

Valerie Vasilas

Writing Packet

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valerie.vasilas@gmail.com
602.561.2624

<https://thisisvaleriev.com/videos/>

OSCAR THE GROUCH IN A WAITING ROOM

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM.

PATIENTS are waiting in chairs, reading magazines, coughing and looking miserable.

DR DOCTOR and MARY enter from the doctor's office.

DR DOCTOR
-so just rest up and take it easy,
okay?

MARY
(sniffles)
Thank you, doctor.

MARY blows her nose in a tissue. On her way out she throws the tissue in a trash can. OSCAR pops up.

OSCAR
Excuse you!

MARY and PATIENTS are surprised.

MARY
Excuse YOU!

OSCAR
Excuse **YOU!** This is MY trash can.

OSCAR eats the tissue MARY tossed in his can.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Tastes like a bacterial infection.
Hey lady, you got anymore of these?

MARY exits in a huff. Everyone shuffles uncomfortably.

HARRY coughs violently and practically hacks up a lung.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Hackatha Christie! What are you
here for?

HARRY
They're going to do a biopsy to see
if I have lung cancer.

OSCAR
Are you a smoker?

HARRY
I used to be.

OSCAR
Haha, that stinks. I bet if you
didn't smoke you wouldn't have lung
cancer.

HARRY
MIGHT have.

OSCAR
LUNG CANCER.

A small beat of uncomfortable waiting room silence.

JERY
Ugh, what's that smell?

OSCAR
My trash can.

JERY
That's disgusting.

OSCAR
Why thank you! Have another whiff!

OSCAR grabs JERY's face and attempts to force her to smell
his trash can. JERY gags.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
If you don't like it then scram.

JERY
I CAN'T scram. I'm here because an
unsecured IKEA shelf fell on my
legs and now they're both broken.

OSCAR
Malm me a river.

JERY
Malm?

OSCAR
That's Swedish for I don't care!

RECEPTIONIST enters from the doctor's office.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Grouch?

OSCAR

Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST

Have you filled out the forms I gave you?

OSCAR

Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I have them please?

OSCAR

They're in my trash can.

RECEPTIONIST

...Can you get them, please?

OSCAR

Just come and get them...in my trash can.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm not going in there, sir.

OSCAR

I guess you're not getting your forms then.

RECEPTIONIST reluctantly puts his hand in the trash can.
OSCAR is enjoying his suffering.

RECEPTIONIST

What did I just touch?

OSCAR

Could've been moldy boloney. Maybe it was the anchovy paste. Better smell your hands to make sure.

RECEPTIONIST

Are the forms even in here?

OSCAR

(snickers)

Gosh, it'd terrible if they weren't, huh?

RECEPTIONIST finds the forms, and recoils away from OSCAR.

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor will be with you shortly.

RECEPTIONIST exits. A small beat of uncomfortable silence.
DR DOCTOR comes into the waiting room.

DR DOCTOR
Mr. The Grouch?

OSCAR
You're lookin' at him.

DR DOCTOR
Your results are ready if you'll
just come this way-

OSCAR
No, give 'em to me now.

DR DOCTOR
Your tests came back positive...You
do have a hand up your ass.

A small beat. EVERYONE except OSCAR laughs at OSCAR.

OSCAR
Well at least it's not cancer.

OSCAR glares at HARRY.

HARRY
(whines)
Heeeey...!

BLACKOUT.

TERRIBLE CONDIMENTS

INT. DINING ROOM, EVENING.

MOM, DAD, BRAD and JOJO are eating dinner at the table.

MOM

Dinner is wonderful, Jim-bo. You really outdid yourself tonight.

DAD

Thanks Schnookie-butter. You worked hard at work, so I wanted to work hard at home. Eat up kiddos!

BRAD

Great food Dad! These eggs are really scrambled!

JOJO

Yeah! The only thing that would make this perfect dinner even MOOORE perfect is if you would pass the ketchup!

There is a rumbling noise. The family looks alarmed.

A human-sized bottle of KETCHUP bursts through the backstage wall like the Kool-Aid Man.

KETCHUP

DID SOMEONE SAY THEY WANT KETCHUP??! OH YEAH BAYBEH!

