

CALL OF NATURE

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Methodical hands clean the frame of a Berretta M9. Every groove and crevice given the same considered attention.

Newspaper on a coffee table. Neatly laid atop, the remaining pieces of the gun.

Nimble fingers assemble the weapon. Mag inserted. Gun placed on the table.

FRANK SHIELS late forties lays back in his chair, closes eyes.

LATER

Rhythmic beats of breath. Frank comatose.

FRANK (V.O.)  
Everyone's got a ritual. A way of  
getting in the groove.  
(beat)  
I sleep.

Fly buzzes about. Frank opens his right eye.

FRANK (V.O.)  
And when my sleep gets interrupted,  
it's a bad sign.

Fly lands on the coffee table. Frank slowly sits up.

Buzzing around a couple of times it lights on an empty glass and ventures inside.

Frank deftly puts his hand over it. He stands, glass in hand and walks to a set of patio doors. He releases the fly into the garden.

Walks towards the coffee table, picks up the Berretta and holsters it inside his jacket. Exits.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Spit and sawdust pub, crying out for a lick of paint.

JACK DUFFY thirty years old, sits at the bar. Frank beside. Two half empty glasses and two full pints in front of them.

A pack of cigarettes and mobile phone between their respective drinks.

JACK  
Wish he'd get in touch, sick of  
sitting around this kip. Why can't  
we go to a nicer pub?

Draining his glass Frank takes a sup from the other.

FRANK

Because this is where he told us to  
fucking wait.

Jack moves uncomfortable on his chair, rubs stomach.

JACK

Well I've got a turtles head in my  
underpants.

(stands)

Martin gets in touch, I'll be in  
the toilet.

Muttering profanities under his breath, Jack stands, exits to  
the gents.

BARMAN collects the empty glass, walks off the serve another  
customer.

Frank sits in silence.

Mobile on counter vibrates, BEEPS twice.

Frank glances at the barman, who is busy serving. Looks  
nervously towards the toilet.

A beat.

He picks up the phone, checks.

NEW TEXT MESSAGE.

MARTIN (TEXT)

*Take Frank down Library Place and  
give him an O.B.E. Car waiting,  
bottom of street, 10.30. Debt  
cancelled.*

Frank smiles, puts the phone on the counter.

LATER

Jack emerges from the gents, rejoins Frank at the bar.

JACK

Half stone lighter after that.

Frank disdains.

FRANK

We're partners, but fuck me, some  
things should be kept private.

Jack laughs.

JACK  
Calm down auld man.

Frank stares at the clock behind the bar.

A beat.

FRANK  
Suppose we could nip round the  
corner for a quick one. This place  
is a kip.

Jack rubs his hands in delight.

JACK  
Now you're talking. God's fucking  
waiting room in here.

FRANK  
Quick leak and we're good.

Frank stands, exits to the toilet.

LATER

Jack swallows his pint, makes for the exit.

Frank finishes his drink, picks up the cigarettes and phone  
from the counter, follows Jack out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack sets a good pace, Frank plays catch up. Jack turns.

JACK  
Hurry up the fuck, nearly closing  
time.

Frank out of breath, nods.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Short cut. This way.

Jack heads down an alleyway, into a quiet street. Frank lags  
behind. They pass a Library.

Frank stops, catches his breath, pulls his gun and puts it  
behind his back. Calls Jack.

FRANK  
Left your phone in the pub. Here.

Jack stops, searches his pockets. Turns round and walks back  
towards Frank.

JACK  
You bring my cigarettes as well?

Frank nods, pulls the gun from behind his back.

BANG! BANG!

Jack hits the ground.

Frank stands over him, watches life ebbing away. He searches his pockets, finds Jacks cigarettes. Lights one up, bends down and puts it in Jacks mouth.

Jack smiles, draws on the cigarette a few times, closes his eyes.

A car screeches to a halt at the end of the street. Frank heads down the street towards the car.

The driver lowers the window. Frank raises the gun and the driver puts the boot to the floor. Frank lowers the gun, puts it in his pocket and disappears into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.