

Pale With Envy

by  
Shameless Films

19/09/04  
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INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Brian is sitting at his computer. We hear a BING as his email arrives. We hear the PHONE RINGING. He is a very busy man.

He opens his email.

The email reads:

Dear Brian,

How are you doing with todays task?

BRIAN  
Oh, for God's sake...

The PHONE RINGS again. Then his MOBILE PHONE RINGS. Then the DOORBELL RINGS.

He angrily picks up his mobile.

BRIAN (cont'd)  
I'm doing it, alright?

He moves to leave, pulling on his coat.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brian is walking down a street. On the opposite side we notice a woman being bundled into a car at gunpoint.

We hear Brian's internal monologue.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
She's got nice shoes. If I had shoes that colour, my Mum would respect me.

The bundling runs its course as Brian wanders off and we

CUT TO:

EXT STREET - DAY

Brian is walking still and his mobile phone begins to ring. He answers it in a strop.

BRIAN  
Look! I'm doing it! I said I would do it and I'm doing it, alright!

As he speaks we see a car screech past in the background in pursuit of another car, engines roaring.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Brain wanders. In the background we see someone being eaten by zombies. The victim is carrying a SHOULDER BAG.

ZOMBIE #1

Rrrraaagh.

ZOMBIE #2

Brains.

BRIAN (V.O.)

That's a really good bag. I wish I had a bag like that. I could keep lots of brilliant things in it and the girl in the supermarket would smile at me again. Or once even.

The scoffing continues. Brian wanders. We

CUT TO:

EXT. OTHER STREET - DAY

Brian walks and is talking on his phone.

BRIAN

It's going all right so far. Yes, I know he's under a lot of pressure but... I know.... I know.... I'm trying....

He walks off. In the back ground a man teleports in, looks round and teleports out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

We join a police pursuit. Man in leather jacket, shirt and tie chasing a be-hoodied scumbag, knocking into bin bags and all that palaver.

POLICE

Stop! Police!

They pelt past Brian.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Why don't I have a jacket like  
that? I'd look like a movie star  
in that jacket and they wouldn't  
push me around anymore. Not the  
Thomases at number ten or the  
Philips or their stupid cocker  
spaniel.

The hoodied crim stabs the policeman as Brian wanders past:

BRIAN (cont'd)  
Bastards.

CUT TO:

CAPTION: MONDAY

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Brian is sat at his computer looking a bit fed up.

We hear the pling indicating a new email has arrived.  
Sighing Brian opens the mail.

It reads:

Re: Gluttony.

Brian, Well done on yesterdays task. Not bad all in all but  
I think there is room for improvement. Think out of the box  
a little bit, Brian. Stretch yourself!

Best regards,

Your friend,

God (The Father, the Son, inc. The holy ghost).

Brian wipes his face and sighs.

BRIAN  
Twat.

A small electric bolt snakes from the monitor and hits  
Brian in the forehead.

BRIAN (cont'd)  
Sorry.

There is a massive cake next to the computer. Brian pushes  
his face into it and begins to scoff.

The PHONE RINGS.

Brian answers between gulps.

BRIAN (cont'd)  
I'm doing it, all right?

BLACK. ROLL CREDITS.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Fade back up on the two zombies, one of whom is carrying a nice bag.

The following dialogue could be subtitled.

ZOMBIE #1  
That's a nice bag.

ZOMBIE #2  
Yes. I keep lots of brilliant things in it.

ZOMBIE #1  
Like..?

ZOMBIE #2  
Brrraaaaaiiiinnss.

(MORE)