KETCHUP crosses to the dinner table and squirts ketchup all over the food and table. MOM, BRAD and JOJO cheer.

BRAD/JOJO

This is the best thing that's ever happened to me!

MOM

Life suddenly has meaning!

KETCHUP

NOW IT'S A PARTY!

MOM, BRAD and JOJO devour their dinner.

DAD

I thought dinner was perfect just the way it was. We didn't need ketchup.

MOM

Are you kidding me??

MOM reaches across the table and grabs DAD by the collar.

MOM (CONT'D)
Dinner absolutely SUCKED before we
got ketchup!

BRAD
Yeah, we didn't want to say
anything because we didn't want our
phones taken away!

JOJO
Or for you to make us watch the
Presidential Debate with you!

KETCHUP
YOU GUYS ARE LIKE THE FAMILY I
ALWAYS WISHED FOR! EAT UP!

KETCHUP squirts more ketchup. JOJO, BRAD and MOM are licking
it up. DAD goes to grab cake and ice cream.

DAD
(desperate)
Dessert time! Dad's famous Funfetti
cake! And I got ice cream!

DAD sets down desserts and elbows KETCHUP out of the way.

DAD (CONT'D)
(smug)
You don't need to stay for dessert,
Ketchup.

KETCHUP
(defeated)
Oh.
(then)
BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE DESSERT WITHOUT-
!!

There is a rumbling noise. A human-sized bottle of MAYO kicks
through the backstage wall.

MAYO
HEYOOOOOOO IT'S TIME FOR MAYOOOOOO!

KETCHUP and MAYO squirt all over the cake and ice cream.
BRAD, JOJO and MOM grab the dessert with their hands and
smash it into their faces with delight.

DAD
Ugh, mayonnaise on cake? That
doesn't make sense.

MAYO KETCHUP
 YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE JIM-BO!! YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE JIM-BO!!

BRAD
 Shut your face Dad!

KETCHUP MAYO
 NO! OPEN YOUR FACE FOR NO! OPEN YOUR FACE FOR
 KETCHUUUUP!!! MAYOOOOOOOO!!!

KETCHUP and MAYO go to JOJO, MOM and BRAD and squirt into their mouths and all over them. They are in ecstasy.

JOJO
 YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSS QUEEEEEEEEN!

MOM
 I BLESS THE RAINS DOWN IN AFRICA!

DAD has had enough.

DAD
 This is disgusting! Ketchup tastes like garbage water! Like if you were to take garbage and squeeze liquid out of it, that's what ketchup tastes like! And don't get me started on the bland pus bile that is mayonnaise!

KETCHUP and MAYO cross downstage left towards MOM.

KETCHUP MAYO
 (sad) (sad)
 WE NEVER KNEW WE HAD FEELINGS WE NEVER KNEW WE HAD FEELINGS
 UNTIL RIGHT THIS VERY MOMENT UNTIL RIGHT THIS VERY MOMENT
 AND THEY HURT!! AND THEY HURT!!

BRAD
 Dad, you suck!

DAD
 I'm drawing a line in the sand!
 What's it gonna be family?! Your amazing dad, or terrible condiments?!

Intense pause.

MOM
 (seductively)
 Ketchup, I want you to squirt on me until you make that spooey noise.

SOCKS EVENING NEWS

INT. NEWSROOM- ANCHOR DESK.

A simple newsroom jingle plays as lights shine on the anchor news desk. Two sock puppets, SOCK WILDER and SOCKIE MCDAY, pop up behind the desk.

SOCK WILDER

Good evening, Katie's Sock Drawer.
This is Socks Evening News. I'm
Sock Wilder-

SOCKIE MCDAY

-And I'm Sockie McDay. We have some
breaking news tonight.

BREAKING NEWS music plays. The words "BREAKING NEWS" scroll across the screen.

SOCKIE MCDAY (CONT'D)

After Katie's laundry day last
week, another Ankle sock has gone
missing.

SOCK WILDER

Oh noooo.

SOCKIE MCDAY

Yes, Sock. The Sock Police have
reason to believe that this could
be the work of the Sock Monster.
We'll have more for you as this
story unrolls.

Hold for pun appreciation laugh from audience.

SOCK WILDER

Thank you Sockie. And now we'll
take it to Shucks Sockley and Socka
Sopple with sports. Shucks?

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM- SPORTS DESK.

An intense sporty jingle plays as the words "SOCKS SPORTS" scroll across the screen. Two sock puppets- SHUCKS SOCKLEY and SOCKA SOPPLE- pop up behind their desk.

SHUCKS SOCKLEY

Thanks Sock. Today in Socks Sports League it was a messy fight to get to the top of the drawer! The Cotton Tubes were tumblin' around and formation got sloppy.

SOCKA SOPPLE

Sharney Sockleby got a hole in his heel! The 'Tubes didn't stand a chance after that.

SHUCKS SOCKLEY

In the end the Moisture Wicks won out with sheer numbers!

SHUCKS and SOCKA share a chortle.

SOCKA SOPPLE

We'll have to entertain ourselves during the off-season watching the Sports Bras and Bralettes. Back to you, Sock.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM- ANCHOR DESK.

SOCK WILDER

Thanks Shucks. In other news: Troops pulled out of Syria this week; socks are coming home to their families for some post-holiday cheer.

SOCKIE MCDAY

And now we take it to Benkle Socktaub for the weather!

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM- WEATHER STATION.

A delightful wind chime jingle plays as the words "DRAWER WEATHER" scroll across the screen. BENKLE SOCKTAUB, a sock puppet, is hovering in front of a picture of a sock drawer.

SOCKIE MCDAY is also there to help with the report.

BENKLE SOCKTAUB

Thank you Sock! This week in the Sock Drawer expect things to be dark with intermittent bursts of light when Katie opens the sock drawer!

SOCKIE places sun and moon symbols all over the sock drawer picture as BENKLE speaks.

SOCKIE MCDAY

It's the passage of time!

BENKLE SOCKTAUB

At the end of the week we'll be getting wet and soapy, followed by intense heat!

SOCKIE places water and fire symbols all over the sock drawer picture as BENKLE speaks.

SOCKIE MCDAY

Laundry day!

BENKLE SOCKTAUB

The Sock Police advise tumbling in pairs due to the active danger of the Sock Monster. Back to you, Sock!

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM- ANCHOR DESK.

SOCK WILDER

Closing out tonight's report is Entertainment News with Banana Soxolalla.

BANANA SOXOLALLA pops up from behind the desk.

BANANA SOXOLALLA

Hey guys! The Sock Pile charity gala is coming up. This year's theme is "Cutesy socks with profanities written on them for shock sock humor"! Aow!

SOCK WILDER

Thanks Banana. And that's-

BREAKING NEWS music plays. The words "BREAKING NEWS" scroll across the screen.

CUT TO: SPLIT SCREEN

INT. NEWSROOM- ANCHOR DESK/ EXT. BEDROOM FLOOR.

SOCKTON MEYERS is in front of the sock drawer. SOCKTON is a sock on a foot. The human wearing SOCKTON holds a microphone down to his mouth.

SOCK and SOCKIE watch and communicate from the news desk.

SOCKTON MEYERS

Hello Sock I'm here on the field
right now with some breaking news.

SOCK WILDER

What is it Sockton?

SOCKTON MEYERS

I'm nearby a recent Sock Monster
sighting. All socks are advised to
go home and roll up for the night.
I repeat, all socks-

A giant SOCK MONSTER appears. It pulls SOCKTON off of the foot. SOCKTON screams. The SOCK MONSTER bumbles off-screen.

BACK TO: SINGLE SCREEN

INT. NEWSROOM- ANCHOR DESK.

SOCK and SOCKIE share a look. They hear a roar and the camera pans over to see the SOCK MONSTER in the studio.

SOCK WILDER

Wait, how'd he get into the studio-

The SOCK MONSTER punches SOCK and SOCKIE. SOCK MONSTER bellows and goes to the sports desk. He pulls SOCKA SOPPLE and the ACTOR performing Socka off-stage and out of the studio. A beat.

SHUCKS SOCKLEY comes out from behind his desk.

SHUCKS SOCKLEY

(weakly)

Well, uh, this was Socks Evening
News. Good night.

BLACKOUT.