

Genetic Manipulation

by

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a comedy sketch

INT. COUCH - AFTERNOON

Jimmy and Robert are sitting on the couch together watching something on tv.

Robert reaches over for the remote to mute the tv.

ROBERT

Alright. That's enough of that.

JIMMY

The game? Why..? The Falcons were just taking the lead. You love the Falcons man, turn it back on.

ROBERT

I know but I need to talk to you about something.

JIMMY

What's up Rob?

ROBERT

Well you know how last Friday when we all went on that dinner..

JIMMY

Yeah that was fun as hell and we should definitely do it again sometime-

ROBERT

Yeah well I just wanted to say that when me and Margret were talking about the whole Animal Testing thing, I really did not mean what I said about the whole monkey modification stuff. I should've stopped myself. I was out of it you know.

JIMMY

Dude, I totally understand, it happens to the best of us, and... If I'm being completely honest with you.. I agree with everything you said.

ROBERT

... Are you serious right now?

JIMMY

Dude. How many fingers am I
holding up
(holds up 4)
...

ROBERT

Four-

JIMMY

(quickly puts up 5)
Wrong! It's five! THAT'S HOW
SERIOUS I AM!

ROBERT

but you just put it up right
after I said the number fou-

Jimmy quickly grabs Robert by the shoulders and looks
straight into his eyes like there is no tomorrow.

JIMMY

ROBERT, LISTEN TO ME.

Robert attempts to listen but Jimmy isn't saying anything.

ROBERT

I'm listening...

JIMMY

(whispers)
Listen closer.

Robert gets closer to Jimmy

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Closer.

Robert puts his ear approximately 2 inches away from Jimmy's
mouth.

JIMMY(CONT'D)

Ok now tell me what you hear.

ROBERT

Your breath.

JIMMY

Yes, how does that make you
feel?

ROBERT

Uncomfortable.

JIMMY
 ROBERT. I NEED YOU TO
 CONCENTRATE!

ROBERT
 OK OK, I'm concentrating!

JIMMY
 GOD DAMNIT ROB, GET IN THE
 ZONE!

ROBERT
 (closes eyes)
 ok ok.. I'm in..

JIMMY
 Tell me what you hear.

ROBERT
 Jimmy, all I hear is your
 subtle aerodynamic breath
 slowly making its way down my
 neck.

JIMMY
 ROB!

ROBERT
 DAMNIT JIMMY, I'm in the ZONE!

Jimmy takes his hands off of Robert.

JIMMY
 Ok.. Clearly you don't want to
 know how I really feel about
 the DNA modifications that can
 be made to monkeys in order to
 make them jump higher than 7
 feet in the air!

ROBERT
 Jimmy, I do care. Just stop
 making this whole thing hard
 to talk about.

JIMMY
 OH, I'M MAKING THIS HARD!?

ROBERT
 YES, YES YOU ARE.

JIMMY

Well I'm SORRYYY Mr. "Oh I'm Robert, I know about sports and shit but when it comes to animal manipulation, I tend to want to sacrifice half of their species to benefit the other half in ways never thought possible because I'm an EGOISTIC CUNT."

ROBERT

That's it. Get out.

JIMMY

This is my house!

ROBERT

No, this is your dad's house, and for the record, he likes me more anyways so get out!

Robert points to Jimmy's dad's bedroom with his thumb.

DAD (V.O.)

You heard the man.

Jimmy looks in that direction ashamed.

JIMMY

(shouting across house)

What the hell dad, you're renting this place..

DAD (V.O.)

Even better reason to kick you out.

Jimmy stands up.

JIMMY

Screw you dad! This is why mom doesn't fucking like you! Yeah thats right, keep your eyes glued onto those big ass monitors of yours.

Jimmy pulls his phone out of his pocket.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh I'm sorry did the Great Depression hit again because looks like Boing just plummeted 78 percent. Good luck selling sixteen thousand dollars worth of that shit.

ROBERT

Get the hell out of here Jim.

JIMMY

(walking towards door)

Ok fine, I'll show myself out, but I'm only doing it because I want to. NOT BECAUSE YOU OR MY OWN DAD TOLD ME TO, but because I want to. Got it?

ROBERT

Fuck off.

JIMMY

(opening door handle)

Cookies?

ROBERT

what?

JIMMY

Snickerdoodle cookies?

ROBERT

No, no, don't do that. Don't try and bribe be just because I'm angry at you.

JIMMY

Snickerdoodle cookies with the strawberry frosting?

Robert lifts his eyebrows, lifting the mood.

ROBERT

With the strawberry frosting?

JIMMY

Hell yeah with the strawberry frosting!

ROBERT
 (speaking very rapidly)
 The one and only strawberry
 frosting come straight from
 the arctic poles crafted
 perfectly to satisfy human
 needs!

JIMMY
 Yup.

ROBERT
 Don't gotta tell me twice.

Robert walks out the door with Jimmy.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE STREET - AFTERNOON

They are both walking down the road eating Snickerdoodle
 cookies with strawberry frosting.

JIMMY
 Pretty good right?

ROBERT
 They're a little chewy.

JIMMY
 Yeah, but thats the best part.

ROBERT
 You could say that.

JIMMY
 Hey, wanna agree to never
 fight again?

ROBERT
 Heeeell yeah!

JIMMY
 But hey, what you said about
 agreeing on the whole genetic
 manipulation stuff-

ROBERT
 Rob, stop. Just stop. I could
 care less if a human can be
 modified to jump 15 feet in
 the air. Whats important is
 our God Damn Friendship.

JIMMY

You always know what to
fucking say Jimmy. Always. I
love you man.

ROBERT

I love you too Jimmy. I love
you too.

They wrap their arms around each other and walk into the
distance for a good 20 seconds.

END.