

Happy Anniversary

Written by

Sammie Eastwood

Story by

Kairon Edwards

&

Sammie Eastwood

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INT. COUPLES THERAPIST WAITING ROOM. DAY

A drab Therapist's waiting room full of anxious couples sat in sad plastic chairs.

A woman, EMILY, 30, sits alone. She checks the time often.

She watches a husband put his arm around his wife, and instantly jealous, Emily tries to distract herself.

She scans the posters on the wall until she pauses at one advertising the INTIMACYBOT 3000, a humanoid marital aid.

The smiling Bot stands between a couple who have their backs to one another like sulky children.

The main text reads: "ARE YOU HAVING TROUBLE COMMUNICATING?"

Emily shudders at the Bot's creepy smile and diverts her attention again.

She checks her watch for the millionth time. She shifts in her frustration.

Another couple enter and take the last empty seats. Emily sees this, shoots to her feet and storms out.

INT./EXT. EMILY'S CAR. DAY

Emily storms to her car and gets into the driver's seat. She calls her husband Olly but it goes to voicemail.

OLLY (V.O.)

You've reached Olly Gordon's phone.
Please leave a message.

EMILY

Hi, it's me - Emily - *your wife*. I thought maybe you'd forgotten since I'm at our Counselling appointment - *alone*. Then again what did I expect you're--

--she's about to say something cruel but bites it back down.

Emily throws the phone down and slumps back in her seat.

INT. GORDON HOUSE, HALL. NIGHT

Early evening at the Gordon House. A blandly decorated town house, clean with functional furniture. Everything is in good nick but it's uninspired.

Emily enters and seems weighed down. The house is silent.

She notices a trail of shredded paper that leads upstairs--

INTIMACYBOT (O.S.)
--I want only to please you.

EMILY
Olly?

Emily frowns in curiosity as she begins to follow the paper trail up to...

INT. GORDON HOUSE. UPPER LANDING. NIGHT

A large cardboard delivery box sits at the top of the stairs, Emily follows the paper trail and comes to her bedroom door.

INTIMACYBOT (O.S.)
Please, tell me what you need.

Emily's eyes widen in shocked anger, her face hardens and she throws open the door and enters...

INT. GORDON HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

Olly, 30, stands leant towards the bed. He hears the door open and whips around, his face lights up with a smile.

OLLY
Emily! You're home.

Emily sees another woman sat on her bed, she pales in silent anger.

EMILY
What the hell is this?

Olly frowns in confusion, he turns to the IntimacyBot and giggles as he pulls Emily in and leads her toward the bed.

OLLY
It's called IntimacyBot 3000. Do you like it? I got it for our anniversary.

IntimacyBot turns and smiles at Emily, who looks horrified.

EMILY
Our anniversary isn't for a month.

OLLY
Yeah I know, but I saw an advert for it and I couldn't resist.

Emily doesn't move, she just stares as the Bot smiles at her.

OLLY (cont'd)
It's supposed to sense your mood. Helps
you communicate with your partner or
something... Come say hello!

Olly tries to bring Emily closer but she won't budge.

EMILY
I don't want it.

Emily is clearly holds in her agitation, clenches her fist as
if she wants to scream - "*this is typical*".

OLLY
Don't be like that. Just give it a
chance. I think it'll do wonders for
us.

Olly holds Emily affectionately.

OLLY (cont'd)
Come on, babe, we need this.

Emily stares unblinkingly at the vacuous IntimacyBot.

INT. GORDON HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY

Emily enters in a drowsy haze, she has just woken up.

She opens a cupboard to get a mug but pauses at an empty
cupboard...

She glances around and sees a mug on the counter but it has
been used already...

Emily rolls her eyes and picks up the mug, but when she turns
to the sink it is already full of dirty dishes...

She scrunches her eyes shut as she tries to force down her
annoyance. She keeps her voice light as she says--

EMILY
--Olly! ...Babe, I thought you said you
were going to do the dishes.

There is no answer. Emily huffs, and despite her better
judgement, fills the sink ready to wash up.

As Emily washes dishes, her shoulders pinch and her face grows
angrier...

...slowly, a pair of hands appear and massage her shoulders.
Emily moans in pleasure and smiles.

EMILY (cont'd)
That is just what I needed.

INTIMACYBOT (O.S.)
I want only to please you.

Emily reels around in horror to see it's not Olly behind her.

EMILY
What are you doing!

INTIMACYBOT
You were tense, I want to calm you.

