

**TAKING A STAND**

written by

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**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

A nice little home, smack-dab in the middle of suburbia. GLEAMING SEDAN in the driveway. Looks like all the other houses on the street.

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Modern. Clean. A lot of stainless steel. A lot of OVERPRICED APPLIANCES.

A family sits at the table, looking DISTRAUGHT. They are --  
GLEN, 43. SARAH, 42. EMMA, 19.

And they just so happen to be NUDISTS.

(NOTE: WHILE "APPEARING" NUDE TO THE AUDIENCE, NO ACTUAL NUDITY WILL BE SHOWN. THEY'LL BE HIDDEN BEHIND FURNITURE, CREATIVE CAMERA ANGLES. YOU FUCKING PERVERT.)

Into the room walks ZANE, 21. Also a nudist. He doesn't look as comfortable in his own skin as his family.

He sits at that table. Pulls in his chair.

ZANE

What'd I do now?

Glen and Sarah exchange a look. Emma looks too disgusted to speak.

GLEN

Zane... You know we love you,  
right?

ZANE

Yeah...?

SARAH

And you know that we want you to  
feel free to express yourself.  
However that may be.

ZANE

I know.

Beat.

Everyone looking at each other. It's uncomfortable. Almost painful.

GLEN  
Is there anything you want to tell  
us?

ZANE  
Not really, no. Why?

Glen sighs. Reaches under the table. Pulls out a STACK OF CLOTHING.

Looking like his spirit has been crushed, Glen places the clothing gently on the table.

GLEN  
Emma found this in your room.

Zane scowls at Emma.

ZANE  
What the hell were you doing my  
room?

EMMA  
I knew you were up to something! I  
could just tell.

Sarah fights tears. Looks at Zane like she's never been more disappointed in a person in her life.

SARAH  
And it wasn't in the clothes  
closet for when we leave the  
house. Why were you sneaking  
these? Have you...?  
(beat)  
Have you been wearing clothes?!

Zane can't handle the eyes on him. He looks from his parents to his sister and back again.

ZANE  
Yes! Okay? Yes! It was me! Is that  
what you want to hear?!

Sarah bursts into tears, sobbing uncontrollably.

Glen embraces her, trying to calm her down.

Emma just shakes her head, ashamed of her brother.

ZANE  
What's the big deal? So I wanna  
wear clothes sometimes. Who cares?

GLEN

Who cares? Don't you understand how serious this is? This could lead you down a dark path.

ZANE

Yeah, before you know it I'll be wearing coats!

The family GAGS. It's all they can do to keep themselves from vomiting.

SARAH

Where did we go wrong?

Zane can't believe it.

ZANE

Why are you guys acting like I did heroin or something?

GLEN

Because this can ruin your life, too. The nudist lifestyle is all about freedom and comfort and not conforming to a standard that other people set for you. Why would you want to give that up?

ZANE

Because I get cold sometimes. Why are you guys being so fucking weird? I don't have to listen to you -- I'm an adult!

GLEN

That might be true. But when you have your own house --

ZANE

Blah blah! My own rules. I get it. Like it's my fault the fucking economy is shit.

Sarah puts her fingers to her mouth. WHISTLES.

SARAH

Let's all clam down before someone says something they regret.

Zane can't control himself --

ZANE

I wish I'd been born into a clothing family!

EMMA

(to Sarah)

You mean like that?

(to Zane)

Why would you want to be a clothes person? They suck. They spent more time worrying about what they're gonna wear than the important stuff. Everything's all about who's wearing the most expensive thing. They're missing out on how cool it is just to be free.

GLEN

That's right.

Zane rubs his forehead. These fucking people.

ZANE

I'm sorry, okay? Can we just forget about this?

GLEN

Not until you tell me where you learned this from. Who got you started on this shit? Was it one of those liberal friends of yours?

Zane is taken aback. Reaches across the table, grabs his clothing, and scoots it toward him.

ZANE

Dad, you wanted them to unrestricted term limits so you could vote for Obama a third time. There's nothing wrong with my friends.

GLEN

There is if they're filling your head with this junk!

SARAH

Glen, please. It's not his friends.

GLEN

You don't know that, Sarah! He's gonna end up miserable.

ZANE  
The only thing making me miserable  
is this family.

He stands up, glaring at his family. To show his defiance, he  
STARTS GETTING DRESSED.

His family recoils like they've just seen something utterly  
disgusting.

SARAH  
How dare you do this in our house!

Now dressed, Zane extends his arms out on either side of him,  
showing off for everyone.

ZANE  
That's right! I'm sick! I need  
help! Look at your son! Look at  
him!  
(beat)  
I thought you wanted me to express  
myself?

Emma turns to her parents. Livid.

EMMA  
Are you just gonna let him get  
away with this?!

GLEN  
You stop that, right now!

ZANE  
Nope! Look at me, Dad. Take a  
good, long look. This is who I am.  
This is what you did!

GLEN  
How is this my fault?

ZANE  
Because you insisted on us being  
nudists. You never once asked if  
it was what we wanted. You just  
assumed because you guys liked it,  
it's right for everyone.

Glen hangs on Zane's words, letting them marinate. His whole  
world is shattering, crumbling around him.

Sarah takes Glen's hand in hers. Trying to do all she can to  
comfort her bereaved husband. More tears stream down her  
cheeks.

Emma, arms folded, GLARES at her brother. If looks could kill, he'd be a goner. Her eyes linger on a knife lying on the counter, like she's trying to decide if he's worth it.

Taking all this in, Zane sits back down. Tries to be reasonable.

ZANE

Look... I know you guys are upset. And believe me, I didn't want it to be like this. This just got... out of control. But this is who I am now. In a few weeks, who knows? I might be different. I can stop anytime I want to.

But his words fall on deaf ears.

Zane hangs his head in defeat.

ZANE

Come on, guys, don't be like this.

Glen turns away, now facing the living room.

GLEN

I have nothing more to say. Tell your son that I don't want this garbage in our home.

He gets up and walks out of the room, leaving everyone alone with that zinger.

Sarah looks across the table at Zane, wiping her eyes.

SARAH

Honey... Can you just think about it for a bit?

ZANE

No! Don't worry, I'll be out of your hair as soon as I can find a place to stay.

Zane stands. Can't bring himself to look at his mother and sister.

ZANE

You guys suck.

He STORMS out of the room, in the opposite direction of his father.

Now it's just Sarah and Emma. Both look like they've been through the emotional wringer.

Beat.

The wall clock TICKS.

Finally, Emma looks at her mother --

EMMA  
Is this a bad time to tell you I  
wrecked the car?

**FADE TO BLACK**