

**MR. VERMIS & MR. OPACA**

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Two old friends, MR. VERMIS and MR. OPACA, bump into each other after not having seen each other in a long time.

MR. VERMIS  
(excited)  
Mr. Opaca!

MR. OPACA  
(equally excited)  
Mr. Vermis!

MR. VERMIS  
It surely has been awhile, has it not?

MR. OPACA  
Indeed it has, old friend, a long while! How have you been after all these years?

MR. VERMIS  
Truth be told, not well. I was just informed that my sister is ill. You remember my sister, don't you?

MR. OPACA  
(reminiscing)  
I do indeed.  
(concerned)  
What is she ill with?

MR. VERMIS  
It appears as if the cancer has a hold of her.

MR. OPACA  
Oh, dear. My apologies.  
(beat)  
A cancer of *what* exactly? If I may be so bold?

MR. VERMIS  
You may. She has a cancer of the--  
(hesitant, gesturing to his chest)  
--you know... *this* area.

MR. OPACA  
 (shocked)  
 No! Not *that* area!

MR. VERMIS  
 Indeed. *That* area.

MR. OPACA  
 How horrible. That was always my  
 favorite area of your sister's.

Vermis quickly glances at Opaca.

MR. VERMIS  
 (offended)  
 It *was*, was it? Do tell. What *other*  
 areas of my sister are you a fan  
 of, Mr. Opaca?

A beat, as Mr. Opaca tries to find a way out of this. Then--

MR. OPACA  
 No others. Just, you know...  
 (gesturing at chest)  
 ...this one.

MR. VERMIS  
 And one would call that area what,  
 exactly?

MR. OPACA  
 Her... feet.

MR. VERMIS  
 So you're a fan of my sister's  
 feet?  
 (thinking, forgiving)  
 Now that you mention it, she *does*  
 have beautiful arches.

MR. OPACA  
 Indeed she does, Mr. Vermis.  
 (thinking)  
 Big... beautiful... arches.

Vermis glances back at Opaca.

MR. OPACA (CONT'D)  
 (cautiously)  
 Of the feet.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mr. Vermis and Mr. Opaca are where we left them.

MR. OPACA

Well, I am sorry to hear of your sister, Mr. Vermis.

MR. VERMIS

Thank you, Mr. Opaca.

A beat of silence passes. Then--

MR. OPACA

Although, it could be *worse*, I suppose.

MR. VERMIS

Could it? How do you suppose?

MR. OPACA

Well, I mean, if one *had* to get cancer, a cancer of that...

(gesturing at chest)

...area is a good one to get.

MR. VERMIS

It is?

MR. OPACA

Indeed. It's very treatable.

MR. VERMIS

So you're saying my sister got a *good* cancer?

MR. OPACA

No, of course not. Don't be ridiculous. It's not a *good* cancer.

(beat)

It's a... *better* cancer.

MR. VERMIS

Better than what?

MR. OPACA

Than a cancer of...

(gesturing at face)

...*this* area, or...

(gesturing at crotch)

...*this* area, or...

(MORE)

(gesturing at butt)  
 ...*this* area.

A beat passes, as Mr. Vermis can't believe what he's hearing.  
 Then--

MR. VERMIS  
 That's asinine.

MR. OPACA  
 (excited, looking back at  
 his own butt)  
 I'm *flattered*, Mr. Vermis!  
 Personally, I've always thought it  
 was a four.  
 (beat)  
 A five, tops.

MR. VERMIS  
 (shocked)  
 I wasn't talking about your...  
 (gesturing at his butt)  
 ...*that* area.

MR. OPACA  
 Then which of my areas *were* you  
 talking about?

Mr. Vermis rolls his eyes, annoyed with the conversation.

MR. VERMIS  
 (giving up)  
 Your feet.

MR. OPACA  
 (holding feet up)  
 Actually, I wear a size eleven.

MR. VERMIS  
 (to himself)  
 I'm starting to remember why we  
 haven't spoken to each other in so  
 many years, Mr. Opaca.

MR. OPACA  
 You are? Do tell.

A long beat of silence passes, as Mr. Vermis ignores him.

MR. OPACA (CONT'D)  
 So... is your sister single, or...?

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mr. Vermis and Mr. Opaca are where we left them.

A long beat passes, as Mr. Vermis tries to find a graceful way to bow out of this now awkward conversation. Mr. Opaca, however, obliviously stares off into space.

MR. VERMIS  
(looking at watch)  
Well, would you look at the--

MR. OPACA  
(interrupting)  
Mr. Vermis?

MR. VERMIS  
(sighing)  
Yes, Mr. Opaca?

MR. OPACA  
I hate cancer.

MR. VERMIS  
Me, too.

MR. OPACA  
I wish cancer would get cancer.

Amazingly, Mr. Vermis CHUCKLES for a beat. Then--

MR. VERMIS  
If only that were a possibility.

MR. OPACA  
Indeed.  
(beat)  
So, Mr. Vermis, what have you been  
up to all these years?

MR. VERMIS  
Oh, you know. A little of this, a  
bit of that.

MR. OPACA  
What are you doing for a living?

MR. VERMIS  
I'm an OB/GYN.

MR. OPACA  
And that means... what?

MR. VERMIS  
It means I'm a doctor for women.  
In...  
(gesturing at chest)  
...this area, and...  
(gesturing at crotch)  
...this area, and...  
(gesturing at butt)  
...this area.

MR. OPACA  
(shocked)  
And you get... *paid* to do this?

MR. VERMIS  
A lot.

MR. OPACA  
Lucky duck.

MR. VERMIS  
Indeed.  
(beat)  
In fact, I think you might know one  
of my patients.

MR. OPACA  
Oh, really? Who?

MR. VERMIS  
Her name is Olivia. Olivia Opaca.

MR. OPACA  
(restrained)  
My... sister?

MR. VERMIS  
(happily)  
That's the one!

Beat, as Mr. Opaca's insides boil. Finally--

MR. OPACA  
(yelling)  
Highly inappropriate, Mr. Vermis!

Mr. Opaca storms off. Mr. Vermis watches him go, smiles, and then WHISTLES as he walks off.

THE END