

FRANKIE

By

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INT. TAXI KIOSK - MUGGY SUMMER NIGHT.

FRANKIE (52), overweight, wears a vest that needs washing; he is balding and perspiring.

The TAXI KIOSK is a small shop with a bench against the window front; it contains a windowed control kiosk - both are sparse and tired.

Frankie is in the control kiosk. He places a handset back on its holder and wipes his brow with an old handkerchief.

He turns toward the windowed shop-front.

FRANKIE

Gets kinda warm in here, hu?

Frankie continues to stare toward the window.

FRANKIE

So what are you doing here? Getting kinda late isn't it? You got a home to go to?

A car speeds past the window.

FRANKIE

You know you can't keep on coming in here? People got jobs to do. I understand if you want to talk and all. (beat) That is, if you want to talk.

The radio crackles, drivers drop bit-part messages over the waves.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Typical GROCERY STORE, bright summer morning. Frankie is at the check-out, and holds assorted goods in his arms.

FRANKIE

A lot of good stuff here. Gotta keep yourself in top tip eh?

BRENDA, (50), large curly redhead.

BRENDA

Oh yeah, got to look after yourself. Eighteen forty six, Frankie.

JIM (70) sidles past Frankie, slaps him on the back.

JIM
Hey Frankie.

FRANKIE
Hey, Jim.

BRENDA
One fifty four, Frankie. You take
care.

INT. TAXI KIOSK - CLAMMY SUMMER NIGHT

Frankie chews. He is in the control kiosk looking toward
the shop front window.

FRANKIE
Want to eat?

Frankie throws a Clementine through the control window.
We hear an empty thud.

He leans forward on the edge of the control kiosk
window, and shakes his head.

FRANKIE
I know you're pissed. I'd have been
pissed. Real pissed. And I know you
loved her. She was a great kid.
Shouldn't have died like that. Not
that young. Not - like that.

INT. DRUG STORE - SUMMER DAY.

Frankie is at the till of the local DRUG STORE.

FRANKIE
Gimme some smokes, I got to have my
smoke, go stir crazy without 'em.

REG (64) slim, shoulder length grey hair serves at the
cash register.

REG
(Mumbles)
Always something to drive a man
crazy round here.

FRANKIE
Some people just can't move on, hu?

What do you think? You got to move on from stuff hu?

REG

Well, you can move on or you can stay around, just you aint staying round here, not in my store, you can move your ass out. Five eighty six.

FRANKIE

Just what I say, move on or move out.

REG

Fourteen.

INT. TAXI KIOSK - HUMID SUMMER NIGHT.

Frankie draws heavily on a cigarette, facing the shop window.

Takes a cigarette from the packet, offers it out through the control kiosk window.

FRANKIE

Smoke? You want a smoke?

Frankie shrugs; he returns the cigarette to the packet, and holds his position.

FRANKIE

You know we screwed it up. The whole thing. From beginning to end. We didn't plan enough. They know how to protect their stuff.

(laughs)

We thought we could just walk in and walk out a hell of a lot richer. We were dumb.

(looks up)

All of us. We were all pretty dumb. We each got to take the blame. We went in together and we got screwed together.

(sighs)

I know it was tough when you went down. I didn't want that for you.

(CONT'D)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Five years is a long time. Hard time. Screwed me up to. Could I find a job for the life of me? Look at me now. I got this. Aint a whole deal.

INT. LAUNDRETTE - SUMMER DAY.

Frankie is in the launderette, SHOVING his damp clothes into the dryer.

MARG (48), plump, moves toward him.

MARG

Ok there Frankie?

Frankie grabs a clump of his clean, damp clothes, humps them up to his nose.

FRANKIE

Love the smell of clean.

MARG

(laughs)

Oh yes, one of the best smells you'll get Frankie, just clean, nothing but clean.

FRANKIE

(continues shoving clothes into the dryer)

Sometimes you got to just clean things up, clean your act up, clean out, it's like a new start.

MARG

Kinda deep today Frankie?

FRANKIE

Sometimes, Marg, you have to make decisions. Decided to clean things up today. It was a good decision. Aint the only decision I'm going to make today, either.

MARG

(shrugging)

I'm leaving it to you.

Marg wanders on, leaving Frankie a smile, but a bemused one.

INT. TAXI KIOSK - MOIST SUMMER NIGHT.

Frankie is in the control kiosk. His back to us, on the handset to the drivers.

FRANKIE

Yeah, yeah, Ok. Then Mulberry,
number 21. Ok.

Frankie continues to hold the handset, just below his ear. Thinks. He sits back, and puts the handset back to the holder.

Frankie gets up; turns to the kiosk window and gazes out.

FRANKIE

Decision time. Had enough of this
crap. I feel for you, but's there's
a limit.

Frankie slips his hands into his pockets, and pushes his chest out, posturing. Rocks on his heels.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And I know what they said to you
inside. Yeah, I heard, some of them
came out and I heard what was said.
People saying it was all my fault.
People saying I screwed up and got
her shot. Crap. Great pile of crap.
Also know they said that I fitted
you up. Yeah, I heard it all.

(shakes his head)

You going to believe everything you
ever hear? I never got her shot. I
never set you up. Wouldn't do that.
Couldn't do that.

(put his hands on his hips)

So it's decision time. You got to
make a decision, else I'm going to
make the decision for you. You hear
me? Decision time, like or not.
Either you get your sorry ass out my
place and out my face or I'm going
to make the decision for you. So,
what's it going to be? Decision
time.

A LOUD BANG. Bloodied matter spews from the back of

Frankie; large specks of blood fly out from Frankie's stomach. He is flung backwards and hits the rear wall of the control kiosk. Falls forwards onto his knees, and slumps forward; eyes open, without focus.

Move slowly to the seating area in front of the shop-front window, stay side on.

WILL (54), unshaven, scraggy graying hair, and a long trench-coat sits perfectly still. His hand is in his trench-coat pocket: and also there is an object, a ragged hole, a whisper of smoke.

Will rises, takes a step forward, and halts.

WILL

Decision made, Frankie.

FADE OUT:

THE END