"I CREAM FOR ICECREAM"

Ву

William Nicholas Clay & Ryan Easterbrooks

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williamnclay@yahoo.com

FIRST DRAFT

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

An ALARM CLOCK begins to ring throughout the room.

MITCH, 19, begins to stir.

MITCH (dazed) Whudddafuck?!

He reaches over and shuts off the alarm clock. He proceeds to throw off the covers and get out of bed.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch wanders downstairs. He sees that the house is compleatly empty.

MITCH (shouts)

Mom?

Mitch grins.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Mitch lights a BOWEL. He INHAILS the weed, keeping it in...one, two, three, four, five...EXHAILS.

MITCH That's the shit.

Mitch takes ANOTHER HIT...one, two, three, four, five...EXHAILS...COUGHS...

MITCH Shit. I'm hungry.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch begins going through the kitchen: no FOOD, no SODA, no NOTHING.

MITCH You've gotta be fucking kidding me! No food? (pause) Meh. Mitch takes another hit: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven...EXHAIL.

MITCH Argh! I'm fucking starving!

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch begins to TEAR APART the kitchen. He ends up with nothing.

MITCH What the fuck?!

A MELODY begins to ring outside.

Mitch dashes to the window and sees the ICE CREAM TRUCK outside.

MITCH

Hell yes!

Mitch checks his pockets for his wallet. He doesn't find it there.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Mitch proceeds to TEAR APART his bedroom. He finds his WALLET, opens it...to find NO CASH.

MITCH (confused) What the...?

Mitch looks over at the WEED on his bed.

MITCH Mitch, you're a fucking idiot!

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Mitch begins to TEAR APART the rest of the house. He goes through the LIVING ROOM, the OFFICE, his PARENT'S BEDROOM, etc.

He still finds NO CASH.

MITCH Why?!?!?!?

Mitch then looks over to see TWO DOLLARS sitting on the kitchen table. He grabs it.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Mitch BURSTS OUT of the front door. He sees that the ice cream truck is already down the street.

MITCH

Aw, hell no!

Mitch takes off running down the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Mitch runs through the nearest yard. He quicky jumps over the FENCE.

A nearby NEIGHBOR sees this:

NEIGHBOR Get out of my yard you fucking teenager!

Neighbor produces a PELLET GUN. He aims at Mitch, squeezing the trigger...

THWAP! -- the PELLET hits Mitch in the leg.

MITCH

Fuck you!

Mitch jumps over the next fence. He ends up at a small PLAYGROUND.

The ice cream truck is slowly fading in the distance...

Mitch picks up the pace. He runs around the nearest corner and sees the truck pulling out of the cul-di-sac. He races to catch up to it yet it goes around the next corner.

Mitch stops in his place. He quickly scans the area and goes through the nearest yard.

He hits a bunch of THORN BUSHES...

MITCH Ow, thorns, ow, fuck!

Mitch, bruised and battered, exits. He sees the ice cream truck stopped in the street.

A LITTLE GIRL, 13, is buying ICE CREAM.

Mitch storms up to the ice cream truck as the little girl walks away.

MITCH May I please have a hot fudge sunday?

The DRIVER, 40s, grins:

DRIVER I'm sorry, sir. We're sold out. That little girl just bought the last one.

Mitch looks at the Driver in disbelief.

FADE OUT:

THE END