

Bye Bye Ronnie

By

Razelle Benally

razellebenally@gmail.com
(505) 238 - 4382

EXT. PLAY GROUND - DAY

RONNIE is a five year old boy, with braids and a wild free spirit. He plays on a playground and in piles of fall leaves in his Halloween costume of a puppy dog onsie. He is a happy, rambunctious, but a sometimes shy boy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ronald used to be a boy, he was always a little wild and shy. But he was happy. The day before Halloween, he went trick or treating with the neighbor kids. Ronnie disappeared; nobody even noticed he was gone. Police searched the town, and even scoured the houses of the neighborhood creeps. But Ronnie was nowhere to be found.

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

DREAM: An Adult RONNIE clad in a dirty grimy dog suit and mature in body but youthful in face, is sprinting through an open field. He runs free in openness.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

Adult RONNIE is in captivity. A dog bowl of oatmeal mush is dropped on the ground next to RONNIE'S head. He awakens in his bare-ish and dingy room by a second bowl that is set down, a little water splashes oh his head. There are paint bottles and brushes scattered about, he is laying on a twin sized mattress, no box spring with a dirty comforter and two pillows. There are bars on the outside of the bedroom's one window. Child-like poster-sized tempura paintings cover the walls of room.

The MASTER's boots trudge out, he leaves the room.

MASTER (V.O.)

Bye Bye Ronnie, be a good boy now.

The door closes and is re-padlocked. RONNIE sits up and looks at his bowls of sustenance. He looks around his room, bored.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His master was always leaving, he never stayed, Ronnie was always alone. All day, everyday.

RONNIE has been in captivity for years at this point. The only outlet his master has provided for him are: paints, paint brushes, an old radio, picture books, and a Projector.

RONNIE instead gets up and in a hurriedly nervous and excited motion ditches his paint brushes and squeezes a glob of paint on his hands/paws and starts painting his DREAM straight on the wall, it replays in his head, (himself running) while he paints. He walks backwards and puts his back against the wall. He slides down and looks toward the window with a look of frustration and sadness on his face.

He sits there and looks at his paws. He looks at his finger painted mural. He looks at his food. He looks back at the window, gets up and stares out. RONNIE is lonely. He paces the room. Time passes as he walks back and forth.

RONNIE's hands/paws are all red from the tempura paint. He sits in the corner and quietly eats his mush with one hand holding the bowl and the other shoveling globs of oatmeal in his mouth. He take brief moments in between his chowing to stare out blankly, his dream flashes, and then he continues eating.

His MASTER comes back yelling with a joyous undertone in his voice.

MASTER (O.S.)

Hey Ronnie get up boy, today is special. You know what special means don't chu? Well...

(Chuckling)

Fifteen years ago, I found you!

RONNIE stands up a little excited, the door unpadlocks and the MASTER comes barging in with an ice cream cone in one hand and a beer in the other. His dirty pit-stained white t-shirt and mechanic overalls are cleaner than his grease-monkey scruffy face and dirt encrusted hands. He, the mechanic closes the door behind him, turns around and sees Ronnie in his dirty fur regalia, covered and stained in red paint. The MASTER stops in his tracks.

MASTER

What the hell?

The MASTER's mood changes and he instantaneously becomes enraged, he throws the cone down on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER

This is just like you huh, you dumb fuck, today is special and you go an' fucking ruin it. Goddamit look at chu! Get over here! Now I hafta give you a bath you dirty piece of shit!

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

RONNIE is being pulled down a hallway by the MASTER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ronnie hated baths, he hated hot water. He hated being alone. But most of all, he hated his master.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The run of the tub fills up. It steams and RONNIE stands there staring at the water, his dream flashes in his simple mind. He returns to the bathroom and continues to stare at the tub.

The MASTER lights a cigarette and holds his beer, standing in the corner of a low lit filthy bathroom that looks like it harbors the plague; he takes a drag, swigs his beer and calmly tells RONNIE to get in.

MASTER

Get in Ronnie. Get in the tub, you stupid fucking mutt.

