

# UNRELATED

by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

The sun beams down on a nice suburban backyard.

HANK (60) stands by a grill with a spatula in his hand. He's big, muscular, still handsome. Has an irresistible smile.

LISA (55) sets a picnic table. She's short, rotund, very motherly.

Hank flips a big steak over, glances at his wife with a flirtatious smile.

HANK

How you like your meat, honey?  
Tender or tough?

Lisa giggles, gives him coy smile under blushed cheeks.

LISA

Oh Hank! You're terrible.

STAN (29) a happy go lucky, dreamer kind of guy, skips into the backyard with TILDA (25) by his hand. She's a slender cutiepie in a pretty summer dress. Stan has a huge goofy grin on his face.

They stop in front of Hank and Lisa, gaze into each others eyes like only lovers can.

STAN

Mom, dad, this is Tilda O'steen.

They hug each other in excitement.

Hank, eyes Tilda, flashes his trademark hound dog smile.

HANK

Well, hi there, Tilda.

Lisa notices Hank, sighs in good humor.

STAN

I have something to tell  
you...Tilda and I are getting  
married.

Stan and Tilda squeal.

Surprised, but happy, Lisa gasps, puts her hand on her chest.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Hank and Stan share a beer. Hank's in deep thought.

HANK

You said her last name is O'steen?

Stan's giddy at the mere thought of Tilda.

STAN

She's the most amazing girl I've ever met.

A pained expression on Hank's face.

HANK

Son, I don't know how to tell you this, but...

He puts his hand on Stan's shoulder.

HANK

You can't marry that girl.

Stan snaps out of his dream trance, stares at Hank.

STAN

What?

Hank squirms, embarrassed.

HANK

You see, long time ago, I had an affair with Mary O'steen...Tilda's mother.

Stan stares in disbelief at his dad.

STAN

What are you saying?

Hank nods in shame.

STAN

You're her father?

HANK

I'm sorry...

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

**EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

Hank sits at the picnic table. A newspaper and coffee in front of him.

Stan struts into the backyard with a dreamy look on his face.

Hank glimpses up at him.

STAN  
Dad, I'm in love.

Hank lights up, puts his coffee down.

HANK  
Oh, yeah?

Stan nods in an exaggerated way.

STAN  
Oh, yeah!

Hank gets up, puts his hands on Stan's shoulders.

HANK  
Tell me. Who's the lucky girl?

STAN  
Her name is Clara Jackson. She's  
the most beautiful --

Hank frowns.

HANK  
Jackson? Not Sheila Jackson's  
daughter?

Stan's shoulders slump.

STAN  
Don't tell me you...

Embarrassed, Hank nods.

HANK  
I'm sorry, son. I couldn't help  
myself. She was irresistible. Had  
the most incredible feet.  
(dreamy)  
She could braid her own hair with  
those delicate little toes.

Hank's mind drifts off. Stan is appalled.

MONTAGE

Stan twirls pretty girl #1 around in his arms.

Stan and girl #1 rush up the driveway. Hank and Lisa stare at them. Stan beams with excitement. Embarrassed, Hank shakes his head, no. Stan, disappointed, glowers at Hank.

Stan and pretty girl #2 are in a diner. They drink milk shake out of they same glass. Eyes locked deep on each other.

Stan and girl #2, rush out in the backyard where Hank and Lisa snuggle in a hammock. Stan's besides himself with excitement. Hank studies #2, then shakes his head no. Stan slumps down, depressed.

END MONTAGE

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Stan sits depressed on the steps up to the front door.

Lisa exits the house. She has a plate with apple pie topped with ice cream in her hand.

She looks at her son with sympathy, hands him the plate.

LISA

Here. Have some of this. It will make you feel better.

STAN

Mom, I feel terrible.

LISA

What's wrong, sweetheart?

Stan puts the plate down. Too miserable to eat.

STAN

Every girl I meet, and I've met almost all the girls in town...they're all my sisters!

He gazes up at his mother.

STAN

How can you live with him?

Lisa takes a deep breath. Sighs.

LISA

Your father is a very charming man.  
He knows his way with women. He can  
be very hard to resist.

STAN

I'll never be able to get married.

Lisa smiles, cups his face in her hands.

LISA

Yes, you will. In fact, you can  
marry any one of those girls.

Stan's disgusted.

STAN

Marry one of my sisters?

Lisa kisses his forehead.

LISA

You go ahead. Marry any one of  
them. You see...your dad isn't  
really your father.

Lisa winks at Stan, then heads back into the house.

FADE OUT: