

And When Did You Last See Your Father?

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Inspired by the painting by W.F. Yeames (1878)

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modest, overly tidy LIVING ROOM. Sparse furniture. Neutral colors. Stillness.

A small wooden TABLE sits at the center like an altar.

THE BOY (10-12) sits straight-backed, shoes off, hands folded neatly in his lap. A school uniform. He's composed.

Across from him, THE COUNSELOR (40s-50s), warm but unreadable, sits with a CLIPBOARD resting on her knee.

THE MOTHER (30s-40s) stands in the background near the kitchen entrance. She grips a MUG with both hands. Still.

In the corner, a uniformed ICE AGENT. Broad. Motionless. Watching.

A WALL CLOCK ticks. It will keep ticking.

Silence.

COUNSELOR
Did you have school today?

BOY
Yes.

COUNSELOR
What's your favorite subject?

BOY
...English.

She smiles. Raises her PEN.

CLICK. She writes.

The MOTHER's fingers tense around the MUG.

COUNSELOR
Do you speak English at home?

BOY
Sometimes.

COUNSELOR
And Spanish too?

BOY

Yes.

CLICK. Another note.

The ICE AGENT turns his gaze slowly toward the MOTHER.

COUNSELOR

Do you help your parents with
anything?
Phone calls? Letters?

BOY

Sometimes.

COUNSELOR

What kind of things?

BOY

Mail. Or if someone calls and they
don't understand.

A pause.

The COUNSELOR looks up. Sets down the pen. Clasps her hands
together.

She smiles.

COUNSELOR

You're a very responsible young
man.

The BOY shrugs slightly. Still polite.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

What's your father's name?

BOY

Luis.

COUNSELOR

Is he at work right now?

BOY

I think so.

COUNSELOR

Where does he work?

BOY

Construction. Sometimes other
places too.

CLICK.

The BOY glances at the clipboard.

He doesn't flinch. But he notices.

The ICE AGENT shifts his eyes. Back to the BOY.

MOTHER
He's not in trouble.

Silence.

The COUNSELOR doesn't look at her.

COUNSELOR
Of course not. This is just a
conversation.
We want to make sure everyone's
safe.

Beat.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
Would you mind coming closer?

The MOTHER hesitates. Then steps forward.

She places a hand on the edge of the TABLE, just behind the
BOY.

The ICE AGENT doesn't move. He now stands physically between
them.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
He sounds like a hard worker.

BOY
He is.

COUNSELOR
You must really look up to him.

The BOY nods.

A beat.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
One last question.

She waits.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
And when did you last see your
father?

Silence.

The BOY does not answer.

The CLOCK ticks.

Stillness.

FADE TO BLACK.