

A SHAVE & SOME TRIM

Written by
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INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

EARL (75) ambles in from another room. He stifles a belch, pulls up his baggy pants.

EARL
Margie, you sure having a three way
for my birthday's a good idea?

He plops on the sofa next to MARGIE (78), who turns to face him with a mischievous look in her eyes.

MARGIE
I think it'll be fun. You thought
it was a good idea when we were
younger.

Margie rises, lights a couple candles by the TV and lowers the lights.

EARL
I thought voting for Nixon was a
good idea, too.

MARGIE
Here. Take these.

She produces two pills, puts them in his hand and grabs a glass of water from the table.

EARL
The hell are these?

MARGIE
Viagra. I got it from Kate. Hank
doesn't use them anymore.

EARL
Of course, he doesn't. He's dead.
How old are these things?

Earl stares at the pills as Margie sits beside him.

MARGIE
Just take them! Pretty please!

EARL
Down the hatch.

He swallows the pills. Margie claps her hands.

MARGIE
Yay!

EARL
So, who is it?

Margie zips her lips.

MARGIE
I ain't tellin'.

EARL
Is it that new gal from the grocery store? I heard she's got a pretty sweet scooter down at The Villages.

MARGIE
Can't say. It'll spoil the surprise.

DING DONG!

EARL
Jesus, she's here.

MARGIE
Go answer it, honey.

Earl takes a deep breath, gets up and opens the door to reveal ABE (78), wearing a ratty brown cardigan and fedora.

ABE
Evenin', Earl.

EARL
Hello, Abe. What are you doing here? Did I leave my wallet at the barber shop?

Abe shuffles in.

ABE
Nope. I'm here on a social call.
(tips his hat)
Time to release the Kraken!

MARGIE
Earl, isn't this great?

Earl looks to Margie. Then to Abe. Back to Margie.

EARL
This..? This is the threesome you planned?

MARGIE
Yeah. What? No good?

EARL

Yes, no good! Abe's my barber. And he's a dude!

ABE

Hey, now. I'm not just all about putting combs in the blue water.

EARL

Christ, Margie, I-- You know, I should have known something was afoot when you got me that barber pole for the man cave.

MARGIE

Earl, I--

Across the room, Abe curiously inspects a lamp shade.

Earl grabs him by the arm.

ABE

We finished, Earl?

EARL

Yeah, Abe. We're done.

ABE

Wow, that was so hot I don't remember a thing. How was I?

EARL

John Holmes ain't got nothin' on you, Abe.

Earl leads him out, shuts the door. Turns to Margie.

MARGIE

Earl, I'm sorry. I've never planned something like this before.

EARL

And you won't again, if I have anything to say about it. Who's next? My accountant?

MARGIE

I just wanted to make you happy, Earl. That was all.

Earl sighs, can see she's upset. He sits.

EARL

Honey, I'm sorry. I know you did this from the heart. It's one of the things I love about you.

MARGIE

(wipes her eyes)

You're not mad?

EARL

Of course not. But I gotta admit, my stomach feels kinda funny.

MARGIE

Oh, my god! Earl, look at your pecker! You've got a hard-on the size of Florida.

EARL

Holy shit! I do, don't I?

MARGIE

Still know how to use that thing?

EARL

Some things you never forget.

Earl gets up and turns off the lights. Margie lays back on the couch and drops her pants. Starts to slip off her undergarments when--

EARL (CONT'D)

No, no. Leave those things on.

MARGIE

Really? Why?

EARL

Gotta strike while the iron's hot.

MARGIE

How are we gonna do it if I don't take my skivvies off?

EARL

Don't worry. I'll just slide your Depends to the side.

They kiss!

THE END