

LETS ALL GO OUT TO EAT

By

Charlton Metcalf

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

KYLE an unshaven man in his early thirties dressed in a wrinkled yellow smiley faced T-shirt, white sneakers and shorts is sprawled and zonked out on a couch.

Cell phone rings.

Kyles flops his arm down to the floor reaching whack-a-mole for the phone. A serendipitous finger answers, speaker on.

(Pause)

HOPE

HELLO?? Are you sleeping all day?
Did you even wake up? Are you high?

KYLE

(sarcastically)
Hope?

HOPE

You'd better HOPE dinner is ready
when I get home. I'll try to get
out of the office early.

KYLE

It's my day off. I get so few days
to relax anymore.

Kyle skill cranes a brownie from a pan on the coffee table.

HOPE

It's VALENTINES DAY! You took the
day off the cook a special meal for
us tonight, remember?

KYLE

(mouthful of brownie)
Oh that's right. Wanna order in?

HOPE

Kyle, we discussed this. I made
meatloaf it's in the fridge, you
just have to put it in the oven.

KYLE

Ok gotcha... Wait, I don't like
meatloaf?

HOPE

My mother loves it.

KYLE

She's not?

HOPE
I invited her over.

KYLE
Oh but it's VALENTINED DAY!

HOPE
She misses my Dad. She needs to be
with us tonight.

KYLE
I live in a constitutional monarchy
and you're the prime minister,
meatloaf, oven, bye, bye.

HOPE
Wait, remember to pay the electric
bill, you keep forgetting--

Kyle finger stabs and hangs up.

KYLE
Just wanna relax...

He stretches up and lumbers into the open concept kitchen, kicking a floppy white tube sock. He drags the meatloaf out of the fridge. Yanks open the oven with a screech and slop tosses in the meatloaf. He spirals the thermostat then shuffles back to the couch while pulling off his floppy sock.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(mumbling to himself)
I'm responsible...

Kyle turns on an end table lava lamp and flops back down sinking into the couch.

He groans and stretches for the TV remote, finally presses play and smiles.

A beagle darts into the room with another white sock in its mouth.

Kyle takes the sock from the dog and smells it.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Good boy, good boy.

Kyle thumbs up the TV volume to a kings level.

Sounds of smacks and shriek's bounce off of the sunlit bay window behind the couch.

Kyle stares straight ahead, the TV lights reflecting on his tiring face.

He starts to snore off to sleep as the beagle shakes and tugs the tube sock out of his hand and then curls up with it on the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The sound of a doorbell pressures the melody of "My Country Tis of Thee" into Kyles dreams.

Kyle jumps up and falls flat on the floor, grabbing his leg that's still asleep.

He gets up and twist his shorts on right as the patriotic doorbell continues to salute the living room.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

The door swings open and in storms FALLON tall women in a bright red dress and graying Cruella Deville hair.

FALLON

Kyle what are you doing?! Why are you just standing there? Why is it so dark in here?

Fallon flips a light switch and nothing happens.

KYLE

I just woke up... you have a key?

The beagle noses up and sniffs the brownies on the coffee table. Kyle shoos him away with his sockless foot.

FALLON

A mother should always have a key to her daughters place, especially when she marries someone like you.

KYLE

I love you too.

FALLON

Clip your toenails at least once a year.

KYLE

Tens months to go.

FALLON

Turn the lights on.

KYLE
(flipping the switch
himself with no luck)
I didn't want you to burst into
vampire flames. I try to be nice.

FALLON
Well it smells like your steak is
burning. It's cold in here to.

KYLE
Well you just walked in-the
meatloaf!

Kyle stumble runs to the kitchen area.

Fallon takes out her phone for light and hesitantly sits down
on the couch.

She sneers down at the brownie pan and sorts out a big one
with a long crooked finger.

Fallon holds the chocolate creation to her upturned nose,
then start to nibble the flopping brownie.

Kyle pot holder hot potato's the charred smoking meatloaf out
of the oven then sends it crashing onto the stovetop.

FALLON
Is that a recipe they taught you in
culinary school? Blackened Cajun
meatloaf, I'll bet it's delicious.

KYLE
I knew you were a New Orleans gal.
Bet you could drown a man in the
mighty Mississippi with all the
beads you've collected over the
years. Swing low, sweet chariot.

FALLON
Is that how you woo'd my daughter?

KYLE
Let me tell you what she did to woo
me.

FALLON
Oh Kyle, those shorts aren't big
enough.

Kyle lights a Christmas candle on the kitchen counter.

KYLE

Power must be out. The oven timer didn't even go off. Prolly ice on the line or something.

FALLON

Fix me a drink my fingers are frozen.

KYLE

Coming right up my dear Mad Madame.

Kyle drags himself to the small living room bar stand and starts mixing a drink.

FALLON

Make it real strong. I have to listen to you all night. A double, no a triple!

KYLE

(pouring)
Gin, vodka and absinthe.

Fallon reaches up and snatches the drink.

FALLON

What the hell do you call this?

KYLE

A Van Gogh martini!

FALLON

(sipping the drink)
This will defiantly make your ears fall off after a while.

KYLE

Need a blade? Let me know.

Fallon snoops forward her eye catching a DVD box on the floor.

FALLON

What the hell is this movie?
Lesbian Spank Inferno?

KYLE

I don't know some weird art house movie Hope tried to make me watch.

FALLON

You've perverted her.

Kyle takes a zippo and lights a candle and sits it on the coffee table, while kicking the DVD box under the couch.

FALLON (CONT'D)
Finally using the fertility candle
I got you for something, anything?

KYLE
Smells of baby powder and fruit
rot.

FALLON
Might as well light all seven and
give me somewhat of a chance.

