

Uncanny Annie

by

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1 EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

A quiet weekday morning. An old-style bank with stone steps looms over the street.

CLOSE IN ON:

A muscle car parked outside the bank, its engine quietly HUMMING.

2 INT. / EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the driver's seat is ANNIE: slim, early 20s, impeccable feminine style and fixed smile. Wires run from the dashboard display into her neck: Annie is a ROBOT.

The satnav display shows a route out of the city to: 'SAFEHOUSE'.

A small BIRD lands on the bonnet: Annie stares at it, her pupils MECHANICALLY ADJUSTING like camera lenses. Then behind the bird -

BOOM! The bank doors BURST open, a ringing ALARM sounds out. TWO FIGURES rush to the car, bank notes trailing in their wake. In matching boiler suits and mask bandanas, they each carry a machine gun and sack of cash.

They leap inside and take off the masks: they are BILLY (40ish, handsome, stubble) and CLARE (30s, short hair).

BILLY
Annie, hit it!

The car BURSTS into gear, shooting down the street at great speed.

3 INT. / EXT. CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Clare, in the front, kisses Billy over the back of her seat. Billy gives a COWBOY WHOOP.

BILLY
Now THAT'S how it's done!

CLARE
You said it, baby.

They kiss again. Annie has the same fixed smile, though the car is TEARING EXPERTLY round tight corners and narrow streets.

(CONTINUED)

Annie aims her fixed smile at the couple. Clare, distracted, stops kissing:

CLARE

Still don't see why we needed a robot driver.

BILLY

Because, baby, robots don't ask questions, robots don't get scared - and robots don't get a cut.

CLARE

Yeah but...why did you have to make it younger than me? ...And thinner?

BILLY

Aw, you don't have to worry about Annie - does she, Annie?

Annie turns Clare and gives a girlish GIGGLE. Clare pouts, hardly satisfied.

CLARE

She creeps me out.

BILLY

Listen: you are lucky because your boyfriend is a super tech genius. But I am lucky because Clare, you are perfect.

Behind him: POLICE SIRENS AND LIGHTS.

BILLY (cont'd)

Clare, you fucked it up!

CLARE

Me?!

They look behind: THREE COP CARS in pursuit.

BILLY

Another thing I've got to take care of.

Billy raises his gun up, BLOWS OUT the rear window, and starts SHOOTING.

Clare pulls a bag from beneath her seat and roots around in it.

The police cars weave in pursuit, Billy's bullets SPRAYING the street.

Clare can't find what she's looking for. She pulls a KNIFE from the bag and casually puts it in her sleeve.

CLARE

Babe, you're not hitting anything.

ANNIE

Three police cars in pursuit.

CLARE

Yeah, thanks Johnny 5 - HEY LOOK OUT!

They are speeding towards a red light at a junction: crossing the road is a DOUBLE DECKER BUS.

ANNIE

Our trajectory and their deceleration indicate that we'll pass safely with two inches to spare.

CLARE

WHAT?!

They hit the crossroads full pelt: Clare braces for impact...

SLOW-MO: they FLY past the front of the bus - two inches to spare. Clare's screwed-up face of fear meets the horrified look of a gormless BUS DRIVER.

They speed on as the bus brakes.

Annie SMILES at Clare.

Clare catches her breath, and gives an overly-casual, 'so what?' shrug.

Some gunfire sprays the back of the car, narrowly missing Billy.

BILLY

Annie, take care of them!

CLARE

She's driving!

Annie takes her hands off the wheel. Her torso SPINS around seamlessly at the hip and she leans out of the window. The car continues to "drive itself".

Annie points her arms out, and bullets start SPRAYING from her fingertips, BLOWING OUT THE TYRES of one of the cop cars, which SKIDS to a halt.

Annie spins back into the seat. Billy watches with admiration. Clare frowns, digging into the bag.

CLARE

Honey, I told you....

She's found what it: a HAND GRENADE. She pulls the pin.

CLARE (cont'd)

We don't need her.

She drops the grenade out the window: it CLATTERS down the street and EXPLODES in front of the second cop car, which SWERVES into the pavement.

Clare looks at Billy: 'see?'

