

Lovely Eggs

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

LESLIE and OLIVER (both 40's) sit across the pristine table, reading their respective papers. Both sit with their legs elegantly crossed as JAMES (21) cooks breakfast.

In the centre of the table sits a beautiful little arrangement of roses with a small card alongside them.

Oliver has a thorough scratch of his head and without looking up from his paper:

OLIVER  
No tie today, James?

JAMES  
I'm so sorry, Mr. Dempsey, I must have lost it gardening.

OLIVER  
Don't be silly, it'll turn up.

Leslie's eyes whip from her paper to James, and then Oliver.

LESLIE  
Quick with the eggs please, James.

JAMES  
Certainly. Apologies, Mrs.

James stirs the frying pan with haste. Leslie vigorously itches at her scalp, careful not to mess up her lovely hair. Oliver notices this.

OLIVER  
A touch itchy?

LESLIE  
Just a touch.

OLIVER  
Hmm.

Oliver itches the crown of his head. Leslie sees this.

LESLIE  
I see you've got it too, love.

OLIVER  
Apparently so, yes. I must have caught it from you.

LESLIE  
Or I from you, perhaps.

OLIVER  
Perhaps, indeed.

James is entirely stationary bar his right arm, rotating robotically above the frying pan.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Or perhaps.. you've caught it from someone else.

SIZZLE. A little flame licks the edges of the frying pan.  
Leslie and Oliver lock eyes over the bouquet of roses.

LESLIE  
I suppose we'll never know...

Oliver smiles lovingly. Leslie returns the smile.

OLIVER  
I suppose not.

LESLIE  
Mmm.

James scoops golden scrambled eggs on to two plates.  
Leslie and Oliver scratch and return to their papers.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Do tell me more about your trip.  
Terribly good of Maggie to offer to stay on so you could return to your loving wife. I'm delighted you did!

OLIVER  
Yes, you know how she is. I'm sorry I missed you in the tub, the bubbles looked delicious.

LESLIE  
A shame. I had just hopped out when you called.

James serves Leslie.

OLIVER  
Oh how I wish I hadn't called at all, I might have just caught you..

Leslie scratches. James serves Oliver.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
The scent from a bath is so...

Oliver takes a deep inhale of James' hair as he bends down.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
... particular. Isn't it?

James' face grows red.

LESLIE  
That'll be all, James. Thank you.

JAMES  
Of course, Mrs. Enjoy.

James spins and quickly heads for the kitchen door, before:

OLIVER  
Oh, James? Would you be so kind as  
to fetch the lovely chocolates Mrs.  
Dempsey bought me?

Leslie scratches her head.

LESLIE  
James has rather a lot of work to  
be getting to. Don't you, James?

JAMES  
Yes.

OLIVER  
Do indulge me.

LESLIE  
Chocolate for breakfast, a little  
curious is it not?

OLIVER  
I'm feeling a little curious this  
morning, lovey.

Oliver scratches aggressively at the back of his head.

LESLIE  
Very well..

James quickly trots off. Leslie grinds her teeth.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Speaking of curiosity..

OLIVER  
Yes, darling?

LESLIE  
I've had another read of the  
gorgeous poem you wrote me. So  
romantic! So... unlike you.

OLIVER  
Well, you're very welcome.

LESLIE  
I spotted a small error, however...

OLIVER  
Oh? Perhaps I should have  
proofread.

Oliver scratches.

LESLIE  
Shall I read it to you?

OLIVER  
No, don't embarrass me-

Oliver reaches for the card sitting alongside the roses, but  
Leslie snatches it just out of his grasp.

Leslie has a quick itch behind her ear and clears her throat.

LESLIE  
*My darling sweet, I give this rose,  
to show you that our love is true.  
And as this fleet-ing moment grows,  
I fall into your eyes of blue.*

Oliver scratches with great intensity.

OLIVER  
... Yes?

LESLIE  
Would you call 15 years of marriage  
a 'fleeting moment'?

Oliver gulps.

OLIVER  
Well... time flies and all that...

Leslie stares Oliver down. He tries to keep his composure.

LESLIE  
How lovely of you.

Oliver breathes.

OLIVER

Oh... Well yes, I think so too.  
Thank you...

Leslie returns to her paper. Oliver does so too. Silence...

James enters with the box of chocolates.

LESLIE

My eyes are green.

OLIVER

JAMES! How good to have you back.

JAMES

Good to.. be back, Sir.

LESLIE

How was Maggie on your trip?

OLIVER

Hand me those chocolates, good lad.

Leslie and Oliver scratch all over their heads.

LESLIE

She was such a pet at the office  
Christmas party.

OLIVER

Double time now, James. Chop chop.

James hands Oliver the chocolates.

LESLIE

You always seemed awfully fond of  
one another.

Oliver rips the box open, some chocolates are missing.

OLIVER

It's funny, I don't even like  
chocolate. But I'm glad you had  
your fill.

LESLIE

I've always had such a sweet tooth.  
Maggie is such a sweetie too, don't  
you agree?

OLIVER

All the caramels are gone. Sad.

LESLIE  
I've always liked her rich,  
cascading brown hair. I wonder if  
it ever gets... itchy?

OLIVER  
Thankfully you don't like caramel,  
do you??

LESLIE  
That's not true.

OLIVER  
Tell me James, do you like caramel?

JAMES  
Ehmm...

LESLIE  
Go James.

James spins.

OLIVER  
James, stay.

James spins back.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
What's most peculiar is that you  
decided to hide the chocolates in  
the bathroom cabinet. A real ..  
head scratcher.

LESLIE  
Well... I know how you hate them.

OLIVER  
Strange to buy them then, no?

LESLIE  
Stranger still to confuse the  
colour of your wife's eyes, no?

OLIVER  
Well, we are learning a great deal  
this morning! Aren't we!

They scratch.

LESLIE  
James, get to your work.

OLIVER

No, no, James. I have something for you.

James stands, hands clasped, very concerned.

LESLIE

I have something for you too, Oliver.

OLIVER

I do appreciate your gardening, James...

JAMES

That's quite alright, Sir...

LESLIE

While you were rooting around the bathroom last night...

OLIVER

You've always been good in the bush haven't you?

JAMES

Excuse me?

LESLIE

Your phone went off...

OLIVER

A specialty of yours, no doubt...

LESLIE

No one likes being nosey...

JAMES

I suppose so...

OLIVER

I have noticed the hedges growing a little unwieldy, however...

LESLIE

Well it just kept vibrating...

OLIVER

Nonetheless...

LESLIE

I had to have a look...

OLIVER  
I did find this...

Oliver produces a red tie from his pocket.

LESLIE  
The messages were from Maggie...

OLIVER  
Under the cabinet...

LESLIE  
She wanted to apologise...

Oliver swings around and faces Leslie.

OLIVER  
In the bathroom!

LESLIE  
For having to go home early!

OLIVER  
ALRIGHT I CONFESS!!

LESLIE  
AND I, TOO!!

OLIVER  
I HAVE DANDRUFF!

LESLIE  
SAME HERE!

OLIVER  
Nonsense! Your conditioners too good!

LESLIE  
How would you know?!

OLIVER  
I use it myself!

LESLIE  
AHH!! Thus disproving your claim, Sir!

OLIVER  
Bollocks!

Silence.

JAMES  
I have quite a lot of work-

OLIVER  
Damn it lad, be still!

James' head drops.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
And put this fucking thing on.

James takes the tie from Oliver.

Oliver and Leslie itch violently, all over their heads.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Here's the damn truth!

LESLIE  
OUT WITH IT!

OLIVER  
The poem was not for you..

LESLIE  
And the roses?

OLIVER  
Neither.

LESLIE  
AHA!

OLIVER  
They were for Maggie...

LESLIE  
I knew it!

OLIVER  
... 's dying mother, you swine!

LESLIE  
Excuse me?!

OLIVER  
Her mother is ill! I gave her the weekend off and came back early to give her the flowers and the card, but by the time I got back... she had already passed...

LESLIE  
Oh...

OLIVER  
I didn't want to tell you because I  
knew you would be suspicious-

LESLIE  
Roses for a dying woman?

OLIVER  
It's valentine's day it's all they  
fucking had.

LESLIE  
Right...

They scratch.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
But the poem was awfully..

OLIVER  
And what of the damn chocolates  
then!

LESLIE  
Well, they were for her mother too!

OLIVER  
What?

LESLIE  
You know how fond I am of Maggie!  
But I got hungry... and ate the  
ones I don't like... out of  
respect...

Oliver stands up, so does Leslie. They embrace one another.

OLIVER  
Oh, why do we fight!? I'm so sorry.

LESLIE  
No, I'm sorry! We're such fools!

Behind Leslie's back, Oliver composes a text to Maggie: *I know you're annoyed at me but... do you have fucking nits??*

Behind Oliver's back. James scratches his head. Leslie holds a finger to her mouth: Shhh.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
We're such good people.