

TURKEYS

written by

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Number
E-mail

EXT. PARK - DAY

We push in past the clusters of people in the foreground, closing in on two figures lying on a blanket.

Their conversation fades in above the sound of children playing and the murmurs of conversations around us.

We arrive on ANGEL (20s), a young Chicano man, soft-faced with black textured hair, with the facial hair to match.

Angel shakes his head in both amazement and disbelief, as he shares a giggle with...

DEVON (20s), a young brown woman tall in stature and in presence. She and Angel have a lengthy friendship.

Angel's giddiness quietly dissipates as he gathers himself.

ANGEL

Hey, um, I wanna switch gears for a second.

DEVON

(smiling curiously)
Okaaaay... what's up?

ANGEL

(hesitating)
I... heard about Turkey.

DEVON

(confused)
Wait, what?

ANGEL

Yeah, I heard about what happened and honestly it took me by surprise.

DEVON

What exactly did you hear?

ANGEL

Uh, EVERYTHING.

Devon sits up.

DEVON

(growing frustrated)
How did you find out?

ANGEL
I mean A LOT of people heard about
it.

DEVON
OK, wait, hold on, who else knows?

ANGEL
(sighs)
Uh, a lot of people. Jason, Sean,
Jazz...

DEVON
How did THEY found out?

ANGEL
Everybody's kinda been talking
about it.

Devon internally assesses the situation.

DEVON
I think I wanna say something.

Angel nods and sits up, meeting Devons gaze.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Turkey changed my life. Turkey was
so... amazing. It showed me a side
of myself I didn't know existed.

ANGEL
(chiming in)
Yeah, I understand.

DEVON
Turkey, I mean damn. I did things I
didn't think I would EVER do.

Angel's solemn expression turns into confusion.

DEVON (CONT'D)
I don't think I've ever felt that
good in my LIFE.

ANGEL
(doubtful)
Well...

DEVON
No listen..

Devon is building up the courage to say...

DEVON (CONT'D)
I had an orgy.

Angel is stunned.

ANGEL
Uh, okay...

DEVON
With ALOT of people.

ANGEL
(interjecting)
Are we still talking about Turkey?

DEVON
YEAH, and I had COPIOUS amounts of
sex....

ANGEL
(overlapping)
I really don't see what this has to
do with...

DEVON
(interrupting)
Hold on, let me finish.

Devon clears her throat to proclaim...

DEVON (CONT'D)
He put it in my butt.

A beat.

ANGEL
I'm sorry?

DEVON
I let him put it in my butt...

ANGEL
(over Devon)
I don't think we're talking
about...

DEVON
(overlapping)
...and I liked it, there I said it.

ANGEL
Hold on...

DEVON
I said what I said...

ANGEL
Wait, hold UP.

DEVON
I liked it. Loved it actually...

ANGEL
Devon...

DEVON
I won't be shamed.

ANGEL
(abruptly)
DUDE. I'm talking about TURKEY the
DOG.

DEVON
(petrified)
What.

ANGEL
Look.

Angel pulls out his phone, shows Devon the instagram account of Turkey the Dog, the Brittany Spaniel, whose account handle reads '@itsabrittany_bitch'.

DEVON
(nervously)
Oh. Yeah.

ANGEL
Yeah... apparently he died a couple
weeks ago of testicular cancer.

DEVON
Wow. I didn't know dogs could get
that.

ANGEL
Yeah...

A beat, or a moment of silence for Turkey.

DEVON
(guilty)
So you didn't know anything about
what I just said?

ANGEL

Nope.

The two sit with this realization for another few seconds.

DEVON

Cool, cool, cool.

ANGEL

So what were YOU talking about?

DEVON

Oh. I went to Turkey two weeks ago, and... yeah. I posted about it on my instagram, I thought you would've seen it.

ANGEL

Yeah no, my account got banned.

DEVON

For what?

ANGEL

(proud)

I kept commenting 'NUT' on every post on the Mr Peanut official instagram.

Devon and Angel exchange a glance, then start giggling.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Well, congrats on the orgy... and the butt stuff. Love that for you.

DEVON

I really appreciate that, thank you.

ANGEL

Yeah. So anyways, I think I'm about ready to go.

DEVON

Yeaaaah that's cool.

The two end up back at the car, with Angel entering the driver side, we stay with Devon as she sits in the passenger seat.

ANGEL

You know I'd probably get tested if I were you.

DEVON

Yeah, for sure.

We stay on Devon as she begins to scratch her crotch area, fiddling with her pants as she does so.

Realization dawns on her face as she slowly looks up, directly at us.

DEVON (CONT'D)

(fed up)

Oh f-

CUT TO BLACK.