

COCKROACH - (EXCERPT)

FADE IN:

BACK TO THE ZOOM SPLIT SCREEN

In different orders to the last split screen. DIANE is drinking another large glass of wine. She starts topping it up while still holding it to her lips. ANGELA is chopping vegetables. MARCUS is still in his carer's uniform. GORDON is eating baked beans out of saucepan

ANGELA

I managed to buy four rolls of Charmin, so I'll probably be fine.

DIANE

Mavis from down the road has bulk bought a load of Whiskas!

DIANE, ANGELA and MARCUS laugh

GORDON

She's a wise woman.

MARCUS

God, she don't 'alf love that cat, do she?

ANGELA

I know! Poor bugger. One look at its terrified face and you *know* their Friday nights are spent just those two and a can of squirty cream.

DIANE

I'm running low on booze.

GORDON

(Changing the subject)

Have you got a First Aid kit?

DIANE

A First Aid kit? Urm, well I've got vodka and a roll of Cellotape.

GORDON nods his head, solemnly

GORDON

Well, that'll just have to do.

ANGELA

Look, if it spreads any more maybe we'll come join you in the Bunker. That would be nice, wouldn't it?! Some family time.

DIANE

Yeh, we haven't seen you properly in twenty years

MARCUS

So we'll come to the Bunker then, Grandad? Would nice to not just talk to you through a cat flap.

GORDON's eyes dart frantically about him

GORDON

Oh...*crrrk*... you're breaking... "crrrk"... up... "crrrk..."

His screen goes black

DIANE

Charming!

ANGELA

That'll be a 'no,' then.

MARCUS

Right. Better go! Mr Henson's ass won't wipe itself!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

SPLIT SCREEN. 2 ZOOM SCREENS ACTIVE

DIANE is figuring out which way round the protective face mask should go.
ANGELA is in her kitchen stacking up tins.

DIANE

Look at me, Angela! My hair looks like something Bear Grylls would try to live in for a week!

DIANE puts the mask on.

ANGELA

I can't look now, Di. I'm sorting through my non-perishables.

ANGELA holds up a tin and inspects the label. She shakes her head.

ANGELA

I think I must have panic-bought. I don't even like half o' this.

GORDON's screen springs to life

DIANE

Indistinguishable murmuring

GORDON

The mask, love.

DIANE

(Lifting the mask)

I said "alright, Dad"?

GORDON

Oh, fine. Fine.

MARCUS' screen comes to life

MARCUS

Hi everyone! Bloody 'ell, Diane. What's happened to your hair?

ANGELA

(Warning)

Marcus...

MARCUS

How're you doin' then, Grandad?

GORDON

Never fart in a sleeping bag, Marcus. That's all I can say.

MARCUS

When would I ever be in a sleeping bag?

ANGELA

We're on full lockdown now, Dad!

GORDON

Told you.

DIANE lifts up her mask.

DIANE

I haven't left the house in a week. I daren't!

She takes a sip of wine, shudders, and pulls the mask back into place.

ANGELA

I managed to get to Wuh-Huh-Smiths and buy these.

She holds up a pack of Crayola crayons

ANGELA

I was reading about how to survive an apocalypse...

MARCUS

Mum, it's not an apoca...

ANGELA

Do *not* interrupt me, Marcus. I read on a Domsday Prepper forum that a crayon will burn for 30 hours!

MARCUS

Did they specify a particular colour?

ANGELA

Don't be ridiculous.

DIANE

(Lifting her mask)

Why do you need Crayons, Ange? You've got about fifteen triple-wick candles in your cupboards!?

ANGELA

One can never be too prepared, Diane. Isn't that right, Dad?

GORDON

That's my girl. How about you Marcus? Did you manage to get to the shops?

MARCUS

Being a key worker is rewarding and all, but by the time you get to Tezzie everything's gone! All I've got 'ere is a tin of Minestrone, some frozen Peas, pork belly, hot cross buns, two parsnips, and some lasagne sheets.

DIANE

(Lifting her mask)

I didn't get out to do a shop either. All I've got left is a bottle of cheap chardonnay and some Angostura Bitters.

She takes another sip of wine, shudders again, and pulls the mask back into place

ANGELA

On the plus side, Mary Puppins is loving having me home all the time.

I've built her an obstacle course in the garden out of some empty plant pots and old shower curtain rails. When this is over I think I'll be entering her in for Crufts!

DIANE

Angela, that dog can't find her own arsehole - I don't think Crufts is her true calling somehow.

GORDON glances above his screen. It looks like he's talking to someone. He starts mouthing to them

MARCUS

Who are you talking to Grandad?

ANGELA

Dad? Have you got someone in that Bunker with you?

GORDON

Hmm, what? No, no...

He reaches down and pulls up and can of squirty cream and passes it to someone out of shot

The penny drops

ANGELA

Is that...?

GORDON shifts, uncomfortably

GORDON

... "crrrrrrrk"...

His screen goes black

DIANE

(Lifting her mask)

Just him and the cockroaches, eh?

ANGELA

Don't, Diane. God, that's made me feel quite bilious.

DIANE downs the rest of her drink

Silence

MARCUS

Right. Better go. Mr Henson's ass...

MARCUS, ANGELA & DIANE
(Subdued and slightly nauseous)
... won't wipe itself.

FADE TO BLACK.