

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.