

Intervention

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A typical two-storey Colonial style house in an affluent suburb. Cars fill the driveway and the street. All the lights in the house are on.

POV: across the street.

A MAN and WOMAN (mid 60's) walk up to the front door, the door opens and WE HEAR laughter from within.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SAME

NATHALIE KELSO (mid 30's), greets her parents, ROGER and MAUREEN, with a kiss and takes their jackets. Roger has a ROBERT LOGGIA quality; Maureen is a scatterbrain.

NATHALIE

Hi Daddy.

ROGER

Hey kitten. Everybody here already?

NATHALIE

In the den - Jules is showing the video.

MAUREEN

Do you need me to help you in the kitchen Natty?

NATHALIE

Just go inside Mom.

(beat)

It'll be fine - don't worry.

Dad's already walking away.

ROGER

C'mon Mo - step it up.

Nathalie steps back into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Roger and Maureen walk into a dark, crowded room, obviously a FAMILY GATHERING. Nathalie's husband TOM (late 30's), sits between Nathalie's older sister JULIE (early 40's), and younger sister KATY (mid 20's). Various spouses and grandchildren complete the roster.

A vacation video is playing on a BIG SCREEN TV - a waterpark, rollercoasters etc.

TOM

Hi Mom.

(to teenager)

Get up Curtis, let Grandma sit down.

MAUREEN

Oh I'm fine Curt.

ROGER

Just sit down Mo - Jesus.

TOM

Drink, Roger?

ROGER

I know where it is.

Tom takes a cleansing breath, fixes a smile - no love lost there.

ROGER

Where is this, Dineyland?

JULIE

Six Flags.

(looking around)

Where's Nat? She's gotta see this part.

Nathalie walks into the doorway.

NATHALIE

Is this those stupid hats?

JULIE

Just watch - it's hilarious.

She turns up the VOLUME. PUSH IN to TV and...

BEGIN VACATION VIDEO

EXT. SIX FLAGS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Julie is filming with one hand, drinking with the other:
Nathalie sits on the hood of a crew cab PICK-UP TRUCK, she's wearing a giant SOMBRERO, holding cigar and sipping from an enormous marguerita...the gals are having a GOOD time.

NATHALIE

I can't believe we're getting
hammered at an amusement park -
it's un-American.

JULIE (O.C.)

I can't believe you showed that guy
your tits - you slut!

NATHALIE

I wanted the hat, bitch!

She tries to light the cigar, the sombrero catches on fire.
She drunkenly extinguishes the flames.

Julie PANS LEFT and follows a YOUNG GUY (20's), as he walks
between the pickup truck and the vehicle beside it.

JULIE (O.C.)

(under her breath)

Nice butt!

Just as the camera is panning away someone in the cargo bed
of the pickup truck DECAPITATES the young guy with a
machete. FREEZE FRAME

BACK TO DEN

A shocked silence - no-one is quite sure if they REALLY saw
what they think they just saw on the video. Tom is shaking
his head, glaring at Julie.

TOM

(to Julie)

You cunt, you fucking cunt! I can't
fucking believe you sometimes.

NATHALIE

Tom!

JULIE

Oh it's fine Nat - not like it's
the first time.

TOM
Miserable fucking cunt!

ROGER
What did you just call her, you
little fuck!

Tom responds with an obscene gesture meaning Roger sucks
cock.

ROGER
What the fuck is that? What did you
just say to me?

MAUREEN
It means cocksucker.

NATHALIE
Mom!

KATY
(egging Mom on)
What does it mean Mom?

MAUREEN
(emphatically)
Cock SUCKER. When he sticks his
tongue in the side of his cheek and
does that motion with his hand it's
supposed to be a penis.

JULIE
You know exactly what it is Katy -
it's not like you haven't done it
enough.

KATY
Jealous?

ROGER
Okay enough!

TOM
Bet you never said that in the
Navy.

ROGER
You wanna take this outside
asswipe?

NATHALIE
Dad! Just calm down. Tom stop being
a dick, I hate it when you get like
that.

MAUREEN

(fast)

Cock sucker, Cock sucker, Cock sucker.

(Al Pacino 'Scarface' accent)

You fucking cock a sucker.

ROGER

Maureen shut it!

MAUREEN

(directly to Roger)

Cock sucker.

Roger rolls his eyes - gives up.

