

GERTRUDE AND GEOFFREY

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

GERTRUDE, 84, sits on the couch watching the *Home Shopping Channel*, with the TV cranked extremely loud. As a demonstration plays for a spray-on hair product, she scoffs at the screen.

Gertrude clicks off the TV and gingerly makes her way up the stairs.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

GEOFFREY, 45, covers up his bald spots with the same spray-on hair product.

BANGING is heard at the door. A startled Geoffrey accidentally sprays the product into his eyes, making his face appear hairy and brown.

GEOFFREY

Damn it, mother!

GERTRUDE (O.S.)

Giffy? Giffy? Geoffrey! What are you doing in there? You've been in there for over an hour. Open the door before I have an accident! Have you run my bath like a good little boy? It's sponge bath day, you know.

GEOFFREY

Not now, mother. I'm getting ready for a date. She's going to be here any minute.

GERTRUDE (O.S.)

Nonsense, Geoffrey! You're staying in tonight. It's getting late and you know how you get when you're tired.

Gertrude flings the door open.

GEOFFREY

Mother, for Christ's sake! Can't I get some privacy around here?

(CONTINUED)

GERTRUDE

I told you, mommy needs to void. And what are you doing with that spray-on hair? What did I tell you about that stuff? What did I tell you about that, Geoffrey? It makes you look ridiculous. It's time you started acting your age and not your shoe size. You're not 10 years old anymore and Lord knows you're no Adonis. There's nothing wrong with being bald. It makes you look smart. And God knows you should at least look smart.

Gertrude rubs her son's head. A sound of a WET FART is heard.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

See what you made me do? I told you I had to go. Now you have to help me get out of these things.

GEOFFREY

Damn it, Mother! I told you to stop eating Mexican. You know it doesn't sit well with you.

Geoffrey gasps for breath, shooting his mother with the hair dryer in an attempt to blow the smell away from him. The doorbell RINGS.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Quick, get in the bathroom!

Geoffrey drags his mother into the bathroom and sets her on the toilet seat.

The doorbell RINGS again.

Geoffrey frantically searches for a towel, but can't find one.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Didn't you do the laundry? Where the hell are all the towels?

GERTRUDE

I told you to do the laundry. They're all down in the basement.

(CONTINUED)

Geoffrey paces back and forth for a moment. He glances at his blackened face, and reluctantly helps his mother undress.

He wipes his face off with her soiled pants. Disgusted, he throws up all over his pants.

The doorbell RINGS for a third time.

Geoffrey runs out, stripping his clothes off.

INT. GERTRUDE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Geoffrey rummages through his mother's wardrobe and finds a pink bathrobe.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The door swings open. JACKIE stands at the doorstep.

Geoffrey stands across from her in a pink bathrobe, with the black hair product on his face. Jackie discreetly holds her nose.

JACKIE

Is this a bad time?

GEOFFREY

No, it's the perfect time. Come have a seat.

GERTRUDE (O.S.)

Geoffrey! Hurry up! Get back here and help mommy clean up!

GEOFFREY

Ugh!

A CRASHING SOUND is heard emanating from the bathroom.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a second. Please, take a seat.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Geoffrey rushes inside to find his mother laying on the floor, having fallen off the toilet seat.

(CONTINUED)

GERTRUDE

Get me a towel. I think I broke my
butt bone.

Gertrude rolls over on her stomach, her butt exposed
and dripping with liquid feces.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Is everything all right up there?

GEOFFREY

We don't have any towels,
mother! And I'm not going back
down there. Here, use the
bathrobe.

Geoffrey removes the bathrobe. Mother and son are both
nude, covered in puke and feces.

Suddenly, Jackie appears at the open door.

JACKIE

Oh, my God! What kind of sick
things are you two into?

GEOFFREY

It's not what it looks like,
Jackie!

Jackie runs off.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Jackie? Jackie!!!!

Geoffrey approaches his mother, trying his best to
contain his anger.

In no time, we hear the sound of SCREECHING TIRES O.S.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Are you happy now, mother? Look
what you've done! Now I have to
call her and try to convince her
that we're... I'm not a crazy
person.

GERTRUDE

Good luck with that! Ohhh, quit
your whining and help me into this
tub. Can't you see I'm all dirty?

GEOFFREY

I told you, mother. I need to make a call first. And I'm still going out.

GERTRUDE

Well, at least get me my robe for now; it's in my bedroom.

Geoffrey sighs and exits.

Gertrude picks up Geoffrey's soiled pants, feels his cell phone in his pocket, and throws the pants (phone and all) into the filled bathtub.

Geoffrey returns with the bathrobe and a T-shirt. He dips the shirt into the water and hands it to his mother.

GEOFFREY

Here, clean yourself up a bit.

Gertrude grabs the wet, soapy T-shirt and begins to clean herself off.

Geoffrey looks around the bathroom, becoming increasingly frantic. He picks the bathrobe off the floor, whips back the door to see behind it, and opens the pantry door.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Where the hell's my phone? I need call Jackie. I don't have her number written down. I need to call Jackie!

GERTRUDE

How should I know? You need to be more responsible with your things, Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY

I didn't put it anywhere. It was in my pants pocket. Where are my pants, mother?

GERTRUDE

Mother was going to wash them in the tub for her baby. They're soaking in there right now.

Geoffrey plunges into the bathtub and feels for his pants. He pulls them out and grabs his phone from the pocket, which drips with water. He puts his hand to his head and pretends to shoot himself with the phone.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFFREY

You destroyed it, mother! Along
with any chance I had with Jackie!

GERTRUDE

Well, you still have your
mommy. And it's like I always
tell you: Nobody is more
important than family.

Geoffrey silently whimpers to himself.

FADE OUT.