

Got some
tail. Page 1

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack sits at his desk at his computer surfing the web. Brent knocks quickly and enters from the front door.

BRENT

Hey Jack. How did it go with Brenda? Did you finally ask her out?

JACK

What? Oh, no. It wasn't the right time.

BRENT

Right time? Look dude, you've been wanting to ask her out for almost a year. I never seen anyone move so slowly before.

JACK

That's how I move. I have a particular process.

BRENT

It's a great process, if you're turning coal into diamonds.

(pause)

Look, you've hung out with her too many times. You are so far in the friend zone, you got your own parking space.

JACK

I know, I've never been able to... you know, dive in.

BRENT

Is it a fear of commitment?

JACK

No. I've got this... thing about my personal appearance.

BRENT

Ah, Jack, you're a good looking guy. You just need to work out, do something with that hair of yours...

Jack stands up.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

What? There's nothing wrong with my hair. The ladies like the hair.

BRENT

Okay, okay. Then what's the problem?

JACK

I've never told anyone this before, so, you got to promise not to tell anyone, especially the guys?

BRENT

Yeah, you got it. I won't tell a soul.

JACK

You can't laugh either...

BRENT

Of course I won't laugh.

Jack hesitates, then bends over his desk and pulls his pants down just enough to expose the top of his butt crack. Brent's eyes widen.

BRENT

Holy mother of Satan, you got a tail!

JACK

Yeah.

BRENT

Who are you, Rose Mary's baby?

JACK

Are you just going to make wise cracks?

BRENT

Nice choice of words.

(pause)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Can't you have that surgically removed?

JACK

I had it removed 3 times. It keeps growing back.

BRENT

Can you wag it? Let me see you wag it.

(CONTINUED)

Jack pulls his pant up.

JACK
Will you stop already?

BRENT
Well, I can see why that would make you a little... shy.

JACK
Yeah. I've gone out on a lot of dates. But when things get serious, it's just... well you know, too embarrassing.

BRENT
Relax, you just haven't found the right girl, yet.

JACK
The right girl? What, like a girl who's into guys with tails?

BRENT
Actually, yeah. That's exactly what I mean.

Jack is puzzled.

BRENT
Hey, I have an idea. I know this guy who owns a tatoo shop.

JACK
Tatoo?

BRENT
Yeah... it's like my old man used to say, if you can't get what you want, then use what you got.

JACK
You lost me...

BRENT
I can have this guy give you a tattoo, add some wicked scales, put in some brass studs, a piercing, and maybe even put a little arrowhead at the end.

JACK
You expect me to walk around with my tail out?

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BRENT

Dude, you know how many kinky-ass chicks at the Sci-Fi Conventions would go for that?

JACK

I would be the laughing stock of all our friends.

(beat)

No, I'll just... I'll keep looking for a more permanent solution, thank you!

Brent heads to the door.

BRENT

Okay, suit yourself.

(pause)

Seriously, does it wag when you're happy to see someone?

JACK

Just go...

Brent exits. Jack goes back to his computer. He ponders a moment, then starts typing.

JACK

Sci-fi conventions...

FADE OUT.