

LIVING WITH MOTHER

EXCORCISM

By

Alexander Kirk

SCENE 1

ATMOS: INT - OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

F/X: EMBARRASSING BODIES IS ON TV

ALLISON: *(coming into the room)* Owen.....Owen.....Owen!

F/X TV SWITCHED OFF

OWEN: I was watching that.

ALLISON: Well you should answer me then. You best get down to see Dr
Edwards hadn't you.

OWEN: There's no rush.

ALLISON: Come on. Lying there like a ham salad; get up!

OWEN: There's nothing wrong with me. I haven't been to the doctors
since I crashed my peddle car.

ALLISON: That was last summer.

OWEN: It was for Sport Relief.

ALLISON: You're supposed to run a mile or something not peddle down Dundas Street in a toy car.

OWEN: We raised fifty pounds.

ALLISON: And how much did you spend on the cars?

OWEN: That's not the point.

ALLISON: How much?

OWEN: Fifty pounds.

ALLISON: I rest my case.

OWEN: Well David wanted a fire engine so.....

ALLISON: Honestly, that David needs putting down.

OWEN: Mum!

ALLISON: Well. You know what I mean. The boy's a fool. I say 'boy', he's the same age as you. Why you still knock about with him I have no idea.

OWEN: I've known him since junior school.

ALLISON: Oh yes I forgot he actually went to school. Anyway the point is that I have made you an appointment to see Dr Edwards.

OWEN: There's nothing wrong with me.

ALLISON: Owen, you have turned forty so you're going to have everything checked out. You are in the danger zone my lad.

OWEN: We live in a cul-de-sac. It's hardly Helmand province is it.

ALLISON: Don't get clever. You know what I mean. Diabetes, high blood pressure, and you should be checking your testicles for lumps.

OWEN: Mum!

ALLISON: What?

OWEN: Don't talk about my bits.

ALLISON: Well, it's important. One aspirin a day and check your testicles for lumps. It was in the Sunday supplement. Eamon Holmes does it.

OWEN: It just feels weird.

ALLISON: Lumpy weird?

OWEN: No....

ALLISON: Left or right?

OWEN: No, I mean talking about my bits. It's weird.

ALLISON: You're the one lying there watching Embarrassing Bodies not me.

OWEN: It's funny.

ALLISON: Amazes me how these people are perfectly happy to bare all on television and yet they're too embarrassed to go and see their own doctor.

OWEN: It's brilliant is what it is. Whoever thought of it is a bloody genius.

ALLISON: Hey mind your lip and get gone will you. You've got half an hour before the surgery shuts.

OWEN: (*Muttering*) Don't know why I have to go to the doctors. Nothing wrong with me.....

SCENE 2

ATMOS: INT – HALLWAY - DAY

F/X: LETTERBOX FLAPS. LETTERS FALL ONTO THE MAT

ALLISON: Let's have a look. Here we are. Now, I *have* to open it or he'll just lie and pretend he's in fine fettle. He'll tell me there's nothing to worry about and he's passed all the tests.

F/X: OPENING LETTER

Here we are then. The results. So..... Blood pressure: high. Cholesterol: high. Weight: Dear Lord.... Obese. Not that this comes as any surprise. I mean you wouldn't think he was my son to look at him would you. Here's me, an ex three county sprint champion and here's my son; a big fat forty year old sitting in an office all day and lying on the settee all night. He doesn't even walk to work. The bus stops right outside our house and he has a two minute walk the other end. And the rubbish he eats. Doesn't bear thinking about. Why I let him cook for himself I do not know. I say cook. He has more ready meals than a spaceman. I've given up on him moving out I really have. I think he'll be here until he keels over....which won't be too long the rate he's going. I blame his father. We used to run a pub in the old town and he got addicted to what was behind the bar. Not the booze no....Crisps. He ate a bag on the hour, every hour. Addicted; but he wasn't a fat feller no. Hefting them barrels of Skol down into the cellar and stacking boxes of crisps up to the ceiling. I think he ate more than we sold though. But no one said crisps were bad for you in those days did they. I'd enjoy a bag with him sometimes. Cuddled up in the snug after closing time when the drunks had all staggered off home..... Little Owen was conceived in a heady aroma of prawn cocktail and smoky bacon..... Maybe eating junk food is in his genes or something

What am I talking about? He's just a greedy pig and I let him get away with it. Time I whipped the boy into shape. It's a simple solution. Eat properly and exercise. No need for any silly diets with daft names. Just four little words.

