

INT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY -- DAY

Michelle opens her front door and lets in her 19-year-old son, VINCENT, a bear of a young man with scrappy facial hair, a back-pack on his shoulder. She greets him with a brief hug

VINCENT: I know I'm late. They kept me at work a fucking extra hour. (walking on with her, he sees something's amiss) Are you ok? You look like you got a black eye starting.

MICHELLE: I fell off my bike.

VINCENT: *That* bike?

The young man nods to a brand new-looking bike they're passing leaned against the entryway wall.

VINCENT (CONT'D): It doesn't look like you've been riding it at all.

MICHELLE (gestures to her face): And you see why.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE -- DEN -- LATER

They sit down at the coffee table to eat Sushi. Vincent uses the chopsticks in conjunction with his fingers.

VINCENT: I am sorry I was late. We're short-handed at work.

MICHELLE: You've managed to avoid mentioning what this job actually is.

VINCENT: It's entry level, I told you. But there's a path to management. I'm, like, an assistant manager.

MICHELLE: Is this a MacDonald's or something?

VINCENT (amazed she guessed): But it's a management position. Like I said... I brought you a present.

Quickly changing the subject, Vincent hops up, pulls a gold gift box from his back-pack with great pride.

VINCENT (CONT'D): It's from Josie, really. It was all her idea.

Michelle smiles thinly. She opens the box. Inside, a FRAMED PHOTO. Vincent is stiffly posed before a cheesy back-drop, beside a massively pregnant girl (JOSIE).

MICHELLE: You look quite handsome.

VINCENT: We're going to go back and take another picture after the baby's born. You can put 'em side by side. It'll be like a before and after.

He moves a candle stick on the mantle to the side to make room for the photo.

VINCENT (CONT'D): Josie's got all kinds of ideas about interior decorating. Of course, she's never had her own place to decorate. Till now.

Michelle lowers her head, knowing where this is going.

VINCENT (CONT'D): She'll be able to try her hand a little bit, I guess, now that we're getting our own place. She watches him sit back down, going back to eating Sushi, using the chopsticks in conjunction with his fingers.

MICHELLE: How much are you going to need for this new apartment?

VINCENT: I didn't ask you for money.

MICHELLE: Did I jump the gun?

VINCENT: I was going to ask you to co-sign the lease but I wasn't going to ask you for money, necessarily.

MICHELLE: Are any of Josie's other paramours moving in with you too?

VINCENT: No. (realizing that came off like an answer respecting the question...) No! Why would you say something like that? Vincent spills some Wasabi on his lap. Michelle gets up to get him another napkin.

MICHELLE: You don't know anything about this manifestly dysfunctional girl. Except that she was raised by unwashed idiots in a commune.

VINCENT: It was an Arts collective.

In passing, Michelle moves the candlestick back in front of the photo.

MICHELLE: She didn't see toilet paper until she was ten! By her own admission.

She returns to her chair, gives him the napkin.

MICHELLE (CONT'D): I suppose it's progress she now suddenly wants the most bourgeois life imaginable- you've really never wondered about this? Why she glommed onto you? What she's after?

VINCENT (cleaning himself up): What could she be "after"? I don't have money.

MICHELLE: I do.

VINCENT: You know I can't listen to this. You're insulting my family.

MICHELLE (hands him napkin): Your father sets his jaw just like that when he's laying down the law. It doesn't work for you yet. Give it some time.

VINCENT (hurt, embarrassed): I don't know what's with you today.

She looks at him, thinking about telling him.

MICHELLE: I'll give you three months' rent. On condition I look at the place first.

VINCENT: I didn't want to pressure you. If you really don't feel...

MICHELLE: You won. When you strike oil, stop drilling.

Vincent smiles, goes back to eating sushi, ditching the chopsticks. Michelle watches him with a slight smile.