

YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL

Story & Screenplay  
By

David China Woolf

chidav@outlook.com  
+972-52-2662222

EXT. TRAIL IN THE FOREST - DAY

Birds chirp among the trees as the Campbells' walk home.

GRACE & HARPER, 8 year old, neatly dressed twins, are in front. Grace mumbles prayer songs as Harper hurls stones at trees.

Behind them is JEREMIAH. 16 years old. He wears neat clothes and his hair is neatly combed. His gait is proud and a smile of satisfaction and anticipation adorns his face.

The parents, EMMA and COLT, walk slowly at the back. Both are in their late-30s. They hold hands.

Emma wears a festive dress and a bonnet. Colt, has a long bright beard and wears jeans, a plaid shirt and fancy boots.

Jeremiah lingers a bit so that his parents get closer to him. He turns towards them.

JEREMIAH

You know Dad, I really enjoyed the pastor's sermon today. It was about something we studied at school.

Colt looks at Emma, then back at Jeremiah.

COLT

It is always interesting to listen to our pastor's sermons, son.

Jeremiah nods slightly. He tilts his head and narrows his eyes a little.

JEREMIAH

Yeh, ahm... I guess so..

They continue walking calmly.

Grace pauses and turns towards Jeremiah. A shy smile spreads across her face.

GRACE

Hi Jeremiah, what d'ya want for your birthday?

The embarrassment of Jeremiah is evident. Jeremiah shifts his gaze towards his parents, then back to Grace.

JEREMIAH

From you honey? If you could just write me a nice blessing and draw me something to hang on my door, that would be great.

He raises his voice a bit.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Ahm, Mom and Dad know what I want, I hope I'll get it...

Harper's attention is drawn to something between the trees. For a moment, he stalls, then runs straight towards the trees. He jumps over a ditch near the trail but fails to cross it. He falls into the wet grass and gets up embarrassed.

Emma's face is tense and she tends to run toward him.

EMMA

Harper...

Colt grips Emma's hand tightly for a moment. With his calm speech, he conceals his heavy breathing.

COLT

Get up son. You should be careful.

Grace examines the incident from aside, covering her mouth with her hand. Her gaze shifts from her parents to her dirty brother and back.

Jeremiah freezes and nods his head. His mouth contorts condescendingly.

A bowed Harper emerges from the ditch. With his hands, he tries to brush off his cloths.

EMMA

Never mind that. You'll change at home. You may run ahead of us if you wish.

Harper smiles shyly, nods, and runs home.

COLT

Just be careful son...

Harper disappears around a bend.

The family continues to walk leisurely.

Jeremiah slows down and takes a glance at his parents.

JEREMIAH

So, Dad, ahm, Mom, you know what I want, um... for my birthday, right?

Emma and Colt exchange glances. Grace also looks back.

EMMA

(To Grace)

Look forward honey. If you wish you can also run home...

Grace runs forward.

Emma continues in a soft voice.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We'll see you there soon.

Colt shouts out.

COLT

Just be careful as you run, honey.

Colt now winks and smiles at Emma. She smiles too and nods slightly in response.

COLT (CONT'D)

Well, son, your Mom and I have thought it through and... well, you know, ahm... Emma, perhaps you should...

Colt gestures with his arm to Emma.

EMMA

Well Jeremiah, we're not sure, ahm, you know--

Jeremiah is exasperated. With great difficulty, he manages to hold back tears. He kicks at the ground.

JEREMIAH

There's no need to stutter. Simply say that you didn't get it. That's fine with me.

Jeremiah's gaze is now fixed on the ground. He massages his cheeks with his fingers.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

And, ahh, and if you don't mind, I'll also hurry home now.

COLT

Very well son, just be careful.

Jeremiah doesn't wait for a response and he runs home. He mutters to himself as he runs.

JEREMIAH

Careful my ass...

Emma and Colt nod to each other and smile. They walk home calmly.

EXT. FRONT YARD OUTSIDE CAMPBELLS' HOME - DAY

The Campbell's front yard is beautiful with well-kept lawn and colorful flower beds.

At the center of the lawn is a tree with a broad canopy. Beneath the tree is a large wooden picnic table.

Towards the edge of the lawn is a nice stone grill with a sink next to it and some shelves.

A wide wooden staircase leads to a large, covered balcony, and then into the house. A noisy two-seater swing is located on the balcony.

Harper arrives home, jumps up the staircase and lays down on the swing without changing. Shortly after him, Grace arrives. Harper gestures for her to join him and she does so.

Both of them sway and mimic the swing's sound. They then laugh out loud.

Jeremiah arrives soon after them. His eyes are red and his lips are close together.

GRACE

Jeremiah, come and join us...

