



# Calling Mom



Written by M.Lathrom

CALLING MOM

Written by

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**OVER BLACK**

A phone rings.

SUPER: Calling Mom

MOM (V.O.)  
Hey, baby. What's up?

The title fades out.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
(somber)  
Hey, mom. Nothing. Just calling to say hey. What are you doing?

MOM (V.O.)  
Well hey. I'm just sorting through some random boxes from the shed. Found some old pictures and toys of yours.

**INT. THOMAS' APARTMENT - DAY**

THOMAS (28) mops the floor of his apartment. White earbuds in his ear. He pulls up the sleeves of his black hoodie. Runs a hand through his messy hair.

He has a helpless expression.

THOMAS  
Really? Are any of my old Batman action figures in there?

MOM (V.O.)  
It's mostly baby stuff. I think your kid stuff got thrown out in the divorce. Sorry, baby.

THOMAS  
I wish I had some of that old toys. Everything I have out here I bought out here, so it feels like I don't have a history, you know.

MOM (V.O.)  
What's going on? Spill it.

Thomas drops the mop in the bucket, sets it aside. Leans on the dining table.

THOMAS  
I don't know. Just feeling kind of down?

MOM (V.O.)

Is it something with the new job?  
Or the old girlfriend?

THOMAS

No. Have you ever felt like you  
made one mistake and completely  
ruined the rest of your life.

Thomas chews his nails. He moves his hand away the second he realizes he's doing it.

He wanders some more, scanning the apartment. He picks up a roll of duct tape sitting on the floor.

MOM (V.O.)

Honey, you're twenty-eight. You're  
not a drug addict and you haven't  
killed anyone, so I think you're  
fine.

THOMAS

But have you ever felt that way?

MOM (V.O.)

Yeah, of course. We all do at some  
point. But you keep going.

THOMAS

Or you kill yourself. Ha.

Thomas walks to his tool box, drops the duct tape in.

MOM (V.O.)

Thomas, that's not funny.

THOMAS

No. No. No. No. I'm not. No. It was  
a joke. Bad joke. No suicide jokes.  
Noted.

MOM (V.O.)

Honey, just tell me what's going  
on.

THOMAS

I just feel like I've made some  
wrong turns, and whatever path I  
was supposed to be on is  
obliterated. It's like the past me  
is a different person and I can't  
even understand why he made the  
decisions he made.

Thomas grabs a knife from the table, gets up, then heads to the kitchen.

MOM (V.O.)

I know how you feel. I've been there. But it's just a feeling. Nothing more. You have plenty of life ahead of you and--

THOMAS

I know, I know. That doesn't really help. It's just... Never mind.

He rinses it off, then tosses it in the sink.

MOM (V.O.)

I never told you. Well. I never told anyone. I cheated on your father.

Thomas takes pause. He walks to a stool and sits in shock.

THOMAS

You did? Is that why you--

MOM (V.O.)

No, we divorced because it just wasn't there anymore. I never told him. It was years ago when we were... happy.

THOMAS

How did it happen? Why didn't you ever tell him?

MOM (V.O.)

It was a stupid thing. It was a thrill. I wasn't planning it. It was just an in the moment thing. It was a man from work. A new guy I organized some conferences with.

THOMAS

That George guy?

MOM (V.O.)

Yeah. Don't tell anyone I told you this.

THOMAS

Why didn't you tell dad? You wouldn't have done that if you were happy? Didn't he deserve to know?

MOM (V.O.)

I'm telling you this to tell you that it's not about being unhappy. Or telling the truth. It was something that I did. Something that happened. And I was in pain. Physical pain after I ended it. Every time I watched a show or heard a story about someone cheating, I'd look back at my past self and wonder who that awful person was. But she was me. The me that was wondering was the me that did it. And when I finally realized that, I stopped fighting myself. Honey, these things like truth, honor, loyalty, they aren't virtues. They aren't something you can always be. Those things are tools. Yes, truth can mend fences, but in my case, the truth was a bulldozer. If I had told your father, it would have destroyed our relationship, it would have hurt your father, it would have humiliated the family. I didn't want that. If you did something that makes you feel that way inside, just realize that there isn't a little devil who takes control of the wheel and drives you off the road. It's just you. And if you can accept yourself, the bad isn't so bad anymore.

Thomas' sadness melts. He straightens up a little straighter

THOMAS

I call dad when I need to get my ass kicked. I call you because you know exactly what I need to hear.

MOM (V.O.)

Everything's going to be okay, honey. All right. You call me anytime.

Thomas sighs. He stands up from his chair walks over to the coffee table, picks up a glass of water. Takes a swig.

We see the corner of the couch. Thomas' back is to it.

THOMAS

Well, I think I'm gonna go. I need to take care of a couple of things. Thanks, mom.

Thomas leans down to set the glass down.

Behind him, a man bloodied and bound with duct tape lies dead on the couch.

THOMAS

Save me a binkie if you find one in that box.

MOM (V.O.)

I'll mail it to you with a pack of diapers.

THOMAS

Haha. I'll talk to you later. Oh, wait. Do you know a good way to get blood off of linen? I popped a zit on my back and it stained a shirt.

MOM (V.O.)

Hydrogen peroxide. Takes it right out. Lady trick.

THOMAS

Gross. Thanks, mom.

MOM (V.O.)

All right, bye sweetie.

Thomas clicks his earbud button. Takes a deep breath. Peers back at the dead man on his couch.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END