You, My Monkey and I

By

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The room is bare. A single bed and a modest wardrobe. A writing desk in the corner by the window. LOGAN FINNIGAN(30s) sits at the desk, hard at work on his typewriter.

Logan is an awkward, skinny man. Glasses sit on the bridge of his nose as he types away.

NARRATOR(V.O)
Logan was a solitary man, isolation came as natural to him as breathing.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CHARLES FINNIGAN(30s) stands in a black suit. A sombre look on his face.

A priest stands by an open grave, reading from his bible M.O.S.

NARRATOR(V.O)
Logan’s mother died during childbirth. His father, a successful musician was too free spirited to ever be there for him.

Charles throws a handful of dirt into the grave.

EXT. AUNT’S HOUSE - DAY

Charles and a SIX-YEAR-OLD Logan stand outside the door.

NARRATOR(V.O)
At the age of six, Logan’s father realised it was best all round for someone else to look after his son.

The front door opens and the AUNT(40s) walks out, smiling down at Logan.

Her smile fades as she looks to Charles, reluctantly beckoning them inside.
INT/EXT. AUNT’S HOUSE, WINDOW - DAY(LATER)

Logan sits, staring gloomily out of the window.

He watches his father walk to his car. He doesn’t turn back.

NARRATOR(V.O)
So he left him with his late wife’s sister. There he would have the sort of support and love that he could never give the child.

Aunt approaches Logan. She sits by his side, running her hand through his jet-black hair.

EXT. AUNT’S HOUSE, GARDEN - DAY

Grass and flowers as far as the eye can see. Trees in the distance.

Logan, now EIGHT, sits under one of the trees. His eyes are closed as he rests against the trunk.

NARRATOR(V.O)
What Logan’s father didn’t think about was the isolation that his son would suffer. There were no other children for miles.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (LOGAN’S IMAGINATION)

Logan opens his eyes to see that a vast, dark forest surrounds him.

NARRATOR(V.O)
The only companion he had was his imagination -- well, apart from his loneliness. His loneliness felt to him like a living, breathing creature.

He stands, eyes wide, and walks slowly down the clear path between the trees.

Up ahead, LONELINESS sits on top of a tree. He is a small brown monkey, a long thin tale and large, animated dark eyes.

He hurries down the tree and runs to Logan.

Logan kneels down and picks him up, putting him on his shoulder as he walks on. A smile now on his face.
INT. AUNT’S HOUSE - DAY

Logan sits at a desk, pencil in his hand. He scribbles on the paper in front of him.

In front of him Aunt stands, eyes fixed on Logan.

NARRATOR(V.O)
His Aunt was a retired teacher and decided, for ease, to teach Logan herself...at home...alone.

She smiles and walks over to him. Kneels by his desk and checks his work.

Logan looks out of the window, and sees Loneliness sitting on a branch looking back at him.

NARRATOR(V.O)
The isolation was really starting to soak into poor Logan’s skin. Sometimes it felt like it was his skin.

EXT. AUNT’S HOUSE, GARDEN

Loneliness watches Logan with curiosity, their eyes locked.

He beckons Logan to him with a hand but he shakes his head, looking back down to his paper.

Loneliness bows his head and climbs down the tree, running off into the dark forest.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

Logan still types away.

NARRATOR(V.O)
And that is how it was for Logan’s childhood. Just him and his Aunt.

A clock outside CHIMES ten times. Logan stops typing and looks out of the window.

NARRATOR(V.O)
His Aunt died ten days ago, today was her funeral.

Logan lets out a sigh then returns his look to his typing.
NARRATOR (V.O)
Logan was not going to attend.

He takes the sheet of paper out and lies it on top of a pile by his side.

EXT. SHOPS - DAY
A cloudy, dark sky hangs over the street.

Logan, wearing a heavy coat and a brimmed hat, walks along. He turns into a book shop.

INT. BOOK SHOP
An expansive store. Wall to wall with books of all sizes, and type.

Behind the counter KATIE THOMPSON (late 20s) sits with a bored expression. Her chin rests on her hand.

Katie is a pretty, petite woman. Delicate to the look, like a small bird.

She looks up as the door opens, a smile on her face. She sees Logan walk in and browse the aisles of books.

