

GOING VIRAL: Part 2

'At Your Disposal'

by

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CASTING NOTES:

Daria - same as in Part 1

Damien - can be Daria's older or younger brother, could change him to a sister, ideally living with a large dog (although we can tweak the script if not)

Gran - needs to be in the same house as Damien, can tweak the script to be Grandpa or Mum or Uncle, basically any older, interfering relative

INT. DARIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

A small, minimal and exceptionally tidy flat. Daria (controlled, contained) is making a Zoom call, waiting for the other person to join. She's biting on her bottom lip, picking at her nails, nervous.

INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Damien (warm and chaotic) is slouched on a messy sofa, can of cider on his knee, large dog curled up next to him. The room is dark, only the screen illuminates his face.

Damien pops up on the screen with Daria and starts to talk, but we can't hear him.

DARIA

I can't hear you. Unmute yourself.

Damien's face says 'Doh!', he clicks on the screen.

DAMIEN

Can you hear me now? You alright?
Sounded urgent.

DARIA

Yeah, good, good. (She isn't)

DAMIEN

How's life with Miami treating
you?

DARIA

She's been doing my head in... but
it's all sorted now. I was just
wondering - I thought maybe - well
I've got this... thing -

DAMIEN

Oh no - not a THING!

DARIA

Don't start. It's just - how's
Humphrey doing?

Damien ruffles Humphrey's ears, quizzical.

DARIA

I've got this mate, gave me a load
of cheap meat. Too much for me -
us. You interested?

DAMIEN

Ha, nah, I've got this new vegan dog food, do bulk deliveries. You can keep your slaughterhouse fodder, thanks.

DARIA

You're such a bloody hippy. He's a dog! And it's free meat, no strings.

DAMIEN

Why? Is it off the back of a van? You know I can't go near anything dodgy. Besides, Humph could end up eating his brother's great grandchild for all we know! Gives me the heebies. (Swigs can)

DARIA

Fine. (It's not fine) It's just... it's a whole carcass and I need to... portion it. Any chance I can borrow that cordless jigsaw Kevin gave you for Christmas?

DAMIEN

Full carcass? Bit of a weird gift. Doesn't Miami have a chihuahua you can feed it to?

DARIA

That scratty accessory can't handle real meat. No, I need to get rid. Now. Or things are going to get... messy. You going to help or not?

DAMIEN

I mean, I can ask around at work?

DARIA

Noooo! Don't do that!

DAMIEN

Loads of them have got pets. And there's the canine team too -

DARIA

Just forget it. I'll sort it out myself.

DAMIEN

(Starting to suspect) What you getting aggy for?

DARIA

(Pause) I needed help, and you're the only one I can trust.

DAMIEN

What's trust got to do with it?

DARIA

(Getting flustered) I tried going to the park to dump her - it, but there's people everywhere! All those fitness freaks from the gym, infesting every open space - even at night. Tried driving around, looking for somewhere quiet - got stopped and fined. Four times! Costing me a fortune. I just need to get rid -

DAMIEN

Whoa whoa whoa!

He leans forward, puts the can down.

DAMIEN

Did you just say 'her'?

The light suddenly turns on in Damien's room, he squints.
GRAN (fussy meddler) appears on Damien's feed.

GRAN

Why are you sitting in the dark?
(seeing the screen) Oooh hello
Daria love!

DARIA

(Oh shit) Hi Gran.

GRAN

You look awful. Hope you're eating properly.

DAMIEN

(To Gran) Don't mean to be rude but, bit of a y'know, personal...

GRAN

Ohhh, I got you. Affairs of the heart. Say no more. When I was young, oooh the trouble I got into. There was this one lad, Simon was it? Cedric? Anyway, his father was dead against - / (us seeing each other...)

DAMIEN
(Gesturing at the laptop) Gran...

GRAN
OK, OK. Call me later, Daria
love.

DARIA
Will do. Bye.

Gran leaves the room.

DARIA
Thank you. For not saying
anything.

DAMIEN
(Serious, tired) Shut up and talk.

DARIA
The meat. It's Miami.

A tense silence. Then Damien's video feed cuts out,
revealing his embarrassing laddy profile picture.

DARIA
Shit! No! Damien? Can you hear me?
You still there? Shit shit shit!

DAMIEN
(bzzt)What, can't y- (bzzt) Hello?
Is that

DARIA
You've gone all Dalek. Can you
hear me?

Damien's feed returns.

DAMIEN
Is that better?

DARIA
Yeah, you're back now.

An awkward silence, then:

DARIA
Look, I didn't plan it OK. I just
flipped. You have NO idea what
it's been like. I managed to get
her into the boot of my car, but
it's been three days. Three WARM
days.

DAMIEN

Jesus Daria. I thought you'd knocked this crap on the head. You know I think meat is murder, and guess what - this really is! And my job. I'm a sergeant - I'm meant to be helping people.

DARIA

Don't pull that holier than thou crap with me. I've done the world a massive favour by getting rid of that carbon-burning personality vacuum. The air miles alone...

DAMIEN

Don't even TRY to justify this. You've gone too far.

DARIA

Come on then. Arrest me.

DAMIEN

(Visibly enraged, but trying to keep his voice quiet) You know I can't. It'd kill Gran.

DARIA

So help me then. Help me make it all go away. Please.

DAMIEN

(Trying to calm down) Why don't you just... y'know... (whispering) Eat her?

DARIA

(An 'ew, gross' face) She slavers - slavered - her whole body in this toxic petrochemical nonsense. Perfumed. Makes me retch just to think about it. I just need somewhere to take her - it. If you bring the jigsaw we can get her into manageable chunks...

DAMIEN

Jesus! Haven't you already got the... tools?

DARIA

We had a row. She threw out my cleaver. Long story. Honestly, you have NO idea what it's been like.

DAMIEN

So order a new one.

DARIA

Amazon delivery of a meat cleaver and a tarpaulin? That won't look at all suspicious when your mates start investigating. Plus delivery delays. Nightmare.

DAMIEN

Where are we even going to do this? Don't even think of bringing her here! (He takes a swig from his can - it's empty.) Christ I need a drink.

DARIA

You genius, that's it! Pubs are closed - the car park will be totally deserted. I'll bring Mi-, the carcass, you bring the saw. Do you keep body bags at the station?

DAMIEN

(Annoyed) Of course. Why?

DARIA

Damien, you really are the best brother ever. Meet you at Hare and Hounds in an hour.

DAMIEN

Whoa - hang on!

But Daria's hung up, her video screen disappearing, leaving Damien staring at his own strained face.

GRAN

(Off screen) Cup of tea love?

DAMIEN

(Weary) No ta Gran. Got to pop out.

He ends the call.

BLACKOUT