

ERRANDS

Written by

Hank of W

FADE IN:

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

TIM(21) is perusing a porn site in his pajamas.

Financial analysts talk about commodities and overnight foreign markets on a new TV in the background.

On the walls hung Tim's Ivy League diploma among playboys and movie posters.

A right video catches Tim's eyes, he snuffles, takes out the Kleenax, gives two good pumps on a nearby Vaseline bottle.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MOM is a youthful 40-year-old housewife. She has her blonde hair tied up in a bun, accentuating her natural beauty.

Mom sips coffee from a mug with "World's Greatest Milf" on it. She checks the papers on the fridge door:

A grocery list, a prescription, a dry-clean slip and a map.

A flush upstairs and Tim walks down the stairs.

MOM

Morning. You want breakfast?

TIM

Just some soy milk please.

MOM

Any interviews today?

Tim yawns and scratches his groin area.

TIM

One, I think...in two hours, I think.

MOM

With whom?

TIM

Just a bank.

MOM

You want a ride?

TIM

Nah, I need to go pick up something first, but thanks.

(re: mom's mug)

You still have "that" ? What is wrong with you?

Mom smiles ear to ear

MOM

Daquan gave it to me, come on, I think it suits me.

TIM

Oh my god. You know what that means right?

MOM

Mother I like to...

Tim interrupts her just in time

TIM

All right all right. Enough.

Mom is amused, hands him a glass of soy milk.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - LATER

Tim is in a crispy white shirt and tying a tie in the mirror, corner of his eye finds a shoebox poking out on a shelf.

Tim considers and takes the box down, opens it. His eyes widen: an old pipe and a note, which reads

"LOL, I got your weed dumbass, say no to drugs. Love mom"

His phone buzzes, he returns a quick text, and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tim, all dressed up now in a sharp suit, finds a post-it taped to the TV, reads "Out on errands, good luck today. Mom"

INT. MOM'S FAMILY WAGON - DAY

Driving and humming a 90s' hit song, mom produces a dime bag she confiscated and throws it on the passenger seat, smirks.

EXT. A RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

DAQUAN (22) hops out the entrance, sizes up Tim's new Mustang idling. Tim pops the trunk, in which Daquan loads a full duffle bag, closes it. Daquan climbs in the passenger side.

Fist bump, sup.

DAQUAN

Damn son, you look like you are going to a funeral.

TIM

Brooks brothers. My dad's new shit.  
(re: the trunk)  
You got all the stuff?

DAQUAN

You already know, I keep it a hundred, 24/7.

TIM

Aye player. You ready to do this shit?

DAQUAN

What did I just say, nigga?

They share a smirk. Engine roars and the Mustang tears off.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Mom pushing a cart half filled with groceries while she checks her list.

At the CHECKOUT: A bored teenage GROCER scans the items.

Mom looks up at the TV overhead, breaking news playing: a bank robbery in progress, police cruisers surround the entrance of a local commercial bank, guns drawn, tense. A man in a crisp white shirt, suit and tie with a ski mask on appears briefly through the bank's front window.

The teenager Grocer looks up at the TV screen

GROCER

No way, three in week?  
(eyes Mom)  
Must be the same guys, huh?

Mom shows little interest in this

MOM  
Please double bag the meat this  
time, dear.

EXT. GROCERY PARKING LOT - LATER

Mom finishes loading the car, climbs in, her phone rings.

MOM  
(checks and picks up)  
Hi honey, how was the interview?  
(listens)  
Huh huh, how about dinner? I am  
making your favorite pork chop.  
(listens)  
Ok, I will set aside a plate  
anyway. Say hi to Daquan for me.  
(listens and concerns)  
What was that? Where are you Tim?  
Are those gun shots? Timmy...

Clicks. Mom appears concerned, eyes the bag of weed.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - LATE AFTERNOON/DUSK

The sun starts to set on the bustling city, citizens  
finishing a normally busy day.

EXT. HOUSE/CAR PORT - DUSK

With her hair down, mom is smoking a joint in the driver's  
seat, listening to the radio, the news is playing about  
escaped bank robbers.

Mom takes another toke. Her trunk closes and through the  
passenger window, DAD(45), in a soiled white shirt, peeks in.

DAD  
Honey, did you forget my dry  
cleaning? Again?

Mom looks at him with red eyes

MOM  
If you'd marked the route better, I  
wouldn't have to wasted near half  
an hour.

Mom takes a map from the glove box and waves it in dad's  
face, the same map on the fridge earlier.

DAD

Is that my medicinal weed you are smoking?

MOM

Oh shit, I forgot to fill your prescription, oops.

(re: the blunt)

It's Timmy's.

Mom lets out a giggle through her nose. Dad shakes his head.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - SAME

Tim and Daquan are playing Call of Duty on the HD flat screen. They have been smoking weed as well. Tim's suit and tie spread out on bed.

DAQUAN

What does your dad do? A new car  
AND a new ultra HD?

TIM

A banker, I think. Good hookup on  
the weed though, my mom stole mine.

Daquan gives a sympathetic nod. Tim looks at the now almost empty duffle bag lying on the floor.

TIM

(re: duffle bag)

How many we got left?

Daquan pauses the game, opens the bag, takes out two triple-headed dildo party kit with all the bells and whistles.

DAQUAN

Not bad, we pushed 28. You want to  
leave one for your mom?

They laugh

TIM

Fuck you man, she already got one.

They laugh harder.

DAQUAN

So how did you interview go anyway?

TIM

Meh, I just winged it. I might have  
gone to a wrong one, I think.

But who cares? Once the porn studios tested our party kits, shit finna fly off the site, know I am saying?

DAQUAN  
True that, true that.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Mom and dad are having pork chop dinner, dad with a beer after a long day.

MOM  
(still high)  
What do you think the haul is?

DAD  
I don't know, a quarter, three hundred maybe.

MOM  
You know it's getting tight right? They could be onto us.

DAD  
Three a week could do that. So how did Timmy do today? He got an interview or something?

MOM  
He probably smoked weed and played video game all day with Daquan. I could hear it when he called.

Dad eyes the milf mug on the counter

DAD  
(grins)  
That mug though. Daquan, I seriously need to talk to that kid.

As the parents keep on with their family table talks

FADE TO BLACK.

END