

Dumb Husbands

By

Gio Naarendorp

914-874-3933

giovanni.naarendorp@gmail.com

INT. BEDROOM

CLARK sits in bed, reading *The Maze Runner*. SAM enters in a silk robe. Super seductive.

SAM
Hey there brown bear...

CLARK
Sup?

SAM
Do you know what tonight is?

CLARK
Yes...It's Wednesday, the
5th...which is two days before
Friday the 7th...which is...48
hours *after* our anniversary! Which
I didn't forget!

SAM
Correct...

CLARK
It's also three months until your
birthday and three and a half
months until your mom's birthday.
Both of which I totally have plans
for. Really good, great plans...

JEN
Mhmm...I got your text earlier.

She pulls out a phone and reads

SAM
"Be home a little earlier tonight.
Gotta catch up on the *Maze Runner*
before *Scorch Trials* comes out!!!"
You were planning something weren't
you?!

CLARK
...Yes.

SAM
I knew it! You know what tipped me
off?

CLARK
Umh, what?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You used like 8 exclamation marks.
No one. I repeat, NO ONE is that
into The Maze Runner. It was a
little overzealous, Honey.

CLARK

(throwing the book against the
wall)

AHAHA!!! YOU GOT ME BABE! I WAS
PLANNING SOMETHING ROMANTIC THIS
WHOLE AFTERNOON.

(to himself)

Fuck I lost my place.

SAM

I knew it! I love you.

CLARK

I love you so much.

SAM

You know I have something for you
too...

CLARK

Oh yeah?

SAM

Yeah, something...kinky.

CLARK

I like kinky.

SAM

But you don't get it yet. You have
to wait...

CLARK

Wait until what?

SAM

Until after you've given me my
gift...

Clark stares at her.

SAM

Come on baby, I've been waiting for
this all day. What did the big
brown bear get for his little
jungle cat?

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

N-no you...have to wait. Because it's so special.

SAM

What ever happened to ladies first?

CLARK

Well actually, in this situation "Ladies First" would insinuate that you do your thing first. But I don't wanna get too knit-picky.

SAM

Don't micromanage our anniversary just do your thing Clark!

CLARK

Ok! OK! Um...close your eyes.

She does. Clark fumbles around the room looking for something to scrap together. He hits a random Spotify station on his laptop. Hip hop instrumentals play.

SAM

Ooohh! A black vibe.

CLARK

Uh huh...

SAM

Can I open my eyes?

CLARK

Nooooope.

Clark disappears into the closet. Clothes fly out onto the floor. He comes out wearing only a beanie, Christmas socks, leather gloves, and one of Sam's sports bras.

CLARK

Ok...um...open.

SAM

Ooh! Who is this?

CLARK

(with a lispy ghetto affectation)

My name is Anton Suckmydick. I'm your biggest fantasy...and your worst nightmare...

(CONTINUED)

SAM
So aggressive! I kinda like him!

CLARK
Well I hate the 1%!

Sam claps.

SAM
Rap!

CLARK
Excuse me?

SAM
Do a rap! That's what the beats are
for, right?

CLARK
Babe. Can you- Can you just let me
do my thing?

SAM
Sorry.

CLARK
MMMMM this beat kinda makes me
wanna do some rappin!

SAM
(clapping)
Yayy!

CLARK
Uh..yeah...uh...turn up my snare.
Now turn down my snare. Don't touch
that treble. MMMM.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE

The next day. Sam is having coffee with her friend JENNY
recapping the previous night.

SAM
And honestly, even though I knew he
was making it up I couldn't help
but fall in love with him all over
again.

(CONTINUED)

JEN

Right.

SAM

You know? He's just such an idiot, it's adorable. Except around tax season.

JEN

I'm with you girl. Last Halloween, Larry forgot what month it was and these kids dressed as the Obama's confused him so much, he had a stroke.

SAM

How are you guys doing by the way? I heard you renewed your vows in that ambulance ride.

JEN

(nonchalant)

Oh you didn't know? Larry's dead. He ate a hot dog too fast on a dare.

SAM

Oh my gosh Jenny! I'm so sorry! Are you ok?

JEN

Oh it's fine. Seriously he was so dumb, he had it coming. I'll find someone else in a jiff.

SAM

Ugh, with those legs? You'll be fine girl!

INT. CHURCH

Larry's funeral. Everyone's wearing black. Jen is "mourning" on the shoulder of a very attractive guy with incredible hair. She's clutching his big arms. Clark sits pensively next to Sam, who seems to be the only sad person at the service. The PRIEST is finishing up his sermon.

PRIEST

Then I heard a voice from heaven say, "Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." "Yes," says the Spirit, "they will

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRIEST (cont'd)
rest from their labor, for their
deeds will follow them."
-Revelation 14:13

In this case Larry's deed was
consuming hot dogs at a rate which
the Lord clearly felt was
inappropriate.

Moving forward, a eulogy from
Larry's best friend Clark.

Clark looks up, paralyzed. Everyone seated turns around and
looks at him. Once again, he is surprised and entirely
unprepared. Sam smacks him on the shoulder. He approaches
the podium.

CLARK
Hello everyone. My condolences,
obviously. I'll never forget the
last words Larry ever said to me.
He said, "Nice to meet you I'm
Larry."

He shakes his head.

CLARK
Why don't we hear from a person who
might have a thing or two to say
about Larry.

Clark pulls out his beanie and leather gloves. He rips open
his suit to reveal a sports bra he was wearing underneath.
It's the return of Anton Suckmydick.

CLARK
My name is Anton Suckmydick! I
fucking hate the 1%!!!

Silence.

CLARK
Y'all wanna hear some dope raps?!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

LARRY jolts awake from a nightmare. He's sweaty and disoriented. Jenny wakes up.

JEN

What's the matter poopymoose?

Larry notices her and then screams.

LARRY

Oh my gosh. Oh my gosh. I'm sorry I woke you cuddlefish I had a super weird bad dream.

JEN

(caressing his chest)

Well I'm up, you could tell me about it?

LARRY

Oh gosh I don't know. It was Clark and Sam's anniversary night and Clark was weird and rapping and then you guys were having Thursday girl talk brunch and I choked on a hot dog and you moved on way too quickly to a guy with incredible hair and Clark totally fucked up his eulogy. Like seriously fucked it to bits. It was atrocious. Babe, just never let me around any hot dogs ok?

JEN

Sweetie, what are you talking about? Clark's been dead for 10 years...

LARRY

What?

He looks to the other side of the room. GHOST CLARK is waving to him in his Anton Suckmydick costume.

GHOST CLARK

Larry, my main man! Drop the beat!

END.

INT. BEDROOM

Return to the first bedroom scene. Clark performs his rap for Sam. Fake credits roll.

CLARK

I'm thinkin bout love/how it fits
like a glove around my hand/Sam I
am your man/me love you long time
like a chinaman can/and he can do
kung fu/ to the anyone who don't
believe in me and you/the skeptics
of the world/ I wanna watch Netflix
with my girl/I give the best dick
to my girl cuz she deserves it/and
that's the promise of wordsmith/
She lurvs it/ when I get in the bed
and I curve it/ It's my one move/
I've got nothing to prove/ and when
she's sick I can make her dat
chicken soup/ cuz I'm good husband/
I give her the good lovin/
especially when she's pushin mah
buttons/ The maze runner is good
book/ it's a page turner/ take a
good look/ at ratings of the Maze
Rurnner/ please believe me baby/ or
at least stop lookin at me like I'm
crazy?! BECAUSE I'M NOT.

Sam claps.