

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

It's a warm spring day. Birds are chirping and happy people titter about on the street. The faint sounds of a city bustle by.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

We pan back and reveal the cold, white office of a professional therapist. The only sound we can hear is the drone of a fluorescent bulb, buzzing. It judges the room.

KEVIN, a young lad who's not very bright is looking out the window. His hands are pressed tightly to the glass. He's a pale kid with not much to show in terms of weight. His long black hair is stringy and unkempt and his t-shirt, which reads "MUSIC / BAND," is stained with whatever it was he ate at lunch that day. His left eye is swollen, blackened from an earlier incident.

His therapist, DR. KORVALK, walks over and uses his pen as a prying tool, releasing Kevin's sticky fingers from the glass.

DR. KORVALK

Can we not- can we not touch the
glass.

Dr. Korvalk is a tall, middle aged fellow with stringy brown hair combed over his shiny-domed scalp. His white button-up is half tucked into his grey pants, and his gaudy green tie is tied wrong.

He's a man without much going for him. He still has pictures of his ex-wife in gold trimmed frames on his walls. They're larger photographs than his degree.

Kevin, disgruntled, walks over to the sofa and takes a seat.

DR. KORVALK

So tell me, Kevin. In your own
words, what exactly happened?

Kevin is silent.

DR. KORVALK

Tell me about...

He trails off and motions to his own left eye, tapping it briefly with his pen.

DR. KORVALK
Tell me how that happened.

We flashback to the time of the event.

EXT. OUTSIDE TONY'S HOUSE - EARLIER THAT DAY

KEVIN
(v.o.)
I came home from school today,
drinking one of my most all time
favorite beverages- it was the
limited edition bottle it had, uh,
it had the video games on it. You
know the one? The one with the
video games?

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Korvalk nods.

EXT. OUTSIDE TONY'S HOUSE - EARLIER THAT DAY

We see a small house wedged between two other small houses. It's decrepit and overgrown, the once white picket fence is grease stained and shabby. Dogs bark and loud, muffled rap music plays somewhere in the distance.

Kevin, in the flashback holding his backpack and wearing a beanie, makes his way up the cracked walkway to the torn screen door and enters the house.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - EARLIER THAT DAY

The inside of the house is equally amiss. The wood paneling on the walls are cracked and peeling, the shag carpet is stringy and pissed on, and the sofa has stuffing coming out from one of its cushions.

The house is filled to the brim with knickknacks and collectibles. Obscure dolls, still-in-package anime figures, and stacks and stacks of VHS tapes and HD DVDs.

KEVIN
(v.o.)
I had this sweet, sugary drink in
my hand, and just as I was about to
take a sip, wham! Bam! Thank you,
Sam- I'm on the ground, the nectar
of the gods is spilled all over the
blessed earth. It's an absolute
mess.

Kevin trips over one of the piles of HD DVDs, the bottle of soda slipping effortlessly out of his hand. He lands face down on the floor, his backpack bursting open. Pencils and papers go everywhere, as well as several action figures.

DR. KORVALK

(v.o.)

Ok, ok, so there's soda all over the ground.

KEVIN

(v.o.)

Well, not just the ground...

Suddenly TONY, the titular hero, steps into the living room to meet Kevin. He's wearing his soon-to-be-trademark dark grey hoodie and barely shaven mustache. He looks to be barely older than Kevin but yet is unfathomably his father.

He motions towards the television and points at the sticky orange liquid dripping from the screen.

TONY

Kevin, what is this G-Darn mess on my TV?

KEVIN

It's just my orange soda dad, don't worry about it.

TONY

Just orange soda? You got it on my DVD's, Kevin, my HD DVDs.

Kevin looks around, distraught. Tony continues.

TONY

(con't)

They don't even make HD DVD's anymore, Kevin. They are collector items

KEVIN

Well dad, I'm really thirsty you know I like soda. How can I not drink it and accidentally spill it?

TONY

G-D Kevin, there's ants all over the place! Who's gonna clean that up!?

He stops for a beat and looks around the sticky mess. Small black dots scuttle about on the floor.

Tony takes a step and tries to squash a few but is unsuccessful.

KEVIN

No dad, no! They're my friends dad!

TONY

Those are freaking ants, Kevin! Aw asshole one's crawling up my leg! G-D Kevin! There's ants on my dick!

KEVIN

Dad stop! They're my friends!

Tony continues to squash ants.

KEVIN

(now more distraught)

Dad no! You're killing them!

He screams and awkwardly dives to the floor, trying delicately to pick them up one by one.

TONY

That's it.

Tony storms off and Kevin believes his ants are safe. We hold on a shot of him picking up and kissing each ant between his fingers and letting them go softly. Suddenly, thumping footsteps as Tony reenters the room, now holding a big can of bug-spray.

TONY

These ants are gonna go! Time to meet their little ant maker!

Kevin tries to stop him but it's too late. Tony sprays the ants heavily, killing many and wounding others. The ones not in direct line of sight flee to under the couch.

TONY

There's ants everywhere Kevin!

KEVIN

(holding back tears)

They're more entertaining than your HD DVDs!

Tony, now frozen with anger looks his son dead in the eye. He slaps him hard across the face, knocking him to the floor.

TONY
(shouting)
You know I don't believe in
Blu-ray!

KEVIN
Dad! It's embarrassing! My friends
come over and they see HD DVDs and
they want to watch it, and we don't
even have a system to play it! You
have a Blu-ray player dad! But it
doesn't play HD DVDs.

A lull in the argument as they both calm down a little. Tony
walks over to the other side of the room and sighs heavily.

