

AT A REACH

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INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM and JOEL are sat on the sofa, watching TV.

SITCOM CHARACTER:
So I said, "No officer, that's *my*
wife!"

Canned laughter plays from the TV as an overly optimistic, jazzy song signifies the end of the show. TIM rolls his eyes.

The music dampens as the ANNOUNCER begins to speak.

ANNOUNCER:
Stick around after the break for the premiere of "Smør" - a feature-length documentary on the Norwegian Butter Crisis.

JOEL:
Ugh, is there anything better on?

JOEL reaches beside him for the remote, but feels nothing.

JOEL and TIM start to pat the cushions around them - lifting throw pillows in their search as they tut in frustration. JOEL bends over the arm of the sofa to look for it.

TIM:
Wait no, Joel.

TIM taps JOEL on the shoulder. JOEL turns around to look at him as his head emerges from behind the sofa.

JOEL:
What?

As he turns to TIM, he notices that he's staring at the futon a few metres away from them. JOEL also looks at the futon, and notices the remote resting on its edge. From their cushioned solace on the sofa, the few metres between them and the futon seem like miles.

JOEL: (cont'd)
Alright then, go and get it.

TIM:
What? Why me?

JOEL:
Well someone has to, and you're closer.

TIM:
No, hang on, I want a fair trial.

JOEL sighs.

JOEL:
You really want to do this?

TIM:
Of course, why wouldn't I?

The pair face each other, their hands poised to play rock paper scissors.

JOEL:
Ready?

TIM nods.

JOEL: (cont'd)
Rock, paper, scissors!

TIM:
Paper, paper, paper!

They chant in unison as they smack their fists against their palms. On the third word - "paper", they both unfurl their fists - TIM's hand opens up entirely to resemble paper, while JOEL only extended two fingers; scissors.

TIM: (cont'd)
(frustrated)
Fuck, every time! How come you *always* win?

JOEL:
Must be luck.

JOEL gets back into a comfortable position on his phone and starts scrolling through his phone. He is, however, distracted by the sudden strange grunting from TIM. When he looks over to his roommate, he sees him leaning in his seat with his arm outstretched in the direction of the futon.

JOEL: (cont'd)
What are you doing, exactly?

TIM:
Getting the remote

JOEL:
Yeah, no, I got that part. Why are you doing *that*?

JOEL imitates TIM's reaching.

TIM:
I was trying to pick it up.

JOEL:
Right, well you're obviously not
going to get it like that are you?

TIM:
Good point. Hold my legs.

JOEL:
Why do I need to-

TIM drapes his legs onto JOEL's lap and flops his torso onto the floor. He crawls towards the futon and, when he can go no further, he yet again stretches his arm towards the remote. Though his hand stops within inches of the remote and his arm buckles - sending his torso onto the ground.

TIM sits back up.

TIM:
I have another idea.

JOEL:
Why don't you just-

Completely ignoring JOEL, TIM reaches behind the sofa and produces a telescopic grabber.

JOEL: (cont'd)
Oh my god...

TIM leans forward and grunts again as he tries to use the grabber to pick up the remote. However, he is unsuccessful, as the grabber eventually falls out of his hand.

TIM:
I need to look at this from another
angle...

JOEL:
Just stand up and g- What are you
doing?

TIM is now holding a length of rope with one end tied to a hammer. He twirls the hammer with the rope and releases it in the direction of the remote. A distant crashing can be heard.

MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM:
Hiya, yeah, can I get a... 12" meat
feast, with garlic dip.

TIM is now holding a phone to his ear. JOEL pats his pockets in search of his phone. He looks back up at the phone in TIM's hand and sees a distinct sticker that reads "JOEL'S PHONE"

JOEL:
(mouthing)
How?

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM throws a shoe at the futon - completely missing the remote. He throws another - missing again.

TIM:
I've run out of shoes...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM:
...yeah, that'll be for delivery.
Actually, can I make a request about
that?

Beat.

TIM: (cont'd)
Thanks. I just wanted to ask if you
could maybe... grab something for me
when you get here.

The recipient hangs up.

TIM: (cont'd)
Hello?

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM is holding one end of the rope, as the remainder of it ascends towards the ceiling.

TIM:
So once I let go of this rope, it'll
set off a complex series of
contraptions that *should* send this
rope right into my lap.

He lets go of the rope. A shoe lands on his head.

TIM: (cont'd)
Ow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM dials a new number, and puts the phone to his ear.

TIM:
Hi mum, could you do me a quick
favour?

Beat.

TIM's face drops as he listens to his mother talking over
the phone.

TIM: (cont'd)
But he looked so healthy last time I
saw him...

JOEL's eyes widen as he looks on at TIM.

TIM: (cont'd)
Yeah, 'course. I'll see you at the
funeral. Love you too, mum. Bye.

TIM puts down the phone and stares at JOEL with glazed eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM is repeatedly whipping the grabber from side to side.

TIM:
(shouting in time
with his swinging)
GET! OVER! HERE! YOU! STUPID! PIECE!
OF SHI-

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TIM exhales; sitting cross-legged on the sofa. Calming
ambient music plays from his phone.

He picks it up to turn the music off, and dials a new number before putting it to his ear.

TIM:
(cheerfully)
Yeah, police please-

JOEL snatches his phone out of TIM's hand - hanging the call up.

JOEL:
Oh for Christ's sake, I'll do it!

He walks over to the futon and picks up the remote and gives it to TIM.

JOEL: (cont'd)
See? That wasn't so hard now, was it?

TIM:
No, not really.

JOEL:
Then why did you have to make such a fuss about it?

TIM:
I literally have no clue what you're talking about.

JOEL:
That whole... *thing* you just did to avoid just getting the remote?

TIM looks at him blankly.

JOEL: (cont'd)
(annoyed)
No. You're not gonna do that. You're not just going to pretend like you don't know what I'm talking about. What you did, just now; with the rope, and the pizza, and the *hammer*?

TIM continues to stare.

JOEL: (cont'd)
(shouting)
YOU THREW YOUR SHOES AT IT.

TIM:
Joel, mate, I've got my shoes on.

JOEL looks to his roommate's feet and sees that he does, in fact, have his shoes on. He then looks down at his own feet, only to see his socks.

JOEL:
Ben, don't fuck with-

JOEL looks back up to TIM, but the seat is empty.

JOEL: (cont'd)
me...

He takes a step back and falls into his seat; flashing back to the events of the evening. He remembers himself using the grabber, and ordering the pizza on the phone as TIM walks by holding a pizza box.

JOEL's eyes widen. He screams, but the picture freezes.

NARRATOR:
Laziness can kill. Think: Be More
Active.

The words appear on the screen as the NARRATOR says them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RYAN and FAHIM are sat on the sofa; bewildered at the advert before them.

RYAN:
Bit extreme, don't you think?

FAHIM:
It makes sense though. Over-exaggerating to scare people out of being lazy.

RYAN:
Like on cigarette packets?

FAHIM:
Exactly like on cigarette packets!

ANNOUNCER:
And now, the news at 5.

FAHIM:
Here, pass me the remote.

RYAN:
Oh, you mean the clicker?

FAHIM:

Get out.

Without a word, RYAN stands up and leaves the room.

THE END