

A PERIOD PIECE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bunch of guys at a table playing poker. Cards are shuffled, chips dropping in. Beer bottles clink, mouths are stuffed with pretzels.

A cell phone RINGS.

LEROY

Hey, sweetie. How's my baby girl?
Uh huh. Why aren't you asleep--?
Whoa, no need to scream...

Someone belches.

LEROY

You have what? Cramps? Oh, well,
just do what I do. Have some ginger
ale and go back to bed. I tell you
what, the last time I ate your
mother's lasagna my legs fell
asleep on the toilet, I was on
there so long. I...

Various snickers.

LEROY

Oh, it's not those kind of cramps.
Well... Oh shit. You mean down
there? Oh, Christ. I knew you were
at that age, but to be perfectly
honest, you picked a really bad
time to go all Carrie on me.

Another belch. Loud. Leroy kicks someone's chair.

LEROY

Huh? It's a movie reference. Before
your time. Anyway... Where's your
mother for all this? Second shift
at the hospital, huh? Okay. All
right.

One of Leroy's buddies makes groaning noises. Laughter from around the table. These guys are real dicks.

Leroy smacks his hand down on the table. Poker chips rattle, a beer bottle falls.

LEROY

All right, look. Here's what you do. Go to your mother's room and look in the drawers by the sink. Yeah. I'll wait... Okay, you got it? What do you see? Are... Are you saying beads? Beads attached to a string-- Whoa, wrong drawer, honey. Wrong drawer.

Muffled laughter now. The guys are trying really hard to keep it together.

LEROY

No, nobody's laughing at you, dear. Nobody. Is. Laughing.

(SLAP!)

Okay, what are you seeing now? Okay. Two boxes. One with wings, and the other looks like a torpedo... That's it. That's it.

(sighs)

Well, look, honey, it's really up to you. You know what I'm saying? I mean, you wanna go open-faced sandwich, you use the one with the wings...

Someone cuts a wet fart. The room erupts in laughter. Two beer bottles clink together.

LEROY

(sniffs)

Christ, that smells... What? Oh, no, no, honey. Not you. One of the guys ripped one. Yeah. Oh, I don't know. I think it was your Uncle Willy. Yes, I'll tell him you said hi. Okay. What else?

Someone clears their throat.

LEROY

Now, how could you possibly be pregnant? Yeah, but that was different. The Virgin Mary was in the garden with the snake and... Yeah, there was some kind of magic egg or something... What? Oh, you and your mother already had that conversation, huh? Damn, how'd that go?

Chips are tossed on the table. The game starts once more.

LEROY

No, honey, my friend's aren't listening. No, they're actually very bored by all this. Wait. What?

The room suddenly goes quiet.

LEROY

(quietly)

Did... Did you just say you dropped your juice? Oh, you have to drop a deuce. Ohhh! And it's a big one, huh? Ah, see, so that's what this is all about! I-- I guess I don't have to walk you through that one, huh?

(laughs)

I guess it's a good thing I sent you to the bathroom after all.

Leroy's stupid friends start back up with the fart noises. Someone groans like they're trying to pass Plymouth Rock.

LEROY

Okay, yeah, all right. I guess I better let you go then. Oh, hey, one last thing... You didn't happen to eat that leftover lasagna, did you?

FADE OUT.