

Day at the Beach
By Dave McClain

A young boy struggles to get over his mysterious fear of the beach.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A MAN wearing a rubber clown mask stands on the sand holding a few helium-filled balloons. He is talking with TREVOR, a 5-year-old boy, sitting by himself and building a sand castle. The man holds out a single balloon towards Trevor.

MAN

It's a balloon! A balloon for you!

Trevor looks around the beach for his parents, but sees no one. The man uses a black marker to write Trevor's name on one of the balloons, then shows Trevor the balloon.

MAN (cont'd)

See? It has your name on it! It's for you!

TREVOR

I don't have time to play with you. I have to dig a moat around my sand castle. My daddy said I can't do it, but I can. I can do it. He'll see when he comes back.

MAN

You did do it, Trevor. Look!

Trevor looks down and sees a wide, long ditch. It grows wider and deeper as he looks at it.

MAN (cont'd)

You made such a good moat, you can use it to play a game of hide and seek with your daddy! He'll be SO proud of you!

TREVOR

Really?

MAN

Of course he will! And if you lay down in it, I'll give you this balloon!

Suddenly, Trevor is lying in the moat, holding his balloon. The ocean sounds grow louder, coming from every direction. The ocean spray and sand sprays Trevor's face. Then, it becomes a rush of water and sand starting to bury Trevor.

The balloon pops. Trevor tries to move, but can't. He tries to call out, but can't. Then, he has trouble breathing. Distant voices call his name. It's his MOTHER and FATHER.

FATHER
Trevor? Trevor?

MOTHER
Trevor! Trevor!!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor wakes up from his nightmare with a scream. He suddenly sits up in bed, breathing heavily, almost hyperventilating. His mother bursts into his room and hugs him. His father leans against the doorway, looking angry.

FATHER
Again? Seriously? He's fine.

MOTHER
It's okay, Sweetie. I'm here. Mommy's here.

Trevor's mother puts fresh sheets on his bed, helps him back into his bed and tucks him in. She kisses him and leaves the room. She heads for the door, but stops to look back at Trevor and blow him a kiss before quietly closing the door.

INT. HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Trevor's father and mother talk to other in harsh, but hushed tones, not far from Trevor's bedroom door.

FATHER
He fell asleep playing hide and seek!
That's all!

MOTHER
We don't know that!

FATHER
Yes, we do!

MOTHER
What about that kid they found in
that field near the beach?

FATHER
That was terrible, but no one saw a
clown or balloons or anything!
(MORE)

FATHER (cont'd)

What happened to that kid has nothing to do with Trevor!

MOTHER

We left him alone on a secluded beach so we could take a walk! We should've never done it!

FATHER

Maybe not, but we did. It's over. He got a little scared, but it's in the past. He has to man up!

MOTHER

Man up?!? He's six years old! Dr. Kendall said we have to be patient with him!

FATHER

I HAVE been patient!

Trevor lies curled up under his blanket, trying to hear what his parents are saying. The sound of their words become increasingly muffled. As Trevor listens, his eyes slowly close and reopen a few times as he drifts off to sleep.

FATHER (cont'd)

...coddling...my way highway...son of a beach day...once for all...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Trevor eats a Pop Tart as his mother helps him into a pair of shorts. His father stands in the doorway, arms crossed.

MOTHER

I need to be there.

FATHER

I'm handling this now.

Trevor's father grabbed his hand and leads Trevor to the car. In his other hand, he has a beach bag.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Trevor's father tosses the bag in the back seat and helps Trevor into the car. Trevor can see his mother through the living room window. She smiles and waves, while a tear runs down her cheek. Trevor waves and smiles, but looks confused.

INT. CAR - DAY

TREVOR
Where are we going, daddy?

FATHER
To the beach.

Trevor's body stiffens in his seat. His eyes widen.

FATHER (cont'd)
You haven't been to the beach in
awhile. Over a year I think.

TREVOR
But daddy, I don't wanna...

FATHER
We're going! We'll have fun. And
you'll see that there's nothing to be
afraid of. You'll see.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Trevor's father helps him out of the car. He leads his son with one hand and carries the beach bag with the other. Father and son walk toward the sand.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Trevor and his father arrive at an isolated stretch of beach, the same spot from Trevor's nightmare. Trevor's father spread out a blanket on the sand. The two of them sit on the blanket, quietly looking out at the water.

FATHER
Let's build a sand castle.

Trevor's head jerked towards his father. His eyes again grew wide.

FATHER (cont'd)
No moat, Trevor. Just a sand castle.

Trevor's father reaches into the beach bag and pulls out plastic pails and shovels. He starts moving the sand around. He looks over at Trevor a few times. Trevor slowly joins in. Trevor's dad smiles. Trevor is starting to have fun.

TREVOR
Daddy?

FATHER
Yes, Trevor?

TREVOR
Can we... build a moat? Just a little
one.

FATHER
Sure we can, buddy. If you want to.
You start.

Trevor slowly starts digging. His father smiles and watches.
Trevor smiles back at his father and digs his moat deeper.

Suddenly, Trevor stopped, frozen in place.

FATHER (cont'd)
What's wrong, buddy?

He looks at his son and then down into the little ditch
Trevor has been digging. Trevor's father sees a deflated
bright blue balloon. In black marker, there are the letters
"T-R-E-V-O-R".

Trevor's father looks around and sees a family in the
distance walking down the beach. He calls out to them.

FATHER (cont'd)
Call the police! Call 911!!

Trevor is frozen in fear. His father grabbed a hold of him
and holds him close. Trevor's father is crying.

FATHER (cont'd)
I'm sorry I didn't believe you. I'm so sorry, son. You're
okay now. You're alright. Everything is going to be alright.

FADE OUT: