

3 BEAT RADIO-SCRIPT:
ADAM AND BREN (3-WORD SCENARIO
USING NARRATIVE DEVICES
(REPEAT/REVERSE))

by

Trevor Flanagan

Trevor Flanagan
118 Sandalwood
Westhoughton
Bolton
BL5 2RQ

+44 (0) 7535 703477
Tango_Foxtrot@Hotmail.com

No Agent at this time.

ADAM: (EARLY 80'S, HUSBAND, RELENTLESSLY ANNOYING).

BREN: (EARLY 80'S, LONG-SUFFERING WIFE).

ACT I

SCENE 1

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING.

ADAM: Illuminate.

BREN: What?

ADAM: Illuminate.

BREN: Illuminate what?

ADAM: Anything.

BREN: What?

ADAM: You can illuminate anything.

BREN: Why?

ADAM: Why not?

BREN: Eh?

ADAM: We all need light.

BREN: Not if we're trying to sleep.

ADAM: But we're not trying to sleep.

BREN: It's a good job.

ADAM: What?

BREN: It's a good job we're not.

ADAM: What?

BREN: Trying to sleep.

ADAM: Why?

BREN: Because you want light.

ADAM: I don't want light.

BREN: Then, why are you talking about it?

ADAM: I'm not.

BREN: Yes, you are.

ADAM: No, I'm not.

BREN: You want to illuminate.

ADAM: Oh ... What?

BREN: Why illuminate?

ADAM: I just think it's an odd word.

BREN: Is it?

ADAM: Yeah.

BREN: Why?

ADAM: ILL...U...MIN...ATE.

BREN: So?

ADAM: ILL...U...MIN...ATE.

BREN: What?

ADAM: It's fun too.

BREN: What?

ADAM: Makes me feel hungry.

BREN: Why?

ADAM: Because it's got 'ATE' in it.

BREN: You're daft.

ADAM: Thouggghhhh ...

BREN: What?

ADAM: It's also got 'ILL' in it.

BREN: So?

ADAM: So maybe the food makes you ill.

BREN: Very funny.

ADAM: Thouggghhhh ...

BREN: WHAT?

ADAM: It's also got 'MIN' in it.

BREN: And?

ADAM: So maybe it depends on how fast.

BREN: What?

ADAM: How fast 'U' eat.

BREN: Oh for fucks sake.

ADAM: Whaaat?

BREN: Can we just move on?

ADAM: Why?

BREN: It's getting late and I'm tired.

ADAM: Well maybeeee, I can 'ILLUMINATE' the way.

BREN: Fucking hell.

ADAM: Whaaat?

BREN: Now YOU'RE making me sick.

ADAM: Sick?

BREN: ILL.

ADAM: Oh ... very good.

ACT I

SCENE 2

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

ADAM: I've lost a few pounds this week.

BREN: Have you?

ADAM: Yeah.

BREN: How did you lose them?

ADAM: On the horses.

BREN: I thought you meant you'd lost weight.

ADAM: Do I look like I've lost weight?

BREN: No. Not really.

ADAM: Then why did you think I'd lost weight?

BREN: With you losings a few pounds.

ADAM: Ohhh ... Wait ... What?

BREN: Well Majorie lost a few last month.

ADAM: What, on the horses?

BREN: Noooo ... At Weight Watchers.

ADAM: They should lay bets each week.

BREN: On what?

ADAM: Losing weight.

BREN: Why?

ADAM: Well, it could be good equilibrium.

BREN: How so?

ADAM: They could lose and gain a few pounds.

BREN: Very funny.

ADAM: They could bet on all sorts

BREN: Such as?

ADAM: Weight lost, Least chins, Bingo wing sway.

BREN: Oh reeaallly?

ADAM: Yeah. They could bet on jelly wobble too.

BREN: Jelly what?

ADAM: Jelly wobble.

BREN: Oh, you do go on.

ADAM: You could even expand jelly wobble.

BREN: Okay ... I'll bite ... How?

ADAM: You could slap a belly and time the wave.

BREN: What??

ADAM: Yeah. Time who's wobbly belly stops first.

BREN: Oh, for fucks sake.

ADAM: You could do the same with leg fat.

BREN: Ohhh, Adam.

ADAM: Yeah. Maybe bet on the slapping sound.

BREN: Slapping sound?

ADAM: Yeah, as they slap together.

BREN: I'll slap your legs for you.

ADAM: I might like that.

BREN: You're not too old, you know.

ADAM: Never too old for a slap ... hehe.

BREN: You're encourageable.

ADAM: You know me, dear.

ACT I

SCENE 3

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

ADAM: Jeez my underpants are chafing.

BREN: Thanks for the info.

ADAM: You're welcome.

BREN: What are we going to do today?

ADAM: Well ... I'm changing my under-crackers first.

BREN: I meant, while we've got the day off.

ADAM: I know, but I can't concentrate.

BREN: You never can.

ADAM: Not while I'm being given a wedgie.

BREN: Now we have too much information.

ADAM: They're right up the crease.

BREN: Will you stop?

ADAM: I wish these pants would stop.

BREN: Oh god.

ADAM: I should have gone for budgie smugglers.

BREN: Why?

ADAM: Well ... They grip all your bits and don't chafe.

BREN: Jeeeez ... You always fixate.

ADAM: It's like I'm in junior school again.

BREN: Okay ... I'll bite ... Why?

ADAM: Wedgies were the thing in my day.

BREN: Were they?

ADAM: Yeah, they happened all the time.

BREN: Just to you?

ADAM: No, everyone my size.

BREN: Well you were lucky.

ADAM: How so?

BREN: We had to wear support pants.

ADAM: Support pants?

BREN: Yeah, the kind that gathered and hid.

ADAM: What. like a corset?

BREN: No, like we were already eighty years old.

ADAM: What does age have to do with it?

BREN: Everything.

ADAM: I don't follow.

BREN: Well, when you were young ...

ADAM: Yes?

BREN: The teachers wanted you to hide your bits.

ADAM: Hide your bits?

BREN: Yeah.

ADAM: Urghhh.

BREN: And now I'm old it's the same but different.

ADAM: How so?

BREN: Now, I use them to keep bits from falling out.

ADAM: Oh my god.

BREN: Yeah!

ADAM: Too much info.

BREN: If I removed the supports today ...

ADAM: Yeeaaahhh?

BREN: My vaj would probably drop to my knees.

ADAM: Oh god.

BREN: And you could probably plait my pubes.

ADAM: WAAYYY too much information.

BREN: I reckon I could get a good-ole pig tail.

ADAM: I'm gonna be sick.

BREN: My arse would probably hang around the back of my knees too.

ADAM: Oh jeeezz.

BREN: I'm not sure I'd even be able to walk.

ADAM: Why?

BREN: Well, with all the fat and hair flowing.

ADAM: Oh god.

BREN: Are we done talking about pants?

ADAM: Yeah.

BREN: Are you sure, I could elucidate further dear.

ADAM: Nope, I think I'm good.

BREN: OK then.

ADAM: I think I'm done for good.

BREN: So ... What are we going to do today?

The End