

ANONYMOUS

Written by

Daniel Harding

Version (1.0)
16.06.2020

INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

BRYAN and OLIVIA (early 30s) are sat in a swanky bar, chatting and generally having a good time. The chemistry is electric.

OLIVIA
(impressed)
Whoa! You can do that?

BRYAN
(smug)
Course! He even had the audacity to start crying.

OLIVIA looks at BRYAN with keen wonder - she is certainly intrigued by him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Nah, I have zero time for people like him. He deserved it.

OLIVIA leans in and starts stroking BRYAN's hand gently.

OLIVIA
It must be so hard for you.

BRYAN immediately looks around - he snaps his fingers, whistles and generally makes himself visible to whoever is serving.

BRYAN
Oi! Over here! Yeah, you! Get us the bill. We're in a rush-

BRYAN throws a cheeky smile back at OLIVIA - who blushes.

The WAITER walks over and places the bill down on the table, he goes to walk away.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Stay there-

BRYAN pulls out his wallet and picks out a card - throwing it down onto the billfold.

WAITER
I'll just go get your waiter-

BRYAN
Look buddy, just take the payment, yeah? I don't care who my waiter was.

WAITER

No problem. I just need to get the card machine.

BRYAN

Jes-us christ! We just want to pay!

(to OLIVIA)

Is that too much to ask?

OLIVIA

The service here is *terrible*.

The WAITER continues to stand there - not sure what to do for the best.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

JOE and DAVID (late teens) are sat at a bus stop messing around play fighting and passing a small bottle of vodka between themselves.

JOE

Man, this bus is taking time.

DAVID

Roadman said it should've been here fifteen minutes ago.

JOE

How long we been waiting?

DAVID

Time!

JOE

That's what I'm sayin'!

We hear some commotion coming from across the street - both JOE and DAVID look.

We see a fight - one guy gets a heavy hook across the face.

DAVID

Allow that!

JOE

Quick- quick, film that shit!

DAVID stands up and aims his phone towards the commotion - we see through the phone screen a guy being attacked by another. He lands another punch, flooring him.

DAVID

Ah!

JOE
Fuck! Did you see that?

JOE and DAVID are playful in their tone - they laugh.

JOE (CONT'D)
Upload! Upload! That's gonna get
mega hits, trust.

DAVID
Do you reckon we should do
something?

JOE
Nah, look - the bus is here now.

We hear the bus pulling up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT SAME NIGHT

Kelly and Ruth (late 30s) are dancing around in their living
room - heavy smoke fills the room.

There is a knock at the door but neither of them hear it.

KELLY
I love this song!

RUTH
Aw, me too!

The knocking grows louder.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Do you hear that?

They stop dancing.

The knocking persists.

KELLY
I think it's the front door.

RUTH skips to the front door and opens it - KELLY watches.
RUTH turns back and signals for her to turn the music down.
KELLY reluctantly does so.

RUTH
...Sorry, what do you mean?

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
It's pretty late, and the music is
quite loud-

RUTH
So? It's the *week-end*!

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
I know, it's just, I've got work in
the morning-

KELLY
Is he complaining about the music
again?

RUTH
(to NEIGHBOUR)
That's not my problem.

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
I would really appreciate it if you
could just turn it down just a-

RUTH
Look, I would love to, but I just
can't. I'm truly sorry. Really.

KELLY rushes over to the front door.

KELLY
Look mate, we would if we could but-

KELLY stops when she sees his face.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Shit man, what happened to your
face?

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
I was mugged-

RUTH
Fuck that! Come on, this party is
about to flatline. We need to get
it re-started...

RUTH pulls KELLY back inside and shuts the door - and we just
manage to catch a brief glimpse of the guy standing in the
hallway.

He looks beaten up.

The music volume increases.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

A CHEF is kneeling against a wall, smoking a cigarette - he
is scrolling through his phone.

Suddenly, the back doors open - the CHEF's boss steps out, followed swiftly by a young guy - who bows his head and walks away.

The CHEF stands up - stomping out the cigarette on the floor.

CHEF
Everything alright?

BOSS
I don't know what it is with people these days. You give 'em an opportunity and they just throw it back in your face.

CHEF
What happened?

BOSS
Did you see the state of him? He's obviously been fighting. Bruises all over him. I can't have that in the dining room. I could smell weed on him.

CHEF
Really? He seemed like a good kid.

BOSS
They all *seem* like it till they get the shifts they want.

CHEF
Shame.

