

Charlie

By

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1

EXT. FARM - DAY

1

The sunlight is darkened by grey clouds, and then suddenly it goes dark as something heavy lands on the ground.

There is a man, CHARLIE BIGGINS, stood, hands on hips next to a large pile of logs. He is a twenty-four-gone-forty year old man with a unkempt beard and piercing brown eyes.

A lumberjack type.

A yard away from him is an old, gruff farmer type, BILLY, watching Charlie.

BILLY

That'll do for today.

Billy nods towards a shed and Charlie wipes his dirty hands on his torn jeans and heads to an old tattered shed. Old gas canisters sit there, dead and unused, but amongst them is a relatively clean one.

Charlie picks it up with his strong arms and trudges off the property.

2

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

2

A deserted road, it's steep and Charlie struggles with the weight of the canister until he gets to the top and, in a field next to a road, is an old caravan, barely able to be seen other than by the moonlight.

MAIN TITLE:

3

INT. KITCHEN - CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

3

A man, CHARLIE BIGGINS, washes his hands roughly under a tap, mud rinsing off them and spilling into the sink. He stands back and looks up into a mirror before him at a sullen reflection of a man who has spent many years alone.

A twenty-four year old man going on forty.

His caravan is empty, a lot like himself, but with the essentials he needs. It's a simple little place with a few little pieces of things he's began to collect.

Shells, rocks, odd shaped jewellery.

Charlie turns the tap off and grabs a towel off the side, wiping his hands loosely before tossing the towel next to the sink. He makes his way over to the caravan door and opens it, taking a look out.

4 EXT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - FIELD - NIGHT 4

The caravan is parked in the middle of a dark field, a country road not too far from where it's placed, but there is nothing else in sight.

Charlie studies the darkness for any sign of life before he goes back inside, slams the door shut and the sound of it locking can be heard. The caravan becomes almost dark apart from the one small light that can be seen from the bedroom.

5 INT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 5

Charlie is getting ready to go out hiking, the kettle on his stove is steaming hot and a mug is sat on the side with a cup of tea brewing.

Charlie puts his socks on, scrunching them at the end of his feet and pulling them up in an abrupt manner, and combs his messy beard. He downs his brew, wipes his mouth and leaves.

6 EXT. MAM TOR - CASTLETON - DAY 6

Charlie walks up the vast hill of Mam Tor. The views are absolutely spectacular, but Charlie isn't taking much notice of what's around him, only the goal to get to the top where he will take in the whole view.

He has a backpack on his back and is once again dressed like the lumberjack he's never been, but, this time, he has a large coat on and a woolen hat. In his hand, he also has a hikers stick, though he definitely isn't in need of it.

Charlie gets to the top and stops to take a breath, then looks around.

MONTAGE:

7 EXT. CLOUDS - DAY 7

The clouds in the sky rush together as they turn grey and the rain starts to pour heavily.

8 EXT. RIVER - DAY 8

The river runs rapidly, whilst the rain splatters against its surface.

9 EXT. HILLS - DAY 9

The hills of Kinder Scout are hidden behind a cloud of rain.

10 INT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 10

Charlie is sat at the caravan's table, a half-full plate of food and mug of tea is in front of him. He's staring into space, his knee bouncing up and down. His expression is a very thoughtful, but also quite blank one.

Charlie goes to the toilet cubicle and closes the door, disappearing inside. The sound of his piss can be heard loudly, followed by a loud cough. The toilet flushes and moments later, the door opens again and he goes over to his bed and lies down.

In the bedroomed area of his caravan, the curtains are closed and the light above doesn't work, however, the light from the kitchen shines through brightly. He closes his eyes and soon falls asleep. The rain continues to fall against the casing around him.

11 EXT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - FIELD - EVENING 11

Wet mud has formed on the ground where the tire tracks were made by Charlie's car. Grey clouds sully the view but in the distance the town's light poke through. Time passes outside Charlie's caravan and it begins to get dark quickly.

12 INT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - NIGHT 12

A voice calls in the distance, outside his caravan, and Charlie wakes up to it. The voice calls again, but it is muffled, so it is hard to make out what is calling.

VOICE (O.S)
...lie, ...arlie... Charlie!

The voice gets closer to the caravan and Charlie stands up quickly, nervous about hearing his name.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S) (cont'd)
Charlie! Where are you?

