

INT. KITCHEN

BRAD, 50, happily stirs a pot on a stove.

He hears a clatter as his MOTHER enters her house. She spies Brad at her stove and is surprised, but pleased.

MOM

When what in the Dickens are you doing here?

BRAD

I thought I'd drop by and make one of my specialties for you.

She sets down her purse on the kitchen table. She then walks over to Brad to give him a hug.

MOM

And what would that be?

He stops stirring to give her a hug and answers.

BRAD

Sweet potato soup... has some red bell peppers in there, too, but nothing spicier than that.

MOM

Well that sounds fantastic.

He motions for her to go sit.

BRAD

Have a seat mom, I'm just about done... it's gotta simmer for another forty-five minutes.

She walks over and sits.

BRAD (CONT'D)

So where are you coming from?

MOM

Oh, I was just up at the church with Deanna and we were decorating Fellowship Hall for the Praise Singers banquet.

BRAD

You guys are having a banquet? That sounds nice. What time does it start... 4pm?

She laughs a fake laugh.

MOM  
You think you're funny, don't you?  
(he shrugs)  
It starts at five, actually.

He finishes up what he's doing at the stove and walks over to join her at the table.

BRAD  
Bunch of old people in a choir,  
it's not too big of a leap make a  
comedic assumption like that.

He sits.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
So how are you doing?

MOM  
I'm fine. You need to stop babying  
me... I'm gonna be fine on my own.

BRAD  
I know you are, but I miss him, so  
I can't imagine how you feel.

Mom puts her hand on his hand.

MOM  
You used to only come cook for me  
when you had bad or good news to  
break; so this is nice.

BRAD  
Well... actually I have news. I  
don't know whether or not you're  
going to think it's bad or good.

MOM  
Only one way to find out... hit me.

Brad takes a deep breath. He lets it out.

BRAD  
I quit my job.

MOM  
What? Why?

BRAD  
I was inspired by you.

MOM

How? I worked for the school district for forty-four years. How did I inspire you?

BRAD

Well, you told me the things that you're doing now... now that dad's gone. You planted that garden in the front yard that dad was against. You started playing and practicing piano again... daily. I had no idea that he complained about your playing. And your physical therapy? When you walked in? You're walking ten times better than you did before. That's all stuff that you just started doing because you could. And I thought... what's stopping me from being self-employed? The answer was... me.

MOM

That's a bonehead move... that's a good job you quit.

Brad's body language goes to dejected.

MOM (CONT'D)

That's what I would've said before your father died, but now? I say go get 'em. I should've done each of those things you mentioned years ago.

Brad perks up.

BRAD

So you're not mad?

MOM

Oh, sweetheart... not at all. We've both learned some valuable lessons in the past few months. Be your own boss, join the circus, do whatever you want!

BRAD

Oh... that's great. That's... thanks, mom.

MOM

So what does Cheryl think?

BRAD

I, uh... I haven't told her yet.

Mom stares at him for a moment.

MOM

Hmmm... well, that's a classic  
bonehead move.

Brad considers.

BRAD

Yeah... probably so.

END SCENE