

WHEELBARROW MAN

Written by

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1 EXT. MOORLAND COUNTRY ROAD. MORNING. 1

Utter silence. Down the road some way, an old Woman called LOWENNA walks with a wheelbarrow. Alongside, her husband CLEMO carries some tools. A 2001 Renault Clio rises over the horizon and swiftly makes it's way along the road.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. ALLOTMENT. DAY. 2

LOWENNA is shovelling some turnips out of the ground. She turns, spotting CLEMO, fast asleep in the wheelbarrow. She shakes her head in disapproval but can't help but grin.

CUT TO:

3 INT/EXT. LOCAL SHOP. DAY. 3

LOWENNA and CLEMO stumble out of a small shop and into some fierce rain.

LOWENNA places some carrier bags filled with groceries into the wheelbarrow. They wave to the shopkeeper and head forward into the bustling village.

CUT TO:

4 INT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT. 4

LOWENNA and CLEMO merrily drink at the bar of an old pub. CLEMO zones out and LOWENNA taps him on the shoulder.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CLEMO'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 5

LOWENNA and CLEMO lie in bed. A loud coughing echoes through the dark room.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. MOORLAND COUNTRY ROAD. MORNING. 6

CLEMO is now alone on the country road. A fancy Land Rover passes him at an insane speed.

CLEMO
 (under his breath)
 Tosser.

This is his story, but he doesn't want to be the main character.

TITLE: WHEELBARROW MAN

CUT TO:

7 EXT. SMALL VILLAGE. DAY. 7

A shallow drizzle clouds around a small desolate village as CLEMO and his squeaky wheelbarrow passes through. He passes the shop, pub and allotment from the previous montage. All have now closed and been left to ruin. Eventually he arrives at a bus stop and looks up at the time table. There's 2 bus times, one is scribbled out and the other was at '5.30 AM'. He sighs, picks up the wheelbarrow, and begins walking along the road.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY. 8

Vehicles, small and large, pass the old man as he pushes the wheelbarrow down a tight country lanes surrounded by tall Cornish hedges. No matter how close the cars get, CLEMO is left unphased. He passes a large billboard that reads; *COMING SOON - A BUSTLING COMMUNITY! 20 BRAND NEW HOLIDAY LETS! RESERVE NOW FOR 2023!*

CUT TO:

9 INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY. 9

A small socially distanced queue mostly consisting of holiday makers waits to be served. He approaches the till. The cashier, JOWAN, has a beaming smile.

JOWAN
 Alright! That'll have to be over on the self service please sir.

CLEMO
 Why?

JOWAN
 Just returns here.

CLEMO

I don't understand them bleddy things.

Beat.

JOWAN

Okay.

CLEMO looks behind the cashier and notices every other till is closed. He begins picking up his shopping. Upon getting to the self checkout, CLEMO winces at the screen in an attempt to read it. He presses buttons and attempts to scan things. Nothing is happening.

SELF CHECKOUT

AN ERROR HAS OCCURED. SOMEONE IS COMING TO HELP.

As quick as a flash, JOWAN is stood beside CLEMO. The old man jumps slightly upon seeing him.

JOWAN

Would you like some help sir?

Before CLEMO even responds, JOWAN is scanning CLEMO's items.

JOWAN (CONT'D)

That's £11.90 please.

CLEMO hands him the change and JOWAN returns a receipt.

CLEMO

Why couldn't you do that over there?

JOWAN

Well. It's just because, well. Basically...

Beat.

CLEMO

Oh right.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. NIGHT.

10

Darkness.

The flick of a switch brings the room to life uncovering a damp, old fashioned room that is very unkept.

CLEMO stands inside a kitchen at the back of the living warming his cold blue hands under a hot tap. A Cat sits beside him watching.