ROGER

Curt, pour Grandpa a whisky, big one.

JULIE

Dad, he's fifteen for God's sake!

TOM

Jesus fucking Christ Julie, shut the fuck up. Fucking uptight cunt.

Roger gets to his feet.

ROGER

Let's go.

TOM

(smirking)

Sit down old man. Sit down and shut up for once.

Tom lunges for the remote control - Julie ducks away from him. Tom stomps past Nathalie, she reaches out to touch him but he shrugs off her hand and leaves the room.

NATHALIE

Jesus Christ what is wrong with you people? We're supposed to be helping him!

ROGER

He's a fucking baby. Put the movie on.

MAUREEN

Is it time for Idol yet?

NATHALIE

Tom is really embarrassed - this was a mistake.

KATY

Oh you think so?

NATHALIE

Katy shut up - where's your husband: oh, right...forgot.

KATY

Fuck you tampon.

ROGER

Curt get me a drink.

CURT

Mom said...

ROGER

Fine, I'll get it myself faggot.

JULIE

Oh, real nice Dad.

MAUREEN

Cock sucker - you COCK SUCKER.

Tom sticks his head back into the room.

TOM

(to Julie)

You're a fucking bitter, dyke whore
- you know that?

JULIE

Fuck YOU, Tom!

NATHALIE

I'm gonna get the nachos...

JULIE

Natty! This was your idea!

NATHALIE

The nachos are gonna burn - I'll be back.

She walks away.

Julie presses a button on the remote.

RESUME VACATION VIDEO

Julie keeps the camera rolling as she leads Nathalie across the parking lot and down a wooded path.

NATHALIE

Jules, where are we going?

JULIE (O.C.)

Just shut up, Jesus - it's a surprise.

NATHALIE

I hate surprises. Remember when Mister VanHunsdorf said he had a surprise for me in 9th grade?

JULIE (O.C.)

Only surprise was you liked it so much - all that salty goodness...yummy!

NATHALIE

(laughing)

You're so fucking gross - I'm gonna pee myself!

JULIE (O.C.)

Okay quiet...shh...shh

NATHALIE

(whispers)

What?

They are at the edge of a clearing down by a RIVER. Julie FOCUSES the camera and WE SEE Tom bashing the decapitated head against a rock, trying to split it open COCONUT style.

beat - silence

Nathalie turns and half runs away.

JULIE (O.C.)

Natty! Natty get back here.

Nathalie shakes her head, keeps walking.

JULIE (O.C.)

I told you. I told you Natty.

END VACATION VIDEO

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Nathalie is alone in the kitchen staring at a huge tray of nachos, her mind is miles away.

She catches a quick glimpse of Tom walking past en route to the Den and then...

...an UPROAR from the Den, everybody shouting at once - the tone is DISGUST as though Tom has just walked in and pissed on the floor.

A door SLAMS and Julie walks into the kitchen; her left arm has been cut off above the elbow.

JULIE

Have you got a towel?

(angry)

Nat, I'm bleeding all over the fucking place, get me a towel!

NATHALIE

Sorry! Here...what happened?

JULIE

What do you think?

Nathalie gives Julie a DISH TOWEL. Julie struggles to tie it around the bleeding stump.

JULIE

What a fucking asshole! Sorry, I know he's your husband but come on.

NATHALIE

No, I know...

JULIE

Seriously Nat, it's not like he's in college anymore, shit like that is just juvenile.

NATHALIE

You mean the...

She makes a vague slashing motion.

JULIE

The Cannibalism? Yeah, that's what I mean.

(then)

Did you guys eat already - supper I mean?

NATHALIE
Soy meat loaf - why?

JULIE
Duh. Because he's got my arm,
that's why.

NATHALIE
He took it?

JULIE
Yeah he took it - probably
slobbering all over it right now.
'Course Dad just sat there like a
bump on a fucking log.

NATHALIE
What's with all that cocksucker
stuff? Is Mom high or something?

JULIE
She's probably snorting her
estrogen pills.

They giggle.

NATHALIE
It's a miracle we turned out normal
with parents like that.

JULIE
(confidentially)
You know Katy isn't Dads, right?
(off Nathalie's look)
We'll talk later. Fuck, I'm
dripping all over the place. I knew
he hadn't quit. I knew it.

NATHALIE
(re: towel)
Do you want me to help you with
that?