BOSS
You're telling me! Now I've got to find another server and we have a forty-four booked for brunch. God, I don't know how I'm going to cope!

Both the CHEF and BOSS head back inside.

CHEF
I know someone who might be willing to help out.

The backdoor closes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MALCOLM is sat on the sofa - tentatively reading the newspaper.

The house phone starts ringing.

MALCOLM reluctantly leans back and lifts the phone to his ear
- with noticeable effort.

MALCOLM

What?

SON (O.S.)

Hi Dad, it's me.

MALCOLM

Oh, I wasn't expecting you to call today. I'm just reading my paper. Did you know that four hundred and fifty five people *died* when their ship crashed off the coast of Morocco yesterday? Refugees! I mean, what were they thinking would happen? Idiots. The boat was only the size of a dingy you buy from Argos. I just don't understand what the world is coming to. Anyway! Enough about that. It only gets me annoyed thinking about it. Your mum's in the garden, enjoying the sun, but you know me, I can't stand it for too long. I much prefer to be inside reading my paper, relaxing. I've been off from work for two weeks now, it's bliss. I love it. Practically retired. It's great! Just sitting here reading my paper, nothing to do except breathe, read and eat. We've got lamb chops for dinner I think- Janet? Janet? Do we have lamb chops for dinner?... Oh I don't know where she's gone. Nattering at the end of the garden I suspect. The neighbour has just bought a jacuzzi from *China*, she wants one, I can tell. I suspect I'll have to work some over time so I can buy it for her. Anyway, I can't chat all day. Got things to do, you know how it is. It was nice hearing from you. Buy-now then.

SON (O.S.)

Bye, Dad.

MALCOLM hangs up the phone and his attention quickly returns back to the paper.

EXT. OVERLOOKING BEACHY HEAD - SOMETIME LATER

DEAN and ELLEN are sat on the hood of the car looking out over beachy head.

DEAN takes ELLEN by the hand.

DEAN
It's just been so lovely spending
this time with you.

ELLEN
Aww, yeah! It has been a great
weekend.

DEAN
Pretty perfect.

ELLEN
You said it.

ELLEN rests her head on DEAN's shoulder.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
When we have kids, we'll have to
bring them down here. They'll love
it!

DEAN
Kids?!

She lifts her head up.

ELLEN
Yeah!

DEAN
Hmm, I'm not sure about that.

ELLEN
What?! I thought you-

DEAN smirks.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Oh, you're fucking with me!

She places her head back down.

DEAN
Ha! Course I want kids with you.

ELLEN
Damn right you do.

They both think about it for a second and smile to themselves.

Eventually DEAN spots something odd happening close to the edge - a guy is stood there.

DEAN
What do you think he's doing?

ELLEN
Who?

DEAN
Him.

DEAN gestures towards where the guy is standing - ELLEN looks.

ELLEN
He's probably just enjoying the view.

DEAN
(concerned)
He's pretty close to the edge.

ELLEN
Don't worry about it. I'm sure he's fine.

We then see the guy take another step forward.

Both DEAN and ELLEN watch as presumably the guy steps over the edge - their eyes widen with shock.

DEAN
(calling, desperate)
Hey! No!

EXT. WALKWAY - BENEATH THE CLIFFS - SOON AFTER

A POLICE OFFICER is stood, keeping watch and guard - stopping anyway from walking past.

GEORGE (50s) walking his dog, approaches.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry, sir. I can't let you go any further.

GEORGE
(frustrated)
Why? Has someone jumped again?

The POLICE OFFICER gently nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Bloody hell! What is wrong with
these people?

POLICE OFFICER
I couldn't say, sir.

GEORGE
You know, to end it like that, they
must be pretty gone in the head or
something if you ask me.

POLICE OFFICER
It certainly is tragic.

GEORGE
It's the family I feel sorry for.
They're the ones who are left
behind, ain't they?

The POLICE OFFICER reluctantly nods.

POLICE OFFICER
They sure are.

GEORGE
Anyway, come on then Badger. We'll
have to go another way today.

GEORGE playfully rolls his eyes.

POLICE OFFICER
Thank you, sir. Sorry for the
inconvenience.

GEORGE and BADGER (his dog) walk away.

GEORGE
Don't worry, it's not your fault.
You're just doing your job.

A cyclist approaches - the POLICE OFFICER signals for him to
stop.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry, I can't let you through.

CYCLIST
(annoyed)
God-sake, *again*?

CUT TO BLACK. THE END.