

DADDY ISSUES

Written by

Caldwell

(May/December Relationships)

OVER BLACK

Footsteps. A woman humming a cheery tune.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A light goes on. Vanity bulbs along a mirror.

The woman humming is ANDREA (36), an air of nervous excitement about her.

Yellow bow in her hair, she primps herself in the mirror. Applies lipstick, eye shadow. Prettier than she knows.

Presses her lips together and smiles.

EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Wood tones and a solitary neon in the window. Gravel parking lot. Like a motorcycle bar minus the motorcycles.

Two cars in the lot.

SAM (O.S.)
Oh, I'm retired. Flat feet.

Laughter.

INT. ROADSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Semi-circular bar. A sleepy patron on the far end as the bartender checks his phone. Music plays from somewhere, you can almost smell the stale beer.

BOOTH

SAM (59), wrinkled shirt, thinning grey hair and glasses. A perpetually furrowed brow.

Across from him is Andrea, her soft features a stark contrast to this dingy place.

ANDREA
How long were you on the force?

He brings the bottle to his thin lips.

SAM
Twenty-seven years.

ANDREA
That's a long time.

SAM
Feels a lot longer. How about you?
What do you do?

ANDREA
I'm a department head at Prime
Retail.

SAM
I know the place.

ANDREA
Been there for twelve years.

SAM
You must like it.

ANDREA
(smiles)
Well, let's just say it pays the
bills. But I do take a lot of pride
in my work, unlike others.

SAM
That's important.

ANDREA
I like to think so. But I gotta
admit, my dream has always been--

He cuts her off, holds up his bottle.

SAM
Let me get you another one.

ANDREA
Oh, um, I'm good. Thanks.

He rises.

SAM
Suit yourself. I'm empty. I'll be
right back.

As he heads for the bar, Andrea shifts in her seat.
Straightens up. Making the best of this.

Laughter is heard.

She turns her head to see Sam and the bartender chuckling.

Yeah. Making the best of this.

Sam returns.

SAM (CONT'D)

So, you been on that older-younger dating site long?

ANDREA

Not too long. Actually, you're the first person I've met.

SAM

I see. Well, I gotta be honest with you because that's just who I am. You're a little older than I was expecting.

ANDREA

Oh, um... I'm sorry.

SAM

It's not your fault. You're what -- thirty-eight, roundabouts?

She's officially tweaked.

ANDREA

Thirty-six.

Drinks his beer.

SAM

That's what I'm sayin'.

(laughs)

You don't have a young daughter, do you?

She stares him down hard. Surprised, but not surprised.

ANDREA

This date is over.

Collects her purse, rises and leaves.

Sam throws his hands in the air.

SAM

Something I said?

INT. ANDREA'S CAR (PARKED) - MOMENTS LATER

Elbow resting on the console, she holds her head and sobs. She looks up. The disappointment on her face. Years of it. Each tear carries a unique pain.

She wipes her eyes, goes to turn the key in the ignition.

But stops.

EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - PARKING LOT - LATER

Sam exits the bar, heads around the side of the building to discover Andrea is parked next to him.

Leaning against the side of her car, she turns to him.

SAM

You waited. I had a feeling you liked me.

ANDREA

Yeah.

SAM

So, what do you wanna do? Blow job? We can do it right here in the car--

Andrea thrusts a tazer to his midsection!

He grunts. Stiffens. Collapses.

She stands above him in between the cars. Her wild hair backlit by a dull street lamp. Every word she utters a snarl.

ANDREA

Do I have a daughter? How young do you like them? Eleven? Twelve?

SAM

I...

She tazes him again! His eyes slam shut, teeth clenched.

ANDREA

Do you have a daughter? Huh? You fuck her? Did you? Every day when you come in from work you'd find her cowering in a corner, wouldn't you? And she'd be there, crying. Hoping you wouldn't be in that special mood.

She shocks him on the neck! Holds it. Holds.

SAM

Ugh...

ANDREA

Wanted your approval so bad she put
out for you. Is that how it went?
Too scared to tell anyone. Afraid
no one would listen.

Sam, arms stiff at his side. Hands like claws.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(voice rising)

Did you even care? Did you care you
made her life a living hell?! You
robbed her, you fuck! YOU FUCKING
ROBBED HER--!

Just then the street lamp transformer blows!

She pulls the tazer away, whips her head around to see a
brilliant explosion of sparks against the dark sky.

The neon in the bar goes out.

Another explosion and a live wire hits the ground, whirring
and buzzing wildly.

Sam GROANS, convulsing and twitching uncontrollably.

Andrea turns back. Looks at him. Seething.

She stomps his head repeatedly until he stops moving.

Her shadowy figure over him like a fighter after a knockout.
Silence but for her heavy breaths. The last of the sparks
rain down behind her.

She spits on him.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - LATER

Establishing a modest ranch with flowers and shrubs.

INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrea flicks a light switch, but the lights don't come on.
She strikes a match, lights a candle on a desk and sits.

Stares pensively at something in her hand.

A PHOTO of when she was young. Young enough for pig tails. Behind her is her FATHER. Work pants and shirt, his arms draped around her shoulders.

She moves the edge of the photo under the candle's flame until it catches. Watches it burn.

When she can hold on no longer, she drops the picture and sits for a long beat. She takes a deep breath and, almost like a sigh...

Blows out the candle.

THE END