

LATE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. - DUNCAN'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

A dark, silent night.

A silhouetted figure stumbles through the front driveway of a well-off suburban home.

DUNCAN (21, fit, college male) walks up to the front door, grabs his key, goes to unlock it, sees it's already open.

He takes a beat; looks behind him before proceeding to go in.

INT. - DUNCAN'S FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

He makes his way into the house, then closes the front door behind. He doesn't lock it.

He walks on through the house, but doesn't get far before a light switches on in a corner of the room, and a voice cuts through the silence, catching him by surprise.

ELIZABETH

So, you don't lock the door.

Duncan simultaneously trips on a nearby coffee table, causing a glass of gin on top of it to fall and shatter on the wooden floor.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

...That's not safe.

DUNCAN

Jesus.

ELIZABETH (44, female), dressed in a black and intimidating nightgown, sits in a plush, comfortable chair with a nice lamp lighting her on one side. She is holding a glass of gin and ice, with a bottle of it sitting by the lamp.

She looks at the glass mess on the floor.

ELIZABETH

That was for you.

She takes a sip. Duncan looks at the mess, then looks back at her.

DUNCAN

What are- I thought you and dad were asleep-

ELIZABETH

He is. So best not to wake him.

Duncan tries to pick up the broken pieces of glass and put them back on the table.

He starts to step towards the hallway that leads to his room.

DUNCAN

Okay... I'm gonna-

ELIZABETH

Sit down.

DUNCAN

What?

Beat.

Her gaze makes no change... Daggers pointed right into his core.

He reluctantly shuffles over to the chair that was next to the mess. He sits down.

The chair is noticeably big for him. It makes him look more immature than he actually is.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Is this the part where you say,
"Where was I?"

ELIZABETH

Nope. I know where you were. This
is where you tell me how much you
drank.

DUNCAN

What?

She snickers.

ELIZABETH

Thought so. Was it fun?

DUNCAN

What's it to you?

ELIZABETH

Just curious. Would you indulge me?

Duncan doesn't bite.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Look, I don't really care where you
go at night, but, believe it or
not, I do like knowing if my son
enjoys what he does when he does go
out.

Duncan twitches at the word "son".

DUNCAN
Don't do that.

ELIZABETH
(Innocently)
Do what?

DUNCAN
Call me that.

ELIZABETH
Come on, Duncan-

DUNCAN
You haven't earned it and you know
it.

ELIZABETH
I don't recall there being any need
for me to "earn" anything that I'm
already entitled to.

DUNCAN
Well, I ain't one of them... And
for the record, you're not my
mother and you never will be. Got
it?

He strings together his words.

Elizabeth is silent. Hard.

She is wearing a ticking watch. She raises it and glances at
it.

ELIZABETH
You know, right now, I can't even
think of how many kids are out and
about, in the world, having the
time of their lives... and their
parents have no idea how much fun
they are having, because they don't
know where they are.

Duncan shifts in his seat, not looking Elizabeth in the eye.

She notices this.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
...And I suppose I'm supposed to be
one of the lucky ones. Because
you're here.

She takes a sip. Duncan looks down at the spilled mess. The
gin is spreading onto the carpet.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I don't *feel* like one of the lucky
ones.

Duncan's gaze moves from the carpet to Elizabeth, who stares
intently at him.

DUNCAN
...Well, if you're looking for a
pity party-

ELIZABETH
I'm not.

Duncan starts to get irritated.

DUNCAN
...I would have joined you, cus for
what it's worth, I don't feel that
lucky either.

Elizabeth silently scoffs.

Duncan waits for a response... Nothing. She just stares...
holding her dominance.

He adjusts himself in his chair.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Christ, I actually wish you would
yell at me or something right now.

ELIZABETH
Was she good?

DUNCAN
What?

Elizabeth locks her gaze onto Duncan.

ELIZABETH

Duncan, when I see a young boy with all the same feelings and thoughts and needs as I did when I was his age, I can take a guess that he wouldn't go to a piss poor house party on a weeknight just for the cheap whiskey... He'd go... because of a girl.

Duncan freezes... Looks to meet her gaze... as the inferior.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

...And I guess I could also make the assumption that she's quite special to you as well.

Without leaving her chair, Elizabeth leans in towards Duncan.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'll ask again... Was she good? Was she funny? Pretty? Sexy?

DUNCAN

I'm going to bed.

Duncan stands up and tries to walk away.

Elizabeth sits up, walks to him, grabs him, and pushes him against the wall.

ELIZABETH

You listen to me, and listen good-

Duncan, surprised, but angry, pushes back.

DUNCAN

Get the fuck off of m-

Bam Stone-faced, she knees him in the groin; bringing him down to her level.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

DAD!-

She cuts off his scream by using her right hand to squeeze his jaw like a ripe tomato ready to pop.

She holds him roughly against the wall; holding his face with her unflinching might, talking crudely and closely to him so he hears every word.

ELIZABETH
Listen... If I catch you out again,
I promise you will never... ever...
leave this house.

Duncan, wide-eyed, sheds a single tear down his face.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Do I make myself clear... Son?

Beat.

She lightly removes a portion of her hand so he can answer.

Duncan fights back his tears.

DUNCAN
(weakly)
...yes.

She holds for a moment, her hand briefly caressing his face,
taking in the feeling of being the one in control.

ELIZABETH
Now get to bed... you've got school
tomorrow.

She lets him go.

He starts to walk away.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Lock the door.

Beat.

Duncan shamefully walks all the way to the front door, locks
it, and walks back. Passing her as he continues his walk of
shame.

He walks down the hallway, defeated and frustrated.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Night night, darling.

Duncan walks into one of the rooms... he holds his right hand
out... a shard of the broken gin glass...pointed like a
knife...

His face... rageful.

FADE TO BLACK.