FADE TO:

11 INT. CLEMO'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 11

The old man is now in bed facing the ceiling. He is lay very neatly on one side of the bed. The other side remains untouched. Scratching and a faint meow echoes from the other side of the door, breaking the silence. CLEMO ignores it.

CLEMO is just about to drift off when suddenly; **BANG.**

His eyes spark to life and he jolts up. He searches for something beside the bed, but struggles to see in the dark. His hand passes an old cricket bat and a cactus.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. NIGHT. 12

There are several loud creaks as CLEMO makes his way slowly downstairs holding a cactus.

At the bottom of the stairs he notices the Cat is sat beside a broken vase. CLEMO tuts.

He leans down to pick up a shard of the vase when he notices something. On the ground ahead of him, someone is lay fast asleep in a sleeping bag.

He freezes for a moment before shaking his head and disappearing back upstairs slowly.

CUT TO:

13 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. MORNING. 13

Streaks of a morning sun shines through a cracked window at the front of the room, waking JOWAN. He yawns, stretches and turns over. His eyes widen as he notices CLEMO in the kitchen. Very slowly, he stands up and begins to gather his things. He tip toes to the door and upon opening it is spooked by CLEMO who has now appeared beside him.

CLEMO

Sleeping rough is a dangerous game
if you're a deep sleeper.

They look down at the smashed vase.

CLEMO (CONT'D)
If you're stayin', feed the cat at
3. Back dreckly.

As quick as a flash, CLEMO has gone, slamming the door behind him. JOWAN stands still, completely perplexed. A meow from the Cat scares the life out of him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. DAY. 14

JOWAN is sat in the kitchen nervously. He looks up at a clock showing 3pm. He begins searching through the cupboards but there is little to nothing for him to find. He eventually settles on some crisps which he places in a dirty dish and places down for the Cat. The front door is thrown open and CLEMO comes barging in, soaking wet. He walks into the kitchen.

JOWAN
I gave the Cat crisps. Is that
alright?

CLEMO throws down some Turnips onto the counter, ignoring JOWAN.

JOWAN (CONT'D)
What's its name?

CLEMO
Dunno'

JOWAN laughs nervously as CLEMO heads towards the stairs.

JOWAN
Geddon... I'll be off now then.

CLEMO
Where to?

He heads upstairs.

CLEMO (CONT'D)
I'm not kicking you out.

JOWAN perches on a nearby chair and looks around. *What the hell is going on?*

CUT TO:

15 INT. CLEMO'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 15

Another restless night for CLEMO as he stares up at the ceiling from his bed. The cat continues to scratch frantically at the door.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. NIGHT. 16

Downstairs, JOWAN is also struggling to sleep.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. DAY. 17

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

JOWAN'S eyes dart open. Another series of knocks echoes from behind the front door. He looks around and sees CLEMO sat with a cup of tea in the kitchen.

JOWAN

I think, there's someone, I think there's someone at the door.

CLEMO sighs.

CLEMO

It's just the wind.

ESTATE AGENT (O.S.)

(behind the door)

Mr Kitto, I can see you through the letterbox.

CLEMO

Stop bleddy looking through it then.

JOWAN sits up.

ESTATE AGENT

C'mon, you're gonna want to hear today's offer. Real corker.

CLEMO laughs. *He's heard it all before.*

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)
Look Mr Kitto, I'll level with you.
I've never told you this before but
no matter how hard I try I'm always
on the side of the little guy. I
know you're attached to this place
because of your wife and all that,
but we're talking **big** money.

CLEMO's grin disappears in an instant and he stands up. The door opens, but it's not CLEMO standing there, it's JOWAN. Facing him stands a cheery middle aged man in a suit. His fake grin slowly disappears upon seeing JOWAN.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)
(confused)
Why are you here?

CLEMO stands beside JOWAN.

JOWAN
(nervously looking to
CLEMO)
Whatever he's offering, don't
listen.

