

MOMMY RECLAIMED

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. WOMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRENDA (mid-50s) paces her room in a plunging wrap-around dress. Her makeup is glamorous, and her middle-parted hair is perfectly blown out; she seems like she might've been on *Desperate Housewives* at some point. She anxiously tidies up the room.

Sitting on the edge of the bed is KARL (mid-to-late 20s), an attractive young man in a button-up shirt and slacks-- he looks like he would struggle to grow a beard.

Karl kicks off his shoes, leaning back with a sigh.

KARL

Stop thinking about it.

BRENDA

How could I not think about it? She called me old!

KARL

She did not call you old!

BRENDA

She mistook me for your mother, so she might as well have!

KARL

Well, you're a total milf!
Brenda, the restaurant was crowded as hell. Clearly, she was busy and not thinking. And the poor girl apologized.

Brenda turns away from him, going to sit at her vanity.

BRENDA

You're just defending her because she's young and cute, and she was flirting with you. She said it on purpose to undermine me!

Karl's eyes widen at this as if to say, "You're crazy." He walks over and puts his hands on her shoulders, facing her toward the mirror. She looks at herself.

KARL

Honey, it doesn't matter what she said or why she said it.

(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

The important thing is, I think
you're hot.

She sighs.

BRENDA

I suppose I have held up well for
my age.

She starts admiring herself more, making faces in the mirror.

KARL

(sweetly)

Exactly. Just because you're old
doesn't mean you're not beautiful.

Brenda practically leaps out of the chair, turning so they're
face to face, only inches apart.

BRENDA

I AM NOT OLD!!

She storms into the closet, slamming the door behind her.
Karl tries to open the door to discover it's locked. He goes
and sits back down on the bed.

KARL

(louder)

Listen, it doesn't mean it's a bad
thing. If your age bothered me, I
wouldn't date you. But I'd still
date you even if you were a mom!

(beat)

Can you please come back out?

Brenda throws open the closet door, posing in the doorway in
a (too small for her) 80's dress with puffy sleeves and hot
pink stilettos. She's ruffled up her hair; it's an entirely
outdated look.

BRENDA

My age shouldn't bother you because
I've still got it!

She walks over to her vanity and clicks a button on her
phone. An artist similar to Cyndi Lauper comes on, and she
starts dancing stiffly but with effort. She tugs at her dress
in an attempt to make it flattering, causing her dancing to
be even more awkward.

Karl is restless, tugging at his hair and shaking his leg.

KARL

Brenda--

He can't get her attention.

KARL (CONT'D)
 (shouting over the music)
 Your age doesn't bother me because
 I want someone I can call Mommy!!

A defeated Brenda turns off the music, standing in stunned silence.

BRENDA
 What are you talk--

Karl suddenly jumps up, standing right in front of her.

KARL
 Brenda, I like older women, okay?
 The whole mommy thing... it's what
 I want. It's sexy! I've been with
 enough older women to know that. I
 want to call you Mommy.

Brenda's breath hitches. Once again, everything is still. Her body tenses, her jaw clenches, and she closes her eyes. She takes in a long, drawn-out breath.

An exhale.

KARL (CONT'D)
 If that's not okay--

BRENDA
 Say it again.

KARL
 What?

She opens her eyes, looking deep into his.

BRENDA
 Call me Mommy again.

He maintains the intense eye contact.

KARL
 Mommy.

She shoves him backward onto the bed, climbing on top. He lays back on his hands, smirking.

BRENDA
 Be a good boy for Mommy.

FADE TO BLACK.