

RIBBECK

written by

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Adapted from the poem
Herr von Ribbeck auf Ribbeck im Havelland
by Theodor Fontane

1st Draft
April 16th, 2017

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EXT. HILL OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY (LIVE ACTION)

A WOMAN (45) sits in the shade of a big pear tree and is sketching into a sketch pad on her lap.

WOMAN (V.O.)

And when autumn came round, the
golden tide,
And pears were glowing far and
wide,
Squire von Ribbeck, when noon rang
out, would first
Fill both his pockets full to
burst.
And then, when a boy in his clogs
came there,
He called: "My lad, do you want a
pear?"

The Woman looks up and chuckles, before resuming to draw the old RIBBECK (72) who is sitting at a table, sorting pears into various wooden boxes.

WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That all sounds nice, doesn't it?
Almost like a poem. But the old
Ribbeck wasn't always this generous
sould. Infact, he used to be a
grumpy men who didn't seem to have
much heart for his fellow
villagers.

INDISTINCT MURMUR of two men in a heated discussion fades in.

WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was of no help that in the 1980s
a wave of Iranian immigrants found
shelter in Canada and filled
Ribbeck's small town with
unfamiliar faces.

DISSOLVE TO: ANIMATED DRAWING

INT. BARN - DAY

Ribbeck is sorting pears while listening to his son PETER (45) who is standing behind the cash register and in a heated discussion with a customer, ZAHED (35).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (V.O.)

Zahed, his wife Reema and their daughter Nahal, were three of such faces, trying to get by in this new homeland with the little money they had.

QUICK CU ON REEMA AND NAHAL WHEN MENTIONED

Zahed's wife REEMA (30) waits at the entrance, holding a basket with a few groceries. Their daughter NAHAL (6) is standing next to her, holding on to her mother's hand.

PETER

I told you, we don't make any discounts, the price is the price!

ZAHED

(Persian accent)

Please Sir, I don't get much money to feed my family.

PETER

No. Discounts.

Zahed points to Ribbeck who is sorting out the bad looking pears into a box that has "pig feed" written on the side.

ZAHED

What about those? Even with a few bruises they are still good enough.

PETER

Those are not for sale.

Zahed approaches Ribbeck at the edge of the table.

ZAHED

Sir, is it possible to have some of sorted out pears for a lower price?

PETER

I have to ask you to leave now.

Zahed ignores Peter, as Ribbeck ignores Zahed.

ZAHED

Sir, please, my daughter -

Ribbeck, now agitated, slams his hand flat on the table and then points to the door. Nahal hides behind Reema and holds her hand a little tighter.

(CONTINUED)