

Toast

By

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A toaster.

ROLL TITLE.

The toast pops.

JAMES, 25, uptight, shirt and tie, has a stressful office job, enters. MIKE, 25, carefree, overalls, has a stress free outdoor job, goes to butter his toast.

James stops and seethes at the sink, piled high with dirty dishes. In a strop, he flicks on the kettle and stands next to the sink; arms folded. He glowers at the sink, then at Mike. Mike looks up, smiles innocently, and carries on.

James scowls, but Mike is oblivious. The water in the transparent kettle boils.

Mike has buttered one piece of toast and spread it with Marmite. He sticks the Marmite covered knife in the butter - contaminating it - and butters his second piece.

James is outraged. The kettle water continues to boil.

Mike finishes preparing his toast. He stares at his dirty knife, then at the dirty dishes in the sink.

James watches, his anger boiling under the surface. The kettle boils furiously.

Mike approaches the sink, delicately balances his knife on top of the mountain of dishes, then exits.

James is fuming. The kettle has boiled, and steam billows out the spout.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike sits on the sofa, watching TV - a sitcom - and munching his toast. James moodily enters with two cups of tea.

He places his neatly on a coaster on the coffee table and hands Mike his as he sits. Mike takes it and plonks it on the table, missing a coaster and letting it spill.

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James, seething, slowly turns to Mike as he crunches into his toast. The sound goes right through him. Mike laughs out loud at the TV; the sight of half-chewed toast in his mouth. James is disgusted.

He looks down at the sofa. It's covered in crumbs. Had enough, he picks up a hand-held vac at the side of the sofa and starts SUCKING up the crumbs; drowning out the TV.

Mike stares at him in disbelief, but he continues.

MIKE

Could you do that later!

James angrily switches off the vac and opens his mouth to share some strong words--

MIKE

(looking at watch)

Oh, I gotta go!

Mike downs his tea and rushes out the door. James is left fuming; breathing heavily through his nose. He looks at Mike's discarded cup and the spilt tea on the table. He grabs the cup and exits.

KITCHEN

James enters with the cup and heads to the sink. He adds it to the pile, turns on the tap and grabs a scourer. He picks up a cup off the pile and slowly raises it to look inside. It's full of mould. Disgusted, he puts it back and exits.

LIVING ROOM

Sitting down on the sofa, James grabs an A4 pad and a marker pen from underneath the coffee table. He begins writing.

KITCHEN

James enters and sticks a piece of A4 paper to the wall above the sink. He stares at it smugly, then exits.

The paper reads, "Wash Dishes and Mop Up Spills".

Beat.

The cellotape at the top unsticks, and the note folds, leaving just the message, "Mop Up Spills".

LATER

Mike walks past the window, whistling cheerfully. He enters the back door and sees the note on the wall. Curious, he takes it down and inspects it. He gives a happy smile - glad to oblige - and exits.

LATER

James walks past the window, grumpy and stressed. He enters the back door and tentatively approaches the sink. To his horror, the dishes haven't been cleaned. He looks at the wall in anger. His note is gone.

LIVING ROOM

MUSIC is playing upstairs, showing Mike's in his room. James furiously enters. He slows as he spots something on the coffee table and approaches, open-mouthed with shock.

The tea spill has been soaked up using his note. The words "Mop up Spills" are visible.

James is livid. He sits down, grabs the A4 pad from under the table and starts writing a note; glancing angrily at the ceiling. He rips it from the pad and looks at it. Dissatisfied, he throws it away and starts writing another.

LATER

Mike enters from upstairs; now in casual clothes. He stops dead, staring at the room agasp. Every inch of the walls is covered in A4 paper with manically scrawled messages in black marker pen. Mike stares, opened-mouthed.

MIKE

Oh my God... I'm missing my show!

Mike rushes to the kitchen, not noticing a strange bulge against the wall. It's James. He's camouflaged himself; covered in notes, blended into the scenery.

KITCHEN

Mike puts some toast in the toaster, giving a big yawn as he does so. He pulls down the lever.

LIVING ROOM

Mike sits on the sofa, grabs the remote and flicks on the TV. Leaning back on the comfy sofa, a tiredness comes over him, and he begins to yawn; his eyes getting heavy. His eyes fight the pull of sleep but give in and close.

James' eyes flick open menacingly, peering through his paper disguise. His arms pull free from the wall like Frankenstein's monster breaking its chains. He walks towards Mike, hands outstretched with murderous intent.

James sits on the sofa, his arms reaching out to throttle Mike. His hands are almost around Mike's throat when--

POP!

KITCHEN

The toast popping!

LIVING ROOM

James is frozen in his murderous pose as Mike awakes.

MIKE

Wuh!

(to James)

What's up?

JAMES

(through gritted teeth)

Could you wash the dishes, please?

Mike stares at James.

MIKE

(casually)

Yeah, sure.

Mike rises to go to the kitchen and James slumps back with open-mouthed disbelief

LATER

James relaxes on the sofa, smiling contentedly and watching TV. He looks into the kitchen. Mike is finishing off the dishes. He turns back to the TV, smiling

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Mike enters with a cup of tea for James and a plate of toast for himself. James smiles with appreciation as he's handed the tea and Mike sits down.

The two friends sit contentedly; James beaming. Mike reaches for a slice of toast and bites into it with a loud CRUNCH. James turns in anger.

FADE OUT.

THE END.