

Breaking Ties

By

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CHRISTIAN DEVEROUX is sitting in his room, on his old outdated computer surfing the web. Christian is 17 years old, with spiked black hair. He has his headphones on listening to The Ramones "I Wanna Be Sedated" on his tattered, heavily used CD player, drowning out the excessive yelling coming from the other room.

His room is covered in posters of bands such as "The Clash" "The Ramones" "Green Day" and there are multiple posters of "Flat Foot Platypus". His leather jacket, which is coated in studs, is strewn across his bed.

MOTHER

(V.O.)

Get the fuck outta my house, don't
you dare tell me...

Christian raises the volume on his CD player further making the yelling inaudible.

CHRISTIAN

(mumbling with the song)

Twenty twenty twenty four hours to
go oh oh, I want to be sedated.
Nothing to do no way to go home...

Christian continues to surf the web, gaining information about a local concert for the band "Flat Foot Platypus"

TOM

(V.O.)

You're a fucking slut...

CHRISTIAN

(Irritated)

Screw this shit!

Christian stands up from his desk, snagging his jacket, keys, chained wallet, and pack of cigarettes from the top of his dresser and walks out his door.

He turns the volume on his CD player to its loudest setting. He walks past his MOTHER, who has a lit cigarette in her hand that is flailing about.

TOM towering at 6 feet 4 inches tall, with a slight heavy build and a mullet stands yelling at Mother. Some profanities from raised VOICES can be faintly heard over the blaring music.

EXT. HOUSE - MIDDAY

2

Christian exits the house, SIGHS in relief, walks to the curb and sits down.

He sits there CD player in hand, looking down the street. He pulls the pack of cigarettes out from his pocket.

Christian shakes the pack and pulls a cigarette out, along with the lighter that was hidden in the pack.

He lights the deadly narrow stick and continues to stare blankly down the street.

Without looking he press the "Next" button on the CD player, Green Day's "Welcome to Paradise" plays.

The house behind him is a tattered and old house. Shingles are falling off, the yard is overgrown with dried out yellowish brown weeds and is strewn with splotches of dry brown dirt.

Windows are stained from the filth and grime from only being cleaned once in a blue moon. The windows are barred up, slightly concealing the fractures and broken panes that have since been boarded up.

The Sky Blue paint that once decorated the house is now faded from unkept maintaince and excessive sun exposure. chips and chunks of the paint are gone, exposing the underbelly of the house. An old junker car rests in on the driveway. It's in as bad of a shape as the house.

Chirstian's phone RINGS, breaking his trance. The caller ID reads "Ashley." Christian picks up the phone, and opens it.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, Ash!

ASHLEY

(Over the phone)

Finally you answer Christian, where are you?

CHRISTIAN

God Damn phone, why can't I ever get one that works... I'm sitting outside my house, waiting for the "adults" to stop their bullshit.

ASHLEY

(Over the phone)

Your Mom and Tom fighting again?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Yup, same shit like always. It never changes around here.

ASHLEY

(Over the phone)

So my parents aren't home, you wanna come over?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I need to get the hell outta here. (Beat). I'm on my way.

Christian hangs up the phone, and places the burning cigarette on the ground. He stands up, and puts on his studded leather jacket.

He leans over, picks the cigarette back up and takes a deep inhale from the stick. He exhales slowly, some of the smoke coming out of his nose, walking down the street.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - MIDDAY

3

Ashley's house is in near perfect condition, the complete opposite of Christians home. Green grass covers all of the front yard, the windows are clear, and all of the singles are on the roof.

Christian stops at the edge of the property, taking a drag from the cigarette. He walks to the giant white double doors and KNOCKS.

It opens.

ASHLEY MIDDLETON is standing there in jeans and a black t-shirt with the words "Flat Foot Platypus" written across the front. She too is 17 years old and has medium long brown hair with streaks of red.

She motions for him to come in.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - MIDDAY

4

Christian enters the house inhaling on the death stick, Ashley notices the cigarette in his hand.

ASHLEY

How many times do I have to tell you not to smoke in here?

He exhales the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Sorry.

He looks around trying to find a place to put out his cigarette. He raises his boot and extinguishes it on the bottom, and then places the bud into a fake house plant on the floor near the door.

INT. ASHLEY'S FAMILY ROOM - MIDDAY

5

Ashley takes Christian's hand and leads him to the family room. She pushes him onto the black leather couch that sits on the tiled floor.

She jumps on top of his lap and kisses him. The two sit there kissing when the door BANGS open. Ashley quickly scrambles off of Christian's lap.

ASHLEY'S FATHER and MOTHER come into the family room, placing the groceries down on the counter.

Ashley's Father is 48 years old, muscular built with a military style hair cut, in a button up shirt and slacks.

Her Mother is about 43 years old, with long blonde hair and wears a long silk dress. Both of them ignoring Christian's presence.

ASHLEY'S MOTHER

Ashley, darling, will you go out
an.....

ASHLEY'S FATHER

What the hell is he doing here?

Ashley's Father turns toward Christian.

ASHLEY'S FATHER

I thought I told you never to come
back here.

