

L.P. Adams

by Danny Santandrea

FADE IN:

QUEENS, NEW YORK

EXT. CAR - MORNING

LAWRENCE PATRICK ADAMS (L.P. Adams), 4, looks out the window of his mother's car. He presses his face up against the window.

CROSS CUT:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

ALFRED JOHNSON, 65, dances around his home to the music. He stands in just his boxers while sipping coffee. He lightly taps his finger on the mug.

CROSS CUT:

EXT. CAR - MORNING

L.P. continues to look out the window.

CROSS CUT:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred continues his dancing shenanigans and puts on clothes.

CROSS CUT:

EXT. CAR - MORNING

The car pulls into Alfred's driveway.

CROSS CUT:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred stops dancing when he sees the car pull into his driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - MORNING

SUSAN JOHNSON, 27, exits her car and opens the door for her son.

Alfred walks onto his front porch.

L.P.

Grandpa!

L.P. Runs to his grandfather.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred embraces his grandson.

ALFRED

Hey buddy.

Susan follows behind with the little boy's bags.

She kisses her father on the cheek.

SUSAN

Hey dad.

ALFRED

Come on in.

They enter the house.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Susan drops the bags almost immediately after getting inside.

L.P. Runs into another room to find Alfred's dog.

L.P.

Where are you Bentley?

His voice fades off.

ALFRED

So what's the occasion? You haven't come by in a while.

SUSAN

I know, I've had a lot going on lately.

Pause.

SUSAN

I, I need to ask you for a favor dad.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

L.P. Finds BENTLEY and pets him. The dog is much larger than him and licks his face. L.P. Laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Susan sheds a tear.

ALFRED
Everything alright?

Susan begins to cry harder now. Alfred takes a sip of his coffee.

SUSAN
I have cancer.

ALFRED
Oh my god.

Alfred embraces his daughter.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

L.P. Continues to pet Bentley. The dog rolls over on his stomach. L.P. Squeals in excitement and laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

ALFRED
How long?

SUSAN
I don't know. The doctors have given me so many responses.

Susan sighs.

SUSAN
(cont'd)
Can you take him for a little while? I don't want him to see me in this state.

ALFRED
Of course.

Susan embraces her father one last time.

SUSAN
I love you dad.

Alfred sheds a tear, but Susan doesn't notice.

ALFRED
I love you too.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

L.P. Lays on the floor with the dog. Susan walks into the room.

SUSAN
Laurence, I have to go now sweety.

L.P.
Where are you going mommy?

SUSAN
You're going to stay with grandpa
for a little while. Mommy has to
get some work done.

L.P.
I want to come!

Susan starts to get emotional.

SUSAN
I know sweety. It's only for a
little while.

L.P.
(frustrated)
Okay.

Susan leans down and hugs her son for some time.

SUSAN
I love you.

L.P.
I love you too mommy.

Susan turns to leave. She passes her father on her way out.
Alfred can't speak from being in shock.

SUSAN
I'll call you.

Alfred doesn't respond.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Susan gets in her car and drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred watches Susan drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

L.P. Continues to play with Bentley.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred watches them in the opening of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred sits down at his desk. A Grateful Dead poster is taped to surface it. He sighs and opens a drawer.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

POV.

Alfred sifts through loose papers and uncovers a notebook. He flips the pages and old pictures fall out.

He looks through the photos. The pictures are of his wife who passed away, his house after being built, and Susan as a little girl. He holds the picture of Susan for a moment. He begins to get emotional.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred comes to check on L.P. But he is not there.

ALFRED

Laurence?

No response. Alfred looks around in the room.

ALFRED

Laurence? Where are you buddy?

Still no response.

Alfred pauses.

Bentley walks over to him.

ALFRED

Where is he Bent?

L.P. Jumps out from behind a chair with his shirt pulled over his head.

L.P.

Rawr!

Alfred jumps. L.P. Laughs at his grandfather.

L.P.

(laughing and smiling)

I scared you grandpa.

ALFRED
That you did.

Alfred puts his hand around his grandson's shoulders.

ALFRED
You hungry?

L.P.
(shrugging)
A little.

ALFRED
Alright, let's go get you fed.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFRED'S CAR - MORNING

L.P. Stares out the car window. Alfred flips through channels on the radio. He comes to a station with rap music.

L.P. Starts singing along with the song.

Alfred glares at the little boy in the rear-view mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. JAX INN DINER - MORNING

Alfred enters the diner with L.P.

A waitress greets them.

RONDA
Hey Al, just the two of you?

ALFRED
Yes ma'am.

RONDA
Would you like your spot at the bar, or a booth?

ALFRED
Bar's fine.

RONDA
Ok.

