

The Drifter
(excerpt)

By

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EXT. DRIVEWAY - SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Brent sits in the driver seat of his parked car with a half filled bottle of whiskey in his hand and tears flowing out of his bloodshot eyes.

Lights from another car's headlights illuminate his car before it pulls into the driveway beside him. The engine of the other car turns off and the doors are heard shutting.

Helen and Paul Rhodes walk to the front door and enter without a word to Brent, but Paul leaves the front door ajar, silently inviting Brent indoors.

Brent slowly pulls himself out of the seat and walks into the house.

INT. KITCHEN

Slightly intoxicated, Brent enters the kitchen and leans against the counter. Helen looks at him.

HELEN
(unsympathetically)
You're drunk. Get some sleep.

BRENT
(slurring)
You don't have any authority over me!

Helen rolls her eyes and begins to say something

HELEN
You--

but Brent cuts in, straightening himself and furiously pointing his unsteady finger at her.

BRENT
No! Ever since you kicked me out of your perfect little family, you lost any say in my life.

Helen's eyes widen with anger. She places her hand on the table in between them and leans in to reply.

HELEN
My perfect little family? Well, apparently it wasn't perfect enough for you. What did you hope to accomplish? Huh? What do you have
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (cont'd)
to show for yourself? You were
living off of your brother, and now
what do you plan to do?

Brent leans forward onto the table to steady himself.

BRENT
You don't have a fucking clue as to
what I have been doing for the past
three years, so don't give me this
shit.

Brent turns to leave, but Helen reacts.

HELEN
Really? and what spectacular thing
have you done? Did you win a Grammy
Award that I don't know about?
Don't you understand you're going
to have to grow up someday?

Brent turns back to the table and slams his fist down,
face-to-face with Helen:

BRENT
Grow up? GROW UP? Don't tell me to
fucking grow up bitch!

Paul grabs his shoulder and turns him around, holding him
firmly in place.

PAUL
HEY! watch your tongue. You're in
my house now, and I don't want to
hear any of this. You're drunk. Go
to bed; you can stay in your old
room.

Lowering his eyes, Brent mumbles

BRENT
Whatever...

Brent stumbles out of the kitchen using the walls for
support with whiskey in hand.