

SPLIT

Written by

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Second Draft

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INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

A family of four sits in a circle around a living room. The father, WHIT (45) sits leaning forward, as if delivering bad news. The mother, JULIE (43) sits back, more relaxed and saying nothing.

The son NOAH (17) is sitting forward like his father. The daughter, REBECCA (13) is sitting motionless.

There's an uncomfortable tension in the air.

NOAH

Is it because of us?

WHIT

No, not exactly...no.
(looks at Julie)
Is it?

She shrugs.

WHIT (CONT'D)

Let's say no for now.

REBECCA

(sarcastically)
Oh god.

WHIT

Rebecca, I would appreciate it if we all talked about this calmly, and not use sarcasm as a coping mechanism.

REBECCA

I wasn't aware that I was trying to cope--

JULIE

We've both arranged to see you guys every other day. We'll alternate.

REBECCA

But there are only seven days.

WHIT

...Right.

REBECCA

So how will that be split evenly?

Whit and Julie glance at each other.

WHIT
 (mutters to himself)
 Shit, we didn't think about that.

REBECCA
 So you assigned which days you were going to see the both of us, but you didn't take a seventh day into account?

JULIE
 (to Whit)
 ...Maybe we can alternate the seventh day? One week I get them and the next week you do?

WHIT
 See? There we go, we have a full schedule.

Noah starts ugly face crying.

WHIT (CONT'D)
 Don't cry Noah, you're still going to be seeing a lot of the both of us. I've got a really nice place a few miles away.

NOAH
 Don't do this guys, please.

REBECCA
 How will we get to school.

WHIT
 There's a train by my house. It's about four blocks away--I think--maybe five...definitely no more than six for sure.

REBECCA
 And the cat?

JULIE
 (muttering to Whit)
 Fuck Whit, we forgot the cat.

WHIT
 We'll figure something out.

Noah starts sobbing and Julie goes over to him to comfort him.

REBECCA

Well, it's not like we couldn't see
this coming.

WHIT

Rebecca, don't make this difficult.

NOAH

(still sobbing)
I just love you guys so much.

JULIE

I'm sure you'll be fine Noah.

Whit gets up.

WHIT

I need a drink.

JULIE

That makes two of us.

She pushes Noah off her and Whit and Julie exit. Noah
clenches the sofa, not crying as hard as before, but still
distraught.

REBECCA

I just love family meetings.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.