

BARNABY

Written by

Malin Lövenberg

+46702518046

malin.lovenberg@gmail.com

<http://www.malinlovenberg.com>

INT. NIGHT - KITCHEN

Two men are sitting opposite to each other drinking tea in a modern kitchen. The sound of a clock slowly ticking is heard in the background. The seemingly older one has his eyelids closed, holding up the teacup to his face, enjoying the humid hot air steaming from the brew inside of it.

The young one sternly holds his cup on the table, surveying the older one's every move.

When the clock reaches 12.00 on the dot, the old man starts speaking; still having his eyes closed, holding up the cup to his face.

OLD MAN

How long has it been now, Barnaby?  
Hm? thirty-five hours?

The young man says nothing.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

We can't keep going like this,  
Barnaby. Our reputation as  
detectives are at stake! We're so  
close to finding that boy, I know  
it!

The young man looks down, insecure, shrinking in his seat.

The old man looks up.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Barnaby, why aren't you agreeing  
with me?

(beat)

Barnaby, are you even listening?!  
BARNABY-

YOUNG MAN

Stop calling me that! My name is  
not Barnaby!

(sigh)

When are you going to stop playing  
these mind games with yourself?

The old man looks shocked and confused, mouth hanging open.

OLD MAN

Barnaby, what's wrong with you?

The young man releases his hands from the cup, throwing them up in the air.

YOUNG MAN

He's dead dad! He's DEAD. It hasn't  
been a couple of hours, it's been  
TWELVE years!

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

He ran away from home because his father beat him, tripped into the water and drowned!

The old man mumbles, eyes wandering back and forth, shaking his head.

OLD MAN

No, no... I've met Mr. Smith, he's an excellent father, he would never-

YOUNG MAN

Oh yeah? Then how come Mr. Smith can't remember he has TWO sons, and the one who's alive is sitting RIGHT in front him at this very moment?! Dad, come on! Please...

The old man arises from his chair.

OLD MAN

Damn it Barnaby! I know this is a lot of pressure, but we can't break down like this! We need to find that boy before it's too late!

The young man holds his hand over his ears, shutting his eyes tightly.

YOUNG MAN

Just shut up! Shut up, shut up!!!

The old man leans forwards over the table, focusing on the young man.

OLD MAN

What you're believing isn't real, just take a breather and you'll see, this is all just-

The young man forcefully rises.

YOUNG MAN

Real? REAL? How about this, is THIS real enough for you?!

He flings his cup at the wall beside the two of them, the impact smashing the cup into pieces

OLD MAN

(exclaims)

Oh!

Something is wrong. The young man looks at the old man, his lost eyes wandering until he finds the cause of the old man's exclaim. The young man's eyes turn soft; hurt.

A piece of porcelain has cut the old man's cheek, blood trickling down. The old man stands stunned, unable to move.

The young man starts sobbing, reaching for the old man, who in turn slowly sits down on his chair.

YOUNG MAN

Oh dad! Oh dad, I am so sorry... I am so sorry!

The old man reaches up, cupping his hands towards the young man's face. The young man falls down in his knees in front of him.

OLD MAN

Now, now... It's okay...

He kisses the young man's forehead while the young man closes his eyes.

YOUNG MAN

Dad...

OLD MAN

It's okay...

His lips move away from the young man's forehead.

(whispers)

...Barnaby.

The young man hastily opens his eyes - blinking - not knowing how to react.

*Pause.*

He accepts defeat. He closes his eyes again, tears trickling down his face.