# ***THE DADDY ZONE***

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INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Dad sits in a chair next to a crackling fireplace. Overlaid title: THE DADDY ZONE.

DAD

Hey you. Welcome back to The Daddy Zone. Where you and I can have some quality time, just us.

EXT. YARD. DAYTIME.

Dad is kneeling as he repairs the lawnmower. After a moment of tinkering, he turns and looks right at you.

DAD

(Smiling reassuringly at camera in silence for a good sec)

I’m so proud of you. I’m so proud of the person you’ve become. Everything you do makes me proud of you.

When I look at you, my heart just fills with pride and joy. Why, I could just float on away…

Just like in Willy Wonka, when Charlie and his grandaddy ingest that there potion. Floating together, like you and me.

Dad beams into camera. Dad jerks his hand and the lawnmower makes a “clank”.

DAD

Hard work, this is, but it’ll pay off. Hard work always pay off.

Unless the hard work is crime. Crime never pays.

Dad continues tinkering. Chuckles to himself. Slow zoom-in on Dad’s face begins. Long pause.

DAD

Reminds me -- don’t you never do The Drugs. Lost too many friends to The Drugs back in college.

They’ll kill ya deader ‘en dead.

Dad chuckles and shakes his head.

DAD

I once knew a man who lost his entire family in a Drugs-related lawnmower accident.

Truly grotesque. He was so high on The Drugs, he forgot to do his regular, basic lawnmower maintenance!

Well, wouldn’t you know, that there

lawnmower’s blade spun off, and done did decapitated his dear daughter, wife, and unborn fetus son.

Close-up on Dad’s face as he tinkers. Cut out to wide shot with Dad in same position.

DAD

Now hand me that wrench, we’ll get ‘er fixed up. No time at all. You and me.

Another, even slower zoom-in on Dad’s face begins as he tinkers and talks.

DAD

Just like in Pixar’s masterpiece Cars, when Lightning McQueen, voiced by the indefitable Owen Wilson, takes some time off to fix up not only his body, but his mind, too. And you know, that’s a good practice to take into your life: self-care. It’s OK to experiment in ways that make you feel good! As long as you don’t ‘speriment with The Drugs.

I mean, ‘spose you can smoke a lil bit of weed in college…

Dad looks around, then leans toward the camera.

DAD

(hushed voice)

Just don’ tell your other parental

unit.

Dad winks and chuckles.

DAD

Oh, and -- don’t let it start affecting your sexual performance. Been plenty o’ studies findin’ mary-j-wanna lowers that there labedo. And I want plenty o’ grandkiddos frolickin’ up in this here lovely lawn. Once it’s mowed, o’ course!

Dad pauses, tinkering with the mower.

DAD

Plus, proper intimacy is one of life’s most B-E-A-youtiful treasures.

Dad appears lost in thought for a moment.

DAD

But that’s not for you n’ me, no no. That’s for you n’ your lover and/or lovers.

Ain’t nothin wrong with masturbatin’ either. Ain’t ‘nothin wrong with bein asexual, neither! Just don’ do sex with animals -- that’s a felony. And it ain’t cool, no matter who says so.

Dad looks sternly into the camera for a moment before breaking into a smile.

DAD

But hey, you don’t need to define yourself based upon the whos, whats, wheres, hows, whys, or whats-evers of your sexual relations. Just know that I’m proud of you. And I want you to be happy what whichever which way.

Dad chuckles.

DAD

Reminds me of the beloved HBO series Big Love! Except, they were patriarchal polygamous Mormons. So let’s try n’ steer away from that. ‘Course, daddy would love ya still.

Dad pauses, thinks, giggles to self, then becomes quite serious.

DAD

But that would be outta left field, now wouldn’t it.

Dad focuses on the work for a moment before distractedly turning back to face the camera as it clearly bothered and with a new, more frank tone.

DAD

Mormonism just ain’t somethin I can jive with. Mormonism, and scientology. Jus, don do ‘em. They’re creepy as all heck.

And The Drugs. Don’t do it neither. But if you really want to, OK, just a little bit.

But *never* before you take care o’ your mower maintenance.

Cut to medium close shot.

DAD

Alright, time to pull this ol’ string.

Dad puts down his tool and tries to start the mower. Nothing happens. Dad is clearly annoyed, and loudly clears his throat.

DAD

(nearly yelling)

I said, time to pull this ol’--

The lawnmower hums back to life, then stops abruptly. Dad winces in annoyance, then partially regains composure and beams at the lawnmower, and then into the camera. Slow zoom-out begins.

DAD

Well, would you look at that! Workin’ just fine now.

(switch to passive aggressive

tone)

Exactly as planned.

As the zoom-out continues Dad picks up a beer and cracks it, taking a big swig. The zoom-out reveals many empty and full beer cans strewn about Dad’s feet.

DAD

(yelling, with a Boston accent)

Jimmy, what the fuck happened?

JIMMY

(off-screen)

I’m sorry Daddy!

DAD

You better figure your goddamn shit.

out.

Hope your mother’s been watching those goddamn iMovie tutorials I sent her. She gonna need to clean up your mess.

Dejected pouting audible from offscreen. Dad leans over, grabs and cracks another beer.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Dad sits in the same position as before, framed in front of the fireplace. The end credits roll as Dad talks: “FUCK YOU DENNIS. I’M LEAVING WITH THE KIDS. I WASTED THE BEST 10 YEARS OF MY LIFE WITH YOU, AND ANOTHER 20 HOURS ON THESE GODFORSAKEN IMOVIE TUTORIALS. NOW THE WORLD WILL KNOW WHAT YOU ARE. BURN IN HELL.”

DAD

Thanks for joining me on this trip to The Daddy Zone. Next week, you n’ me’ll fix the car, all the while I tell you how much I love you.

And as always, whether you have another Daddy, or you don’t. When you’re in The Daddy Zone…

Fast zoom to a close-up, low-angle on Dad. Dad turns vision to look straight into camera.

DAD

I’m your Daddy.

Dad, grinning, winks.

**THE END**