

A Cleen Family

By

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CLEEN SR. (40s), bald head, white t-shirt, blue jeans, slumps down and wipes his forehead in exhaustion; next to a scrub brush and Windex bottle.

Around him, the white kitchen heavenly glows with cleanliness.

He glances at the WALL CLOCK.

It ticks: a QUARTER TILL SEVEN.

He closes his eyes and takes in a deep breath...

A BUZZING noise breaks his silence.

He opens an eye..

It stops.

Sr. closes his eyes, relaxes and takes another deep breath -but the buzzing starts again.

He opens his eyes and it stops.

He closes his eyes, it starts. Opens them -it stops.

Finally in annoyance; he sits up, scans the kitchen, and spots a FLY near the open kitchen window.

Cleen Sr. walks over to the window and tries to bat the fly out, but it buzzes off into the heart of kitchen.

It skids across a white counter top and smudges a TRAIL of DIRT before it takes off.

Sr.'s knuckles turn white as he balls his fists.

The fly then spirals down, and lands on the center counter top.

Sr. bolts to the counter and throws his fist at it..

But it dodges the fist as Sr. smashes the counter top -causing the wood to crack like ice.

He HOWLS and CURSES in pain.

INT. LIVING ROOM

On the couch sits CLEEN JR. (11), bald, white shirt, blue jeans, menacingly SNICKERS as he controls the robotic drone fly through a high tech REMOTE CONTROL; that has a TV screen built in that shows the fly's point of view.

FLY'S POV

The fly tauntingly flies towards Sr. while dodging his punches.

It slips between Sr.'s legs as he throws a punch -but misses and hits himself in the CROTCH.

He kneels over in pain.

INT. KITCHEN

Sr. dizzyingly gets back up.

The drone fly leaves more trails of dirt on parts of the clean kitchen.

A vein bulges on Sr.'s bald head.

He jerks open kitchen drawers and throws various kitchen UTENSILS at it: FORKS, KNIVES, POTS, PANS and the TOASTER.

FLY'S POV

Like a fighter Jet; the fly pulls off aerial acrobatic feats and dodges the utensils.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jr. laughs as he sees his father escalate with anger at every failed attempt.

INT. KITCHEN

Sr. opens the last UNOPENED DRAWER and finally, finds the FLY SWAT.

He holds it the air in celebration, as if he was thanking god.

Then vengefully turns back to the fly with a smile...

(CONTINUED)

The fly retreats backward, as Sr. encloses on it.  
It turns left and right only to be checkmated by Sr.  
The fly backs into a CORNERED WALL.

FLY'S POV

Sr. gets bigger and bigger as he steps closer and closer.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The smile on the sons fades and his fingers start to twitch nervously over the remote buttons.

INT. KITCHEN

Both square off, ready to make a move.

Sr. lunges at the fly and madly swats at -every blow grazes the hair off the fly's back.

The swatter imprints the remains of previously SQUASHED BUGS every where he misses.

FLY'S POV

Crazed, Sr. gleams with joy while he hacks madly at the fly.

INT. KITCHEN

Sweat rolls off of Jr.'s forehead, as he nervously presses buttons, flips and re-flips the switches on the control.

INT. KITCHEN

Sr. finally hits the fly, but it breaks a HOLE through the swatter.

He quickly re-aims as the fly sluggishly takes air; grabs the swatter with both hands, and swings with all his might...

SLAP!

The stem handle of the fly swatter BREAKS in half.

He freezes.

(CONTINUED)

And stands there in disbelief...

The clock ticks: SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Mrs. Cleen (40s), bald, red lipstick, white shirt and blue jeans, stands enraged in the doorway with a SWATTER IMPRINT across her face.

Sr. faintly smiles at her.

She becomes even more furious when she notices the tornado wrecked kitchen of swat marks, smudges, and utensils lying everywhere.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jr. belly-down laughs on the couch and drops the remote on to the floor.

He losses control and pounds his fists on the couch..

-until he finally notices both parents angrily bearing down at him.

He faintly smiles to convey sorry, but it has no effect as the parents still bear down with more intensity.

He gulps.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jr. stands in the middle of the war-torn dirty kitchen, his head held low with a brush and bottle of Windex.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mr. and Mrs. Cleen, kiss on the couch as they watch their son on WIDE SCREEN TV, slouch at the enormity of the dirty kitchen.

FADE OUT: