

COMING HOME

Written by  
Simon K. Parker

copyright 2018  
Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

JACK, 45. He drives focused and determined, speeds down the empty road. There's no one else around.

He's on his phone, loud speaker.

DAISY

(O.S)

I just want you to relax, you're going to end up crashing that God damn car.

Jack shakes his head, grips the steering wheel even tighter.

JACK

I'm going to find him and I'll drag him home kicking and screaming, I don't care.

DAISY

(O.S)

He's just a teenage boy testing the boundaries.

JACK

Not with me he's not.

DAISY

(O.S)

You can't keep him on a short leash for the rest of his life.

JACK

Why do I always have to be the bad parent all the time?

DAISY

(O.S)

Because you're so good at it, you chose the role of bad cop, no one gave it to you.

JACK

He's broken curfew and he's got to be punished.

DAISY

(O.S)

Just come home. Max is almost seventeen and...

Jack hangs up annoyed. Mutters under his breath.

JACK

Stupid bitch, always thinks she knows best but then I'm the one who ends up doing everything.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - DAY

Jack approaches the house, loud music plays inside.

Through the window he can see several teenagers dancing and drinking.

He grits his teeth speeds up and bursts inside through the front door.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Jack looks around the room all the teenagers stop and stare the music still plays.

JACK

Where is my son. Where is Max  
Fielding? I'm not leaving here  
until he comes out and faces me.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack has gathered all the beer cans and now empties them down into the sink.

A couple of the partying teenagers stand in the doorway and watch open mouthed in horror.

ISLA, 21, tall, slim and beautiful hushes them out of the way. She comes over to Jack and smiles warmly at him.

ISLA

You're the one looking for Max?

Jack glances over his shoulder to look at her.

JACK

And I'm not going anywhere until I  
see him.

ISLA

He's not here.

JACK

Then I'll wait. You're not getting  
rid of me.

ISLA

I'm not trying to. Would you like a  
drink. I know Max. It's cool  
meeting you. He talks about his  
family a lot.

JACK

He's coming home with me. That's  
all you need to understand.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't try and talk to me like you know me. Just go and get him. Don't test me.

ISLA

He's really not here. He's gone out for more beers.

JACK

Who with?

ISLA

All on his own. His fake I.D is one of the best I've ever seen. It's better than my real one.

Jack shakes his head in disgust.

JACK

Jesus Christ. Who the hell is this kid? I don't know him anymore.

ISLA

He'll be back. Are you sure you don't want a drink?

JACK

No I'm fine.

ISLA

Just one drink, I can make you anything you like. My sister works as a cocktail waitress. I know how to make them all.

JACK

Aspiring career for yourself one day?

ISLA

Let me get you a drink.

JACK

You're not going to stop are you?

ISLA

Just one drink.

He turns his back on her.

JACK

Water.

Isla smiles to herself and goes and gets him a glass of water. She glances over her shoulder and sees that Jack still has his back to her. She quickly slips a small pill into the water.

ISLA

And when he's back what are you going to do?

Jack takes the glass from her and takes down a couple big gulps.

JACK

I'm going to grab him by his hair and drag him out to my car and take him home.

ISLA

When I was growing up I had a Mom like you. She would always hit me if I didn't do what she wanted.

JACK

Taught you to listen though didn't it?

ISLA

No it taught me to hate her and lie to her. I don't like who I've grown into and if you carry on you're not going to like who your son is going to grow into either.

JACK

My own father hit me. In his house there were always rules and discipline. Spare the rod and spoil the child. My wife gave him too much space and too much freedom and now he does whatever he wants. I'm putting a stop to it. One day he'll thank me for it.

ISLA

Don't be so sure. It might already be too late.

Jack now looks down at the glass suspiciously.

JACK

Is this really only water?

Jack swallows hard, his eyes suddenly heavy.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Jack giggles and sways from side to side. He's high on drugs.

Isla has a hold of his hand and leads him upstairs. She looks over her shoulder at him and laughs.

ISLA

I remember the first time I did  
drugs. But I was still in school.  
I'm guessing this really is your  
first time isn't it?

He can't answer her, still just giggles to himself.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside a bedroom Jack lays on his back with Isla on top of him. They have sex. The bed sheets cover them but it's obvious what they're doing.

The bedroom door opens. MAX, 17, with his phone held out in front of him films what's going on.

MAX

Got you mother fucker.

Jack sees him, still high on whatever drug he's been given, this goes a long way in sobering him up. He throws Isla off of him, both still hidden underneath the bed covers.

JACK

Max what are you doing?

MAX

I should say the same thing to you  
Dad. You've spent so long looking  
down at me. Always trying to make  
me think you're so much better than  
I am and now look at you.

JACK

You're coming home with me.

MAX

No. No more orders from you. You're  
my little bitch now.

Max lowers his phone, turns around and slams the door shut behind him.

Isla looks across at Jack, guilty.

Jack puts his head in his hands and weeps.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**