ALFRED
Thanks Ronda.

CUT TO:

INT. JAX INN DINER - MORNING

Alfred and L.P. Are seated at the bar.

RONDA
I'll be right with you.

Alfred acknowledges without saying anything. Another regular, BILL, sits at the bar as well.

ALFRED
Hey Bill.

BILL
Mornin' Al. Who's this little guy?

ALFRED
My grandson.

BILL
Ah, a young politician huh?

ALFRED
(glaring)
Hopefully not.

Alfred turns away from Bill.

ALFRED
Hungry buddy?

L.P. Nods.

ALFRED
(patting L.P.'s back)
Good.

Ronda reappears.

RONDA
What can I get for you?

ALFRED
Coffee--

L.P.
Chocolate milkshake!

RONDA
Of course sweetie.

Ronda fetches the drinks.

ALFRED
Milkshake for breakfast?

L.P. Smiles and nods.

ALFRED
Do you know what you want for
breakfast?

Ronda returns.

L.P.

Pancakes!

Ronda sets down the drinks.

RONDA

(smiling)

Someone's excited this morning.

ALFRED

Yep.

Ronda takes out her pad and pen.

RONDA

Pancakes and the usual for you Al?

ALFRED

I think I'm gonna try something new. I'll have the eggs benedict.

Ronda takes their menus.

RONDA

You got it. It'll be out shortly.

ALFRED

Thank you.

Ronda walks away.

Bill leans over to Alfred.

BILL

Don't spoil the kid now. You want him to grow up strong and lead our nation one day.

ALFRED

I think I can handle it Bill. Thanks.

Alfred turns away from Bill.

ALFRED

(under breath)

Jackass.

CUT TO:

INT. JAX INN DINER - MORNING

Ronda brings out their food and sets it down. L.P. Glares at the massive stack of pancakes. He looks up at his grandfather in shock.

ALFRED

It's okay bud, eat as much as you'd like.

L.P. Looks back at the stack.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFRED'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Alfred looks at L.P. In the rear-view mirror. L.P. Is passed out. Alfred smiles at the sight.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alfred carries L.P. Into a bedroom and lays him down on the bed. He puts a blanket over him and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred sits at his desk. He takes out his typewriter and goes to work. He types fast and doesn't make mistakes.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred is asleep in his chair. The bedroom door swings open. L.P. Walks in.

The little boy walks up to his grandfather.

L.P.

Grandpa?

No response. L.P. Pokes at the old man.

L.P.

Grandpa?

Alfred jolts awake, scaring the little boy. L.P. Runs away crying.

ALFRED

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alfred opens the door to L.P.'s room a crack. L.P. Sees the door open and hides under the covers.

ALFRED

L.P.?

L.P. Whimpers under the sheets.

ALFRED

L.P. I didn't mean to scare you.
You startled me.

Alfred creeps to the bed and sits down on the edge.

ALFRED

Your mother was scared of me when she was a little girl. I would fall asleep on the couch downstairs, and she would run up all excited...I didn't know, I was sleeping of course. And when she woke me up I would jump and she'd run away crying.

L.P. Slides the blanket down his face so he can see his grandfather. Alfred turns and sees him doing this. When L.P. Sees his grandfather watching, he pulls the cover back over his head.

ALFRED

It's okay bud. I didn't mean to scare you.

Alfred stands and is about to leave the room.

L.P. Pulls the sheet down again so he can see.

L.P.

Grandpa?

Alfred turns.

ALFRED

Yeah?

L.P.

Can you tell me a story?

ALFRED

(smiling)

Of course.

Alfred walks back to the bed and sits down on the edge.

ALFRED

(sighs)

Okay.

Alfred thinks for a moment.

ALFRED

So there was a little boy and a little girl. They were very very similar, but didn't know that themselves.

L.P. Peeks from behind the blanket.

ALFRED

(cont'd)

They both liked to run around and play outside, especially with their dog.

L.P.

(excited)

Bentley?

ALFRED

Yeah, let's call the dog Bentley. So Bentley and the little boy and the little girl go to a park one day. They go on the swings and throw sticks for Bentley to fetch. But then a bully comes along and pushes the little girl off of her swing. He says, "girls aren't allowed on my swing". The little boy doesn't like this, gets angry with the bully. He attempts to shove the bully, but he is much smaller. The bully pushes him back and he falls to the ground. Luckily, Bentley has seen the whole thing. The dog runs to the bully and jumps on him. The bully falls over and starts to cry. He runs away and cries for his mommy. Bentley saves the day.

L.P. Rips the covers off.

L.P.

Yay Bentley!

