

WORLD, MEET ANN

Written by

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Impact50

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EXT - FIELDS - 16.01 GMT

Andy (55) marches through a field in a long, blue, flowing evening gown. He wears full make-up, big sparkling earrings and an auburn wig.

He struggles over the uneven ground in his high heeled shoes. He moves with a purpose, a look of steely determination on his face.

The wind is wild and consumes all other sound. There is nothing and no-one else but miles and miles of rolling green landscape.

Behind him, a flaming red ball burns through the clear blue sky, larger than the Sun.

CUT TO:

EXT - PUB - 17.19 GMT

A guitar and singing erupt from inside. The pub stands in the middle of nowhere.

Andy faces the entrance, completely still. Out of breath. He looks scared to go within. He shifts uncomfortably in his heels. His leg begins to twitch.

On the tiny pub door is pinned a hand written sign-

END OF THE WORLD IMMINENT. DON'T DIE SOBER!!!

He exhales loudly. He moves towards the door which bursts open from within. Andy spins around. Turning his back to the door. Hiding his face in his hands.

An intoxicated man staggers out, bent over double. He walks two paces to the left and pisses against the wall. Talking to himself in inaudible English.

Andy freezes on the spot. The man finishes and staggers back inside.

Andy walks away from the pub. The burning ball in the sky catches his eye. It has grown bigger still. It looks close enough to touch. He stops. He looks up at it.

ANDY

(whispers)

Come on now you silly old sod.

He turns and heads back to the pub. He looks determined again. He walks straight inside.

CUT TO:

INT - PUB - 17.21 GMT

Andy stands in the threshold. All noise dies down. All eyes on him. Head held high. He walks to the bar in a straight line. People dive left and right to get out of his way as he glides past.

Behind the bar stands Ben (29). He watches Andy approach, looking confused.

                  ANDY  
                  (softly)  
                  Ben.

Ben studies Andy. His face. His hair. His dress. His high heeled shoes. The way his hands are trembling... The fear and doubt in his eyes... A long moment passes. Ben smiles.

                  BEN  
                  (softly)  
                  Dad.

A smile spreads across Andy's face and he laughs.

                  BEN (CONT'D)  
                  Drink?

Andy nods happily. Tears stream down his face.

                  BEN (CONT'D)  
                  I don't know what to offer you  
                  though!

They both laugh. Ben hands him a napkin. Andy dabs it at his wet cheeks.

                  BEN (CONT'D)  
                  Er... a white wine spritiser?

                  ANDY  
                  Fuck no! I'll have a lager.

The crowd roars a cheer. A man in the corner starts playing his guitar again. Everyone sings. Ben pours his Dad a pint.

The ground begins to tremble. The crowd sings louder.

END