

LIGHTS UP

Boisterous laughter, two men and a lady around a grill with bottles. Jeremy enters with hamburger buns and chips.

JEREMY
Hey everyone!

Echoed response "Jeremy!" "Hey!"

PAT
Hey Jer, good to see you.

FLYNN
(Returning to the previous conversation)
Well I'd say it was just about the best Friday night I've had in months.

CHRISTINE
Just about? No, this is a clear winner.

PAT
I'd say it's open shut case there, Flynn.

JEREMY
What's this now?

FLYNN
We're thinking about some fun times.

CHRISTINE
Some great times.

PAT
The best times.

JEREMY
Doing what?

PAT, CHRISTINE & FLYNN
Spimco!

JEREMY
Spamco?

FLYNN

No. Are you fucking drunk?

CHRISTINE

Jesus Christ, get it together.

PAT

We're talking Spimco, dipshit.

JEREMY

Spimco, alright. What's that?

FLYNN

I'm not surprised you don't know. You've always been a real piece of shit.

JEREMY

Jeez man, is this that big of a deal?

CHRISTINE

(screaming)

STOP YOUR MOUTH

FLYNN

Maybe you could forget what a piece of shit you are for five minutes and show some goddamn respect.

JEREMY

I'm gonna grab a beer...

PAT

Beer is for Spimco! And Spimco only!

All three clink their bottles while staring daggers at JEREMY.

JEREMY

So this game or whatever

FLYNN

Do you know how much I want to challenge you to a fight here in public right now? I could destroy you.

CHRISTINE

It's something people like you could never understand.

PAT

It's the latest but nevertheless greatest conversation starter, party harder, conga-line canine strychnine bottom line best recreational board game experience from Hasbro.

FLYNN, CHRISTINE & PAT

Spimco!

JEREMY

And you played it together?

PAT

Spimco isn't played, Jeremy, it plays you. You might think you know yourself because of those online Anneagram tests, Jer, but that's a tiny fetus of knowledge next to the 7 foot 5 inches hulking NBA, NFL, NHL corner strike swing of self-reflection from a night of Spimco.

CHRISTINE

It's a peering into your soul that changes both you and your relationships. I'm leaving you Jeremy. I'm leaving you for Spimco.

JEREMY

We aren't together...

FLYNN

Oh, you're a tough guy?

FLYNN, with an angry shaking face, leans back while tentatively pushing JEREMY.

FLYNN

And stay down!

JEREMY

Look, I don't know what the hell Spimco is or does and I don't really care anymore, alright? If you're so in love with Spimco, why don't you just marry it!

JEREMY walks away angry, remembers his hot dog buns, returns and grabs them, and angrily eats one while exiting.

PAT

Spimco.

CHRISTINE
Spimco.

FLYNN
Spimco.

Pause.
All three laugh together.

PAT
I was just thinking about

CHRISTINE and FLYNN
Spimco!

LIGHTS OUT