

**At Eleven Every Thursday**

INT. A RURAL IRISH COTTAGE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

This living room hasn't seen a lick of paint in decades. A clock tick-tocks on the mantelpiece.

PAULINE 50s, matronly, a woman that's seen better days, enters and lays a tray on a coffee table. On it are two China tea cups and a pot of tea, a jug of milk and a cup of sugar. This is a practised routine.

The doorbell rings. She goes out to answer it.

On the coffee table rests a recently-read ruffled newspaper.

PAULINE (O.S.)

How are you?

BERYL (O.S.)

Oh stop wait till I tell ya I have  
this psoriasis

Sound of door slamming. Footsteps.

PAULINE re-enters the room, followed by her sister BERYL 50s, died blond hair, an attempt to look younger. They look alike.

BERYL (CONT'D)

(As she sits)

Its this reddening of the skin.

PAULINE

Oh right.

BERYL sits on a well used floral print couch. PAULINE pours tea. She puts milk and two sugar in BERYLS tea and hands it to her. She already know how she takes it. She pours her own cup and sits down on a chair.

BERYL

(Rubbing her thigh)

On the lower inside leg and it's  
flaky and a tad itchy.

PAULINE

So it's a like a rash.

BERYL

Well a a skin irritation.

PAULINE

A skin rash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERYL  
A skin rash. Well. I suppose.

They sup their tea. China cups rattle as they are replaced on saucers.

BERYL (CONT'D)  
Doctor Regan gave me steroid cream for it.

PAULINE  
I hear his sister passed on.

BERYL  
Oh she did. And Ted Murphy is after passing on too.

PAULINE  
And Mick Stokes.

BERYL  
And Verity Brady.

PAULINE  
And Josie Tormey.

BERYL  
And Maura Eustace.

PAULINE  
Oh I was at the removal.

BERYL  
On Monday?

She nods.

PAULINE  
Oh so was I.

BERYL  
Oh. I must a been at the one on the Sunday then. Ted Murphy's.

PAULINE  
Oh missed that one.

BERYL  
Oh it was nice.

They sup their teas. BERYL glances at the ruffled newspaper.

BERYL (CONT'D)  
(While looking at the paper)  
Did you hear about that fire in Moate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAULINE

In the paper? Oh I did. That was awful. Shocking. The whole lot of them burnt in their beds.

BERYL

I heard the dog too.

PAULINE

Oh didn't hear that. Terrible.

BERYL

Terrible.

They sup their teas. PAULINE'S eyes wander around the room. BERYL follows her gaze, waiting for an opportunity to speak, for something to say something about. PAULINE rests them on the curtains, squints.

BERYL (CONT'D)

Did you do something to them curtains?

PAULINE

No. No. Dusty though.

BERYL

I hear the Febreze is great.

PAULINE

Oh?

BERYL

Ya. Great stuff. They have it...

PAULINE

Down in Tesco's?

BERYL

In Tesco's. Isn't it great.

PAULINE

Oh tis.

Silence, sorely punctuated by the tick-tock of a mantelpiece clock.

BERYL

Is that clock fast?

PAULINE

No, don't think so.

BERYL

Mum and Dads wedding gift was that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAULINE

It was.

BERYL

Always thought is was lovely.

PAULINE

It is.

BERYL takes a sup from her tea.

BERYL

And she left it to you.

PAULINE

She did.

BERYL

Ah well.

PAULINE

Ah well.

Neither of them have anything else to say. PAULINE takes a sup from her tea, draining the cup. She replaces it on the tray.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Well.

BERYL drains her cup and replaces it on the tray. PAULINE stands and steps towards the door.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

So?

BERYL

I might not come next week.

PAULINE looks at her. Relief or disappointment?

BERYL (CONT'D)

I've to see Doctor Regan. About the...

PAULINE

The rash?

BERYL

The psoriasis ya. The itching does be something fierce.

PAULINE

Ah well.

They leave the room. Sound of the front door opening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BERYL (O.S.)

Bye so.

PAULINE

Bye so.

Sound of door closing. PAULINE re-enters the room and slouches onto the sofa, exhaling deeply, rubbing her eyes.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

God. Skin rash. Fuck sake.

She puffs out her cheeks, shakes her head.