

LAST PUSH 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Written by

Tasbir Malle

INT. BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Duljit (30's) lies in bed holding the window net back with her grab stick, she stares at the swaying trees. She releases the net, slaps the grab stick onto her wheelchair beside her.

DULJIT

The world ain't all sunshine and rainbows...

The TV is muted, a troubled news reader stares at a animated clip of a meteor in motion, the count down of earth's threat scrolls on the bottom. Duljit pushes up on her arm to sit up.

Duljit grabs her transfer board off her wheelchair - she tucks it under her bottom. Yanks her dead weight legs up with effort and off the edge off the bed, pauses for her spasms to subside and pushes up and across into her wheelchair.

She grimaces in pain and pulls her transfer board out from under her, slaps the board on the bed - the transfer has worn her out. She pulls the wheelchair breaks off. Grabs her GOPRO and attaches it to her wheelchair frame and switches it on.

GOPRO P.O.V -

Duljit pulls on a hoody with effort, pauses for a breath. She pockets her mobile and tablets. The pain catches up - a leg yanks up in spam, Duljit grimaces gripping her wheels.

She grabs two dog biscuits off the dining table. Duljit opens the living room door and readies herself...

EXT. GARDEN/GOPRO - DAY

Duljit wheels out backwards down the ramp. She spins round and glances over at the conker tree across the grass at the bottom of the garden. GOPRO P.O.V -

She makes her way to the grass verge and spins round, backing up onto the grass. With effort, Duljit pulls hard on her wheels. The strain forces her leg to spasm - she grits her teeth hard wincing to an abrupt halt.

DULJIT

Urrhh! Give me a break...Please!

She continues but stops abruptly, pushes hard up on her wheels and releases her bum up off her cushion, she struggles to hold herself up and collapses down - her leg yanks up into spasm, she winces gripping her wheels.

Ready to give in she recalls her Rocky quote.

DULJIT

It ain't how hard you hit...it's how
hard you're gonna get hit...got to
keep moving f...arrhh!

She pushes up correcting her position. Glances back over her shoulder - she's only moved a couple of meters!

She's a fighter and tugs desperately on her wheels, one pull at a time, each pull heavier than the last desperately making up lost ground...

A glance back - less than half way closer to the conker tree.

Catching her breath, Duljit glances over her shoulder, a few more meters. A quick glance back, she see the bench under the conker tree and aims towards it.

Exhausted and relieved, Duljit's given her all, her emotions catch up with her, she sobs fighting the tears from falling.

Beside the bench two wooden plaques, one reads TANK and the other LEWIS. Duljit throws down a biscuit in front of each plaque. She manoeuvres closer to the bench, shuffles to the edge of her cushion and attempts to push herself onto the bench. She can't do it and sits back up in her wheelchair.

KARAM (O.S)

After all these years you really
thought that you were going to get on
that bench on your own?!

DULJIT

Asshole!

She looks up - Karem (30's) is amused. He grabs her under the legs and back lifting her out of the wheelchair, he sits her on the grass and sits beside her. Duljit turns onto her side, looks up at the plaques. Karam's mobile beeps a tone.

DULJIT (CONT'D)

We'll be with Tank and Lewis again.

KARAM

Mum and dad are heading back. I'm
going to get a coffee, you want one?

DULJIT

Tea, milk no sugar...and some cake.