

Pizza > Eyesight

by

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1. Pizza > Eyesight

FADE IN:

INT: BRUCE'S PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

BRUCE QUICK is 25, and is wearing a blindfold, and racing themed pyjamas. He is lying face up, on his PARENT'S double bed, with his arms and legs spread out. His MOTHER (50) and FATHER (50) are in typical clothing for their ages, but are also wearing caps with the name 'Bruce Quick' on them. The room is well lit, and an old fashioned phone, connected by a wire, is in the corner of the room. On the neighbouring desk, is an unopened pizza box.

MRS. QUICK

Hello, Br...

BRUCE QUICK

Look mum, I know what you're going to say...

MRS. QUICK

(warmly)

That you're an idiot, who's invaded your parent's bedroom?

BRUCE QUICK

Yes.

MR. QUICK

That's my boy, very perceptive... Only joking!

MR. QUICK pats his SON'S shoulder.

MRS. QUICK

(with a smile)

I just don't understand, Brucey... Why did you try and perform laser eye surgery with a laser pen?

BRUCE tosses and turns.

BRUCE QUICK

Because I thought it would save money, alright?!

MR. QUICK

Who's idea was it? Was it from your rivals? We can get justice for you, boy!

BRUCE QUICK

No...

MR. QUICK

Who then??

BRUCE QUICK

It was my idea! Just drop it!
What am I going to do, dad?

MR. QUICK

Why did you do both eyes? Didn't going
blind in one eye serve as a warning?

BRUCE QUICK

What do you want me to say? Yes?

MR. QUICK

It would make me feel better. Anyway,
look on the bright side... You know
how I always told you to eat healthy?
Now you don't have to...

BRUCE QUICK

Why not?

MR. QUICK

(with a forced smile)

Because you already are a vegetable!

BRUCE QUICK

Dad, for God's sake!!

MRS. QUICK

Your father's just saying there's one
less thing to worry about. That's all.

BRUCE QUICK

Just like I don't have to worry about
going to the opticians, or moving
about anywhere. Lucky me.

MRS. QUICK

Stop being so negative! There are
millions of people who would love to
be in your shoes!

BRUCE QUICK

I see. Who?

MRS. QUICK

Um...

MRS. QUICK scratches his head, and furrows his brow.

MR. QUICK

... People with no shoes!

MRS. QUICK
Thanks, hubby.

MR. QUICK
No probs.

BRUCE QUICK
My life is over, and all you can do is
joke?!

MRS. QUICK gives BRUCE a hug.

MRS. QUICK
Oh, Brucey! Of course it's not over!

BRUCE QUICK
Really? How so?

MR. QUICK
..... Ahem....

MRS. QUICK
(awkwardly)
Blebleblebleb....

MR. QUICK
No, no, wait. Your life definitely
isn't over. You could walk dogs for a
living. Imagine that; the wind in your
hair, the sun on your face...

BRUCE QUICK
That sounds really boring.

MRS. QUICK
You could start your own vlog; you're
already famous...

BRUCE QUICK
And what would I talk about? How much
I hate staying in bed, all day?

MRS. QUICK
Don't be so morbid. You could say how
much you love staying in bed all day.

BRUCE QUICK
I think that's worse. Hang on a
second!

MR. QUICK
What?

BRUCE QUICK
Drag racing!

MR. QUICK
 Drag racing?

BRUCE QUICK
 All I would have to do is go straight.
 ..

MR. QUICK
 That's true I guess, but your
 opponents would have a significant
 advantage over you. And still... Drag
 racing? No one cares. Who's ever seen
 a drag race? No one.

BRUCE QUICK
 You're right. Everything's over!

BRUCE faces the mattress, puts his pillow of his head and
 starts to cry.

MRS. QUICK
 Oh, God, hubs, I hate seeing him like
 this.

MR. QUICK
 I know. You were right to bring the
 pizza.

MRS. QUICK opens the takeaway box and picks up a slice, with
 ham and pineapple on it. Food in hand, she pulls off BRUCE'S
 pillow.

MRS. QUICK
 (sweetly)
 Brucey.... Look u-up...

BRUCE QUICK
 Oh, God, why?

MRS. QUICK
 (whispering)
 Trust me!

BRUCE faces the ceiling, and MRS. QUICK dangles pizza above
 her SON'S face. She then drags it across his nose to his
 mouth.

MRS. QUICK
 Mmmm!

BRUCE QUICK
 Oh, it's Hawaiian. I do like Hawaiian.
 ..

