

JUMPER

Written by

Mike Davies

Address  
Phone Number

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

MUM, a 40 or so old woman, lies on her bed hugging a hot water bottle and watching TV. She rests her hand on it and mutters something incomprehensible. It's gone cold.

She musters the strength and turns over slowly towards the door. Pushing the cover down with difficulty.

MUM

Daryll! Daryll? You there...

Footsteps are heard coming up the stairs. DARYLL stands in the doorway, a boy of around 8 or 9, wearing a beautiful woolen red jumper.

She smiles.

MUM (CONT'D)

Can you do something about this please? I'm dead tired.

Daryll puts out his hands and his mum hands it over. The water is heard swishing around as he shifts its weight from one hand to another.

Daryll face. He is momentarily fixated with it... it seems like a strange alien life form.

MUM (CONT'D)

Thank you darling.

EXT/INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER.

A motion activated light illuminates Daryll as he quietly opens the front door of his house. He approaches the garage, cradling his mum's hot water bottle against his body while juggling a plastic bag full of various items. He fumbles the key before opening the garage door as quietly as humanly possible.

The garage door closes. CLANK. Silence. He fumbles for the light switch. A rake falls and makes a clattering sound. CLANK. He clears his throat and the dusty garage bulb shines down on a garage work surface.

Daryll retrieves a roll of clingfilm from the plastic bag and rips off a few layers of clingfilm - lining the table before delicately places the hot bottle down on it.

DARYLL

There we go sir. Don't worry... it will all be over soon.

He wipes his brow with his jumper sleeve and takes a big breath. He reaches into the plastic bag and puts on a protective plastic visor... it sitting awkwardly on his head due to its adult size. Suddenly - as if reacting to something unseen - he steps forward... we hear a heart rate monitor beeping, the sound emanating from his imagination...

He grabs a torch, shining it on the 'head' of the hot water bottle. He then places his finger on its neck to feel it's pulse...

DARYLL (CONT'D)  
Pupils dilated. Cold to the touch.  
Listless and unresponsive.

He squirts a dollop of hand sanitizer on his hands and rubs them vigorously. He then spies a long forgotten, cardboard toilet roll tube from the bag. He picks it up and holds it to the 'chest' of the hot water bottle.

DARYLL  
Breathing slowed. Fluid build up on  
the lungs and irregular heart rate.

Daryll turns away, lifts his visor and wipes his brow again.

DARYLL  
We need a heat transfusion...  
Where is that nurse! Godamnnit...

He puts his hand to his mouth.

A flat continuous beeping sound then fades up. He whips his head around...the hot water bottle is flat lining.

DARYLL (CONT'D)  
We need a Resuscitation Cart stat!

He looks around the garage at a loss, not knowing what to do. In the distance, Mum's voice is heard calling from upstairs.

MUM  
Are you alright? If it's too  
complicated I'll come down.

Daryll does not reply. Something has caught his eye in the corner of the garage... jumper cables and... is that an old car battery?

INT. THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER.

From inside we see Daryll open the door as quietly as he possibly can and pop his head in. He calls up the stairs.

DARYLL  
Sorry I'll be just a minute!

He shuts the door and runs back excitedly to the garage.

EXT. GARAGE. A MOMENT LATER.

We catch the garage door just as it closes. Sounds of the jumper cables being connected then...

DARYLL  
Positive to positive...negative to  
negative.

The sound of sizzling electricity and then a bright flash of bluish light, seen from the gaps around the garage door.

CUT

INT. THE BEDROOM - LATER.

Mum is now dosing in front of the TV. Daryll is heard running up the stairs. He places the hot water bottle on his Mum's lap. Are those...burn marks on the side of the hot water bottle? Mum doesn't notice, her eyes closed.

MUM  
Ooooo nice and hot...thank you  
darling.

DARYLL  
Are you feeling better yet?

She takes a deep labored breath.

MUM  
It won't be long.

She pulls him in for a cuddle.

**END**