ESTATE AGENT
(facing CLEMO)
Sir, I don't want to alarm you but
this boy is what you and I may
refer to as a 'yob'. He caused us
quite a lot of grief earlier this
year, assaulted my friend Mark,
left him in a right state. I'm not
sure what the connection is here
but I'd strongly suggest taking a
step forward and-

CLEMO
Cheers n' gone!

CLEMO slams the door in his face. JOWAN, raging, takes a deep breath. CLEMO heads back to his brew.

CLEMO (CONT'D)
Bleddy tuss.

Beat.

JOWAN grabs his things and exits the house.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. JOWAN'S CAR. SUNSET.

18

JOWAN jumps into the drivers seat of a car and throws his possessions onto the seats behind. He starts up the ignition and begins to pull away when suddenly; CLEMO has got in beside him and started putting a seatbelt on.

CLEMO
Where we off?

JOWAN quickly turns off the engine and stares at the old man.

JOWAN
Look, I'm sorry for all of this, you've been proper. I appreciate it, really, but I should go now.

CLEMO
It's their job to make you wanna pack up and run. But I'm guessing you already know that.

For the first time, and in a sympathetic manner, CLEMO grins.

JOWAN
If I knew I could slam the door in their face I would have, but the reason they were knocking was that it wasn't my door to slam anymore. The only thing they forgot about was this old thing. I'm sure they'd have come for this as well if it was worth shit.

CLEMO
What did they take?

JOWAN sighs.

CUT TO:

19 INT. JOWAN'S CAR. NIGHT.

19

A vision of Christmas lights illuminates the inside of JOWAN's car as it pulls up outside a house.

JOWAN
Bit bigger these days. Had a lot of work done. My Da would be fumin' at what they've done to his garden. Look's more like the bleddy A38 now there's that much tarmac.

(MORE)

JOWAN (CONT'D)

Shouldn't upset me, but you know.
It's like they've taken all my
memories.

CLEMO

At my age, you can't take memories
for granted. Most have already
faded, and others are at risk
everyday. That's why we are so
precious of some belongings, they
are like memories in physical form.

JOWAN turns off the engine and stares at the house.

JOWAN

All gone now.

Condensation envelopes the inside of the window and the house
disappears from view.

CLEMO

You know, when I sit in that wreck
of a house, I see my LOWENNA. When
I walk through the shell of what
used to be our village, I miss her.
When I use the barrow... I feel
her. When I look up at the stars...
I hear her. But you know what, not
all memories are welcome. The sight
of that stray she brought in before
she died reminds me of awful days.
But, if it wasn't for these
memories, I'd have nothing to live
for. Even in death she is forcing
me to eat, get out the house, feed
the stupid cat. We've got to fight
to hold onto these things.

JOWAN

Maybe. Or maybe, we need to stop
living in the past. I could just
use my Da's car and leave, go
somewhere where I can afford rent.
Maybe even get an 'ansum house one
day. But I guess, it would feel
like abandoning him.

CLEMO

You shouldn't have to leave.
Kernow's your home.

JOWAN

Nah, it's someone else's second home now.

Beat.

CLEMO

Why don't you just sleep in the car?

JOWAN freezes like he's genuinely never thought of that.
CLEMO laughs.

CLEMO (CONT'D)

Look, you've got your whole life ahead of you. Me on the other hand, I'm quite happy taking a one way trip down memory lane.

JOWAN

I guess, but I always think about something my Dad used to say. 'Most fictional stories begin when two main characters meet at the start. In real life, your main character could appear at any moment. At the start, middle, or the end'. I think you'd be silly to assume your story is over, it might just be beginning

The old man smiles at that sentiment and something suddenly clicks inside him. He opens the door and jumps out the car. JOWAN twitches, before doing the same.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. JOWAN'S OLD GARDEN. NIGHT.

20

As snow begins to fall around them, CLEMO begins pulling some Christmas lights from a bush.

JOWAN

(terrified)

What you doin'?