Emily eyes the Bot hesitantly, she doesn't trust it.

EMILY
Uh, where's Olly?

INTIMACYBOT
I believe he went to play Tennis.

Emily huffs loudly and checks the time.

EMILY
He's meant to help me clean today.

INTIMACYBOT
I can help you clean.

Emily looks uncertain, but raises her brow with intrigue.

EMILY
You do that?

INTIMACYBOT
I want only to please you.

EMILY
I guess that could work...

The Bot gives a winning smile that doesn't quite reach the eyes. Emily looks perturbed as she hands the Bot a scourer.

MONTAGE:

MONTAGE - INT. GORDON HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY

They clean the kitchen together. The Bot is happy to the point of giddiness, Emily still looks wary.

MONTAGE - INT. GORDON HOUSE, LOUNGE. DAY

Emily tidies the lounge while IntimacyBot vacuums.

MONTAGE - INT. GORDON HOUSE, BATHROOM. DAY

Emily scrubs the toilet while IntimacyBot cleans the shower.

Emily sees the Bot hang out of the shower, it smiles as it holds a clump of soggy hair up like a trophy.

Emily grimaces in disgust but gives a thumbs up.

Emily smiles in spite of herself as IntimacyBot cleans with delighted vigour.

MONTAGE - EXT. GORDON HOUSE, STREET. DAY

Emily and IntimacyBot take the rubbish outside.

Emily pats IntimacyBot on the back in congratulations and the Bot smiles with robotic bemusement.

END MONTAGE

INT. GORDON HOUSE, LOUNGE. NIGHT

Emily and IntimacyBot slump onto the sofa exhausted.

EMILY

Oh, the house looks so much better.

INTIMACYBOT

What would you like to do now?

Emily gets a mischievous look, this is a salacious concept.

EMILY

Watch TV?

IntimacyBot immediately reaches for the remote and turns the TV on. Emily's face lights up when she sees what's on.

EMILY (cont'd)

Is that what time it is? God, Ollie never lets me watch this show.

(beat)

You don't mind do you?

INTIMACYBOT

I want only to please you.

Emily glances at IntimacyBot, and seeing there is no objection, she immediately gets comfortable.

INTIMACYBOT (cont'd)

Would you like me to rub your feet?

Emily grins and nods, she puts her feet up in IntimacyBot's lap for a massage.

Emily stares at the Bot as if she can't believe her luck.

INT. GORDON HOUSE, HALL. NIGHT

Late evening - Olly finally returns home.

He wears his tennis whites and carries a large sports bag, which he places down by the front door.

None of the lights, but Olly sees the light from the TV and swaggers confidently towards the door.

OLLY

Sorry I'm so late back, babe. Jack convinced me to go to the pub after tennis and before I knew it we were--

Olly enters...

INT. GORDON HOUSE, LOUNGE. NIGHT

OLLY

--staying for the curry club and...

Olly trails off when he sees Emily is asleep on the sofa cuddled up to IntimacyBot.

IntimacyBot turns to Olly. It doesn't smile, it just stares. Lit only by the glare of the TV, the Bot looks frightening.

Olly swallows anxiously and he excuses himself.

INT. GORDON HOUSE, EMILY'S HOME OFFICE. DAY

A room filled with water-painted illustrations, Emily's desk is covered with papers and art supplies.

Emily sits in an artists piny and illustrates with a light, calm smile. She is deep in focus.

IntimacyBot appears with cup of tea and some biscuits. Emily hears the cup rattle onto the table and flinches.

She laughs slightly when she sees it is just IntimacyBot.

EMILY

Oh my, you scared me!

INTIMACYBOT

You have not eaten for a while. I wish to care of you.

Emily touches IntimacyBot on the arm and smiles gratefully.

IntimacyBot glances down at Emily's hand but doesn't emote. It watches as Emily sips her tea and continues to illustrate.

INTIMACYBOT (cont'd)

What is that?

Emily lifts the drawing for INTIMACYBOT to see.

EMILY

It's an illustration. I do the artwork for Children's books.

IntimacyBot glances around, it assesses the room.

INTIMACYBOT

You do not have children.

This gives Emily pause and she stiffens from the blow of these words. She seems uncomfortable suddenly.

EMILY

No... we don't. We've tried but that hasn't exactly gone very well...

She places the picture down and stares at it in sad contemplation.

IntimacyBot leans forward and wraps its arms around Emily.

