

R E L E A S I N G F R A N K

By

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wga registered

SMASH OPEN:

EXT. ALLEY, LONDON - NIGHT

Two MEN are BRAWLING.

The geezer in the suit with a scrape across his cheek is FRANK - tall and powerful, jaw cut like the side of a fucking mountain.

The other man, a SKINHEAD wielding the sharp end of a bottle, is just plain unlucky.

Frank swings the Skin against a wall - grabs his head and pulls it down to welcome his knee, WHOMP --

--The Skin drops the bottle but throws himself at Frank.

They topple over -- rolling into a puddle...

There is a bloody knife on the ground.

The Skin reaches out and grabs it.

CUT TO:

SUPER:

3 hours earlier

EXT. DOCKS - EVENING

Tilbury Docks - a major shipping gate into London.

A B.M.W. followed by a Range Rover zip through a security barrier and past warehouses the size of aircraft hangers.

INT. B.M.W. - MOVING

Frank, now dressed in casuals and minus the cheek scrape, is driving.

Here we can tell he's early thirties, but they've been a tough thirty and it shows.

LINDA, late twenties, is sitting in the passenger seat, blindfolded.

In the back, a little girl of seven, MELANIE, is strapped into a child's seat and is also blindfold.

MELANIE

Mummy, can I take this off my eyes
now?

FRANK

Not yet. You can take it off when
Mummy takes hers off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Frank parks the B.M.W. outside a rotting warehouse - Range
Rover parks next to it.

Frank gets out of the B.M.W., opens the passenger door and
maneuvers Linda out.

Two MEN get out of the Range Rover.

The younger one, TERRY, is holding a hammer. A slick white
guy in a flash suit.

The short, Indian fat fuck is SHANNI, the oldest of the
bunch.

Frank escorts Linda to the front of the warehouse, stops her.

FRANK

Don't. Move.

Terry walks towards her clutching the hammer.

Frank unclips Melanie's seat buckle and lifts her out.

Makes back to Linda as Terry kneels down at the warehouse
door whipping a nail out of his pocket.

Picks up a small wooden sign - holds it against the door.

Raising the hammer, he nails the sign in WHACK, WHACK, WHACK--
--The noise startles Linda.

LINDA

What the hell is going on?

Frank slips Melanie's blindfold off and winks, then slips
Linda's off too revealing her face for the first time.

Although not exactly dressed the part - she could certainly
hold her own at a movie premiere.

Terry backs up from the sign like a proud mofo...

TERRY

Voila!

Linda gazes at its words...

EDWARDS AND LEWIS SHIPPING

FRANK

(to Linda)

Well? What do you think?

Linda's eyes massage the entire building. Smashed windows, crumbling bricks.

SHANNI

(rushing)

Take your time.

Despite the ethnicity, Shanni speaks with a cockney accent.

TERRY

Rome wasn't built in a day.

But Linda suddenly cracks a smile... because despite the cool exterior, inside she is beaming. Kisses Frank on the mouth.

LINDA

I think it's incredible.

SHANNI

Hallelujah.

MELANIE

What is it?

FRANK

Daddy's new business.

LINDA

Is it real?

Frank slips some papers out.

FRANK

Signed this morning. All. Thanks.
To. You.

Frank squeezes her and kisses his daughter's forehead.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Daddy promises he's never going away again. From now on -- a new beginning.

Shanni takes a Cuban out of his inside pocket.

SHANNI
I'll drink to that.

Sticks it in his cave and lights it.

Frank off-loads Melanie onto Terry.

FRANK
Go see Uncle Terry for a minute.

Frank turns back to Linda, takes her hand and waltzes her into the night.

It starts raining but Frank and Linda tango.

The SOUND of classical music bleeds in--

EXT. NASEEM'S KARAHAI RESTAURANT, LONDON - NIGHT

Torrential rain. The classical music carries over.

Terry dashes out of the Karahai restaurant throwing a jacket around himself.

INT. NASEEM'S KARAHAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The source of the music.

A table full of empty desert bowls and wine glasses.

Frank is dressed for a night out and Linda looks beautifully elegant as she nibbles Frank's ear, Melanie sitting in a high chair.

LINDA
(to Frank)
When we get home, I'm gonna take
you on one hell of a joyride.

FRANK
Promises, promises...

Frank raises an eyebrow as Shanni walks back to the table.

SHANNI
I paid the bill.

FRANK

Fuck me, you're usually tighter than a bull's arse, what's the occasion?

SHANNI

We've all been spared. They're sending you back to the clink.

FRANK

(not laughing)
Funny.

SHANNI

Where's Terry?

LINDA

I sent him to get the car.
(hugging Frank)
We've come this far, last thing we want now is this one driving home shit faced.

Frank holds up a champagne glass--

FRANK

--To the path ahead.

Shanni grabs a glass and returns the toast.

SHANNI

The path ahead.

EXT. NASEEM'S KARAHAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Heavy rain.

Frank, carrying Melanie, steps out of the restaurant followed by Linda and Shanni. Shanni throws an umbrella over them.

LINDA

Come on, Terry...

But suddenly -- a SCREAM cuts through the night.

Frank, Linda and Shanni peer down an alley that runs alongside the restaurant.

Two MEN are brawling --

-- Frank steps in to see better -- but Linda pulls him back--

LINDA (CONT'D)
 --Frank, leave it.

But Frank is prompted by a sixth sense.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Just call the police.

FRANK'S P.O.V: INTO THE ALLEY - One of the Men STABS the other in the gut...

The stabbed Man SCREAMS and drops to his knees -- Frank instantly recognizing the pitch in the injured Man's tone--

FRANK
 --Fuck, it's Terry!

Frank pivots to Shanni, thrusts Melanie into his arms.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Take her--

--Shanni takes her.

LINDA
 Frank!

But Frank is already in the alley.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 FRANK!!!

Linda whips a phone out of her bag and starts dialing.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The knife man moves to finish Terry -- but Frank grabs a plank of wood --

-- We recognise the knife man as the SKINHEAD from earlier --

-- Frank SMASHES the plank across his arm, WHOOMP!

The Skin loses his knife and Frank but snatches a beer bottle off a ledge.

Bites the neck of the bottle off with his bare teeth -- what a fucking nutter --

-- Spits glass and slashes the sharp end at Frank.

Terry lops onto his side with a bloody gut.

Skin slashes the bottle across Frank's cheek drawing blood.

Frank swings the plank, but the Skin ducks...

Swings again, catching the him around back of head, WHAM!

Frank drops the plank -- goes hand to hand.

Levels the Skin against a wall, grabs his head and pulls it down to greet his knee, WHOMP --

--Skin drops the bottle but throws himself at Frank.

They topple, rolling into a puddle --

The Skin eyes the bloody knife that he stabbed Terry with--

-- Reaches for it and grabs it driving the blade towards Frank's rib-cage - but Frank blocks with his forearm and--

--Twists the Skin's wrist until he drops the blade.

At the foot of the alley, Linda is flags down a Police Car...

