

Father's Day

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EXT. LAKE - DAY

A small row boat floats calmly under the glaring sun. Inside the boat are --

DAD, 30's, wearing a fishing hat and a permanent frown. He sits at one end of the boat across from --

RANDY, 10, Mets cap and T-shirt, wide-eyed, excited, stares intensely at his fishing line.

Everything is still. Silent.

Dad looks down at his line. Nothing. He eyes the empty cooler at his feet, checks his watch.

DAD

Well, son, I guess they just ain't bitin' today. We better get home. Mom's waitin' for us.

RANDY

Can't we stay a little longer?

DAD

Randy, we've been here all day.

Randy takes one more look at the lake and mountains. He breathes in the fresh air. Then smiles at his dad.

RANDY

Okay, Dad.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MOM, 30's, stands at the stove, cooks dinner.

Dad and Randy enter through the door.

RANDY

Hi, Mom!

Randy dashes by, runs upstairs.

MOM

Hey, get ready for dinner.

Dad closes the door, walks over to Mom.

MOM

How did it go?

DAD

Terrible. Not a single fish. What a total waste of a day. I'm going to take a shower.

Dad walks away. Mom looks at him and frowns.

INT. RANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Randy sleeps on his bed. An open book lies on his chest.

Dad appears at the open door.

DAD

Hey, buddy, dinner's ready.

Dad walks over to the bed. He notices the book, gently picks it up, and reads.

RANDY (V.O.)

June seventeenth. Father's Day. I just spent the whole day fishing with my dad. It was the best day of my life.

Dad closes the book, stares over at his son. He sits down on the edge of the bed.

DAD

Yeah, me too, buddy.

Dad strokes his son's hair, watches Randy sleep.

FADE OUT