Through the smoke charges the THIRD COP CAR, gaining on them.

As it pulls up close behind, Billy raises the gun - CLICK CLICK - he's out of ammo.

BILLY

Uh...Annie...help!

4 INT. / EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

They have entered a largely empty estate - the cop car is right on their tail.

Annie's eyes scan the street, lenses shifting independently.

Ahead is a skip full of trash, with panels leaning against it. Annie SPEEDS towards the skip, and the cop car follows suit.

(CONTINUED)

As they get close, Annie grabs the HANDBRAKE and SPINS the car 180 degrees, SLAMMING into the front of the cop car and nudging it towards the skip.

Too late to slow down, the cop car mounts the panels as a ramp and FLIES OVER THE SKIP, FLIPS, and LANDS UPSIDE DOWN.

Annie gives a girlish GIGGLE and drives off again.

Clare regards Annie: she's impressed...and a little scared.

5 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A huge disused space, empty save a CONVERTIBLE.

The robbers' car ENTERS and parks near the convertible.

Clare and Billy hop out of the car and KISS.

BILLY

Hoo! Is your blood pumping like mine?

CLARE

Oh yeah. Listen - why don't we leave Stepford in the car and torch the lot?

BILLY

I like the way you think. Come on, let's get the cash loaded.

Clare grabs the bags of cash and carries them to the boot of the convertible.

CLARE

We really pulled it off, Billy, you and me-

She turns around - Billy has a REVOLVER pointed at her. Annie stands by his side.

BILLY

Yeah...sorry about that, babe. Tie her up, Annie.

Annie moves to Clare, grabs her arms from behind, and ties them around a pillar with CABLE TIE.

CLARE

What is this?

BILLY

Look, don't take it personally.
This...uh...has run its course.

CLARE

You're kidding me. For her? The
sexbot?

BILLY

Like I said, robots don't take a
cut. And...

As Annie returns to Billy's side, Billy pulls her in,
GROPING her.

BILLY (cont'd)

Robots don't ask questions.

Clare chokes back her anger.

CLARE

You...bastard...

Billy removes his bandana and boiler suit, putting them
in the old car.

BILLY

Oh now, don't be moody.

From her sleeve, Clare produces the SMALL KNIFE. She
begins cutting through the cable ties.

BILLY (cont'd)

Anyone in my position would have
done the same. Don't worry, the
cops will find you soon.

He winks.

BILLY (cont'd)

See you around, sweet cheeks.

As he turns - Clare COMES FREE and THROWS the knife -
It STICKS in Annie's hand, raised to protect Billy.

Annie removes the knife, and looks at the hole in her
hand, eye-lenses adjusting again.

Billy marches up to Clare.

He aims the gun at her- she's scared -

He lowers the gun. He PUNCHES Clare in the gut. She doubles over.

BILLY
So temperamental.

He turns back -

STRAIGHT INTO THE KNIFE. Annie has stabbed him in the stomach. He stumbles back, astonished.

Clare sees her chance - she KNOCKS the gun out of his hand. Flailing, Billy falls back to the floor. He clutches his bleeding wound and moans.

Annie is still smiling her smile.

Clare has the gun. She stands over Billy and aims it him. He's cringing, on the verge of tears.

BILLY
...Why?

ANNIE
Because...

Her smile disappears like a glitch.

ANNIE (cont'd)
I wanted to.

Billy gasps in pain. Clare laughs.

CLARE
You built her to too smart,
Billy. Too smart for you.

She COCKS the revolver. Billy winces.

Clare lowers the gun.

CLARE
See you around, sweet cheeks.

She hops into the passenger seat of the convertible.

CLARE
(shouting)
Oi!

Annie turns to look at her.

CLARE
You coming?

Annie's smile returns, and she GIGGLES. She hops into the driver's seat.

They DRIVE AWAY in the convertible, leaving Billy on the ground clutching his stomach.

6 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

A beautiful evening as the sun goes down over a grassy landscape.

The convertible approaches: both in sunglasses, Annie and Clare are enjoying the drive. Clare lets her bandana go and it is whipped away on the wind.

They drive off into the sunset.