

Little Brother (Intro)

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12/7/10

FADE IN:

INT. REED HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A normal living room. Couch and love seat, coffee table, pictures on the walls, TV, etc.

Except this living room is littered with trash. Glass booze bottles, some empty, some half full, occupy the coffee table.

Everything is SILENT.

INT. REED HOME - AUSTIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Teenager's bedroom. Posters on the walls, laundry on the floor, the usual.

AUSTIN REED, 14, sits on the edge of his bed, his hands clasped between his knees. His brown hair falls into his eyes, and flicks it aside.

His eyes stare at his closed door. He's expecting something, and he's afraid.

INT. REED HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everything is still. The silence is unbearable.

A DOOR OPENS O.S.

JOHN REED (O.S.)

I'm ho-ome!

The DOOR SLAMS.

JOHN, 47, staggers into the living room. He's DRUNK, and he throws back the last of a bottle of Jack before letting it fall from his hand onto the floor. He shouts to anyone who can hear.

JOHN

I said "I'm home" god dammit!

He takes a swipe at the bottles on the table in front of him, sending some flying, creating a large crashing sound.

INT. REED HOME - AUSTIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Austin is still on the edge of his bed. His eyes are teary as he hears the bottles crashing. He jumps at the sound.

JOHN (O.S.)

Where the fuck are you kids?

Footsteps can be heard on a hardwood floor, slowly growing louder. Austin's holding back tears. His hands grow white, clenched tightly still.

The doorknob rattles. It's locked from the inside.

INT. REED HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

John is outside of Austin's door. He's got the door knob in one hand, and one of the bottles from the table in his hand. He takes a sip.

JOHN

I know you're in there Austin. I just wanna talk t'you.

He leans his head against the door. No response.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sweetly)
Austin...

Still no sound from inside.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(screaming)
AUSTIN!

John steps back from the door and faces it head on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Open the door, Austin.

Silence.

John growls in anger, and without warning, lifts his leg and KICKS IN THE DOOR.

INT. AUSTIN'S BEDROOM

Austin jumps off the bed as the door comes crashing open.

He stands up straight, arms at his side, fists clenched, his head down, avoiding eye contact.

JOHN

Dammit Austin...

John inspects the door frame where he just busted it open.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Lookit what you made m'do.

He looks at Austin.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Lookit it!

Austin doesn't say a word, but lifts his head slowly. The tears are silently crawling down his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Awh shit, what're you cryin' about?
You don't gotta reason to cry.

John reaches out and GRABS AUNSTIN'S HAIR, yanking him towards him. By the hair on his head, John leads Austin back out into the living room, all the while mumbling to himself.

INT. LIVING ROOM, REED HOME

John stops in front of a family portrait hanging on the wall. It's John, Austin, another boy older than Austin, and a beautiful brunette: a happy family of four.

JOHN

There. Now there's somethin' to cry about.

John throws back a swig, and turns his attention back to Austin.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You piece of shit.

John BACKHANDS Austin, knocking him backward. Austin stumbles away, falling to the floor. A short sobbing sound escapes him.

John moves toward Austin again, his FIST RAISED for another strike.

Suddenly, JAKE REED, 18, jumps in front and TAKES THE BLOW. John is surprised, and a little confused in his drunkenness.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, lookit what we got here.

JAKE

(to Austin)
Go to your room.

Austin slowly stands. His nose is bleeding and and he's crying. He quickly leaves.

JOHN

Now what the fuck didjya do that
for?

He takes a swig.

JAKE

Get out.

JOHN

Don't tell me what t'do.

Jake stares defiantly at his father.

JAKE

I said get out.

John turns and hurls his bottle against the wall, it SHATTERS everywhere, spilling the rest of the contents.

He then turns, ready to hit Jake.

JOHN

And I said don't tell me what t'do!

INT. REED HOME - AUSTIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Austin sits on the floor, his back against the closed door. O.S. are sounds of a struggle, crashes, cries...every time Jake screams, Austin cringes. Austin is crying - silently but violently, his tears mixing with the blood from his nose - and holding his knees to his chest. After what feels like forever...silence.

CUT TO BLACK