

BECOMING

By  
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INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A small, dark, narrow space. Shelves are full of books: Dickens, Ginsberg, an assortment of school related texts.

JUSTIN, 16, sits at his desk, illuminated against his computer monitor's beam. He tirelessly scrolls the screen.

On the monitor is a homepage for NUDE GIRLS. Blonde nymphets in their twenties.

Justin's hand moves the mouse, progressing through the page. Girls are in a variety of positions, outfits, utilizing all kinds of implements. The mouse hovers with anticipation.

Justin drags a box of Kleenex from the top drawer. Hungrily licks his lips. And begins to pull off his jeans - when,

The cursor nears an image on the page.

INSERT: CLOSE UP of two BOYS beside one another, posing seductively. *One boy telling the other a secret.*

Justin stares, his expression wavering between revulsion and amazement. He's engrossed yet apprehensive... and he considers.

Then begins to leisurely move the mouse toward the link, not completely before inspecting the room.

And with trembling hands, he maneuvers the cursor across the screen, clicks on the link.

The site launches.

Completely loaded, he scrutinizes TEEN MALES positioned in sexual poses. Justin makes an expression of dissatisfaction.

But still furtively progresses his hand lower. And just before he gets down to business-

A light penetrates the room from a window, as a car pulls into the driveway. Justin instantly yet clumsily shuts off the computer processor-

and just stands in nervous silence.

Conner's breath INTENSIFIES, his heart THUMPING harder; the rhythm becomes OVERWHELMING.

He contemplates, while eavesdropping a conversation from the hall. His parent's talking.

Then, finally resolute, Conner makes way out the door. And as external light pierces into the unlit room, we

FADE OUT.