

AN IMPROBABLE ALIBI
an original screenplay by
Keith F. Broad

Keith F. Broad
11151 Kendale Way
Delta, BC, V4C 3P7
(604) 589-8805
keith@keithbroad.com

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK -- AFTERNOON DAY 1

Jonathan Toews, a young teenager sits on a low planter wall with greenery behind. His hands at either side support hunched shoulders and a heavy head. He's slightly built with awkward angular features. He appears sad, depressed.

SFX: CELL PHONE RING

Jonathan lets it ring, then reluctantly pulls it from his pocket, looks at the call-display, flips it open and holds it to his ear.

JONATHAN

What do you want, Shirley?

(Pauses to listen)

I am at school.

(pauses to listen,
yanks a piece of
greenery from the
planter, looks at it
and...)

Botany class!

(...throws it away
and pauses to listen)

I forgot it. I'm not hungry anyway.

I'll eat later.

(pauses to listen)

You're not my mother, okay?! You're
just my step-mother!

Jonathan slaps the phone closed and jams it into his pocket.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(SOTTO)

Get off my case, Bitch!

RESET TO:

2 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Jonathan is sitting cross-legged on his bed playing his SD listening to...

SFX: AN INSANELY LOUD MIX OF RAP AND HEAVY METAL MUSIC

SFX: KNOCKING ON BEDROOM DOOR

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN'S STEPMOM (O.S.)

Jonathan? Jonathan! Open the damn door, Jonathan! What the hell are you doing in there?! No wonder you don't have any friends!

Jonathan snatches up the remote control and points it at the stereo. The volume increases.

JONATHAN

Bitch!

ACT TWO

3 EXT. SIDEWALK -- MORNING DAY 2

Jonathan, with backpack, shuffles along the sidewalk of an inner-city neighborhood. He slows to a stop and stares at length. He slowly approaches an army & navy surplus store. Out front stands a life-size model of a marine in full battle-gear, rifle thrust forward in a posture of full frontal attack and with a do-or-die expression.

JONATHAN

Whoa, Dude! Where did you come from?

Jonathan slowly approaches the marine in wide-eyed wonderment.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(SOTTO)

So cool!

Jonathan reaches out tentatively to touch the marine's arm, then withdraws quickly and holds his hands up in a gesture of apology.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You're a sick fucker, dude! I mean...
like sorry, dude but whoa!

Jonathan circles the marine admiring it up and down and pauses directly behind it. He pretends to draw a pistol and jamb it into the marine's left ear but he abandons the action quickly. He's embarrassed, contrite.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Ah, sorry... sir.
(whispers and salutes)
Sorry.

Jonathan moves to in front of the marine, at a respectful distance, and considers him.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You're a tough fucker aren't you.
(thoughtfully)
Tougher than me.
(snorting)
Shit GI Joe was tougher than me when
he was ten inches tall... now look
at you!

Jonathan strikes and holds a pose in front of the marine's rifle like he has just been shot... then breaks character with a small self-conscious look 'round.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry...

Jonathan looks around to see if anyone is watching, then decides that it doesn't matter. He approaches the marine in a decidedly forthright yet deprecating manner. He stares into the marine's eyes and nods.

4 EXT. SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Jonathan is sitting cross-legged on the sidewalk in front of the marine. We see him talking animatedly to the marine as we close in.

JONATHAN

My life is shit, Joe. I hate my life, I hate my teachers, but most of all I hate my step-mother. She's a nasty bitch. I wish she would just hurry up and die already.

(shrugging)

I know I shouldn't say that, Joe, but she's just so...

(brightly)

Hey, Joe, can I borrow your rifle?
Just kidding!

RESET TO:

ACT THREE

5 INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING DAY 3

Jonathan is asleep in his bed. He jerks awake and quickly looks at his alarm clock. It's 9:35am.

JONATHAN

What the fuck?!

(scrambling out of
bed and getting
dressed)

Why didn't that stupid bitch wake
me? Now I'm late for school! Again!
Shit!

Jonathan hurries down the hall. As he runs past his step-mother's bedroom door he notices the door is open slightly.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Shirley? You in there?

Jonathan pushes the door open a little further.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Shirley?

He pushes the door open fully and stares down at his step-mother. She is lying on her bed in a flannel nightgown. Her head is hanging over the foot of the bed, a large pool of blood on the carpet below. Her eyes and mouth are wide open, and there's a bullet hole in the middle of her forehead.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS

Long shot from across the street we are looking at the Army & Navy Surplus store and Joe standing out front. Quickly we close on Joe to an extreme close-up of one eye. A soft light fades to black.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW