

Like Father, Like Son

by John Horner

The date had gone horribly wrong. First of all, she looked a lot older than her profile picture led you to believe. Whether or not that was intentional, he didn't know, but it was still very disappointing. Her face had what were the beginning of frown lines forming, and her eyes had a sadness he'd seen before in his line of work. A lot of the actresses that he saw audition had it, built up from years of rejection and knowing they were too old to be doing what they were doing. He was back at home now though; it was all over. Truth be told, he kind of liked it when he got rejected. As a screenwriter, it just gave him more inspiration for story ideas and character traits.

He was lost in his own thoughts when the doorbell ring. When he answered the door, he saw an old woman who looked to be homeless, soaking wet from the rain. They both looked at each other awkwardly for a moment until the woman spoke.

"Excuse me sir, could I trouble you for a smoke? I really need one."

He wasn't sure what to do or say. "Sorry," he said. "I quit a long time ago."

"Hogwash," the old woman said. "I could always tell when you're lying."

For the first time he noticed the woman's accent, and it started to hit him who this woman was, though it was such a shock he wasn't sure if he could accept it. When he got out the cigarette and lit it for her, he could finally see her face. He saw that her eyes were his eyes, that her face was his face. They were finally back to together at last, after all these years.

"I can tell you know I'm speaking the truth. Now let your mother inside. I have something to tell you about your father, your real father."

He felt like he should be elated. His childhood dreams just came true. All those Christmases at the orphanage, dreaming of this exact moment. The moment he would see his mom again, and he'd have a real family after all.

"No thanks," he said. "I've got bills to pay and good TV to watch." He slammed the door in her face. How convenient, he thought, they want to be a part my life now. Not when I was young or when I needed them, but now when I work in Hollywood and make millions. For a moment he wondered how she had even found him, but that didn't matter right now. He had bigger problems. He had to get rid of the body in the living room and the blood stain on the carpet. He had company coming over tomorrow, and he didn't want them noticing anything out of the ordinary or asking any questions.