The Idiot Box

Created by

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FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN. FADE IN TITLE CARD: “For Frasier.”

INT. KITCHEN – LATE EVENING

GREG (average, plain - white, mid 20s) chops at some CARROTS on the sideboard, as the doting husband prepares a meal. He wears an APRON around his waist.

We hear the jangle of KEYS from the door, as SOMEONE ENTERS THE HOUSE. He knows who it is already.

GREG

(Shouting through)

Heya!

CHLOE (nose ring, curly hair, striking - black, 26) enters.

She stands in the DOORWAY, cold and unwilling to come in entirely. Greg stands with his back to the woman as he only gives her HALF HIS ATTENTION, instead focusing on the meal.

GREG (CONT’D)

I know you’re still trying to be vegan at the moment, so I’ve done the best that I can with this. I hope that’s OK. But I think you’re really gonna love…

Greg turns to her now, smiley - - completely MISREADING the mood of the room. His face drops, on seeing Chloe.

GREG (CONT’D)

…what I’ve done.

CHLOE

- - So?

GREG

Yes, dear?

CHLOE

You’re unbelievable.

Greg puts down the BLADE – it glistens in the light.

GREG

What?

CHLOE

When were you going to tell me?

Greg laughs, as he puts a piece of carrot in his mouth.

GREG

Tell you what?

CHLOE

Oh fuck off, Greg!

She knows. She definitely knows - - He CRACKS.

GREG

It was one time, OK!

CHLOE

Oh, God.

GREG

It just happened, alright?

CHLOE

(Close to tears)

How many?

GREG

How many what…?

CHLOE

You’re so damn stupid sometimes.

Chloe sits on one of the kitchen chairs. She remains composed, but is waning. She’s had a long day already.

- - A STEEL POT on the hobs FROTHS AND BUBBLES from the heat.

Chloe CLOSES HER EYES. Against her will, TEARS just about escape.

CHLOE (CONT’D)

H-how many episodes did you watch without me, Greg…? How many episodes of Game of Thrones did you watch on your own?

A lump in his throat.

GREG

Four. I watched four episodes.

CHLOE

Four? - - Oh, Jesus Christ.

GREG

Everyone was talking about it! Sara from work!

CHLOE

(Crying)

Oh, I should have known! That slut!

GREG

You were out!

CHLOE

That’s not an excuse!

GREG

You’re always out! How can you expect me to just sit on that couch and just “wait”? We were four episodes behind *because of you*! Everyone else is up to date and we’re stuck in the past. Four, Chloe! Four episodes behind!

CHLOE

Stop saying that!

GREG

What were you expecting, Chlo? Hmm? What did you honestly expect? - - I’m a human being, with needs, just like anyone else. They killed off three main characters in one episode. Hot ones, the lot of them, too!

(Bitter)

And you said you were gonna read the book. How’s that going for you? Quite the page-turner? Hmmmm…?

CHLOE

(Quiet, probing)

- - Was it good?

GREG

So good.

An embittered grin from Greg. He moves from the sideboard now, slowly coming round to CHLOE’S SIDE OF THE KITCHEN TABLE. The CAMERA TRACKS his snake-like movements TOWARDS HER.

GREG (CONT’D)

Maybe you wanted me to watch it on my own… Subconsciously. I think that you put that remote in my hand.

CHLOE

(Crying)

Sometimes it’s just slow, alright? Do you remember how we used to laugh? Some days I just want Frasier.

GREG

Awh! Don’t bring him in to this as well! “The intellectual”… bah…

CHLOE

Is this still about Series Two of True Detective?

GREG

(Still bitter)

Colin Farrell! Oh good God! It was just so much of nothing!

CHLOE

I said I was sorry!

A hush - - Now STOOD BEHIND HER, and the chair, Greg puts his HANDS ON HER SHOULDERS, locking his fingers.

GREG

We did have some fun though, right? *The Walking Dead*… Remember Rick? And Carl? Remember Daryl…? He was your favourite, wasn’t he?

CHLOE

I was faking it…

GREG

Take that back!

CHLOE

“Sure can’t wait for these characters to grow!” … and then do exactly the same thing they did before. Again and again. - - Face it, Greg. You’re weak, and nothing like you once were – you’re like current day Simpsons. Nobody gives a shit about what you think, Greg. And - you - know - it.

Greg’s BEATEN. They both are, really. In one long action, he TAKES OFF HIS APRON, FOLDING IT neatly and places it on the side, then opens a CUPBOARD and pours himself a glass of RED WINE.

WIDE ANGLE ON KITCHEN - - we linger on this image.

Greg RAISES THE GLASS to his girlfriend - - and with another chuckle, drinks the red back.

Chloe wipes her eyes. She clears her throat before she speaks again.

CHLOE (CONT’D)

(Confirmed, sad)

I think we should start watching other shows.

A PROMPT FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: “THE IDIOT BOX”

ROLL CREDITS (THE FONT OF THESE ARE REMINISCENT OF A BIG BUDGET NETFLIX SHOW STYLE).

WRITTEN BY JON HOLMES.