

FATHER'S DAY

Written by

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INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A small piece of paper with a telephone number sits on a table.

MARK (20s) sits on a couch, hands clasped on his chin, clearly distraught. No sound until a voice slowly fades in.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Mark?

Mark looks up.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Did you listen to any of that.

Mark shakes his head, looking back down at the paper.

Beat.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

What are you thinking about?

THERAPIST (30s) readjusts. Mark remains unmoved

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I know you've spent a lot of time thinking of what you'd say to him, but this doesn't have to happen today.

MARK

I can do this.

THERAPIST

Of course you can.

Mark picks up the paper, typing the number into his phone, and placing it next to his ear. The telephone rings.

FATHER (O.S.)

Hello? Hello?

Mark almost begins to cry.

Therapist puts a hand on his thigh.

FATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hell-

MARK

(Jar Jar Binks voice)

Meesa da Jar Jar Binks. Dis a nutsen!

Mark quickly hangs up. Staring at Therapist, embarrassed.

THERAPIST
What was that?

MARK
Jar Jar Binks. Episode 1.

THERAPIST
Why?

Mark abruptly stands up in stress.

MARK
I don't know. I don't know. I
freaked out.

THERAPIST
It's okay.

MARK
Did I fuck it up? Fuck.

Mark is pacing the room.

THERAPIST
Of course not.

MARK
8 years. It's been 8 years, and I
did fucking Jar Jar. It was the
last movie we ever watched. He
wouldn't even remember that.

THERAPIST
You're trying to connect with him!
That's fine, but maybe start a
dialogue first.

MARK
I know that! I know that. This is
hard.

Mark sits back down.

THERAPIST
It is! I'm not judging you. I can't
imagine what you're going through
right now. If you wanna just talk
about it for a little bit. We can
practice. I can be him.

MARK
You're an asshole.

Therapist looks confused.

MARK (CONT'D)

Not you.

Therapist nods in agreement. Mark starts looking up to almost the ceiling.

MARK (CONT'D)

I can't believe how many nights
I've cried over a deadbeat fucking
loser that was too busy drinking
his life away to even give me a
birthday tex-

THERAPIST

Why are you looking up.

MARK

He's like 6'3", he's a tall guy.

THERAPIST

Mark, take this seriously.

MARK

I am! Ok. I'd tell him about
everything he'd missed in my life.
Every perfect score on a statewide
test, being a state champion five
times. Bowling club president. That
time I ate 36 deep fried Oreos. I
got my picture on the bar's wall!
And if he was there, let me tell
you, he wouldn't have been thinking
about the picture.

THERAPIST

Hmm.

Mark straightens up.

MARK

Did I ever tell you I won a poetry
contest? He wouldn't have given a
shit about that.

THERAPIST

I'm sure he would have been proud
of you.

MARK

Maybe he would have! But most importantly I would have told him about all the times I'd finally accomplished something and I looked into a crowd of people for him. I only looked for him then, because I knew he would never give a shit about every hour, every second every week that made it possible. I knew that he would only be proud of me for the outcome. And even then, he wasn't there.

Mark slouches back into the couch.

THERAPIST

How'd that feel.

MARK

Like shit. He didn't hear it.

THERAPIST

Would you like him to.

Mark nods, pulling out his phone, and dialing the number again.

FATHER

Hel-

MARK

(almost yelling)

Boy oh Boy do I have the sale for you. Six cars, 40% off, only at Toyyyyy-ota!

Mark slams the phone down and grabs his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

That doesn't even make sense why would they have a 40% off sale for six cars!

Therapist begins to talk.

MARK (CONT'D)

Maybe they're offering it to a rich guy! Yeah, yeah. But, fuck I hung up. Damnit I coulda pulled that off!

Mark slouches back down.

THERAPIST

Mark, I'm going to tell you. You're inability to talk to him is brought on by intimacy issues that he caused when he left.

MARK

Intimacy issues!?

THERAPIST

Yes, that's what most of our sessions-

Mark immediately pulls his phone back out.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

-are about.

Mark's face is extremely serious. His phone is next to his head.

MARK

I don't know who you are. I don't know what you want. If you are looking for ransom. I can tell you I don't have money. But what I do have is a very particular set of skills.

QUICK CUT:

Mark gleefully speaks into the phone.

MARK (CONT'D)

Is your refrigerator running?

QUICK CUT:

Mark holds the phone to his ear with his eyes closed, passionately singing and gesticulating.

MARK (CONT'D)

I used to pray for times like this to rhyme like this, so I had to grind like that to shine like this.

QUICK CUT:

Mark is angry, holding the phone to his mouth.

MARK (CONT'D)

(Batman voice)

Where is the nearest Yankee Candle!

Mark smiles as he puts the phone down, returning his gaze to Therapist.

THERAPIST
Are you done?

MARK
Yeah, sorry, that got out of hand.

THERAPIST
I think we should just end the session.

Therapist gathers her notes and stands up.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
I thought it was incredibly admirable to call your father today, and I sympathize with the difficulty of this situation. But your failure to even attempt a serious discussion or any emotional intimacy has deeply upset me. And I think it'd be best if we just spoke next week.

Therapist drops her notepad on her desk.

MARK (O.S.)
Hey, Dad. It's Mark.

Therapist turns to look at Mark.

Mark has the phone to his head. He's terrified.

Beat.

FATHER
(Jar Jar Binks voice.)
Meesa miss my son!

Mark smiles.

FADE OUT.