GARETH

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

TIA is on all fours, crawling around, looking for GARETH (a
Guinea pig)

She holds a whole cucumber, waving it around, seeing if the
smell will lure him out.

She's been looking after Gareth, whilst her best friend NEIL
was away.

He's come back early, deciding to surprise Tia - and to
collect his beloved Guinea pig, whom he's missed deeply.

                    TIA:
               (slightly flustered)
          Come onnnnn - don't do this to me.
          Gareth...Gareth!

She gets up to take a breather.

          Fuck-fuckety-fucker- shit!

She turns to find NEIL staring at her.

                    TIA: (CONT'D)
          FUC-

                    NEIL
          I know- sorry! Spontaneous flight
          back! Y'do know your door is wide
          open?

She doesn't. GARETH HAS LEFT THE BUILDING!

                    TIA:
          Yeh. Yeh. Was just getting some
          air. Bit hot.
               (she wafts the cucumber to
                "Cool" herself)
          I was just about to make a
          sandwhich.

                    NEIL
          You've not been giving Gareth
          cucumber have you?

She has. Every day.

                    TIA:
          No.

                    NEIL:
Thank the lord. He hates it. Put
t'kettle on and i'll go grab him-

                    TIA:
        (quite dramatic)
Noooooooooooo!
        (quickly recovering)
You'll be jet lagged. I'll drop him
off later.

                    NEIL:
I'm fine - i'll take him now. I
knew you'd bond with him-

                    TIA:
Gareth's gone.

                    NEIL:
What?

                    TIA:
Gareth's gone.

                    NEIL:
Well I got that much - where is he!

Fuck knows.

                    NEIL: (CONT'D)
You did this on purpose. Didn't
you? You've always hated him.

                    TIA:
Don't be so dramatic! He just kept
squeaking at me -

                    NEIL:
I told you not to listen to him!

                    TIA:
I was gonna sort it!

                    NEIL:
Replace him y'mean! Do you have any
idea what he's done for me?

                    TIA:
He's a guineapig.

                    NEIL:
        (slowly - so it really
         digs deep)
You cold hearted bitch.

                    TIA:
          Neil!

                    NEIL:
          Just call the police!

Neil rushes out the room – Tia instinctively giggles to
herself "he's joking"

Neil pops his head round the door and glares at her.

                    TIA:
          I'll call them now.

He disappears his desperate screams "Gareth" flood the living
room.

Tia catches herself in a mirror on the wall, cucumber still
in hand.

                    END.