Jeremiah refrains from looking at his siblings and enters the house dramatically.

INT. JEREMIAH'S ROOM - DAY

Jeremiah's room is covered with motocross posters. He has a huge poster of his idol Charlie Mullins, hung on the ceiling above his bed.

Motocross models and magazines cover the shelves. Even his bedding is adorned with motocross graphics.

Jeremiah storms into his room. He takes off his jacket, tosses it on the back of the chair, and gets on his bed. He's frowned upon. He grebes one of the motocross models and simulates it racing in a field and bouncing over ramps.

After a short time, someone knocks on the door. He ignores the knocks at first. However, when the knocks continue he answers weakly.

JEREMIAH

What d'ya want?

COLT

(O.S.)

Son, your mother and siblings are preparing for lunch. I'm going to fire up the grill. I expect you to be with me shortly.

Jeremiah grimaces and strikes his bed hard.

EXT. FRONT YARD OUTSIDE CAMPBELLS' HOME - DAY

As he grills thick steaks, Colt stands by the grill. On the grill are some vegetables and corn cobs too.

Jeremiah joins him with a sour face. He holds a serrated spatula. In anticipation of being asked for assistance, his gaze is turned to his father.

COLT

Please turn over the steaks, son.

Carefully, Jeremiah turns the steaks. Despite his persistence, one steak sticks to the grill. However, after too long being hovered over the grill, he abruptly pulls his hand away as he drops the spatula.

JEREMIAH

Ouch...

Colt shakes his head slightly, closes his eyes for a moment and purses his lips. He gazes at Jeremiah, then turns back to the grill. He flips the steak.

COLT

Pay attention son, you should be careful...

Jeremiah waves his arm in order to cool it. Despite his pain, he tries to act like nothing happened.

JEREMIAH  
I'm good dad, I'm good.

Colt examines him briefly.

COLT  
Very well son, pick up the spatula  
and take over.

Jeremiah grins broadly. He picks up the spatula, cleans it in the sink and stares at the grill. A look of a world leader now adorns his eyes.

COLT (CONT'D)  
I'll step inside to see what's  
delaying your mom.

Jeremiah nods.

JEREMIAH  
Sure thing dad.

Colt leaves the grill area and walks up the staircase.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Emma arranges salads in bowls on a large working surface near the sink. She anxiously examines Grace's attempts to help her.

Grace's height prevents her from filling the bowls from above.

EMMA  
Ahm, Grace honey, the potato salad  
needs to be mixed. Do it there.

As her arms are occupied, she points at a lower table with her chin.

Grace picks up the bowl of potato salad and strolls carefully to the low table.

Colt enters the kitchen vigorously.

COLT  
How are my two lovely ladies doing?

Emma turns around and smiles as her eyes point towards Grace. Grace's face turns and she smiles as she hears her father's voice. She lifts the potato salad bowl proudly. However, she doesn't see the table leg and bumps into it.

As a result, the bowl falls out of her hands. Panic is written all over her face.

GRACE

Mommy...

Fortunately, Colt is right beside her and grabs the salad bowl before crashing to the floor.

Grace runs to her mother crying and clings to her dress.

Colt grimaces.

With an empathic look, Emma caresses her gently. She then stares at Colt.

EMMA

It's no big deal, honey. Daddy was here to grab it, just in time.

Colt sets the salad bowl on the table. He then kneels near Grace and with the help of his hand turns Grace's face, which is buried deeply into her mother's dress, toward him.

COLT

(In very gentle voice)  
Hey honey bunny, nothing to worry about. I just want you to be more careful.

Emma picks up a bowl of tomato salad and hands it over to Grace. Colt smiles and nods at her affirmatively.

EMMA

Here sweetie, please take this to the table outside. We'll be there shortly.

Grace looks at them both with a shy look that slowly becomes one of happiness. She exits the kitchen with the tomato salad bowl.

Colt approaches Emma, kisses her on the forehead and hugs her. He gestures at the outgoing Grace.

COLT

We did a good job, didn't we?

Emma smiles at him and nods. She then gives him a tray with salads and bread which he takes out.

Emma approaches the staircase leading to the top floor, and calls out loudly.



EMMA

Harper! Are you done? We're ready  
to eat. Come down son.

HARPER

(O.S.)

Coming down mom...

No more than five seconds pass and Harper slides down on the  
stair railing.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Wooooooooo...

As he reaches the bottom of the stairs, he falls on his  
buttocks. Even though it hurts, he smiles at his mother.

Emma stares at him as she shakes her head. A tiny smile  
spreads across her face.

EMMA

You should be careful son. Now, get  
up and come out.

As she marks the way to the door, she gives him a pitcher of  
lemon juice.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Please Harper, please be careful  
with that...