SCENE 3

ATMOS: **INT – LIVING ROOM - DAY**

ALLISON: Walk more, eat less!

OWEN: What?

ALLISON: Four little words. Walk more, eat less.

OWEN: And?

ALLISON: Basically stop stuffing your cake hole with rubbish and exercise more. It's as simple as that.

OWEN: Load of nonsense is what that is.

ALLISON: You have been tested Owen. You have been tested and you have been found wanting. Do you want to die before you reach fifty?

OWEN: Not bothered.

ALLISON: Oh don't talk soft. You need to take a leaf out of my book. I am the same dress size today as I was as a teenager. And do you know what I put that down to?

OWEN: I dunno.....magic.

ALLISON: Regular exercise and eating sensibly.

OWEN: I eat sensibly.

ALLISON: Get away. What have you brought home for your tea tonight?

OWEN: Nothing much.

ALLISON: Let's have a look then?

OWEN: No.

ALLISON: Give me that bag. Right let's see.

F/X: RUMMAGING IN PLASTIC BAG

ALLISON: Oh! Exhibit A: One Pork and Pickle pie. Exhibit B: Four frozen chicken curries.

OWEN: Healthy Options ones!

ALLISON: And two bags of crisps and a biscuit and raisin Yorkie!

OWEN: That's me pudding!

ALLISON: Right! Watch this.

OWEN: What?

ALLISON: It's going in the bin.

OWEN: No!

ALLISON: And we're going through your cupboard and chucking out all them super noodles. You eat what I eat from now on.

OWEN: Rabbit food!

ALLISON: Broccoli, sweet potatoes and chicken tonight. Steamed.

OWEN: I have to have a pudding!

ALLISON: Grapes.

OWEN: Hell!

ALLISON: And Uncle Bernard's coming for dinner tonight.

OWEN: Uncle Bernard.

ALLISON: He's very kindly offered to put a double socket in the conservatory.

OWEN: I bet he has!

ALLISON: Hey, mind your lip!

OWEN: Argggghhhhhhhh!

ALLISON: I do not believe you just did that.

SCENE 4

ATMOS: EXT – FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

OWEN: It's bloody cold out here. Let's have a look.

F/X: BIN LID GOING UP. RUMAGING

Ah there you are.

F/X: OPENS CRISPS AND EATS

Mmm that's better. Mmmm, Cheese and Onion. Original and best. Oh I thought I was going to be sick after eating that dinner. That broccoli is like a giant weed staring up at you from your plate. And Sweet Potato? Nothing sweet about it is there. It's bloody well orange for a start. Oh, I feel like a prisoner of war here. Creeping out to rummage in the bins while the Commandant is inside entertaining Uncle bloody Bernard! ...Where's that Yorkie?.....I bet they're scoffing it in there right now; raising a glass of my Vimto to Herr bloody Hitler.... These curries are still frozen. Suppose I could warm them up on the radiator.....No that's disgusting. Where's me phone?

F/X: DIALING NUMBER

Hello.....David.....Yes I know it's late.....Well half eight. Not late is it? What you doing?.....Oh yeah he's well sad. Fast forward to the bit when he takes his pants

down.....yeah....and the look on Doctor Pixie's face. She nearly pukes! Hahahahahah.....Hey mate listen I need a favour. Hitler's inside and I can't use the microwave..... Oh I'll explain later....yeah. Look I just need you to bring me some food over.....Anything...anything. Whack it in the microwave. I'm starving here!You can watch it later.....Well pause it you idiot!.....Honestly!.....Yeah see you in a min....bye.

F/X: **END CALL NOISE**

I know he's my best friend and everything but I sometimes wonder. I really do. How he hasn't been sacked I have no idea. He works at M&S demonstrating the vegetables or something.....I feel sorry for him though. He's your typical idiot. Six foot eight and could probably kill you with one swipe of his paw but literally doesn't know what day it is. Every Friday I have to tell him not to go to work the next day. Still we've always been friends. Like a brother he is....A massive idiot brother.....

