

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

FRIAR LAURENCE is hosting his phone in show on Verona FM. He is sat in the presenter chair behind a microphone, in full monk garb, wearing headphones.

FRIAR LAURENCE

And welcome back to *What Ails Thee?*
on Verona FM with me, Friar
Laurence. And our next caller is
Juliet, who has a problem with her
parents. How art thou, Juliet?

We hear the caller's voice, but only see Friar Laurence in the studio.

JULIET

Uh...hi. Yeah, things have been a
bit difficult recently, and I'm not
sure what to do.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go ahead, my child.

JULIET

Well, recently I've fallen in love
with someone that my parents don't
approve of.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Well, have they made the effort to
get to know him?

JULIET

Not really. Our families are sworn
enemies, so it's a bit tricky.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I see...

JULIET

We actually got married in secret a
couple of days ago.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I'm sorry, you sound very young.
How old are you?

JULIET

I'm thirteen.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, okay. Sorry, I thought you sounded a bit young, but thirteen is fine. Go on.

JULIET

Well, I married this guy, Romeo, but on our wedding night he brutally murdered my cousin in a fit of rage.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's not ideal.

JULIET

No, and to make matters worse, the Prince banished him to Mantua.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wait, your husband or your cousin?

JULIET

My husband. My cousin was killed.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Oh yes, sorry. Go on.

JULIET

So, I've been feeling quite low about that, but then today, my father has given me an ultimatum. He says that I either have to marry a different man he's chosen for me, or I'll be cut off forever from my family and our vast, vast fortune.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Goodness me. What a pickle.

JULIET

So, I'm thinking that I should probably just take the financial hit and go to Mantua to be with my husband, but -

FRIAR LAURENCE

Juliet, I'm sorry. I'm going to stop you there. That is a desperately simplistic idea. It will never work. No, the answer is pretty clear to me.

JULIET

Oh?

FRIAR LAURENCE
Absolutely. You're going to have to
fake your own death.

A pause.

FRIAR LAURENCE (CONT'D)
Juliet? Are you still on the line?

JULIET
Uh...yes. Sorry, did you say *fake*
my own death?

FRIAR LAURENCE
It's the only way, Juliet.

JULIET
Couldn't I just go to Mantua to be
with Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE
It would never work. Forgive me,
dear, but that's the folly of youth
talking there. No, for the
simplest, cleanest solution, you're
going to have to fake your death.

JULIET
But...wouldn't that devastate my
family?

FRIAR LAURENCE
Oh, absolutely. But it draws a line
under this whole family mess, you
see. This way, you also let down
this other chap nice and easy. It's
fool proof, really.

JULIET
How would I even go about doing it?

FRIAR LAURENCE
It's quite simple really. You go to
any disreputable poison shop.
They're ten a ducat in Verona these
days. Ask them for a draft that
will make you *seem* dead, when, in
fact you're actually just in a
quite deep, but hopefully,
temporary coma. Your family find
you, grieve, stage a funeral. You
escape. Go to your husband. Hey
presto! All your problems sorted!

JULIET

That sounds risky. Are you sure it's safe?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Oh, yeah. I recommend it to most of my callers. Never had anyone call back to complain. It's amazing how many problems can be resolved by simply faking your own death. I don't know why everyone doesn't do it. I tried to cancel a free trial of something recently and they said I couldn't do it online, that I had to call instead. So, I just faked my death, and bang! Problem gone. And, I got a shiny new identity and my credit history was reset. It really works wonders.

JULIET

It *sounds* good. My only worry is that if my husband believes I'm dead, he's liable to act somewhat rashly. I guess you'd say he's something of an emotional hothead.

FRIAR LAURENCE

He sounds great. But don't worry. I'll tell him that it's all pretend. There's really nothing that can go wrong.

JULIET

Well, if you're *sure*...

FRIAR LAURENCE

Trust me, Juliet. I'm a friar.

