

ANNIE

By

NEIL DUDMAN ROBB

neil.a.robbs@btinternet.com

INT. GORDON'S FLAT - DAY

We open to a shot of a man sitting on the end of a bed through a doorway. The room is neat and lacks any sort of personality. It looks more like an old fashioned hotel room rather than someone's bedroom. However, it is Gordon's, the man at the end of the bed. Gordon is dressed in a black suit and is almost motionless. He is looking down at the floor but looks more like he is looking through. It is hard to tell if he is in deep thought or not thinking of anything at all. His long hair covers one of his eyes slightly. We hold on him for a view seconds in complete silence. We hear a beeping noise and a voice mail begins to play.

GORDON'S DAD

Hi Son. I just wanted you to know that it was good seeing you today despite the occasion and that I love you Gordon, and so does Mum, even if she isn't with us anymore. I know it's hard but please don't cut your self off this time. You need to speak to people, especially in times like this. I'm not saying you have to rush but please just try. It's what Mum would want. I love you son.

During this voice mail we watch Gordon sit and stand motionless in different locations around his house. He stands in his kitchen as his kettle boils. He sits in his living room. He sits in a corner on the floor of his bedroom. We cut back to him in the same position as we started. However, we are now close in on his face. The camera moves to the right and reveals a girl sitting behind him on the bed. She is out of focus.

ANNIE

Are you okay, darling?

Gordon jumps up in fear. He looks around the room and the girl is nowhere to be seen.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

We see Gordon's face through a window. He has an empty look on his face as he looks outside. We hear someone speaking to him.

THERAPIST

So I'm going to assume you saw her again. Since you came here in such a rush.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

I smelt her as well.

We see Gordon's therapist. He has round glasses on and sits in a chair facing him.

THERAPIST

That's new. Do the appearances seem more vivid than before.

GORDON

About the same.

The therapist writes something in his notebook.

THERAPIST

I heard about your mother Gordon.
I'm very sorry.

GORDON

Thank you doctor

THERAPIST

I wanted to ask you Gordon. We made significant progress in your visions up until now. Do you think this recent one had something to do with your mother's passing.

GORDON

I think I'm maybe still shook up about it.

THERAPIST

Maybe. Well you know my advice by now. Hold onto reality Gordon. Don't forget what's real and what's not. And talk to people, real people.

INT. GORDON'S FLAT - DAY

Gordon gets in and sits in the same position on his bed. He begins to cry softly putting his head in his hands. After a few seconds, the hands of a woman come from behind and embrace him. Gordon initially shudders as he feels them touch him, but allows it to continue and eventually relaxes in the embrace.

ANNIE

Shhhh, it's okay. I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

Gordon stops crying and leans back into her hug. For a moment everything is calm. Until, Gordon comes to senses and stands to face her. This is the first time we see Annie clearly. She is beautiful with long, blonde hair and soft, fair skin. Her sunken eyes make her look like a doe in the headlights of a car. She has a sense of innocence about her.

GORDON

You're not real. I know you're not real.

ANNIE

Darling I...

GORDON

You're not real.

ANNIE

Gordon please...

Gordon scrambles in his pocket for his phone. He lifts it and shakily takes a photo. He holds it in front of his face for a moment. We see the picture on his phone screen. The bed is empty. Gordon walks round his bed and places his phone down and lies on his bed. Fade to black

We cut to Gordon lying in his bed. His eyes start closed but slowly flutter open. We see Annie's hand come over his chest.

ANNIE

Good morning.

Gordon sits up and tries to ignore her.

ANNIE

How are you feeling

GORDON

Stressed

ANNIE

Well at least you have me

Annie lets out a small giggle

GORDON

No

He quickly grabs his phone and opens it. His eyes widen suddenly as the picture appears on screen. We see the same picture as we saw the previous night however, Annie is now sat in the middle of the picture.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

What..?

He drops his phone and stares at Annie who is now sat further down the bed.

GORDON

You're in the picture. But you
can't be. You aren't real.

Annie looks down for a second before looking back up at Gordon.

ANNIE

Maybe you're right, maybe I'm not
real. But if that's true I at least
know one thing that is real. And
it's my love for you.

Gordon sits there silently with his eyes widened in shock. They stare at each other for a moment, not saying anything. Annie eventually puts her hand up and strokes his face lightly, Gordon closes his eyes and sighs softly.

