

INT. LIVING ROOM

ELLEN, the single mother of Katelyn, sits next to BOB, the single father of Andrew, in awkward silence on Ellen's couch.

BOB

I just... I don't know. Andrew has never been that type of boy so it has to be Katelyn.

ELLEN

Your son is seventeen he's hardly a boy.

BOB

He's a child! Seventeen year olds can't be trusted to get the oil changed in their car much less deal with an unwanted pregnancy.

ELLEN

Katelyn is not pregnant.

BOB

Well, judging from what I saw them doing in her car, she could be.

ELLEN

Did you ask if he was wearing a condom?

BOB

What? No! He's not supposed to be having sex! To ask a question like that would be approving of it if he had been wearing... using a... one of those.

ELLEN

Condom.

BOB

Yes.

ELLEN

You can't even say it can you?

BOB

Of course I can. Condom. It's just not something we talk about in our house.

ELLEN

We do. And he was.

BOB

What?

ELLEN

I asked Katelyn and she told me he was wearing a condom.

BOB

See? This is why I blame her. The guidance, or lack thereof, that she's received has made her some sort of sex guru. And now she's passing on knowledge to all the boys she's having sex with.

ELLEN

Excuse me? Katelyn has been dating your son since last April. She had only had one other boyfriend before that, she's hardly teaching the junior class about sex.

BOB

Well she taught my son and that's enough for me to want them to stop seeing each other.

ELLEN

Are you serious? You think that will actually work? You don't understand teenagers or even humans if think that your religious dogma is a reason they shouldn't see one another. You're more naive than I thought.

BOB

This is not about religion.

ELLEN

Oh? Then what's it about?

Bob thinks, he hasn't thought this through.

BOB

It's... it's about protecting my son from responsibilities that he's not ready for. He can't raise a child.

ELLEN

You realize that a baby doesn't pop out of a woman every time she has sex, right?

BOB
Of course I do, but he's... he's a--

Ellen interrupts.

ELLEN
--He's a young man who knows more about sex than his father does and has a healthier relationship with it than you could ever dream of.

BOB
I'm a pastor. I can't condone this behavior no matter what.

ELLEN
You're a sad man who leads a life with blinders on. You're not a father to your son, you're an in-house police force.

BOB
You're a promiscuous single mother teaching your daughter to be exactly the same as you.

Ellen calmly stands up. She motions toward the door.

ELLEN
I want you to leave my house now.

BOB
Trust me I don't want to be here. Wish you and your skanky daughter were still living in Berlin.

ELLEN
Skanky... hmmm. And you're a pastor. I suggest you stop throwing around labels before you find yourself without a son. Andrew is a fine young man. Do you know what he loves as much as he loves Katelyn?

BOB
What?

ELLEN
You're his father. I shouldn't have to tell you.

Silence.

BOB
I think--

ELLEN
--I don't care what you think.
Please leave.

Bob makes his way towards the door.

BOB
Katelyn isn't allowed in our home
anymore.

ELLEN
And Andrew can spend the night here
unsupervised if he wishes. Good
luck trying to keep him away.

Bob glares at her.

BOB
Whore.

ELLEN
Fotze.

He looks back not understanding.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Google it.

He exits. She watches him go.

END SCENE