

The Catch
by
Steven Clark

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Phone 631.456.2752
Email SAClark69@verizon.net

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A BOY, MICHAEL (14) sits on a couch, gaming controller in his hands. He's your average kid.

SHOOTING and EXPLOSIONS come from the --

INSERT: TELEVISION

A FIRST PERSON shooter game fills the screen. The barrel of an assault rifle at the bottom, in the middle CROSS HAIRS. MUTANT SOLDIERS are shot, EXPLODE and fall.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael's absorbed, eyes darting back and forth, body shifting with the action.

Across the room, a DOOR opens.

Michael's FATHER, STEVE (42) white collar guy, walks in. He rests a briefcase on the floor, takes off his jacket, loosens his tie.

STEVE

Hey. Where's your mother?

Michael doesn't answer, Steve comes closer.

STEVE

Hello?

MICHAEL

I dunno.

STEVE

What about your sister?

(beat, insistent)

Where's your sister?

MICHAEL

I don't know, I said!

Steve, frustrated, goes to the --

KITCHEN

He opens the refrigerator, scans inside... frowns. Closes the door, then looks through the window into the --

BACKYARD

It's a beautiful day.

A *SHOUT* from the living room, Steve rushes inside.

STEVE

What happened?

Michael doesn't answer right off. He lowers the controller.

MICHAEL

I got blasted.

STEVE

You know, it's a really nice day. Why aren't you outside with your friends?

Michael looks up to his dad, no answer. Steve's glare presses him for one.

MICHAEL

(relents)

I don't have any friends, dad.

Steve goes to say something, but doesn't. His shoes offer no help. He meets his son's gaze, smiles.

STEVE

Come on.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Father and son play catch in the yard. The *SLAP* of the ball against leather, the joyous sound of nothing else.

FADE OUT.

