

FADE IN:

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A snow globe housing a PORCELAIN UNICORN lays in the anxious hands of ANGELA (41).

ANGELA  
Come on, we can do this.

She's wearing a bedazzled jersey in support of the Delaware First State State currently losing against the Wyoming Bucking Broncos 110.87 to 98.73.

Angela shakes the globe before looking at a TELEVISION where two coed teams square up on a one-hundred-yard ice rink.

A horn blares and a Hail Mary is thrown high over a scrum where a player breaks free. They leap into the air to snatch the ball before performing a single-toed spinning Salchow into the goal just as time expires.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Yes! Now don't screw us like '82.

The broadcast goes split screen. On the LEFT are the teams clasping hands. While the RIGHT shows the tabulating judges.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Four point six. Three point eight.

ANGELA  
(fingers crossed)  
Almost there.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And four point five. Everybody  
please acknowledge the winners, the  
Wyoming Bucking Broncos.

Both teams hug it out as streamers hail from the rafters.

ANGELA  
We did it!

Angela places the globe on a SHRINE adorned with numerous unicorn related paraphernalia. And an elaborately framed photo of THE FIRST (93). A stodgy old white man, wearing royal-like regalia and a condescending sneer.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
What did we do Mom?

From the stairs, BOBBY (14) enters.

PAM  
We're going to the Super-Capades!

Roars PAM (43), from a face proudly painted in Bucking Bronco colors. BURR! BURR! She fires an AIR HORN before delivering hugs to her Wife and Son.

BOBBY  
(distracted)  
That's so awesome.

PAM  
Wait, what's the matter?

ANGELA  
You're not a First State State fan,  
are you?

Angela asks with great reservation while internally praying to not hear the most worst possible answer.

BOBBY  
No. Of course not.

ANGELA  
Oh, thank goodness.

PAM  
Yeah. Phew.

ANGELA  
Then what's wrong?

PAM  
Is there a problem at school?

BOBBY  
No.

Bobby takes a seat at a dinner table stacked with game day snacks, prompting Pam and Angela to do the same.

ANGELA  
Something with your friends?

BOBBY  
No.

PAM  
Is this about the hair starting to  
grow around the...

Pam's hands hover over her groin like a crystal ball.

BOBBY  
No. And please stop doing that.

ANGELA  
Then what is it?

Bobby starts peeling the coagulated cheese off a potato skin.

PAM  
You know you can tell us anything.

ANGELA  
And that there's nothing you can  
ever do or say that will stop us  
from loving you.

BOBBY  
I know. I'm still just really  
nervous.

ANGELA  
Oooh. I know what this is about.

The sudden rise of confidence catches Bobby off guard.

BOBBY  
You do?

ANGELA  
Now, I've been keeping this a  
secret. But since you brought it  
up. I can now reveal that Bobby has  
been bitten by the lovebug.

The smallest of smile creeps on Bobby's lips accompanied by a  
touch of blush.

BOBBY  
How'd you know?

PAM  
(mouthful)  
Your Mom's right?

ANGELA  
Firstly, I'm always right.  
Secondly, did you really think I  
wouldn't notice all your giggly  
covert texts? And thirdly, I'm so  
happy for you.

PAM  
Same.

BOBBY  
That is so cool. I for sure thought  
you wouldn't approve.

ANGELA  
Well, it's not about our approval.  
It's about what makes you smile.  
Although it does hurt to see my  
baby Bobby boy growing up.

BOBBY  
Actually, I'm just "Bob" now.

A simultaneous gasp is held as Bobby remains stoic.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Just kidding.

ANGELA  
Oh, you really had us going there.

PAM  
Yeah, the little stinker got us good.

ANGELA  
Yeah, he did. He did.  
(back to business)  
So "just *Bob* now." Does this lucky person have a name?

BOBBY  
Regina.

ANGELA  
Regina? That's kind of an odd name.

