

RS#4 Randy, Old Man, Jean, Mother, Ralphie

Start

RANDY. Awww ... Meatloaf, smeatloaf, double beetloaf. I hate meatloaf.

THE OLD MAN. Where's the screwdriver and the plumber's helper? I'll pry his mouth open and stuff it in.

JEAN. And he would have. But my mother was a bit more subtle.

MOTHER *(as if playing a game)*. Randy? How do little piggies go?

(RANDY snorts like a pig and continues to do so intermittently.)

MOTHER *(cont'd, encouraging him)*. That's right! Oink, oink. Nice little piggies.

JEAN. My brother was deep into *The Three Little Pigs*.

MOTHER. Now, how do little piggies eat? There's your trough. How do little piggies eat? Be a good boy. Show Mommy how the piggies eat.

(Suddenly, RANDY bends forward, shoves his face into the plate and begins to gobble food frantically, giggling all the while as MOTHER coaxes him on.)

RALPHIE *(under his breath)*. Gosh.

THE OLD MAN *(under his breath)*. Jesus. *(Or "jeez.")*

JEAN. It was disgusting.

MOTHER. Mommy's little piggy. That's right. *(She moves on to her next set of tasks.)*

End

ONE THING DOWN, A MILLION MORE YOU'VE MISSED