

GUN LADY, by Pete Byrnes

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE and LEE stumble into an apartment in a full-blown make-out sesh. A bunch of GUNS litter the floor.

JANE

I can't wait to get this sweater off you.

LEE

(sees the GUNS)

Oh. Boy.

JANE

I know what you're thinking: single lady with a lot of guns.

LEE

Um...

JANE

It's just I have this rule when I buy one, I have to rescue another one.

LEE

Rescue...a gun?

JANE

This one, I found it abandoned in a Wal-Mart parking lot. Who knows what could've happened?

(beat)

Shoot, you must think I'm a real gun lady.

LEE considers this.

LEE

No. Let's go to the couch.

JANE

Thank God. Do you wanna watch something? I have a projector.

Jane boots up the PROJECTOR, and on screen is a CHRISTMAS CARD PHOTO of Jane in the same sweater, and all of her guns in matching sweaters.

LEE

What the...

JANE

It was such a BITCH to keep the sweaters on them. Guns do not like sweaters!

(on her laptop)

Do you want to watch Full Metal Jacket?

LEE

Jane, you know what - I thought I'd be okay with the gun thing -

Lee sneezes.

JANE

You're allergic to gunpowder, I knew it. I'm NEVER going to find a man!

LEE

No, I don't think that's a thing. It's just, if it were cats...

JANE

What do cats have to do with anything?

LEE

(deep breath)

Do you wanna make out?

They do. Jane grabs a pistol and puts her arms around Lee's back. He jumps up.

LEE

Woah okay, that's...not cool.

JANE

Sorry. She's a little high-maintenance. She came from a dealer who pistol-whipped her pistols against other pistols!

LEE

I'm going to go.

JANE

(points it at him)

Have you ever even held one? They're not so bad!

LEE

OK...

Jane hands him the pistol, which he grabs, nervouslike.

JANE

Kinda cool, right?

LEE

Actually yeah. I feel kinda strong. Cool.

He hands it back to her.

JANE

Thank God. Honestly, a guy who can't love my guns can't love me.

LEE

That's how I feel about Star Wars.

Jane shoots him.

BLACKOUT.

## 1 MY STEPDAD'S CABLE SUBSCRIPTION

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

MUSIC: Theme from The Godfather

ERIC, petting a CAT, sits across from MARCO and KIM, both in their finest dark formal wear. PETE stands guard by the door.

MARCO

It's not that we didn't have one. We did. But I just got laid off, and even with Kim picking up extra shifts at the cafe, we just couldn't afford one.

Eric takes a long drag from a JUUL.

ERIC

You come here...on the day of my mother and stepdad's wedding...and ask me...for my stepdad's HBO GO password?

KIM

We're asking for as a favor.

ERIC

It is not my favor to give. The account is my stepdad's.

MARCO

But you have the log-in. You could share it with us, Eric. He'd never know!

ERIC

(sighs)

And you don't even respect me enough to call me Stepson.

KIM

It would be weird to call you "Stepson."

MARCO

Please. What would you like in return? I can get you a free class at my Pilates studio.

ERIC

Pete.

(claps twice)  
Heat up my guests some Totino's pizza  
rolls from my stepdad's freezer.

Pete stumbles out. Eric sets his cat down, stands up and hops  
on a skateboard, PONDERING in between Juul puffs.

ERIC  
Bonasera. Bonasera. What have I ever  
done to make you treat me so  
disrespectfully? If you had come to me  
in friendship, you'd be re-watching  
Westworld by now. And if by chance  
good folks like yourself were to ever  
need a Wifi hotspot, I could provide  
that for you because I am now on my  
stepdad's unlimited family data plan.

MARCO  
Be my friend? Stepson?

Marco kneels and kisses Eric's mood ring.

ERIC  
Good. Now there may come a day, and  
that may never come, where I call upon  
you for the log-in information for  
subscription-based streaming service -  
Hulu, Amazon Prime, what have you -  
but until that day, accept this log-in  
information as a gift on my mother's  
wedding day.

MARCO  
Grazie, Stepson.

ERIC  
Prego.

Pete re-enters with a TRAY of PIZZA ROLLS.

ERIC  
Now you've got to be very careful with  
these, or you'll burn your tongue.

They munch on TOTINO's with their mouths open - it's hot!

MUSIC: Theme from The Godfather

FADE TO BLACK.

## 2 RECEPTION

by Peter Byrnes

INT. HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD

A HUSBAND helps his WIFE through the final stages of labor.

HUSBAND

You got this, babe! Push! Push!

DOCTOR

Here she comes!

The BABY stands up and holds a phone to his ear.

BABY

(into phone)

Sorry, the reception in there was horrible.

HUSBAND

Kids these days.

BABY

(into phone)

Hello? Hello?

(loses the call)

Well now I'm cranky.

(beat)

Siri, where's the nearest boob?

SIRI

The nearest boob is your mom's boob.

BLACKOUT