

FAT BOYS DON'T CRY

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

XAVIER, a 13 year old chubby kid who has the looks of a "gentle giant," is sitting at a table watching a makeup tutorial while eating cereal. He has one earbud in.

YOUTUBER (O.S.)
Okay and then you want to start
blending -

SUDDENLY he hears the loud sound of FOOTSTEPS approaching him. Like HEAVY BOOTS SLAMMING against the floor. Xavier quickly turns off his phone and slams it facedown.

The sound of the FOOTSTEPS stop and the person in the boots starts BANGING on a door.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Angie you need to wake up!

The footsteps begin again until Xavier's father, JIMMY, a 32 year old man who looks like he's lived two lifetimes, enters. He's wearing a tattered jacket, cargo pants, and rugged boots, all stained with paint.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Mornin.

Xavier nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
How'd you sleep after last night's
game?

XAVIER
Fine... my leg still hurts though.

JIMMY
And yet you had no problem getting
to the kitchen.

Xavier stops eating and stares at the table.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Don't spend the whole day eating.
When I get back we're going to the
track. Got it?

Xavier doesn't look up.

XAVIER
Yes sir.

Jimmy leaves, the sound of his BOOTS still audible even outside. Xavier watches as he leaves. Right when Jimmy's car pulls out of the driveway Xavier turns to go to -

INT. ANGELA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA, a 15 year old girl with messy hair and heavy bags under her eyes, is lying in her bed. Xavier opens the door and heads to her dresser. He rummages through it.

XAVIER
Where is it?

ANGELA
Bottom left.

He sighs and searches the drawer. He pulls out a large makeup bag, and his face instantly lights up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Xavier is looking in the mirror. He inspects his face and opens the bag. He is met with a goldmine of tools he barely knows how to use.

Nonetheless he grins and applies a candy red lipstick. Then he haphazardly applies more makeup, becoming more ghastly with each new product until-

The bathroom door shoots open.

Xavier drops the tools and almost falls over. He winces at the pain in his leg before spinning around to see Angela.

Angela jumps back in horror.

ANGELA
Zay what the fuck!

XAVIER
What the fuck to you! Why'd you bust in here?

ANGELA
What'd you do to your face?

Xavier turns toward the mirror. He smiles, admiring his work.

XAVIER
Pretty good huh? I think I'm getting better.

Xavier stands straighter while looking in the mirror, smiling even wider at his work. Angela pushes past him, collecting her makeup.

ANGELA
How're you still so bad at this?

Xavier deflates a bit.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Come on. Lets go fix this.

INT. ANGELA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Xavier's face is cleaner than before. Angela sifts through her makeup bag, searching for tools.

ANGELA
You know when Dad gets off?

Xavier scoffs. Angela doesn't look up, still preoccupied with the bag.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Okay, then let's go for a simpler look today.

Xavier's face brightens up once more.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Lets start with the primer...

Angela gets to work, already showing more skill than Xavier, there is a brief silence between them.

XAVIER
Can you turn on some music or something?

ANGELA
Just put in headphones like you usually do. Music messes up my focus, and I need a lot of focus to make you look decent.

XAVIER
Appreciate it.

Angela glances at Xavier, her eyebrows furrowed. She begins on the foundation.

ANGELA

Did you and Dad get into another argument?

Xavier chuckles.

XAVIER

He barely even lets me speak.

He shifts a bit to get more comfortable, but winces at the pain in his leg.

ANGELA

Is it really that bad?

Xavier gets in a position he finds more comfortable.

XAVIER

Almost bent backward last night.

Angela looks at Xavier's leg, her face contorting in worry. But she keeps up with the makeup, carefully laying the foundation. She stops.

ANGELA

We can listen to music but make sure it's not too loud, so we can hear when Dad comes back.

XAVIER

With those loud ass boots we won't have a problem.

ANGELA

Just make sure it's quiet.

Xavier smiles.

INT. ANGELA'S ROOM - HOURS LATER

MUSIC is blasting and Xavier and Angela are practically screaming along to it.

Angela is working on the final touches of Xavier's makeup, completing Xavier's full transformation.

The two are laughing as they sing, basking in the moment.

Unbeknownst to them, standing at the door, is Jimmy. His leg is tapping and he has his hand covering his chin.

He pulls Angela's door back and then SLAMS it shut loud enough for the two to hear. Angela and Xavier jump. Xavier rushes to turn the music off.

They stare wide-eyed at him. A subdued anger boils in him.

JIMMY

What the fuck is goin' on?

Neither respond. Jimmy is looking into Xavier's eyes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh you can't talk?

Xavier's lips quiver. His eyes fill with tears.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The fuck you crying for? What I tell you bout crying last night?

ANGELA

Dad... we were just -

JIMMY

Don't say another word. Get out.

Angela hesitates.

Jimmy's glare beams down on her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Get OUT!!

Angela begins to run out -

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And close the door behind you.

The door SLAMS.

INT. XAVIER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Xavier is in his bed, wrapped in his covers, lightly sobbing. He's trying to compose himself, taking deep breaths.

His door slightly opens. Xavier FLINCHES.

He holds his arms over his head, trying to defend. A small hand reaches out to him.

ANGELA

Zay, it's me. You okay?

XAVIER
Yeah... I'm fine.

ANGELA
I'm sorry.

Xavier shakes his head.

XAVIER
Don't worry, I can take it.

Angela's face morphs as if ready to cry.

Silence.

ANGELA

I saw this really cool tutorial on
YouTube. Do you wanna watch it?

Xavier looks to his door, and then to his sister.

XAVIER
Yeah... I do.

Angela smiles and goes to close the door. Then she heads over to Xavier, nestling next to him in his bed. She plugs some earbuds in her phone.

Xavier stops her.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
We can listen to it out loud.

Angela raises her eyebrows at Xavier.

He nods. She smiles slightly and plays the video.

FADE TO BLACK.