

SON OF A DIVORCÉ

Written by

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EXT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - DAY

Typical suburban street. Similar houses, green grass, picket fences. The sun shines bright as birds chirp in the sky.

A toddler on a tricycle rolls down the street, ringing his bell as a mailman walks by. A woman runs behind the boy, screaming out for him.

From around the corner, a white SUV rolls down the road and pulls into the driveway of one of the ordinary houses.

The passenger door opens and JUSTIN (18) a skinny blonde boy gets out of the car as fast as he can, and slams it behind him.

As he closes the door, the window rolls down and LINDA (47) peeks her head out.

LINDA
I'll pick you up at the normal time
on Sunday.

Justin continues to walk to the door, not looking back.

JUSTIN
Okay, bye.

LINDA
Love you!

He pauses for a moment, then walks off. Linda sighs, re-buckles her seatbelt, and drives off.

Justin climbs up to the porch and opens the big white front door.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A simple, but elegant home. Nice furniture, expensive art on the walls.

Justin enters the house, kicks off his shoes, and throws his backpack on the floor.

We hear the sound of rustling and bustling pots and pans coming O.S. as jazz music plays in the background.

He looks around the house, with an expression of disgust, then walks into the living room and sees...

MAX (18) a hunky teenager wearing a tight t-shirt that shows off his muscles and skinny jeans. He's sprawled across the couch, watching TV while eating a sandwich, bits of it on his shirt.

Justin stands in the entrance, confused.

MAX
(mouth full)
What's up, where've you been?

JUSTIN
Uh, hey, what are you doing here?

MAX
I was just chilling waiting for you. You told me you would get back at around five-ish so I've been waiting.

JUSTIN
So you, like, let yourself in and went in my fridge?

MAX
Nah dude, your dad made me a sandwich.

JUSTIN
(calling out)
Dad?!

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Yeah?

JUSTIN
Did you make Max a sandwich?

ARTHUR
Yeah, he came about forty-five minutes ago.

JUSTIN
(to Max)
You were waiting for forty-five minutes?

MAX
Yeah, but it's fine man.

JUSTIN
Okay... Wanna go upstairs?

MAX

Sure.

Max stuffs the rest of his sandwich in his mouth and gets up. Crumbs spill off of him.

CLANK. The sound of a giant pan falling to the ground.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Fucking hell!

MAX

(calling out to Arthur)
Do you need some help--

JUSTIN

No. Dude, he's got it. Let's just go.

Justin leaves the room and Max follows behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Justin sits at his desk playing a video game on his computer. Max is on Justin's bed, engulfed in his phone.

JUSTIN

Wanna go out later? Sydney's parents are out of town.

MAX

I'd rather just chill.

JUSTIN

There's probably gonna be some pretty hot guys there.

MAX

It's okay.

(pause)

I'm kinda seeing someone anyway.

Justin pauses the game, and swivels around to Max.

JUSTIN

What? Who is he? Do I know him?

MAX

No. He doesn't go to our school.

JUSTIN
Then what school?

MAX
He doesn't go to school.

JUSTIN
Ah, alright, an older guy. How long
has this been going on?

MAX
For awhile.

JUSTIN
Do you like him? Why haven't you
told me about this before?

MAX
Yeah, I really like him. I don't
know, relationship talk hasn't
really come up... recently.

Justin goes back to his computer and opens a new window.

JUSTIN
What's his Facebook?

MAX
Dude, are you serious? Come on.

JUSTIN
I just wanna see who he is, so I
can approve.

MAX
Why does it matter?

Justin closes out of the window.

MAX (CONT'D)
How's your mom?

JUSTIN
She's fine, I guess. She says that
she's known for a while, but never
wanted to bring it up.
(pause)
When did you figure out that you
were gay?

MAX
I don't know man, like middle
school.

JUSTIN
Middle school, really?

MAX
Yeah, why?

JUSTIN
This just seems all really random.

MAX
He probably knew a long time ago,
but was scared to come out.

JUSTIN
So he pity-married her, had sex
with her, had my sister, then my
brother, and then me?!

MAX
I guess.

JUSTIN
So he would of had to have had sex
with her on at least three
different occasions, which he
probably didn't even enjoy.

MAX
I mean, if I had to, I could
totally fuck a girl.

Justin leans back in chair and puts his head in his hands.

JUSTIN
This is so confusing!

MAX
Life sucks sometimes.

JUSTIN
Yeah, I know.

Silence.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Guys! Dinner's ready.

JUSTIN
(rolls his eyes)
Fuck.

MAX
Come on, le'ts just go.

