

A GAME WITH DAD

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MEN'S PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

DALE (40s), a mousy "Mr. Bean" type, washes his hands. He dries his hands on his clothes, and proceeds to check his pockets and zipper.

He's forgotten something, but he can't remember what. He shrugs and leaves the bathroom. Beat.

As he runs back in, we pan over to reveal an urn on the sink.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

Urn in hand, Dale walks around a sparsely attended stadium.

DALE
(to the Urn)
...yeah, I wanted to bring you to a
blow-out. The Yankees are already
up by four!

Dale stops at a hot-dog vendor. Two stadium employees whisper and point at Dale in the distance.

DALE (CONT'D)
(to urn)
Gosh, you used to hate it when I
had a hot-dog at a game. "Baseball
is serious" you used to say. Who
knows what you'd say if I had a
beer too.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Dale voraciously eats his mustard filled hot-dog at his seat. He sucks down a gulp of beer.

DALE
(to urn)
See, this isn't so bad? Yankees up,
sunny day, hot-dog, beer, a
pandemic level of fans. Life is
good!... No offense.

Dale eats with the urn in his lap, accidentally spilling mustard all over it.

DALE (CONT'D)
Shoot, shoulda brought napkins.

Dale gets up from his seat with the urn. He's oblivious to the STADIUM MANAGER (50s) approaching and calling out.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S PUBLIC BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dale wipes the urn clean at the sink.

DALE
"You're such a klutz, Dale"...
"Why are you so awkward, Dale"...
"Stop taking the vacuum into your room, we know what you're doing in there, Dale". Pfft. Classic Dad.

The Stadium Manager bursts through the door of the restroom.

STADIUM MANAGER
Sir, I've been trying to speak with you.

Dale looks around the empty bathroom.

DALE
(earnestly)
Who, me? No, no, I brought this urn from home.

STADIUM MANAGER
I know.

DALE
Oh.

STADIUM MANAGER
"You're not allowed to bring an urn here" (beat) ...is what I would normally say... but we have nothing going on today, and we thought we'd offer you a little moment during the seventh inning stretch.

DALE
Oh jeez, no, I can't dance or sing.

STADIUM MANAGER

What? No, with the urn- the ashes.
Is that your Dad or...

DALE

Yup it's my Dad.

STADIUM MANAGER

Great, how would you like to spread
his ashes at THE YANKEE STADIUM.

DALE

That'd be great!

STADIUM MANAGER

Great, follow me.

The Manager leaves, Dale follows triumphantly. Beat. He runs back into the bathroom to grab the urn.

CUT TO:

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM FIELD - LATER

Dale stands on the field with the urn as he excitedly waves and fist pumps to the crowd. Goofy smile on the Jumbotron.

Players of both teams gather around and take knees.

ANNOUNCER

And now, we'd like to take a moment to honor the fans from across the world who've lost their lives. Dale Smith has been going to baseball games with his Dad since he was a child. When his Dad passed away, he wanted to spread his ashes so that he could be here for every Yankee home game from this life to the next. Isn't that a beautiful send-off, folks?

The barely existent crowd cheers, a few players tear-up. The Jumbotron zooms into their faces, the American flag, etc.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And now, here's Dale with a few words.

Dale steps up to the microphone.

DALE

Hi! Just to be clear, my Dad was a die-hard Dodgers fan, but also, he was kinda an asshole.

Dale dumps the ashes. He cheers for himself and obliviously waves to the silent crowd.

DALE (CONT'D)

Plus, I never even liked baseball!

Dale thumbs-up and waves as microphone feedback drowns out the abject horror on people's faces on the Jumbotron.

FADE OUT.