

Really Edgy  
by Daniel Bell

\* I apologize for the content of this sketch. But this is a story that needed to be told. Another way of looking at it... is that I wrote this and didn't want to delete it. And a father never kills his child.

\*\* Subway in no way wrote me a check in the tune of \$50 to write this sketch.

INT. SUBWAY (EAT FRESH)

Two incredibly handsome men sit at a table eating Subway sandwiches (...eat fresh). They are seated underneath the TV that every low quality sandwich shop has on their premises. It is tuned to a sports broadcasting channel. The glow and sound of the TV adds to drama of the situation. Trust me.

HORDAN: I went out last night.

JENSEN: On a date?

HORDAN: Yes. On a date.

JENSEN: Good for you. I keep telling you to get out there. You have allot to offer the ladies. Why keep it all to yourself?

HORDAN pauses. He takes a bite of his treyf submarine. He considers for a moment that since his meal was most likely killed with a dull knife, he is inhaling a sub that isn't kosher. But he isn't Jewish so he moves on.

HORDAN: It wasn't JUST a date. It was an EDGY date.

JENSEN: What? How can a date be edgy? Edgy is just a stupid tag people put on things to make their ideas seem more meaningful.

HORDAN: Trust me, this was edge-edgy.

JENSEN: ...Well. Tell me about it. Tell me what made this so "edgy".

HORDAN: I wore a butchers outfit. You know, a white overall type thing. I showed up there dressed up and with a pigs head.

JENSEN: Where is There?

HORDAN: The C-Town Town Supermarket.

JENSEN: ...With a pigs head?

HORDAN: Yeah. I then went to the dairy section and asked a mother of three out. I decided to be a little bold and told her to leave her kids there and that they would be fine playing in the aisles.

JENSEN: This is pretty messed up. Even for you.

HORDAN: We then went to my great uncles funeral. I said a few words at the funeral before jumping into my standup act. And there she was bitching. She was annoyingly worried about her kids. I almost lost my mind.

JENSEN: ...Almost...?

HORDAN: So I decided to make sure someone was there "looking after them." I figured the police might be helpful so I called in a bomb threat at the C-Town Town. With that squared away, I went back to my tribute to my great uncle. I remembered that he loved cereal when he was alive. Do you know about asparagus and pee?

JENSEN: Yeah...?

HORDAN: Well the same thing happens with Sugar Smacks. So I whipped it out and did my own version of the Bellagio Fountains. My version

of course had the aromatic twist of Sugar Smacks. Guess what happened next.

JENSEN: Uh.

HORDAN: She left. She up an left IN THE MIDDLE of a funeral. Can you believe that? On top of being unbelievable, she left me with blue balls.

JENSEN: Wait, she didn't even get you off?

HORDAN: No!

JENSEN and HORDAN: WOMEN!

They eye each other and with great haste begin unbuttoning their pants right then and there. They sloppily oil each other up with mayo-packets.

FADE TO TITLE:

ANNOUNCER: In a few days it will be the 10th anniversary of 9/11. When you are bringing up this tragedy in polite conversation at work, remember to think about the servicemen we lost. Because of THESE people, we are living in a city with an understaffed police force. They have force feed their sins into the mouths of our children. PLEASE send a donation to the New York Police Department today, so we can bring AMERICA back into AMERICAN.