

CRAZY

Written by

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DRAFT ONE  
PHASE TWO

INT. CORRIDOR, CARE HOME - DAY

A young woman in a white uniform, ANGIE, 25, hurries down an empty corridor towards the sound of a soulful female voice singing a familiar early 1960s country ballad. The vinyl record STICKS on a scratch. Red-eyed, anxious, she pushes open a door marked JOSEPH RAINBIRD. She peers in, concerned.

INT. JOE'S ROOM, CARE HOME - DAY

A small room, unexpectedly homely, crammed with battered furniture, an old TV, mementoes, dance trophies. A number of framed black & white PHOTOS of a young 1950s couple waltzing. JOE, 80, frail, unsteady, leans over an old gramophone.

ANGIE  
You're still here?

JOE  
Yep.

With shaking fingers, Joe very carefully lifts the NEEDLE and sets it down at the start of the record. The piano intro of the same song begins and continues in the background.

ANGIE  
C'mon Joe? They said you wouldn't go down to the basement with the others. If we go now, we could...

JOE  
You heard this song before?

ANGIE  
Yes, but...

JOE  
You know this song? That's crazy! Who'd have thought it? It reminds me of my... um...

ANGIE  
Maudie... But this is important, Joe...

JOE (CONT'D)  
That's it. Maudie! She was nuts about it. And could she dance, eh? Actually, you're a bit like... um...

ANGIE  
Maudie.

JOE  
Maudie! That's it! Played it day in, day out. Drove me mad.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

She could dance. Bet you can dance  
eh, Nurse? You got the figure for  
it.

Pause. Angie glances sadly over at a far-off faded colour  
PHOTO on top of the TV.

ANGIE

My Granddad taught me.

The record sticks. Joe lifts the needle, puts it down at the  
start. Holds out his quavery hand. Angie hesitates.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Don't be silly, Joe. There's no  
time.

But takes his hand. Joe leads her to a space and suddenly  
assured, leads her into a polished Country Waltz; left foot  
forward, guiding her with his hand.

JOE

Funny thing. This always reminds me  
... What's it remind you of, then?

ANGIE

Now you mention it, it reminds me  
of you, Joe. Playing it all day,  
every day, driving us all crazy.

They dance until the scratch, but Joe hums and keeps going.

Over his shoulder, there are tears on Angie's cheeks. He  
chuckles. He opens his eyes, whispers in her ear.

JOE

Sometimes you're so like--

ANGIE

-- Maudie.

JOE

-- Your grandmother, it takes my  
breath away.

The music and their voices singing comes up in their heads.

JOE (CONT'D)

You think I'm crazy or something?

He twirls her around, revealing her NAME BADGE: ANGELA  
RAINBIRD, Sales Assistant. The colour PHOTO on the TV is of  
a younger Joe waltzing with ten-year-old Angie. They twirl  
and laugh, and keep dancing until the end of the World.