

CWTCH

By Lorraine Jones

Lorraine Jones
Rainejuk@yahoo.co.uk
07818 471123

EXT. GARDEN OF A 1930'S SUBURBAN HOME, WESTON-SUPER-MARE,
ENGLAND - DAY

Thirty Years ago

TITLES ROLL as:

Puffy white clouds seem to swing back and forth across a
dazzling blue sky.

Birds sing, insects buzz, a lawnmower can be heard in the
distance.

The giggles of a child.

DANNY (O.S.)

Faster!

GRANDPA (slight Cardiff accent) grunts with effort as DANNY
giggles and the sky swings backwards and forwards, faster
now.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

Ok, now I need a nap.

The movement of the sky comes to a halt as Grandpa stops the
swing.

INT. 1930'S SUBURBAN HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Danny (6), small and puppy-like in shorts and stripy T-shirt
is ushered gently into the kitchen from the garden, by his
Grandpa (55) a tall, kindly man. Grandpa dresses smartly even
at leisure. Today he wears brown trousers (never jeans) and
an open necked short-sleeved shirt.

GRANDPA

Thirsty?

Danny looks up at his beloved Grandpa and nods his head. He
follows Grandpa to the kitchen counter as Grandpa reaches a
glass and squash out of the cupboard.

Grandpa opens the bottle and pours the squash into the glass
carefully. He looks down at Danny, smiles, hands him the
glass and indicates the sink.

Danny heads to the sink as Grandpa follows. Danny takes a
step up onto the orange plastic children's step-stool,
careful not to drop his glass. He holds the glass expectantly
under the tap. Grandpa turns it on and the glass fills with
water, the squash foaming as Grandpa turns the tap off again.

Danny swiftly glugs down his squash, wipes his mouth with his hand as he finishes. He smiles a monkey grin at Grandpa. Grandpa ruffles his hair, lifts Danny off the step and walks out of the room. Danny carefully puts down his glass and hurries after him.

DANNY
(calling)
Can I do you hair Grandpa?

INT. 1930'S SUBURBAN HOME, LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Grandpa is closing the curtains against the bright sun as Danny enters. He leaves a small gap between the curtains, the sunlight streaming through in a narrow beam, lighting up the particles of dust in the air.

Danny hovers.

Grandpa sits down in his usual spot on the sofa, looks at Danny.

GRANDPA
(kindly)
Well?

Danny shifts his weight from foot to foot, hesitating, his exuberance gone.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Danny?

DANNY
I'm too big...

GRANDPA
For what?

DANNY
(sulkily)
Messing with hair...

Deflated, Danny heads to the armchair and slumps himself down, arms crossed. He bangs his little legs rhythmically on the front of the armchair moodily.

Grandpa waits.

Danny speaks quietly to himself.

DANNY (CONT'D)
"Big boys don't play with hair"

GRANDPA

Oh Danny boy! Whoever told you that?

Danny shrugs.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

People don't always know what they're talking about...

Danny looks aghast at the suggestion.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

..Does playing with hair make you happy?

Danny nods.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

..then what are you waiting for?

Grandpa smiles and pats the sofa encouragingly.

Danny grins, rushes over and jumps onto the sofa, childhood enthusiasm restored.

Using Grandpa's shoulders and head as support, Danny scrambles up onto the back of the sofa, which is tucked tight against the wall.

He plants himself behind Grandpa, sitting on his shoulders with one leg dangling down each side. His heels now gently drumming against Grandpa's body. Grandpa pulls his comb from his shirt pocket and hands it to Danny.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

I'll just have 40 winks.

Grandpa closes his eyes.

Danny tries to comb all of Grandpa's thick hair forwards onto his face. Grandpa's hair won't all stay put, so Danny tries to smooch it with his hands. He enjoys the sensation and runs his fingers back through Grandpa's hair, exploring the texture, messing the hair, patting Grandpa's head.

As Danny's fingers reach the front of Grandpa's hair, they keep going, his little hands exploring Grandpa's forehead and cheeks.

Danny leans forward over Grandpa's head, looks at Grandpa's immobile face from above.

Grandpa lets out a soft snore. Danny jumps and gets back to business, the hair won't style itself!

Danny starts combing again, a look of intense concentration as he gives Grandpa a quiff.

Grandpa, eyes still closed, smiles.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Present day.

A small hospital room, harsh florescent lighting. Monitors blink and beep in the background.

Grandpa now 85, old, gaunt and dying, lies in a hospital bed, eyes closed and hooked up to the monitors. A comb is passed gently through his still thick but now totally white hair.

Grandpa opens his eyes momentarily. Tries to speak, but can't manage it.

DANNY

It's ok Grandpa.

Danny (now 36) is an elegant man, well dressed and groomed - though not perfectly, given the circumstances.

He leans forward in his chair, touches Grandpa's face, strokes his forehead, runs his fingers through Grandpa's hair tenderly.

A female nurse in her fifties enters, breaking the spell of intimacy. Danny sits back in his chair. The nurse is brusque and business like.

NURSE

Still here I see...that's dedicated.

DANNY

Of course!

Danny frowns, offended.

The nurse turns her attention to the patient.

Grandpa lies motionless and unresponsive as she checks the monitors.

NURSE
(to Danny)
You should go home and get some
rest. Nothing to do here.

Danny quietly plants himself more firmly in the chair.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Danny walks back from the cafeteria, coffee in hand, yawning. He looks tired and dishevelled now, the trace of a 5 o'clock shadow.

As he enters the main ward, the nurse spots him and hurries over. She touches his arm and indicates the family room.

INT. HOSPITAL FAMILY ROOM - DAWN

In a pastel coloured room, Danny is seated on the institutional version of a sofa, the nurse sits beside him, kinder now.

Danny watches as the rising sun starts to stream in through the window and the dust particles swirl in the light. The nurse speaks, as if from far away.

NURSE
I'm sorry Mr Richards.. I think he
waited 'til you'd left the room,
then decided it was time.

Danny smiles sadly, the tears fall.

Fade to black.

THE END