

RYAN'S MOM

By Japheth Gordon

INT. CARVER HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Pratt is alone, packing up a briefcase with graded papers. It's been a long day.

Ryan bursts in ENRAGED and strides right up to Pratt:

RYAN  
You called a social worker?!?

PRATT  
Ryan, I was going to tell you...

RYAN  
Why would you do that?

PRATT  
Whenever we suspect any kind of abuse, we have to report it.

RYAN  
You *suspect*!? My mom could get in real trouble and you didn't even take the time to find out what the hell is going on!

PRATT  
Well...what is going on?

RYAN  
Nothing. I fell.

PRATT  
The bruises on your arm?

RYAN  
I told you, I fell.

PRATT  
Why don't I believe you?

Beat. Ryan is trying to decide what to say. Finally:

RYAN  
She had a stroke last year and now she gets confused. She's not trying to hit me....she just lost her temper. My mom doesn't even know who I am.

PRATT

I'm sorry.

RYAN

I'm fine. She needs this...to control something. Just let me deal with it.

PRATT

No child has to live with abuse. You know that.

RYAN

It's not a big deal. I can take it. She's old, y'know? I'm the only one there for her.

PRATT

Ryan...

RYAN

(in tears)

Please. Please don't let them take me away from her. Tell them you made a mistake.

PRATT

I can't do that. I'm sorry.

RYAN

Please. I can handle this. She's my mom. Please don't do this.

Ryan face is complete vulnerability.

Off Pratt trying to decide what to do we:

CUT TO: