

Little Ann

by

Riahta Ranford

Riahta Ranford
Tel. 07407215232
riahta@gmail.com

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Men stare and wolf-whistle at a BEAUTY strutting down the street. We see flashes of her...

...Lace clinging to her plunging cleavage, tiny skirt, long legs, cheap stilettos and glossed lips..

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - EVENING

LIVING ROOM

WALTER (65) sits in a bathrobe and glances at the clock nervously. He grabs the newspaper off the floor and flicks through it, to take his mind off the inevitable.

On the coffee table is a card: HAPPY VALENTINE'S! LET LITTLE ANN CHEER YA' UP!! CHEERS, BRUCE.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE

Approaching the suburban house, the beauty, LITTLE ANN (20's), throws back her shoulders with feigned confidence. She presses the doorbell. Cheap, chipped painted nails.

The door swings open revealing an awkward WALTER still in his bathrobe. He tries to smile at the call-girl.

ANN looks him over coyly, biting her bottom lip. She has a little scar that's nicked her left eyebrow.

WALTER

Uh, come on in..

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE

ANN steps into the warmly lit house. WALTER leads her into the kitchen and notices her shiver from the chill outside.

KITCHEN

WALTER

Here.

WALTER drapes a dull but warm jacket over her thin shoulders.

WALTER

You want a coffee or tea? I don't have any of that decaf shit.

ANN

We should just get started, you know? I have other clients.

She tosses her hair, smiling at him and edges closer until they're almost touching. She smells of coconuts and vanilla. WALTER swallows..

WALTER

Shall we play a game--

ANN

I loooove games. You like role play?

WALTER

I mean.. Chess. Scrabble? Boggle?

WALTER presses a warm mug of coffee into her hand and leads her to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

An untouched chess board is already set up. Ann frowns. She screwed men for money.. But board games?

WALTER sees her irritation. He hasn't been with a woman since his wife died.

WALTER

I'll make this worth your while. I promise. I'll pay whatever you charge.

ANN considers this then sits on the worn sofa and smirks. Let's get this over with..

MONTAGE

--WALTER teaching ANN how to play chess

--WALTER and ANN having a toy laser-gun 'battle'

--WALTER and ANN ballroom dancing giddily around the LIVING ROOM

END OF MONTAGE

LIVING ROOM

The night is still young, but ANN is asleep on the sofa under a duvet. WALTER smiles. For one night, ANN is just a girl. Free. WALTER leans down to press a kiss on her forehead.

THE END.