

"FATHER'S DAY"

Brenda - Earth Mother look

Clint - Mid-30's, trailer trash type

Tina - Mid-30's, trailer trash type, looks pregnant

Patricia - Mid-30's, uptight, looks pregnant

Tom - Mid-20's, heavysset

Karen - Mid-20's, looks pregnant

Greg - Mid-30's

(Three couples sit on the floor. An instructor sits in front of them.)

BRENDA

Wow, this is a great turnout for our Wizard Of LamoZ class.

(She laughs at her own joke.)

BRENDA (Con't.)

Get it? Like the "Wizard Of Oz?" I bet you're all so hungry you have the pregnancy Munchiekins, don't you?

(She laughs again, but nobody else does.)

BRENDA (Con't.)

I made those jokes up myself. Okay, why don't you all share a little bit about yourselves before we get started?

CLINT

Howdy. My name is Clint. The little wifey here is Tina.

TINA (Gives a "raising the roof" gesture.)

What! What!

BRENDA

Okay, can I stop you right there for a quick second, Clint? Would you mind taking off your "Who Farted?" ballcap. It's nudging me off my mellow a little bit.

CLINT

Well, Tina gave it to me for our 15th anniversary of wedded nuptials. 15 is the hat year. But okay, I guess.

(Clint removes his hat, dusts it off, and gently puts it next to him.)

CLINT (Con't.)

This here is going to be our 10th little creepy crawler. The first 9 didn't turn out to be the athletic athletes or smart geniuses we hoped for, so maybe the 10th time will be a charm. Fingers crossed!

(Clint tries to cross his fingers, but can't figure out how. Tina tries to help him.)

PATRICIA (Towards Clint, who still tries to cross his fingers.)

No geniuses yet, huh? There's a shocker.

PATRICIA (Con't. To the group.)

We're Patricia and Greg. We're going to name our baby "Morgan" if it's a girl, and if it's a boy, "Morgan". First-time parents, long-time screwers. In fact, we've been screwing so long that Greg's junk ...

(She points to Greg's crotch.)

BRENDA (Interrupts.)

THANK YOU! Thank you. Wait a minute. Is someone smoking? Clint, are you smoking in here?

TINA (Lets out a long, long exhale.)

Actually, it's me.

BRENDA

Put that cigarette out right now! You know that smoking seriously affects your baby's physical and mental development, don't you?

TINA (Puts the cigarette out on Clint's "Who Farted?" cap.)

Yeah, but if we can't have us a genius athlete, we're gonna do what we can to make sure we get us a Handicapped Parking sticker with this one. Fingers crossed! (Looks over at Clint, who's still trying to cross his.)

BRENDA (Stares at them for a long time. Then quickly turns to Tom and Karen.)

And you are?

TOM and KAREN (In unison.)

Tom and Karen.

(They giggle because they answered together.)

TOM and KAREN (Talk over and to each other.)

You go. No, you say it. No, you're a better talker than me. No, you. No, you go. I don't want to. You go.

TINA

Somebody better go before I hit my fourth trimester here.

TOM

'kay, I'll go. Tom and Karen here. This will be our first baby. He/she has been kicking a lot lately, so we figure he/she will either be a soccer player or a spokesman - excuse me, I mean, gender-free spokesperson - for Restless Leg Syndrome. As for me, I've been really sick in the morning and can't sleep much, but I hear that's normal.

BRENDA

Yes, they call it "Sympathetic Pregnancy Syndrome". Men often experience some of the pregnant woman's symptoms.

KAREN (To Tom.)

You didn't tell her?

TOM

I didn't have time with all the cramps and bloating and getting fat.

(Tom cries.)

TOM (Con't.)

I'm so stupid and ugly!

BRENDA

You can tell us, Tom. This is a non-judgment zone. What's going on?

TOM (Rubs his big belly.)

I'm the one who's pregnant.

BRENDA

You're pregnant? How did that happen?

TOM (Almost indignantly.)

Well, it **is** 2018!

(Clint finally crosses his fingers and turns to show the group.)

CLINT (Realizes what's just been said.)

WHAT?!

TOM (Continues to rub his belly.)

I said, I'm the one who's pregnant.

CLINT (Confused.)

Yeah, I heard that. When did it become 2018?

CLINT (Con't. Points his crossed-fingers at Brenda.)

And you! What's this horse bull-manure about a "non-judgment zone"? Because I'm about to seriously Judge Judy the crap out of this pervert right here!

CLINT (Con't. Swings to point his crossed-fingers at Tom.)

Man, you must have come up with some brand-new sin to be punished by God like this.

KAREN

This is all God's will.

PATRICIA

More like God's won't.

(Brenda laughs and high-fives Patricia.)

BRENDA (Comes to her senses.)

SORRY! Sorry. No judgment. No judgment.

CLINT

How the h-e-double hockey perverts did **you** get pregnant?

TOM

Well, we were feeling a little frisky after watching a "Golden Girls" marathon . . .

TINA

"Golden Girls"? Now **I'm** getting nauseous.

TOM

Unfortunately, the condom broke and, Bob's your uncle, here we are.

BRENDA

More like, Bob's your aunt.

(Brenda laughs and high-fives Patricia again.)

BRENDA (Con't. Comes to her senses.)

SORRY! Sorry again. Really sorry. No judgment. No judgment.

BRENDA (Con't. Quietly to herself.)

But this is going to be tough.

CLINT (Points with crossed-fingers at Tom and Karen.)

I knew you two were perverts! What type of weirdo uses a condom? And I thought Tina's sister was a freak when she made an emoji of the 3 of us doing it behind the Slurpee machine at the 7-11. Look.

(Clint shows the emoji on his phone to Brenda, who gags and turns away.)

BRENDA (Still a bit shaken.)

Wow. Well, if this was just the introductory sharing, I can't imagine what we'll learn about each other over the next few weeks.

BRENDA (Con't. Points to a puddle on the floor near Tina.)

Uh oh, don't anyone panic, but it looks like Tina's water broke.

CLINT (Studies the puddle intently, then suddenly comes to a realization.)

Aw hell, that ain't Tina's water that broke. Know how I know? You see right there where ...

(Clint points with crossed-fingers to the puddle.)

BRENDA, PATRICIA, KAREN, and TOM
(Interrupt.)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CLINT

Ah-right then, just stay ignorant. But I'll tell you one thing. This one here can pop a kid out like a Pez dispenser without her water ever breaking. See.

(Clint shows a picture on his phone to Brenda, who passes out.)

GREG

That puddle's my fault. The only sympathetic pregnancy symptom I have is uncontrollable drinking. I guess I didn't close the Jack Daniels bottle tight enough.

(Greg takes the bottle out from under his shirt and takes a big swig. Greg passes it to a drooling Clint, but it slips through Clint's finger-crossed hands. Tina catches it in midair and chugs it for a long time.)

(Tina checks that Brenda is still passed out, then lights up another cigarette and rubs her stomach.)

TINA (Belches.)

Come on, baby. Mama needs that good parking spot.