CHRISTIAN

Calm down, we weren't doing
anything.

ASHLEY'S FATHER

I don't care, get out of my house.

Ashley's Father closes the gap and grabs Christian by the shirt collar. Christian shoves his hand off of his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Get the fuck off me, man!

ASHLEY'S FATHER
(point to door)
Get the fuck out of my house. NOW!

CHRISTIAN
Fine you old bastard. Ash, I'll
call you later.

ASHLEY'S FATHER
Oh no you're not, NEVER come back
here and if you come near my
daughter again, I'll kill you.

Ashley nods her head at Christian and gives him a small
smile.

CHRISTIAN
Fuck you! You can't tell her who
she can and can't hang out with.

He turns and walks to the door, and raises his hand behind
him, giving Ashley's Father the middle finger.

ASHLEY'S FATHER
You little piece of shit!

EXT. SKATE PARK PARKING LOT - EVENING

6

MALCOLM GREYFIELD is sitting on the hood of a car with a
group of CO-WORKERS just chatting away with Green Day's
"Know Your Enemy" playing on the cars radio.

Malcolm is an 18 year old, clean shaven and short brown
hair.

He is wearing a red polo shirt that is tucked into khaki
pants, his white and red "T-Mart" name badge is still
clinging to his shirt.

Christian walks up towards the group with a cigarette in his
mouth. Malcolm spots him approaching and gets off the hood
of the car.

MALCOLM
Christian, how's it going? Haven't
seen you in days.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Same shit, different day. Just told Ash's old man to fuck off. It was pretty funny.

MALCOLM

You shouldn't do that dude. He's an ex-marine; he will end your life in a second.

CHRISTIAN

Don't be such a pussy. It's not like he can actually do shit.

MALCOLM

So, you just shouldn't do that, its rude.

CHRISTIAN

Whatever. You hear about the party that Hughes is throwing?

MALCOLM

Yeah, but I can't go. Got something special planned for tonight.

Christian closes his fist and moves it up and down.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah I'm sure you do!

MALCOLM

Fuck off! Besides aren't you to young to be drinking?

CHRISTIAN

Like my age has ever stopped me before. So what is so "special" that you can't come to the party of the year.

MALCOLM

I am going to be eating dinner with my girlfriend and her parents. I'm meeting them for the first time tonight.

Christian's stomach GROWLS interrupting the conversation. Christian looks down at his stomach.

CHRISTIAN

Wanna get some food, I heard about this great new place just off Milton, just opened up.

(CONTINUED)

Malcolm looks at his buddies who are chatting amongst themselves.

MALCOLM

Nah, I have to get back to work soon, and I'm not really that hungry.

CHRISTIAN

Can I borrow ten bucks then?

Malcolm shakes his head. Christian sighs in disappointment and walks off, leaving Malcolm and the others talking.

INT. COLLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

7

Hours later at Collin's house, party goes pack the place. The MUSIC pumps loudly. Numerous bottles of alcohol (empty, and partially full) are scattered throughout the room. PARTYGOERS have RED CUPS in hands.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Christian dances to the music with a bottle of Vodka in hand.

Christian snorts a line of coke, leans back and laughs with the various people around him joining in.

Christian sits in a circle with others, smoking weed and again laughing.

Christian dances again with various people at the party.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

8

Headlights illuminate the side of the house and intensify brighter and bigger. A car slams to a stop near the front yard. The door swings open.

Christian, falls out of the car and onto the hard pavement. The car drives off, leaving him there motionless. A few moments later he gets up, brushes himself off and stumbles towards the front door.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

9

The front door opens and Christian's head peers through the doorway. He enters, trying to close the door slowly.

The door CREEKS.

Christian's mother comes running out of the kitchen with a joint of marijuana and a glass of scotch in her hand.

MOTHER

Where the fuck have you been all night? Were you with that slut Ashley?

CHRISTIAN

None of your business Mom, and she's not a slut. I'm going to bed.

MOTHER

Get back here! I'm not done talking to you.

CHRISTIAN

I'm done talking to you. You're fucking high and drunk.

The mother dashes to Christian and slaps him across the face with her free hand.

MOTHER

Don't you dare talk to me like that! I'm your mother, and I demand some respect.

CHRISTIAN

(mumbling)

You'll get it when you sober up, you bitch.

MOTHER

What was that?

CHRISTIAN

Nothing

MOTHER

Now get to your room.

Christian shuffles to his room, bumping into walls in the process.

The door SLAMS shut.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER
DON'T SLAM THE DOOR, stupid kid.

INT. HOME - MORNING

10

Christian opens his bedroom door with Foxboro Hottub's "Broadway" blaring from the inside, walks to the couch and sits. His mother enters with a plate of breakfast and places it in front of him.

The plate is blacked, with burnt to a crisp eggs, and hash browns.

CHRISTIAN
What the hell is this shit?

MOTHER
It's eggs, now go turn down your music

CHRISTIAN
I ain't eating this.

MOTHER
What the hell is wrong with you?

Christian glares at her.

CHRISTIAN
You!
(Beat)
Oh I'm sorry. Did I say something to piss you off?

