

BUMP

by

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Characters

Jayesh, (27), boyish, slim.

Dan, (27) balding, gym stocky.

Setting

Darenth Valley Hospital, Dartford, Kent

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Lights up. The waiting room of a maternity ward, lined with uncomfortable, unfashionable plastic chairs.

A window stage left, a set of double swing doors stage right. An old vending machine is propped up against the back wall.

A bunch of flowers lay on a chair. A jacket on another chair, nearby.

JAYESH, dishevelled smart casual, stands in the middle. He has a phone in his hands that he is prodding at.

He adjusts his hair and brushes off his shoulders.

He raises the phone to his face looking for a good angle. Finding one, he clears his throat. And presses record.

Jayesh: You probably had a lot of expectations about the world when you were all wedged up there inside your mum, warm and comfortable.

Jayesh begins to pace around the room, taking it in.

But now you've clambered out and you find it's all hot strip lights and manky corridors.

He shows the room to the camera.

What can I say? Welcome to Dartford.

He approaches the window.

And just wait 'til you see outside...

We'll get you out of here as soon as we can, but you took us a little by surprise so could be a while yet. For now, there are plenty of nice things around here, I'm sure. There's...erm...the lino floor.

Fun pattern. Ducks. Of the world.

Cleans easy I imagine, which you shouldn't underestimate as a quality in a floor...and errrrrrrr...this plant, here, y'know.

It's green. Green's lovely.

Green means they're not dead. Though that only applies to plants, it's the other way around for people.

He laughs at his joke.

(To himself) Ugh. No.

DAN, an ill fitting, shiny grey suit hanging off him, enters unnoticed,

fiddling with his phone. He heads to the vending machine.

Jayesh: Um, nice things...what else is nice...cotton!..cotton's a bit nice....soft and you'll be feeling a lot of it, being a baby and all...err, The Specials! Yeah, The Specials...everyone loves them, don't they. I'll sing you some Specials, ok?

He starts tapping a beat on his his belt.

No wait, hang on.

He stops. And starts tapping slightly faster, more ska.

There we go..."You're wondering now...what to do...now this is the end..."

Jay looks a little uncomfortable at first - he's not the greatest singer - but gets into it.

"You're wondering how...you will pay..."

Dan whistles the last part, while he peruses the vending machine. Jayesh startled, returns to the chair with a jacket on and watches Dan carefully.

Dan makes a selection, looks in his wallet for coins, but finds just a ten pound note.

Dan: Bollocks.

He looks disgusted and feels around for a note slot on the machine. Nothing.

Having had a better look at Dan, Jayesh smiles and raises his camera again to film him.

Jayesh: *(Whispering to the phone)* Here we observe some typical local fauna.

Dan: Oh come on...

Jayesh: ...you probably won't know what 'fauna' means for a good long while yet...

Dan: You...

Jayesh: ..but he's an exemplary specimen.

Dan: You motherfucking...

On hearing the swear, Jayesh covers and lowers the phone.

Dan presses the coin return. Nothing.

Dan starts hammering the 'Coin Return' button repeatedly.

Jayesh: Need some coins, mate?

Dan, seeing Jayesh, hesitates.

Dan: Er...yeah, actually. You got anything for a tenner?

Jayesh digs in his pocket and flicks a £2 coin at Dan. He catches it and stares at Jayesh.

Jayesh: Can keep the change if you get us a Coke, while you're at it?
Cheers.

Dan: No worries.

*Dan puts the money into the machine and makes the selection again.
He picks up the two cans and heads to the chair with flowers on.*

Seeing them, he looks around the room then turns to Jayesh.

Dan: Anyone been through here?

Jayesh: Um, not that I've seen.

Dan: How long you been around?

Jayesh: A couple of minutes...why/ do -?

Dan: Did you touch my flowers?

Jayesh: Sorry?

Dan: I said, did you touch my flowers? These flowers.

Jayesh: Oh. I...I put them on the chair....

Dan: Did you? Who asked you to do that then?

