

FUSS
WGA Registration (2049120)

By

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FADE IN

INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

An OLD MAN with bland, good humored features drops the phone back onto its receiver.

OLD MAN
Well, she's on her way.

He shuffles past a high backed chair. As he does we glimpse pink candyfloss hair, the top of someone's head.

OLD MAN (CONT)
What say I make us a nice cup of
tea while we wait?

He stops.

OLD MAN (CONT)
Now, what am I ..

He snaps his fingers.

OLD MAN (CONT)
Oh yes, tea.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Old Man pours a splash of milk into two steaming cups, humming tunelessly to himself all the while.

OLD MAN
(Loud voice, calling to the
next room). She made such a
fuss, you know? I do hate a
fuss.

He stirs the drinks.

He gazes at a picture on the wall, a young couple on their wedding day, all smiles and optimism.

The Old Man's tired, aging features are reflected in the glass. It's a striking contrast with the young man looking back at us from the photograph.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Old Man places a cup and saucer on a table, just in front of the chair. There are a couple of biscuits beside the drink.

Then he shuffles back to his own seat.

OLD MAN
I thought you might like some
biscuits.

The other figure doesn't respond.

Jack gives a theatrical tut.

OLD MAN (CONT)
No?

A key rattles in a lock outside. He gives no indication he's heard it.

OLD MAN (CONT)
You still won't eat anything? Well,
at least drink your tea.

Outside, the front door bangs against a wall.

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, red faced and tangled- haired, hurries into the living room.

She goes to the Old Man, grabbing his frail, thin arms.

OLD MAN
I didn't want to call.

He glances at the seated figure.

OLD MAN (CONT)
But she made me, kept giving me
that look of hers.

The Woman rushes over to the unseen figure and kneels down.

OLD MAN (CONT)
I didn't want to bother you.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
Oh my God. This is my fault. I
should have kept a better eye on
you both.

She takes out her mobile.

(CONTINUED)

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CON'T)
I'm going to make a couple of calls
okay? You just stay here, drink
your tea.

She taps three digits in frantic succession.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CON'T)
Hello, yes.

She begins talking, gesticulating wildly.

The words are garbled, indistinct, coming to us as if we
were underwater. It's as if we're watching the scene from
the Old Man's perspective.

He takes a sip of his tea and regards the seated figure
opposite him.

He frowns.

OLD MAN
Such a fuss.

FADE OUT