

DEFENSIVE POSITION

by Japheth Gordon

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mom is folding laundry when BRYCE (16-18) enters wearing a sweaty soccer jersey and caring muddy cleats.

MOM

Hey. There you are. How was practice?

BRYCE

Grueling. I swear, coach is trying to kill us.

MOM

Well I made pasta if you're hungry.

BRYCE

I'm good. I actually stopped and got a bite with Eric.

MOM

You and that Eric - like best friends all of a sudden.

BRYCE

Yeah, I mean, he's like one of the only guys on that team I like talking to. I'm trying to convince him to try out for football when the season starts.

MOM

(chuckles)

Good luck with that.

BRYCE

Why'd you say it like that?

MOM

'Cause...C'mon, little dainty Eric playing D1 football?

BRYCE

'Dainty'?

MOM

I'm not judging.

BRYCE

Sounds like you are.

MOM

Well I'm not. Whatever Eric is into in his personal life, is his business. Okay?

BRYCE

What are you talking about?

MOM

C'mon. The way he dresses and talks. The kid is obviously having some identity issues.

BRYCE

He's gay. He doesn't have any *issues*... expect for people judging him for being himself.

MOM

I told you, I'm not judging him.
(then)
I leave that for the lord to do.

BRYCE

Mom?!

MOM

What? Eric gets to 'be himself' but I have to change my beliefs because I might offend some gay kid?

BRYCE

You're offending me.

MOM

Why would you be --? Bryce?

Bryce isn't looking at her.

MOM (CONT'D)

Bryce David Richardson? Do you have something you want to tell me?

BRYCE

(pain/shame) No.

MOM

Good. Because the bible is very clear --

BRYCE

Mom, I know what the bible says.
(stand to go)
I'll be in my room.