It's a girls voice. Charlie clears his throat, grabs a large torch and walks to the door, apprehensive about opening it.

VOICE (O.S) (cont'd)
Charlie!

Charlie clicks the torch on, opens the door fast and points it in the direction of eighteen-year-old, HANNAH.

A girl dressed like she's going to a 1980's disco. She gasps at the light.

CHARLIE
What?

HANNAH
Sorry, sir, I didn't meant to wake you, I-I...

CHARLIE
What?

Hannah wraps her arms around herself, visibly freezing.

HANNAH
I'm looking for my dog, his name is Charlie.

Charlie opens his mouth to speak, but then closes it again as he realises the mistake he has made. He coughs.

CHARLIE
Ain't no dog around here.

Charlie steps back inside and is about to close the door when-

HANNAH
He's a lab, always runs off, but I lost him like two hours ago and now I can't return home without her 'cause my mum would kill me!

Charlie pauses, the door slightly ajar.

HANNAH (cont'd)
Ah, bollocks.

The door closes and Charlie sits back down on his bed, torch beaming through the caravan.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH (O.S)
Charlie, come out!

Hannah's voice disappears into the distance and Charlie grunts.

He puts on his wellies, grabs a coat and heads out after her, not locking the door behind him.

13

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

13

Charlie catches up with Hannah pretty quickly, but he trudges ahead of her.

HANNAH
What are you doing?

CHARLIE
Don't you want your dog?

Hannah goes quiet. They walk around for a while, Hannah limping slightly, looking for the dog, but no sign.

HANNAH
I wouldn't worry, she probably ran home or something. Best get off, thanks anyway.

Charlie heads back in the direction of his caravan, leaving Hannah to follow hopelessly behind.

Back at his caravan, Charlie opens the door and looks back to see Hannah further away in the distance, freezing and trudging the road, looking at something, presumably a phone, in her hand.

Charlie points the torch to his clock: 10.28.

He sighs and heads back to Hannah.

He sees a rip and a gash on the top of her thigh. Instead, of questioning, he looks at her.

CHARLIE
I can only offer you a blanket.

Hannah, nervous, looks to the caravan, a little frightened.

HANNAH
I-I don't need that, thank you, thanks for your help, but I-I'm fine. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie watches her for a moment before shrugging.

CHARLIE
Suit yourself.

He goes to his caravan, goes inside and closes the door.

14 INT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

14

He has just taken his boots and coat off when a knock sounds on his door.

He waits until a second knock sounds, then he opens it to see Hannah, shaking.

Charlie steps back and Hannah walks in.

CHARLIE
Take your shoes off.

Her shoes are visibly caked in mud. She takes them off and walks into the warm caravan, heated by a gas heater.

Charlie finally turns the caravan light on, puts the kettle on the stove and the points to the seating area. Hannah sits down cautiously.

HANNAH
Do you live here? Like a gypsy?

Charlie takes a fresh blanket out of a cupboard and hands it to her, she wraps it 'round her damp clothing.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It's pretty cosy... huh?

Charlie roots in a draw and pulls out a couple of bandages and tape. He looks to her and sees as she continues to browse the caravan, shaking a little less.

CHARLIE
It will get infected.

Hannah looks at the gash on her leg. Charlie takes an old bottle of vodka out of one cupboard and places it on the table.

HANNAH
It's my own fault, went over a
barbed wire.

Charlie kneels in front of her and, suddenly, her defense is up and she shuffles back.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
You should let me clean it.

HANNAH
How can I trust you?

CHARLIE
(Aggravated)
Why are you in here?

He stands up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Leave if you wish.

Hannah doesn't take a move towards the door, instead she puts her hand out to him, for him to give her the bandages, and he does so.

Hannah removes her leggings, hiding the majority of herself under the blanket, and reveals only her leg. Charlie turns his head away.

Hannah looks up at Charlie, then begins to wrap the bandage around her cut.

CHARLIE
You should clean it first.

Hannah looks at the bottle of vodka on the table.

HANNAH
I'm sure it will be okay by tomorrow.

CHARLIE
It will get infected.

Hannah bites her lip and looks at the bottle again, imagining the pain that comes from it.

Charlie looks at Hannah, trying not to focus on her naked thigh.