The Police Car turns into alley - headlights lighting the fighters like stage actors --

-- But Frank is being choked - can't breathe...

He swipes the knife off the floor and sticks the Skin in the stomach --

--Skin WAILS but keeps squeezing Frank's throat.

Frank sticks the Skin again and again and again - the Skin weakening as his life drains away...

Police Car SCREECHES up, two OFFICERS jumping out barking--

OFFICER#1

--ROLL OVER, FACE DOWN!

Frank drops the knife and rolls onto his belly.

Officer#2 moves in and jams a boot down onto Frank's neck.

OFFICER#2

DON'T FUCKIN' MOVE!

Whips out a pair of cuffs, and CLICK... Frank is immobilized.

Linda sinks. Not exactly what she was hoping for.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Frank, complete with cheek scar, is wearing a suit and standing in a defendant's dock.

The room is packed - Linda watching from the stands, Melanie perched on her knee, Shanni sitting next to them.

Across from Frank, Terry is suited and booted and making his point--

TERRY

--If it wasn't for Frank... I'd be dead. He might'a had a rough past but we were out celebrating. I'd have done exactly the same for him.

We PAN away to a clock as the big hand spins around the face.

Linda is on the witness stand now, wipes tears--

LINDA

--Frank and Terry were like brothers since they were kids.

(beat)

I was scared, the man had already stabbed Terry. Just wish the police had got there sooner.

DISSOLVE TO:

The officer who arrested Frank is now in the witness box.

ARRESTING OFFICER

As we turned into the alley, I could see Mr. Frank Lewis on top of the victim, stabbing him.

(beat)

In my opinion, the use of force was excessive.

Frank bows his head. Steals a glance at Linda. She's watching him like a hawk but it doesn't look good.

DISSOLVE TO:

A JURY FOREMAN stands up and opens a piece of paper.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE: He now has some serious stubble and is holding a fixed stare.

Linda, Terry and Shanni in a different day of clothes, and all equally anxious.

JURY FOREMAN

We the jury, find the defendant
guilty of the charge of
manslaughter.

Linda GASPS and squeezes Melanie close. Terry is astounded.
Shanni shakes his head - a travesty of justice.

Frank is numb. A Judge BANGS his gavel--

JUDGE

--Frank James Lewis, you have been
found guilty of the charge of
manslaughter arising from your
murderous use of force, despite
your wife's valiant attempt to
dissuade you.

But as the Judge goes on, Frank zones him out and drills his
eyes into Linda.

And then his daughter. And then Terry. And then Shanni.

Eventually tunes the Judge in again.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Taking into account your past
criminal convictions, I therefore
have no choice but to recommend you
be detained at Her Majesty's
pleasure for no less than a period
of eight years and two months.

(to Guards)

Take him down.

The Judge BANGS his gavel in conclusion.

Linda SCREAMS, her face sea sick as Frank is escorted away -
Terry and Shanni comforting her.

Frank watches Linda to the end.

EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - DAY

The colossal doors of Frank's new residence.

INT. VISITOR'S HALL - DAY

Frank, in his prison denims, is sitting at a table in an open
visiting hall with his lawyer, DUGMORE - face like an Ugg
boot. Dugmore has an open briefcase on his lap.

DUGMORE

They denied your appeal. I'm
sorry, Frank. The conviction
stands.

But Frank isn't paying attention. Instead, he eyes a YOUNG MOTHER whose bouncing a LITTLE GIRL on her knee as she chats to another PRISONER. The Little Girl looks like his little girl, Melanie.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

Frank is laying on the bottom of a bunk. His eyes are closed but his body is restless.

CUT TO:

Frank is making love to Linda. The passion is intense.

CUT TO:

Frank is at hospital - Linda has just given birth to a baby girl.

CUT TO:

Frank is outside the warehouse holding Melanie. His words echo--

FRANK

--Daddy promises he's never going
away again. From now on, it's a
new beginning.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

Frank's eyes SNAP open and he finds his cell mate, NATE, on the upper bunk but leaning down and jogging his arm.

Nate has the black squares of a chess board tattooed across his mug.

NATE

Message from the top. The Russian
wants your radio. You got til
noon, tomorrow.

Nate rolls back onto his bunk -- but Frank's face goes dead -- and then SUDDENLY --

-- He leaps off his bunk, grabs a radio from a shelf and SLAMS it into Nate's head, BAM, BAM, BAM--

--Frank rips Nate off the top bunk and onto the concrete floor--

FRANK

--You tell him he can't have it!
Tell him he can't fucking have it!

Frank's cell is unlocked by GUARDS and they flood in with fists and batons...

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

Frank is naked and laying on the cold concrete floor staring at the ceiling - body black and blue.

A cockroach crawls over his face but he doesn't even move.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Terry is sitting opposite Frank who now has a full growth of beard. Protective glass is in-between them, both are holding phone receivers--

TERRY

--You look like shit.

FRANK

Why hasn't Linda been?
(beat)
She sends my letters?

TERRY

Frank. It's... it's complicated.

FRANK

She don't take my calls.

TERRY

She said... she's moving on, she's done with this. I'm sorry Frank, I feel responsible.
(beat)
Don't worry, I'll take care of her... and Mel too. Your family is my family.

But it's like talking to a brick wall.

FRANK

I wanna see 'em. I wanna see
Melanie.

TERRY

We're all having a rough time,
Frank, not just you.

Frank leans forward.

FRANK

Get her here. Just tell her to get
down here.

Terry stoops his head. *Is he holding something back?*

INT. PRISON WORKSHOP - DAY

Rows of woodwork machines. INMATES are busy occupying
themselves in a carpentry class.

All except Frank.

Frank is just sitting there like a lump of shit.

Slowly tilts his head. Beside him, a hulking inmate known as
THE RUSSIAN is glowering at him as if they have unfinished
business.

The Russian has Frank's radio on his work desk. Smiles and
turns the volume up.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Frank, boasting a black eye and cut lip, has a phone receiver
to his ear - Linda on the other side of the glass - a few
years older but there is still no doubting her beauty and
great figure.

Melanie, now nine, is sitting on her lap.

Frank is smiling at her hoping it might diffuse Linda's
torment, but it's not working.

LINDA

Another six years?

FRANK

I'll survive.

LINDA
 But what about us, Frank!? What
 are we gonna do?

She is right.

FRANK
 (re: Melanie)
 She's so big. You never send any
 pictures.

LINDA
 (ignoring)
 You should'a just let the Police
 handle it that night. It was
 supposed to be one of the happiest
 nights of our life.

FRANK
 What about Terry? He could'a been
 killed.

LINDA
 And so could you!
 (beat)
 You should have just waited for the
 Police, but instead you just waded
 in like usual... and now... this.

FRANK
 It's only a few more years.

But Linda can barely contain herself--

LINDA
 --You promised you'd never go away
 again, but here you are. And our
 little girl has to grow up
 fatherless. She'll be a teenager
 before you're out.

She thrusts a hand into her bag and pulls out some papers.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 I've had enough... I brought you
 these!

Slaps the papers up against the glass.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 It's the last time you'll hurt me --
 or Melanie.

CLOSE ON PAPERS: Divorce papers.

Frank's face drops.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Just make sure you sign 'em and put
 us all out of our misery.

Frank's silence unsettles her. She leaves the papers in front of the glass and gets to her feet holding Melanie.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 (to Melanie)
 Come on sweetheart.

But as soon as Linda turns away... a tear rolls down her cheek - she quickly wipes it away.

Frank watches her leave.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - DAY

Frank is standing in his cell staring out of a tiny window. Looks down at the divorce papers.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

It's dark, but Frank isn't doing any sleeping - his mind is in and out of memories.

CUT TO:

Melanie's birthday - Linda helping her blow out candles.

Terry is at the table and Shanni is clapping.

But one chair is empty.

CUT TO:

Linda's words RINGING out from her previous visit.

LINDA
 It was supposed to be one of the
 happiest nights of our life.

CUT TO:

Linda nibbling Frank's ear in the Indian restaurant.
Shanni returns to the table - his voice reverberates.

SHANNI
I paid the bill.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Snow. Frank is sitting in the yard keeping to himself.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - DAY

Frank is sitting on a plastic chair in his cell. Opens an envelope to find a Christmas card. Unfolds it.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS FRANKIE, LOVE MUM.

A photograph slips out. It's Frank and baby Melanie.

Frank's tear ducts swell.

INT. PRISON, FOOD HALL - DAY

Frank is sitting at a table eyeing his lousy Christmas dinner.

All around him INMATES are chowing down, but Frank can't. He hasn't been hungry for years.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Frank is scrawny and thin. He is holding the phone receiver to his ear but his face is twisted with hate.

Terry is on the other side of the glass, and in stark contrast to Frank, he looks like a real man of distinction. Fit and radiant, his hair is slicked back and he is sporting a Hugo Boss suit.

TERRY
It's not easy for me coming here,
Frank, but I didn't want you to
hear it from anyone else.

Guilt creases his forehead.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm with Linda now. I'm with Linda
now, Frank.

The blood drains from Frank's face. He teeters in his seat,
almost loses his equilibrium -- but steadies himself.

FRANK

I. Risked. My. Neck. For. You.

TERRY

Look. Melanie needs a father...
but you're stuck in here. Your
wife needs a husband, I'm what's
left.

(beat)

You're gonna be in here forever
with all the extra time you keep
getting.

FRANK

She's my wife!

TERRY

Was... Frank. Was. Look at you,
you're a mess. This is for the
best.

But Frank slowly removes the telephone receiver from his ear
and begins methodically BASHING it on the counter, WHAM,
WHAM, WHAM...

TERRY (CONT'D)

Frank-- Frank... listen to me.

But Frank can't hear Terry through the glass--

TERRY (CONT'D)

--Linda's happy with me, if you
love her, you'll want her to be
happy--

--But, WHAM... WHAM... WHAM...

A GUARD walks over to him.

GUARD

Place the receiver back on the
hook.

Frank keeps smashing it.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Last chance--

-- But SUDDENLY Frank jumps up and SMASHES the receiver into the Guard's head, WHAM, knocking him flying.

Another GUARD races over but Frank head butts him. It's a shit-storm, Frank grabs his folding chair SMACKS another Guard with it, BWAK, more Guards arrive - followed by even more--

--Terry watches from the safety of the glass as Frank is dragged away.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Frank is in the hole.

Naked, he is curled up and shivering, just a blanket wrapped around himself.

The heavy iron door is unbolted and swung open, two GUARDS standing there, one holding a fire hose.

A POWERFUL JET OF WATER shot at Frank.

Frank writhes - freezing water. The hose is switched off.

Frank lays in the puddle - blanket now sopping wet.

One of the Guards steps into the cell - SOUND of UNZIPPING.

Urine streams down onto a tray of stale food.

The Guard ZIPS up - FOOTSTEPS - and then the door SLAMS and Frank is left in the dark.

He WHIMPERS - could even be crying. Squeezes his eyes shut.

CUT TO:

Linda's face. Warm. Loving.

Melanie's face.

CUT TO:

Fighting -- Frank is fighting in the alley.

CUT TO:

Frank is in the restaurant with Linda nibbling his ear - Melanie in her highchair, Terry sitting beside her. Linda leans to Terry--

LINDA

--Be a love and go and get the car.
Frankie's boozed up too much.

Terry gets up and throws his jacket on.

CUT TO:

Shanni walks back to the table. His voice has an echo--

SHANNI

--I paid the bill.

But we stay on Shanni as he says something else.

SHANNI (CONT'D)

Where's Terry?

LINDA

I sent him to get the car.
(hugging Frank)
We've come this far, last thing we
want now is Frankie driving home
shitfaced.

Shanni nods... but then briefly hesitates, enough to expose a guilty expression.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Frank suddenly GASPS -- lifts his head out of the puddle.

Eyes darting around in their sockets - face reading,
'dilema'. He holds still and goes back to the restaurant.

CUT TO:

FRANK'S P.O.V - INSIDE THE RESTAURANT - on Shanni - as he
walks back from the cash register--

--But opposite the cash register -- is a wall with an old
fashioned telephone on it.

Shanni pauses at Frank's table. Voice echoes--

SHANNI

--I paid the bill.
(beat)
Where's Terry?

LINDA

I sent him to get the car.
 (hugging Frank)
 We've come this far, last thing we
 want now is Frankie driving home
 shitfaced.

Shanni's demeanor definitely changes for a split second.
 It's slight. But enough.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Frank rolls onto his side.

Feels like he's been punched by God.

SCREAMS -- DEEP AND GUTTURAL.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A TICKING grandfather clock.

Fresh faced and scrubbed up, Frank is sitting before the
 prison Governor's desk facing the GOVERNOR himself, a no
 nonsense authoritarian in his fifties who takes great
 pleasure in playing king of the castle.

GOVERNOR

I rarely do requests Lewis, so make
 it snappy, I've got a horse race to
 attend.

FRANK

I need to get out of here, Sir.

The Governor smiles.

GOVERNOR

A joker. I don't think I've smiled
 in this place since nineteen ninety
 eight.

(beat)

Thank you.

The Governor nods to a GUARD.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Dismissed.

The Guard approaches Frank and Frank gets to his feet -- but--

FRANK

--Sir... I mean it. I gotta get out of here... as quick as I can.

(beat)

What can I do?

The Governor motions at the Guard to wait.

GOVERNOR

Mr. Lewis, this is a prison, and if I'm not mistaken, which I rarely am, you're not supposed to get out of here. You've still got a fair few years to go.

FRANK

I know, Sir. But what can I do?

GOVERNOR

Nothing. You have to pay your debt like all the other parasites.

Frank sucks it up.

But the Governor suddenly senses the severity of Frank's question.

Takes his spectacles off and folds them.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Depending on how serious you actually are... I'd be inclined to suggest that you start by refraining from using my staff as punchbags to say the least. Maybe work harder than everyone else, behave well at all times and I'll certainly see if I can reward you in any way I see fit.

