

Mrs.G with Beo

BEOWULF, LORD OF THE BROS

by Jed Feder and Matt Deitchman

mattandjed@gmail.com

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~~Sorry dudes! My bad...wanna spin next?~~

ROSS

~~Put it back, dude!~~

BEO

~~Roger roger, roger rabbit. After this game.~~

~~*They move out of the kitchen through the entryway as G'S MOTHER enters, dressed to impress. BEO pulls ROSS aside.*~~

BEO

~~Bro, MILF alert. *(makes alarm noises)* Take my turn.
(handing him the dreidel)~~

ROSS

~~I don't even know how to play.~~

BEO

~~Dude me neither just yell drink.~~

ROSS

~~That...I know how to do.~~

~~*ROSS and CASS cross to the party as BEO shmoozes on up to G's Mom.*~~

START

BEO

Sup! You must be a friend of King Ross'. Can I grab you a beer? Or maybe an...aged bourbon?
(then to himself) Nice.

G'S MOTHER

Wow...cute. No. No bourbon for me, thanks. I'll just...look around 'till I find something for myself.
(walking away)

BEO

(countering)

So...you *do* want a drink? 'Cause we've got, like, whatever. I can go...check the fridge.

G'S MOTHER

You live here?

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BEO

Uh...chyeah. Beowulf. Master of parties, wielder of gong, dreidel-bowl champ, at your service.
(Makes his pecs dance).

G'S MOTHER

*(Eyeballing his bro-y physique, tapping his chest
with her index finger)*

Hm...Good to know.

BEO

Yeah - for like, three weeks. It's awesome. We've been raging non stop basically since I put my
stuff down. I can give you a tour if you want. The apartment's...pretty big.

~~ROSS~~

~~(from the living room)~~

~~Drink!~~

~~EVERYONE IN THE LIVING ROOM~~

~~Yay!!!~~

G'S MOTHER

Your neighbors are cool with you throwing parties on weeknights?

BEO

Hm?

G'S MOTHER

I assume you have neighbors? I saw the door when I was coming up the stairs.

BEO

Yeah, well, we *had* this neighbor. He was the anti-party. A total tool. I told him he could come
and chill but he was all, "I am your doom!" so I was like, "Bro. Bro hard or bro home." So I guess
he 'Bro home'd. Or would it be Bro'd home? Grammar. You know how it is.

G'S MOTHER

*(becoming more affirmed her son is a shit,
strangely enjoying this)*

Yyyyup. I do. I really do.

~~ROSS~~

~~(o.s. from living room)~~

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Drink!!!

~~EVERYONE IN THE LIVING ROOM~~

~~(o.s. from living room)~~

Yay!!!

~~PARTY GIRL~~

~~(o.s. from living room)~~

~~He's closing in on the record!~~

G'S MOTHER

I'll take that tour now.

BEO

Let's get the best part out of the way first. My room's over here. *(walks to his room, G'S MOTHER follows)* I have my own bathroom - it's pretty sweet! *(They're in the room)* I like to keep it simple inside. Bed, some essential free weights.

G'S MOTHER

What's in the box?

BEO

Oh, that? Just this computer thing I'm selling. Didn't need it anymore. But it's super nice. It gets like, 80 hertz of gigabytes.

G'S MOTHER

(piqued)

Ooo...can I see?

BEO

Nerdy? Nice. You can check it out, while I...check it out.

G'S MOTHER

(laughs - he's cute in a dumb way)

Alright...*(reaching into box while posing a little bit)*...damnit. The little shit was right.

BEO

Huh?

G'S MOTHER

(standing up)

You're fucking busted.

BEO

Whoa, we need to pick a safe word first.

G'S MOTHER

You little shit. Looks like my little shit was right about you stealing his shit.

BEO

I'm not into poop stuff.

G'S MOTHER

You idiot. Sam Grendelstein is my son. And this is his computer.

BEO

Uh...no it's not.

G'S MOTHER

It has his name on it.

BEO

No, that's my name.

G'S MOTHER

I know my son's name. God damnit. Now I have to call the cops.

BEO

What? No! Don't do that.

G'S MOTHER

Are you crazy? You harassed my idiot son and stole his stuff.

BEO

I'm sure we can work something else out. Look, Beo always has a solution.

STOP

~~Music.~~

~~9. (LET BEO) PUT YOU UNDER~~

~~G'S MOTHER~~

~~Ew. Third person? Really?~~

~~BEO~~