

Parent Crush

INT.KITCHEN--evening

A Mom, Dad and their Daughter are having dinner. A friend, Jane is visiting. Mom and Dad can't take their eyes off of each other, but they are also very nervous- they have super big crushes on each other.

MOM

David, can you pass the milk?

DAD

Sure!

Dad spills the milk, but his eyes are locked with Mom's and they let it fall. The Daughter is used to it and just gets out of the way. The friend is confused.

FRIEND

Thanks for having me over Mrs. Saunders.

DAUGHTER

Uh, so Mom, Jane and I have art class together.

MOM

Uh huh...

Mom and Dad are looking at each other, in their own world.

FRIEND

I think your mom and dad "like-like" each other.

DAUGHTER

I know. They pretty much can't be in the same room together.

DAD

Lucy! This turkey is tender!!

MOM

Oh let me cut you some more!

Mom starts cutting the turkey while staring at Dad. She cuts herself. Blood sprays.

DAUGHTER

Mom!

(CONTINUED)

MOM

Oh how off putting and embarrassing.

DAD

You're a pretty... flower... you pretty even with blood... bloody pretty.

MOM

Bloody pretty.

DAD

Bloody pre-

Dad says this with a British accent, trying to be funny, then half burps while he delivers the line.

DAD

(berating)
Take it easy David!

Dad grabs the turkey and fumbles it. Mom rushes to his aid.

MOM

I got it!

DAD

I got it!

Their hands touch. They quickly separate and hyperventilate.

FRIEND

Why are they so nervous around each other? Did they break up and get back together or something?

DAUGHTER

No. They've always been like this.

FRIEND

Always?

DAUGHTER

Always. They've ALWAYS been like this.

Mom has a candle accident.

MOM

How embarrassing! I'm on fire!

Mom rushes around while Dad tries to help. The fire burns for as long as technically possible.

DAUGHTER

It's a miracle I was ever born. I really mean that.

The phone rings.

DAD

It's... my... cellphone...

Dad randomly pours juice on himself.

MOM

I'll get a towel...

Mom runs out of the room, still on fire. Suddenly, Dad has regained all composure, and speaks in an authoritative manner.

DAD

Oh hey Bryce. Ya, Gary was late on the plans. Right. That's cuz he's an imbecile. The qualifications specifically stated that they needed a partial spatial relationship..., and then he gives it to me- there's a clear crease in the velum, right through the middle? What I am supposed to do with that? Build an f'ing tent? The whole thing had to be redone--

Mom walks back in the room, (no longer on fire.) Dad starts stuttering.

DAD

Whishit... turk... bloody pretty... I... God, how rude.

He whips his cellphone away. It hits the friend in the face.

FRIEND

Ow! God! How did you survive childhood?

DAUGHTER

(Sarcastic)

Here's my favourite part...

Mom and Dad touch fingers. A bit of cheesy love song comes on. They pull back. They get closer and the song gets louder. This pattern continues. Mom and Dad start slow dancing. They also start taking layers of clothes off and being super creepy. They exit.

DAUGHTER

They'll get sleepy eventually.

FRIEND

I guess it's kind of cute.

DAUGHTER

I guess. Can you pass me the milk?

FRIEND

Sure.

*The friend tries to pass the milk but fumbles it.
The milk spills. They have an "are you into it?"
moment as the same music comes up and swells.*

DAUGHTER

I just like you as a friend.

FRIEND

Me too.

They drink glasses of milk.

BLACKOUT