

HANSEN 30 PAGE COMEDY PACKET

Written by

Joseph Hansen

Joseph Hansen
(408) 960-5048
josephhansen.com
josephjameshansen@gmail.com

APPED ANXIETY

INT. SMALL PARTY - NIGHT

GAVIN (20s) sits around with his friends CHARLIE, MADDIE, JACK, MORGAN and ALEXA (All 20s), drinking and chatting.

Gavin sits and TEXTS an UNKNOWN NUMBER: 'do you have it?'

MADDIE

Oh my God -- we should play this new game, I've got it on my phone.

She looks at her phone.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Ooooh, maybe not, low battery.

JACK

I've got it, what's the wifi?

GAVIN

It's 'Wi-Pfizer', but I can do it. What's it called?

MADDIE

Tambourine, it's super fun.

Gavin TAPS AROUND on his phone.

GAVIN

Got it.

MADDIE

Okay now give it here.

Maddie holds her hand out to Gavin.

GAVIN

The phone?

MADDIE

I've gotta set it up.

A text arrives: 'How much do you want?'

GAVIN

Uh, I got it.

MADDIE

Just type in our names.

Gavin TYPES in names, then switches apps back to messenger.

He sends a 'give me it all' to the unknown number, then switches back.

GAVIN
Sooo... play?

MADDIE
Yeah, hit play and then hold it up
to your head and you have to guess
what it says.

GAVIN
Uh, okay.

He taps on the phone and holds it up at his forehead, it reads 'JonBenet Ramsey'.

JACK
Who's he?

MORGAN
Kid murder!

GAVIN
Anne Sacoolas!

ALEXA
Her parents did it!

GAVIN
Uh, Casey Anthony!

MADDIE
She was found in the basement!

GAVIN
Blair Witch?

CHARLIE
No it's a real person.

GAVIN
Uh -- um -- aw hell...

A TEXT APPEARS ON GAVIN'S PHONE: 'National and Sepulveda'.

MORGAN
National and Sepulveda?

GAVIN
Where's that?

MORGAN
On your phone?

Gavin looks at his phone.

GAVIN
JonBenet Ramsey, of course -- One second.

MORGAN
Who is that, Gavin?

GAVIN
It's like if OJ Simpson was a parent on Dance Moms.

MORGAN
No, who texted you?

GAVIN
Oh, uh -- no one -- who's next?!

Gavin hands the phone to Jack: it's 'Joseph Gordon-Levitt'.

ALEXA
500 Days of Summer!

JACK
Ray Bradbury!

CHARLIE
No, he looks 19 in every single movie he's in.

JACK
Jessie Eisenberg!

CHARLIE
He's got three names!

Another TEXT: 'I'm ready, come over'.

MORGAN
Okay, what the hell, Gavin?

Gavin REACHES for the phone, Morgan SNATCHES IT AWAY.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Who is it?

GAVIN
It's no one! Give it back!

MORGAN
What's your passcode?

GAVIN
Give it back, Morgan!

ALEXA
Guys, I think this is just a big --

GAVIN AND MORGAN
Shut up, Alexa!

Gavin TRIES TO GRAB the phone, Morgan keeps it OUT OF REACH.

MORGAN
Fine, If you won't tell me then I'm
going to wherever this slut is!

GAVIN
Morgan!

Morgan goes to the DOOR, OPENS IT and LEAVES, Gavin follows.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Gavin catches up to Morgan at their CAR.

GAVIN
This is unnecessary! I swear it's
nothing!

She gets in the driver seat, he gets in the passenger side.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Morgan pulls into a parking spot in a strip mall.

MORGAN
Where is she?

Gavin looks at her.

INT. CVS PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Gavin and Morgan wait at the counter of a CVS PHARMACY.

The pharmacist DANIEL (20s) approaches with MEDICATIONS in two brown paper bags. Daniel SCANS them.

DANIEL
Five dollars even.

Gavin PAYS, takes the meds. Morgan massages her forehead.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Do you need a consultation?

GAVIN
Yes, please.
(to Morgan)
You wanna pick out some snacks?

MORGAN
Fine. I'll wait in the car.

Morgan LEAVES.