(beat)

I might be harsh Mr. Lewis, but I'm always fair.

FRANK

Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

Frank turns and heads out, leaving the Governor alone.

GOVERNOR

Not that I think you can do any of those things, of course.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

Frank is laying on his bunk.

But this is a new Frank.

A focused Frank.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - DAY

Frank, dressed in a chef's apron, is scrubbing a dirty pot in a sink.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Frank is stacking a huge pile of books. He opens one and flips through it, interested. Slips it under his arm.

INT. SHOWERS - DAY

An overflowing toilet.

Frank is on his knees in front of the bowl.

An amused GUARD holding a plunger back gestures at Frank to put his arm down the bowl instead.

Frank grits his teeth and dips his hand into the shit bowl all the way up to his elbow.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Frank is ripping dirty sheets off a bed.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

Frank is laying on his bunk reading a book.

Above him, Nate opens his mouth and flicks a razor blade out from under his tongue.

Grips the blade and leans down to Frank anticipating a dust up--

NATE

--Message from the top. The Russian wants some of your books. You got 'til noon, tomorrow.

FRANK
He can have 'em.

Nate is surprised. *What the fuck?*

FRANK (CONT'D)
Tell him to check out Harry Potter.
Surprisingly good.

Who the fuck is this new guy?

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank is mopping up the floor outside The Russian's cell.

The hulking Russian is hanging onto his bars, watching.

On The Russian's table there's a huge pile of books as well as Frank's radio.

As the Russian observes Frank - he SPITS onto the floor where Frank just mopped--

--But Frank just quietly mops it up. The Russian SPITS again.

Frank mops it up again.

And then slips a pack of cigarettes out of his top pocket. Offers the Russian one.

INT. FOOD HALL - DAY

Frank is walking towards a table holding a lunch tray.

A stacked NEO NAZI bumps Frank on purpose, knocking the tray out of Frank's hands. The Neo Nazi swaggers away like he owns the joint. Frank lets it go.

INT. PRISON WING - DAY

GUARDS drag a dead prisoner away by his ankles - a trail of blood is left across the floor.

Frank takes a mop out of a bucket and starts wiping it down.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The TICKING grandfather clock.

Frank, a few years older now, is sitting in front of the Governor's desk.

GOVERNOR

Impressive, Mr. Lewis. Your past work ethic almost fooled me into thinking it was some sort of escape attempt. Yet here we are.

(beat)

Well done.

FRANK

Thank you, Sir.

The Governor gets to his feet holding some papers.

GOVERNOR

You've made exemplary progress. A real example. I've been telling everyone that this is what rehabilitation is all about and I want you to know how proud of you I am.

The Governor stops in front of Frank.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

The good news is that you only have twelve months left and you've become eligible for work release.

(beat)

I filed the papers and got you a placement.

The Governor hands Frank the papers.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Congratulations. Tuesday will be your first day of work release and if it goes well, they'll be more.

FRANK

Thank you, Sir.

But the Governor walks around to the back of Frank and bends down, ear level.

GOVERNOR

The bad news is... you only have ten hours on the outside.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Be back by 6pm and not a second later. If you screw me... I'll find a way to fuck you over so hard the neighbors'll be having a cigarette when we're done.

(beat)

Understood?

FRANK

Yes, Sir. Fully.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

Frank is laying on his bunk. He leans underneath and grabs an old shoe-box. Takes the lid off and removes some creased, tatty papers.

DIVORCE PAPERS

Rips them up and reaches for something else--

--The faded crayon picture baby Melanie was drawing all those years ago. Stick people - mum and dad holding hands.

EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - MORNING

The prison's huge, brown, electronic gates open and puke Frank out. He is holding some rolled up papers and wearing civilian clothing - a black jacket, black trousers black shoes.

He clears the gates and pauses on the other side. It's a new dawn.

Harry Potter Frank has gone now.

Now he is bad bastard Frank -- no mistaking it.

Checks a wrist watch - INSERT 8:03am

The clock is ticking. He hurries across the street to a bus stop.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

Frank is standing at a pay phone, receiver to his ear.

FRANK

Meet me there in an hour. 472
Hackney road.

EXT. HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON - MORNING

A bus pulls away leaving Frank standing at the roadside. He turns around and spots a man with bloodshot eyes who is slouched on a bench, smoking. Meet WILLY.

Willy is Irish, in his fifties and dressed like a bum with dried prune skin.

FRANK

Willy!

WILLY

Ugh... there you are.

Willy delicately gets to his feet as if in pain. They shake and hug - Frank eyeing Willy's tatty jacket.

FRANK

Jesus, you told me you were in good shape?

WILLY

I am in good shape. Look at me.

Frank looks at him. Glances to the ground -- Willy is wearing one brown shoe and one black shoe.

FRANK

Willy... your shoes?

WILLY

(knowing)

Yeah. I lost one.

Frank stares the shit out of him.

FRANK

You told me you were sober?

WILLY

I know. But I was drunk when I told you that.

FRANK

Willy, you better not be tanked up now, I need you--

WILLY

--Don't get your knickers in a twist. As of last night, I'm sober. For good. Apart from a wee headache -- I'm as clear as a bell.

But Frank isn't convinced.

FRANK

I don't have much time. Got the license?

Willy takes a drivers license out of his pocket and hands it to Frank but Frank notices Willy's hand is shaking like a motherfucker.

CLOSE ON LICENSE - in the name of FRANK JAMES LEWIS - but has a picture of Willy on it -- a picture from his twenties.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Willy, this doesn't even look like you?

WILLY

Ah, haven't had me own license since eighty two, but it's definitely me alright. You can tell cos I still got me good looks.

Frank shakes his head and gives the license back to Willy along with his prison papers.

FRANK

These are my work release papers. Give 'em to the brass when you get there and stay there 'til five. Work hard and don't fuck up or they'll lock me up forever, got it?

WILLY

Hey! It's me your talking to. I was born reliable.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

Old Victorian houses line both sides of a street. Frank is walking towards us but halts outside one house in particular, number 57.

A tiny front garden, neglected for years. Frank walks down the garden path to the front door but leans over a wall.

Loosens a brick and pulls it out picking up a rusty key from the gap.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Outside, Frank unlocks the door and steps inside and into a living room not much bigger than his cell.

FRANK

Ma!

Nothing.

Glances around the room. Old picture frames and books - an ancient TV set playing a black and white movie. But above the TV set, neatly fixed on a wall -- is a --

-- SHOTGUN.

Walks over to the gun and reaches up for it, but just as he brings it down into his arms -- a floorboard CREAKS behind him...

Frank's mum, who he refers to as MA, is standing there.

She is of a small build and although she is young in the head arthritis is taking its toll.

MA

Frankie!

(beat)

What you doing with your father's
shotgun?

FRANK

Ugh... hello, Ma.

(re: gun)

I'm going... shooting.

MA

You won't hit anything with that
old thing?

FRANK

You never know.