JULIE
Can you just get my arm back? He's
in the backyard.

Nathalie nods and walks out of the kitchen. Julie pulls the
towel tight with her teeth, notices the nachos - takes
one...grimaces.

JULIE
Fuck Natty, always with the salt.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Nathalie climbs the ladder up to the treehouse door.

NATHALIE
Tom?

beat

TOM (O.C.)
What?

NATHALIE
Can I come in?

TOM (O.C.)
No.

NATHALIE
Tom...

TOM (O.C.)
Is cuntface with you?

NATHALIE
I assume that's Julie - and no, she
isn't.

TOM (O.C.)
Fine.

Nathalie climbs into the treehouse; Tom is in the far corner
holding an ARM.

NATHALIE
Julie wants her arm back.

TOM
Oh for fuck's sake! That's why
you're here - for fucking Julie?

NATHALIE
No! I'm here for you.

TOM
Bullshit!

NATHALIE
 It's true. That...
 (the arm)
 ...is just getting in the way.

TOM
 Fine.

He throws it out the door.

TOM
 Happy?

JULIE (O.C.)
 If you fucking chewed on it you
 cocksucker - I swear to fucking God
 Tom!

NATHALIE
 Julie we're trying to talk here -
 please?

JULIE (O.C.)
 Fine.

beat

TOM
 This whole thing was an ambush - I
 can't believe you did that.

NATHALIE
 We're trying to help you.

TOM
 Like fuck! Maybe you are - the rest
 of them? They're just out for
 blood.

NATHALIE
 I just don't know what else to do?

TOM
 Why do we have to do anything?
 Jesus, I mean I'm not hurting
 anyone.

NATHALIE
 What about Jenny? Remember when she
 found the Fed Ex guy in the
 freezer?

TOM

One time Nat...one single time!

NATHALIE

Jesus Tom, she's not brilliant to begin with - if she gets all messed up, what then? She'll never get into a decent school.

beat Tom knows she's right.

Nathalie unfolds a sheet of paper.

NATHALIE

Remember this?

No answer.

NATHALIE

We went through all the reasons - we agreed...

TOM

You agreed!

NATHALIE

WE agreed. I'm not making this up. First thing on the list: too much red meat. That's from your own doctor.

TOM

I know, I know - Jesus okay, I know everything you're saying makes sense!

NATHALIE

So what's the problem?

TOM

I don't know. Don't you ever get sick of it - the burbs, keeping up appearances: two cars in the driveway, all this bullshit. Doesn't it drive you nuts?

NATHALIE

It's all I've ever known - it's all you've ever known.

TOM

Well I'm sick of it. There has to be something more.

NATHALIE

Fine, hey I'm great with trying new things, breaking the mold, whatever - but the cannibalism? Come on, that's for kids. Okay?

She reaches out for him. He smiles and takes her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

The kids are playing video games; Roger is dozing in an armchair; Julie is working the stiffness out of her reattached arm. Katy is absent.

Maureen hands Julie a cup of tea.

MAUREEN

I still think we should take you to a doctor.

JULIE

It's fine Mom, just a little stiff.

MAUREEN

Cocksucker!

JULIE

What?

She turns around, Nathalie and Tom are standing in the doorway.

NATHALIE

Mom...

MAUREEN

Sorry.

Nathalie nudges Tom.

TOM

Sorry about the arm Julie.

Julie waits smugly for more...

NATHALIE

And...

TOM

And I'm sorry for calling you a cuntface bitch and suggesting that you're a bitter, interfering, obnoxious dyke who should get her own shit together and the stay the fuck out of everyone else's life.

beat

JULIE

Do you mean that or are you just saying it?

TOM

See?

NATHALIE

Jeez Jules, just for once...

JULIE

Okay, fine...apology accepted.

ROGER

What a load of bullshit!

NATHALIE

Dad!

ROGER

Well gimme a break. He's full of shit - always has been. Fucking douchebag.

NATHALIE

Mom, talk to him - please!

Tom makes his cock sucker gesture again and laughs.

ROGER

Oh, real tough guy aren't you, with your wife around so I don't kick your ass. Pathetic.

Tom repeats the gesture.

NATHALIE

Okay what is that all about? You've been doing that all night.

JULIE

Nat, just leave it.

TOM
(to Julie)
You know about the box too?

ROGER
(alarmed)
Box...what box?

JULIE
Tom, don't!