When Gordon opens his eyes again he is sat at his kitchen table. He looks around for a moment in confusion. He sees his phone on the table and picks it up. We see him typing and the contact Claire comes up. We see him type the words

Hi Claire long time no see. Was wondering if you wanted to meet for a catchup?

He places his phone down.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We see Gordon dressed in a nice shirt looking neat, opposite a pretty lady with long brunette hair. They are currently silent with the light noise of restaurant chatter humming in the air.

GORDON

So what have you been up to
recently job wise.

CLAIRE

Oh I'm still studying. But I have a
cleaning job that keeps me
financed, not the most glamorous I
know.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON
Oh that's nice.

Their silence continues from the interruption.

CLAIRE
Um, what about you. Do you work?

GORDON
Uh, to be honest I haven't for a while. I tried retail but I wasn't very good at dealing with people. I'm not too good at interviews either.

CLAIRE
Oh right. What about hobbies.

GORDON
I write sometimes I suppose.

CLAIRE
That's cool, what about.

Claire seems enthusiastic for the topic. She is eager to end the awkwardness of the their small talk.

GORDON
It's not really about anything.
It's more just thoughts. I write them for my therapist.

CLAIRE
I see... That's still interesting.
Can I get an example.

GORDON
I suppose.

Gordon pulls out a small black handbook. He looks through the pages until he reaches one in particular. It has one line written on the page "I'm not lonely with Annie." He shuts the book quietly.

GORDON
Actually, on second thought. I think I'd rather keep them private.

CLAIRE
Yeah okay...That's fine.

The common silence return as the two of them avoid each others eyes.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

We see Gordon sat on an empty bus, shrouded in a bright purple hue.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

We see Gordon sat drinking from across a bar. His usual lifeless eyes glued to the floor. The bar is nearly completely empty, everything in a low light except the bar where Gordon sits. We hear a voice from somewhere else in the bar.

STRANGER

Rough night

We see the man talking. He is an older man with unkempt facial hair. He is wearing an old coat and fingerless gloves. He gives the impression of a regular. He is staring at Gordon.

GORDON

I guess.

STRANGER

Yeah I've seen this before too many times. Girl trouble right. Yeah it's written all over you.

Gordon looks back at it him with an intrigued look in his eye.

GORDON

I suppose it is. It's more like me being lonely.

STRANGER

Yeah but there's a girl involved. One you feel strongly about right. I can tell.

GORDON

Yeah. I think I love this girl but, everyone tells me it isn't real. I keep trying to find love in other places but I can't.

STRANGER

Listen kid, I went to my dad with girl trouble once and he gave me the only advice I ever needed. He told me "son, I can't tell you how

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STRANGER (cont'd)
to find a girl or how to make them
love you, people will try to tell
you but they can't, and the reason
is because only you can tell who
you love and who loves you. No one
else." And he was right. So tell
me, everyone says this love isn't
real but you haven't said what you
think. So tell me.

GORDON
I think...I think it is.

STRANGER
Well then, that's realer than
anything anyone else can say.

GORDON
Yeah...yeah you're right. Thanks.

Gordon looks at him for a second before downing his drink
and leaving.

INT. GORDON'S FLAT - NIGHT

Gordon comes into his flat and swiftly closes the door. He
drops his coat on the floor. He turns on the light and makes
his way quickly to his bedroom. He starts shouting.

GORDON
Annie?

We see him turn the corner of his bedroom door. He looks
around the room but cannot see Annie anywhere. He turns
around looking slightly bewildered.

GORDON
Annie? Annie?

He hunts around his whole flat room by room, each shout
becoming more and more panicked as he repeatedly fails to
find her. The calls for her go from worried to desperate as
he she doesn't appear. Eventually he returns to his bedroom.
He sits on his bed in the position he sat in at the
beginning of the film with tears swelling in his eyes as the
realisation sets in. As he sits there he lets out one last
weak and shaky call.

GORDON
Annie?

(CONTINUED)

She is nowhere to be seen or heard. Gordon takes out his phone from his pocket slowly. His hand is shaking, he is scared to look. He opens the picture from before. Annie isn't there. He drops the phone and looks back down at the floor placing him in the same position as the opening shot. The same empty look on his face.