MRS. QUICK
 There's a good boy! Open wide.

BRUCE gobbles up the pizza.

MR. QUICK
I bet you could get used to this, huh,
boy!

BRUCE QUICK
No, I couldn't...

MR. QUICK
Oh, right.

MRS. QUICK
Hang on a second!

BRUCE QUICK
What?

MRS. QUICK
You know lots about Formula 1, right?

BRUCE QUICK
Yes, I do.

MRS. QUICK
So...

BRUCE QUICK
I should be happy?

MRS. QUICK
No. So you can answer the phone for
Formula 1!

BRUCE QUICK
The phone for Formula 1?

MRS. QUICK
Yes, there must be one, right?

BRUCE QUICK
Umm... Maybe that's a real thing. You
mean answering the phone for viewer
enquiries? I guess I could do that...
Maybe people would like to talk to one
of the fastest racers in the world...
But what if my old boss thinks I'm an
idiot?

MRS. QUICK
Oh, son! Why would he think that?

BRUCE QUICK
I blinded myself with a laser pen,
twice.

There is a long silence.

BRUCE QUICK
Get the phone book for me, will you?

MR. QUICK
Don't worry, I know his number.

MR. QUICK dials the number for BRUCE'S BOSS. He is 50, and has a posh voice. It is heard on speaker phone.

BRUCE'S BOSS
Hello?

MR. QUICK
Hello, Mr. Page! It's about Bruce Quick...

BRUCE'S BOSS
You're his father, right?

MR. QUICK
That's me...

BRUCE'S BOSS
If you're phoning me to try and get Bruce's job back, you're wasting your time.

MR. QUICK
No, no, of course not. Say... How do you feel about answering questions from annoying people like me?

BRUCE'S BOSS
Not great. Why?

MR. QUICK
Bruce can do that for you!

BRUCE'S BOSS
He's offering to be my secretary?

MR. QUICK
He'll be the fastest damn secretary you ever had!

BRUCE'S BOSS
But he's blind...

MR. QUICK
Doesn't matter, he could take calls...

BRUCE'S BOSS
He shone a laser pen in both his eyes, for Christ's sake...

MR. QUICK
That wasn't a dodgy act of masochism,
or anything, he was trying to perform
surgery.

BRUCE'S BOSS
Errr....

MR. QUICK
Go on. You know it makes sense...

BRUCE'S BOSS
You sure?

MR. QUICK
Ok, it doesn't make complete sense,
but it's an interesting thought.

BRUCE'S BOSS
... I think you might be right. Can I
speak to Bruce?

MR. QUICK
Definitely.

The FATHER hands the phone to his SON, as the latter sits up
on the bed.

BRUCE QUICK
Hello?

BRUCE'S BOSS
Hello! Sorry about the eyes...

BRUCE QUICK
It's ok. There's always pizza.

BRUCE smiles roughly where his MOTHER is standing. The latter
eats some of it.

BRUCE'S BOSS
That's an admirable attitude.

BRUCE QUICK
So can I be your assistant?

BRUCE'S BOSS
Ummm.....

BRUCE QUICK
...

BRUCE'S BOSS
Errr.....

MRS. QUICK
Oh, the tension!

BRUCE'S BOSS
Errr.... Yes, you can! A world famous
racer taking calls? That's a great
business idea!

MRS. QUICK
Hooray!

BRUCE QUICK
Oh, that's great news!

BRUCE'S BOSS
It'll be nice to see you, again.

BRUCE QUICK
It would be nice to see you, again!

BRUCE'S BOSS
Yeah, I bet. It's good to joke, isn't
it.

BRUCE QUICK
Well, sometimes there's a limit.

BRUCE'S BOSS
You refering to your father?

BRUCE QUICK
Yeah.

BRUCE'S BOSS
Thought so. I'll leave you catch up
with each other.

BRUCE QUICK
Thank you so much, bye...

MRS. QUICK
Well, how about that then!

MR. QUICK
Cool!

BRUCE QUICK
It's not that cool, I'm still blind.

MR. QUICK
Yeah, that does suck. Never mind
though, in around 6 months, you'll
have gotten over your sightlessness.

BRUCE QUICK
How do you know?

MR. QUICK

That's how long it takes someone to return to normal after some kind of serious mishap. That's a fact from QI.

BRUCE QUICK

Really?

MR. QUICK

I think so. Sometimes I just make things up. In the meantime, I'll keep loading you with pizza. The time will fly by!

BRUCE QUICK

Pizza makes everything ok.