

A Real Little Boy

by

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Freely inspired by C. Collodi's "The Adventures of
Pinocchio"

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the living room of an old apartment, A FATHER (35) and his son - a plain wooden PUPPET - are sitting on the floor, facing each other. Between them stands a cake on which ten candles have already burned down halfway.

The father wears a cooking apron full of chocolate stains. With his finger, he softly resticks the piece of yellow scotch tape that serves as an eye for his puppet.

He peeks at his watch then intensely stares at the puppet. They wait. Someone knocks at

THE DOOR

THE FAIRY is standing in the hallway. A severe looking woman, she wears thick glasses and a blue nurse uniform. She has an ancient book in one hand and a big box neatly wrapped sits at her feet.

THE FAIRY
I am the Blue Fairy.

The father stretches out his hand but the fairy doesn't shake it.

THE FAIRY (cont'd)
(Seriously)
Did he pass all the tests?

The father nods and step aside to let the fairy in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The father, the puppet and the fairy are sitting on the floor. The cake in the midst of them.

The father picks up the wooden stick that allows him to handle the puppet. He makes the puppet lean towards the cake but blows the candles himself.

The fairy applauds in a cold fashion. In one swift move, she picks up the book, opens it and closes it back right away.

THE FAIRY.
Now the box.

The father makes the puppet skip to the box, and unwraps it with his one unbusy hand.

The box appears empty.

THE FAIRY. (cont'd)
Happy birthday son.

She dives into the box and pulls out a pair of scissors. Without ceremony, she cuts off all the strings except for the one on the head.

The father gasps. He unglues both eyes off of the puppet's face, puts them in his jeans next to a range of others, takes out two more and applies them. The puppet has now a horrified and sad look.

THE FAIRY
(handing the scissors)
Your turn.

Slowly, the father adds a tear and a mouth to his puppet. He kisses the back of his hand, lays it down softly against the puppet's mouth.

He cuts the string off. The puppet drops onto the floor with a thump.

The fairy applauds. After a little while she re-opens her book.

THE FAIRY (cont'd)
Now the kiss.

She gives the father a long peck on the lips. He does not budge.

A fully dressed 10 YEAR-OLD child is crouching on the rug.

The father peeks on the floor. He tries to break the hold but the fairy kisses with more passion. So he starts kissing her back.

A child's laughter (O.S.)

THE PUPPET (10 YEAR-OLD)(O.S.)
Daddy. I'm a real boy !!!
(moments later, with a more
mature voice)
Daddy...

The father tries to break free.

THE PUPPET (25 YEAR-OLD)(O.S.)
(with a deep voice)
I'm a real little boy !!!

The PUPPET/SON (in his thirties) breaks the couple's embrace. The father, startled, looks up towards the puppet/son who is now taller and slightly older than him. The fairy looks down, she is ashamed.

A scotch tape remained on one of the puppet/son's eye. It reads "Wink".