F/X: **MORE RUMAGING**

Nah that Yorkie's history. Unless it's slipped down the side.....Errrgh I think I just put me hand in something horrible.....What am I doing? A fat forty year old going

through his bins looking for a Yorkie. 'That it should come to this'What's that from?.....Some Shakespeare shite.

F/X: **FRONT DOOR OPENS**

ALLISON: I knew it was you!

OWEN: Just ermmmm...emptying the shredder. Shredder needed emptying.....

ALLISON: Going through the bins like a tramp, I never thought I'd see that. My own son going through the bins.

F/X: **MOPED PULLS UP**

ALLISON: Who's this?

OWEN: Ermmmmm.....

ALLISON: Is that David? What's that he's doing?

OWEN: Ermmmm....Hi David! Surprise visit hey? I'm not coming out though!....busy!....shredding!

ALLISON: Is that a cake in his lap?

OWEN: I'm busy David! Abort mission! Abort Mission! Go home you moron!

F/X: **MOPED SPEEDS OFF**

ALLISON: Right get indoors! As soon as you get home from work tomorrow the exercise begins!

OWEN: Exercise?

ALLISON: We are going for a bike ride.

OWEN: Oh no.....

ALLISON: Oh yes. Now come in and leave that bin alone.

OWEN: Ya bloody vol!

ALLISON: You what?

OWEN: Nothing.....

SCENE 5

ATMOS: INT – HALLWAY - DAY

F/X: FRONT DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

OWEN: I'm home!

ALLISON: (*Coming through*) Brilliant! We've still got an hour before dark. So get changed.

OWEN: What you wearing?

ALLISON: This is my cycling attire. Lycra/Gortex mix for least wind resistance and maximum thermal retention. I'll give you a twirl.

OWEN: You look twenty two from the back and eighty two from the front.

ALLISON: Oh that's nice that is. And what the hell do you look like?

OWEN: What?

ALLISON: Well take a look at yourself!

OWEN: Nothing wrong with me.

ALLISON: You're fat!

OWEN: I'm not fat! I'm large!

ALLISON: A big fat monster who lives with his mother at forty years of age that's what. Face it son, you're obese!

OWEN: I'm not!

ALLISON: Obese!

OWEN: Arrrrggghhhh!

F/X: STOMPING UPSTAIRS

F/X: DOOR SLAMS

F/X: DOOR OPENS

F/X: STOMPING DOWNSTAIRS

OWEN: I can't help it! It's me glands, it's me glands!

ALLISON: Oh give over. It's the pies, it's the pies!...silly boy.

OWEN: Yeah well guess what? I know Uncle Bernard isn't my Uncle.
He's your bit on the side.

ALLISON: Bit on the side?

OWEN: Yes, bit on the side. And what about dad?

ALLISON : He's been dead for twenty years!

OWEN: (*crying*) I know he has.

ALLISON: Oh look I'm sorry I called you fat Owen.

OWEN: And I'm sorry I said you looked eighty two.

ALLISON: That's alright.

OWEN: I don't want to die before I'm fifty mum.

ALLISON: I know you don't. I'm just trying to help.

OWEN: I'll do the bike ride with you Mum. I'll exercise and I'll eat the
right food with you. I'll do everything you say Mum. I will.

ALLISON: Weekend tomorrow son. We'll start first thing yeah?

OWEN: Yeah.

SCENE 6

ATMOS: EXT – PATH - DAY

F/X: TWO BICYCLES GOING SLOWLY

ALLISON: That's it you're doing fine. Come on.

OWEN: How much further?

ALLISON: All the way to the front gate. Come on now.

OWEN: I'm knackered!

ALLISON: Don't be silly.

F/X: BIKE STOPS AND CLATTERS AGAINST POST

OWEN: There. Just lean on the gate post a mo. Get my breath back.
Not been on a bike for while that's all. Just getting used to the
balance and that.

ALLISON: Course..... We can do five miles easy tonight.

OWEN: Five miles?

ALLISON: Yes. Let's get on with it. Along side me...and.....go.

F/X: TWO BICYCLES SETTING OFF AND CYCLING

ALLISON: There you go. Brilliant son.

OWEN: How far is five miles?