TONY
You know I like to live in the
past, alright Kevin? There's
nothing else going for me in the
future. It's the past!

Kevin looks down and looks over to the empty bottle.

KEVIN
I'll be more careful with my sugary
drink, but you can't stop me from
drinking them dad!

TONY
Yeah, well who's buying them for
you, huh Kevin?

Kevin looks away, not wanting to meet his dad's eye.

KEVIN
I wish I was never born!

Tony is now more visibly angry. He continues his
questioning, shouting.

TONY
Who's buying you orange soda for
you, Kevin!?

Kevin, now crying, makes his way to the door.

TONY
Who's buying you the G-D orange
soda, Kevin!?

Kevin makes his way to the door, opens it and stops. He
turns around harshly.

KEVIN
You are, Dad!

He slams the door behind him, shaking off a framed picture of Patrick Stewart. It smashes on the floor cracking the glass.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE -EVENING

It's now dusk outside the window as the sun has begun to set.

We sit in a beat of silence as Dr. Korvalk finishes writing.

DR. KORVALK
So your father hit you then?

KEVIN
Yeah.

DR. KORVALK
Over... what exactly?

KEVIN
HD DVDs.

DR. KORVALK
What even are those?

KEVIN
They're collectors items.

He stops writing and sets his legal pad down on the table next to him.

He puts his hands together in front of his face, finger tips touching. His leg crosses over his lap and he sits and thinks.

DR. KORVALK
Kevin, I'm going to do a little
test with you if you don't mind.
This will just be a moment.

He pulls a sheet of his legal paper and hands it with his pen to Kevin,

DR. KORVALK
What I want you to do is draw for
me, as best you can, exactly how
this all made you feel.

He leaves the pen on the table. Kevin picks it up and begins drawing.

DR. KORVALK

(con't)

Now, take your time, there's no rush, and there's no need to make it artistic, just in your best way possible show me how-

He's cut off as Kevin slaps the pen down on the table and slides the paper over to Dr. Korvalk.

KEVIN

Done.

DR. KORVALK

Oh... I see... quicker than I thought, are we? Lemme just see...

He looks down at the paper.

On it is a detailed depiction of a fat, hairy dick.

DR. KORVALK

Kevin, you've seem to have drawn a-

KEVIN

Penis. Yes.

DR. KORVALK

How exactly does this represent the situation?

KEVIN

Penises look like Darth Vader. Do you see?

He points to the head of the penis where he's also drawn the mouth guard and eye piece of the famous Star Wars villain. The back side of the penis' head is shaped in such a way it looks like Vader's helmet.

DR. KORVALK

Okay, yes- indeed. I think I've seen all I needed to see here.

He gets up from his chair and walks over to his phone. He dials and waits, looking concerned at Kevin, then finally reaches someone on the other end.

DR. KORVALK

Yes, hello, I've got a patient here, a Kevin- mmhm... yes, yes... yes of course. Oh you'll be here shortly? Wonderful, I'll let him know.

He hangs up the phone. He looks over at Kevin and sighs.

DR. KORVALK

Kevin, I've just called
child-services. It would seem you
won't be able to continue living
with your father from now on.

KEVIN

I can't live with dad any more? But
why not?

DR. KORVALK

Your father, it seems, is no longer
a viable option as a guardian as he
no longer demonstrates proper care
and a responsible home life for
you.

Kevin is escorted out of the room and down the stairs.

INT. LOBBY OF THERAPIST'S BUILDING - EVENING

Kevin is brought to the lobby where a nice woman wearing a
pantsuit is waiting for him. This is the CHILD-SERVICES
AGENT and she's waiting for Kevin.

CHILD-SERVICES AGENT

Kevin, is it?

KEVIN

Yeah, hi.

CHILD-SERVICES AGENT

Hi Kevin. I'm with the agency,
we're going to be taking you to a
new home, okay?

KEVIN

A new home?

CHILD-SERVICES AGENT

Yes indeed. You're going to get to
live with a nice man who just
signed up with foster care very
recently. He was actually the only
person available in the area in
such short notice.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

They leave the lobby and head for her car. It's a neat and clean black two-door that looks very expensive.

She continues to explain.

INT. CHILD-SERVICE AGENT'S CAR - EVENING

CHILD-SERVICES AGENT

(con't)

Your home life is going to improve a lot, Kevin. There's nothing more you could possibly require.

KEVIN

Actually.

He fidgets a little.

KEVIN

(con't)

Do you happen to have any orange soda?

CHILD-SERVICES AGENT

Ah, I heard about that. Of course sweetie, I brought a bottle just for you.

She reaches over to the glove compartment and pulls out a bottle of orange soda. Kevin is ecstatic.

KEVIN

Oh my god, my sweet, delicious baby.

He begins to drink the soda quickly, savoring each gulp with his eyes closed.

The car pulls up to its destination. The two get out.

EXT. OUTSIDE - EVENING

Kevin is still gulping down his soda, not paying attention to his surroundings.

CHILD-SERVICES AGENT

Here we are, Kevin! Your new home!

KEVIN

(barely looking up)

Finally! I'll never have to hear about HD DVDs for the rest of my-

They open the door.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Inside is Tony, sitting completely naked in his computer chair, used tissues and other masturbatory devices strewn about.

TONY

Oh my god, you've got to be kidding
me, I can't ever get rid of this
little shit.

Kevin, still standing outside the doorway, is absolutely shocked.

In his surprise, he drops his orange soda bottle. It splashes as it hits the ground, getting orange, sticky liquids all over a near-by stack of HD DVDs.

CUT TO BLACK

END CREDITS OVER SILENCE