

VALIDATION'S SIDES

Written by

Jermaine Kamell

**Laura and West**

**SCENE SET UP**

Laura speaks with her son as he is just now paroled from prison. She wants him to make a good impression on her brother GREG, as he gives him a job as a technician in his company

Mother loves her son!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**BEGIN SCENE**

INT. ASSISTED LIVING HOUSING-

West looks at himself in the living room mirror over the sofa. He brushes his shoulders as he feels uncomfortable in this home improvement attire.

Laura comes from the back room and leans in the door. She admires her son's professional uniform and smiles.

Slowly, LAURA walks over to WEST kissing him on the jaw. West looks back into the mirror and has a look of uncertainty.

LAURA  
(curious)  
What's the matter?

She touches the uniform.

WEST  
It's all right. I feel a little  
closed in.

She reassures his collar as she speaks.

LAURA  
(smiles)  
You look like you've been working  
for Greg for years!

WEST  
(he grunts)  
Ump... that's scary, right?

She releases her hands from his collar.

LAURA  
Don't put yourself down before you  
have a chance.

WEST  
I was just making an observation.

LAURA  
How do you expect people to have  
respect for you, when you don't  
have any for yourself?

WEST  
You got all that from an  
observation? It was nothing!

LAURA  
Sometimes I see things in your eyes  
that scare me.

WEST  
(irritated)  
Here you go!

LAURA  
Are you still seeing your  
counselor?

WEST  
(exhales in irritation)  
It's part of my parole! Why are you  
tripping about stuff that hasn't  
happened?

LAURA  
Because it's in your eyes! I know  
who you are, West Humphreys. I am  
your mother, remember?

Laura looks intensely into his eyes. She touches his face as she fights emotion.

WEST  
Come on ma, not today!

LAURA  
When you went to prison the first  
time, you said not today. When you  
went the second and third time you  
said not today. What day will be  
okay to love my son enough to tell  
him the truth?

West grabs her hands.

WEST  
You got to stop worrying so much.  
I'm going to be okay. I'm going to  
do right by my Uncle Greg, you'll  
see?

He releases her hands.

LAURA  
(concern)  
It took Greg twenty years to get  
where he is now. You do what he  
tell's you!

WEST  
Ma, I'm a grown man.

LAURA

Grown men don't keep going to  
prison. Now I done tried to do  
right by you. This time you have  
to meet me half way.

WEST

That's why I have on this scratchy  
uniform.

She gently touches his face as she admires it so.

LAURA

I'm tired of writing letters, West.

She exhales.

I'm getting on in age. I don't  
want to spend my whole life  
wondering if you can take care of  
yourself.

WEST

I got you!