

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