

What a Park-laver

By

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EXT PARK DAY

A TEENAGE BOY: gangly, awkward and chuckling quietly to himself shuffles through the grassy park. His eyes are locked to a phone screen, his headphones are in and dim little noises emanate in tinny contrast to the wholesome park sounds- children playing, dogs happily woofing, frisbees whistling through the air.

His sagging posture is juxtaposed by his taut extended arm, which is being pulled by an eager dog- desperate for a poo amidst the succulent green foliage.

CLOSE UP OF PHONE SCREEN

A home-video style clip is playing on the phone screen: a blonde woman (GWEN), mid-20s, RED LIPSTICK etc- **not sure what you want to do here!**

CUT BACK TO BOY IN PARK

The teenage boy continues to chuckle at the video, unaware of the signs he keeps passing: 'Please clean up after your pet', 'if your dog poops, you scoop', 'no poop zone', 'maximum penalty £100'.

The boy slowly grinds to a halt, entranced by the video on the phone. His arm goes slack as the dog takes his long-awaited chance and squeezes out a fat turd at the base of a wooden sign which reads: 'PLEASE TAKE YOUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE' with a little picture of a dog pooping with a red cross through the middle.

The turd nestles glossily amidst the dandelions and daisies, and as the boy walks away with his dog- unaware of the atrocity just committed- a young couple enters the shot.

CHAD carries a kitsch picnic hamper and an even kitscher picnic rug slung casually over his shoulder. His date- ALISON follows him, carrying a small jelly on a plate.

Chad whimsically shakes out the picnic rug and obliviously lays it down on top of the TURD. The pair proceed to faff around, anally arranging their picnic as an excuse not to speak as both of them know that they're not compatible as a couple.

ALISON V.O

Those egg sandwiches don't look at all fresh.

CHAD V.O

Who brings jelly to a picnic?

The two of them quietly nibble on the picnic, each of them occasionally pausing to suspiciously sniff as the squashed turd smells begin to emanate more and more aggressively.

ALISON V.O

Oh my god- has he...?

CHAD V.O

Bet she thinks that's me...

ALISON V.O

Think I might be sick.

CHAD V.O

Could blame it on the egg sandwiches?

They hurriedly finish what remaining food they have on their paper plates, gagging slightly on the overwhelming aromas of the turd.

CHAD

Shall we?

ALISON

Yes. Please. But this was...nice.

CHAD

Sure.

The two briskly pack away the picnic, throwing the food into the basket with careless abandon. As they leave Chad throws the picnic blanket over his shoulder; the turd is smeared brown and lumpy across the underside of the blanket.

Chad and Alison disappear into the distance, leaving the jelly behind- forgotten and alone. It jiggles seductively in the warm July breeze, golden summer light playing on its magnificent curves.

A fuzzy BEE (BARBARA) lands on the jelly, and happily begins licking the sugary surface with her neat black tongue.

BARBARA

This is delicious, HIVE COME OVER AND TRY THIS!

A swarm of bees zooms over to the jelly, and they all begin happily eating it, occasionally uttering contented murmurs

and exclamations.

BEE #1

Wow, Barbara, this is amazing.

BEE #2

What a find.

BEE #3

Is that strawberry I can taste?

The bees feast is cut short when a humongous Nike clad foot is plunged into the jelly by an oblivious runner: GWEN. Gwen is very sweaty and physically exhausted as she is on a run for the first time in her life. She looks like a millennial who has been a trolley dash in JD Sports- yet is still wearing bright RED LIPSTICK.

The bees indignantly swarm around poor Gwen's sweaty face, angrily stinging her wherever they can whilst shouting profanities such as 'you moron bitch', 'get lost bee-hater' and 'look what you made us do!' etc. In the commotion, Gwen's iPhone flies out of her pocket as she desperately tries to bat away the pesky bees.

Gwen's face begins to swell with red, angry welts. Her eyes seal together into little slits and passers-by point and gasp with disgust. She cries in anguish and runs madly away from the jelly and the furious bees, who follow her as a raging black cloud across the park.

PAN TO PHONE LYING ON GRASS

The phone lies on the grass. Its screen glinting blackly in the sun. The sound of soft footsteps and wet panting approaches and a shiny nose sniffs at the screen before being batted away by a hand.

The TEENAGE BOY picks the phone up and turns it on. The screen lights up onto the lock page and he quickly unlocks it (no password). He flicks through the app pages and briefly through contacts and messages before opening up the photo folder.

The first thumbnail is of Gwen- **gives an indication to the video he is about to watch/video you see him watching in the first scene.** He chuckles greedily and slips his headphones into Gwen's phone, before continuing being pulled lazily through the park by his dog.

