

SHOT CLOCK

By

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EXT. PATIO - MORNING

A cold, grey morning. KYLE sits on the patio of his brother's house. Broken toys and lawn equipment poke up from the unmowed grass like colourful tombstones.

ED exits the house carrying two light beers. He places one next to his brother on the glass side table, 'clinking' his bottle against it before sitting down. KYLE looks at the bottle and raises his eyebrows.

ED

What.

KYLE

Nine in the morning.

ED

(shrugging)

It's light beer.

KYLE

Aren't you looking after Pam,  
today?

ED

She's seven months old. She's fine.  
And it's one light beer. Don't make  
me drink alone.

KYLE takes a sip. ED takes a sip.

KYLE

You're done?

ED

I'm done.

KYLE

I've heard that-

ED

(interrupting)

I know you've heard that before.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

There's, you know, very little room  
for mistakes in your life when it  
comes to me. I'm done.

KYLE

Does Brenda know?

ED

I wanted to look for solutions ...  
before I brought her problems.

KYLE sighs. He takes a thick envelope from his jacket and  
places it on the table.

ED (CONT'D)

Thanks. I will say something.  
Thanks.

KYLE

She needs to know where this comes  
from.

ED

You mean you?

KYLE

I mean not the tables.

ED

Has she ever- do you ever talk  
about me? With her? Do you discuss  
me?

KYLE

Sometimes she calls, but not often.  
I don't think she likes me to know  
you're in trouble again.

ED

Did she call you this time?

KYLE

You called me.

ED

I know, I was just wondering.

Beat. ED picks up the envelope.

ED (CONT'D)

Hey don't talk to her, willya? Not  
about me.

KYLE  
Why not?

ED  
It's weird.

KYLE  
Why's it weird?

ED  
I said it is.

KYLE  
But why?

ED  
How fucking old are you?

KYLE  
She's worried about you.

ED  
Then she can talk to me. She thinks  
I'm playing, she thinks I'm lying  
or I've fucked up then she can ask  
me. She shouldn't be asking you.  
And you shouldn't be telling her.

Somewhere insie the house, PAM starts crying.

ED (CONT'D)  
I gotta go fix that...

ED takes one last sip of his beer and heads into the house.  
KYLE listens to him cooing and comforting his daughter to get  
her back to sleep.

He picks up the envelope on the table and turns it over in  
his hands.