

FADE IN:

INT. DINNINGROOM-NIGHT

A family is seated at a rectangular table eating dinner. MOM (in her mid 40's) is sitting beside her 2nd (mid 40's) husband BILL. Mom's two children BO & RYAN are seated across from them. Outside a rainstorm rages.

MOM

Well, I had an interesting experience at class today.

(beat)

I was lecturing on the importance of art-oriented activities in child education, And this woman-

BO

Pass the bean dip.

MOM

Sure. Anyhow, this woman afterwards writes me this note.

Mom picks up one of the steaming ceramic bowls and passes it to her younger son.

MOM

She goes off about how boring my lecture is, and that how most of my information is outdated!

RYAN

Hey Bo, could you pass the cheese.

BO

I'm using It.

MOM

I mean, It was like being kicked in the stomach. I felt horrible!

After taking a few handfuls of cheese Bo passes the bowl of cheese to Ryan.

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BILL

Did you take all the cheese?

RYAN

No. Bo did.

MOM

Damn it! Are you even listening
to me?

(beat)

Families are supposed to
communicate.

A knock comes at the door. Bill rises from the dinner table, walks to the front door, and opens it. A few moments pass before Bill returns with a strange man.

MOM

Err, Who is he dear?

BILL

He says his name is RICHARD
CHILDS. I have no idea what he is
doing here.

Richard Childs a big man in his late 40's is standing silently at the head of the table. Water drips of his drenched overcoat and hat. He stands there glaring at the dinning family.

MOM

Um, Hello Mr. Childs. We're in
the middle of a family dinner, but
can we help you with something?

Richard Childs takes a step and thrusts his arm forward, his finger pointing directly at Bo.

RICHARD CHILDS

I just gotta say something to yer
boy.

Bo drops his soft taco and rises from the table.

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BO

Look mister I told you that I
wasn't going to tell anyone!

Richard Childs' eyes narrow and his hands fall to his
sides. He stands motionless as Bo backs away from
Richard's position.

BO

I mean, what do you want to do?
Gouge out my tongue?

MOM

Mr. Childs...Mr. Childs! What is
this all about?

(beat)

I demand to know what is going on!

BILL

Talk Mr. Childs or I'll through
you out!

Bill advances, but Richard Childs stands his ground.
Richard looks around the room before making eye contact
with Bill. Richard Child smiles.

RICHARD CHILDS

(quiet)

This really doesn't have anything
to do with you...so fuck off.

(beat)

This is between your boy and me. I
just want to talk.

BO

He...he's here because...I saw him
pulling up the "For Sale" sign in
front of-

(CONTINUED)

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RICHARD CHILDS

(interrupts)

Shut up.

MOM

What?

BO

(louder)

He ripped off the "For Sale" sign
in front of Jason White's house!

RICHARD CHILDS

(yelling)

God Damn you, I said to shut up!

BILL

I think you should leave.

RICHARD CHILDS

I don't give a rat's ass what you
think I should do.

MOM

So you're the jerk that has been
taking their signs.

RYAN

Uh, why would you want to steal a
"For Sale" sign?

Richard Childs grits his teeth and fixes his eyes on Ryan.

RICHARD CHILDS

(quiet)

I'm only going to say this once so
you had better fucking listen.

(beat)

I'm not "Stealing" their damned
infernal signs...I'm taking them
down...there's a God damned
difference.

(beat)

Okay?

(CONTINUED)

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Richard Childs wipes his sweat-covered brow with his damp coat sleeve as everyone looks at him.

MOM

(half sure)

Fine...why do you "take down" their signs?

RICHARD CHILDS

You want to know why I pull down their signs? I'll tell you.

(beat)

I live right across the street from those assholes...The Whites.

MOM

I don't understand.

RICHARD CHILDS

(snarls)

Of course you don't understand. No one does!

(beat)

I'm a Realtor, I need to sell houses to get paid! I asked them. I begged them to let me sell their house! Hell I even baked cookies for them; But no, they're going to sell it themselves--no agent!

MOM

I see, so you pull down the signs because you want them to hire you.

RICHARD CHILD

(hissing)

Yes!

BO

He also piles garbage in his front yard to scare off people who come to see Jason's house.

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Richard Childs quickly glares at Bo who cringes in response.

RICHARD CHILDS

You people will never understand.
I have to sell that house!

(beat)

If I miss another payment those bastards are going to repo another one of my cars again...And I've got six kids to feed.

(beat)

Besides, this is my turf! I'm the one who sells houses in this neighborhood! Me!

Mom rises from the table and stands besides her husband. Both parents are standing in-between Richard and Bo.

MOM

(quiet)

Mr. Childs, from the time you have briefly spent in this house I now realize that you are a very selfish and stupid man.

BO

Yeah, Jason says you're a jerk.
Everyone says that you're a jerk.

Richard Childs steps forward bearing his gritted teeth. His hands contract into fists.

RICHARD CHILDS

I've heard just about enough as I'm going to take from that little shit...But you know what? I'll have my revenge upon this stupid town soon enough!

Richard Childs turns around and storms out the house into the dark, wet night.

FINAL FADE OUT.

