"Momma Knows Best"

Ву

Malocolm Chess

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

On the cracked stoop the two hold each others hand and look into each others eyes.

Her hair, a long full-bodied brown mane. She's wearing the latest fashion straight out of the fashion mags.

His gear is average. With a polo shirt and jeans, he seems under dressed.

KIMBERLY, early 20's, the fashionable bomb shell...

GEORGE, mid 20's, the average guy...

KIMBERLY

(laughing)

How'd he say it again?

GEORGE

Well the guy says something like-(Nerdy voice)

"What makes you so different? Huh?" (Christian Bale Batman Voice)
"I'm not wearing hockey pads!"

Kimberly laughs loudly at the decent impersonation as George shyly chuckles to himself.

A light comes on inside the house.

GEORGE

Okay baby that's mom, I'll call you later okay?

Kimberly puts on a counterfeit sad face.

KIMBERLY

Okay.

The two wrap there arms around each other and kiss briefly.

Kimberly walks off as she waives to George.

George turns to face the door, his face going from happy to dreadful in an instant.

George fishes out his key.

INT. GEORGES HOUSE - NIGHT

The living space is furnished with 70's era pieces.

Pictures of old soul singers hang from the wall.

INT. GEORGES LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the couch sits a woman in her PJ's smoking a cigarette, with her hair wrapped up.

Georges MOM, late 50's, is sitting with an expression so mean, it would make medicine sick.

MOM

What did I tell you about that girl?

George just stares off into another part of the room, annoyed already.

MOM

How long you two been together? A few months?

GEORGE

Yeah.

MOM

Well she's beginning to be a bit too much. Comin' around here all the time, don't she got other places to be?

GEORGE

Mom, she works.

MOM

Obviously not enough.

(beat)

If you two are going to hang, it needs to be during the day cause she needs to be more considerate of others. Okay?

George obviously biting the hell out of his tongue.

GEORGE

Alright.

INT. GEORGES ROOM - NIGHT

George is pacing back and forth, on the phone, in his movie themed bedroom.

George is pacing angrily as he occasionally looks up at one of his many movie posters.

GEORGE

(to himself)

Come on babe, pick up.

A brief pause.

GEORGE

Hey-baby you aint gonna believe this shit!

INT. KIMBERLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kimberly is in a worn out band t-shirt and a pair of ratty pajamas, a complete 180 from before.

KIMBERLY

Hey bay-what? wait a second, slow down-really? It's like that?-Well what should we do?-you think so?-Okay, I'll be done by six-okay-see you then.

Kimberly hangs up.

INT. GEORGES LIVING ROOM - DAY

Georges Mom is sitting on the couch drinking something out a fancy cup.

Her face looks shocked and appalled.

MOM

Married?! The fuck you mean 'married'? Didn't I tell you about this girl? See, I knew this was going to happen.

George just looks down at the floor as Kimberly sits next to George, she just looks on annoyed.

KIMBERLY

Look I don't know what the problem is, but I love your son. I haven't had any problems-

CONTINUED: 4.

MOM

Ah-ah-Ah-ah! I don't remember asking you a fucking question miss thing!

(To George)

Now George, I told you what you need to do, so do it.

Kimberly looks at George who looks at him. George says nothing.

KIMBERLY

Your really going to let your mom disrespect me and you like this? (beat)

George?

GEORGE

Kim-I-

Kimberly shoots out of her seat, grabs her purse with a violent yank off the coffee table and walks out...

SLAMMING the door.

GEORGE

Kim!

Georges Mom stands up.

MOM

Good writtance, ya two-shade heifer.

Georges mom sits next to him consoling him.

MOM

I know it's rough, but she wasn't no good anyway. You need to stop letting these little fluseies choose you. Your a good looking boy, you should be choosing who you want, not the other way around.

George's face is getting red, he's starting to tear up.

MOM

Trust me son, momma knows best.

GEORGE

Momma knows huh?

CONTINUED: 5.

MOM

Mm Hmm. Momma knows baby.

GEORGE

Momma also know she's suffocating her son with her autocratic bullshit? Momma know she's stunting her sons growth as a man by not allowing him to make his own decisions and learn from them? Momma also know her son isn't six years old anymore? Momma know she ought to shut the fuck up when it comes to my personal life? Momma know I love Kimberly and that she's great to me. Momma know that?

Georges Mom stands there before collapsing onto the couch in shock, her mouth open, cant say anything.

George gets off the couch, now he's the one standing tall.

GEORGE

I'm going to get Kim back. I'll come back for my things later.

George storms out the door, pulling it with all his might to close it.

BANG!

Georges Mom just sits there and lights a cigarette and stares out the window.

She faintly smiles...

END.