

BERYL

by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE GERIATRICS UNIT OF A SMALL HOSPITAL- NIGHT

Two very elderly women sit in armchairs beside each other. One is BERYL, she is slumbering quietly, a blanket over her knees. Her friend SUE, who is doing a crossword by the light of a small lamp, looks up at her and smiles.

A young male care-worker, JOE, comes to check on them.

SUE

Who are you?

JOE

It's me, Joe. We've met many times before Sue. Remember yesterday I gave you the answer to four down...?

SUE

I know who you are Joe. I was kidding with you. Nobody knows how to take a joke round here.

Beryl stirs slightly, Joe goes over to her.

JOE

Are you alright Beryl?

Beryl seems a little disorientated.

BERYL

Is that you Bertie?

SUE

She thinks you're her husband... He died eight years ago but she forgets sometimes.

Beryl suddenly sits up and takes Joe's hand.

BERYL

Bert, I know... I know that I hurt you. But... after Gillian got sick, things were so hard, weren't they? I was lost, for a while, that's all. Please Bertie, all I've ever wanted is your

forgiveness. We always used to go dancing on Valentine's night. Remember..? Those magical nights at the Palladium, I'd wear a long gown and you'd take my hand and lead me to the floor and we'd dance and dance until the band went home. Don't you remember?

SUE

(whispered)

Go on, please Joe.

JOE

I err... we'll go dancing tomorrow, Beryl. Ok? I promise.

BERYL

I love you Bertie.

JOE

I...love you too Beryl.

Beryl grabs his face and kisses him firmly on the lips. Joe is wide-eyed and stunned, but allows her to do it.

As soon as possible he pulls away and backs out of the corridor, visibly flustered.

JOE

Well goodnight... then.

The two women wait until he has gone.

Beryl turns to Sue and they both smile, mischievous smiles.

SUE

I thought your husband's called Peter.

BERYL

He is.

THE END