

WHERE ARE YOU?

Written by

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INT. HOTEL ROOM, LOUNGE - DAY

Annette (30s) is sitting on the sofa watching the news about the coming impact on the TV. She's wearing a chemise, her long hair hangs loosely over her shoulders and rivulets of tears and eyeliner run down her cheeks. The energy has left her body and her phone is barely held in her hand. She looks like she might be drunk.

The phone starts to vibrate in her hand and she stares blankly at it until it stops. On the screen we can see that she has missed seventeen calls from NICK. Annette composes herself and calls.

Nick answers.

ANNETTE

Hello honey.

NICK (V.O.)

Oh thank God. Thank God. You're there! I was scared I wouldn't get to speak to you.

ANNETTE

I'm sorry. I've just seen the news.

She starts crying again.

NICK (V.O.)

I've been trying to reach you. I tried everywhere. Work said you were sick. Are you okay?

ANNETTE

Of course I'm not fucking okay! Shit. It's over Nick. Everything is over. Finished. Are you okay? Are you having a good day?

NICK (V.O.)

Sorry Annie. I'm freaking out. I don't know what to say. I just want to hear your voice. I just want to tell you everything I never did.

While Nick is talking Annette stands and goes to the minibar, putting her phone on speaker she leaves it on the side. She finds a mini bottle of champagne and opens it. Looking in the mirror she toasts herself, before downing the contents. Next she searches for the strongest drink she can find and pores it into a glass neat.

NICK

I love you Annette. More than anything. Nothing else matters anymore.

Annette picks up her phone, turns it off speaker and holds it to her ear, before taking the glass in her other hand and walking through the bedroom into the ensuite bathroom.

NICK (CONT'D)

I just wish we hadn't waited to have children together. And I know that was my fault.

Standing in front of the bathroom mirror, she takes a tissue and starts to clean her face and redo her make up.

ANNETTE

I understand Nick. Nothing really matters anymore. It's over. I love you too.

Annette hangs up and turns the phone off, dropping it into the bin. She finishes a perfunctory restoration of her make up and goes back into the bedroom.

This time, a man, ANTHONY (40s), is revealed asleep in the bed. Annette walks around to his side of the bed and picks up his phone from the bedside table. It's ringing silently, with a picture of his wife and children appearing on the screen. She turns it off, goes to where Anthony's wallet is on the dresser and puts his phone face down next to it.

Returning to the bed, she pushes Anthony onto his back and sits astride him. Anthony opens his eyes slightly.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Hello again gorgeous. Now... I want you to fuck me. Fuck me so hard I remember it with my dying breath.

FADE TO BLACK.