Frank props the gun up and walks over to hug his mother. She kisses him on the cheek. Been a while. Been forever.

MA

I can't believe you're here, son.
You're actually... out?

FRANK

Just a day trip. Doing some sight
seeing.

MA

Of course. And some shooting.

Frank bites his tongue.

Ma lays eyes over her boy more meticulously.

MA (CONT'D)

It's been so long, Frankie.

(beat)

Can I get you anything?

FRANK

Love a cup of tea.

MA

Take a seat, coming up.

Ma steps out into the kitchen... and as she does --

-- Frank eyes a cuckoo clock on a wall. INSERT: 10:17am

Time's flying.

Frank quickly scoots down to a telephone. Old people and convicts - the only people on earth without cell phones.

Frank picks up the receiver, dials a number.

INT. MUSEUM STOREHOUSE - MORNING

A warehouse full of crates.

Willy is sitting at a desk with a cigarette stuck to his bottom lip, a NO SMOKING sign next to him.

He's examining a porcelain jug.

A cell on his desk starts RINGING... and using his free hand, he picks it up and takes the call--

WILLY

--William O'Leary's office.

INTERCUT WITH FRANK:

FRANK

Willy... it's Frank.

WILLY

Frank? Frank, who?

FRANK

Frank! From this morning!

WILLY

I know, I know, I'm just blowing smoke up your skirt. What can I do you for?

FRANK

You made it then?

WILLY

Of course I fucking made it.

FRANK

What are you doing?

WILLY

Unpacking shit. You should see some of this crap. I'm holding a jug from ancient China can you believe. Ancient-fucking-China. Worth a packet.

Willy taps some of his cigarette ash into the neck of it.

Frank can see his mum walking back through the kitchen with a cup of tea.

FRANK

You've only got seven hours left, keep it up, Willy, I'll call you later. Don't break anything.

Frank hangs up, but as Willy hangs up too -- the handle on the jug he is holding snaps off in his jittering hand --

-- And hits the floor, SMASHING...

INT. MA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ma hands Frank a cup of tea.

MA

Get that down your hatch, son.

Frank takes it and sits down, sipping. Ma sits down in a chair opposite him and eyes the shotgun.

MA (CONT'D)

Eight years and nothing changed.

FRANK
Everything changed, Ma.

MA
Your father spent all his life
telling me he'd change. Wasted his
best years rotting away behind bars
instead of being here, with his
family, where a man should be.

Frank gets the message.

FRANK
I'm almost out, Ma. I won't be
going back.

MA
(unconvinced)
I know.
(beat)
I feel bad I didn't come see you
Frankie, I just can't take those
places anymore.

FRANK
Don't worry, Ma. We'll have plenty
of time soon.

Ma takes a picture off a table and studies it - her wedding
day with Frank's father.

MA
He does all those years locked away
and then gets out and croaks.

She puts the picture back.

MA (CONT'D)
Sorry you missed his funeral,
Frankie, he would've wanted you
there. You might'a been the one
person in the whole world your
father actually liked.

Ma takes a breath - time to stop dwelling.

MA (CONT'D)
Well... you look healthy.

Ma gets out of her chair and Frank watches her step out into
the kitchen.

She rummages around and comes back with a scrap of paper and
a hacksaw.

Hands the paper to Frank - something scribbled on it.

FRANK

What's this?

MA

Linda's new address. She and Terry moved a few years back. No doubt that's where you're going.

She hands him the hacksaw.

MA (CONT'D)

That's for the shotgun barrels. Your father bought it for the same reason but the cancer got him first.

Frank snickers. She may be aging but she's still got her marbles.

EXT. HENDON, LONDON - MORNING

A bus pulls away and Frank is walking down a high street in an upper class area of North London, the scrap of paper in his hand, a clumsy bulge under his jacket.

EXT. TERRY AND LINDA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Frank pauses outside a luxury house and eyes the address on the paper. This is the place - but how could it be? It's fucking huge.

Frank stares at the house. Extravagant. About four times the size of an average house - a slick, brand new Audi parked in the drive.

Frank walks up the driveway to a set of high double doors and knocks on one with a steel knocker, THUD, THUD, THUD.

No answer.

He lifts his hand to knock again, but just as he does --

-- Linda opens the door... and GASPS--

LINDA

--Frank!

FRANK

Hello, Linda.

Linda looks ruffled - red rings around her eyes, hair disheveled - but she can't keep her eyes off him - been years--

FRANK (CONT'D)
--You... alright?

LINDA
What do you want?

FRANK
Nice house.
(beat)
Where's Terry?

LINDA
He's out, why do you want him, what are you doing here Frank?

Frank hesitates -- and then he lets her have it.

FRANK
I want you back, Linda. I want my family back and I want my life back.

LINDA
Are you fucking insane!

She stares at him with powerful eyes... *is this for real?*

FRANK
I was set up.
(beat)
That night at the restaurant. I need you to know the truth.

LINDA
Set up? Don't insult me, Frank.

FRANK
Shanni set me up to get my end of the business -- your end of the business. I just don't know if Terry was in on it.

Linda spits venom.

LINDA
Terry?
(beat)
I don't think so, Frank. Let me tell you something about Terry.
(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

He cares more about me and Melanie than you ever did! And unlike you... he doesn't keep getting banged up and leaving us to pick up all the pieces, so piss off back to prison where you fucking belong and stay out of our lives--

FRANK

--I wanna see Melanie.

LINDA

Well you can't!

Linda tries to SLAM the door but Frank jams his foot in the way--

FRANK

--Why?

LINDA

Because you can't, Frank!

FRANK

She's still my daughter.

LINDA

She's not here.

FRANK

Where is she, I'll go and see her?

With all her might, Linda tries to slam the door but she's no match for Frank.

LINDA

Frank... back off or... I'll call the police.

But Frank is sensing something else.

FRANK

Where is she?

LINDA

She's not here!

But Frank has had enough and barges past her getting into the house.

INT. TERRY AND LINDA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Frank storms into the lavish hallway.

FRANK

MEL!

He turns around and bolts up some stairs - Linda dashes for a telephone--

LINDA

--I'm calling the police!

Linda picks up the phone as Frank gets to the top of the stairs... but --

-- She just hugs the receiver, conflicted.

A deep breath... then she slowly puts the receiver back down.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING

Frank strides across the landing to find a door with a Marilyn Manson poster on it. Bingo.

Pushes the door open and walks into Melanie's bedroom.

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM

Frank admires the view/mess.

Makeup and clothes. He rummages around, opens a drawer in her desk.

Something grabs his attention.

INT. HALLWAY

Linda is standing by the front door as Frank storms down the stairs holding a bong.

FRANK

You let our daughter use this?

LINDA

How dare you.

(beat)

No... I don't let her. But she's young... and growing up with a father in prison.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

As you can imagine, we've had some parenting problems, Frank.

A shot of reality hits Frank. He knows she is right.

But Linda's bottom lip trembles... something on the tip of her tongue--

LINDA (CONT'D)

--Melanie's missing!