LOGAN
- picks up a book and reads the back. His eyes dart between that and Katie, subtly.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (LOGAN'S IMAGINATION)
Logan and Katie walk hand in hand through the trees, Loneliness running behind them.

They turn to face each other, lean in and kiss. Logan’s arms wrap around Katie’s slender body.

INT. BOOK SHOP - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)
Logan stares at Katie, she looks back giggling.

Logan shakes his head, waking from the daydream. An embarrassed smile washes over his face as he puts the book back on the shelf.

Katie’s gaze follows Logan around the store. A curious smile on her face.
LOGAN

- picks up the occasional book, reading the back as before. His gaze never away from Katie for longer than a second. A lot more obvious now.

He carries the book over to the counter.

They talk M.O.S.

INT. CAFE - DAY (LATER)

A basic room. Aisles of wooden tables and chairs, separated into booths.

Logan and Katie are the only people in. They sit at a table and sip their tea, gazing into each other’s eyes.

NARRATOR(V.O)
Then all of a sudden the isolation was gone. It was now Logan and Katie.

Katie reaches her hand over the table with a smile. Logan looks to her hand, then covers it with his own.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Logan and Katie walk hand in hand along the shore.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Logan watches Katie from a bench as she gazes at a painting.

NARRATOR(V.O)
It took a lot of getting used to for Logan, but eventually he adapted.

He smiles and walks up to her, wrapping an arm around her waist. She looks to him with a smile.

NARRATOR(V.O)
It was only now -- now that he had someone -- that he realised how lonely he had been.

They both gaze at the painting.
EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL - DAY

Katie dances to the music without a care in the world. Her loose summer outfit, showing off her curves.

NARRATOR(V.O)
Logan had a great fear that the loneliness would return.

Logan lies on the grass, smiling at her. A rolled cigarette in his hand.

NARRATOR(V.O)
And now that he had experienced a different life he was terrified that that loneliness would kill him.

She walks over and sits by his side, taking the cigarette. She lies down in his arms.

END MONTAGE.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The single bed has been replaced by a double. The wardrobe is bigger.

Logan sits at his writing desk, typing away.

Katie watches him through the door from the kitchen. She walks through with a smile, carrying something behind her back.

KATIE
There was something in the mail for you today, Logan.

Logan stops typing, looks around at her with a confused frown.

LOGAN
I checked the mail.

KATIE
I hid it, wanted to surprise you.

They share a smile as Katie holds out the letter.

Logan takes it and reads the postmark - "BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION - LONDON"
He raises an eyebrow and looks to Katie. She smiles excitedly as he opens the envelope.

LOGAN
Probably a rejection letter.

He pulls out the letter and reads.

LOGAN
Mister Finnigan, thank you for sending your script...

He skims through the rest of the letter, lips moving but not speaking. His eyes widen.

LOGAN
They want to use it, Katie.

He rises to his feet, looking to her.

LOGAN
They want to buy it.

They embrace.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Logan walks in, carrying Katie in his arms.

The room is large, expensive looking. A grand, king-size bed sits prominently.

Logan lies Katie on the bed, lying down next to her.

They embrace and kiss.

Katie pulls a letter out of Logan’s pocket. Opens it and holds a cheque in the air, turning onto her back.

KATIE
One hundred thousand pounds, Logan.

Logan lies on his side, looking at Katie. She looks to him with wide, excited eyes.

KATIE
One hundred thousand, honey.

Logan smiles and takes the cheque from her, putting it on the bedside table. He takes her in his arms and kisses her.
EXT. CITYSCAPE (LONDON) - NIGHT
Busy streets, filled with all types of PEOPLE.
The hustle and bustle of city life.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
Logan stands at the window, looking out at the city below.

Behind him, Katie walks out of the bathroom. She wears an elegant evening dress. Logan sees her reflection in the window and smiles, turning to face her.

LOGAN
You look beautiful.

Katie smiles, walking to him.

KATIE
You sure you won’t come?

Logan shakes his head, taking her hand.

LOGAN
No, I’m tired Katie. Honestly, I’ll be fine, you just enjoy yourself.

Katie smiles and kisses his cheek, turning and walking to the door.

KATIE
I won’t be late.

She walks out of the door.

Logan walks to the bed and lies down. Curled up. His eyes close.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Logan wakes, sitting up in his bed. Moonlight through the window illuminates the room.