Hannah sighs and holds the bottle to him.

He removes it from her hand and goes back to kneeling before her. He rips some of the bandage off and pours vodka roughly onto it.

Then, he lifts her leg onto his.

(CONTINUED)

This is an intense moment that seems almost impossible to happen. He carefully cleans the wound and Hannah winces at the pain of the alcohol.

Charlie wraps the wound with a bandage and adds a small bit of tape, all as Hannah stares down at him with kind eyes.

Their eyes meet and they stare at each other for a few moments before the kettle begins to whistle and pulls them out of the moment.

Charlie clears his throat and stands back up. He turns the kettle off and begins to root through some draws until he comes across a clean pair of old tracksuit bottoms and jumper before handing it to Hannah.

Hannah takes it off him and watches as he turns away from her, facing his bed. Apprehensively, she strips off underneath the blanket and changes into the clothes he has given her.

Tension is high in the air.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm done.

Charlie turns around and takes her clothes from her, hanging them over a makeshift washing line running through the caravan.

Charlie looks nervous, he's fidgeting, for him it's the first time that he's ever had a woman inside the caravan, for him it's the first time, in a long time, he's ever had much conversation with a younger woman.

CHARLIE

Tea?

HANNAH

Yes, one sugar and milk... thank you.

Charlie makes the tea.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Do you live alone?

CHARLIE

I do.

Hannah smiles, embarrassed. She begins to play with one long strand of hair.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

I didn't mean anything like that,
I... you look like you do...

Silence.

Charlie sits down next to Hannah, studying Hannah, starting from the strand of hair, to her soft almost virgin-like lips, to her beautiful blue eyes and long eyelashes, as she begins again to examine the little collections that Charlie has around the place.

CHARLIE

Do you have a name?

HANNAH

Yes, don't most people? (Smiles shortly) Hannah, my name's Hannah. And you?

A pause.

CHARLIE

Charlie.

Their eyes meet for a long moment and Hannah smiles in recognition, letting out a small laugh. Charlie looks embarrassed, diverting his eyes to outside and Hannah's eyes rest on the kettle.

HANNAH

I don't know many people who use stove kettles.

Charlie doesn't answer.

No words are spoken between the two for a long while.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So, you like collecting things?

CHARLIE

I just pick stuff up.

Awkward silence falls between them both and Hannah sips at her brew, trying not to wince at the sugarless drink, whilst Charlie watches her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What you gonna do about the dog?

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

He'll be alright, I hope. He always runs off... it's been one of those weeks, wasn't really concentrating where I was going, y'know.

Charlie looks to her, then stands up.

CHARLIE

I thought you might have left, most people don't like my company.

HANNAH

Do you want me-

CHARLIE

-No.

Hannah falls silent and Charlie sits back down.

HANNAH

Why do you live alone?

Charlie pauses and considers Hannah's question.

CHARLIE

A long story.

HANNAH

I'm sure it's not that long.

Charlie looks at Hannah and she looks back at him, interested.

CHARLIE

I'm not one for words.

Hannah fidgets in her seat.

HANNAH

I don't expect you to tell me everything, I'm sorry. Most people think I'm really weird, I suppose I would be if I'm sat in someone's caravan. You could kill me right now.

CHARLIE

If you had that fear, then why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

I don't know... I don't think you could kill anything.

CHARLIE

I've killed a lot of things, that's how I eat.

HANNAH

I mean, like a human. Unless, you've eaten a human.

Hannah backs away from him, almost humorously. A smile cracks on Charlie's face and it almost feels unnatural to him. It disappears soon after and he looks out the window.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You're a pretty reclusive man, aren't you?

Charlie doesn't look at her as she does to him; he continues to look out the window. After a moment, he speaks.

CHARLIE

How old would you say I am?

HANNAH

You look like you're in your thirties, but I wouldn't tell with all the hair.

A laugh leaves him. Something also unnatural and it makes Hannah smile.

CHARLIE

I'm twenty-seven.

Charlie looks at Hannah.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Where are you from?

HANNAH

New Mills. Grew up near the town hall, I live with my parents and Charlie, of course. (Long pause) Don't you want a dog?

CHARLIE

There's no room for a dog.

Hannah bites her lip, she is talking too much and Charlie is looking partially uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Don't you have a TV?