(beat)

She has been for three days.

Linda cracks, wiping tears from her eyes.

FRANK

What?

LINDA

Me and Terry... we've been out driving around day and night looking for her. She got mixed up with some 25 year old. I don't know where she is.

FRANK

You called the police?

LINDA

No. We didn't. Terry thought it might not be wise... considering where she could be.

FRANK

What's her phone number?

LINDA

No use. It's dead.

FRANK

What about that computer thing they're all using... Bookface?

LINDA

Facebook. She hasn't posted anything.

FRANK

Where's Terry?

LINDA

He's at work. At the docks.

We can see Frank's gears turning. He suddenly hustles past Linda, but she grabs his sleeve--

LINDA (CONT'D)
--Frank...

And as she pulls his jacket - she spots the butt of the SAWN OFF SHOTGUN --

LINDA (CONT'D)
--What the hell is that for?

Frank hesitates -- but other matters are more pressing.

FRANK
I gotta go. I need to find Mel.

He eyes the Audi parked in the driveway. She catches him looking at it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It would be quicker?

Linda stoops her head. Knows what she has to do because she wants her daughter back, and if anyone can find her...

She grabs a set of keys and throws them into Frank's hands.

LINDA
You're long past being a good father, Frank.

FRANK
We'll see.

Frank hurries to the car. Linda wipes her eyes and watches him get into the Audi. And as he does, she turns away, picks up the phone and dials a number.

INT. AUDI - MOVING

Frank drives, distracted by a built in GPS device.

Technology has left him behind.

GPS CONSOLE
Turn left.

Frank turns right.

GPS CONSOLE (CONT'D)
Error. Turn around and...

Frank stabs the off button--

FRANK
--Fuck off!

He checks the dashboard clock - INSERT: 11:58

Hits the accelerator.

EXT. EDWARDS AND LEWIS SHIPPING, TILBURY DOCKS - AFTERNOON

Frank drives the Audi into a warehouse and parks.

INT. AUDI

Frank leans to the floor on the passenger side and grabs a gym bag. Dumps some women's clothes out of it and slips the shotgun in.

INT. WAREHOUSE, EDWARDS AND LEWIS SHIPPING

Frank walks through the warehouse - a far cry from the derelict shell it once was. Now filled with shipping containers it's become a hub of activity.

An office structure is elevated off the floor by a short platform that houses two sub offices. The sub offices connect internally, steel steps leading up to them.

A large glass observation window spans both offices - so supervisors inside - can oversee the warehouse.

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE

Terry and Shanni are standing at the glass watching Frank poking around below.

The years have been kind to Terry, he is in his prime - hair all slicked back and super white teeth...

Cigar smoking Shanni on the other hand looks more like the BEFORE guy in a diet commercial. His increasing affluence is apparent though by the gold rings on his fingers and the gold canine in his mouth.

TERRY
(to Shanni)
Linda said he had a shotgun. His old man had a shotgun, probably that one.

SHANNI

You sure you don't want me to stay?

TERRY

No. It's me he's after. He knows
I'm with Linda. You should go.
I'll deal with it.

SHANNI

Be careful.

Shanni dips a hand into his inside pocket and takes out a
snub nosed revolver, hands it to Terry.

SHANNI (CONT'D)

Take care of him.

It doesn't phase Terry. Takes it and Shanni heads out of an
opposite door.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Frank slinks up to one of the containers. The door is open
and he steps inside.

INT. CONTAINER

A crate is open revealing boxes with Chinese symbols across
the top. Frank rips one open. Inside - small plastic
packets containing memory cards that you might use in a
digital camera.

EXT. SITE SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

Frank walks up a set of steel steps towards an office marked:
SITE SUPERVISOR.

INT. SITE SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

The door swings shut behind Frank.

SID, the site manager, is sitting behind a long messy desk,
cigarette wedged between his chubby fish lips.

Opposite Sid, another waste of skin, ERROL, is sitting on a
swivel chair tucking into a greasy, fried egg sandwich.

Both of them look more like the type you might see on the
door of a club rather than at a dock.

Errol swivels around to Frank and gives him a look--

ERROL
--Ever heard of knocking?

FRANK
Ever heard of cholesterol?

Errol immediately dumps his sandwich down and gets up, hostile. Walks over to Frank standing toe to toe, but--

FRANK (CONT'D)
--Did you know that one large egg contains nearly five grams of fat... and almost half of that is saturated.

Sid raises an eyebrow. Errol raises both.

ERROL
Thanks for the tip.
(beat)
And... you... are?

FRANK
I'm looking for Terry Edwards.

ERROL
I don't care if you're looking for the Easter Bunny. I asked who you were?

FRANK
And I said, I'm looking for Terry Edwards.

Errol smirks. *This is going to be fun.*

ERROL
Do you need a hearing aid old man?
(beat)
I said, I don't care what you said.

FRANK
And I don't care about you, not caring about what I said.

Errol is stumped. Sid smells trouble.

Frank points at a sign on a wall that reads: EDWARDS AND LEWIS SHIPPING.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm Lewis. So you know what that means, don't you?

ERROL

I give up.

FRANK

It means, black... with three sugars please.

(beat)

Because you two class acts work for me.

Errol and Sid gawk at each other.

Sid takes the cigarette out of his pie hole.

SID

You're mistaken. We work for Terry. I suggest you fuck off while your legs still work.

FRANK

(re: sign)

And I suggest you think about where the name "Lewis" came from then?

ERROL

From his bird, Linda.

Frank tenses. An uneasy silence.

Sid cautiously stubs his cigarette out. The hiss of it seems loud.

A silent standoff, until--

FRANK

--Which one of you two hotshots is the big dick then?

SID

Mind your own business.

FRANK

I am, this is my business.

Sid eyes Frank's gym bag.

SID

What's in the bag?

FRANK
Mind your own business.

Errol can't take anymore.

ERROL
Alright, looks like we're gonna
have to do this the hard way
then...

FRANK
Yeah, looks that way.

Errol glances back at Sid.

Sid covertly opens a drawer and places his hand over a
shooter, but as Errol looks back at Frank, SUDDENLY --

-- Frank grabs a fire extinguisher off a wall clip and swings
it into Errol's face, CLANGGGGGG!

ERROL
Urgh!

Errol's nose bone SHATTERS and he tumbles backwards onto the
floor, holding it, blood oozing out between his fingers.

Sid bolts upright and points the gun at Frank, but in a flash
Frank angles the hose of the fire extinguisher at him and
shoots a jet of foam into his face, SCCCHHHHHHH--

--Sid is blinded, quickly wiping the foam off his face -- but
not in time to avoid the fire extinguisher Frank zings at him
--

--It hits Sid square on the chest, WUMP!

Sid loses the gun. Bends down to grab it but he is slow and
cumbersome.

Frank rushes him and jerks his knee up into Sid's face,
CRRRACK!

Sid falls backwards - Frank kicking the gun away.

Sid gets to his feet and lunges at Frank, but Frank
sidesteps, spinning Sid around and driving him towards the
glass observation window, propelling him through it.

