

"FATHER'S DAY"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - MIKEY,
five-years-old, sweet, adorable.

[Note: Mikey's voice-over is not voiced by a child; rather, it's the pleasant voice of a man. It's Mikey reminiscing.]

MIKEY (V.O.)

My father once told me the road to
hell is paved with good intentions.

(a beat)

...I figure a huge stretch of that
road belongs to me.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - MIKEY

in pajamas standing in the doorway of his parent's bedroom. A well-worn and well-loved doll -- one of those rubber-faced chimpanzees clutching a banana -- hangs at Mikey's side. A single sheet of construction paper is in Mikey's other hand.

MIKEY'S POV - HIS PARENTS

sleeping soundly in bed.

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Mikey's parents are heading out for the evening. Mikey watches with JENNY, the teenaged babysitter. DAD, handsome with a nice head of hair, squats to Mikey's eyelevel.

DAD

You be a good boy okay, sport? In
bed when Jenny tells ya?

Mikey nods. MOM catches Jenny's eye and mouths "Seven-thirty."

DAD (CONT'D)

Just one favor, pal. Mommy and I
are gonna be out late and we'll be
really tired in the morning. How
'bout letting us sleep-in, huh? So
no bouncing on the bed. Deal?

Mikey nods.

DAD (CONT'D)

A promise is a promise, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mikey nods.

DAD (CONT'D)
Terrific. 'Night, pal.

He plants a kiss on Mikey's head. So does Mom. They head for the door.

MOM
'Night, sweetie.
(to Jenny)
I'll call.

JENNY
Have fun!

And they're gone. Jenny turns to Mikey.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Know what tomorrow is?

Mikey shakes his head.

JENNY (CONT'D)
It's Father's Day. Wanna make a
card for your dad?

Mikey nods.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Dad shakes a can of shaving cream. Mikey (in different pajamas than we saw previously) stands on the closed toilet seat cover, watching.

MIKEY (V.O.)
For as long as I could remember my
father always let me help him shave.

DAD
Okay, buddy. Open up.

Dad ejects a small mountain of shaving cream into Mikey's cupped hands. He leans close -- and Mikey applies the foam over much of Dad's face. Mikey's aim needs work, but Dad doesn't seem to mind.

DAD (CONT'D)
'Atta boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

MIKEY (V.O.)

Of course, he never let me use the razor. 'That's only for big boys,' he used to say.

Mikey watches, fascinated, as Dad slides the safety razor smoothly across his chin.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Construction paper, markers, little jars of sparkles and stars, and a tube of glue are set out on the kitchen table. Mikey and Jenny are finishing up the Father's Day card.

INSERT - THE CARD

A colorful drawing of a smiling face with brilliant red lips and cheeks, and big blue eyes beneath wide black eyebrows. The head sits atop a clerical collar. Beneath it all are the words "Happy Father's Day".

JENNY

That's really good, Mikey. Wanna stick on some sparkles?

Mikey reaches for the glue -- Jenny stops him with a gesture.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Uh-uh. Better let me do that...

(off Mikey's look)

It's the super-sticky stuff. You don't wanna stick your thumb to your mouth again, do you?

Mikey shakes his head.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Mikey (again in different pj's) races down the hall toward his parent's bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey climbs onto the bed between his sleeping parents and starts bouncing.

MIKEY (V.O.)

First thing I did every morning was jump on my parent's bed. Can't remember when I started doing that, but somehow it had become a daily ritual for me and my Dad.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED:

Dad cracks open an eye and smiles.

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'd bounce, and Dad would pretend I
was jumping on him.

With each one of Mikey's bounces, Dad emits a monotone "Ow."

DAD
Ow... Ow... Ow... Ow... Ow...

Mikey giggles infectiously. Mom continues to snooze -- her
body yo-yoing wildly up and down on the heaving mattress.

MIKEY (V.O.)
Mom wasn't crazy about our morning
routine, but over time she had
gotten used to it. Now she could
sleep through anything.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Mikey stands in the doorway of his parent's bedroom (as in
the opening scene.) He looks at the piece of construction
paper in his hand. It's the hand-drawn Father's Day card.

He shuffles quietly into the room and gently places the card
on the night table next to his sleeping dad.

MIKEY (V.O.)
It was real tough to keep myself
from bouncing on the bed,
especially since it was Father's
Day and all... But, as my Dad
always said, 'A promise is a
promise.'

