

Karma

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Obese, bushy moustached ROGER (63) and his dark haired wife MARIA (62) walk down the candy aisle. They stop and browse the array of sweets and chocolates.

MARIA

Are we going to see your mum next week?

ROGER

Yeah, I think we'd better.
(scratches head)
We haven't seen her in six months.

MARIA

It's been so long, she probably won't recognise us.

ROGER

Blame the dementia.
(knowing pause)
Anyway, I wouldn't expect her to. She didn't last time.

MARIA

What shall we buy her, then?

ROGER

Nothing too hard, or chewy. She's hardly got any teeth.

She spots a large packet of MARSHMALLOWS.

MARIA

What about marshmallows?

ROGER

Yeah, get her them, then. At least she won't choke on 'em.

She picks up a large bag of marshmallows then drops them into her basket.

MARIA

Shall we get her some jelly babies as well?

ROGER

OK.

He picks up a bag of JELLY BABIES and drops them into her basket.

MARIA

What about some chocolates?

ROGER

Get her a bag of chocolate raisins.

MARIA

D'you think she'll be able to chew them?

ROGER

Well if she can't, we'll chew 'em for her.

MARIA

(chuckles)

You nasty man.

ROGER

(grins)

I know. That's why you love me.

He picks up a bag of chocolate RAISINS and drops them into her basket.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Roger sits in the armchair with his feet up on a pouffe as he watches footy on the TV. The house phone rings. He mutes the sound on the TV and picks up the receiver.

ROGER /

(on phone)

Oh, 'ullo, Grace-

(empathetically)

Oh no, she's not- Oh no. How is she-? How long d'ya think they'll keep her in-?

(sighs)

We were about to go and see her tomorrow- OK. I'll call 'em before I decide what to do- Yeah, we're alright. How are you-? That's good. That's good- Alright then- Well thanks for letting us know, Grace.

He puts down the receiver then continues to watch TV.

Maria enters with two bottled beers in hand. She hands one to him.

MARIA

(casually)

Who was that?

ROGER

Me sister - Grace.

MARIA

What did she want?

ROGER

It's mum. She's been rushed to hospital from the care home.

MARIA

(worriedly)

Oh no. What's wrong with her?

ROGER

She's got a chest and water infection. They're keeping her in, apparently.

MARIA

Did she say when they're going to let her out?

ROGER

It won't be anytime soon, will it?

MARIA

Did you wanna visit her in hospital?

ROGER

Nah. We'll wait till she's back at the care home. It's pointless.

MARIA

What if she don't make it? She is in her nineties.

ROGER

We gotta parking ticket last time we did that, remember?

MARIA

True.

ROGER

It cost us a hundred quid.

MARIA

I know... thanks to your sister telling us the car park was free.

A protracted silence, before he looks at her and smiles knowingly.

ROGER

Bring the marshmallows.

MARIA

No! They're for your mum.

ROGER

Well she's not at the home, is she?

MARIA

No! I'm putting them away for when they let her out.

ROGER

I'll get her some more next week.

MARIA

(shakes head)
You're a pig.

ROGER

(grins)

I know. That's love.

MARIA

I suppose you want the jelly babies and raisins as well, dontcha?

ROGER

Of course. You can't have a marshmallow without a jelly baby and a raisin.

Maria exits. Roger grins inwardly as he turns up the sound on the TV.

Short silence before she reenters with the marshmallows, jelly babies and chocolate raisins.

She sits down on the sofa and opens the packets.

He scoffs both packets until they're all gone.

Beat.

He begins to rub his chest as he shifts uncomfortably in the armchair.

She stares at him with concern.

MARIA

Are you alright?

ROGER

I think I've eaten too many sweets.

MARIA

Well you didn't need to polish off everything, did you?

(sighs)

You could've saved some for tomorrow.

ROGER

(painfully heaves)

Oh, I feel so sick.

MARIA

You look pale.

He stands up.

ROGER

Shit!

He collapses as he he suffers a cardiac arrest.

MARIA

(distraughtly)

Fuck!

She kneels down beside him and pumps his chest until she revives him.

MARIA

(relieved)

It's a good job I used to be a nurse.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

BLUE LIGHTS flash as PARAMEDICS lift Roger on to the back of a waiting AMBULANCE.

Maria quietly looks on and wipes her eyes with a tissue.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Roger lies in the bed next to his MOTHER (90).

She thinks she recognises him, so climbs out of bed and approaches his bed.

MOTHER

(confused state)

Roger, is that you?

He opens his eyes and looks at her in horror.

MOTHER /

What are you doing here?

FADE OUT.

THE END