Gavin moves over to the CONSULTATION COUNTER. Daniel meets him there.

GAVIN
I thought she'd never leave.

Daniel and Gavin LEAN OVER THE COUNTER and KISS.

THE END.

ANTHONY SCHPOLYANSKY**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

TONY (20s, dresses like he's 14) sits in an arm-chair across from another with a desk in between them.

Tony adjusts his trucker hat, slicks back his hair.

The door OPENS, DR. CHEN (40s) ENTERS.

DR. CHEN
Hi, Mr. --

TONY
Yo doc! Word up! What's the word?

DR. CHEN
Uh, nothing -- Good? How are you?

TONY
Can't complain, am I right?

DR. CHEN
Sssure. Anyway, Mr. --

TONY
Call me Tony.

DR. CHEN
Okay, well, Tony, the tests came back and it seems like you had a bad reaction to the uh -- the --

Dr. Chen looks down at a chart.

DR. CHEN (CONT'D)
Meth-eh-lin-die-ox-ee-meth-
amphetamine.

TONY
The wha?

DR. CHEN
The pills you took at the club.

TONY
The molly! Oh!

He SNAPS, CLAPS, POINTS.

TONY (CONT'D)
You want some?

DR. CHEN
For the last time, no, thank you.

TONY
You sure? I got teslas, instagrams,
autobots --

DR. CHEN
I am not interested in buying drugs
from you.

TONY
Oh, right, no need.

Tony sits up and TAP TAPS on Dr. Chen's PRESCRIPTION PAD.

DR. CHEN
Look, the tests show that your
heart is starting to develop
serious wear which, at this rate
and at your age, is pretty early.

TONY
You know what they say; the candle
that's twice as hot is twice as
long!

DR. CHEN
You are so close but so very far --
look Mr. --

TONY
Call me Tony!

DR. CHEN
Mr. Schpolyansky --

TONY
Keep it D.L, doc, c'mon.

DR. CHEN
I'm seriously concerned that if you
don't stop with the methylene --

TONY
The molly.

DR. CHEN
Yes, that -- if you don't stop,
you're going to seriously hurt
yourself.

TONY
But the other stuff?

DR. CHEN
What other stuff?

Tony CRACKS A GRIN, pulls out his PHONE and taps it, reads through a list as Dr. Chen takes notes.

TONY
LSD, cocaine, xanax, vicodin,
codeine, nitrous, salvia, molly --
eyy, my guy -- adderall --

DR. CHEN
Okay.

TONY
-- wormwood, MXE, poppers, special
K, mescaline, sassafras --

DR. CHEN
Slow down -- Sassafras?

TONY
It's MDA, y'know, MDMA but without
the other M?

DR. CHEN
And what's MDMA?

TONY
Jesus, doc, molly! Keep up! How you
gonna write me a subscription if
you don't know no drugs?

DR. CHEN
We don't *prescribe* designer drugs
to patients.

TONY
Wait.

Tony leans in.

TONY (CONT'D)
(sincere)
Then why am I here, again?

DR. CHEN
Your heart! What other substances
have you been taking?

TONY

Well I'm not really take-*ing* anything, I just do whatever people give me, y'know? Some chick hands me something, I ain't saying no!

DR. CHEN

So if I prescribe you a blood pressure medication, will you take it only at regular intervals?

TONY

Can I rail it?

Dr. Chen looks at Tony confused.

Tony PLUGS ONE NOSTRIL and SNORTS an IMAGINARY LINE.

DR. CHEN

Please don't do that. Please, please, please, do not do that.

TONY

If you say so, doc.

DR. CHEN

Alright, remind me, do you have any allergies?

TONY

Latex, lambskin, and polyurethane!

Tony goes for a HIGH FIVE. Dr. Chen leaves him hanging. Tony DOESN'T PUT HIS HAND DOWN.

DR. CHEN

Let's put you down for an STD check too. And when's the last time you've had a physical exam?

TONY

My girl gave me one last night, am I right?

DR. CHEN

Tony, I need you to be serious right now, okay? You've developed a life-threatening medical condition that, if left untreated, could lead to your very early death. Do you understand?

