

THE STORM WITHIN

Written by

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Based on, Stephen's Story
An excerpt from Sins of the Flesh

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ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

JAYNE GREENE, a young woman of 19-years-old with shoulder-length light blonde hair, exits a Honda Accord, and saunters towards the front door of the Wright Family Home.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The brusque knocks at the front door are harsh enough to wake the dead miles away. Jayne opens the front door, and moves toward the Family Room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Soft classical music plays in the background. Family photos and random artwork adorn the room. MATTHEW STEPHEN WRIGHT, JR., AKA STEPHEN WRIGHT (20), slumps down on the ottoman with his head in his lap.

JAYNE

Ahem! Stephen! Don't act like you don't see me standing here!

Stephen glares across the room and back into his palms.

STEPHEN

What do you want?!

JAYNE

Stephen, I'm not trash that you can throw away when you're done. We have a son, and you need to accept that!

Stephen rises to his feet and leans against the wall.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

Stephen? Did you hear me? So, you have nothing to say to me?

Stephen bangs his hand on the wooden side table.

STEPHEN

Dammit Jayne, a deaf man can hear you! I'll ask again: What do you want?

Jayne pleads with Stephen.

JAYNE

Stephen, I want YOU! We have a son who needs you! But, I need you too.

Jayne leans against Stephen's body. Stephen pushes Jayne and walks away.

STEPHEN

Jayne, we had fun, and now the fun is OVER! He's not my kid! You know you've been with others too.

Jayne stands there and clutches her hands together.

JAYNE

Stephen, I love you, and we can make this work. I'll marry you if that's what it takes to keep you in our lives!

Stephen glares at Jayne again.

STEPHEN

Jayne, marry you? I don't want to be in this room with you. Growing up in this house has taught me one thing.

Jayne looks at Stephen in disgust; rolls her eyes and neck.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

There are two types of women you have in your life, not including your mothers and grandmothers.

JAYNE

Stephen, I don't understand. Enlighten me.

STEPHEN

There's the woman you have fun with, and there's the woman you bring home to your mother.

JAYNE

Ugh, Stephen, what's your point!

STEPHEN

You are definitely not the one I should have ever brought home!

Jayne bawls and pleads with Stephen once more.

JAYNE

Stephen, why do I love you when all you seem to do is hurt me?

STEPHEN

Jayne, I should have left you where I found you! The only thing you were good for was working your mouth!

Jayne snatches the butterfly paperweight from the table and hurls it at Stephen.

JAYNE

Stephen, you are nothing!

Stephen runs around the Family Room away from Jayne.

STEPHEN

Love me? Hate me? I'm confused, Jayne. Pick one and move on.

Jayne continues to throw things at Stephen and he pauses.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Wait one minute. See what I mean. I told you you've been with others. Daryl, and my dad? Humph.

Jayne stops and stands there.

JAYNE

Yeah Stephen, Daryl's dick is better, and your daddy's too!

Stephen laughs and shakes his head.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I bet a whore like you could turn my dad's head. However, you might just be too much of a whore for him!

Jayne races across the room. WHOP! WHOP! WHOP!

JAYNE

You sick bastard! I'm not going to be too many more "WHORES" around here!

FADE OUT.

SCENE B

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

MS. GLADYS (60ish), stout, yet swift woman with grey hair in a bun interrupts the two in the Family Room.

MS. GLADYS
Stephen? Jayne? Stop this fighting,
right now! I will not lose my job
for the likes of you!

Ms. Gladys approaches Jayne and points toward the door. She looks at Stephen and shakes her head.

MS. GLADYS (CONT'D)
Time to go Ms. Greene. You've
overstayed your unwanted welcome!

JAYNE
Ms. Gladys, I just love you girl.

MS. GLADYS
Hush lil girl. Let's go. Get outta
here! Right now!

JAYNE
Alright Ms. Gladys, don't have a
conniption. I'll leave. He-he-he.
But, I'm coming back tomorrow.

Ms. Gladys mumbles and shakes her head.

MS. GLADYS
I can't stand this lil girl. Little
nasty, disrespectful thing. I want
to slap her.

Stephen approaches Ms. Gladys and she dismisses him.

MS. GLADYS (V.O.)
I still don't know what he saw in
her. Oh wait, he saw what all
Wright men see in whorish women;
"the nasty goods".

FADE OUT.