

EUPHEMISMS

written & created by

John Stone

A Chuck Spunt Production

(c) 2025

EXT. BUNGALOW - LEAFY STREET - EARLY HOURS

Beneath a clear night sky a willow tree decorates a neatly cut front lawn.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS

CHUCK SPUNT sleeps with a wide grin on his face.

Next to him MARGERY sleeps peacefully. She wears an eye patch and headphones.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. ZOO - LIT

GARY, a huge white gorilla grins as he stands next to a proud looking Chuck Spunt.

A cheesy looking CHURCHMAN dressed in a white robe shows his pure white dentures as he grins.

CHURCHMAN

(to Gary)

Do you take Chuck Skunk to be  
your lawful wedded husband?

Gary looks at Chuck and grins.

GARY

Mmmmm, ummmm.

CHURCHMAN

(to Chuck Spunt)

And do you take Gary the gorilla  
to be your lawful wedded-

He turns to Gary and grins.

CHUCK SPUNT

(lovingly)

I do-I do.

CHURCHMAN

Then you may exchange rings.

Chuck hands Gary a box of bamboo shoots. Gary grabs the box and throws his hairy arms around Chuck's shoulders in appreciation.

CHUCK SPUNT  
(to Churchman)  
His fingers are too fat.

Gary hands Chuck a DONALD TRUMP MASK.

He places it over his face and Gary falls into fits of laughter.

CHURCHMAN (PRELAP)  
You may now kiss... Kiss....  
Kiss...

INT. BEDROOM - CONT'D

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

Chuck opens his eyes with a startled, distasteful gaze.

He turns to Margery who continues to sleep peacefully. Her patch lies over her ear. Her headphones lie under her head.

She turns around and gives Chuck a wry stare.

MARGERY  
What are you looking at?

CHUCK SPUNT  
Can't a king look at his queen,  
or is that a crime in this house  
nowadays?

MARGERY  
What's happened to you, Chuck?  
You've never said anything like  
that to me before, not that I can  
remember anyhow.

CHUCK SPUNT  
I would tell you dear, but you  
might have me sectioned.

MARGERY  
You're making no sense, Chuck.  
What are you on about?

CHUCK SPUNT  
Nightmares, dear.

She shakes her head in annoyance.

MARGERY

Who was it this time, Donald Trump?

CHUCK SPUNT

I'll do it in layman.

MARGERY

Chuck, what's got into you?  
You've lost control of your senses, again.

CHUCK SPUNT

I've actually found a purpose.

MARGERY

In that case, you can start by fixing the back gate.

CHUCK SPUNT

The back gate?

She shows him a look of dismay as he snuggles up to her.

MARGERY

You really are so strange sometimes, Chuck. What are we to do with you?

CHUCK SPUNT

I can think of a few things, my dear.

MARGERY

I've a long list of things for you to do, actually.

CHUCK SPUNT

Your wish is my command, Mein Fuhrer.

He rolls on top of her.

She struggles to catch her breath beneath him.

MARGERY

Chuck, what are you doing for heaven's sake? Get off me, you big ape! I can't breathe...

CHUCK SPUNT

Tool belt now unbuckled, dear.  
Are you ready for the hammer, or  
shall I just chisel my way in and  
start drilling like the last  
time?

MARGERY

Back gate first. We agreed.

CHUCK SPUNT

Is that a euphemism?

MARGERY

No, it is not a euphemism, Chuck.  
Now get off of me right now, or I  
will knee you where the sun never  
shines!

CHUCK SPUNT

(rolls off)

Right then! Mission aborted!

MARGERY

What the hell has gotten into you  
this morning?

He rolls off of her, then leans over to his side of the bed  
and puts on his Donald Trump mask.

He turns to face her. She screams.

CHUCK SPUNT

Donald Trump.

MARGERY

(aback)

Take that off at once!

CHUCK SPUNT

It's either him, or me?

MARGERY

You know it's not my birthday. We  
only do it on birthdays, and  
anniversaries. You know that,  
Chuck.

CHUCK SPUNT

Fine. Aborted.

MARGERY

I wouldn't mind a bit of Trump  
actually.

Her arms encircle him as she becomes like a cat on heat.

She throws her legs over him and smothers him.

He looks up at her bemused by her sudden sexual impetus, then  
panics as he closes his eyes and whimpers.

CHUCK SPUNT

Stop Margery. Tool box closed.

MARGERY

Don't you dare stop me while I'm  
in full flow!

CHUCK SPUNT

I need to open the box first!

He redoubles his efforts to bounce her off of him.

MARGERY

Give me your cherry picker right  
now, Donald, or I will eat you  
for breakfast!

He acquiesces as she ravages him.

EXT. BUNGALOW - FRONT DOOR - EARLY HOURS

Margery lets out a ecstatic gasp.

MARGERY (V.O)

Argh! Back gate fixed.

CHUCK SPUNT (V.O)

Bloody euphemisms.

THE END