Charlie frowns at her and shakes his head. Hannah laughs gently and Charlie smiles at her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You have a good laugh.

Hannah blushes and giggles.

HANNAH
What? I have a horrid one!

CHARLIE
I hear animals everyday, don't hear it that much.

HANNAH
Don't you ever laugh?

CHARLIE
What's there to laugh about when you're alone?

Silence falls between them as Hannah doesn't know what to say and Charlie decides not to continue the conversation. He looks down at his cooling cup of tea.

HANNAH
So, how do you power electricity and warm water?

CHARLIE
Solar shower and I have gas.

HANNAH
Oh right, I see.

Silence once again. They both look equally awkward.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You don't have a phone charger do you?

Charlie gives her a strange look. Hannah's face reddens.

HANNAH
Sorry. Ah-ha.

15 EXT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - FIELD - NIGHT 15

Thunderous skies and flashes of lightning take control of the skies above, brightening up the world around before darkness coats the field.

16 INT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - NIGHT 16

Time is shown to pass quickly by the ticking of the clock, the sound of the rain on the caravan and Hannah's soft breaths as it is established that she is lay on Charlie's bed, whilst Charlie sits at the table, staring. He gets up quietly and heads to the bathroom to relieve himself.

Hannah wakes up at the sound of the flush and looks around, confused for a split second, before rolling over and looking at the bathroom door.

Charlie soon comes back in and looks at Hannah.

CHARLIE
Sorry, didn't mean to wake you.

HANNAH
(Sleepily)
You didn't, I'm a light sleeper.

Silence falls between them as they share a moments look at each other. Hannah looks away and this has Charlie moving and sitting back down where he sat before.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Do you want to lie down?

CHARLIE
I'm okay.

Hannah sits up, looking sleepy.

HANNAH
Or, we can swap. It's your place, you can't just give me your bed for the night.

CHARLIE
I can't? Or, you just don't want me to?

HANNAH
Uh-

Hannah blushes and laughs gently.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Look, get some rest. Once the morning rolls 'round, it'll be dry enough.

Hannah nods at Charlie.

HANNAH

Hopefully. I'd hate to be stuck here... I mean, you know what I mean. You probably don't like my company.

CHARLIE

I don't much like company.

Hannah looks a little offended, but Charlie doesn't seem to care for her reaction. He lies his head down on the table top and closes his eyes.

It's uncomfortable for him.

HANNAH

(Upset, but calm)

Look, I know we don't know each other and that I shouldn't have just barged in on you, but I'm having a really tough time too.

CHARLIE

(Mumbles)

What do you know about tough?

HANNAH

I mean, come on, you say you don't like people's company. Did someone hurt you?

Charlie shoots up.

CHARLIE

What do you mean 'did someone hurt you'?

HANNAH

You just seem... I don't know. Why are you here? What about your family?

CHARLIE

...

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

Have you even tried speaking to them?

CHARLIE

(Annoyed)

Why the fuck to you care?

Hannah stops herself from speaking for a moment as she contemplates what to say.

Charlie looks angry at the remark, but not aggressive.

HANNAH

Sorry... I didn't mean to offend you...

A tense pause.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So, has your family tried contacting you then?

Charlie looks thoughtful for a moment, then he opens up, a little surprisingly to Hannah.

CHARLIE

They came looking for me about four years ago... Thought I'd gone crazy, I told them to leave me alone, get off my property.

HANNAH

But, why?

CHARLIE

(Stubbornly)

Why does it matter?

HANNAH

Because it doesn't make sense. I'm not gonna go gossip about this stuff if that's what you're worried about-

Charlie looks at Hannah.

CHARLIE

(Interrupts)

I'm not worried!

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

Come on, you've gotta tell someone.
It'd drive me crazy to keep quiet
like this.

CHARLIE

I don't care.

Charlie looks away and Hannah studies him. She purses her lips, then scoots to the right end of the bed.

HANNAH

If I stay, you can stay over here.

CHARLIE

What are you? A part time
prostitute? I'm not interested in
fucking you, Hannah.

Hannah looks offended, then her demeanor changes to mad and she somewhat growls in anger. Glaring at Charlie, she can only do what she thinks to do and turns away from him.

HANNAH

God, you're such an asshole.

