

Mother

By

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DRAFT 1 - 19/09/16
DRAFT 2 - 20/09/16
DRAFT 3 - 25/09/16

OVER BLACK:

DOORBELL RINGS...KNOCKING...

1 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARGARET LAI (late 40s, bespectacled typical auntie) answers the door with her standard faux smile. Standing outside is a sloppy young man in his twenties.

MARGARET
(smile fades)
Oh, it's you.

PAUL
Hello, auntie.

MARGARET
No work today?

Paul shakes his head, no. She watches disapprovingly as he passes her and disappears into the house.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Hey, s'up...

PAUL (O.S.)
(conspiratorially)
I got something good for you!

We hear distant SLAMMING of a door.

MARGARET
(calling out)
Don't play until so late ah!

Margaret stares helplessly at her son's bedroom door.

MARGARET GOES ABOUT HER DAY

Margaret does laundry. She puts dirty clothes and underwear into the washing machine with the cautiousness of a nuclear plant worker. The machine hums to life as she walks away.

Margaret carries a tray with two plates of food to her son's room. As she turns a corner, she hears HUSHED VOICES. She stops.

PAUL (O.S.)
Wait, wait! No so hard! It won't
fit... ah!

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND (O.S.)
I can't help it, it's my first time
handling this...

PAUL (O.S.)
Let me try it... ah!

Margaret's jaw drops to an open 'O'.

She FLIES to her son's door, FLINGS it open only to see...

RAYMOND, unshaven bum of a son (20s), is apparently bent over, slightly leaning onto Paul's crotch. His head seems to be making a bobbing motion.

Margaret gasps.

Raymond lifts his head up from behind Paul's back. Paul removes his VR headset, turns around. The ill-fitting batteries from the remote controller in Raymond's hands drop onto the floor and roll away amidst deafening silence.

Both return Margaret's shocked stare.

2 EXT. HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Margaret throws a bewildered Paul out of the house.

PAUL
Wait wait wait!

She SLAMS the door on his face.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Margaret turns back to Raymond, now seated sullenly on the sofa. The TV runs in the background.

MARGARET
(sits beside him)
Raymond ah... Are you...

She pauses. Not quite sure if she should say it.

RAYMOND
Am I, what?

MARGARET
Are you...

RAYMOND

What??

MARGARET

Are you... what are you two doing
in the room?

RAYMOND

(looks away)

... Nothing.

Margaret stares unbelievably at her son. Pushes up her
glasses. She's sure of it: He's gay.

MARGARET

I FORBID you to hang out with Paul
from now on! He can't come over
anymore.

RAYMOND

Huh? Why?!

MARGARET

From tomorrow onwards, you go get a
life. So old already yet you still
play games every day!

Raymond rolls his eyes. This shit again.

MARGARET

What about ME? I take care of you
every day. I wash your clothes,
wash your underwear... Who's going
to take care of ME when I'm old?!

Raymond gets up and leaves.

MARGARET

You come back here now! I haven't
finished!

BEDROOM DOOR SLAMS.

Margaret seethes with anger.

In the background, we hear/see some cheesy nursing home
commercial on the TV.

CLOSE ON HER FACE as she stares into the camera, resolve in
her eyes.

4 INT. RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - DAY 2

Raymond's hard at work on a video game, stabbing and jabbing buttons.

Gentle door-knocking interrupts his flow.

Margaret pops her head in. Smiles sweetly.

MARGARET

Raymond ah, I brought someone here
for you.

Raymond stares at the door, frowning.

IN WALKS A SOLEMN-LOOKING CHURCH PRIEST.

MARGARET

(eagerly)

This is Father Richard. He's here
to help you!

RAYMOND

Help me with what?!

CUT TO

Margaret and Father Richard forcefully hold a struggling Raymond down onto his bed.

FATHER RICHARD

By the holy power of god! You are
free, YOUNG MAN!

