

HOW DO YOU SPELL HEMORRHOIDS?

by  
Brian Howell

PO Box 708822  
Sandy, Ut 84070  
reuel51@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A busy terminal. SKYLER, 20s, the pretty tomboy from high school grown into a woman, stands at the check-in desk. The destination card reads: "ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA".

RECEPTIONIST

The flight's full, but if something opens up we'll call you.

Skyler uses her sleeve to pump hand sanitizer into her palm and turns. There isn't an open seat in the joint.

She spots one... but its neighbor is a SNOT-NOSED KID, 5, eating his boogers.

Skyler's face reflects her disgust.

A middle-aged couple gathers up their shit to leave. Skyler focuses on their spot: a small bench for two.

She moves to it as the couple walks away. She pulls out a disinfecting wipe and gives the bench a once-over.

She sets her purse to the side and sits close to the middle, careful not to touch more than necessary.

A shrill voice approaches.

MARJORIE (O.S.)

We're always late because of you.

Skyler glances up. MARJORIE, 70s, slightly heavy and mean-looking, hobbles closer with the aid of a walker.

Her husband, LAWRENCE, 70s, fresh from senior housing with bedhead and mismatched plaids, waddles beside her.

LAWRENCE

We're late because we had to stop and get you a Cinnabon.

Lawrence plops down next to Skyler.

She's shocked and slides to give him more room --

But is greeted by Marjorie's fat ass. She wiggles it down on the other side of Skyler.

SKYLER

Excuse me --

MARJORIE

I had to eat to take my pills.

LAWRENCE

Marjorie, they're diet pills.

MARJORIE

You fill out the medical forms yet?

Lawrence groans and pulls health forms out from a briefcase.

Skyler grabs her purse to leave --

Slight problem, it's underneath Lawrence.

SKYLER

Sir, you're on my purse.

Lawrence glances up from his forms and talks twice as loud as everyone else.

LAWRENCE

How do you spell hemorrhoids?

Skyler shrinks with embarrassment. The other people in the terminal stare in her direction.

Marjorie's a stone, arms folded with a heavy scowl.

MARJORIE

Tell my husband he can figure it out himself.

Skyler winces at the sight of her purse underneath him.

SKYLER

(whispering)

H. E. M. --

LAWRENCE

What'd you say?

MARJORIE

You'll have to speak-up dear, he can only hear when my soap opera's too loud and that I nag, nag, nag.

LAWRENCE

I heard that.

Skyler tugs at the purse strap. It doesn't budge.

MARJORIE

Why are you going to the Mayo  
Clinic?

SKYLER

I'm not, I'm just visiting family.

MARJORIE

Lawrence is dragging me along to  
the clinic so he can fly. The last  
time he flew alone he caused a  
scene, forced an emergency landing  
and now has to be chaperoned.

SKYLER

I'm sorry.

MARJORIE

No sorries, but next time he's  
taking the bus.

Skyler goes to stand but Marjorie holds her back.

MARJORIE

You're fine sweetie, you're not  
bothering us. You were here first.

SKYLER

Your husband's on my purse.

LAWRENCE

How much time between bowel  
movements before I'm constipated?

MARJORIE

Tell him he's not constipated.

Skyler tugs harder on the purse. Nothing.

LAWRENCE

I haven't shit in two days.

Marjorie swings her arm past Skyler's face and smacks  
Lawrence.

MARJORIE

Language!

Marjorie's arm flab jiggles awfully close to Skyler's face.

MARJORIE

He hasn't stained the porcelain  
since he got the anal infection,  
but he's had terrible gas, so I  
know he's not backed-up.

Skyler's sufficiently grossed out. In one motion, she tugs her purse and stands up.

By an act of God, or some other mischievous entity, Lawrence lifts his leg at the same time to let one rip.

Not prepared for the lack of resistance, Skyler's full effort to yank the purse shoots her back several feet. She trips over Marjorie's walker and lands on her ass.

Contents of her purse scatter across the floor, including a feminine hygiene product which stops directly in front of the Snot-Nosed Kid.

She scrambles to grab her things, reaches for the tampon...

But the Snot-Nosed Kid picks it up.

SNOT-NOSED KID

Mom, what's this?

Skyler bolts for the ladies room, on the verge of tears.

LATER

The terminal is nearly empty. The flight doors are about to close.

Over the PA:

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Skyler Corey, please report to the  
flight desk.

Skyler steps out of the bathroom, her hands are wrapped in paper towels.

Skyler approaches the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Skyler Corey?

Skyler nods and unwraps her hands.

RECEPTIONIST

We just had a seat open up.

Skyler pumps hand sanitizer again. Only this time, she takes three times more than a normal person would.

SKYLER  
I'll take it.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Skyler steps aboard the airline. She's greeted by the FLIGHT ATTENDANT, who smiles and points to a middle seat.

SKYLER  
Thank you.

She turns into the aisle and notices the seat: smack in middle of Lawrence and Marjorie.

Skyler slumps with disgust.

Marjorie, who sits by the window, glances up.

MARJORIE  
Lawrence, move to the middle, give this girl the aisle.

LAWRENCE  
But I want the aisle.

Marjorie smacks him upside the head.

MARJORIE  
Give it to her, she's menstruating.

Skyler goes to leave, but the Flight Attendant is in the way.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Please take your seat, dear. We're waiting to take off.

Skyler turns back to her seat, the middle seat.

LAWRENCE  
You may be on the flow, but we need you to sit in the middle or else this is gonna be a long flight.

FADE OUT.