Just One Cornetto

By

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MICHAEL, 30, walks slowly in and sits down on a high stool. Sweat rolls off his forehead.

His wife KARA, 29, stands on the other side of the island counter as she kneads dough.

KARA
Any luck?

A saddened Michael stares at his feet.

MICHAEL
Raisins, just raisins. And only a few of them.

KARA
Did you try your little experiment?

MICHAEL
I did. I only ate just one cornetto.

KARA
Maybe you should eat a couple to see any results?

The pain gets to Michael as he squints.

MICHAEL
I’m going to change tact. I’m going to try a whole tub.

Kara stops, hands on hips, and shakes her head.

KARA
Not the Ben and Jerry’s?

MICHAEL
’Fraid so. Put the whole packet in this time.

KARA
That sounds excessive.

MICHAEL
I’m a desperate man Kara. I’ll try anything. When’s your parents coming this evening?
KARA
Six.

Michael looks at his watch.

MICHAEL
One hour. Damn. I really wanted to empty myself before they arrived.

He crosses his arms and rests his head on the island counter.

MIKEY, 5, runs into the kitchen.

MIKEY
Can I have an ice-cream now?

Kara looks at Michael who looks up and nods.

KARA
Just have one. Don’t want to spoil your tea later on.

Mikey walks over to the freezer.

KARA
What do you say?

MIKEY
Thanks mum.

Mikey unwraps the cornetto and throws it in the bin.

KARA
Remember...your manners Mikey?! Don’t forget your please and thank yous.

MIKEY
Okay mum.

Mikey runs out of the kitchen.

MICHAEL
I think we spoil him.

The doorbell RINGS, followed by a knock on the door.

Michael raises his head groggily.
MICHAEL
Nooo...They’re an hour early.

Kara’s mother BETTY shouts threw the letterbox.

BETTY (O.S.)
Hello? Hellooo? Is anyone home?

Michael whispers as Kara cleans her hands of dough.

MICHAEL
Pretend we’re not here.

Kara walks over to the door.

KARA
They’ll only be here for a short while. You’ll manage.

MICHAEL
I might need to go.

Kara looks back.

KARA
I doubt it.

Michael screws his face as he gingerly stands up and walks into-

INT. LIVING ROOM

Betty, Kara and her father ROY walk in.

The rooms an open space adjoining the dining room.

Kara helps to take off her mothers coat.

KARA
Here, let me take your coats.

Roy shakes hands with Michael, and then hands Kara his coat.

ROY
How are you Michael?

MICHAEL
Okay, jobs fine. Got a little upset stomach.

Roy LAUGHS, patting Michael’s shoulder.
When has that ever put you off your food?

Michael freezes suddenly. Each pat on the shoulder screws his face a little tighter and tighter, as he curls his head.

You okay son?

Michael rests a hand on his stomach.

I’ll be okay...I think?

There’s a tiny morsel of light peering into the tunnel.

Two MEN wearing a miners uniform, each hold shovels.

One of the men stops and walks over to the wall and presses down a button to speak into a microphone.

We need help down here! We’re backed up for miles.

Kara returns and speaks to her parents.

Sit down at the table.

Kara walks towards the-

Roy and Betty sit down, whilst-

Kara pops into the Kitchen.

I’ll check on the roast.
INT. DINING ROOM

Michael walks over to the drinks cabinet.

MICHAEL
Can I get you two a drink?

BETTY
I’ll have a g & t and ice.

ROY
Rum if you’ve got it.

Michael pours Roy his drink.

BETTY
Where’s Mikey?

MICHAEL
Probably upstairs playing his x-playstation-box thingy.

He hands Betty her drink.

MICHAEL
I’ll go and get him.

Michael walks over to the-

INT. LIVING ROOM
door and shouts up.

MICHAEL
Mikey, come downstairs to meet your grandparents.

MIKEY (O.S.)
I’ll be down in a minute.

Michael holds his hand against his stomach, feeling bowel movements.

He turns back.

MICHAEL
I’ll go upstairs and get him.

BETTY
Let the boy play his game. We can wait.

Kara returns to the dining room.
KARA
The diners almost ready. Not long.

BETTY
Come sit down Michael.

Michael feels queasy, buckled, clutching his stomach.

MICHAEL
I insist.

Michael leaves.

INT. LANDING
Michael slowly walks towards the bathroom.

MICHAEL
Mikey, go downstairs and greet your grandparents. It’s rude to ignore your grandparents.

A defeated Mikey caves in.

MIKEY (O.S.)
Okay dad.

INT. BATHROOM
Michael tentatively walks towards the toilet, preparing himself to settle in.

He shouts to Mikey as he walks past the door.

MICHAEL
Mikey, I’m using the toilet. I’ll be down in a minute.

INT. DINING ROOM
START MONTAGE
Mikey hugs his grandparents.

Michael’s legs jut out, deep breaths, rests his head against the wall.

Betty looks at her watch.

Kara brings out the roast.
Michael thumps the wall, peers round, nothing, exhales, a desolate expression takes hold.

He grips his stomach as his bowel movements increase.

THUMP

Roy, Betty, Mikey and Kara look up.