JULIET

And you'll definitely tell Romeo that I'm not *really* dead?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Almost definitely! Good luck to you, Juliet. Can't wait to hear how things work out for you crazy star-crossed kids. Our next caller is Macbeth from Scotland, and he has had a curious encounter with three old hags on a spooky moor near Dunsinane. Macbeth, what's all this about?

I/E - TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY

A bright, high-energy, bold, poppy intro to a dating reality TV show, *Sexy Reef*. A brash young Scottish narrator speaks over footage of a picturesque island paradise, with young, beautiful people flirting and laughing by a pool.

NARRATOR

Day six at Casa Sexy, and the
Reefers are living it large! But
Jean-Pierre is feeling a petit bit
bleu...

In black and white, JEAN-PIERRE (30s, depressed) delivers his monologue direct to camera while sat in a chair in a small island hut. Under his monologue, Satie's *Gnossienne No. 1* plays. The speech is interspersed with black and white footage of the other young, beautiful people engaging in high-energy flirtation and fun, some in slow motion.

Throughout the montage, Jean-Pierre is alone, always, with a cigarette in hand, looking miserable, numb, empty, oblivious of what is happening around him. He is seen sat at a pool-side bar while the others play a drinking game, in a swimming pool, with an inflatable unicorn around him, while the others play an energetic game of Marco Polo, and at the dinner table while couples all around him are feeding each other spoonfuls of rich, chocolatey deserts. At one point, they are on a party boat with a DJ, and Jean-Pierre is stood in the middle of the dancefloor while the couples around him dance intimately, and he remains perfectly still, as though a statue.

There is something vaguely Wes Anderson-esque about his stillness contrasted with the action taking place around him.

When we hear about KATYA (20s, skinny, bleached blonde, typical reality TV look), we see footage of her and MARCO (20s, ripped, oily, also typical reality TV look) urgently and passionately entering a luxury treehouse together.

JEAN-PIERRE

(in French, subtitled)

Without love, life is pure misery.
For me, there is now only pain and
suffering. Katya has chosen to
spend the night with Marco at the
Fellatio Forest retreat, and now I
wish to die. There is no meaning to
anything. There is only pain and
sorrow. And so, I must shut myself
off. I shall not attempt to win her
affections any longer. Instead, I
shall commit myself to nothingness.

(MORE)

JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Was it not Nietzsche who said, 'He who cannot give anything away cannot feel anything either'? And so, I swear off love. I swear off life. I shall merely exist. I shall see these young, beautiful people engage in their fornications and flirtations, but I shall not partake. My participation in the world has ceased, for it is a cruel world. A world that mocked me, and left me for dead. And so, I concede defeat. No more, Jean-Pierre. No more...

Returning to bright, bold colour, Katya is sat in the same hut, in front of a diary cam type thing, looking a bit perplexed. She speaks with a strong Geordie accent.

KATYA

That John-Paul's a bit weird, ain't he? Like proper weird...yeah. Is he, like...alright?

In the background, at a window to the hut, the camera zooms in on Jean-Pierre, who is standing, motionless, neutrally, looking into the hut at Katya. He is in black and white, in contrast to the bright colours of the island.

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INT. THRONE HALL - DAY

A KING is sitting on his throne, playing with a Rubik's Cube.
A royal SERVANT runs in urgently.

SERVANT
Your Majesty, I bring some grave news.

KING
Oh no! Has something happened to me?!

SERVANT
No, my Lord. You are quite well.

KING
Oh, thank goodness for that. Then what's all this fuss?

SERVANT
My Lord...Dumpty has fallen.

KING
What are you blithering on about?

SERVANT
Humpty Dumpty, m'Lord.

KING
Humpty Dumpty...Humpty Dumpty...why do I know that name?

SERVANT
He's an egg, Your Highness. A sentient egg. The only one in the kingdom.

KING
That's the chap! The one who sits on that big wall?

SERVANT
Yes, Your Majesty.

KING
Well?

SERVANT
My Lord, he has...suffered a great fall.

KING
Is he alright?

SERVANT

I'm afraid not, Sire. As an egg, falling from a significant height, he's broken. The egg is broken. He's smashed.