CLEMO ignores him and continues pulling the lights off. Then, he picks up a small inflatable snowman. JOWAN's terror turns into a small laugh, before eventually, he too is picking up random decorations. A family sit around a table enjoying a meal while the carnage ensues outside their window.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. NIGHT. 21

Lights out. JOWAN sleeps peacefully in the living room, no longer staring up at the ceiling.

FADE TO:

22 INT. CLEMO'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 22

In CLEMO's bedroom, there is a very similar scene. Finally, CLEMO sleeps in peace. Beside him, the Cat is curled up on LOWENNA's side of the bed.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. CLEMO'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 23

All of the stolen decorations and lights now cover CLEMO's cottage. They glow peacefully, alone on the moors. Something stirs; a group of shadowy figures dressed in hoodies emerge and laugh to themselves. One of them grabs CLEMO's wheelbarrow, and another jumps inside. They walk off into the darkness cheering each other on.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. MORNING. 24

As JOWAN wakes up his breath is visible. Freezing, he looks around and notices that the front door is wide open. He gets up and closes it, before hearing a loud wince from the kitchen. He quickly heads towards it and finds CLEMO stood over the sink with his hands blue and bleeding. He looks utterly broken.

JOWAN

What happened?

He places his hand on CLEMO's shoulder but he shakes him off.

CLEMO

Geddof, I'm fine.

JOWAN

What happened?

CLEMO

It's gone.

JOWAN

What's gone?

CLEMO
The bleddy wheelbarrow.

Beat.

JOWAN
I can get you another one from
work, I'll use my discount.

CLEMO
It's not the wheelbarrow.

JOWAN
Then what is it.

CLEMO
(abrupt)
I've let her down.

Beat.

JOWAN
Remember what I said about stories-

CLEMO
Load of shit. People don't have
stories, they have lives. I told
you, I don't want to move on. If
you really want to, why don't you
start by moving on from here.

JOWAN, stunned, steadily makes his way over to his
belongings. He picks them up and heads towards the exit.
CLEMO bows his head and tries to find the words but;

The door SLAMS. JOWAN has gone.

FADE TO:

25 EXT. OLD TIN MINE. DAY/NIGHT.

25

JOWAN is sat on a rock in the shadow of an old tine mine. Day
turns to night as he stares at his Dad's old 2001 Renault
Clio in the distance. He takes a deep breath, looks up to the
stars, and then begins walking towards it.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. NIGHT. 26

A hazy glow lights up CLEMO as he sits in his armchair watching TV. He slowly begins to drift off as someone on the TV announces that it is midnight, Christmas day.

CUT TO:

27 INT. CLEMO'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. MORNING. 27

A note is pushed through the letterbox, awaking CLEMO from his snooze. He pushes himself out of his chair and collects the note from the ground.

JOWAN (V.O.)

To CLEMO... I've found a flat in Bodmin that I should be able to afford with the money from my Da's car... It's time for a fresh start... I could probably get something cheaper if I moved north, but I'm not letting the bastards drive me away. Thank you for letting me stay. You might not want to be, but your a good, kind, man. I hope to find a person in my own story like you were in hers. Merry Christmas. JOWAN.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

28 INT. JOWAN'S CAR. MORNING. 28

Music blares as JOWAN drives.

JOWAN

Where should we go then Da?

He begins to sing along to the music.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. MOORLAND COUNTRY ROAD. MORNING. 29

We are back at where the film began, but now the scene continues. CLEMO is stood beside LOWENNA as they walk along the road with the wheelbarrow. A 2001 Renault Clio passes them at an insanely fast speed.

LOWENNA

Tosser.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. MOORLAND COUNTRY ROAD. MORNING.

30

Same scene, but CLEMO is now walking alone once again. He stops for a moment, noticing his wheelbarrow lay at the side of the road in a ditch.

Beat.

He keeps walking.

This is his story, and he's now ready to be the main character.

THE END.