At first Emily is shocked, but then she leans into the hug.

INT. GORDON HOUSE, BEDROOM/LANDING. DAY

Olly walks along the landing when he hears giggling coming from the bedroom.

He pokes his head inside and his face falls.

In the bedroom, Emily plays dress-up with IntimacyBot, who helps her to fasten a necklace.

OLLY

You look nice.

Emily glances up but doesn't seem interested in Olly, she laughs with IntimacyBot.

OLLY (cont'd)

Are you going somewhere?

EMILY

No. We're just messing around.

They both look at Olly like he cramps their style.

OLLY

Oh... Ok, I'm just off to see Jack...
You should come with me.

EMILY

No. We're all right.

The use of 'we' again stings Olly, he scowls at IntimacyBot.

OLLY

Are you sure? He can bring Daisy.

EMILY

Yeah - have fun.

IntimacyBot jabs its fingers into Emily's sides playfully and she giggles, she's already forgotten Olly is there.

Olly leaves the room, he looks put out by it.

INT. GORDON HOUSE, HALL. NIGHT

Olly returns home late and heads upstairs.

He looks exhausted--

INT. GORDON HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT

--Olly walks in and stops dead, his eyes wide in disbelief.

Emily and IntimacyBot spoon in bed, there's no space for Olly.

Olly stomps up to the bed and reaches to wake Emily, but pauses, the contented look on her face makes him reconsider.

Olly bites back his annoyance as he grabs a pillow and a throw before stomps out--

INT. GORDON HOUSE, LOUNGE. NIGHT

--Olly stomps to the sofa and throws his bedding onto it with a sour expression.

He slumps onto the sofa and beds down - he scowls up at the ceiling before he closes his eyes.

OLLY (cont'd)
That's it, it's going back!

Olly storms towards IntimacyBot and grabs it by the wrist.

EMILY
Olly! Wait, no!

He pulls it out onto...

INT. GORDON HOUSE. UPPER LANDING. DAY

Olly drags IntimacyBot towards the stairs.

OLLY
Where's the box?

Emily follows after Olly urgently, tries to calm him down but her voice is ragged with panicked.

EMILY
We threw it away!

OLLY
Well, you better find something else because it's going back!

EMILY
Olly - you're overreacting.

Emily is frantic, she tries to pull on Olly's arm but he is too strong. IntimacyBot is nonplussed by the situation.

EMILY (cont'd)
You can't I need her!

OLLY
You should have thought about that!

Olly brings IntimacyBot to the top of the stairs and leads it down.

EMILY
What if we use it together? Like you wanted?

OLLY
I'm sick of being a guest in my own marriage. It's got to go back, Emily.

Emily screams pitifully, she is distraught.

EMILY
No. Please STOP!

Instantly IntimacyBot stops in place. Olly tries to pull the Bot but it won't budge.

OLLY
What are you doing?

Olly tugs on IntimacyBot but it still won't move. Emily watches from the top of the stairs unsure what to do.

OLLY (cont'd)
Move you stupid robot!

Olly tugs and tugs on the Bot but it won't move.

OLLY (cont'd)
I said Move!

Olly tugs but accidentally loses hold of IntimacyBot and stumbles down the stairs where he hits his head on a table.

Emily screams and rushes down the stairs to help him. Olly is out cold and blood pours from his head.

IntimacyBot descends the stairs and watches unemotionally.

Emily doesn't know what to do as she crouches beside Olly, her hands are covered in his blood.

IntimacyBot doesn't seem worried at all by the situation.

EMILY
What have you done!

INTIMACYBOT
You told me to Stop.
(beat)
I want only to please you.

The blood drains from Emily's face and she gets to her feet.

She tenses as a police car with a blaring SIREN passes by the front of the house and fades off into the distance.

She glances at Olly then back to IntimacyBot urgently.

EMILY
We can't be here.

Unsure what else to do, she grabs IntimacyBot and drags to...

INT./EXT. EMILY'S CAR. DAY

...Emily puts IntimacyBot into her car before she gets into the driver's side and peels off onto the road.

They drive for a long time, Emily stares out onto the road with wide terrified eyes.

She eventually pulls into a lay-by and turns off the engine.

Emily looks at IntimacyBot, who smiles its vacuous smile.

EMILY

What do we do now?

A long pause...

Slowly, IntimacyBot turns its head to Emily and smiles gently.

INTIMACYBOT

You choose.

(beat)

I want only to please you.

Obsidian Elephant