Jayesh: No one.

Dan: So why'd you fucking move 'em?

Jayesh: Just...thought the cleaners would clear them away otherwise if they were left on the floor.

Dan: Right. Yeah.

Jayesh: They're lovely.

Dan: Yeah, thanks.

Dan places the flowers on the floor and sits. He holds out one can toward Jayesh.

Dan: They only had Diet.

Jayesh: I think I'll live.

Jayesh grasps the can, but Dan continues to hold on to it. He takes a good look at Jayesh.

He releases.

Dan: And there weren't any change.

Jayesh: That's fine.

Jayesh fiddles with his phone.

Dan smiles broadly at him. Jayesh, noticing, smiles politely back and sits two seats away from Dan.

Dan turns and stares at Jayesh, unflinchingly. Jayesh opens his can and tries to avoid Dan's gaze.

Jayesh: You think it'd be busier, wouldn't you...

Dan continues to stare.

Jayesh: ...guess it is the middle of the night.

Jayesh takes a sip of his coke.

Jayesh: Still, I suppose babies don't know that do they...

Dan leans closer...

Jayesh: Just fumbling around in the dark like the rest of us...

...and closer until...

Jayesh: Look, would you mind/...

Dan: Twwwwwwwwwwaaaaaat.

He really emphasises that last T. There's a very awkward beat.

Jayesh: S..sorry?

Dan: You're a a twat. Colossal fucking twat.

Jayesh: Um, have I -

Dan: If Godzilla had a twat, it'd look like you.

Jayesh: Have I done something/ to -

Dan: Don't recognise me, Jay?

Jayesh assesses Dan's face. He is uncertain.

Dan make a stupid expression. At once, Jayesh recognises him.

Jayesh: ...Gormer?

Dan: Uhuh.

Jayesh: No way! Gormer! Danny Gormer!

Dan: Just Dan. No one's calls me Danny anymore. Or Gormer.

Jayesh: Alright...Dan. Wow, that sounds weird. You're...look at you, you're/

Dan: Balder?

Jayesh: Well...

Dan: Angrier?

Jayesh: No..

Dan: (*Foreign accent*) You ver expecting someone else?

We all do look alike around here, I guess. Blend into one.

Jayesh: No. Different. Very different.

Dan: And why not, ey?

Jayesh: Oh man, it's been ages.

Dan: It has. You're looking well, mate.

Jayesh: Cheers...er, yeah, you too. So like, what brings you here then?

Dan: (*Gesturing around him*) Well, what do you think?

Jayesh: Oh yeah. Nuhhhh stupid...

Dan: You in for a casual bit of child snatching then, or you got one in there?

Jayesh: Uhuh...to the second one.

Dan: Congratulations!

Jayesh: Thanks!

Dan: Abandoned her already, I see.

Jayesh: Hah, no. Not just yet. She's sleeping. Trying to, anyway. Thought I best leave her to it for a bit...reckon I'm making her a bit anxious! Yours?

Dan: I'm waiting, she's getting on with it.

Jayesh: Right, right. Cool.

Dan: Looking alright though, is she?

Jayesh: She's looking...um, round, very round.

Dan: Sounds about right.

Jayesh: But beautiful.

Dan: Yeah?

Jayesh: Proper glow. An angel.

Dan: Yeah. They do. They do glow.

Jayesh: Yeah.

Dan: Just wait til she shits herself, that's when the real fun starts. Are you still sneaking out for fags behind the P Block?

Jayesh: Heh, no no, gave all that up a long time back. Changed man, me.

Dan: No. You haven't changed at all.

Jayesh: Haven't I?

Dan: S'amazing. You're like a proper fucking Lost Boy. Whereas, I must look like a total piece of shit if you didn't realise it was me.

Jayesh: See, no, the thing is I did think you looked familiar when I turned around and then/ when I...

Dan: You were filming something when I came back in.

Jayesh: Hm?

Dan: You were filming, yeah?

Jayesh: Ah, nothing...proper.

