

FATHER AND SON

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM

DAVID (30s) sits on his comfy chair, thoroughly enjoying a book.

DIANA (his wife, 30s) walks in the room, distressed.

DIANA
What are you doing?

DAVID
Reading?

DIANA
Your son is in his room, crying.
He's upset, David!

DAVID
I have a son?

Diana is just about to slap him.

DIANA
Keep this up and you're sleeping on
the couch for the next week.

DAVID
Whoa, whoa! I was just kidding.
What's he upset about?

DIANA
The last friend he had, has moved
to another city and now he's all
alone. What are you going to do
about it?

David relents.

DAVID
Fuck! Fine! I'll do something with
the little mutt.

David sedulously rises from his chair.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Wish my friends would move away.

Diana slaps him with her oven mitt, shooing him out of the room.

INT. CLARK'S ROOM

David pokes his head into his son's room.

He sees his son, CLARK (10), solemnly playing with a toy on the edge of his bed.

DAVID
Hey, buddy! Whatcha doing?

No answer.

David opens the door and enters the room.

Clark notices him, but is in too much of a funk to care.

DAVID
Hi. I heard you were feeling down.

Nothing. The boy's a stone.

David registers this and slowly backs away.

DAVID
Well, if there's anything you need,
all you gotta do is call.

David is almost out of the room when...

CLARK
Daddy?

David mouths the word, 'fuck'. He makes his way back to Clark's side.

DAVID
Whatcha doing, buddy?

CLARK
Nothing.

DAVID
Your mom said you were feeling
down.

CLARK
I'm okay. It's just Patrick moved
and now I have no one to play with.

DAVID
Oh, Clark. That's just your
narcissism acting up. It'll go
away.

CLARK
But, what if I never make a friend
again?

DAVID
Jesus, kid, you're only ten.

CLARK
Dad! That's a quarter in the jar!

DAVID
Fine!

David pulls a quarter from his pocket and gives it to Clark.

DAVID
Well, what the hell do you like to
do, anyways?

CLARK
I don't know. Play soccer, watch
movies?

DAVID
What about golf?

Clark shrugs.

DAVID
Fishing?
(nope)
Cowboys and Indians?
(nope)
Blackjack?
(nope)
Duck hunting?
(nope)
Well, I don't think we will ever
get along very well.

Clark's jaw drops.

DAVID
Well, name something!

CLARK
Want to play catch outside?

DAVID
You mean with a ball and glove?

Clark nods.

DAVID
I don't know if we even--

David sees the dejected look on his son's face.

DAVID
Fine, Fine. I'll see if I can dig
something up.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

David toss's a ball to Clark, who catches it with an old
baseball mitt.

Clark has a smile on his face, his mood has changed for the
better.

DAVID
And this is all we do?

CLARK
Ah huh.

David reflects for a moment.

DAVID
This isn't so bad.

David revs up and throws the ball way over Clark's head,
forcing the kid to run after it.

THE END