

THE LAST SUPPER

(draft 2)

by

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[Mid to End of Timeline]

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING

ALBERT (60s) comes up the echo-y stairwell, laden with groceries, and towards his front door. He puts one bag down and fumbles for KEYS.

INT. HOME - EVENING

Inside, it's comfortable if slightly dated.

He places the keys down next to a PHOTO of him and a silver-haired woman - JILL (60s) - in a lavender sweater.

ALBERT
I'm back, Jill!

There's no reply. He pokes his head into the lounge, where we see Jill sat in an armchair, watching an old film. As he talks, he turns and enters the KITCHEN.

ALBERT
It was bedlam in the shops, as you'd expect! People were just taking whatever they fancied...

He drops the bags and empties the contents - steak, potatoes etc - then very neatly folds the carrier bags and places them in an equally tidy drawer.

ALBERT
Of course there were no staff there to stop them ... I felt like I should stop them myself - civil duty and all that - but then I thought '*What does it matter?*'

He carries a bottle of wine into the lounge/dining area, opens it and places it on the table.

ALBERT
As you know, I've never stolen anything in my life. Except maybe a kiss ...

He looks up at her, a hint of a smirk.

ALBERT
Oh, they'd run out of your usual soap, so I got a Eucalyptus one...

He goes to a cabinet and fetches two plain wine glasses ...
... but changes his mind halfway to the table, goes back and gets out the very nice CRYSTAL ones.

ALBERT

I bumped into Gerald Ashby.
Literally! He was dashing off to
 Nottingham to see his family. I
 said to avoid the M1, they still
 have roadworks
 (Chuckles)
 He laughed.

LATER --

A steak SIZZLES as it hits a hot pan. Another follows.
 He gives them a moment, then turns them over. A timer PINGS.
 Albert tips the medium-rare steaks onto a dish, and covers.

He opens the oven, pulls out a dish with cheese bubbling on
 top. He takes it next door, places it on a mat on the table.

ALBERT

Almost ready, Jill. Let's get you
 sat at the table.

He approaches her chair, leans in and puts his arms around
 her. Her pale blonde hair spills over his shoulder.

ALBERT

Cor, have you put on weight?

He places her in a chair at the table, positions her and
 nudges the chair closer. Re-adjusts the cutlery.

He fetches the steaks. Places them on a mat, ceremoniously
 removes the lid. As he sits down, we finally see Jill:

A Mannequin, dressed in a skirt and *lavender sweater*, wearing
 a silver-grey wig. She sits, forearms resting on the table,
 blank lifeless face staring towards Albert.

He serves steak and potato gratin to Jill, then himself.

ALBERT

28-day aged Angus sirloin! I felt
 so guilty just walking out with
 these, I couldn't do it ... So I
 went through the self-service
 tills, and rang it all up, with
 full intention of paying. But of
 course I had the wine, so it
 wouldn't let me pay without having
 my age verified. So what could I do
 but leave? I felt particularly
villainous, I tell you. 25 pounds
 as well, this wine! Don't think
 I've ever had wine that expensive!

He pours wine into their glasses, hers first. Then raises his glass to her, a bittersweet look on his face.

ALBERT

Cheers, Jill. Shame it had to end
so soon ...