The glass window SHATTERS as Sid flies through the air and
plummets to the ground with a THUD!

He flounders, disorientated. Frank looms over Errol.

FRANK
Where's Terry?

ERROL
Fuck your mother.

Frank picks up the fire extinguisher and swings it into Errol's face again, CLANGGG, knocking him flat on his back.

Frank steps on Errol's hand grinding his knuckles into shards of broken glass.

FRANK
Where's. Terry?

Frank applies pressure.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(meaner)
Where's... Terry?

ERROL
Arghhh... he-was-here-but-he-went-home.

FRANK
You're lying, I've already been there.

ERROL
No, he-just-left-fifteen-minutes-ago-he-just-left-you-can-check-at-the-security-gate.

Frank weighs up Errol's answer. Takes his foot off Errol's hand and dumps the fire extinguisher.

FRANK
As of today... you're services are no longer required.
(beat)
You're fired.

Errol just whimpers and rolls onto his side nursing his hand.

Frank crosses to Sid's desk and picks up a telephone receiver dialing a number.

INT. CARPENTER'S ARMS PUB - AFTERNOON

A clock behind the bar reads: 1:35

Willy is sitting at the bar, three empty pint glasses and a shot glass in front of him. His cell phone starts RINGING and he picks up.

WILLY

The office of William--

INTERCUT WITH FRANK:

FRANK

--Cut the shit Willy, it's me.

WILLY

Ahhh, Frankie boy. I've missed you.

FRANK

Talk to me, what are you doing?

WILLY

I'm on me lunch break.

FRANK

Better not be a liquid lunch.

WILLY

Trust me, I'm as dry as a witch's tit, I told you. Nothing but a salad and a diet coke. I'm a new man, Frankie.

The BAR TENDER places another shot of whisky down for Willy.

Willy WINKS at him.

FRANK

Well I'm glad you're not in a pub. Just get through the afternoon and get those papers signed. See you later.

Frank hangs up and walks back to Errol.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Give me your phone.

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Frank, holding the gym bag, steps into Terry's office.

Heads over to a desk dumping his bag onto it.

EXT. TERRY'S OFFICE, STEEL STEPS

But while Frank looks about - through an opposite door - Terry is quietly kneeling on the steel steps watching Frank through a crack.

Terry brings the revolver close and cocks the hammer.

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE

Frank, looking over Terry's desk, spots a framed picture of Terry and Linda. Eiffel Tower.

Frank drops into Terry's chair and holds up Errol's mobile phone. Scrolls through the phone book and calls a number, but--

-- Directly outside the office, a phone begins RINGING--

EXT. TERRY'S OFFICE, STEEL STEPS

Terry, less than ten yards away from Frank, thrusts his hand into his pocket grabbing his phone--

TERRY
--Fuck, fuck!

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE

Frank glances towards RINGING in the doorway and immediately slips the shotgun out of his gym bag. Outside, the phone stops RINGING but Frank is already spooked.

EXT. TERRY'S OFFICE, STEEL STEPS

Frank SPRINGS through the doorway and glances down the steps but -- no one there.

He eases down gripping the shotgun.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Frank hits the bottom of the steps. Warehouse is a maze of shipping containers.

He edges around one.

FRANK'S P.O.V - no sign of anyone.

Creeps along the side of another container... up to the front of it - all clear.

But -- a NOISE... near another container.

Frank hurries to the container keeping his back against it.

Peers around the edge -- nothing.

Slips around the side, BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN --

-- The container's door is KICKED OPEN from the inside and SMASHES into Frank's face, KER KLANG--

--Frank stumbles, dropping the shotgun--

--Lurches to grab it but a black Gucci steps on it.

It's Terry's shoe --

-- And he is pointing his revolver down at Frank's head.

TERRY

Hello, Frank.

Frank stands upright leaving the shotgun under Terry's shoe.

Touches his forehead - he is bleeding.

Terry scoots down and grabs the shotgun. Shoves the revolver into his pocket.

FRANK

You're not gonna shoot me, Terry.

(beat)

I saved your life, remember?

TERRY

Wanna explain what you're doing here, Frank... with a shooter?

FRANK

I needed a memory card.

TERRY

(ignoring)

Why can't you just fucking accept
it, Frank? Linda loves me now.
I'm gonna ask her to marry me.
We're happy.

(beat)

She even warned me you were coming.

Terry takes his phone out of his pocket. Hits SPEAKER and
plays a voicemail--

LINDA'S VOICEMAIL

(frantic)

--Terry, pick up. Frank's out,
he's been at the house trying to
tell me about some bullshit setup.
I told him Mel's missing and he's
coming to find you, he's got a gun--

--Terry hits END.

It cuts Frank deep but he pushes it aside.

FRANK

I see you've gone up in the world,
Terrence. Done well since I saved
you.

(beat)

I did save your life... that night,
didn't I-- Terry?

TERRY

Stop living in the past, Frank,
what the fuck's that gotta do with
anything?

FRANK

Everything.

(beat)

Shanni set me up. He planned on
killing me that night... but you
went for the car. He got the wrong
bloke.

Terry can't get his head around it.

TERRY

What the fuck are you talking
about?

FRANK

Your business partner nearly
murdered you, Terry.

Terry can't believe it.

TERRY
 You're lying, Frank.
 (beat)
 I gotta give it to you though,
 that's a pretty creative bedtime
 story.

FRANK
 Is it? Let's run it by Shanni
 then, shall we? Give him a call.

A DEVASTATING MOMENT - as Terry contemplates the possibility--

--But as he thinks, Frank suddenly lunges for the shotgun --

-- Terry quickly backs up though, still aiming it.

TERRY
 I'll fucking pop you, Frank, I
 swear--

--But Frank continues advancing.

FRANK
 You won't shoot me, Terry, you
 don't know how.

Terry ignores Frank's meaning.

TERRY
 I will, Frank, I will.

But insanely - Frank grabs the end of the shotgun barrels.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 You wanna die, Frank?

Terry wrangles the gun as Frank grips the barrels.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Let go, Frank, I'll take your
 fucking knee-caps out... I swear
 I'll do it.

Terry cocks the shotgun's hammer back, CLICK--

--Rests his finger on the trigger.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 I'll do it Frank, I'll do it--

--Terry pulls the trigger--

But -- CLICK -- nothing happens.

He quickly draws the second shotgun hammer back and pulls the trigger again - but CLICK - nothing happens again.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What the--

--Frank POUNCES on Terry - they struggle and fall down...

Frank lands on top of Terry and grabs his head SLAMMING it into the side of a steel container.

FRANK

Did you know, did you fucking know--

--Terry goes for his revolver but Frank BATS it away.

Frank seizes his shotgun and angles it over Terry's throat.

Pushes down with all his might CRUSHING Terry's wind pipe.

Terry can't breathe... but Frank pushes harder.

Terry starts kicking.

Frank pushes harder.

Terry GARGLES.

Frank pushes harder.

TERRY

F... Fr... Fran...

