

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DAUGHTER a lovely young woman in her late twenties, turns up the radio and walks out of the bedroom where she has moved the furniture back and been mopping the tile floor. As she walks out into the hall she sees DAD sitting in his Lazy Boy flipping through channels on the TV. He is obese and balding, wearing a dingy T-shirt, shorts, and socks with a hole in the toe. Beside him is all the food he'd need to survive on a desert island: chips and dip, pretzels, and other snacks, a big plastic cup full of soda and ice with a half empty liter at it's side.

Daughter walks out into the living room and grabs her keys off the wall.

DAUGHTER

I'm going to get more bleach for the floor. You need anything?

DAD

Yea, turn off the radio. I'm trying to watch TV here.

DAUGHTER

If you want it off, get out of that chair and turn it off yourself!

She slams the door. Dad frowns and turns up the volume. Even though the TV is now blaring, the radio can still be heard over it. Dad glances back at the open door then to his TV and back again. He is flipping channels on the TV, but glares at the door.

He finally gets up and takes a few steps toward the door. He stops when he hears Louis Armstrong singing "When You're Smiling". Dad searches the remote. He finally finds the power button in the top corner and turns off the TV.

He slowly walks into the room. He stops in the middle and smiles as he listens. Subconsciously he begins to sway to the rhythm.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKINGLOT - DAY

Daughter is walking to her car; she carries one bag of groceries.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dad is dancing with an invisible partner.

EXT. PARKINGLOT - DAY

Daughter closes the car door and walks toward the house.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dad is now spinning and dancing like a madman. (i.e. sliding on his socks Tom Cruse style)

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Daughter walks in the door. She looks at the empty Lazy Boy and gasps. She looks to the silent TV and drops her bag.

DAUGHTER  
(frantic) Dad!

She bolts for the door that is cracked open to the bedroom.

DAUGHTER  
Dad!

She pushes open the door and sees her dad dancing. Relief and amazement wash over her face. Dad turns around and sees her standing in the doorway. Without skipping a beat he extends his arm in invitation.

She smiles and walks toward him. Together they dace until the end of the song, with daughter's feet on top of dad's.