.

THE WOMAN
Do you drive fast?

THE KID
If you want me to.

THE WOMAN
No funny stuff.

THE KID
No funny stuff.

THE WOMAN
Cause I saw you with that guitar
before.

THE KID
Oh. That was just --

THE WOMAN
I'm kidding.

THE KID
Right.

EXT. MCGEE'S FIVE AND DIME - DAY

Mr. McGee's beat up Oldsmobile rumbles into a parking space. He's got one headlight out. He turns the car off -- it rumbles for a few seconds even after he gets out.

He shuffles to the door, gives it a push. It's LOCKED.

MCGEE
What th --

He looks -- the CLOSED sign is in the window. Taped up next to it -- the Kid's SKETCH. It's autographed: "MR. M, thanks for the advice. Kid"

MCGEE (CONT'D)
Lazy son of a --

A MOTORCYCLE ROAR cuts him off --

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Kid's motorcycle races toward the sunset. He's driving, The Woman on the back, sundress wrapped around her legs.

She plays a beat on his helmet, singing as they crest a hill and disappear over the other side...

FADE OUT:

THE END