EXT. FRONT YARD OUTSIDE CAMPBELLS' HOME - DAY

The entire family is seated around the garden table. Each of  
them holds the other's hand. All have bowed heads.

COLT

Lord, make us thankful for our  
food, Bless us with faith in Jesus'  
blood; With bread of life our souls  
supply, That we may live with  
Christ on high.

EVERYONE TOGETHER

Amen.

As each person takes a ration of food, everyone helps each  
other quietly and in exemplary order.

With a full mouth, Harper tries to speak while biting a cob  
of corn. He glances towards his mother.

HARPER

Momd, thiss cornscob is--

Colt stares at him.

COLT

Son, please finish what's in your mouth first.

Harper continues chewing on the cob without looking up.

Grace shows her mother her empty plate as she smiles.

EMMA

What is it honey? Do you have anything to say?

Grace stares at Jeremiah and then at her parents. She continues to smile.

GRACE

Can I read it now? I want to read the birthday greeting I wrote for Jeremiah, can I do it now, Mom?

Grace blushes.

Jeremiah sits back on his seat. His face is lit up with happiness.

Emma and Colt glance at each other.

EMMA

Sure honey. Please do.

Grace rises, and grins timidly. Once again, she glances at her parents, who nod in response.

GRACE

To my older brother who I love so much. Happy Birthday. May your day and coming year be happy and may all your dreams come true.

Grace giggles and looks down.

Jeremiah comes over to her. He embraces her and kisses her. She gives him the blessing. He looks at it and raises it to show his parents and brother.

JEREMIAH

Thank you very much Grace. You're my favorite sister.

Grace stomps on the ground.

GRACE  
I'm your only sister...

Jeremiah embraces her again. He whispers to her ear.

JEREMIAH  
I'm just kidding sis. Thank you  
very much. I love you more than  
anything in the world.

Grace smiles and blushes.

Emma turns to Harper.

EMMA  
And you son, did you write anything  
for Jeremiah's birthday?

Harper bows his head briefly. He glances at his parents, then  
at Jeremiah and raises his head.

HARPER  
No Mom, but could I bless him right  
now?

EMMA  
Go ahead son.

Harper looks at Jeremiah.

HARPER  
Happy birthday Jeremiah. I... I  
wish you become the Motocross  
champion of the world.

Harper smiles as he examines Jeremiah's reaction. Jeremiah  
smiles back and raises an arm for a high-five. Harper strikes  
him hard with an outstretched hand. Jeremiah winks at him.

JEREMIAH  
Thanks Bro'.

Everyone helps Emma collect the plates and utensils on a  
tray. She gets up and heads towards the house.

As she climbs the stairs, she almost slips, but she manages  
to hold on to the tray.

EMMA  
Oh My God. I'm good, I'm good...

Colt turns around instantly. He sees the tray is in Emma's hands.

COLT

Honey, you should be careful. No need to take it all in at once.

Colt turns to the table.

COLT (CONT'D)

Grace honey, Harper boy. Please go help your mother in the kitchen. Jeremiah, please water the charcoal on the grill to turn it off, throw the charcoal residue under one of the trees at the back, and put the shovel back in its place in the warehouse.

Grace and Harper race to reach the door first.

Again, Jeremiah's face is angry. He purses his lips but says nothing. He gets up and walks to the grill.

Colt rises. He picks up the tablecloth, waves it a little in the air, and hurries inside.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Colt places the tablecloth on the kitchen counter. He then gestures to Emma, Harper and Grace to come with him to the living room window. He puts his finger on his nose and raises his eyebrows.

COLT

Sssshh...

Grace and Harper stare at each other strangely.

Emma places her hands on Grace and Harper's back. She bends over them.

EMMA

Be quiet. We have a surprise for Jeremiah.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Watching from the window towards the backyard, the four eagerly anticipate Jeremiah's arrival.

And he does arrive in their sight. In a slow, sloppy walk, he holds the shovel with the wet ashes and he throws the ashes under one of the trees.

Next, he walks slowly as he drags the shovel on the ground. His gait is bent. He opens the warehouse and enters.

A few seconds latter.

(POV from living room)

JEREMIAH

(O.S.)

(Yelling)

Yha Ba Da Ba Duuuu... Yehhh... I AM  
GOING TO BE CHARLIE MULLINS...

As Colt and Emma lough out loud, Harper and Grace stare at them confused.

GRACE

Mom, Dad, what is the surprise?

Colt holds Harper's hand and Emma holds Grace's hand.

COLT

Lets go out and see together.

(POV from living room)

Jeremiah emerges from the warehouse with a bouncy dance and loud cheers even before they leave.

JEREMIAH

Yu Lu Lu Yahoooo...