ALFRED

(smiling)

The adventures of Bentley the crime dog.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alfred types away at his typewriter, occasionally stopping to take a sip of his whiskey.

He keeps making mistakes and getting frustrated.

ALFRED

The hell with this.

He finishes his drink and starts to cry.

ALFRED

Why did you take her from me. Why?

The old man weeps.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - ALFRED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

L.P. Stands at the door watching his grandfather. He enters the room slowly.

Alfred notices the young boy walk in and wipes his tears.

L.P. Tries to cheer him up.

L.P.

Rawr!

Alfred looks at L.P.

ALFRED

Not now Laurence. Let grandpa do his work.

L.P. Slumps in disappointment. He exits the room.

Alfred turns back to his desk. He rips up all of the pages he has just written and throws them out.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred snores loudly. He is passed out on top of all the sheets on his bed.

L.P. Walks into the room with Bentley.

L.P.

Grandpa?

L.P. Pokes his grandfather.

L.P.

Grandpa wake up.

Bentley licks the old man's face. Alfred wakes up.

ALFRED

Come on you damn pooch.

Alfred sits up.

ALFRED

Alright I'm up, I'm up.

L.P. Squeals with excitement and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred prepares eggs for L.P. And himself. L.P. Sits at the island counter playing with a toy plane and army men. He makes gun shot and plane engine sounds.

Alfred turns and looks at the little boy playing. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ALFRED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alfred puts a plate of eggs in front of L.P.

L.P. Dive bombs his plane right into the center of the eggs, making a mess.

ALFRED

Now why'd you do that?

L.P. Doesn't answer.

ALFRED

Didn't your mother ever tell you
not to play with your food?

L.P. Starts to cry.

L.P.

I just want my mommy.

Alfred tries to comfort him.

ALFRED

I know, I know buddy. It's okay.

Alfred holds the little boy for a moment.

ALFRED

Now eat up, we have to go to the
store after.

L.P. Digs his fork into the pile of eggs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER STORE - MORNING

Alfred pulls his car into the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER STORE - MORNING

Alfred scans the aisle for things he needs. Every so often he slips items into his jacket.

L.P. Follows behind, oblivious to what his grandfather is doing.

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER STORE - MORNING

Alfred and L.P. Stand in line to checkout.

CASHIER

Good morning.

Alfred nods his head.

CASHIER

Find everything okay?

ALFRED

Yes ma'am.

The cashier types away at the register.

CASHIER

That'll be \$23.50.

Alfred takes out his wallet.

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER STORE - MORNING

POV.

A picture of Susan stares back at Alfred. He pauses for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER STORE - MORNING

The cashier becomes impatient.

CASHIER

If you don't have enough I can take things off.

Alfred stutters.

ALFRED

Oh, no, no. I was just, uh, looking at a family photo quick.

The cashier rolls her eyes.

Alfred hands the girl the money. He accepts the change and leaves.

ALFRED

Come on L.P.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alfred stares at his typewriter for a moment. He stands and picks up a laundry basket.

CUT TO:

INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alfred walks down the stairs with his laundry. L.P. Is passed out on the floor next to Bentley.

Alfred passes them and goes into the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alfred scrubs stained clothes and throws them into the washer.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The basement door squeaks open. L.P. Creeps down into the basement. Bentley follows him.

ALFRED

Hey sleepy guy.

L.P. Yawns. When he gets to the bottom of the stairs he explodes like a firecracker and runs around with Bentley.

Alfred does his laundry while L.P. Plays.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

L.P. Stops his horsing around and slowly walks up to his grandpa.

L.P.

Grandpa?

Alfred continues to toss clothes into the washer.

ALFRED

Yes...?

L.P.

What are you writing?

Alfred scrubs a shirt.

ALFRED

I'm writing a novel...very time consuming.

L.P.
What's a novel?

Alfred scrubs the shirt harder.

ALFRED
A very long story.

L.P.
About what?

ALFRED
About your mo--

Alfred stops his sentence short and stops scrubbing. He stares at the washer.

L.P.
About me?

Alfred looks at the boy. L.P. Stares right back.

ALFRED
(thinking out loud)
About you...about you.

Alfred drops the shirt.

ALFRED
(cont'd)
About you!

Alfred turns and hustles up the stairs.

ALFRED
(cont'd)
About you!

L.P. Chases after yelling gibberish just to yell like his grandfather.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alfred types away. L.P. Plays with Bentley in the background.

Hours pass as Alfred types out his story.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alfred types his last few words. A stack of papers sit next to his typewriter.

Alfred types out a cover page and places it on top of the pile.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ALFRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

EXTREME CLOSE UP.

Printed on the page is the title L.P. ADAMS BY ALFRED
JOHNSON.

THE END.