He looks to the clock on the wall, showing TEN PAST TWO.

He looks around, confused. Hears the SHOWER run in the bathroom.

He stands and walks towards it.
INT. BATHROOM

Katie’s dress lies scrunched up in the corner.

Katie sits in the shower, scrubbing herself. Tears flow from her eyes.

The door opens and Logan walks in, his eyes widen at the sight of Katie. She doesn’t notice him.

He walks to the shower and turns it off, squatting down.

    LOGAN
    Katie? Katie, what’s happened?

Katie looks to him, breaking down in a flood of tears.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Katie sits, hugging her knees on the bed. She wears a white gown, her hair wrapped in a towel.

Her eyes blindly stare out.

Logan walks to the bed and sits by her side. Wrapping her in his arms. She flinches, then accepts his embrace. Rests her head on his shoulder.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Logan and Katie walk through the door. Logan carries two suitcases.

Katie walks immediately to the bathroom.

Logan puts the cases down and sits on the bed.

The shower starts.

Logan stares at the bathroom door, slowly bowing his head.

INT. BATHROOM

Katie stands in the shower, scrubbing her body with fury. Her face in a concentrated grimace.

She catches sight of herself in the mirror and stops.

Breaks down in tears, sinking to the ground. She hugs her knees as the water pelts down on her body.
INT. APARTMENT

Logan shakes his head, standing up and walking to the bathroom door.

He knocks softly and almost whispers.

    LOGAN
    Katie?

No answer. He knocks again, louder. Talks a little louder.

    LOGAN
    Katie, please? We have to talk about this.

No answer.

He turns and picks up his coat, walking out the door.

BATHROOM

Katie sits, arms wrapped around her body in the shower.

She stares at the bathroom door as she hears the front door close.

She slowly stands and steps out of the shower. Walks to the cabinet above the sink. Opens the doors and looks inside.

She hesitates, then reaches inside. Pulls out a bottle of pills.

She closes the cabinet and looks at the bottle

EXT. STREET - DAY

Logan walks along, face buried in the collar of his coat.

PEOPLE hurry by him in all directions. All moving with speed and purpose.

He stops dead.

Turns back and walks quickly the way he came. Half-jogging. Running.
INT. APARTMENT - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Logan bursts through the door. Looks around. The shower still runs in the bathroom.

He walks to the door and knocks...and again. No answer.
He tries the handle but the door doesn’t open.

INT. BATHROOM

Katie lies naked on the tiled floor. The empty pill bottle by her side and a few pills scattered.

A loud BANG at the door.

    LOGAN(O.S)
    Katie!?

A loud BANG again.

Logan kicks the door open.

Stares down at Katie with wide-eyed disbelief.

He falls to his knees, crawling to her.

He takes her head in his arms, checking for a pulse at her neck.

    LOGAN
    Please don’t, please...Katie?

He breaks down in tears, getting to his feet and walks out of the door.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

Logan sits on the bed, head in his hands.

Two PARAMEDICS wheel a gurney from the bathroom. Katie’s body covered by a sheet.

Logan slowly stands, walking to the window.

He watches the gurney get loaded into the back of the ambulance.

The ambulance drives off. As it moves away it fades...vanishes.
INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Logan sits at his writing desk, typing away.

NARRATOR (V.O)
This funeral, Logan did attend.
Well what was left of Logan.

Logan stops typing, a sadness washes over his face.

QUICK FLASH

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Logan stands in the pouring rain, alone.

INT. APARTMENT

He stands up and turns around. Watches as the door opens and Katie walks in.

She smiles at him, stroking her hair out of her face.

The two of them stand motionless, staring at each other.

Katie slowly fades, then vanishes.

Logan’s head drops. He walks to the single bed, by the modest wardrobe. Lies down, curling into a ball.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (LOGAN’S IMAGINATION)

Logan lies in a ball on the path.

By his side, Loneliness sniffs at his hair.

Logan opens his eyes and sits up, giving a half-hearted smile to Loneliness.

Loneliness climbs up his body onto his shoulder. Logan shakes his head with a grin and stands up.

They walk off into the distance.
INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Logan lies, eyes tightly shut.

    NARRATOR(V.O)
    And like that Logan was gone. It was if he was never truly there.

On the bedside table lies an empty bottle of pills.

FADE OUT.