

UNDERLOVED

Written by

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INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

CU of a hand writing on a piece of paper. There are two columns separated by a thick line. In left column we see: "Friends." "I have potential?" "Beautiful world." Right column is empty.

JORDAN (18, African American, awkwardly looking) sits, rocking on the chair, chomps the pencil in his mouth. He stops for a second, looks at the window. Suddenly he throws the pencil on the table, grabs his head and starts pulling his own hair, he covers his face with his turtleneck sweater. He mumbles something incomprehensible. He grabs the pencil back, lets out a quiet but deep sigh and slowly writes in the right column: "H.I.V."

BETTY (O.S.)
Jordan! Dinner's ready!

Jordan looks at his paper again. He can't help but smile timidly.

JORDAN
Coming!

Jordan writes in the left column: "Mom".

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Typical dining room of the middle class family somewhere in Mississippi. Round dining table is full of delicious food. WALTER (45, Caucasian, average built) sits at the table and greedily fills his plate from the bowl. BETTY (40, Caucasian, sweet looking, wears apron) brings a saucepan with hot food and lovingly puts some of it on the plates. Jordan walks in the dining room and sits down. Betty finishes serving, takes out her apron and sits down as well. She lights the candle. Betty, Walter and Jordan take each other's hand and close their eyes.

WALTER
We thank You Lord, for all you
give. The food we eat. The lives we
live. Our family and the love
between us. Amen.

BETTY
Amen.

JORDAN
Amen.

All three exchange smiles, start putting food in their plates and eating.

BETTY

So how was everybody's day?

WALTER

Could be better. This guy pissed me off. He changed his mind again about the car. I've wasted so much time with him already and nothing.

BETTY

You don't think he'll buy it?

WALTER

I'm not even gonna let him in our dealership again, let me put it this way.

Jordan doesn't really pay attention to the conversation and slowly chews his food. Betty notices that Jordan is more quiet than usual.

BETTY

(to Jordan)

And how are you, sweetie?

WALTER

He's alright, aren't you, son? You don't have to worry about feeding the family or anything.

Walter slightly shakes Jordan's shoulder and winks at him.

JORDAN

You know I'm trying to get a job that wouldn't interfere with my classes and would pay decently.

WALTER

I know, I know. Relax there.

Walter chuckles. Betty observes her husband and son then sips some juice from her glass. Jordan glances down at his plate and starts aimlessly stirring his food.

BETTY

(to Walter)

Anyway.. Do you have to work again this Sunday or will you come to the Service with me? Pastor's been asking about you.

WALTER

You know, I'd love to, honey.

Walter grabs Betty's hand and kisses it.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But my stupid manager wouldn't let me. Have to sell those cars all goddamn Sunday.

JORDAN

I have to tell you something.

Betty suddenly pierces Jordan with a very concerned look.

WALTER

What's going on, son?

Jordan keeps looking at his plate and stir.

JORDAN

Please, don't freak out.

Betty closes her eyes for a second and swallows loudly. Walter stops chewing and gets a little tense.

WALTER

What is it? Did you fail your test again?

JORDAN

Test is fine.

WALTER

Well, spit it out, will ya??

JORDAN

Tina is not my girlfriend.

Betty puts a fist to her mouth and breathes out in it.

BETTY

Oh God...

Walter's posture gets more tense every second.

JORDAN

She's just my friend. And I never had a girlfriend... Because I'm not attracted to girls and I never was.

WALTER

Fuck are you talking about??

BETTY
Walter, please..

WALTER
No, wait! Are you trying to tell us
that you're a fucking faggot?

BETTY
Walter!!

JORDAN
Dad..

WALTER
You fucking serious??

Walter jumps off from his chair, Betty rushes after him.
Jordan doesn't take his eyes from his plate and doesn't move.
Walter paces around the dining room.

WALTER (CONT'D)
(to Betty)
Did you know??

BETTY
Just calm down, please. I beg of
you.

WALTER
Calm down?? Are you both serious? I
find out that I raised fucking gay
and you tell me to calm down? How
am I supposed to look everyone in
the eye??

Walter raises his hand over Jordan's face as if he wants to
hit him.

WALTER (CONT'D)
How??

Betty tries to grab Walter's hand and put it away from
Jordan. There is almost no distance between all three of
them, yet Jordan remains immovable.

JORDAN
Go ahead, Dad.

Tears start to come out of Betty's eyes.

BETTY
Both of you, please, stop! We just
need to talk this through. We're
family for the love of God.