Tony PUTS HIS HAND DOWN, his face falls.

TONY

Yeah...

DR. CHEN

I'm going to start you on a regiment of medications that will help with the internal swelling, I recommend you stay away from the recreational drugs, of course.

TONY

Yeah, of course.

DR. CHEN

And try to get in some light exercise aside from sex? A short hike or walk through the neighborhood.

TONY

Okay, yeah.

DR. CHEN

I'm sorry, Tony. I wish I had better news for you, but at least we caught this early which gives us a lot of options.

Dr. Chen stands up, Tony stands too.

DR. CHEN (CONT'D)

My receptionist can give you directions to the phlebotomy lab.

TONY

Oh, before I go, I wonder if you could write me a prescription for sildenafil? Generic.

DR. CHEN

Oh, Viagra? Sure.

TONY

Woah, doc, c'mon.

He readjusts his hat.

THE END.

DOOR TO DOOR**EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY**

DING DONG. ISAAC (18) rings the bell, LUKE (18) beside him in matching inoffensive formal wear and a BIBLE under his arm.

The door OPENS to reveal GEOFF (40s, pudgy) in nothing but a BATHROBE and ILL FITTING TIGHTY WHITEYS. HALF-NAKED SWINGERS (40s-60s) mill about inside eating POTATO SALAD and AMBROSIA.

ISAAC
Oh sweet Lord in Heaven.

GEOFF
Yeah?

LUKE
Hi, sir, I'm sorry, you're obviously busy --

GEOFF
Nah, we're in between right now, got a couple minutes.

ISAAC
In between what?

LUKE
We're Jehovah's Witnesses and we're going around the community talking to people about Jesus and by the way your penis is showing.

GEOFF
Oh shit.

Geoff WRAPS the bathrobe around himself.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Come in, come in.

He opens the door wider for them. Luke is unfazed, Isaac is a little frazzled.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Isaac enter, Geoff shuts the door. Swingers mill about talking, flirting, eating.

In the other room is a waist-high BUFFET.

GEOFF
You hungry?

LUKE
Can we sit down? Somewhere quiet?

GEOFF
I don't go that way but you could ask my wife.

ISAAC
Oh --

Isaac puts his hands to his face, TRIES NOT TO CRY.

LUKE
One second.

Luke pulls Isaac aside.

LUKE (CONT'D)
What is wrong with you?

ISAAC
What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you, Luke?! Are we really going to consort with these sort of people?

LUKE
These people are exactly who we should be talking to: sinners! And besides, Isaac, imagine how impressed Elder Jacob will be if we convert just one person.

ISAAC
I don't know, this is making me really uncomfortable.

LUKE
Just ask yourself: what would Jesus do?

Isaac looks at Luke. Isaac turns from SHOCK to RESOLVE.

They both turn around to Geoff who is now EATING off of a PAPER PLATE.

GEOFF
So, what's up? You in?

ISAAC

No. But do you know what you could be in?

(beat)

The kingdom of heaven! I have a book with me that can solve all of your problems. Listen!

Isaac pulls a CHAIR from the side and STANDS ON IT.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I know that you are all unhappy and that is why you sin, but you don't have to be if you just accept Jesus Christ into your hearts!

SWINGER #1

This is a weird stripper.

ISAAC

(to Luke)

Some help please?

Luke ROLLS his EYES.

LUKE

(to Geoff)

How long 'til you get back to whatever you were doing?

GEOFF

Couple minutes.

LUKE

Let's break off into two groups and go from there

SWINGER #2

How do we determine which group we'll be in?

SWINGER #3

Alright, whip 'em out!

ISAAC

Please no -- men and women! Let's just do men and women.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Luke sits with the WOMEN SWINGERS around the table.

LUKE
 So... how does one even arrange
 this sort of thing?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Isaac talks to the MEN SWINGERS, he stands at the fireplace.

ISAAC
 Does anyone have any questions
 before we start?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LUKE AND ISAAC

LUKE
 You're all married?

ISAAC
 No, that's Judaism, but, uh, yes, I
 do happen to be... that.

LUKE
 I don't know, does anyone really
 know what happens when we die?

ISAAC
 I'm sorry, what does cunnilingus
 mean?

LUKE
 Really?

Luke looks around the room.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 Sure!

Luke LOOSENS his TIE, UNBUTTONS his COLLAR.

END INTERCUT

Isaac HOLDS A VIBRATOR with his THUMB and INDEX FINGER.

ISAAC
 So this is a... one of the things
 you --

It TURNS ON and VIBRATES. He SCREAMS, DROPS it.

From the other room, Isaac hears WHOOPING and HOLLERS.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 Excuse me!

Isaac rushes from the fireplace into the dining room.

Luke is STRIPPING ON THE TABLE.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Lucas Aurelius Moore!

Luke spins around on his heels, he's shirtless and his pants are unbuttoned.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Get down right now!

LUKE
Sorry ladies!

The MEN SWINGERS gather around the dining room entrance.

GEOFF
Hey!

SWINGER #3
Charlotte, he's not an approved individual!

SWINGER #2
Alright, I'm down.

Geoff throws Luke's shirt at him, Luke gets off the table.

GEOFF
C'mon bud, they're riled up and you know what that means.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Isaac storms out, Luke puts on his shirt while rushing out the door. Geoff closes it behind them.

Luke catches up to Isaac.

LUKE
Hey, c'mon, I'm sorry, it's not like anything happened --

Isaac SPINS AROUND.

ISAAC
I don't do this often and I apologize and I will bring this up during my next confession but JESUS H CHRIST, LUKE!!

Isaac does the SIGN OF THE CROSS.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 You went in there and you took
 advantage of the situation! I
 touched a -- a *marital aid!*

Isaac SHUDDERS in disgust.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 I mean why did we even come here?

Luke looks down, ashamed.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS, CHARLOTTE (40s) gingerly sneaks through
 and CLOSES it, hiding the ensuing ORGY.

CHARLOTTE
 Hi, I'm sorry, this is weird, but,
 uh, I live on the house on the
 corner over there and wouldn't mind
 if you came over later to talk
 about your faith?

Luke looks to Isaac. Isaac smiles wide.

ISAAC
 We'd love to talk with you!

CHARLOTTE
 Great! I gotta get back to the uh --

ISAAC
 The bacchanalian sex-fest.

CHARLOTTE
 Yep.

ISAAC
 Go ahead.

Charlotte opens the door, sneaks through it.

ISAAC AND LUKE
 Jesus loves you!

The door CLOSES.

THE END.

TOO MANY CHOICES**INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY**

GEORGE (30s) and MAGGIE (30s) walk hand in hand with shopping bags towards a large and crowded FOOD COURT.

George STOPS ABRUPTLY.

MAGGIE

What's wrong, babe?

George looks around at all the options: Chipotle, Panda Express, Hotdog on a Stick, Smash Burger, Sbarro's...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Is it... the thing that happened to you that you can't discuss but I still know about somehow?

GEORGE

No...

He steels himself.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I can do it.

George STEPS FORTH.

They walk towards the middle of the food court.

Someone passes them with ORANGE CHICKEN and CHOW MEIN; George starts to sweat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Orange chicken...

Someone else passes with a BACON CHEESEBURGER and FRIES; George pulls at his collar to loosen it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Bacon cheeseburger...

Someone else passes with a BURRITO and CHIPS; George puts his hands to his face, his eyes behind his fingers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Beef burrito!

They get to the middle of the food court and look directly in front of them; POKE.

George sees the inviting sign, the line in front of the clear glass behind which is a bar of raw fish and condiments.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
POKE! BOOOOOOOOOOWWWLLLL!!

George FALLS TO HIS KNEES, SCREAMING

The world turns BLURRY, George can hear VOICES.

CASHIER #1 (V.O.)
Would you like fries with that?

WAITER #1 (V.O.)
Soup or salad?

HOSTESS (V.O.)
Inside or outside table?

WAITER #2 (V.O.)
And how would you like those eggs?

CASHIER #2 (V.O.)
What size?

CASHIER #3 (V.O.)
Sir, you can't do that, this is a Wendy's!

Maggie goes to him.

MAGGIE
George, please! It's okay!