The beagle bounds in the room and up to Fallon and roots his nose in her crotch as she flings his head away.

FALLON (CONT'D)
It's hard to love a Granddog that's
not a purebred.

KYLE
They say some dogs can sniff out
disease.

The beagle gags a bit then horks up half of a condom wrapper at Fallon's feet.

FALLON
Probably Hope's idea at this point.

Fallon grabs another brownie and plops it in her mouth whole.

FALLON (CONT'D)
These are good enough for seconds
though.

KYLE
Wait how many have you had?

FALLON
Why? This might be the only thing
edible I get to eat here tonight.

KYLE
Yes they are edibles.

FALLON
Hey where is that painting I
painted for Hope last week of the
comet flying into the sun?

KYLE
It's hanging in the Louvre.

FALLON
As much as they charged for wine
during the class it had better be.

KYLE
I'm sorry did I say Louvre, I meant
to say loo.

Fallon gulps the rest of her martini chocking a bit.

FALLON
Critics stink.

KYLE
I wipe it every time I wipe.
(Pause)

FALLON
(talking a bit louder)
You should try reverse cowgirl!

KYLE
What!?

FALLON
I hear that's the best penetration
to the cervix.

Kyle hurry's into the kitchen shaking his head carrying the fertility candle, cupping the flame with his hand.

Fallon take another brownie as she gets up and follow Kyle into the kitchen area.

KYLE
I'm gonna put ketchup on the
meatloaf.

FALLON
(laughing)
Oh Kyle whatever you wanna call it.
Humpty bumpety and get me a
granddaughter!

KYLE
Stop with the brownies would you.

FALLON
Limp but chocolaty.

Kyle grabs a bottle of ketchup and starts pounding on the bottom over the meatloaf. It slowly drips out.

KYLE

You're always so worried about us,
have you been dating lately?

FALLON

I'm still faithful to Hopes father.

KYLE

It's been five years. That has to
include the mourning period of all
the worlds cultures.

Kyle throws the meatloaf back in the still hot oven, then tosses the potholder on the stove.

Fallon leans down and annoyingly reads the writing on it.

FALLON

"never get caught holding, but if
you do mplsdruglawyer.com" Guess
that's my daughters to? You're
funny.

KYLE

No you're funny. Remember that
bumper sticker you put on my car,
"I'm only speeding cause I have to
poop". Two weeks 'till I noticed.

Fallon grabs a leftover fortune cookie on the counter and cracks it open.

FALLON

(Giggling)

Lets see what this one has to say?
With "in bed" at the end right?

KYLE

Oh please don't.

Fallon hold out the fortune into focus.

FALLON

You and your wife will be happy in
your life together, IN BED!

KYLE

Oh god, well there you go you've
opened up your dating
possibilities. A whole other sex to
reject you.

FALLON
Well sex is defiantly not for you.

KYLE
In bed.

FALLON
Lets have a salad to, have lettuce?

Fallon reaches up high above the stove and opens a cabinet.

KYLE
Hope eats like a rabbit, proolly
still cold in the fridge.

Kyle opens the silverware drawer fast.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Gonna want salad pinky forks.

Fallon on her toes nudges a large bowl to the edge of the cabinet and try's to grab it, tipping it to far.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Oh let me help.

The heavy wooden bowl tumbles out. Kyle tries clumsily to catch it. He misses and it comes crashes down into Fallon's noggin with a hard thud. At the same time Kyles hands come down fast grabbing the top of Fallon's dress, ripping it down in front to the waist.

Fallon just her hip out an straightens up her bra.

FALLON
One more layer cowboy and I'd have
to charge you.
(pause)

The silverware drawer precariously teetering on the edge suddenly crashes to the ground scattering spoons, knives and forks on the floor.

KYLE
Oh my god I'm so sorry!

FALLON
You should try this move on Hope
maybe I'll get my granddaughter.

KYLE
Are you ok?

FALLON
(rubbing her head)
I'm a bit, bit dizzy. I'm gonna go
sit down. I'm getting hungry.

KYLE
Let me help.

FALLON
Shows over, you've done enough.

KYLE
No I meant.

Kyle tentatively takes Fallon's arm and guides her to the couch.

WAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Kyle turns and stumbles fast into the now slightly smoky kitchen. He starts waving frantically up next to the smoke alarm.

Suddenly he back door swings open and Hope comes bursting in.

HOPE
Fire?! What the hell is going on?
You burnt dinner? You're a Chef!
But by the looks of it.

KYLE
It's my day off.

HOPE
So valentines dinner burnt!

KYLE
Valentines for three.

The smoke alarm falls silent. Kyle is still waving.

HOPE
Why's it so dark in here? Just tell
me you remembered to pay the
electric bill. Just please tell me!

KYLE
The power was out I couldn't go
online

Hope opens a grey metal panel on the kitchen wall. She flips a switch and all the lights in the house come on.

HOPE
You blew the circuit again. It's
that damn lava lamp, I told you to
throw it away!

KYLE
I forgot.

HOPE
A whole day off to basically just
heat up a meal! My Mom's going to
be here any second.

The sounds of smack, whacks and sexual sheiks blare out from
the living room.

KYLE
Oh she's here.

Hope turns looking over at her Mom in her torn dress and bra.
Hope runs to her Mom. Kyle stumbles behind.

HOPE
What the hell happened to her?

KYLE
She's high, drunk and concussed.

HOPE
How? What did you do? What the hell
is she watching!?

KYLE
Lesbian Spank Inferno. It's an
arthouse film.

Fallon take the sock from the beagle and throws it for him to
chase.

FALLON
Oh Kyle... I could have been a
lesbian.

HOPE
Mom!

FALLON
What dear?

KYLE
Lets all go out to eat.

HOPE
I'm pregnant!!

THE END