

A SCARF

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. EDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EDITH (75) is in bed, knitting. Her bony fingers manipulate needles and yarn slowly but steadily - she's not new to this.

The door cracks. She looks up.

EDITH

I see you.

The door opens wider. NOAH (8) enters running.

NOAH

What ya doing Nana?

He watches her.

EDITH

Knitting you a scarf.

Noah tries to follow her movements with his eyes, but soon his patience runs out.

NOAH

But Nana, why?

EDITH

Why what, my dear.

He jumps by her bed impatiently.

NOAH

It's gonna take you forever.

As she keeps knitting:

EDITH

It's okay, I have time.

The boy sighs. He sits next to her, keeps watching.

After a moment:

NOAH

You know, you can buy a scarf at a store and you won't need to knit.

Edith puts the yarn down and smiles at him.

EDITH

I'll tell you a little secret,  
Noah. When people make something  
they fill it with their energy.  
Let's say, when an artist paints on  
canvas his spirit becomes embedded  
in his work. And when a musician  
writes a song he sings his energy  
into it. And guess what, that  
energy will live forever.

Noah sighs.

EDITH (CONT'D)

What are you having for dinner?

NOAH

Chicken and roasted potatoes.

EDITH

When your mother makes dinner for  
you it's important to her she makes  
it herself. She puts her energy  
into it. See, she doesn't *have to*  
make it. She can go pick up  
McDonald's, it's easy and it's  
convenient. So my question to you:  
why does she go through all the  
trouble marinating chicken and  
slicing potatoes?

NOAH

Um, she want me to eat her energy?

Edith laughs.

EDITH

This energy is called love.

She starts knitting again.

EDITH (CONT'D)

You know we don't really need to do  
anything, we choose to do it  
because we think it's the right  
thing to do. We want to do it.

NOAH

So you want to knit.

She nods.

EDITH

I want you to remember about my  
love, even when I'm not around.

Noah takes her words into consideration.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Noah, did you finish you homework?

Noah slaps himself on the forehead.

NOAH

Sorry Nana, I gotta go.

She blows him a kiss as he runs out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Noah walks down a sidewalk, backpack behind his shoulders. He starts skipping, passing houses one by one, then stops in his tracks. He sees commotion by his house. Cars parked nearby. An ambulance.

He runs towards his house. The ambulance peels off the curb right in front of him, speeds away.

Noah runs into the house.

INT. NOAH'S HOUSE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Noah's DAD (40) is in the hall.

DAD

Mom had to take Grandma to the  
hospital. Sorry, bud.

Noah runs up and hugs his Dad. He proceeds to his grandmother's room.

INT. EDITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bed is undone. A glass of water is on a side table.

Noah stares at the empty room as his eyes well up with tears. He steps up and fixes the blanket corner that is touching the floor.

Partially under the bed, the unfinished scarf and tangled yarn left on the floor. He kneels down and gently picks up the yarn. His hand feels around. He crawls around the bed.

Retrieves the knitting needles. He sits on the floor, carefully studying the stitch work.

DAD (O.S.)

Noah?

Noah hides the yarn.

Dad enters.

DAD (CONT'D)

Here you are. Let's go. I'll make you an ice cream, you'll feel better.

Noah follows him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Noah's fingers untangle the yarn.

Noah's fingers take the knitting needles and poke them into the stitches. The boy can't grasp how it works.

An old book on knitting catches his attention, it's on a shelf. He opens it. Flips through, looks at pictures and diagrams. Takes the knitting needles and attempts to follow the book instructions.

Noah scoops all the yarn, the book and prowls out to the hall.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Noah puts the yarn and unfinished scarf under his pillow. Slides into bed. Turns off the light.

It's quiet in the room. Dark. Light wheezing from Noah's direction.

The door opens slightly. A shadow grows next to his bed.

Edith's hand touches his hair lovingly.

EDITH'S WHISPER

Is it the easy way or the right way, Noah? Every time you have a choice.

Noah opens his eyes. No one is in the room. He stares into the darkness. His eye lids are heavy and eventually shut. He's asleep.

An elderly hand tucks him in gently.

INT. A FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A coffin. Edith is in it, surrounded with flowers.

Noah, neatly dressed and groomed, stands next to it. He takes out the scarf and places it next to her hand. It's finished. Most of it - nice even stitches, a small portion - tangled and completely uneven, out of pattern, but somehow loops form unity and a look of flow.

He whispers a prayer. His parents step up to him and put their hands on his shoulders.

An inaudible soft whisper rustles around the room. Everyone looks around but can't see anything.

FADE OUT.