Dnn: Something about cotton? Soft.

Jayesh: (*Quickly*) It's not a big deal.

Dan: Alright.

Jayesh: It's just like a behind the scenes featurette. Like a DVD extra, y'know?

Dan: That's a...lovely idea.

Jayesh: You reckon? You don't think it's quite wanky?

Dan: Well, it's got a hint of wank, of course. But people do it all the time I guess, don't they? These days.

Jayesh: Exactly, exactly, they do, but they do it wrong!

Dan: How can you do it wrong?

Jayesh: 'Cause people just shoot the main event. What you need is...you need something around the birth don't you, some colour, bit of personality? That's what actually makes it worth watching.

Dan: Yeah, suppose so. Else it's all just fucking vag-shots, isn't it?

Jayesh: Precisely! I mean, I wouldn't use those exact words...

Dan: Can I see what you done?

Jayesh: Err...

Dan: Bet it's well shit.

Jayesh looks hurt.

Jayesh: Well...

Dan: I'm joking, fucking joking, gowan, let us have a look.

Jayesh: Um, why don't you say hello instead?

Dan: You sure?

Jayesh: Why not? A little message for my little girl.

Jayesh points the camera at Dan. He seems hesitant.

Jayesh: Just say hi. Kiddo, this is uh, well, your "Uncle Dan", I guess.

Dan waves at the camera, curtly.

Dan: Alright, mate?

Jayesh gestures at him to try again.

Dan: Alright...lady?

Jayesh: Ugh.

Dan: What else d'you want?

Jayesh: Why don't you tell her...err...tell her about some of the nice things that are around near here.

Dan: Around here?! Pfft...er. The park? The park's alright. Have some decent fumbles there. Just not after dark, else you get a pipe through the face.

Jayesh: No, yeah...but how about something else?

Dan: The town centre...on a Friday night, it's a proper laugh, full of joy...

Jayesh: ...and drunks and hairy tramps asking for handjobs.

Dan looks around. His gaze settles on the plant.

Dan: Well there's this plant/...

Jayesh: No no, sod it ...

Dan: *(Straight down the camera lens)* So what's your dad do with himself these days, son?

Jayesh: Daughter.

Dan: What?

Jayesh: Daughter. I'm having a daughter.

Dan: I know, but like that doesn't exactly work, does it? In the context I'm saying.

Jayesh: Right, fine...

Dan: So what's the answer?

Jayesh turns the camera around to himself.

Jayesh: Um...probably should've mentioned that earlier. I'm am a...uh..a lawyer. Solicitor. *(To Dan)* Up Orpington way.

Dan: Oooh. Very nice!

Dan turns the phone back to himself.

Dan: Remember that one, kid, that's a good one to get into, soliciting....and what exactly do you solicit?

Jayesh: Er...clients, I suppose/...

Dan: Clients!

Jayesh: I try help people. Who need help.

Dan: Oh sounds proper great that.

Jayesh turns the recording off and picks up the Coke can.

Jayesh: Weeeeeelll. It's not that great..

Dan: What isn't?

Jayesh: "Soliciting."

Dan: Oh. No?

Jayesh: Not very useful to the economy. Don't make anything.

Dan: Apart from tonnes of cash, you mean?

Jayesh: Mhmm...

Dan: Hey hey, you're only no use to anyone if you're broke.

Jayesh: I guess.

Dan: Is that why you've picked up the accent? The job?

Jayesh: What accent?

Dan: Why that one, your highness.

Jayesh: Hadn't realised it'd changed that much...

Dan: Definitely has, mate. Definitely not Dartford anymore, I mean I can actually tell what the fuck your saying.

Jayesh: I can start dropping a few "h"s for you if it'll make you feel a bit more comfortable?

Dan: Don't try too hard on my account.

Jayesh: *(Matching Dan's accent, overdoing it)* 'ell no. 'orrible fing, goin' 'round pretendin' you're sumfin' yer not.

Dan flashes a toothy smile..

Dan: Least you are something though, eh?