

Saving Gracie



Written by Curt James

Curt James
Email: curtjames5@yahoo.co.uk
Mobile/Cell: 07956 732028
www.curtjames.co.uk
W.G.G.B. Number: 41548031

SAVING GRACIE - By Curt James

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - AFTERNOON.

The sun shines across a busy New York City.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON.

Moving away from the hustle and bustle of cabs, shops and people to a quiet beautiful park. Moving to a park sign.

SUNDOWN PARK.

A homeless old man sits on a park bench. He is JIMMY, 75, filthy in an old coat and hat. He's holding an old crumpled faded photo. It's a photo of a respectable brunette in her 30's, with a little brunette girl in pigtails. He has a tear in his eye. He very drunk as he talks to the photo. He has a heavy, deep, gravelly New York accent.

JIMMY

Melissa, not a day goes p-past that I
don't miss you and little Jessie. I
know we'll meet again.

(BEAT)

I-I hope it's soon. Real soon [BURP].

Jimmy drops something small on the floor that RATTLES and puts something in his mouth. We do not see it. He then picks up a bottle of whiskey from the floor, takes a swig and puts it down. Jimmy looks at a pigeon next to him, COO-COOING.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I-I wish I could just flyyy awayyy,
like you. Away from this world.

Jimmy slowly starts to pass out, flumping over on the bench.

FADE TO:

Jimmy wakes up, looking worse for wear. Next to him is a little blonde girl in pigtails, GRACIE, 6, in a red coat and blue skirt. She looks up at him and smiles. She has an English accent.

GRACIE

Hello?

Jimmy looks all around and back at her.

JIMMY
Wh-where did you come from?

GRACIE
From over there [POINTS BEHIND THEM]

Jimmy frowns, he is no longer drunk.

JIMMY
Where's your Mom and Dad kid?

GRACIE
They're coming back for me soon. I
like to come here to the funfair
[SMILES].

Jimmy looks all around, confused.

JIMMY
What funfair? I don't see no funfair
young lady.

GRACIE
I do, everyday. My name's Gracie.
What's yours?

JIMMY
Jimmy.

Gracie laughs.

GRACIE
That's a funny name, Jim-my.

Jimmy frowns.

JIMMY
You sound funny. You from England?

She pulls out a small toy unicorn from her pocket and
fumbles with it.

GRACIE
Yes. My Mummy is from London. My
Daddy is a business man from New
York. He has a big house, and lots of
cars, and lots of girlfriends. My
Mummy doesn't like it. They fight a
lot.

Jimmy frowns.

JIMMY
Sucks to be you kid?

She holds out her toy unicorn.

GRACIE
This is my unicorn. She's called Jojo. She likes to save people. Do you need saving Uncle Jimmy?

JIMMY
I am beyond saving kid.

GRACIE
You look sad. Would you like to go to the funfair with me?

JIMMY
Listen kid, errr Gracie. Listen, don't go up to strangers asking them if they wanna go to the funfair OK? That's just asking for a whole hill of trouble.

Gracie smiles and puts her hands in her pockets. Her little feet dangle sweetly from the bench.

GRACIE
It's OK. You'll need to go there soon. Everyone goes to the funfair.

Jimmy gets a little irritated.

JIMMY
Listen young lady, I ain't goin' to no funfair, no zoo, no picnic or sight seein' tour OK?

GRACIE
Ok, Uncle Jimmy, if you say so, but you will.

(BEAT)
What's that? [POINTS TO A HORRENDOUS SLOPPY KEBAB ON THE BENCH]

JIMMY
It's a kebab? Someone left it here. I was gonna eat it - you want some?

GRACIE
Ughhhh? Looks horrible. My Mummy said meat is bad for you.

JIMMY
This might be, not sure how long it's
been here?

Jimmy pokes it with his finger.

GRACIE
So if meat is bad for you - then why
is it food?

JIMMY
You ask a lot of questions young
lady.

GRACIE
Where do you live Uncle Jimmy?

JIMMY
I live here, and over there.
Sometimes in the alley across the
street.

GRACIE
Do you have a house?

JIMMY
No. I lost my house in a card game.

GRACIE
Shall I help you look for it? It
can't be hard to find, a house is
big.

JIMMY
No Kid, it's a long story.

Gracie pauses and looks down at his rotten and holy shoes.

GRACIE
You need new shoes. I can see your
toes [LAUGHS].

