

LATE FOR BRUNCH

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INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Laura pulls up to the front of a mini mart. James enters the passenger side.

JAMES

Hey thanks for picking me up.

LAURA

Where have you been?

JAMES

Sorry I had a few errands to run.

James starts to light a cigarette. Laura grabs the cigarette and throws it out the window.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey what the--! Oookay...

LAURA

We've been trying to call you all morning, your phone is going straight to voicemail.

JAMES

So... leave a voicemail.

LAURA

And say what? Hi James. This is your sister calling. We're all waiting for you to begin Sunday brunch. It's Sunday. Brunchtime.

JAMES

God. Spare me the lecture.

LAURA

How hard is it to show up for your family one time a week. It is literally the *only* thing dad asks of us.

JAMES

Sure, that's all he wants.

LAURA

What is your problem?

JAMES

What's *yours*? You're making such a huge deal over something so stupid! You think he's gonna' remember if you miss one damn Sunday brunch?!

LAURA

No! I'm *not* sure. And that's exactly the point. I'm not sure *what* he's gonna' remember...

JAMES

Laura, what are you talking about?

LAURA

It's happening to Dad. Dad's got Alzheimer's.

The two ride in silence.