

SICKDAY

Written by

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INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JANINE, 50s, in nightdress, hair bedraggled, hugs the toilet bowl like its her last hope. She vomits.

JANINE
Uuuughoooo...

She wipes her mouth with toilet paper. A man's voice permeates from outside.

JT (O.S.)
Ye want a cup of tea my love, my
heaving honey? A fried egg, eh?

Janine looks into the toilet bowl, recoils.

JANINE
Nope!

He chuckles. She hits the flush.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JT 50s, thick set, jolly faced, ticks off football pools at the table, the remains of a fried breakfast by his elbow.

Janine enters. In dressing gown, hair up, shuffles to the sink for a glass of water, slides into a chair.

JT beams at her, makes an exaggerated gesture.

JT
Well, look at the goddess! I
married a true beauty, such a
perfect green complexion.

JANINE
Shut up you fool. It was a good
night though, eh? Have you heard
from our Jimmy?

She glances to the nerby counter, stretches to grab her phone. Reading the screen she cackles.

JANINE (CONT'D)
He's texted this. 'CANT GET HOLD OF
YOU. HOPE THIS REACHES BEFORE THE
WORLD ENDS.' Teeheehee, so
dramatic! 'SHARON & I AT HOME
TOGETHER, WE LOVE YOU. MAY WE ALL
DIE PEACEFULLY.' Hehe, he must be
well hungover too. Oh dearie!

JT's laugh joins Janine's.

JT

What a family! Shirkers, alcoholics
and dramatists all!

JANINE

Although I noticed Sharon wasn't
drinking last night.

She nods knowingly at JT.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I think she's pregnant. I'm sure of
it.

JT

Not everybody drinks to excess all
the time my prodigiously puking
princess. A fine grannie you'd make
with your head down' the toilet
bowl.

She grins at him.

JANINE

I tell you what, I thought the
world was going to end in that
bathroom there for a minute. It was
grim. I felt really rough.

JT stands, flicks on the kettle, then wraps his arms around
Janine's seated form. Plants kisses on her till she squirms.

JT

If it were really the end of the
world it would be my pleasure to
hold back your hair and watch you
puke your glorious guts up my love.

JANINE

Oh God! Don't make me laugh, it
hurts my poor stomach. I think I
will have that fried egg now.

FADE OUT.