

OK Boomer

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

DANNY, 19, races down the centre of a road in a deserted housing estate. He checks over his shoulder.

We see his pursuers - 2 Gardas, both wearing face masks. They're gaining ground.

Danny accelerates around a corner, breathing hard. He notices a door of a semi-detached house is open. There are bins with the lids open in the small front garden. Danny breaks hard, goes in through the door, shuts it.

The Gardas race around the corner. They run on and around the next corner.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Danny stands with his ear pressed to the door listening for the sound of 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 away into the kitchen nervously.

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
if it makes you feel better.

Danny walks to the kitchen. Mick backs away into the corner, drops the bags by the back door and stands flat against the wall.

Danny looks around the kitchen. He scratches his head, getting his thoughts together. He looks up at the clock, notes the time. He makes a few mental calculations.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

I just have to stay here till it
gets dark.

(beat)

Just a few hours, right. Then I'll
be gone out of your hair.

Mick doesn't move, still looks scared. Danny looks up at the
presses.

DANNY

You got any food?

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

DANNY

(turning to Mick)

Like tinned vegetables, yeah?

(slams press shut)

Fuck's sake. Anything decent to eat
here.

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
in.

MICK

Don't put that back in there now.

DANNY

I told you, I don't have it.

(beat)

I need to take a leak.

He wags his finger at Mick.

DANNY

Don't move.

As he goes to the door, Danny spots a mobile phone on the
table. He looks at Mick suspiciously, then goes over and
pockets the phone. He exits.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Danny climbs the stairs to the top landing.

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 stares at it as he unzips.

DANNY

Fuck sake.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Danny walks back into the kitchen. Mick is sitting at the table, drinking a cup of tea.

DANNY

Not make one for me, no?

Danny puts the phone back on the table where he found it. He grabs a cup, pours himself some water from the tap, drinks it in one, puts down the cup. 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

Very careless. They don't show
straight away.

DANNY

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

Beat.

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.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

Careless.

DANNY

You should talk. You know, people are getting sick of this lockdown shite. All to protect the likes of you. 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.

MICK

Something foolish no doubt.

DANNY

Are you calling me a fool?

(beat)

Well, are you?

MICK

What's the point of answering a rhetorical question?

DANNY

(confused)

What?

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 a few tins.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Danny finishes his meal of veg and corned beef. He pours himself another big glass of water, exits the kitchen.

INT. SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny enters the sitting room, drinking his water.

Mick is sitting on the sofa, 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.

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, but she was determined. She went through hell. Chemotherapy, surgery, drugs, in and out of the bloody hospital. In the end she beat it. She pulled through. Doctors were amazed. That was the happiest day of our lives. Better than our wedding day. We'd planned a trip to Paris to celebrate.

(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 looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

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.

Mick rises.

MICK
Come here.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mick takes out a medical testing kit from a press.

MICK
My daughter's a research scientist.
They're developing home test kits.
This is an advance copy. We'll find
out soon enough if you have it or
not.

DANNY
I don't bloody have it.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mick examines the result. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

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, thinking.

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 rises, goes out to the garden shed. He comes back in with two frozen steaks and a bottle of wine, puts them on the table. 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.

The camera pulls away from the kitchen down the hall, framing the two of them preparing dinner together.

CUT TO BLACK