

STEP DADS BEWARE

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FADE IN:

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BOBBY (14) average, early teen, sits in pajamas at his desk. He navigates within World of Warcraft on his lap top while sipping Five Hour Energy drink.

His lap top reads 3:00 AM.

Weary eye lids flutter.

INT. A GLASSED-IN SHOWER STALL - DREAM - DAY

Bobby wears a colorfully striped tee-shirt, shorts, barefoot. He sits on a simple wooden chair.

He is drenched.

His wrists duct taped to the chair arms. Calves duct taped to the chair legs.

Bobby stares at the shower head dripping above him; on him.

WHOOSH!

Suddenly, a forceful shower rains down on him.

He screams but his vocal chords don't cooperate.

Bobby panics. Rocks the chair until it tips and finally falls...

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. DOOLEY (50) white blouse, brown skirt, glasses writes on the blackboard. She turns towards the classmates. Her eyes size up Bobby.

MRS. DOOLEY
(shouting)
Robert James Gooding! Again?

Bobby is seated front and center. The only evidence of napping; eyes closed. He awakens abruptly.

BOBBY
Sorry, Mrs. Dooley. I was up a little late last night. Uh... studying.

MRS. DOOLEY
That won't work this time! See me
after class.

The classroom wall clock chimes. The students rise and exit. Bobby grabs his note pad and slowly walks towards Mrs. Dooley.

Bobby's cheek is swollen and slightly black and blue.

MRS. DOOLEY
Robert. This sleeping in class has
got to st--what happened?

BOBBY
Oh, I slipped in the shower.

MRS. DOOLEY
Again ??

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby sits at his desk, head bent, chin to his chest.

He raises his head. Weary eye lids flutter. Lap top open. It reads 3:00 AM.

A swig of Energy Drink down the hatch.

EXT. A CALM CLEAR LAKE - DREAM - DAY

Bobby sits alone, neatly Sunday dressed in the center of a row boat. Oars are not apparent.

A fishing pole hangs over the side. The line goes taut and the pole bends nearly in half. Bobby anxiously reels the line in.

Mid reeling, a water moccasin breaks the surface and springs towards Bobby. Bobby throws the pole at the rising snake.

The snake submerges but four new water moccasins rise from the depths. They slither along the surface towards the row boat.

Bobby stands and tries to maintain balance. Surrounding the boat, ten feet away, dozens of colorful diamond backed water snakes rise and slither towards Bobby.

Fortunately the snakes are unable to climb the sides of the boat.

The boat's drain plug geysers up and over the side.

Bobby tries uselessly to stop the leak with his hand. The boat fills quickly.

He screams but his vocal chords don't cooperate.

The skies open and it begins to pour as several snake heads glance over the row boat's rim.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Bobby's mother MARGE (40) older looking than her age, exits the bathroom.

She wears an eye patch above a black and blue cheek. There are band-aids on her neck and the back of her bruised right hand.

An ace bandage is wrapped around her left forearm.

MARGE

Morning honey. Sleep okay?

Bobby sits at the kitchen table trying to rush through a bowl of cereal.

JIM WALKER (50) step-dad, tall, fat, and powerful enters from his bedroom.

Marge quickly exits the kitchen and then the house before Bobby can reply.

JIM WALKER

Hey dip shit! How many times do I have to tell you to bring the garbage pails in, Tuesdays and Thursday?

No response from Bobby. He continues eating.

JIM WALKER

Hey! Shit for brains!

BOBBY

They hadn't been empt--

WHACK

A crashing back hand to the face knocks Bobby to the floor. Jim removes his belt and begins lashing Bobby's legs.

JIM WALKER

You little faggot! Don't you ever sass me.

Bobby's eyes fill with tears. The lashing stops. Jim moves to the counter, opens a cabinet and grabs a bottle of bourbon.

He turns back to Bobby while re-looping his belt.

JIM WALKER

Oh, you gonna cry now sissy boy. Start pee-ing in your pants again? You make me wanna puke!

Jim begins to leave. Turns to Bobby again.

JIM WALKER

And don't think I didn't hear you last night. One more accident and your finished!

Jim laughs and kicks Bobby.

JIM WALKER

You dick-less worm. Oh, that's right. You Do have a dick. You just don't deserve one.

Jim exits the house bottle of bourbon in hand. Bobby returns to the table.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

A full court game of SLAM BANG is in full swing.

Two teams, separated by the half court line try to eliminate each other with successful throws of red rubber balls targeted at opposing team players.

Bobby sits on the gym floor with a few other already eliminated students. Backs against the wall.

All are clad in grey gym suits; socks and gym shoes.

Bobby's eyes are closed. His head droops. A red, rubber, slam bang ball ricochets off Bobby's head.

BOBBY

What the...

COACH BELL (35) firm, fit, grey shirt and designer sweats shouts at Bobby.

COACH BELL
Wake up Gooding. Just because you
were eliminated doesn't mean you
can't learn something.

BOBBY
Yes sir.

COACH BELL
Pay attention!.. Get the Ball!!

Bobby rises and limps towards the ball.

COACH BELL
Limping? You weren't hit that hard
out there. Suck it up.

He retrieves the ball and tosses it to Coach Bell. Lots of
students chuckling.

COACH BELL
After school, Gooding. We need to
chat.

INT. COACH BELLS GYM OFFICE - DAY

Bobby sits in a chair in front of Coach Bell's desk. Office
door closed.

Coach Bell wears only white boxers.

He reclines, feet on his desk. Hush puppies and argyle socks.

Peanut butter spooned from a jar into his mouth.

COACH BELL
What's up with you Gooding?
Eliminated that quickly in slam
bang? You?...

BOBBY
I don't know... A little lazy
lately, I guess. Tired... ya know.

COACH BELL
Well, get it together. The season
is just around the corner. I'm
expecting big things from you.

BOBBY
I'm working on it coach. Getting
it together, I mean. Really.

Bobby stands and turns to leave.

COACH BELL

Okay... Hey Bobby... should I be concerned with those bruises on your legs? Did you think they'd go unnoticed in gym class?

BOBBY

Oh those things. Look, I work with my step-dad after school. He's a mason. Hard work.

COACH BELL

Oh. Well be careful out there.

BOBBY

Like I said. I'm working on it. Getting it together.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby's lap top reads 3:30 AM. Seated, Bobby's head rests on his desk. He slowly awakens, rises and tip toes out of his bedroom.

Several minutes elapse. A toilet flushes in the next room. Bobby returns to his bedroom and climbs into bed.

EXT. DENSE FOREST - DREAM - DAY

BOB GOODING (45) Bobby's father, fit, dressed in hunting togs, walks slowly carrying his shot gun. A younger Bobby walks behind in perfect step.

Bob eyes a buck 50 yards away. He raises his rifle, and takes aim. Bobby kneels behind him with a perfect view of the target.

BLAM

The buck falls. Father and son run to the fallen deer. Bob ensures the buck is dead. He unloads his gun and properly positions the animal for field dressing.

Bob hands his eight inch hunting knife to Bobby.

BOB

Okay. First time is always a little scary. I know.

But remember, a magnificent animal who blessed us with a wonderful experience deserves a proper dressing... We owe him that. Take your time. I'll guide you all the way.

Bobby starts the incision at the anus and draws the knife blade around the penis and across the buck's belly towards the head.

Suddenly, a forceful blood stream erupts from the incision. Bobby is quickly and completely covered in blood.

Bobby's father disappears. Blood spews everywhere. Bobby is blinded by the uncontrollable flow. He wipes his face in an attempt to clear his vision.

The blood begins to rise around Bobby's legs. He stands in a blood filled pit. The blood reaches his waist and quickly rises to his shoulders.

Bobby flounders in a sea of blood. He barely keeps his head above the surface. The sky opens up and produces a diluting down pour of rain.

He screams but his vocal chords don't cooperate.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Dad, dad, dad...

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby lies in bed. His eyes open suddenly.

BOBBY
Dad, dad, dad...

Immediately, he removes a large wad of saturated, crumpled tissue paper from his pajama pants.

Bobby removes his pajamas, rises and moves to his bedroom window. Resting below the window against the house is an opened trash receptacle.

Bobby opens the window and drops the stained PJ's and urine soaked tissue paper into the receptacle. He returns to bed.

INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT - DAY

Bobby stands behind an old work bench. Dust and cobwebs exist everywhere. A tiny bit of day light cascades through a filthy basement window.

From beneath the work bench, Bobby removes two old wooden tool boxes. He opens both boxes. They are over loaded with tools.

One by one each tool is removed and examined. Bobby smiles. He lovingly grasps and methodically rotates a rusty old eight inch hunting knife.

Bobby rubs his finger along the blade edge and frowns.

He turns towards a far corner of the basement and spies an old, pedal operated, grinding wheel covered in cobwebs.

An enlightening smile.

Bobby moves to the grinder and begins sharpening the knife. The grinder operated with skill. Historic old friends reunited.

INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bobby sits at the kitchen table. Hands, arms and face covered in dirt and perspiration. A large knife lies on the table.

From a brimming, gallon pitcher he lifts and thirstily downs orange Gatorade. No glass necessary. Pitcher emptied and set down.

Bobby stands and opens the refrigerator. He slurps down a carton of orange juice.

He returns to the table. The eight inch blade is lifted.

SHINING RAZOR-SHARP.

Bobby secures it in a waist belted sheath.

EXT. BOBBY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bobby stands before a four foot deep HOLE. A shovel stands, next to Bobby, stabbed into large pile of soil.

A crude grave site.

THE HOLE

Jim Walker, UNCONSCIOUS, arms, legs and mouth securely duct taped.

He lies, face up, at the bottom of the hole.

NAKED

His shoulder bleeds. A shot gun lies next to his body. Bobby kneels next to Jim's body.

He roughly shakes Jim until his eyes open. Jim struggles, frantically to gain freedom.

BOBBY

Okay. Relax. I got this.

Bobby removes the hunting knife from it's sheath.

BOBBY

Start the incision at the anus.
Circle the penis--I mean
"circumvent" the penis. Dad always
corrected me if I said "circle".

Bobby initiates the procedure.

Jim's eyes open wide. He continues struggling.

BOBBY

But this time I AM circling, I
guess.

Tears streaming down Jim's face.

Jim screams but his vocal chords don't cooperate.

BOBBY

Oh, stop. I'm not going to gut you.
Just a simple penis-scrotum
removal... You dick-less worm.

Bobby climbs out of the hole.

He grabs the shovel and scoops a pile of dirt. Bobby hesitates. Drops the shovel.

A smile emerges. Bobby drops his pants. A strong arc of urine lifts high above the hole.

EXT. FRONT YARD PORCH - NIGHT

Marge exits the front door. She looks out into the yard and calls.

EXT. BOBBY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bobby turns his head slightly to the left, to get a better listen. Still urinating into the hole.

MARGE (O.S.)
Robert Gooding. Are you out there?
You need to bring the trash cans
in... before Jim gets back.

Still urinating, still urinating, still urinating...

BOBBY
(shouting)
OKAY!!
(softer)
Rest in pee--

MARGE (O.S.)
Bobby! Almost dinner.

BOBBY
OKAY!! You dick-less worm!

Still urinating...

FADE OUT.

