FUMBLE & FLEECE

A ONE PAGE SHORT

By

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EXT. FIELD OF ORANGE - DAY

An empty, bright orange field. A smiling man in a luminous green leotard stands alone. We look around him. His grotesquely suggestive smile, his blue canvas shoes and his red sunglasses.

VOICE

He looks at it like a wolf near a flock. Whasta, whasta, muca flora! I heard him say. Consuela don’t touch the geese, they pierce him with their fingernail. Do you jeer? Do you hear?

No, you fuck, fuck, fuck, you yell.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIBRANT-COLOURED STREET

The same man walking down a street of vibrant colours.

VOICE (Cont’d)

Sassoon, Sassoon. Quart, under there? Salamander, salamander. The strange walk like innocent bystanders fucking visioning the future through kaleidoscopic, telescopic, topic, optic, cornucopia. Chastity for Greaster. Is that what she meant?

Close-up on the man’s face.

VOICE

Ravka, great? Communication is the only spice. We have no peppercorn. There’s no peppercorn. Peppercorn on the hermaphrodite’s monitor. Rovotor. Rotor. Candle wick is nasty to those ornaments found in Chissick.

CUT TO:

The man applying too much make up on his face. We see him squeezing vast amounts of lip gloss and other creams in and around his mouth.

VOICE

In cartonger, he sleeps deciding when to pounce on the giraffe that attempts to tease him so. So, so, so, hash tag. Pulling his pukka. Rattle the area for the children in holy matrimony.

THE END