

GEORGE

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. NIGHT (N1)

Tyler, with backpack, stands outside a single-story ranch style house. The door opens and **MR. PLUMMER** (40s), opens the door and smiles when he sees Tyler, clearly happy to see him.

MR. PLUMMER
Hey Tyler. Come on in.

Tyler follows him in. This is his happy place.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. FAMILY ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Tyler enters a world quite the opposite of his own. A real family. George's younger TWIN SIBLINGS (10, boy and girl) sit side by side playing games on their iPads. **MRS. PLUMMER** (40), clears dishes with her husband. TV on. It's a noisy, happy house, which is why Tyler loves it here.

MRS. PLUMMER
George is in his room. You hungry?

TYLER
I just ate, but thank you. Hi Beau,
hi Lorelei.

They wave without looking up. Tyler smiles, content.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. GEORGE'S ROOM. NIGHT (N1)

CLOSE ON A LAPTOP showing a used green Jeep Cherokee. Reveal that Tyler and George are looking at cars online.

START
Sc. 1



GEORGE
I checked our bank account and we can officially afford this car. I think we should do it. Especially after what happened today.

TYLER
Oh yeah. I almost forgot.

Tyler reaches into his backpack, pulls out the detention slip. He hands it to George.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Sign this?

George quickly forges Joe's signature. An old pro.

GEORGE

GEORGE

So what do you think about the car?

TYLER

It is nice. But it's our backup, dude. We've waited this long, what's a few more months to get the one we really want?

Tyler clicks the computer and the picture changes to a beautiful, black 2002 Land Rover that looks shiny and new.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I mean, look at that. That thing is sick. And I can get the price down, I promise. Delayed gratification is always better, trust me.

GEORGE

If that's true, it's gonna be amazing when I finally have sex.

There's a knock and the door opens and Mrs. Plummer enters carrying two bowls of ice cream. George rolls his eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What's the point of knocking if you just open the door right after?

MRS. PLUMMER

I apologize for bringing you ice cream. Call Child Services.

GEORGE

We don't want ice cream, okay?

TYLER

I'd love some, Mrs. Plummer.

She hands him a bowl. Puts the other one on George's desk.

MRS. PLUMMER

In case you change your mind.

She walks out, leaving the door open just an inch. Peeved, George kicks it shut with his foot.

GEORGE

God, she's so annoying. You're lucky you don't have to deal with all that "mom" crap.

Tyler says nothing and George feels a pang of guilt.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Was that --?

GEORGE

16.

TYLER

It's fine.

GEORGE

But we can talk about your mom now, right? I mean, you played the card with Cassie this morning, so --

TYLER

I didn't "play" any "card." I stated a fact. Doesn't change how I feel.

GEORGE

How do you feel?

TYLER

Like I don't wanna talk about it.

Uncomfortable, Tyler turns back towards the computer. He toggles the screen between the cars.

TYLER (CONT'D)

So what are we thinking? Backup? Or dream car? Second choice? First choice? Bad one? Good one?

GEORGE

Okay, okay, we'll wait.

TYLER

Sweet. If you're not gonna eat that...

George sighs and hands him the bowl.

END Sc. 1

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