MIKEY'S POV - HIS DAD,

face up on the pillow, sleeping soundly.

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Dad's beard grew pretty fast.
That's why he liked to shave as
soon as he got up.

Mikey's expression brightens.

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... And standing there watching him
sleep, an idea just fell right into
my head.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Mikey stands on the toilet seat cover and grabs the can of shaving cream off the sink counter. He rushes back to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey stands close to the bed holding the shaving cream can with both hands. He presses the trigger. Foam shoots across the bed.

MIKEY (V.O.)

If I gave Dad a shave before he woke up, he could sleep-in that much longer... Okay, I know, I know. There's some questionable logic there, but to my five-year-old brain it made perfect sense. 'Sides, this was my chance to show Dad that I was a big boy.

Mikey lowers the can closer to his father's face - and fires.

ON DAD'S FACE

as foam covers everything from his neck to his hairline.

Dad stirs, but only briefly.

INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey fills a toy bucket with water.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME

Mikey crawls up onto the sink. He rummages through the medicine cabinet. He spots Dad's safety razor, grabs it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Mikey re-enters the bedroom, Dad stirs.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Dad used mentholated shaving cream; he liked how it made his face feel all tingly. Of course, in the middle of a deep sleep, it woulda felt more like a mentholated nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

Mikey watches as Dad's head suddenly twitches spastically. Dad flails at his face, wiping the shaving cream away with a few quick swipes of his hand. The foam that was on his face now sits in a wet pile next to his head.

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I figured I'd better get this done quickly.

INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME

Mikey hurries into the bathroom, sets the safety razor on the counter and grabs the can of shaving cream.

INT. THE BEDROOM - SAME

Again, Mikey stands next to his sleeping dad and places the nozzle of the shaving cream can just inches from his father's face. He presses the trigger with both hands.

Again Dad's face is quickly blanketed from the neck to the hairline in fluffy, white shaving cream. Satisfied, Mikey scoots back to the bathroom to retrieve the safety razor.

STAY ON - DAD

As the menthol kicks in.

Dad swipes at his face as if swatting away a squadron of mosquitoes. Still snoozing, he squeegees his face with his hand, again dumping the fresh foam onto the pillow next to his head.

Then something else happens--

Dad attempts to get comfortable. He bounces his head across the pillow; the back of his head (with its growth of thick hair) lands in the pile of shaving cream.

Dad rolls over in bed, planting his head face down in the pillow.

At that moment, Mikey hurries back into the room.

MIKEY'S POV - DAD'S HEAD

lathered in thick shaving cream.

Mikey carefully crawls up on the bed, cautiously positions the razor at the bottom of Dad's head and starts to shave.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED:

ON DAD'S HEAD

as a little bald landing strip appears in the midst of all that shaving cream.

Mikey looks at the sizeable of the clump of hair on the razor.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Dad's beard was a lot thicker than it looked.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS WE SEE--

- the razor sliding effortlessly in an upward direction.

- Mikey rinsing the razor in the bucket of water. A LOT OF HAIR floats in the water.

- Mikey just zipping along with the razor.

- Dad's "face" is now shaved about half-way to the top of his head. Mikey looks a little concerned. But only a little.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Now you would think I might have realized that something wasn't quite right by the time I got half-way up and still hadn't run across a mouth or a nose...

ON DAD'S HEAD

as Mikey continues to move the razor up Dad's head.

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that Dad's ears were facing the wrong way shoulda been a dead giveaway.

CUT TO:

MIKEY

staring down at his father's face. His mouth hangs open. He looks like he's about to panic.

ON DAD'S HEAD

...the back of his head has been shaved clean! Hair still juts out at the top and the sides, giving it the look of a blank, featureless face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dad had taught me that when you make a mistake, it's important you do everything you can to remedy that mistake. And I had just made one BIG mistake...

INT. MIKEY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Mikey rummages through his toy box. He pulls a ball of old modeling clay from the bottom of the box.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Mikey races into the kitchen and quickly gathers the markers, the little jar of stars, and the tube of glue still out from last evening.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Mikey carefully crawls up on the bed and lays the markers, clay, stars and glue within easy reach. He gets to work.

MIKEY (V.O.)

The way I saw it, I had two options. I could run away, or I could try'n fix it so that Dad wouldn't notice what I'd done to his head. Since I had yet to cross the street on my own, I figured I should go with option two.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS--

- Mikey uncaps a blue felt marker. He draws something on the back of Dad's head. [Note: We see only Mikey at work; DAD'S HEAD REMAINS OUT OF FRAME.]

