

A Thing for Sharks

Lauren
Steve

Setting: Lauren and Steve's bedroom. Lauren is sick in bed and Steve has brought her soup, crackers, ginger ale and a movie to watch.

LAUREN: You brought my soup?

STEVE: Progresso chicken noodle, just like you asked.

LAUREN: And crackers?

STEVE: Goldfish. Because you hate saltines.

LAUREN: I do hate saltines. You know me so well.

STEVE: After twenty-five years of marriage, I should.

LAUREN: Ginger ale?

STEVE: (pops it open, and puts it on her bed tray, which he settles over her legs)
Canada Dry, as you requested. It's a good vintage. 2019.

LAUREN: (with a wan smile) Oh, excellent year.

STEVE: I also found a movie for you to watch.

LAUREN: Something funny or cozy?

STEVE: Well, you'll probably find it funny. But you have to promise not to throw things at the screen this time. One television every six months is all we can afford.

LAUREN: You take away all my fun.

STEVE: Just watch.

He settles next to her on the bed, and picks up a remote. Cheesy horror movie music begins...

LAUREN: You found me a shark movie! A bad shark movie!!

STEVE: Are there *good* shark movies?

LAUREN: Well... (reacting to movie) oh my god, really? They're going swimming off a dive platform in the middle of nowhere?

STEVE: Wow, less than ten minutes...

LAUREN: What? Wait... how do they miraculously have wetsuits that fit? And how can four skinny girls dive that deep without BCDs.

STEVE: Ten minutes to get you mad at the movie... Seriously, this is better than MST3K. (beat) Eat your soup.

LAUREN: It's too hot.

STEVE: What's a BCD?

LAUREN: Buoyancy control device. Basically, it's a weight belt. Humans are floaty without help. Ok, no way does a thousand-year-old pillar succumb to being knocked into by a chick that tiny. And seriously, there was nothing to propel her backwards that far in the water.

STEVE: You do know this is a horror movie and not a National Geographic documentary, right?

LAUREN: Well, it's definitely horrific. (beat) Hey, this soup is pretty good. I love chicken noodle. (beat) I like wedding soup better.

STEVE: I don't like wedding soup.

LAUREN: You like mine.

STEVE: Well, yes. But that's because you make it with organic sausage meatballs and use spinach instead of kale.

LAUREN: Pretty sure the canned kind doesn't have kale.

STEVE: Well, when you're feeling better you can make some.

LAUREN: Okay... Okay, this is preposterous. Sharks do *not* attack laterally. They just don't. Oh... and bye-bye John Corbett. You were the only actor in this film that anyone had ever heard of, so you had to die early.

STEVE: Isn't the guy from *Nothern Exposure*?

LAUREN: Yeah... I miss that show.

Lauren finishes her soup and crackers, and Steve sets the tray aside. He clicks off the lights so they're watching in the dark (flickering blue/green lights on their faces)

STEVE: Sweetie, the shark attacked properly this – oh.

He realizes Lauren has fallen asleep.

He continues to watch the film until the credits roll.

STEVE: Rest well, sweetie. I know you have a thing for sharks, but next time, you're the one who has to watch the whole thing.