GEORGE
Too many choices!

MAGGIE
Stop! Baby!

George STANDS, SLAPS a TRAY OF FOOD from A PASSERBY'S HANDS.

GEORGE
TOO MANY CHOICES!

George RUNS AROUND SLAPPING TRAYS OF FOOD OFF OF TABLES, OUT OF HANDS, SPILLING FOOD EVERYWHERE.

George turns around, LOCKS EYES with the POKE CASHIER (20s).

GEORGE (CONT'D)
BREAD!

POKE CASHIER

What?

GEORGE

BREAD! GIVE ME BREAD!

POKE CASHIER

We don't have bread we just have
rice!

George WHIPS AROUND, looks at the SBARROS EMPLOYEES (20-30s).

GEORGE

YOU!

They freeze.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

BREAD!

George STOMPS towards the Sbarros, Maggie SOBS on her knees.

MAGGIE

(sobbing)

No Georgie, not the bread!

George JUMPS ONTO the Sbarro's counter, sees an Employee with
a mound of pizza dough. George POINTS.

GEORGE

BREAD!

The Employee freezes.

SBARROS EMPLOYEE

(scared)

Wha?

GEORGE

GIVE IT TO ME!

They quickly pass it to him and run away.

George takes the DOUGH in his hands and SCREAMS.

He SLAMS the dough ONTO HIS FACE, SPREADS THE DOUGH AROUND
HIS HEAD UNTIL IT ENCASES HIM LIKE A MASK.

He SCREAMS, forming a BUBBLE WHERE HIS MOOUTH IS.

THE END.

BOOK CLUB**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

DIANNE (30s) sits around with FRIENDS (30s) for a BOOK CLUB.

CLAIRE

I thought it was really tragic for
Jo when Laurie married Amy.

CLINT (30s) descends the stairs.

Some of them in the group notice.

MARY

Hey, Clint!

CLINT

Oh, don't let me interrupt your
circle of intellectuals, I'm just
getting some cake.

JEANNE

Why don't you join us?

CLINT

I'm sorry,
(to Dianne)
but I'm too stupid for this group.

DIANNE

What does that mean?

CLINT

No it's okay, Dianne, I'll just go
back upstairs and watch 'Hunger
Games', comma, *the movie*, while you
and "our friends" discuss *symbolism*
and *motifs*.

DIANNE

Fine, then go.

CLINT

(mocking)
"Fine, then go!"

Clint leaves for the kitchen.

They go back to talking about the book.

Clint exits the kitchen with a slice of cake on a plate.

He goes to the stairs, turns around on the first step.

CLINT (CONT'D)

I just think it's funny, Dianne,
that it takes you two years to read
all the 'Game of Thrones' books,
but it only took me two weeks to
watch the whole tv series. Just
saying, just saying.

CARRIE

Would you like to suggest a book?

CLINT

Oh would I ever! -- Fuck ooooff!

MARY

Clint, please, just sit down for a
moment and read a passage with us.

CLAIRE

Yeah, come on, Clint, why not?

Clint thinks.

CLINT

What are you reading?

DIANNE

'Little Women'.

CLINT

With Bob Odenkirk?

DIANNE

(SIGHS)

Yes.

CLINT

Fine, but only because I want to.

He sits down, Linda hands him a copy of 'Little Women'.

Clint TURNS THE PAGE -- he gets a PAPER CUT.

CLINT (CONT'D)

AH it gave me a paper cut! Did you
do that on purpose?

LINDA

What? No! No, of course not!

CLINT

Fuck you, Linda! You're a snake!

DIANNE

Clint!

CLINT

No, Dianne, no! Every week these people come into my home and insult my intelligence and I've had it!

CARRIE

We're not doing anything!

CLINT

She told you, didn't she?

SAM

Told us what?

DIANNE

I didn't, Clint, I promise!

CLINT

I knew it! She told you! She told you I can't read!

Silence.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Didn't she!?

Clint STANDS.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Well I can't! How does that make you feel, huh? Does it make you feel *good*? Does it make you feel *superior* down here?

The room doesn't know how to react.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Well shame. On. You. Because you know what?

The group SHRUGS.