Justin and Max stand up and walk out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The three sit around the table, awkwardly. Justin and ARTHUR (52) sit on opposite ends of the table, with Max between them. Justin avoids eye contact with Arthur, staring at his food, not paying attention to his surroundings.

ARTHUR
How were your guys' days?

MAX
It was fine, nothing important.

ARTHUR
(to Justin)
What about you, Justin? Anything exciting?

JUSTIN
(inaudible mumbling)
Nothing that you would care about...

ARTHUR
What?

JUSTIN
Nothing.

Justin shoves a clump of pasta into his mouth and chews loudly. Max and Arthur look at each other for a moment, concerned.

MAX
(to Arthur)
I did really well on an English test.

ARTHUR
That's awesome, Max. Good for you.
(to Justin)
Had any tests recently?

JUSTIN
A few.

ARTHUR
Which ones?

JUSTIN
I don't know, like, a chemistry
test and a history quiz.

ARTHUR
How did those go?

JUSTIN
(annoyed)
Fine.

Max shuffles in his chair.

Justin stops eating and looks up.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Why?

Both Arthur and Max look at him, confused.

ARTHUR
Why what?

JUSTIN
Why did you marry Mom?

ARTHUR
Because I love her.

JUSTIN
Do you really though?

ARTHUR
(defensively)
Of course I do.

JUSTIN
But you're gay!

With that, they all begin to eat again in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

All the food has been eaten. Justin sits back in his chair,
on his phone. Max and Arthur sit in silence, watching Justin.

ARTHUR
Justin, take out the trash.

JUSTIN
 (not looking up)
 Why?

ARTHUR
 (slowly)
 Because you have to help out.

JUSTIN
 (through his teeth)
 But Max is here, Dad.

MAX
 I can help, if you want.

Justin mouths a "What the fuck?" to Max, who ignores it.

ARTHUR
 I'll do the dishes, you get the
 trash.

JUSTIN
 Fine.

Justin stands up and stomps out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Justin packs a trash bag into the already overflowing
 dumpster.

JUSTIN
 (grumbling)
 "Oh take the trash, I'll do the
 dishes, help me out. You take out
 the trash you fuckin asshole who
 the hell he thinks he is--making do
 shit like everything's fine and
 shitmdfsddmsshdsmdshder--

He slams the lid down and heads back to the door.

Just as he passes the kitchen window he sees...

AT THE KITCHEN WINDOW

Max and Arthur wash the dishes while giggling and rubbing up
 against each other. Max puts the final dish in the rack, and
 pecks Arthur on the lips, and starts to walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door bursts open and Justin comes storming in.

JUSTIN
(enraged)
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Arthur is at the sink, mid-wash. Max sits at the table, still as a statue.

JUSTIN
(to Max)
Are you having sex with my dad?!

MAX
It's not like that--

Justin goes over to Max and grabs him by his shirt collar and pulls him up, face to face.

JUSTIN
You're the reason for my parents'
divorce?

MAX
No, come on Justin, please--

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Justin, stop!

Arthur pulls Max away from Justin. Max scrambles back, behind Arthur.

JUSTIN
How long has this been going on?

ARTHUR
Eight months.

JUSTIN
Holy shit!
(to Max)
How could you do this to me?

MAX
I didn't do anything to you. I love
him. He's good for me, I'm good for
him.

JUSTIN
Are you fucking with me?

Max steps closer to Justin.

MAX
Dude, this is legit.

Justin balls his fists up. He breathes heavily.

JUSTIN
Get out.

MAX
What?

JUSTIN
Get out of my house.

MAX
But we need to talk about--

JUSTIN
GET OUT OF MY HOUSE, MAX!

Justin grabs Max and drags him by the arm out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens and Max stumbles out, followed by Justin.

MAX
Just let me explain--

JUSTIN
Get the fuck out of here.

He looks at Justin, tears in his eyes. Justin doesn't make eye contact. Max sighs, and walks away.

Max walks down the street, away from the house. Justin takes out his phone and dials. He puts it to his ear.

Ring...ring...ring...

LINDA (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Hi, honey--

JUSTIN
(into the phone)
Can you please come pick me up?

LINDA (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Why? Is everything okay?

JUSTIN
(into the phone)
Nothing is okay.

LINDA (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Justin, what happened?

JUSTIN
(into the phone)
I know why you and Dad broke up.

Long moment.

LINDA (O.S.)
(on the phone)
I'll be there in ten minutes.

Justin hangs up the phone. He sits down on the porch, and begins to cry.

FADE TO BLACK.