RONNIE doesn't move. He doesn't get in. He has a void look on his face and does not react. RONNIE stares at the tub, emotionless. He then looks back towards the MASTER.

The MASTER takes another swig of beer.

MASTER

God dammit boy, get in the damn tub!

The MASTER kicks a trash can and RONNIE flinches and moves aside a half step.

The MASTER then sets his beer down and puts out the cigarette. He stomps over to RONNIE and attempts to get him in the tub.

The two struggle for a bit.

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE manages to counterattack the MASTER, and plunges him into the tub.

RONNIE clenches his paws around the neck of the MASTER. He holds him underneath.

MASTER
(Gargles underwater)

RONNIE holds him under water. He loses himself and starts sputtering and yelling out in psychotic fashion at his MASTER while he drowns the dirty greasy master.

RONNIE
Bye Bye Ronnie! Be a good boy
Ronnie! Bye bye Ronnie, be a good
boy k? Be good Ronnie. Shhh
Shhhhhh, be Good Ronnie. Be
gooooood. Shhhhhh. Bye bye Ronnie.

The MASTER lay lifeless in the water, so still. Everything around him is quiet and the water comes to a calm.

RONNIE gets up and away from the tub, he walks backwards and almost trips over the trash can the MASTER had previously kicked at RONNIE.

He sees the half drank beer. Not knowing what to do with himself, he grabs the beer with both paws and takes a large swig, but immediately spits it out and coughs.

He wipes his mouth takes one last stare at the MASTER and bolts out the door.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

RONNIE is finally able to feel, he runs out of the hallway, terrified, dubious, but also slightly relieved.

EXT. OFF STREET / NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

RONNIE runs and runs away. He sprints and then jogs. He walks fast and then sprints some more, always looking over his shoulder. He has no idea where he is going or what he is doing.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

RONNIE approaches a field, it is the exact field that he had dreamt of. He stands at the edge and looks out. He squints and peers out around him. His face changes. He smiles and bolts into the wide openness, analogous to how his dream goes, he sprints forth. Wild and free, his boy spirit takes over his being.

EXT. OPEN FIELD / TREE AREA - DAY

RONNIE comes to halt, bends over and places his hands on his knees, he stands hunched over, catching his breath.

A YOUNG WOMAN in her mid-twenties approaches RONNIE.

YOUNG WOMAN
(Dubiously smiling)
Hey there. Are you okay?

RONNIE looks up, erects himself and takes a half-step back. The YOUNG WOMAN puts up her hands and backs off in a sarcastic manner.

YOUNG WOMAN
Hey it's cool, its cool.
(Pulls out cigarette and
strikes zippo to light it)
I was just wondering if you're
okay? It's not everyday you come
across some scrawny guy in a bloody
dog suit.

The YOUNG WOMAN takes a drag of her freshly lit cigarette while RONNIE stands there with an obviously confused look on his face. He cocks his head in a dog-like fashion as she continues talking.

YOUNG WOMAN
(Takes drag of cig and
exhales)
So, are you okay? Do you need help?

RONNIE stands there, no emotion on his face, he doesn't move, he just stares at her cigarette. The YOUNG WOMAN shifts her stance.

YOUNG WOMAN
Well hey, I'm gonna go get some
coffee, do you wanna come Fido?

RONNIE looks down, digs his foot into the ground and kicks a blade of grass. He glances and she smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN

C'mon boy! Lets get outta here.

(Motions with a single head
nod)

Looks like you could use a treat.

The YOUNG WOMAN holds out her hand. RONNIE with slight hesitation, reluctantly takes her hand. She continues talking in a calm matter of fact voice.

YOUNG WOMAN

You know, today has been such a

weirrrrd day. But I think it's

gonna get better. You seem special.

Lets make today special.

Ronnie glances at her uneasily. The YOUNG WOMAN looks at him and smiles regardless. Her smile is bold and bright, but flashes an uneasy and slight neurotic undertone. The two exit off screen, hand in hand.

The End.