- He uncaps a red felt marker and draws.

- Mikey works the ball of clay into shape. He applies a generous dollop of glue to the clay.

- Mikey uncaps a black felt marker and draws.

- Mikey cautiously puts a drop of glue on a star.

CUT TO:

MIKEY

holding the Father's Day card in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKEY'S POV - THE CARD

...the smiling face with the brilliant red lips and cheeks, big blue eyes under wide black eyebrows staring up at him. And Mikey lowers the card TO REVEAL--

THE BACK OF DAD'S HEAD

...a near perfect replica of the same drawing -- brilliant red lips and cheeks, big blue eyes under wide, and wide black eyebrows. But the pièce de résistance is the nose. A bulbous blob of clay has been glued smack dab in the center of the new "face".

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was thrilled. It looked just like my Dad.

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey stands near his mother's side of the bed.

MIKEY (V.O.)
...But if I was gonna pull this off, it would have to fool Mom.

Mikey gives his mother a shake. She grunts, stirs, but doesn't open her eyes. Mikey shakes her again.

MOM
Okay, okay... I'm awake, I'm awake...

Mikey dashes for cover in the hallway, watches from just beyond the bedroom doorway. Mom opens her eyes.

MOM (CONT'D)
...What is it, Harold?

Dad doesn't respond. Mom rolls over to face him.

MOM'S POV - DAD,

his head on the pillow, his new "face" looking at the ceiling.

Mom lets go a blood-curdling shriek.

Dad rockets up from the pillow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD

What?! What is it?! What's the matter?

Mom sees Dad with two faces. She faints.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mikey cringes.

MIKEY (V.O.)

...Suddenly, running away seemed like it mighta been the better idea.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dad, in pajamas and housecoat (and with his two faces), sits at the table across from a somber looking Mikey.

Mom leans on the kitchen counter just behind dad, staring at the back of Dad's head. She clutches a cup of coffee.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Dad was surprisingly even headed about the whole thing.

DAD

...Mikey, sometimes you make me think I don't know if I'm coming or going.

MIKEY (V.O.)

I didn't want to say anything, but at the moment NO ONE could tell if he was coming or going... Since Dad couldn't actually see the face I had created on the other side of his head, he didn't seem as affected by the whole thing as much as Mom...

Mom is caught in the gaze of Dad's "other" face. She's both shocked and transfixed.

MOM'S POV - THE FACE ON THE BACK OF DAD'S HEAD

-- staring at her!

INT. MIKEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mikey's in bed, clutching his chimpanzee doll. Dad tucks him in for the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

MIKEY (V.O.)

It turned out that the markers I had used were indelible, so Dad decided to keep the nose on the back of his head until his hair started to grow back in. He figured the only thing worse than having two faces was having two faces with one of 'em missing a nose. If anything, Dad knew how to make the best of a bad situation.

DAD

Mikey, I suppose I should be upset about all this, but I know your heart was in the right place. You just made a mistake. We ALL make mistakes... But you will NEVER do that again. Deal?

Mikey nods.

DAD (CONT'D)

A promise is a promise, right?

Mikey nods. Dad smiles. He plants a kiss on Mikey's forehead.

DAD (CONT'D)

'Night, sport.

As Dad gets up and heads for the hallway, Mikey watches Dad's second face walk backwards toward the door.

MIKEY

Dad?

Dad looks back. Mikey beams.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Happy Father's Day.

Dad nods his thanks, grins, then turns and heads out of the room. As the bedroom door shuts, Mikey smiles sweetly to himself. He clutches his chimpanzee, closes his eyes and settles in for a sleep.

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I guess I did my share of stupid things growing up. Maybe more than other kids, I dunno.

(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I figure sometimes it's our
foul-ups and mistakes that make
life most precious and memorable...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

CLOSE ON - A PHOTOGRAPH

in one of those hinged double-frames sitting on a table. It's an adorable headshot of 5-year-old Mikey smiling happily at the camera.

MIKEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Of all the pictures I drew for my
dad as a kid -- and there musta
been hundreds of 'em -- there's one
he treasured more than all the
rest...

PAN TO - THE ADJACENT PICTURE FRAME

Proudly encased in the frame is Mikey's Father's Day card -- a smiling face with brilliant red lips and cheeks, a bulbous nose and big blue eyes beneath wide black eyebrows.

FADE OUT.

-THE END-