

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

CAREY, mid 40's in Target brand leggings and a sweater. She has crows feet begging to form around her eyes, and chestnut brown hair recently dyed. She looks back at him searching for a response.

HEART BEAT.

NICK

Hey mom.

Like she's approaching a feral animal-

CAREY

How have you been?

NICK

You know, normal.

CAREY

What are you doing here?

NICK

I-

She notices the beer in his arms.

CAREY

Are you working here now?

NICK

Yeah-

Wider, we see Carey staring at Nick concerned but reserved.

CAREY

Are you okay?

NICK

I'm good, I'm fine.

She waits, but he doesn't offer anything to the conversation as Nick looks around the store wildly.

CAREY

Dad's out of town if you want come over for dinner.

NICK

I've got food.

CAREY

That's not what I was-

NICK
I've got food.

He's only half there, able to maintain eye contact for mere moments.

CAREY
You look tired.

NICK
I'm not.