

Heckler

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A New Jersian HUSBAND and WIFE move down the row, Wife squeezes past MAN so they are on either side of Man. The couple is bickering.

WIFE

-I still don't understand why you didn't buy the tickets together?

HUSBAND

I have a system, Debrah.

WIFE

Oh you have system?

HUSBAND

Yeah I have a system.

WIFE

Got news for you, wise guy. My brother had a system, now he's in the Richmond County Jail.

HUSBAND

It's not the same!

WIFE

Oh okay, what is it then?

HUSBAND

You buy the tickets a seat apart so that you have an extra cushion seat between the two.

WIFE

Well that worked out, didn't it?
(under her breath)
Unbelievable.

Man coughs lightly to assert his presence.

WIFE (cont'd)

(to the Man)

Oh, I'm sorry. Hi I'm Debrah. This is my idiot husband Richard.

HUSBAND

(un-eagerly)

How yah doing?

(CONTINUED)

WIFE

Ignore him. He can be annoying
anyway.

MAN

(politely)

Oh I'm sure he's fine. I'm Phillip,
it's nice to meet you.

WIFE

(flattered)

Oh Phillip! What a handsome name.

HUSBAND

You like it so much, why don't you
marry the guy?

WIFE

(stink-ily)

Well unfortunately I'm already
taken.

The three quietly go to watch the game for a minute until a
whistle is blown, a bad call was made.

WIFE (cont'd)

Bull Crap!

HUSBAND

Aaayyy!

WIFE

You call that a travel?

HUSBAND

Unbelievable.

WIFE

Hey may mother can call better than
you, and she's blind.

They back down and continue watching the game.

HUSBAND

(to the Man)

You believe this guy?

MAN

That was a bad call.

The group sits there silently watching the game. There is a
beat till the Husband gets bored and starts making pop
sounds with his lips.

(CONTINUED)

WIFE
(leans over the Man)
Would you stop that?

HUSBAND
What?
(pop)

WIFE
The popping. It's annoying.

HUSBAND
No it's not.

WIFE
Yes, it *is*. I'm sure you're
annoying Phillip.

HUSBAND
(she's talking crazy)
No I'm not.

WIFE
Yes you are.

HUSBAND
(to Phillip)
Am I annoying you?

MAN
(Being polite)
Oh no, you're fine Richard.

HUSBAND
(to the Wife)
See?

WIFE
Okay whatever, well you're annoying
me so, stop it.

There is another beat, this is more awkward silence from the Man being uncomfortable. They watch the game. Another bad call.

WIFE (cont'd)
Well Gosh Dang it!

HUSBAND
Aaayyy!

The Man cringes.

(CONTINUED)

WIFE

I don't understand how they could
be so stupid?

HUSBAND

Yeah you said it.
(shouts to the ref)
Hey, ref, how could you be so
stupid?

WIFE

(to ref)
Yeah? Numb nuts.

They laugh to themselves.

HUSBAND

(elbowing the Man)
Hey we showed him, huh Phil?

MAN

(cringes, bothered)
Yeah, sure did. Hey, do you guys
mind keeping it down? I've just had
a long day.

WIFE

Oh suuuure.

HUSBAND

Oh suuuure.

WIFE

No problem.

MAN

Thanks.

A beat.

HUSBAND

(whispering to the Man)
If only I could get her to shut up
this easy at home.

WIFE

I heard that.

Back to watching the game.

HUSBAND

(looks to the aisle)
Oh man, a food guy! Aaayyy...
Aaayy! Over here!

(CONTINUED)

The FOOD GUY walks over.

FOOD GUY

Can I get you folks something?

HUSBAND

Yeah I'll take a bag of chips and a water. Do you want anything, dear?

WIFE

Yeah I'll take a diet.

HUSBAND

She'll take a diet.

FOOD GUY

Oh I don't have any diet soda.

HUSBAND

He doesn't have any.

WIFE

What do you mean he doesn't have any?

HUSBAND

I mean he doesn't have any, so what do you want instead?

WIFE

Oh, well now you've got me thinking on the spot here.

HUSBAND

Hurry up...

WIFE

Be patient, you know what, I'll take some pop corn.

HUSBAND

She'll have popcorn.

FOOD GUY

Here you go.

HUSBAND

Thank you.

The Husband hands the Wife her popcorn and everyone goes back to watching the game. The Husband is eating chips.

(CONTINUED)

HUSBAND (cont'd)
(to the Man)
You want a chip?

MAN
No thanks, I'm good.

A loud whistle sounds the couple both jump up, spilling popcorn and chips on the Man.

WIFE
Come on!

HUSBAND
Aaayyy!

The Man starts annoyingly brushing off his shirt. The couple turns around and apologetically tries to help him.

WIFE
Oh my God, Richard. You got potato chips all over Phillip!

HUSBAND
Me? You're the one that covered him in popped corn!
(not popcorn, "popped corn")
Now he smells all buttery.

WIFE
Well I happen to like the smell of butter on a man.

HUSBAND
No you don't.

WIFE
Well it's better than the smell of cheap beer and chili dogs!

MAN
(very annoyed)
It's fine, guys. Just, stop touching me.

The two stop brushing the Man and sit back down. There is a beat of silence watching the game until the ref has another bad call. They both shoot up!

WIFE
What the heck?

(CONTINUED)

HUSBAND

(loudest of the night)

Aaayyy! That's thousandth bad call tonight!

WIFE

What a putz!

HUSBAND

Must be jewish.

WIFE

And you know? The stripes make me think he's an ex-con.

(under breath)

He's making Jewish people look bad...

HUSBAND

I think Seth Rogen has that covered.

The Man shoots up and starts yelling.

MAN

(like Chandler)

Oh. My God!

(yelling angrily)

Would you shut up? You guys are terrible people! You come here and you talk to each other about *me* right in front of my face and then you throw food all over me! Your accents went from New York to Georgian to Jenny on the Block?!

(to the Wife)

The entire night you've just been nagging him!

(to the Husband)

And you've been a jerk!

(switching between)

Nag, Nag, Nag! Aaayyy, aaayyy, aaayyy! And then to top it off, you call the ref a jew and a gay?! You've ruined the game for me and I'm getting out of here!

The Man storms off. A long pause with the couple looking into blank space.

HUSBAND

See, the system works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

8.

WIFE

He really needs to talk with his
mother.

END SCENE