

THE LAST SUPPER

by

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[Mid-End of Timeline]

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

A comfortable if slightly dated home. Display cabinets bear many photos, mainly of an older couple: ALBERT & JILL (60s).

From behind we see Jill sat in an armchair, watching an old film. Her lavender top matches one seen in the photos.

The front door opens and Albert enters, carrying groceries.

ALBERT
I'm back, Jill!

There's no reply. He carries on regardless.

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

He enters the kitchen and drops the bags, emptying 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 the time we first met of course, when I stole that kiss ... '*Cheeky bugger*' you called me.
Some things never change ...

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.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - 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 with a lid.

He opens the oven, pulls out a dish with cheese bubbling on top. He takes it nextdoor, 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. Readjusts the cutlery. We don't see all of Jill, but it's clear she doesn't move much. Or talk.

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 Jill's clothes and wearing a 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.

He pours wine into their glasses, hers first.

ALBERT
25 pounds as well, this wine! Don't
think I've ever had wine that

He raises his glass to Jill.

ALBERT
Cheers. 37 years 274 days, Jill.
Shame it had to end so soon ...