CHARLIE

Well, you coul've left, Hannah.

HANNAH

I've lost Charlie! I can't go home
without my dog. Maybe I should've
slept on the damn road!

CHARLIE

And, get a bloody cold? Brilliant
idea.

The two fall quiet, not wanting to say anything else to each other.

Hannah then laughs and turned to him.

A twitch at the corner of Charlie's mouth.

HANNAH

I came in here and you were so
quiet and now you're talking so
much more.

CHARLIE

Was that the aim? I don't speak to
people!

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

That's why you talk so much,
Charlie, because you don't talk
enough. It's like you've not had
the chance to speak to people for
so long and now is your chance.

Charlie doesn't look at Hannah, instead he looks like a stubborn child and turns away. This is unusual behaviour for Charlie, but meeting someone like Hannah has changed his demeanor quite a bit.

Charlie lies his head down and closes his eyes, turning away from her.

HANNAH (cont'd)

You know, life is never easy, but
sometimes you've just gotta face
what comes.

Charlie's eyes open, but all he stares at is a wall.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what the reason is why
you're here, but I'm sure whatever
happened was not your fault.

Hannah seems slightly out of place with the use of her words.

CHARLIE

I think we both need some sleep, so
maybe it's a good time to get some.

Hannah nods, defeated.

HANNAH

Yeah, you're right.

She lays down on the bed.

Charlie turns the lights off.

17

EXT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - FIELD - NIGHT

17

Time passes. The night soon becomes the morning and the view ahead of the field becomes clear and cold.

The rain has stopped, but everything is still wet. The power lines close by are dripping onto the ground below as they run into the distance.

The sound of a door unlocking.

18

INT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - DAY

18

The door is open and Hannah is standing, fully dressed in her sort-of damp clothing, at the door, waiting to leave. Charlie is by the stove, looking at her.

HANNAH

Nah, I'll be alright, she'll turn up sooner or later anyway. Thanks for last night.

CHARLIE

Not a problem, try not to wander too much.

Hannah smiles and steps down one step to the outside.

HANNAH

Maybe you should try to go and see your parents sometime, I'm sure they miss you a lot.

Charlie doesn't say anything.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Maybe you should trim your beard too.

Charlie glares at her in a somewhat playful way and Hannah laughs lightly.

CHARLIE

Fuck off.

The sound of a loud dog barking can be heard not too far away. Hannah looks out and has a massive smile.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Charlie!

The door closes behind her as she disappears out the door. Charlie watches the door for a long moment. He opens it again and looks out, but there's no sign of Hannah anywhere.

He frowns and closes the door.

MONTAGE:

19 EXT. RIVER - DAY 19

A river flows gently and fish swim sweetly in and around it.

Then, a jab.

A spear pierces through a fish's body and is pulled out, revealing, once again, Charlie, unfazed about this routine. He places the fish in a bucket amongst others, then picks the bucket up before leaving.

Twigs snap as he goes, which turns into a crackling sound.

20 EXT. CARAVAN - NIGHT 20

Charlie sits on his old rickety chair as a fire is lit in front of him, whilst he is eating cooked fish in the afternoon, with a fresh pile of wood.

21 INT. CHARLIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 21

Charlie looks contemplative as he sits at his two-seater table. He gets up, hurries to his door and pops his boots on before leaving the house.

22 EXT. FARM - DAY 22

The sunlight is darkened by grey clouds, a grunt as something heavy hits the ground.

More logs.

This time it is still at the farm, but Billy is now stood closer. Charlie wipes his hand on his jeans and shakes Billy's hand.

Billy is less gruff.

Charlie is handed an envelope and an old razor kit and he leaves the farm.

23 EXT. RIVER - DAY 23

Hair floats down the river and it is revealed, through a shoddy reflection in the water, that Charlie is shaving his beard.

24

EXT. FIELD - DAY

24

From behind, Charlie takes a walk through the field, backpack on his back, the day is pleasantly bright but cold. Charlie stops, revealing his nicely trimmed shorter beard and looks out into the distance.

Charlie looks out to his caravan, stood alone, no lights on and looking empty.

Charlie walks to his caravan, pats it gently, as if saying goodbye to an old friend, and heads to the road.

The end shot is a long shot of Charlie walking down the road.