

A Nice Cuppa?

By

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TITLES

The sound of RATTLING CROCKERY is heard.

FADE IN:

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, CORRIDOR - DAY

A CARER is pushing a TEA TROLLEY along a corridor.

She stops at a door and knocks, waiting briefly before opening it and poking her head into the room.

CARER

Alright love? You ready for a nice cuppa then? Yes. OK.

The Carer pours a CUP OF TEA and enters the room.

CARER

Right, how many Valentines did you get then?

The room's occupant cackles with laughter as the door shuts.

Further along the corridor, another door opens, a MAN comes out. He pauses and looks back into the room.

MAN

OK then. I'll be back tomorrow, take it easy. Bye.

MR AND MRS JOHNSON, an elderly couple, can be seen through the open door. MRS JOHNSON is sitting up in BED, her husband is sitting next to her on a chair.

MRS JOHNSON

Tata darling.

MR JOHNSON

Bye.

They both smile and wave, the man waves back as the door closes. Walking off down the corridor, he passes the Carer leaving the room she was in.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MR JOHNSON picks up the ANNIVERSARY CARD that's on the BEDSIDE TABLE next to him and looks inside.

(CONTINUED)

MR JOHNSON

(sighs)

There's been a few of these over  
the years eh girl?

MRS JOHNSON smiles. She takes the card from him and looks  
inside.

MRS JOHNSON

Yes, you never forgot once, just  
look at all those kisses.

MR JOHNSON

One for every year together. It's  
the big five oh this time. Would  
Madam care for it now?

MRS JOHNSON giggles.

MRS JOHNSON

Yes, take me to the stars my  
love.

MR JOHNSON laughs, gets up and leans over her.

MR JOHNSON

(quietly)

Right then, brace yourself!

She smiles and they kiss.

The bedroom door opens, MR JOHNSON starts, looking up.

CARER

Alright, Mrs Johnson, you ready  
for a nice cup...

The Carer stops in her tracks, her expression changes.

She runs to the bedside and gently shakes Mrs Johnson's  
shoulder. The old lady's head rolls to one side, her eyes  
stare back, lifeless.

CARER

Mrs Johnson!

The Carer, pressing the emergency buzzer, notices a card  
on the floor. Picking it up she reads it, smiles briefly  
then carefully tucks it under the old lady's hand. She  
rushes out into the corridor. The door closes, leaving  
the old lady alone in the room.

The card, a bit dog-eared, reads 'For My Wife on our 40th  
Wedding Anniversary'.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS