

YOUNGER BROTHERS' UNION

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - FOYER

Through Glass Block dividing wall a YOUNG BOY jumps up and down grabbing at something. He is nine year old GRANT WHITMORE.

GRANT  
Give it.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The antagonist, thirteen year old SETH WHITMORE, continues to jerk a delicately hand-made plane out of his brother Grant's reach.

SETH  
Make me, baby.

GRANT  
Give it. It's mine.

SETH  
Mamma's boy.

Grant stomps on Seth's foot.

SETH (CONT' D)  
Ow! You little creep. Now you're gonna get it.

Grant turns to run.

GRANT  
Give it to me.

Seth kicks out Grants feet.

Grant falls to the floor.

Seth holds Grant on the floor.

SETH  
How's that? Got any questions?

GRANT  
Quit it!

SETH  
(mocking tone)  
Quit it.

GRANT  
I'm tellin' Mom.

SETH  
You're such a whiny, little turd.

Grant manages to roll out of Seth's hold. He jumps up and begins jumping for his airplane again.

SETH (CONT' D)  
You want it?

He Brings it down just far enough and then jerks it back.

SETH (CONT' D)  
Say you're sorry. Say your sorry.

GRANT  
No. Give it.

Seth brings it down again and Grant grabs it. Seth pulls back and rips it in half.

SETH  
(Laughing)  
Whoops.

GRANT  
You broke it.

Fire rages in Grant's eyes.

GRANT (CONT' D)  
Aaagh!

He rams Seth, flailing his fists against him.

SETH  
You hit like a girl. No, like a  
cabbage patch doll.

INT. APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR

Grant and Seth's mother, ANGIE, enters with a load of groceries. She hears the WCF match raging on in the living room.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Angie drops the grocery bag.

ANGIE  
What in the world? Hey. Stop it.  
Break it up.

SETH  
He started it. He's out of  
control, Mom. See?

ANGIE  
Grant, stop hitting your brother.

GRANT  
(continuing to hit)  
He deserves it. He broke my plane.

SETH  
Did not.

GRANT  
Did too.

SETH  
Did not, you little creep.

Pulling Grant off Seth.

ANGIE  
All right. That's enough. Next  
one who speaks is grounded for a  
week.

They both stop.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Now, one at a time. Grant.

SETH  
You always do that. He goes first;  
then I get in trouble.

ANGIE  
Grant.

GRANT  
I made an airplane -- not just any  
airplane. It's the best one I've  
ever made, Mom.

I was flying it, minding my own business, and he grabbed it.

SETH

Not true.

GRANT

Yes it is. He grabbed it and he wouldn't give it back. I jumped for it and he wouldn't give it to me and HE BROKE IT!

ANGIE

(giving Seth the look)  
Seth did you break his airplane?

GRANT

It's broken. See?

ANGIE

Grant, it's your brother's turn..

SETH

I didn't break it. He grabbed it and it ripped. I was giving it back to him and he jerked it, and HE BROKE IT!

GRANT

He's a liar!

ANGIE

Okay stop. Seth why did you take it from him in the first place?

SETH

Because he flew it by me while I was doing my homework.

GRANT

He's such a liar. He wasn't doing his homework. He was talking to Gino.

SETH

About homework.

GRANT

No way.

ANGIE

(rubbing her temples)  
I've heard enough.

Sounds like there's plenty of blame  
on both sides. Neutral bedrooms  
until I have dinner ready. March.

Angie watches them walk down the hall.

INT. APARTMENT -- HALL

Seth looks back, sees his mother's retreat to the kitchen,  
and dishes out one last thump on the head to Grant.

INT. APARTMENT -- GRANT'S BEDROOM

Grant enters his room, slams his door, and flops down on his  
bed, arms folded.

GRANT  
I hate you. You're the worst  
brother ever.

He bounces up and pulls darts from his dart board. He flips  
the board over and reveals an multi-punctured 8 x 10 school  
picture of Seth taped to it. He hurls a few more into it.

INT. APARTMENT -- SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seth silently opens the lid to his aquarium and removes his  
pet tarantula THOR.

INT. APARTMENT -- HALL - CONTINUOUS

He tip-toes down the hall and stealthily enters Grant's room

INT. APARTMENT -- GRANT'S BEDROOM

A Star Wars night light illuminates the room. Grant lies  
hidden under the covers. Seth gently pulls the cover back  
one-handed.

Grant's dirty feet appear. He flips the covers back.

SETH  
(whispering)  
Si ck.

Seth moves to the rear of the bed and pulls the covers back.  
Grant's mouth is open. Spittle bubbles at the corner of his  
mouth.

Seth begins to place Thor. Grant rolls over. Seth jumps back and ducks under the bed.

Seth resurfaces and gently places Thor on Grant's head.

Thor slowly explores his new territory. First across Grant's ear, then down his cheek.

Seth anxiously waits, but Grant continues to sleep. Seth impatient, nudges Grant. Nothing. Thor reaches his neck and moves Southward.

Seth nudges the bed. Nothing. He searches for something to help him. He grabs a pencil from Grant's desk and touches the eraser to Grant's tongue.

He sees movement and makes a b-line back to his room.

Grant, drowsy, scratches his chest. His hand brushes ones of Thor's hairy legs. Thor transfers to Grant's hand. Grant rolls and moves his hand next to his face.

GRANT  
(sleepily)  
That tickles.

Grant manages to pry his eyes open to a slit and from his POV sees a giant brown blur come into focus.

GRANT (O. C.) (CONT' D)  
AAaah! MOM! HELP!

INT. APARTMENT -- MOM'S ROOM

Angie nearly decapitates herself on her free weight bench as she exits her room.

INT. APARTMENT -- GRANT'S BEDROOM

Angie rushes into Grant's room wielding a boot with a six inch heel. Not a pretty sight without makeup. Think Cruella DeVille in silhouette. Grant hops barefoot atop his desk.

ANGIE  
What's is it? What is it? What is it?

GRANT  
(screaming)  
On my bed. Get it off. Get it off.

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