KING

Oh my days, that's dreadful. Is there anything we can do?

SERVANT

My liege?

KING

To fix him. Can't we just put him back together?

SERVANT

M'Lord, I don't believe that is a thing. I -

KING

Gather the horses.

SERVANT

The horses, Sire?

KING

Send in the horses. If anyone can do the job, it's the horses. Best horses in the land.

SERVANT

Sir, might I suggest that their hooves and heavy step might make horses wholly *unsuited* to the task of reassembling an egg? Perhaps we could assemble a team of men to attempt it?

KING

Men?! You think *men* could put an egg back together?

SERVANT

It may be worth a try, Your Excellency.

KING

I have to say, I'm sceptical. Tell you what. We'll try it my way. We give the horses first dibs. If for some reason they can't fix it, we can give the men a try.

SERVANT

Of course, Sire. How many men should I send?

KING

All of them. All of the horses, and all of the men. I want this to be everyone's top priority today. We only have one talking egg in the kingdom, and I want him taken care of, understand?

SERVANT

Yes, my Lord.

The servant hurries off. The King returns his focus to his Rubik's Cube.

KING

Blasted thing. Simply can't be done...

The King petulantly throws the cube on the ground, smashing it.

KING (CONT'D)

Oh, well who's going to fix *that*?!

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INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM TUNNEL - NIGHT

A sweaty PLAYER, still in his kit after a game is being interviewed. He looks tired, but happy. The INTERVIEWER is off screen, while the player is stood drinking from a bottle of water.

INTERVIEWER

Mark, a really extraordinary comeback tonight. What's the mood like in that dressing room right now?

PLAYER

Yeah, obviously delighted with that second half display. Everyone's played their hearts out tonight. It was a tricky start, but we've managed to come away with the points.

INTERVIEWER

Three down at half time, but you come back to win it 4-3. What on earth did the coach say at half time?!

PLAYER

You know, the gaffer wasn't happy with the effort. He called us out, you know. He said that they were pulling our shorts down and spanking us like we were bad little boys, but you know, we're obviously not bad little boys. We're grown men, and we don't want to have our bare bums spanked. So in the second half, we all had to pull our shorts up and stop showing them our cheeks.

INTERVIEWER

And of course, it's one thing to stop being spanked, but you had to dish out a bit of spanking yourselves.

PLAYER

Yeah, that's right. You know, they spanked our bottoms in that first half, no doubt.

(MORE)

PLAYER (CONT'D)

But in the second half, we really got at them, and to the lads' credit, we managed to pull their shorts down and spank them like they were the bad little boys.

INTERVIEWER

How difficult was it to smack their bottoms? Because those shorts looked very firmly up in that first half.

PLAYER

Yeah, it was tough, of course. They're a great team, and it's not often they get their heinies slapped like that. But we're as good as anyone on our day, and we really dished out some rosy cheeks in that last 45.

INTERVIEWER

Obviously, one of your teammates took those words from the manager a bit literally in that second half and got himself a yellow card.

PLAYER

Yeah, that's a tricky one. I think Jonesy feels a bit aggrieved about it. I think even five years ago you're not getting booked for that, but these days you can't get away with literally pulling down an opponent's shorts and smacking their bare bum. But that's the modern game, and we all know the rules, so I think we can't complain too much about that.

INTERVIEWER

Four games to go in the league, and you're only three points off safety. Can you keep this form going?

PLAYER

Well listen, we can only control the games we play. The teams around us are going to drop some points, but we've got to concentrate on ourselves, you know? Four games - that's 44 bottoms, 88 cheeks ready for spanking.

INTERVIEWER

Plus subs.

PLAYER

Yeah, plus subs. So we just need to focus on keeping our own shorts up, and if we can dish out some bruised peaches, we'll do that.

INTERVIEWER

United up next. Another huge game.

PLAYER

Yeah, for sure. And all being well, we'll be toasting some buns on Sunday afternoon.

INTERVIEWER

Thanks very much, Mark.

PLAYER

Thanks now.

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