Everyone looks at Clint expectantly.

CLINT (CONT'D)

A book... killed my father.

A mixture of GROANS and SIGHS comes from the group.

DIANNE

Clint, I've met your dad --

CLINT

RON'S NOT MY REAL DAD, DIANNE! HE'S A PIECE OF DOGSHIT! MY REAL DAD WAS KILLED WHEN A COPY OF 'ATLAS SHRUGGED' FELL OFF A BOOKSHELF AND HIT HIM IN THE BACK OF THE NECK! HE WAS DECAPITATED INTERNALLY!

DIANNE

Calm down!

CLINT

I vowed from that day forward that I would never, ever read again!

SAM

I'm sorry, but how do you do... anything? How did you find 'Hunger Games' on your TV?

CLINT

I know who Jennifer Lawrence is.

CLAIRE

Okay, but what about driving? How do you get around without a GPS?

CLINT

I know the word shapes on the signs.

CLAIRE

You mean the names of the streets?

CLINT

Yeah and the big red octagon and the yellow triangle.

LINDA

So you can't read but you know what an octagon is?

CLINT

I'M GOOD WITH SHAPES, LINDA, YOU FUCKING SNAKE!

MARY

Wait, so, are you dyslexic?

CLINT

Have you been listening to anything I've been saying, Mary -- No! Can't read; Ron's dogshit; book killed my real dad. Get it together!

JEANNE
You *can't* read or you *won't* read?

CLINT
What's the difference?

JEANNE
I mean is it that you actually can read and you just refuse to or did you never learn *how* to read?

DIANNE
Alright, I think we're done here.

CARRIE
Wait, does someone have a pen?

CLINT
What?

LINDA
I've got one.

Linda gives a PEN to Carrie, Clint HISSSSSES at Linda.

Carrie WRITES SOMETHING DOWN on the blank back cover of her book: "DIANNE SAYS YOU HAVE TWO ANUSES".

DIANNE
Carrie, please --

CARRIE
Wait, wait...

Clint LOOKS at it, SQUINTS, STARES at Carrie, LOOKS TO Dianne, then BACK TO Carrie.

CLINT
I... don't know those shapes.

The group REACTS, MONEY CHANGES HANDS.

Clint STANDS UP.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Y'know what, suck my movie dick you literary douches!

Clint GRABS HIS CAKE with his BARE HAND, FLIPS OFF THE GROUP and WALKS BACKWARDS to the stairs.

THE END.

THE PRESENT

OVER BLACK

SFX: DOORBELL RING

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

CLIFFORD (40s, glasses) opens the door to reveal LAUREN's (20s) back, she wears a slim red dress with a BOW on the small of her back and a red clutch by her side.

She turns around with a smile.

LAUREN
Hi, baby!

CLIFFORD
Oh -- Oh! Golly...

He LAUGHS, nervous.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
Sorry, it's just, when I called, I
didn't know you'd be so...

LAUREN
So...?

His face cracks, devolves into a fit of HYSTERICAL GIGGLING --

She puts a FINGER to his LIPS

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Call me Lacy.

Clifford's face scrunches up.

CLIFFORD
Uh, do you mind if I call you
Connie?

LAUREN
Whatever you like, baby.

He awkwardly takes her hand from his lips and SHAKES it.

She steps inside and looks around. Photos adorn the walls: a family portrait, wedding photos, soccer teams. Clifford's not in any of them though...

LAUREN (CONT'D)
So... is daddy being naughty while
the family's away?

CLIFFORD
What?

LAUREN
Enjoying your alone time?

CLIFFORD
Oh, I live here by myself now.
She's... gone. They went with
her...

LAUREN
Bummer. So where do you want to uh -
-

She GESTURES.

CLIFFORD
Oh, heavens.

LAUREN
Your request said you wanted to
'open presents'?

She sways her hips seductively and the bow follows.

CLIFFORD
That's right!

His face lights up and he rushes to the next room.

CLIFFORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come on, Connie! I've got it all
set up just how we like!

Lauren follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clifford kneels in front of a meticulously placed pile of WRAPPED PRESENTS under a well-adorned CHRISTMAS TREE.

