

Joe Cronin Is Pats Actual Dad

Local dads Joe Cronin and Bob Clifford are playing ping pong in Bob's garage. The pingpong ball volleys back and forth alongside the conversation. Each return slightly harder than the next.

BOB

How are things?

JOE

Last night I made a chickpea parm for family dinner

BOB

We're trying to move towards almond milk this month

JOE

I reprimand my kids over their dinner table manners

BOB

Kiehls is my favorite brand of facial moisterizer

JOE

She "wasn't crazy" about the leather jacket I bought

BOB

On Tuesdays, I eat captain crunch in the attic until my stomach hurts

JOE

Yesterday, I let Timothy run into the street

BOB

Sometimes I kick the dog when no one is looking

Joe

I flush every time now

Bob

I woke up at 6am today... its Saturday

bob slams an unreturnable ball

JOE

I can't remember the last time I had fun. I'm tired, Bob

BOB

You know what?

JOE

What?

BOB

I think I have an idea. Stay here I'll be right back

Joe solo bounces the ping pong ball as Bob runs inside the house. Bob walks back into the garage holding a Ziploc bag

JOE

Oh, I dont want to smoke weed

BOB

This isn't weed. These are mushrooms

JOE

JEEZ! Where'd you get those?

BOB

A friend from paintball

Bob takes a mushroom out of the bag and pops it in his mouth

JOE

Gosh! you're taking it now?

BOB

Why not?

JOE

We're outlining the week at family meeting tonight.

BOB

Don't worry the guy said these would only last an hour

JOE

The plan was to play ping pong for the next few hours. Ah, what the hell!

Joe reaches into the bag and pulls out a dried magic mushroom and pops it in his mouth. They return to rallying with the ping pong ball.

ONE HOUR LATER

JOE

Bob, you got sold some portobellos. How long before these things kick in?

BOB

Well, I thought an hour, but I'm trying to remember what the guy from paintball said.

JOE

Looking down at his phone

HHUUUUUUHHHHH. Bob! It says here it takes an hour to kick in

BOB

Oh

JOE

... and they last for ... FIVE HOURS?!

BOB

Oh lord...I have to cook dinner

BOB
WE HAVE FAMILY MEETING

Silence

The silence is broken by a short burst of laughter
Both men, unburdened by letting down their masculine facade of
control, break down in a fit of primal laughter, rolling on the
ground, tickling each other, and maybe even crying.

Bob suddenly pauses and holds his hands to his ear

BOB
Did you hear that? Here comes my wife.
Quick! Hide before she gets here

JOE
Hide? Why am I hiding?

BOB
Come on it'll be halarious, when I give
you the signal jump out and scare her

JOE
What signal?

Bob pushes Joe behind the armchair next to the ping pong table

In walks Bob's wife Donna Clifford. To Bob's great surprise
there are nipples where Donna's eyes should be

DONNA
You're on for dinner tonight, right?
George will be home from practice at 6
so shoot to have dinner ready at 6:30

BOB
Okie Dokie

Donna eyes bob suspiciously

DONNA

You're high. Tell me it's weed right now.

BOB

What? I'm not high!

boobs appear where Donna's eyes should be. Bob shakes his head in disbelief

DONNA

First your cutting work for paintball, now you're taking pills and looking at me like I have nipples for eyes.

BOB

gasps

How'd you know?

DONNA

You're sick, Bob. Why didn't you ask me to take them with you?

Bob doesn't hear all this, he's distracted trying to figure out if he has nipples for eyes himself. He feels for his nipple on his chest but can't find it.

Bob takes off his shirt only to realize that a plethora of eyes are covering his stomach and chest.

JOE

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH

Joe jumps out from behind the chair wielding the pinpong paddle.

BOB/DONNA

Bob louder than donna

AAAAAAHHHHHHHH

JOE

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH

BOB

AAAAAAHHHHHHHH

Donna grabs a bat, swings, and connects with Joe's temple. He crumbles to the ground.

DONNA

Oh my god is that Joe Cronin?!

BOB

NOOOOOOOOOOOO! You killed him!!!!

DONNA

Freaking out

Why was he here?! Did you know he was here?

BOB

Everyone just calm down!

DONNA

What do we do?

BOB

Motioning to someone who's not there

Call 911, I'm going to check his pulse

Bob places two fingers on his own neck and grabs Joe's wrist. Suddenly Joe wakes in a fit of screams

JOE

AHHHHHHH

DONNA

AHHHHHHH

BOB

AHHHHHHH

Joe wakes with a start

JOE

Triceratops, Stegosaurus, Pterodactyl,
Spinosaurus, Brontosaurus

DONNA

Oh jesus, I broke him. Should I hit him
again?

BOB

Wait, let him keep going

JOE

Brachiosaurus, Ankylosaurus,
Compsognathus

DONNA

Impressive

Donna clocks joe in the head again then shakes him awake

JOE

We act as though Lebron James' opinions
matter. He's a basketball player, does
he even have a high school degree?

BOB

Again

Donna clocks joe

JOE

We were hopping and bopping to the
Crocodile Rock
Well, Crocodile Rocking is something
shocking
When your feet just can't keep still

Bob motions again. Donna clocks joe.

JOE

Family meeting, I'm here don't worry.

DONNA

Joe calm down you're all right. You're here with me donna and Franky

JOE

Oh, how'd I end up here? And why am I so hungry for...

Donna clocks joe in the head again! The Taco Bell bell rings sounds. This time Joe doesn't collapse.

JOE

Taco Bell's NEW double steak grilled cheese burrito, with jalapenos and drizzled lava sauce. Live Mas

Donna rings the taco bell

END SCENE