

TOO FAR

By

Glenn Doyle

(c) Copyright 2015.

glennadoyle@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

JACKSON (16), thin and awkward, walks with a slump past houses with no sign of life from inside.

His overweight bag is slung over a single shoulder and his clothes are all a size too big.

An empty can of soda lies in his path on the pavement. He kicks it down the street for a few steps, the only sound that is heard.

He comes to a small park at the end of the street.

He stares into the park with a look of worry drawn all over his face.

He hesitates for a brief moment but eventually makes a decision and steps into the park.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson walks across the short grass, constantly checking his surroundings.

In the distance, he sees a CROWD throwing a football to one another, enjoying the fine weather.

Jackson stops at the sight of the gang.

He turns around and walks back in the direction he came from.

BRAD (O.S.)
(calling)
Hey! Look who it is. Fag Dad!

Jackson picks up the pace.

BRAD (O.S.)
Where are you going so fast?

BRAD (17), athletic build, jogs in front of Jackson to block his path.

BRAD
You ignoring me, Fag Dad?

Jackson stops and stares down at the ground.

BRAD
You heard what happened, right?

Jackson doesn't move.

Two TEENS (17) now flank Jackson on either side.

BRAD
You heard one of your Daddies was
fired right?

Jackson eyes remain fixed on the grass below him.

BRAD
Yeah. My Dad fired your Dad. You
know, cos he's a fag.

The two teens laugh.

Jackson lifts his head and stares right into Brad's eyes.

BRAD
And now you're a poor little fag
family.

Rage builds up in Jackson. He uses all his strength and
pushes hard into Brad's broad chest.

Brad doesn't budge.

The two teens break into laughter again.

BRAD
You're just like your Daddies.

Jackson tries to run but Brad catches him instantly and
flings him back to the teens.

BRAD
Hold him. I'm gonna teach him a
lesson.

The two teens grab Jackson and hold him up as a target for
Brad.

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ceiling light casts a harsh light on the bare room.

Jackson sits on a couch holding a tissue to his lip, which
oozes blood.

Across from him, on another couch, are his two fathers, TOM and ALAN (both 40s).

TOM
What was it about?

Jackson shrugs his shoulders.

ALAN
So now you're fighting for no reason?

Jackson doesn't answer. The room fills up with silence.

TOM
Jackson, we don't need this kind of behaviour right now.

JACKSON
I know.

ALAN
That's not good enough. This isn't a once off. Do we need to alert the school?

JACKSON
No. Please don't.

ALAN
Please don't? How can we not? These stupid fights can't keep happening.

JACKSON
They won't. I promise.

Tom puts a hand on Alan's knee.

TOM
Ok. But one more incident and we'll have to do something.

Jackson gets up from the couch and heads toward the door.

TOM
Hey, I know it's been tough lately but we all have to pull together.

Jackson nods and exits.

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson steps inside and closes the door behind him.

He looks to his bed, where he see's ADAM (16), similar look to Jackson but broader, sitting against the wall with his hands behind his head.

JACKSON
What are you doing here?

ADAM
Came to see you.

JACKSON
Not now, Adam. Please.

ADAM
Brad again?

Jackson doesn't answer. He sits at his computer desk and looks at Adam.

Adam moves down on the bed, closer to Jackson.

ADAM
You can't keep letting him away with this.

JACKSON
He's just a jerk.

ADAM
Yeah, a jerk that beats you bad.

JACKSON
And nothing I can do about that.

ADAM
You could teach him a lesson.

JACKSON
Yeah right.

ADAM
Seriously. He won't fuck with you again.

JACKSON
What could I do?

Adam springs up from the bed and to the window. He peers out.

ADAM
I'll help.

JACKSON
I don't want your help.

Adam walks to him and puts a caring hand on his shoulder.

ADAM
Na. You need it.

Adam opens the door and walks out.

JACKSON
(calling)
Adam!

Reluctantly, Jackson gets up and follows Adam.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson and Adam walk closely side by side under the moonlight.

JACKSON
This is stupid.

ADAM
You can't let him away with this
any longer, Jackson.

JACKSON
We don't even know where he is.

ADAM
You do.

They turn a corner.

In the distance is Brad, standing under a street lamp with a
GIRL (17).

They hold each other, sporadically kissing.

Adam points them out.

ADAM
That him?

Jackson nods.

Adam quickens up. Jackson follows close behind.

Brad notices them walking toward him and pushes the girl gently away.

BRAD

Fag Dad?

Adam and Jackson walk quickly toward him.

Brad walks slowly to meet them.

BRAD

What do you want?

Adam meets Brad with a heavy shove.

Brad shoves him back.

Adam swings a punch and catches him on the lip.

Jackson stands a few feet away, nervously spectating.

The girl tries to intervene but Adam pushes her to the ground.

Brad grabs Adam by the collar.

BRAD

What do you want fag?

ADAM

You'll never call me fag again.

Adam quickly brandishes a knife from his pocket and without hesitation, sticks it into Brads stomach, takes it out and jabs it back in a second time.

Brad drops to the ground, holding his stomach.

The girls screams in terror and runs to Brad's aid. She looks up at Adam.

GIRL

What the fuck?

Adam stands over Brad, staring down at him.

Jackson stands right behind him.

Jackson turns around to check the area for anymore witnesses.

He turns back around. Adam is gone.

Jackson looks down to his hands, which are covered in blood and holding the knife. He drops it in terror.

The girl looks directly at him as she holds Brad's head in her arms.

GIRL
(crying)
Why?

Jackson stares blankly at her.

JACKSON
(confused)
No.

GIRL
You sick fuck!

Jackson stares at the bloody scene for a moment longer.

He turns and sprints into the distance as police sirens are heard in the distance coming nearer.

FADE OUT.