

SMOOTH APPARATUS

by

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SCENE 1

KITCHEN: MORNING. SARAH IS CHOPPING
VEGETABLES WITH SOME FORCE.

DAVE: Hiiii.

SARAH: You're up, are you?

DAVE: Time is it?

SARAH: Eleven. Quite early when you've been up all night
worrying.

DAVE: Sorry.

SARAH: No, perfectly reasonable behaviour

F/X: KNIFE ON CHOPPING BOARD - CHOP

coming in at five in the morning

F/X: KNIFE ON CHOPPING BOARD - CHOP

no phonecall no nothing

(SARAH/CONT'D OVER)

F/X: KNIFE ON CHOPPING BOARD - CHOP

don't know why I didn't

F/X: KNIFE ON CHOPPING BOARD - CHOP

do it myself.

F/X: KNIFE ON CHOPPING BOARD – CHOP CHOP

CHOP

DAVE: I lost my mobile, I told you.

SARAH: It's a *metropolis*, there's phone boxes.

DAVE: I was in Camden, they're all- I'm sorry, Sair, I was
really drunk.

SARAH: Yeah well.

F/X: KNIFE ON CHOPPING BOARD – CHOP CHOP

CHOP CHOP

DAVE: What you doing?

SARAH: Making my wake-up juice.

DAVE: Oh god, I'm sorry, OK, please don't make juice.

SARAH: Why shouldn't I, I need waking up.

DAVE: The noise it- Don't you want to stop that for a minute
and go sit down?

SARAH: No.

DAVE: On the sofa, you know, away from all the knives.

SARAH: Nope.

F/X: KNIFE ON CHOPPING BOARD – CHOP CHOP
CHOP

DAVE: Urgggh.

SARAH: Your own fault.

DAVE: I know. Where's the paracetamol?

SARAH: Cupboard over the sink.

F/X: HE OPENS THE CUPBOARD.

Did you even think about me?

DAVE: Where in the cupboard?

SARAH: There.

DAVE: Where?

SARAH: There, look, behind the cocktail shaker. Look at you, shaking. You don't think at all, do you?

F/X: PILLS BEING POPPED OUT OF BLISTER

PACK. DAVE FILLS GLASS WITH WATER.

DAVE: I was drunk.

SARAH: You make it sound like a surprise, like someone forced you to drink fifteen pints of-

DAVE: No, please don't turn that on-

SARAH: You're an *arsehole*.

DAVE: Don't no please-

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZZ

Aaagh god.

SARAH: Did you? Did you think about me at all all night?

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

DAVE: Course I did.

SARAH: Liar.

DAVE: Please, give me half an hour to-

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

SARAH: Why didn't you call?

DAVE: Thought you'd be asleep.

SARAH: How could I possibly be asleep when you-

F/X: _____ JUICER SOUND -
_____ WHZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

And what were you doing till five in the morning anyway?

DAVE: Just went to the pub.

SARAH: Which one?

DAVE: King's Head.

(DAVE/CONT'D OVER)

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

DAVE (CONT'D): Ow! Ow!

SARAH: King's Head shuts at half eleven.

DAVE: OK, we went to a club after.

SARAH: And then?

DAVE: Couldn't find a taxi I walked home.

SARAH: On your own?

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

DAVE: Yes - *aaagh* yes. Took me two hours.

SARAH: Where were the others?

DAVE: Stevo cat-flapped at half-ten cause of football in the morning and Gary pulled in the club so he was going off with this girl.

SARAH: Did you pull in the club?

DAVE: No.

SARAH: Sure?

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

DAVE: Yes! Yes, sure. Definitely.

SARAH: Drugs?

DAVE: Hard or soft?

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

No. Course not - no drugs.

SARAH: Great. There we go. Nice looking juice.

DAVE: Sair?

SARAH: Yes, love.

DAVE: What's that in there?

SARAH: In where?

DAVE: There in the juicer.

SARAH: Couple of carrots, an apple, few sticks of celery.

DAVE: No, there – purple bits.

SARAH: Oh that. Yeah, that's the pile of twenty quid notes I found in your wallet.

DAVE: What?

SARAH: OK, used to be.

DAVE: No. Sarah! There was a hundred in there!

SARAH: Was there?

DAVE: You juiced my money?

SARAH: Yeah, sorry. I was just grabbing for the piece of paper and the money kind of got caught up in my hand-

DAVE: What piece of paper?

SARAH: Dunno, someone called Jessica. Some bint called Jessica with a phone number.

DAVE: Who?

SARAH: I don't know, Dave, it was in your wallet. (BEAT) Was she sexy did she have a nice arse?

(SARAH/CONT'D OVER)

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

SARAH (CONT'D): Did you screw her in the car park like we did? Did she

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

when she

F/X: JUICER SOUND - WHZZZZZZZZ

DAVE: I didn't 'screw' anyone I know I didn't.

SARAH: Whatever.

F/X: SHE POURS THE JUICE INTO A GLASS

Here. Drink this and you're forgiven.

DAVE: Sair-

SARAH: Drink it. Then we can go back to bed.

DAVE: (SIGHS) OK.

F/X: DAVE DRINKS THE JUICE

Ugh.

SARAH: All of it.

F/X: DAVE DRINKS THE REST OF IT

There you go. Alright?

DAVE: Ugh, god. I think I'm going to be-

F/X: DAVE CRASHES OUT OF THE KITCHEN

(V.O – RETREATING) Think I'm going to be sick.

SARAH: Should feel quite nice coming back up. Proper smoothie.

END.