PAUL

By Ian Watson

Suzanne is a Geordie princess in the mold of Cheryl Cole with a dash of Victoria Beckham and a TOWIE girl. She is super fussy. She has her nails done twice a week and spends her afternoons in the gym but has never sweated in her life.

She married some poor rich bloke (PAUL) a year ago but is now about to leave him because he crossed a line in the bedroom that she cannot forgive.

She is LIVID!

INT: POSH FLAT: DAY

A young woman (SUZANNE) is sitting with a packed bag at her side. She talks directly into the camera. It is clearly a phone camera.

SUZANNE

Paul, I’m leaving you.

I know that sounds a bit harsh but I’ve been wracking my brains all morning thinking of a way to-

(LOOKS AT WATCH, SURPRISED)

Well its more like half an hour- but it seems longer when you’re under stress- and my mam rang actually so it’s probably more like…. Anyway, it doesn’t matter because I shan’t be here to see your reaction so, there you are- I’m leaving you.

I wasn’t gonna leave a message at all but I noticed you’ve left your phone at home- again.

I’m sick of telling you- and then, when I call you and ‘who let the dogs out’ comes blurting from the back of the sofa it scares Mimi half to death! She’s in season Paul! That ‘Italian leather smell’ you were bragging to your manager about last week? You’ll find the patio smells the same. It’s not ‘tuscan oils’ it’s ‘incontinent bitch’…. Anyway…..

You know what this is about.

Last night will stay with me forever, which is why I can’t stay with you for a second longer… just the thought of it….

(STARTS TO RETCH AT THE THOUGHT)

The reason I have decided to leave you this message is because as I was packing this morning through the tears and the anger and the… I started getting flashbacks- little moments of horror, like I’d been in Vietnam, or, or a hen party, and I remember you saying something about… how did you put it?… I had never explicitly said that it wasn’t ‘on the menu’.

(LONG PAUSE- UTTER DISGUST)

I am not a Harvester, Paul.

In fact, to put it in your seedy little terms, if I were some kind of eating establishment I believe I’d be a fine dining restaurant somewhere in Paris. Pictures of celebrities on the walls, classical music- tiny portions [adjusts bra].

At least one Michelin star- maybe two… and the kind of very select ‘menu’ that DOES NOT include toad in the hole!

I have- as you know, a very… delicate relationship with my body Paul. I also have, as you also know, very specific rules regarding what goes in it and where. I don’t eat red meat, fried food, dairy, gluten, wheat- you’ll find more trans fats on a grape then in here (points to self)! So why on earth you thought someone who steams her own kelp would even consider… THAT, is beyond me.

Don’t get me wrong. I’m not stupid. I understand that some people are more comfortable with the less attractive areas of the human body but I’m not one of them. I haven’t been able to look your sister in the eye since they installed a bidet in the en suite- disgusting!

My mother thought you were gay. I don’t know if that comes as news to you or not but there it is.

She always said there was something not natural about you, said you were shifty. I stood up for you! ‘He’s just got busy eyes,’ I used to say! ‘That’s the way people walk these days Mum!’.

How wrong I was.

I should have seen it coming. When you started wanting the lights on alarm bells were ringing but I put it down to the first flushes of marriage. It’ll pass, I thought, it’s just coz we’re on honeymoon- soon as we get back home we can forget all about it. But no. Next thing you’re making noises-*saying things*! You know full well who my ‘Daddy’ is- I went to the trouble of booking him on your stag do so you could get to know each other!

And then we have last night, and your little ‘request’.

Bold as brass you were- like it was nothing, like you were asking if I fancied a macaroon!

I don’t care if all your friends are doing it- and I doubt that very much actually! Most of them seem like decent lads not perverts- big Dave didn’t even cop a cheeky peek when my boob fell out at the wedding and I would have expected that!

Nah… it’s a step too far Paul. I’m not an animal, not some wild uncivilized beast with no morals and no sense of self worth. I have standards! *I’m* not from Sunderland!

Maybes you should go there and find yourself a girl who’s willing to do that kind of thing because it’s not me and it never will be. I’m not a prude, I’m more than happy to do oral, and anal, but the SOCKS STAY ON!

(GETS UP TO LEAVE)

Why don’t you crawl back to your ex? She looks the type who’ll suck anything- I’m sure she’d be more than happy to be ‘toed’ in whichever hole you fancy! probably got atheletes lip!

Good bye Paul!

(PICKS UP BAG AND EXITS SHOT)

(O.C) Come on Mimi! Mimi!... No, it’s alright darlin’… good girl.

(BACK IN SHOT)

There’s some Tuscan oil on the landing- the mop’s under the stairs!

END