They look down upon empty plates and half-filled glasses.

Betty, once more, looks at her watch.

END MONTAGE

INT. DINING ROOM

Betty tucks her watch back underneath her sleeve.

BETTY
He’s gone an awfully long time. Is he alright? Does he need to see a doctor?

KARA
He’s fine. Just constipated is all.

ROY
This long?

THUMP

Roy looks up.

ROY
Sounds like hemorrhoids to me.

Betty picks up her glass.

BETTY
Well you’d know.

Roy laughs.

ROY
I sure do.

Kara stands up and picks up her plate.
KARA
Let me grab these dishes.

Kara picks up the cutlery and returns to the kitchen.

Betty turns to Mikey.

BETTY
What’s for dessert Mikey?

MIKEY
Don’t know? Ice-cream? I like ice-cream.

BETTY
Ice-cream it is.

Mikey runs off into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Kara stands at the sink whilst Mikey runs to the freezer.

He grabs the Ben & Jerry’s tub of ice-cream.

Walks over to the island counter and reaches up, stands on his toes, and grabs the pudding plates and spoons.

Kara hears the CLINK of the spoons onto the plates.

KARA (O.S.)
Is that the dessert Mikey?

MIKEY
Yep.

KARA (O.S.)
Save me some, I’ll be in in a minute.

MIKEY
Okay.

INT. DINING ROOM

Mikey hands the ice-cream and plates to Betty.

Roy speaks to Mikey.
ROY
Looks like your father’s going to miss the ice-cream also.

Mikey giggles.

PHHHHEWWW

Roy, Betty and Mikey look up.

INT. KITCHEN

Kara turns her head. Her ear closing in on the sound towards the ceiling.

INT. BATHROOM

A noticeable relieved Michael pats the wall, success.

PHHHHEWWW

His legs stutter, he smiles, the smell hits him.

He waves his hand to clear the stench, holds his breath, then glances to the window, closed.

PHHHHEWWW

He yells ‘ahhh’, followed by more hand waving. As if a wasp was about to sting him.

He tries to wave the foul smell back down the toilet basin.

SILENCE


INT. DINING ROOM

Betty, Roy and Mikey start to feel queasy.

They slowly stop devouring their ice-cream, and begin to stare.

Their bowels start to rumble in unison.

Michael enters the room.

PHHHHEWWW
Betty and Roy look towards Mikey whilst he returns their gaze. All three shocked in embarrassment. That 'I didn’t do it' look synchronized. Their eyes yelling innocence.

MICHAEL
Well I didn’t do it.

Michael sees the tub of ice-cream on the table. Shock fills him, and now he has that 'oh shit' look on his face.

He keeps his mouth shut.

MICHAEL
Kara?

KARA (O.S.)
Yes?

Michael walks over and sees her cleaning the dishes.

PHHHHEWWW

KARA (O.S.)
Was that you Michael?

MICHAEL
It wasn’t me this time, honest. I’m all out.

Betty shakes her head and looks at Mikey.

BETTY
Now now, what do we say?

MIKEY
It wasn’t me.

Mikey looks to his father to defend him.

MICHAEL
Remember your manners Mikey.

MIKEY
I didn’t do-

PHHHHEWWW

Suddenly an EXPLOSION erupts from Mikey’s underwear. He drops his plate, tenses up, and puts his hand on his bottom. As if to prevent further mishaps.

Now Mikey has that 'oh shit' look on his face.
MIKEY
I need to use the bathroom.

Mikey scampers off to the bathroom, still trying to prevent anymore rude mishaps.

Betty’s stomach rumbles violently. She stands up.

BETTY
Mikey, let your grandma use the bathroom first.

Betty feels something coming. She murmurs and then suddenly as if the doors of hell have been left open.

PHHHEWWW

Her skirt flutters as she grabs one side to curtail any movement.

A wet log falls to the floor.

A shocked Michael, eyes wide open, mouth gaping. Stares at the log against the white surface for which it rests.

KARA (O.S.)
Is that you Michael?

Michael stands at the kitchen door, blocking it. Preventing Kara from getting a better view.

Betty jostles past Michael as more tiny wet slippery pods fall to accompany the lone log.

PHHHEWWW

INT. KITCHEN

Kara takes off her dish gloves, and stomps to-

INT. DINING ROOM

Kara looks over Michael’s shoulder.

KARA
Dad?

Roy gets up silently and rushes pass Michael.

SPLAT
He steps on a pod sending MESS everywhere. The carpet, 
walls and furnitures got it. Even Michael’s shoes got it. 

AHHHHH 
Kara screams as Michael stands out of her way. 

She slowly creeps in, surveying the damage caused. 

She looks at the squeezed Ben and Jerry’s tub on the table, 
and looks at Michael. 

He shrugs his shoulders and has that ‘innocent and relaxed’ 
look. 

KARA 
The ice-cream...my carpet...my 
furniture...my- 

Michael angles his shoe, and with raised eyebrows. 

MICHAEL 
Husband? 

Kara tilts her head back with that ‘I’m going to kill him’ 
look. 

KARA 
Ahhh. 

FADE OUT.