

THE GUY WHO'S NEVER BEEN ANYWHERE SKETCH

BY QUINTEN FRIEDERICHS

INT. OFFICE-DAY

DAVE and SARAH, co-workers, are huddled around the desk of KIM, talking excitedly.

KIM:

So yeah, after a few weeks in Tuscany, we headed back to Rome and then we flew back, but man, what a trip!

MARK enters.

MARK:

Hey, guys what are we talking about?

SARAH:

Kim just caught back from her honeymoon.

MARK:

Oh, welcome back. Where did you go?

SARAH:

Italy.

MARK:

Where?

SARAH:

Where in Italy? Oh, we flew into Rome and then we took a train to...

MARK:

No, I mean I'm not familiar with erm, where did you say you went?

SARAH:

Italy?

Mark pulls a 'never heard of it' face.

SARAH(CONT'D):

Italy? You know: Rome, Florence, Milan,...

MARK:

Nope. Doesn't ring a bell.

SARAH:
You've never heard of Italy?

MARK:
Oh. Well I have heard of umm...
What was the second one you said?

SARAH:
Florence?

MARK:
Flobsum?

KIM:
Florence?

MARK:
Floordoor?

DAVE:
Florence?

MARK:
Oh, (he laughs) I think it's
pronounced 'Florida'. But yeah, I
love Disney World.

SARAH:
No, Florence, Mark. It's one of
the most beautiful cities in
Italy.

Mark frowns, then realization dawns on his face.

MARK:
Wait, are you... (he laughs) Guys,
is this another prank? Like when
you made me go to the supply
closet for white printer ink?

KIM:
No.

MARK:
Or for pre-printed paper?
Remember that? You guys got me
good.

DAVE:
Mark this isn't...

MARK:

Alright, you scamps, I'll bite.
So what do they typically eat in
'Italy'?

DAVE:
Pizza! Pasta! You know, Italian
food.

MARK:
Wow, pizza and pasta! must be a
bunch of fat fucks in Italy huh?

KIM:
No, I haven't seen that many fat
people actually.

MARK:
Well, fancy that. Must be some
magic pizza then huh? Nice try,
guys, but fool me twice, you know
haha

SARAH:
Mark, isn't your last name
Romano?

MARK:
Yeah, what about it?

KIM:
Well, doesn't that make you
Italian?

MARK:
No, I'm American. We're all
American. Doesn't really matter
where you're from. It's like my
grandmother always
said: "L'identita no si trova nel
viso, ma nel cuore"

SARAH:
Mark, you fucking speak Italian.

MARK:
No, it's just something nonna
used to say. I think it's
Catholic.

Kim gets an idea.

KIM:

Right, Catholic! And the head of the Catholic church is...

MARK:
(hesitantly)The Pope?

KIM:
The Pope lives in Rome which is the capital of Italy, so you do know Italy! Hah!

She folds her arms in triumph. Mark smiles uncertainly.

MARK:
Nooo, the Pope lives in Vatican City which is the capital of Vatican City, which is a microstate like Luxembourg or Andorra.

Kim, Sarah and Dave groan in frustration.

DAVE:
How have you heard of Luxembourg and Andorra, but not Italy?

KIM:
No, Mark, look, you have to recognize this! Come on!

She shows him a picture on her phone.

MARK:
Wow, what are you doing to that tower?

KIM:
Nothing. Look, it's a leaning tower. The leaning tower.

MARK:
Why doesn't it fall over?

KIM:
I don't know!

MARK:
Maybe it's magic, like the pizzas, eh? (he winks)

KIM:
No, it's... no, aaargh!

MARK:

Alright guys, last chance: If Italy is so real, what are their main exports?

Sarah goes on her computer.

SARAH:

It says here 'Italy's main exports are clothing, particularly luxury items and leather footwear.'

KIM:

C'mon Mark. It's Italy! Surely you've seen it on the map! It's shaped like a...

MARK:

Like a what?

KIM:

Never mind.

MARK:

Like a what?

KIM:

Like a boot. It's shaped like a boot with a (she sighs) stiletto heel.

MARK:

So the country with the magic pizzas and the magic towers that mostly makes leather footwear is also shaped like a boot?

The group goes quiet for a moment as Mark gives each of them an amused look.

MARK:

Alright, guys, I gotta go, I still have some white ink and pre-printed paper to buy. Haha...

Mark fingerguns them all and walks away. Kim, Sarah and Dave all look at each other.

DAVE:

(having an existential crisis)
Guys, is Italy not real?!

Blackout.