TOM
You know exactly what box - the
little black box with your navy
photos.

ROGER
You son of a bitch! You went
through my stuff!

NATHALIE
Tom, what are you talking about?

ROGER
You shut your fucking mouth - I'm
warning you!

Tom just shrugs his shoulders.

ROGER
There's no box kitten, he's just
trying to get my goat.

TOM
Don't worry it'll all come out
after you're dead - I'll make sure
those pictures get displayed on
your coffin.

Roger lunges at Tom, Nathalie jumps in between them.

NATHALIE
Dad sit down - nobody's 'stepping
outside'. This is an intervention -
you're supposed to be helping me.

Everybody takes a deep breath, feeling slightly ashamed of
themselves...then...

MAUREEN
(to Tom)
Cocksucker.

Tom picks up a BASEBALL BAT and smacks Maureen repeatedly in the head: blood sprays everywhere. Her lifeless body rolls onto the floor and into the video playing circle.

CURT
Grandma! Get her off me - I'm on my
last life.

Tom throws down the bat, looks around at the stunned faces.

CURT
The controller's stuck - 'cos of
all the blood.

JULIE
Oh, way to go Tom!

Roger stands up, walks over to Maureen: slowly shakes his head.

ROGER
That is the last straw. I mean it,
that is fucking IT! You and me,
outside right now!

TOM
Fine with me bitch.

NATHALIE
Jules, do something!

JULIE
I told you this was a stupid idea.

NATHALIE
You cunt!

beat

CURT
(quietly)
Can we go get a new controller?

Tom and Roger exit, seconds later the door to the backyard slams shut behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nathalie is making up a folding bed for Curt. A younger child is asleep in the bed.

CURT

Why can't we just go home?

NATHALIE

'Cos your Mom wants to stay here tonight - the grownups aren't done talking yet.

CURT

This is bullshit.

NATHALIE

Curtis!

CURT

Sorry Aunt Nathalie.

NATHALIE

Remember to brush your teeth, there's a spare toothbrush in the second drawer.

She walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nathalie is making tea. Julie enters carrying a bucket and scrub brush and wearing rubber gloves.

JULIE

I got the worst of it out - you'll have to steam clean the rug though.

NATHALIE

Thanks babe. Tea?

JULIE

With a little shot of brandy perhaps?

NATHALIE

God yes! That's what this evening needs - alcohol.

Nathalie adds brandy to two cups of tea. Katy enters looking very stoned. Nathalie and Julie wrinkle up their noses.

KATY

What the fuck are Tom and Dad doing out there? Sounds like Raccoons at a gangbang.

She giggles hysterically - mimics Raccoons.

Silence

KATY

What?

NATHALIE

Nothing.

Julie 'sniffs'.

KATY

Oh fuck off - so I smoked a joint. Big deal.

JULIE

We had an intervention for you and everything.

KATY

Well maybe, Jules, you should get a vibrator and fucking lay off the interventions. What do you say?

JULIE

Charming.

KATY

Mangez moi.
(to Nathalie)
Sorry, was that insensitive?

Tom walks in: his hands and mouth are covered in blood. He goes to the sink and starts cleaning himself up. All is awkward silence.

He dries his hands on a dish towel - looks from one face to another: nobody makes eye contact.

TOM

You know what, this is bullshit. I'm gonna put an end to this right now.

NATHALIE

Where's Dad?

He stomps out of the room.

TOM (O.C.)
My upper colon.

"Ooh Yuk" faces from the girls.

JULIE
What do you think he's gonna do?

NATHALIE
I don't know.

They look at Katy, she just shrugs.

beat

They all hurry from the kitchen to see what's going on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Tom has set up an ELECTRONIC KEYBOARD. Maureen's corpse is propped up in a chair. All the kids sit in a semi-circle in their pajamas.

Tom hits a note...

TOM
(sings)
I'd like to teach the world to
sing/ In perfect harmony/ I'd like
to buy the world a coke/ And keep
it company.

LITTLE GIRL
(falsetto)
It's the real thing.

TOM
Everybody now!

They all start singing. Tom waves to Nathalie, Julie and Katy who are standing in the doorway.

Nathalie sits beside Tom and they play the song together. Julie pulls a GUITAR from behind the couch and plays along. Katy has a TAMBOURINE.

FADE OUT on a rousing sing-along.

THE END