(slapping Raymond's back)

Cast this innocent boy from the
chains of sin!! He will BE A GOOD
SON!

RAYMOND

(pushing away)

LET ME GO! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU
PEOPLE?!

Raymond pushes Father Richard away and runs out the door.

Father Richard turns to Margaret. He shakes his head sadly.

5 INT. RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - DAY 3

Raymond's playing a computer game.

His phone suddenly BEEPS to life. BEEP. MANY MORE BEEPS.

Raymond checks his phone.

SWARM OF TEXT MESSAGES POP UP

'Hi Raymond! Nice to meet you! I really like your picture lol.'

'Here's my number. Let me know when you wanna meet up'

(less subtle) 'Are you DTF?'

Raymond shoots out of his chair.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

Raymond stomps towards his seated mother. He shoves his phone to her face.

RAYMOND
This is you right!

MARGARET
(feigns innocence)
What?

RAYMOND
Who are all these people? Why do they know my number?!

MARGARET
(shows him her laptop)
Aiya, I'm just helping you. You see? It's very easy to get a girlfriend.

The browser on the laptop shows a dating site's profile of Raymond. It's secretly-taken picture of him.

Raymond snatches the laptop away and storms back to his room.

Margaret tuts. Plan failure again.

7 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

Raymond's resting on his bed, listening to music with closed eyes.

There's a knocking on the door.

Raymond bolts upright. Stares fearfully at the door.

Margaret peeks in.

MARGARET
(hesitant)
Raymond ah..

RAYMOND
What do you want now?

Margaret comes in carrying a basket, closes the door behind her. She sets the basket by the bed.

MARGARET
(sighs)
I'm sorry for all I did okay?

RAYMOND
(skeptical)
Okay...?

MARGARET
(sits on bed)
I mean it! Mummy's just very
worried about you, okay? I want you
to lead a good life. I love you
very much, okay?

Raymond nods, guilty.

MARGARET
And I also love grandchildren.

Raymond groans, looks away.

MARGARET
Your mummy is getting old now. I
really WISH that I can see my
grandchildren. I want to see my son
get married and have his own
family! I WISH to see you happy.
You understand why I'm so worried?

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND
(sighing)
...Yes, mummy.

MARGARET
(touching smile)
Come here.

The two share a hug on the bed.

Margaret looks towards the door.

MARGARET
(in Mandarin)
You can come in already!

The door swings open.

IN STRUTS TWO SEX WORKERS, ALL DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION.

Raymond flings himself all the way to the edge of his bed.

MIMI
(in Mandarin)
Hello, I'm Mimi.

ROSE
(in Mandarin)
I'm Rose.

RAYMOND
Huuuhh?!

MARGARET
Don't worry, I've prepared
everything already.

Margaret displays her basket on the bed. Unveils it.

It's a commemorative sex goodie basket: lube, sex ed pamphlet, candles and energy drinks.

CUT TO

Raymond leaving, bedroom door slams shut.

Margaret looks helplessly at the sex workers, who shrug. She pays and waves them away. Left alone, Margaret pulls her hair in frustration. Out of ideas.

A DOORBELL RINGS.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

Margaret opens the door.

MARGARET

You again! What do you want?

PAUL

Uh, sorry auntie... I think I left my stuff in the room the last time.

MARGARET

(turns to leave)

You wait here! I'll go get it.

PAUL

(calling out)

Um... It's a remote and headset! In a box....

9 INT. RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

Margaret ransacks Raymond's room. She pulls open drawers, looks under the table.

She uses her hands to feel under the bed. Finds something.

She drags out a box. In it, she finds the VR headset and remote. She sees a stack of erotica below, so she empties it all onto the bed.

MAGAZINES. GAMES. TONS OF STRAIGHT PORN WHAT-HAVE-YOUS.

Margaret covers her mouth. Can't believe it. She smiles, a laugh bubbles out. She dabs away tears.

Margaret lies down on the bed against the porn and stares at the ceiling in happiness.

End.