

OK Boomer

(c) 2020

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

DANNY, 19, races down a road in a deserted housing estate. He checks over his shoulder. We see his pursuers - 2 policemen, both wearing oxygen masks. They're gaining ground. Danny accelerates around a corner. He spots a door of a semi-detached house open. There are bins with the lids open in the small front garden. Danny breaks hard, goes in through the door, shuts it. The policemen race by.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Danny stands with his ear pressed to the door listening for their footsteps to recede. He turns around to see MICK, 80, coming out of the kitchen carrying two tied bags of rubbish. Mick freezes in his spot when he sees Danny.

DANNY

Easy. I'm not going to hurt you.

He walks towards Mick. Mick backs into the kitchen.

DANNY

Relax, would ya? I don't have it.

This doesn't reassure Mick, who keeps retreating.

MICK

Keep your distance.

DANNY

Okay, okay, I'll keep my distance.

Danny walks to the kitchen. Mick backs away into the corner. Danny looks around, scratches his head. He looks up at the clock, notes the time. He makes a few mental calculations.

DANNY

I just have to stay here till it gets dark. Just a few hours, right. Then I'll be gone out of your hair.

Mick doesn't move, still looks scared.

DANNY

You got any food?

Danny opens a top press. It is stacked top to bottom with cans of tinned vegetables. He opens the next press. Exact same - stacked top to bottom with cans of tinned vegetables.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Like tinned vegetables, yeah?
(slams press shut)
Fuck sake. Anything decent to eat.

He opens the fridge, takes out a carton of milk, takes a big slug from it, wipes his mouth on his sleeve, puts it back.

MICK

Don't put that back in there now.

DANNY

I told you, I don't have it. I need to take a leak.

He wags his finger at Mick as he exits.

DANNY

Don't move.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny opens the door to the bathroom. There is a wall of toilet rolls stacked from the floor to the ceiling.

DANNY

Fuck sake.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Danny enters. Mick sits drinking a cup of tea.

DANNY

Not make one for me, no?

He grabs a cup, pours some water from the tap, drinks it in one, puts the cup down. Mick stares at the cup warily.

DANNY

I don't have it, so don't worry.
You won't catch anything off me.

MICK

How do you know you don't have it?

DANNY

I don't have any symptoms.

MICK

They don't show straight away.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Well, I haven't been around anyone who has. I feel fine.

MICK

How do you know I don't have it?

DANNY

You're not coughing and spluttering, are you? And if I did catch it off you, so what? Not going to do anything to me.

MICK

Careless.

DANNY

You know, people are getting sick of this lockdown shite. It's coffin dodgers like you who should be quarantined, let the rest of us get on with what we're doing.

MICK

I can imagine what you'd be doing all right.

DANNY

You don't know anything about me or what I'd be doing.

Mike rises, walks to the door, keeping as far away from Danny as he can.

MICK

I'm allowed move around in my own home i presume.

DANNY

Free country.

Mick goes into the sitting room. Danny opens a press, takes down one of the tins of vegetables, starts making lunch.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Danny enters the sitting room, drinking a glass of water. Mick is sitting staring at a picture of a woman in her 70s on the mantelpiece. Danny sinks into the farthest armchair away from Mick, takes off his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
Who's that?

MICK
Carmel.

DANNY
Your wife?

MICK
Yeah. She had bowel cancer.

DANNY
Sorry to hear that.

MICK
She was told there was a slim chance of survival. She went through hell. Chemotherapy, surgery, drugs, in and out of the bloody hospital. In the end she beat it. That was the happiest day of our lives. Better than our wedding day.

(beat)

Then a few weeks ago she goes to the shop, catches a cough. A few days later she was dead. Went through all that, just for her to die going to the shops.

Danny takes all this in. He takes a drink of water, coughs.

MICK
Why are you drinking so much water?

DANNY
It's warm, that's all.

MICK
It's not that warm. Do you have a high temperature?

Danny coughs again.

MICK
You fucking bollocks.

DANNY
It's nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MICK
(Rising)
Come with me.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mick takes out a medical testing kit from a press.

MICK
My daughter's a research scientist.
This is an advance copy of a home
testing kit. We'll find out soon
enough if you have it or not.

DANNY
I don't bloody have it.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Danny sits at the kitchen table, looking stunned.

DANNY
There's something wrong with it.

MICK
There's nothing wrong with it. You
have it all right.

DANNY
Fuck.

MICK
Fuck is right.

DANNY
I'm sorry.

MICK
It's all right. I'm immune anyway.

DANNY
What?

MICK
When Carmel got it, I got it too. I
pulled through. I'm immune.

DANNY
Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

MICK

I'm fairly sure. For a while
anyway.

DANNY

So what's with all the supplies?

MICK

My daughter gets worried about me.
Overdoes it. Look, there's no point
you going out there for 2 weeks,
lad. Spreading it around. Better
off in here, eh?

DANNY

Fuck that.

Danny gets up, exits.

INT. SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He goes into the sitting room and grabs his jacket. His eye
catches the picture of Carmel. He freezes, staring at her.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Danny walks back in. He sits down.

DANNY

Are you sure you can't get it?

MICK

I'm pretty sure. Even if I do, it's
better than spreading it to a bunch
of people out there.

Danny drops his head in his hands. Mick goes out to the
garden shed. He comes back in with two frozen steaks and a
bottle of wine. Danny looks at the steaks, looks at Mick.

MICK

I have a freezer in the shed for
the good stuff. Take down some of
them tins there.

Danny goes to the press, takes down a few tins. The two of
them start preparing dinner as the camera pulls away.

CUT TO BLACK