

The Chuck Spunt Experience

written & created by

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(c)

The Surveyor

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A short, stocky SURVEYOR 50s with a nervous disposition clutches a telescopic ladder, duffle bag and spirit level.

He rings the doorbell and waits for an answer.

CHUCK SPUNT opens the door and stands in his usual woolly cardigan.

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes?

SURVEYOR

(titters)

Morning. I'm from Brian & Brian?  
I'm here to carry out the survey  
as discussed on the phone.

CHUCK SPUNT

Oh yes. Come through-come  
through.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Surveyor titters as he enters. Chuck Spunt raises a brow and shakes his head in dismay as they walk through to the-

KITCHEN

A decent size room with a table and six chairs situated centre.

SURVEYOR

May I sit down for a moment?

The Surveyor puts down his tools and pulls out a seat.

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, of course. Would you like a  
cup of tea-coffee? A plate of  
biscuits, a ploughman's lunch  
while we're at it?

Surveyor shows a look of concern as he suppresses another titter.

SURVEYOR

No, thank you. I've already eaten this morning. But that's very kind of you to offer.

CHUCK SPUNT

Where would you like to start, then? Up in the loft? Down in the basement?

SURVEYOR

I just need to ask a couple of things first... before I get stuck in, you know?

CHUCK SPUNT

Rightyo then, fire away.

Surveyor titters as he sits down at the table. Chuck Spunt stares at him suspiciously as he twiddles his thumbs.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Look, are you alright? Is there something funny going on that I should know about?

Surveyor opens his duffle bag and takes out a tablet tucked inside a leather case. He switches it on.

SURVEYOR

No-no. All good actually. All good-all good.

CHUCK SPUNT

Oh. Because, just for a minute, I thought there might something wrong with you.

SURVEYOR

No-no. All good, all good.  
(titters)  
Lived here long?

CHUCK SPUNT

We moved here in the February of 1992.

SURVEYOR

(titters)  
That long? Time flies, doesn't it?

CHUCK SPUNT

It can do.

(reflects)

It would've been sooner if they hadn't continuously misspelt my name on the contracts.

SURVEYOR

(titters)

Skunk, was it?

CHUCK SPUNT

(aback)

What?

SURVEYOR

Skunk.

CHUCK SPUNT

(frowns)

Actually it was.

(pauses)

Anyway, how would you know?

SURVEYOR

(titters)

We had a bit of laugh about it back at the office when we received the job.

CHUCK SPUNT

(perplexed)

What?

SURVEYOR

(titters)

Just me and the girls in the office actually. Nothing to get in a tizz over.

CHUCK SPUNT

Just you and the girls?

SURVEYOR

That's right. It's all good-all good.

(titters)

The job title came through as Chucks Skunk. We all had a laugh. Tears rolling down legs sort of thing, you know?

(titters)

We were in hysterics actually. Falling about the desks we were. One of the girls had to ring for an ambulance, one of my colleagues thought she suffered a minor heart attack. Still, she's all good now-she's all good.

CHUCK SPUNT

(agape)

Is she?

SURVEYOR

You might have been responsible for her death had she passed- imagine that. You could have been arrested for manslaughter.

CHUCK SPUNT

(gasps)

Well, I don't know what to say. Shall I apologize to her personally. Maybe purchase some flowers and have them sent over to her via special delivery or something?

SURVEYOR

(titters)

No-no, it's all good.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, I don't know what to say... you and your associates rolling around and wetting your pants over a typo concerning my name.

SURVEYOR

Oh no, it's all good now-it's all good. It was just a bit of fun, that's all. We corrected it once we discovered your name is Chuck Spunk. I suspect you get quite a lot of that, do you?

Chuck Spunt ignores him and stands in deep reverie.

FLASHBACK:

GORILLAS roll around in hysterics.

END FLASHBACK.

SURVEYOR /

Right then, I'll crack on now.

CHUCK SPUNT

No, I don't think so actually.

SURVEYOR

Oh. Is there a problem?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes there is.

SURVEYOR

Oh. What is it?

CHUCK SPUNT

I'm only using gorillas from now on.

SURVEYOR

(aback)

I beg your pardon?

CHUCK SPUNT

Out!

SURVEYOR

But I have a job to do, Mr Spunk.

The Surveyor picks up his belongings and quickly leaves.

Chuck Spunt slams the door shut behind him, then stands with gritted teeth and a clenched fist.

CHUCK SPUNT -  
Chuck's Skunk.

DISSOLVE:

THE END