

(Name of Project)
by
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The Awkward Conversation

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INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

An older man sits in a chair reading a newspaper with reading glasses. There is a glass of water beside him on an end table with a lamp. His name is FRED. A younger man wearing child like clothing walks through the living room. Fred notices him walk by. A TV is heard in the background.

FRED

Hey, Willard? Willard, come here
for a second please.

WILLARD sighs, rolls his eyes and walks back to where Fred is sitting. Willard is Fred's son.

WILLARD (ANNOYED)

What is it dad?

Fred takes off his reading glasses and places them on the end table. He then folds up the newspaper and places it in his lap. He then takes the remote and turns off the tv.

FRED

I think it's about time we had a
talk.

Willard rolls his eyes and sits on the couch.

FRED (CONT'D)

Your mother and I were talking
today and we both agree that we...

Fred pauses for a moment.

WILLARD

We what dad?

FRED

Well (beat) your mother and I
believe it's (beat) that time. You
read me son?

WILLARD

What do you mean that time.

Fred lifts his hands to his face and sighs. Fred then puts his hands down and moves closer to Willard in his chair.

FRED

You know, that time. When a boy
(beat) reaches a certain age.

Fred lifts his eyebrows and motions his right hand in a circle motion.

WILLARD

Yeah...

Willard shakes his head not knowing what Fred is telling him.

FRED

Okay I'm gonna stop trying to beat around the bush. The birds and the bees, the penis and the vagina. You know it?

WILLARD

Which one?

FRED

Doesn't matter they're all the same.

WILLARD

Well are the bees the penises or they the vaginas?

FRED

The bees aren't the penises.

WILLARD

So the penis is the bird.

FRED

Well no, not really.

WILLARD

Well who are the birds and what are the bees.

FRED

Okay. Birds (beat) nest, so birds are a metaphor for woman. And you see, the bees, they have stingers.

WILLARD

Like penises.

Fred scratches his head.

FRED

Uhh (beat) yeah, like penises.

WILLARD

So what you're saying is that bees
like to sting birds?

FRED

No, okay, forget the birds and the
bees.

WILLARD

Why.

Fred takes the paper off his lap and puts it on the end
table.

FRED

They no longer exist, okay?

WILLARD

No birds and no bees. Are there
still penises and vaginas?

FRED

Umm, yes, there are still penises
and vaginas.

Fred pauses for a moment and looks at Willard.

FRED (CONT'D)

You see, when mommy and daddy love
each other very much, they...

Fred begins moving his hands in awkward positions connected
by his fingers.

FRED (CONT'D)

Interconnect with each other.

Willard has a look of confusion on his face.

FRED (CONT'D)

Physically. We, your mother and I,
physically connect. Through our...

Fred hands bang against each other, then he slowly stops.

FRED (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's start over again. You
got basic cable right?

WILLARD

Yes.

FRED
And you have the internet.

WILLARD
Yes.

FRED
And you went through puberty what,
like 10 years ago?

WILLARD
Yes.

FRED
Well there you have it.

WILLARD
Have what.

FRED
Okay, I wanted to tell to you about
this, when you were like 10. But
you're mother insisted I wait. So,
this is all her fault.

WILLARD
What is?

FRED
This awkward conversation.

WILLARD
I don't think it's awkward.

FRED
That because you don't know what
I'm trying to say.

WILLARD
Why don't you just tell me flat out
what it is you're trying to say.

Fred sighs, then speaks with a more confident voice.

FRED
Listen, if you're going to tap it,
wrap it. Get it? Got it? Good.

Fred opens the paper and begins to read it. Willard sits
there staring at Fred in an awkward silence.

Fade To Black.