

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

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

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()0.00000887 0 590.00000887 0 590.00000887 0 590.00000887 0 590.00

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 y/F1 12 Tf1 0 0 1 276.63 228.08 Tm0 g0 G[)]TJET@MC /Span /MCIC

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 prisone

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 ermhhh...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: Ermhhhhh.....

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

OWEN: Ermhhh....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:

ALLISON:

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 ea Tf1 0 0 1 169T@ETQ.00000887 0 595.25 84

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.

DAVID: (*Too loud*) Yeah!

OWEN: David. Shhhhhh!

F/X: DIALING NUMBER