

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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EXT. BEACH

Oscar is preparing a makeshift boat, out of sticks.

June walks up with ham.

JUNE

Here's your ham. Not sure what you wanted this for. Are you gonna eat it on the boat?

OSCAR

What? I wrote "hammer". Oh no. Seagulls got the "mer".

JUNE

Dammit, Oscar. That ham was heavy too.

OSCAR

Well, it's here. Might as well eat it, I guess.

JUNE

Knock yourself out.

Oscar sits down and begins to eat by himself.

June watches, frustrated.

Oscar is eating. Looks up at her after a bit.

OSCAR

Want some?

JUNE

I guess. I did carry it all this way.

OSCAR

We don't have any utensils. So. You have to use your hands.

June sits down. Starts eating.

JUNE

It's not bad.

Nods her head.

JUNE (CONT'D)

How sandy is your piece right now?

OSCAR

Very.

JUNE

Mine too.

Beat.

JUNE (CONT'D)

But food on the beach is tough.
It's a weird place to be eating.
You know? It's kinda hard to thread
that needle.

OSCAR

Yeah. If your food is handheld,
it's going to get sandy. But if you
need utensils, you're lugging
around a bag of forks and knives.

JUNE

Hm.

They both look out at the ocean.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I wonder...what the all time best
beach food is.

OSCAR

What about ice cream?

JUNE

Beach is hot and ice cream melts. I
mean, the second you start on that
cone, you're trying to beat the
buzzer. You're licking around the
edges, trying to stem the tide. I
mean, you're not handing me a
snack, you're handing me a time
bomb.

OSCAR

Good point, all right. What about
Churos. Portable. Delicious, lot of
carbs. Gives you energy for
swimming.

JUNE

Are you insane? Churos are covered
in a substance that looks exactly
like sand. What's sand? What's
cinnamon sugar? I don't know, I
guess I'm eating both.

OSCAR

All right, genius, what's your brilliant idea?

JUNE

Oh, I'm not here to be helpful, I'm just here to shoot down any ideas you've got.

OSCAR

Ah, all right. Wait. The perfect beach food...is....bufallo wings.

June laughs.

Super saucy, sticky.

JUNE

Mmmmmhmm.

OSCAR

Really spicy for that hot beach weather.

JUNE

Oh.

OSCAR

Then when you're done, you feel awful and you're left with a gross pile of bones.

JUNE

Oooh. Plus, it'll probably give you diahrea. Great news! You're doin that at the beach.

OSCAR

You know? Honestly? I kind of do want wings right now.

JUNE

Yeah. Sounds good.

Oscar looks at the ham.

OSCAR

No offense ham, but I wish you were wings.

June looks to the ham as well.

JUNE
Sorry, buddy.

June laughs.

OSCAR
Wait, what'd you just call me? You
don't need to use that kind of
language!

JUNE
He just called you a fucking
asshole.

Oscar laughs.

JUNE (CONT'D)
What are you, anyway? What part of
the body are you?

OSCAR
Yeah, ham.

JUNE
Are you a hock?

Oscar observes the ham. They both keep talking to it.

OSCAR
Oh. Now you're quiet. Okay.

JUNE
Oh, oh oh you have nothing to say
now?

OSCAR
Now you're quiet?

JUNE
Oh, fine, that makes sense.

They both laugh.

Kase walks up.

KASE
What are you doin?

End