ALLISON: Just down to Holyrood and back.

OWEN: Oh right.....Ah not too bad I suppose. Okay once you get going isn't it.

ALLISON: You're doing really well. Proud of you.

OWEN: Think I'm getting the hang of it now.

ALLISON: That's the spirit son. And you'll have them stabilisers off in no time.

SCENE 7

ATMOS: INT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ALLISON: He did really well. We didn't quite make five miles and we had to walk up the hills but it was a start. My, he did suffer on Sunday though. Said his legs wouldn't work and spent the whole day in bed poor lad. Still, he's promised to come with me every Saturday from now on. I think we're turning a corner I really do. And to help him on his way Uncle Bernard has volunteered to help with a little plan I've got up my sleeve. I read it about in the Sunday Supplement.

F/X: FRONT DOOR OPENS

OWEN: Home!

ALLISON: I'm in the lounge love.

OWEN: Is that Uncle Bernard's van outside?

ALLISON: Yes he's got a new one. Nissan Predator I think it is....or Terminator something like that.

OWEN: No it's a Warrior. Mitsubishi.

ALLISON: Oh right. Well maybe he'll let you borrow it.

OWEN: Really?

ALLISON: Sure. Soon as you pass your test.

OWEN: Always a catch.

ALLISON: What did you have for lunch?

OWEN: Ermmmm.

ALLISON: Oh you didn't go to that Nando's cafe did you?

OWEN: No, I didn't no. I went and got a wrap like you said. Just trying to remember the name of the one I had.

ALLISON: Not cheese I hope. Full of saturated fat is cheese.

OWEN: No it was, ah I remember, Chicken, Spinach and Mozzarella.

ALLISON: Oh Mozzarella is cheese you daft apeth!

OWEN: Oh. Well the chicken was good right? And spinach is a vegetable isn't it. And I didn't have any chips on the way back to the office.

ALLISON: Right well....okay.

OWEN: I'm starving now.

ALLISON: Hey, I've got a surprise for you.

OWEN: Chips for tea?

ALLISON: I'm having the tv in your bedroom upgraded.

OWEN: What do you mean, upgraded?

ALLISON: So it works on pedal power.

OWEN: Very funny.

ALLISON: As long as you pedal you can watch what you like.

OWEN: You're not joking are you.

ALLISON: No.

OWEN: You can't do that.

ALLISON: No but Uncle Bernard can. He's up there right now wiring it up.

OWEN: I am literally speechless mother.

ALLISON: Well, you have Uncle Bernard to thank for that. We're having a nice stir fry tonight with brown rice. And for pudding.....
Mango slices. What do you think?

OWEN: Brilliant.

SCENE 8

ATMOS: **INT – OWEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

OWEN: Bloody bike powered tele? Look at it. Takes up half me bloody bedroom. Still, they won't beat me. I'll have that bike wheel spinning so fast it will power all the teles in the street.

F/X: **OPENS WINDON**

(Loud whisper) David! Oh you're up on the porch already. Well done. Brilliant. Now get hold of the drainpipe and climb in.

F/X: **DAVID CLIMBING IN**

Great now there's the bike I told you about yeah?

DAVID: *(too loud)* Bike.

OWEN: Shhhhh! Keep your voice down will you. On you get.

Oh, hang on a minute. You hungry?

DAVID: (Too loud) Yeah!

OWEN: David. Shhhhhh!

F/X: DIALING NUMBER

Right here we go.....Hello Mr Wong? Yes, fine thanks. How
you ?.... Brilliant thanks. Hey listen can you do a delivery to my
house?.....Yes but don't knock on the door. I'll lower a
basket down from my window.Yes just like at Christmas.
Yes Ninja style. Great, great.....Oh yeah, I'll have set
menu A for five please.....yes and prawn crackers. Excellent.
See you in a bit.

F/X: END CALL NOISE

Right and off you go old pal.

F/X: BIKE STARTS GOING AND TV COMES ON

That's it! Oh, brilliant David!.... Have to give Uncle Bernard
credit. It does actually work. Right keep pedalling David.

F/X: TV CHANGES CHANNELS TO EMBARRASSING BODIES

Here we go, our favourite. Genius. Absolutely bloody
genius.

CREDITS