Lauren stops in her tracks.

CLIFFORD

Well?

She furrows her brow, thinking. Is this too weird?

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Hand me a present.

She joins him, hands him the closest one to her.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Not that one, silly. That one!

It's marked 'CONNIE'. Lauren picks up another present, this time marked 'CLIFFORD'.

Clifford rips off the bow and tears into the wrapping paper, revealing the large-ish present to be a pancake griddle.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Yes! I was hoping for a new one!

LAUREN

Did you not wrap these?

CLIFFORD

Me? Ooooooh, I couldn't have done all *this* in one night! But do you know who could?

Lauren stares at him.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Santa!

She blinks.

Clifford hands Lauren a present marked 'CONNIE'.

It's a medium-sized. She plies open the wrapping paper and the department store box inside to reveal FOOTY PAJAMAS.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Try it on!

LAUREN

Uhhh...

CLIFFORD

It's Christmas...

She contemplates, he begs like a puppy dog. Is *this* too weird? She sighs.

LAUREN

Fine.

Clifford grins from ear to ear.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clifford sits in a reclining chair sipping coffee, wearing Christmas themed footy pajamas.

Lauren comes around the corner wearing what seems to be a matching pair to Clifford's pajamas. He lights up.

CLIFFORD

You. Look. Stunning! Come here.

Lauren puts on a smile and struts over, gets in his lap and puts a hand on his chest.

LAUREN

You still have one more thing to unwrap.

CLIFFORD

That's right!

He STANDS UP, she FALLS onto the floor.

He returns with two presents, sets one aside.

He rips open the wrapping paper on his to reveal a FUNKO POP.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Awesome! Limited edition, too!

Lauren rolls her eyes. Clifford sets aside the figurine and hands Lauren another small present marked 'CONNIE'.

Lauren opens the present to reveal a LOCKET. She holds it in her hands, it's nice.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Do you like it, Connie?

She opens the locket to reveal a COUPLE and TWO KIDS except... Clifford's CUT AND PASTED his FACE onto SOMEONE ELSE'S BODY and the KIDS ARENT THE SAME AS ON THE WALLS.

LAUREN

The hell?

She looks up: Clifford's making the EXACT SAME FACE.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Okay, are we gonna have sex or not?

CLIFFORD
Honey! The kids!

He POINTS to the CORNER where two RAGGEDY ANN/ANDY DOLLS sit with the KIDS' FACES TAPED ON.

LAUREN
Jee. Sus. Christ.

She gets up and LEAVES for the hallway.

CLIFFORD
Wait!

He follows her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lauren gets her things from the bathroom, walks back towards the front door but Clifford BLOCKS her path.

CLIFFORD
Please just wait!

She picks a can of PEPPER SPRAY out of her clutch.

LAUREN
You better get me my money and back
the hell off before i give you the
hotness!

He obliges, she moves past him, he follows.

CLIFFORD
Please! Just hear me out!

She spins around.

LAUREN
Who the hell hires a hooker to
pretend to be their dead wife?

CLIFFORD
Woah, woah, woah, I did not order a
prostitute!?

LAUREN
What the hell -- what do you think
I am, a social worker?

CLIFFORD

The site said adult companions!

LAUREN

Yeah, dumbass, next to a bunch of pictures of women with their fingers in their mouths -- *Jesus Christ!*

CLIFFORD

That's how people model! It's modern and it's sexy and European and -- and --

Clifford's face melts with anxiety. A desperate, dry, WHEEZING sound escapes from his open mouth.

Lauren scoffs.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Look, she's not dead, okay? She's just -- She left with her Norwegian CrossFit instructor slash lover Armand to do gross things at some swingers' resort in Malibu.

LAUREN

And the pictures? I can see the Getty Images logo still.

CLIFFORD

It was the realtor's idea, we're trying to sell the place -- look, I'm sorry, I'll pay you for your time of course, but could you please just do me one more favor?

She looks at him, nonplussed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

They pose for a picture with the TAPED ON FACES DOLLS in front of the tree. Lauren forces a smile. FLASH!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The "family" picture hangs on the wall with all the other STOCK PHOTOS.

THE END.