JIMMY
No kiddin'?

GRACIE
Do you have a wife Uncle Jimmy?

JIMMY
What is this - twenty questions?

GRACIE
Do you have any girls or boys?

Jimmy sighs looking a little irritated.

JIMMY

No-one has spoken to me in the last few years, now you come along wanting to know my life story? What's goin' on?

She plays with her unicorn.

GRACIE

We all need family Uncle Jimmy? Why don't you see your family?

JIMMY

It's a long story Gracie.

GRACIE

I am listening Uncle Jimmy.

JIMMY

My wife, Melissa, she errrr, she died OK? My daughter, Jessie, a bit like you, didn't know when to stop asking questions, she died too.

He looks at the ground tearful. He pulls out the crumpled photo of them. She looks at it.

JIMMY (cont'd)

That is so sad. Don't be upset Uncle Jimmy. You'll see them soon - I promise.

There is an awkward pause. He looks at her and pats her knee.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I know you're just trying to be nice kid, but no, I will never see them again. They're gone.

Something distracts Gracie, and looks up and nods to seemingly no-one.

GRACIE

Time to go Uncle Jimmy.

JIMMY

Well, it was nice meetin' you Gracie. You're a good kid. Go straight home now OK? Errr, where's your Mom?

Gracie stands up and holds out her hand. He looks up confused and takes another swig of booze.

GRACIE

Come on.

JIMMY

What? Where?

GRACIE

The funfair.

JIMMY

C'mon Gracie. There's no fair.

Gracie gestures for him to shush - they listen, she smiles. In the distance is music, laughter, singing and happy events. Jimmy pauses. He looks down at Gracie.

GRACIE

The funfair is full of people. They are happy, smiling and playing. If you go to the funfair, you won't be alone ever again.

JIMMY

OK, OK, I take it back, there IS a fair. I can now hear it. I have no money, so I cannot take you. I'm sorry.

GRACIE

You don't need money to go in. I'm not going in. I never go in. But you are.

JIMMY

What? What do you mean? Why are you not coming in?

GRACIE

I am waiting for my Mummy and Daddy then we can all go in together. They'll be coming back for me soon.

She stands up and reaches out her hand. He stands up and feels kind of strange - dizzy for a second. She smiles as they walk a few yards. The sound of the funfair gets louder.

A white fog appears across the park with a brilliant white light shining through it. The sounds in the fog are exciting and inviting with laughter and music. Jimmy stands partially in the fog looking intrigued, then looks back at her.

JIMMY

You sure about this kid? I don't see
no fair.

GRACIE

Yes, just walk to the light Uncle
Jimmy and everything will be alright.

JIMMY

You sure you don't wanna come?

GRACIE

I will come later. Just waiting for
my Mummy and Daddy.

She waves goodbye and smiles. He waves back looking a little
confused. He walks into the light disappearing into the fog.
Gracie walks back to the park bench. Jimmy is flumped over -
dead.

CUT TO:

Mixed pills scattered on the floor along with two medicine
bottles, and a knocked over bottle of whiskey.

BACK TO:

She sits next to him and smiles. She pulls out her toy
unicorn.

GRACIE (cont'd)

You are in a better place now Uncle
Jimmy. I hope you find Mrs Jimmy and
your little girlie.

She plays with her Unicorn.

GRACIE (cont'd)

We saved Uncle Jimmy Jojo. He is at
the funfair now with happy people.
Let's see who else we can save today
before Mummy and Daddy come to get us
OK? Come on --

The sun is starting to go down. Moving to the park sign.

SUNDOWN PARK.

Jimmy's body is motionless. Gracie gets up and waves goodbye
to him and walks off. Behind her is a lamp post. Taped and
stapled to the lamp post are old and new flyers. One is a
rave party, "Party of the century 2021!"

Another is a "get rich quick scheme 2020", and another is an old faded flyer, partially ripped taped to lamp post. It shows a photo of the little girl (Gracie). It reads...

MISSING: 23rd June 2001
GRACE (GRACIE) JANE MORRISON
AGE 6, BLONDE HAIR, BLUE EYES
WEARING A RED COAT, BLUE SKIRT
LIVES IN BAY RIDGE, BROOKLYN
LAST SEEN IN SUNDOWN PARK
TEL POLICE:718-312-4226

FADE OUT.

END OF SAVING GRACIE.