

SMASHEROO

Written by

James Howard

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

A MAN walks behind a WOMAN, steering her into a bathroom by her shoulders. Her bare legs are unsteady under a pajama top.

JAY

One foot in front of the other. Left one, right one--

PADMA

One. One two. One two three. One two three four. 4 on the floor. What for?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hand-lettered notes label the room: TOILET, SINK, etc. Jay sits Padma on the toilet and sits on the tub opposite her. He searches her face. She smiles. Beautiful, but not all there.

PADMA

Hello, chai walla.

JAY

It's Jay, baby. I'm Jay. You're Padma. We live in this apartment. This is our bathroom. You have to pee, remember?

She pees, smiling bigger. Then looks around, confused.

PADMA

Is there a bathroom in this bathroom?

JAY

What. This, this *is* the bathroom.

PADMA

No, no, is there a *bathroom* in this bathroom.

She jabs a finger at the air, as if punching keys on a phone.

JAY

What is that? When you do this with your hand and say *bathroom*, what--

PADMA

I'm SAYING. Is there. A BATHROOM.
(punching invisible keys)
IN. This bathroom.

JAY

Okay, do you mean, is there a phone in this bathroom? Or, like, a calculator?

PADMA

Right, a phone that's a calculator. Is there one? One two. Two three. Three four. For bathrooms. Is there?

JAY

A phone that's a calculator, for bathrooms.

PADMA

Yes! I knew it.

She starts to stand. He sits her back down, pulls toilet paper from a roll, holds it out to her. She looks at it. He puts it in her hand and pushes her hand down to wipe herself.

He helps her stand, flush the toilet, and walk to the sink. Stuck to the mirror: a MIRROR label, a bright RED VALENTINE, a WEDDING PHOTO, and a PHOTO OF PADMA with her head bandaged.

JAY

See? Jay and Padma. We're Valentines. That's why we're married. And that's you in the hospital.

PADMA

Because I smashed my head open.

JAY

Yes, you did. A real smasheroo.

He pulls her hair back, revealing a fresh SCAR from hairline to eyebrow. She stares. A sudden clarity, then concern:

PADMA

So if my head is smashed, do you still want to be married to me? Me two one.

He turns her to him, kissing her scar, holding her close.

JAY

Yes, I do. For better or for worse. And you're getting better every day.

PADMA

Thanks, Phil Hartman.

He draws back, hands on her shoulders, looking into her eyes.

JAY

I'm Jay. Phil is our cat.

He guides her out. Their VOICES MURMUR and fade. A CAT with a heart-shaped patch of fur walks by, following them.