

Skwerl

by

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INT. LIVING ROOM

THE MAN types away on his typewriter.

INT. KITCHEN

THE WOMAN pulls a roast chicken out the oven. She places it on the hob.

INT. LIVING ROOM

THE MAN continues to type.

INT. KITCHEN

THE WOMAN chops a carrot.

INT. LIVING ROOM

More typing.

INT. KITCHEN

THE WOMAN adds the final touches to the salad and calls out to THE MAN:

THE WOMAN

Can you ron me with the maple here?

INT. LIVING ROOM

THE MAN looks up from this type writer.

THE MAN

Hey?

INT. KITCHEN

We see THE MAN stand up and walk towards the kitchen. When he reaches the door he sees what THE WOMAN has made.

THE MAN

Here is lace. Do you pawn me able out of that?

THE WOMAN

Sure.

She turns around so he can undo her apron.

THE WOMAN

I bought you like thight a rawn today. Its a new pordinayshun.

THE MAN approaches, looks at the recipe book slightly critical, but still smiling.

THE MAN

Mmmmm. Rounds good.

She turns and takes a piece of carrot cake from the salad and puts it into his mouth. He takes the bowl into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

THE MAN puts the salad on the table, his typewriter on the floor, and prepares his place for a meal. THE WOMAN emerges from the kitchen with the roast chicken. As she serves the portions, her eyes catch THE MAN'S, and they affectionately smile at each other. She takes a seat, and they start eating.

THE MAN

So I ran to york around the wash today.

THE WOMAN

Oh?

THE MAN

Yeah. That doll's areen blunderface.

THE WOMAN smiles as if to say, What's new?

THE MAN

Can bereave that mory alpen john. Joo flan by the long blat call?

THE WOMAN

Yeah. I coon by the mex areen. Oh you bleed that pribadium by the rongfort line today?

THE MAN

Wha? The razy man in the nash marine? Doan for meen that you greed that tresion.

THE WOMAN

No, purstation is trap. I mean, why the crest soldier for the magbaleen nation? Its further grad to my chosik!

THE MAN

Chosik for the magalon.

THE WOMAN

Magalon my shit.

They smirk together disparagingly.

THE WOMAN

Vanna porned us around to moms birdation sex speak? You porn along?

THE MAN

Jan's birdation? What way?

THE WOMAN

Lursday. You porn along for that?

THE MAN

Yeay. Yeah sure. Van's birdation for the soaper dean.

THE WOMAN appears taken aback by his comment. THE MAN continues to speak, oblivious to THE WOMAN'S hurt.

THE MAN

So I can so that long blat you one for the chiusinol at rorks last ween. Chest grad berdation. That chad's a long ray for the rain wrong season all. You one that gring for Van's birdation then?

He continues eating as she sits motionless. After a pause she rapidly starts eating again. She is shovelling the food into her mouth, trying to keep back the tears. Seeing her sadness, THE MAN reaches across the table to comfort her.

THE MAN

Heyy..hey...parr..

He reaches for her hand, but she flinches away violently. THE MAN is taken aback by her rejection, and slowly returns to his seat. He takes a moment to digest the situation, and then quietly launches a verbal assault.

THE MAN

Oh, okay. So we rat the bird again. You one the gate crap frown? You one that? Okay. Okay.

Spine. Spine for me to splay that the joe drink all around the mass berdation town while I drink the whole jam jew for mass purtation trap. Jesus. You one for why I bleed the whole jam chase patreen? You one for why this is all for vann's burdation when I why for over een at all?

Still trying to keep in the tears, THE WOMAN looks up at him. She stands, pointedly removes his plate, and takes it to the kitchen. THE MAN, furious, follows her every move with his eyes. We hear her loudly crying in the kitchen. She returns carrying a dessert. She calmly places it on the table, and tries to gather her emotions. THE MAN eats a mouthful of dessert.

THE MAN

You wanna gat?

She doesn't respond or look up. He stares at her intently.

THE MAN

(with growing frustration)

You wanna gat for wah?

THE WOMAN

(slowly)

You fucking asshole.

They start to yell at each other almost at the same time, each talking over the other in a rapid exchange of frustration. It builds to a mutual scream.

THE MAN

You run to call that sorta shade to me. You run to call that shade? Fuck, Leese, I can bareen that sort of pleeble. No. Raise that chick? No, you raise in people skady chick it's the main for me! You dunno the hole perveen. Fuck you fuck you. I mine eye the main for pork? Dont you even jam the jew the way you skady all the people, gone back, at the call, bleeding kump rat all over the place..

THE WOMAN

Yeah, yeah. I wanna raise that sort of shade. Of fuck? Oh fuck's a bird you perned at school? Raise the, raise the chick. Yeah. Dont you draw the forking port to me. I know you maticize the main when you call for me, high blown, caperated, fucked up, flavour chosen rapture for the main portatiuous. Fuck! Fucking fuck, okay. Stop. Shut up alright, okay, SHUT UP!

She loudly and definitively stands up and strides to the mantelpiece. She picks up a framed photograph and imploringly holds it towards THE MAN.

She puts it down on the table in front of him. He instantly deflates as he gazes at the framed photo of a radish. The mood changes back to one of melancholy, and the woman sits back down at her place. There is a moment of quiet reflection, after which THE MAN takes a sheet out of the typewriter and walks to the piano. He slowly, sadly starts to play a song. As he sings, THE WOMAN, emotionally drained, reflects. The song proceeds, and she gradually regains some measure of happiness. As the scene fades to black, we see the earliest glimmer of a smile on her face.

END.