She extinguishes her cigarette in his plate of food.

MOTHER
You ungrateful punk! I work my ass off to provide for you and this is how you treat me?

CHRISTIAN
Work your ass off? Are you kidding me? All you do is smoke your crack, fight with Tom, and pray that Jason will come back to rescue you from this pathetic life! I'm sorry I'm not the "perfect son" like he was, but stop expecting me to be like him. He's gone and he isn't coming back.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Don't you dare talk about your brother that way! He was the best thing that ever happened to this family! If it wasn't for you...

CHRISTIAN

(yelling)

Stop Blaming me for his death!

Christian surges upward off the couch and smacks the plate off the table.

He storms out of the house grabbing his jacket and skateboard.

MOTHER

You worthless piece of shit! You're just like your father.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - MID-MORNING

11

Christian rides his skateboard towards Ashley's house, smoking when he looks up and sees Malcolm leaned up against his car, kissing Ashley.

His cigarette drops from his mouth as he stands there in shock.

Their lips unlock and glance over, noticing Christian standing there.

ASHLEY

Christian, Wha- What are you doing here?

Christian runs up to Malcolm and shoves him off of Ashley.

CHRISTIAN

What the fuck, man?

MALCOLM

Christian, I'm sorry dude, I didn't mean for you to find out like this.

Christian punches Malcolm in the face, and Malcolm goes down to the ground.

CHRISTIAN

Fuck you, Malcolm, FUCK YOU! You were my best friend.

Christian then picks up his skateboard.

(CONTINUED)

He lifts it above his head.

Ashley reaches for the tail end of the skateboard.

Christian thrusts his arms down.

His arms jerk back, Ashley's grip holding the skateboard in place.

ASHLEY
Christian, stop...

CHRISTIAN
FUCK YOU TOO!

ASHLEY
It's not what you think.

CHRISTIAN
I just fucking saw you! So tell me.
(pause). TELL ME ASHLEY!

Ashley opens her mouth and nothing comes out.

CHRISTIAN
Was I just a charity case? Am I
just a story that you can tell your
rich friends "I slumped once too?"
Well fuck you.

Christian lowers the skateboard. He turns and kicks Malcolm in the stomach.

He pushes Ashley into the side of the car. He takes a step forward, getting in Ashley's face, dropping the skateboard

Christian half chuckles.

CHRISTIAN
I never loved you anyway.

Christian glances back at Malcolm laying on the floor clutching his stomach.

CHRISTIAN
Fuck you both.

He swings his body around, and kicks Malcolm again.

Christian picks up his skateboard, places it on the ground and rides off down the street.

ASHLEY
Christian...
(Beat)

She falls to the ground, crying.

ASHLEY
(Sobbing/mumbling)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

12

Christian sits in the bottom of a bowl on his skateboard. He glances around, reading the graffiti decorating the inside of the skating bowl.

He stands up, pulling a switch blade knife from his pocket.

CHRISTIAN
Fuck it all.

He cuts the palm of his hand and balls it into a fist. Blood flows from his hand and lets it drip to the concrete

He climbs out of the bowl, grabbing his board.

It starts to rain.

He stands there for a while letting the rain fall upon him. He looks up in the rain and breathes deep.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

13

Christian throws the door to his bedroom open, grabs a bag from underneath his bed, and starts filling it with clothes. His mother storms into the room, puzzled.

MOTHER
What's going on here?

CHRISTIAN
I'm tired of the bullshit, I'm leaving.

MOTHER
Oh no you're not.

CHRISTIAN
SHUT UP, I'M NOT TAKING YOU OR ANYONE ELSE'S SHIT ANYMORE!

(CONTINUED)

Christian packs the last of his clothes and grabs his car keys from the desk.

His mother slaps him across the face. Christian just smiles and shoves her out of the way.

CHRISTIAN
FUCK YOU, YOU STUPID BITCH!

MOTHER
I'm your mother, and you're staying here. STAY HERE!

CHRISTIAN
Now you want to act like a mother? You're a drunk crack whore. I don't need you. I NEVER HAVE. I've been taking care of myself for a long time and I'm not gonna deal with your shit.

MOTHER
But I'm your Mother!

CHRISTIAN
Ever since Jason died, you've been nothing! Why the fuck do you think Dad left? There is nothing left for me here!

Christian walks out of the room and out of the house, his Mother following closely behind.

EXT. HOUSE - MIDDAY

14

Christian opens the door to the Car and throws the bag into the back.

MOTHER
(pleading)
Don't go, DON'T go, you can't leave me here by myself, PLEASE DON'T GO!

Christian turns around and looks at her.

Christian enters the car and the engine ROARS to life, he closes the door. His Mother is stand in shock. She breaks her composure and begins kicking the car.

MOTHER
(Screaming)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER (cont'd)
Fuck you! FUCK YOU! Go on get outta
here, I didn't need you anyway!
FUCK YOU!

INT. CAR - MIDDAY

15

Christian puts the car into reverse and moves the car into the street, flipping into 1st gear.

Christian speeds off down the street, just staring at the open road ahead of him, not saying a word.

FADE TO BLACK.