PAM  
I thought so too. Must be short for Reginald.

ANGELA  
Or Reggie.

PAM  
Could be that too. Well, to each their own. Parents are naming their kids all sorts of things these days so who are we to judge. Am I right?

ANGELA  
Right.  
(to Bobby)  
Now, when do we get to meet him?

BOBBY  
Her.

ANGELA  
What's that now?

BOBBY  
Regina's a girl.

ANGELA  
I'm sorry. I'm having trouble hearing over the thing.

Angela tries to lower the volume directly on the television but can't find the correct button.

PAM  
Yeah, me too.

Pam has the same problem trying remote after remote. Causing the channel to flip to a UNICORN RACE, room lights to dim.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE, YARD - DAY

And sprinklers to water.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

But still the volume remains unchanged, so Angela straight up pulls the power cord from the wall.

ANGELA  
Okay, there. Can you say what you just said to us again? 'Cause I think all the noise...

PAM  
And my air horn.

BURR! BURR!

ANGELA  
(grabbing ears)  
Why would you--

PAM  
Sorry. It's hard to resist. But, yeah, the horn probably ruined our hearing. Because I thought I heard you say that Regina was a girl.

ANGELA  
I heard that too. But that can't be right. Right?

BOBBY  
Uhhhh...

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pam and Angela are near catatonic.

ANGELA  
I'm sorry. Say that one more time.

BOBBY  
I said I'm straight.  
(no reaction)  
Regina is not a boy. She's a girl.  
(still no reaction)  
I like girls.

ANGELA  
Oh, I wish you'd stop saying that.

Angela sprints to a window. She looks outside, angling herself to see the sky before closing the drapes.

PAM  
And so loudly.

BOBBY  
But you asked me to.

Another Moms only conversation is sparked.

ANGELA  
Okay. Now, let's think this  
through. He's young.

PAM  
And impressionable.

ANGELA  
And he's probably going through a  
rebellious teen phase.

PAM  
(begins stress eating)  
Yes. Yes.

She points in agreement with a cheesy bread stick.

PAM (CONT'D)  
All of that. That's exactly what's  
going on.

BOBBY  
Stop talking like I'm not here.

ANGELA  
(takes a seat)  
Uh-huh. Uh-huh.  
(a calming hand is placed)  
Now Bobby?

BOBBY  
Yes?

ANGELA  
Your Mother and I hear what you  
have to say.

BOBBY  
Okay.

PAM  
And we completely understand where  
you're coming from.

BOBBY  
Great.

ANGELA  
But have you tried. Not. Being.  
Straight?

BOBBY  
Yes. I. Have. But I like girls.

ANGELA  
There's that sentence again.

PAM  
(eating and crying)  
I just-- I just can't.

ANGELA  
Now look what you've done. You've made your poor Mother cry. Are you happy now?

BOBBY  
Why would that make me happy?

ANGELA  
Oh, and look at her paint.  
(points at runny face)  
Do you have any idea how long that takes?!

BOBBY  
Yes. I'm the one that painted her.

PAM  
And you did such a wonderful job.  
Are you sure you're not gay?

Pam reaches for Bobby, hoping to grab the answer she so desperately wants to hear.

BOBBY  
Yes. I'm sure. And I'm sorry that I'm straight. I wish I wasn't. But--

In great frustration Bobby heads upstairs, leaving his devastated parents behind.

BOBBY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

On entrance, Bobby pulls out his phone.

REGINA (TEXT)  
*How was it?*

PAM (O.S.)  
(muffled through walls)  
Why-hi-hi-hi-hi?!

BOBBY (TEXT)  
*Terrible. How 'bout you?*

REGINA (TEXT)  
*Actually kinda good, surprisingly.  
What are you going to do now?*

Bobby leans his head against the wall as sobs continue bleeding through.

BOBBY (TEXT)  
*Run away to Canada.*

REGINA (TEXT)  
*LOL. You're so silly.*