

'BRAVE FACE'

written by

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INT. NEAT SUBURBAN SEMI DETACHED HALLWAY - DAY

CLIFF DEAKINS (84), pats his sides quizzically, then bends to put on his shoes. He's oblivious to the fact that he's only wearing pyjamas.

CLIFF

I'm just off to the shops, love.

He tugs at the front door but it won't budge.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Jeanie! The door's stuck!

JEAN DEAKINS (80), treads carefully down the stairs and cradles her husband.

JEAN

I know, dear. I've called the man out. Can you come back upstairs a minute? It's time to get dressed.

MAIN BEDROOM

Jean gently adjusts Cliff's tie. He's wearing his Sunday best suit and stands to attention as Jean fusses over his hair, smoothing what's left.

He wanders the room aimlessly as she tops off her fifties-style dress with a velvet pillbox hat, set at a jaunty angle, and dons a pair of lacy gloves.

CLIFF

You look pretty! Shall we dance?

He tenderly sways her in his arms. Her eyes come alive as a decade of burden briefly lifts. He sings:

CLIFF (CONT'D)

"You're lovely, with your smile so warm,  
and your cheek's so soft /  
There is nothing for me but to love you /  
And the way you look tonight."

Shouts and screams outside the house intrude on the moment. A rumbling grows louder. Daylight begins to dim.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Air raid!

Cliff releases Jean, scuttles out and thuds down the stairs.

CLIFF (O/S, SHOUTS) (CONT'D)  
The door's stuck!

HALLWAY

Chairs scrape in the kitchen as Jean stoically descends the stairs. She passes a black and white photo on the wall, which shows their younger selves enjoying the sun outside a tea-room.

KITCHEN

Jean panics momentarily as she enters; she can't see Cliff. His voice brings relief. He's under the kitchen table.

CLIFF  
Couldn't get to the shelter.

JEAN  
That won't help, my darling. Come  
back up here.

She settles him at the table, laid for afternoon tea with the best china. Her hands shake as she pours a cup of tea for each of them.

CLIFF  
This is just like ...

He stares vacantly into the distance. Jean squeezes his hand and takes the seat by his side.

The screams have stopped. The rumbling is overwhelming. Darkness is almost on them.

Tears slide down Jean's face as she dollops cream onto a fruit scone. Cliff reaches up and wipes them away.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Don't you worry, love, I'll look  
after you.

FADE TO BLACK.