

MOM

What do you think you're doing?
You can't do that. This is a chil-
dren's birthday party! That was
completely unacceptable!

TOM

Now, honey, I'm sure Patches didn't
mean any harm.

MR. PATCH

(To Tom)

It isn't Patches, you knucklehead.
It's Mr. Patch the Magical Pirate
Clown.

TOM

Hey, don't get testy with me,
asshole. I'm the one paying the
bill.

MOM

Tom! Language... You're setting
a worse example than he is.

Mr. Patch grabs his bag of tricks and begins to leave.

TOM

Hey, where do you think you're
going? I paid for a full hour
of this shit and I want my magic
show.

MR. PATCH

You want a magic show? I'll give
you a magic show. How about a
disappearing act right out the
fuckin door.

MOM

That's it. I want you out of here
now!

Tom stands up and gets in Mr. Patch's face while he tries
to leave.

TOM

What the hell's your problem man?
Dropping F-bombs in front of my
little girl. You can forget getting
paid. And I'm calling the talent
agency and telling them what kind
of piece of trash you are.

MR. PATCH

Go ahead. I don't give a shit.

Mr. Patch bulls his way to the front door and exits the
home.