Now he mimics sitting on a motorcycle and using his right hand to open the throttle fully.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Vin, vin, viiiiinnnnnn...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Colt, Emma, Harper and Grace come out the back door.

When Jeremiah sees them, he runs towards them. He gives his mother a big kiss and hug, then swings Grace in the air. Harper high-fives him as he approaches his father and he relaxes a bit. He stands in front of his father and smiles shyly.

JEREMIAH

Thanks Dad. Thank you very much.

He turns to Emma.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Thank you too Mom.

He hugs his mother again.

Harper interrupts in a squeaky voice.

HARPER  
But what is it? Can we see?

Jeremiah points at the warehouse door.

JEREMIAH  
Sure, take Grace and go in. But  
don't touch!

Grace and Harper are at the warehouse door before Jeremiah finishes. They enter cautiously.

Colt spreads his hands wide.

COLT  
Come and give your father a hug,  
son.

HARPER & GRACE  
(O.S.)  
WOW,

Jeremiah hugs his father strongly. He whispers to his ear.

JEREMIAH  
Thank you Dad. I really really  
appreciate this. Thank you very  
much.

COLT  
Did you see the helmet?

Jeremiah nods.

JEREMIAH  
Sure Dad.

COLT  
Than what are ya waiting for? Bring  
this expensive toy out here and go  
for a ride.

For a moment, Jeremiah is immobile. His eyes glow. After recovering, he again mimics the throttle opening motion with his right hand and runs into the warehouse.

JEREMIAH

Vin... Vin... Viiinnn...

Harper and Grace run out of the warehouse and join their parents. Emma tears up and hugs Colt. Harper and Grace join in the embrace.

Jeremiah exits the warehouse carefully holding a brand new orange-black KTM 125cc-sx motorcycle. He's already helmeted.

Colt approaches Jeremiah and places his hand on his shoulder.

COLT

First, take off the helmet. I need you to listen carefully to me.

Jeremiah leans the motorcycle against the wall of the warehouse. As his father watches him, he takes off his helmet. He has a look of awe and excitement on his face.

COLT (CONT'D)

Son, this is an extremely dangerous toy. I trust you. However, there is no shortcut to professionalism. Be patient. Become familiar with your motorcycle's reaction to each move you make. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Jeremiah's face is now earnest. He nods in agreement.

JEREMIAH

Sure Dad. According to an article I read recently by Charlie Mullins, this is exactly what he recommended. You know he's my idol.

Colt scratches the back of his neck as he nods. He glances back at Emma, Harper, and Grace.

Colt takes a step back and gestures with his hand.

COLT

Than, what are you waiting for son? Start your new toy and go for it...

Jeremiah puts the helmet back on his head. He moves the motorcycle a little, sits on it, and then propels it with a foot strike. He pulls the throttle repeatedly. It howls loudly.

Colt raises his hand when Jeremiah is about to shift into gear and approaches to stop him.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Son, you should be careful.

Jeremiah nods. Colt steps back. He looks again at Emma. She nods anxiously.

Jeremiah shifts in gear and the motorcycle rushes out of the yard.

A FEW DAYS LATER

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

On a large carpenter's table, Colt sands a large wooden board with an electric sander. He wears a mask on his mouth and nose and goggles.

Jeremiah, wearing protective gear, enters the warehouse as he pushes the motorbike. He places it in the place he prepared for it. He then takes off his helmet, places it on a shelf, and walks over to his father.

He stands near by and waits.

As Colt notices him, he turns off the sander and looks at him.

COLT  
Yes son, what is it?

Jeremiah's expression demonstrates both inquisitiveness and apprehension.

JEREMIAH  
Ahh, Dad... some of, I mean, ahh,  
so...

Colt removes the mask from his mouth and nose and examines Jeremiah.

COLT  
Jeremiah, I don't have all day.  
What is it you want?

Jeremiah stares directly at his father.

JEREMIAH  
Dad, some of the guys are going...  
ahh, you know, hunting. May I  
borrow your shotgun and go with  
them?



A big smile spreads across Colt's face. He pats Jeremiah on the shoulder. A small cloud of dust billows over Jeremiah.

COLT

Yes, sure thing son. Go ahead and grab it. You know where it's hanging. There's a box of shells in the second drawer of my desk. Please take the whole box. Anyway, I must buy new ones...

Jeremiah's face is bright with a big smile.

JEREMIAH

Thanks Dad, see ya later.

Once again, Colt wears the mask over his nose and mouth. He holds the sander. Jeremiah is already near the door. Colt raises his head and removes the mask.

COLT

Hey, hey son...

Jeremiah looks back.

COLT (CONT'D)

Bring us some quails for dinner tonight, yes?

Jeremiah gives his dad a thumbs up, smiles, and leaves.

END