Terry is suffocating - but Frank wants him to pay--

--Eight years of betrayal surging through his system.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I... I didn't... kno--

--And just as Terry's eyes roll, Frank lets him go.

Terry GASPS.

Frank gets to his feet.

FRANK

You were in on it. You didn't know that Shanni made the call that night, but you were in on it... to steal my end of the business.

TERRY

No! I didn't know anything about it, I even testified for you! I petitioned your case when you went down, I would've left you to rot if I was in on it--

--Frank considers it. Harried eyes.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I didn't know... you gotta believe me. We were partners back then, I had no reason to cut you out Frank, no reason. I lost a kidney...

Frank bows his head in a moment of reckoning.

Shows Terry the shotgun.

FRANK

This is an antique gun, Terrence. The old man's favorite. Never misses, but it's got a double hammer.

Frank cocks the first hammer back, CLICK.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Cock the hammer once, and you're halfway. Old fashioned safety latch.

Frank cocks the SAME hammer again, pulling it back even further, CLICK--

FRANK (CONT'D)

--Cock it again, and you're ready to dance.

Frank quickly angles the shotgun to the side of a container and pulls the trigger - KER BOOOMMM --

FRANK (CONT'D)

You only cocked it once.

Terry is aghast - could have shot Frank after all.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now tell me something.

(beat)

The business is still young. You don't get a pad like yours shipping toothpicks and packets of soap.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

What are those other two shitbags protecting? Where's the dough coming from?

Frank holds the shotgun up and double cocks the second hammer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And if you lie to me, Terry...

Terry spits some blood...

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER

A CREAK of steel and Terry opens up a steel door.

Steps inside the container followed by Frank.

Crates of chocolates, like Ferrero Rochers.

Terry picks up a packet and breaks it open. Plucks out a little round truffle but breaks the outer shell.

White powder.

TERRY

Coke. From south America. It's safer shipping it to Africa rather than taking it up into the U.S. though. No coastguard around Africa. Pirates escort it to Morocco where a raw cacao factory package it in... with ordinary chocolates. Then they ship it here, around mainland Europe. The chocolates are too small and too dense for x-rays to pick up and the sugary smell puts the dogs off.

Frank looks around the container - it's stacked from floor to ceiling.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Each packet holds five pounds of blow.

INT. ANOTHER CONTAINER

Terry opens another container. Stacked with panels of glass wrapped in protective packaging.

Terry rips some cardboard off a square glass panel.

TERRY

Glass. For anything from windows
to table tops.

Terry lifts a smaller glass panel to the light. Seems like
normal glass, but--

TERRY (CONT'D)

--Slightly cloudy. See...

Frank inspects the glass. Terry is right. The glass is a
little misty.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Cocaine resin been mixed in with
the glass properties. Some
chemistry kid in Slovenia figured
out how to do it, then later, melt
the glass down and separate the
resin. It's the new big thing.
Gonna start importing car
windscreens and everything.

Terry, earnest, puts the glass down and turns to face Frank.

Frank is simmering and fast about to boil.

FRANK

Shanni cut me out cos he knew I'd
never go dirty.

(beat)

But you... on the other hand... he
knew he could twist...

TERRY

We're minted, Frank. We got
another load coming in tonight.
Biggest one yet. We can cut you
in.

FRANK

You're a drug dealer.

TERRY

It ain't just dope, we got other
shit. Memory cards from China...
most of 'em full up with credit
card numbers. We're getting rich,
Frank, we're gonna be rich.

But a sense of imminent danger washes over Terry, and then --

-- Frank spins the shotgun round and smacks the butt into
Terry's face, KLOK, breaking his nose and knocking him down--

TERRY (CONT'D)

-- Ugh, F... Frank! What -- what
you doing?

But Frank rains down blow after blow, BAM, BAM, BAM--

FRANK

--Linda! The company is in Linda's
name... you... fucking... cunt!

Terry SCREAMS...

TERRY

Ugh... Fr... Fr...

But Frank is out of control and BEATS Terry unconscious.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. JAGUAR, STATIONARY - AFTERNOON

A green Jaguar is parked on a quiet, isolated slope further
up the dockyard. Frank is sitting in the drivers seat.

INT. JAGUAR

Frank's face fills the FRAME -- gazing out over the river
Thames.

Someone stirs in the back.

Terry, face bloody and bruised, opens his eyes to find
himself laying slumped in the back seat, hands tied behind
his back, ankles knotted together with rope.

Frank twists to him.

FRANK

How you feeling back there? Bit
restricted?

(beat)

Now you know how I felt... for
eight years.

Terry painfully licks his lips.

TERRY

You broke my teeth.

FRANK
You'll live.

Terry looks out of the window and focuses - a sudden wave of panic--

TERRY
--What... what the fuck are we
doing here, Frank?

Frank faces the front.

EXT. JAGUAR

A wide shot reveals exactly where they are.

The Jaguar is parked in a secluded boat yard, poised on the downward incline of a concrete boat ramp and suspiciously close to the river.

Only a short roll into the water.

INT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

Frank is toying with a length of rope in his lap.

FRANK
I'm due to get out in nine months,
Terry. Tell me, what was your
plan?
(beat)
Or did you have a little welcoming
committee organized?

TERRY
Shanni fucked me too... Frank. I
didn't know shit about a setup!

FRANK
But you do know that you've been
implicating Linda in a company
that's smuggling dope, don't you?

TERRY
SHE DOESN'T KNOW YOU FUCKING TIT!
She's never gonna know!

Frank spins around to him--

FRANK
--I used her name to help get a
loan! She's a listed partner!
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

She could get locked up for the rest of her life because of you! That's how you treat the woman you wanna marry!?

TERRY

The business was dying, we had to do something.

FRANK

You never wanted to go straight in the first place--

TERRY

--I did, Frank! Maybe Shanni didn't, but I did. I never planned nothing without you, you gotta believe me.

Frank faces the front but angles the rear view mirror so he can see Terry's ugly mug without turning.

FRANK

I wanna know one thing.

His next words come from deep within.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is my daughter?

Frank eyes Terry with a new-found intensity.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know you've taken Linda out on a little fuckin' "merry-go-round" the last three days, but I also know you know where she is. She's involved with some fuck-up and you probably know exactly where she is?

Terry dips his head - like he can't look Frank in the eye.

His silence only incriminates him.

Frank awaits with a face you wouldn't want to lie to.

TERRY

She's with Shanni's nephew. Nadir.

(beat)

He works for Shanni. I'm supposed to be picking her up this afternoon.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 I couldn't take Linda there and
 have her poking her nose around,
 but I sent them word I had to bring
 Mel home -- today.

Frank suddenly SNAPS and spins around thrusting a hand onto
 Terry's neck and squeezing.

FRANK
 How the fuck do you know she's not
 dead--

TERRY
 --She... she... likes him, Frank!
 Shanni's nephew, she's-- s-s-safe.

FRANK
 She's fourteen, she doesn't know
 what she likes--

--Terry is choking... Frank could easily snap his neck but he
 backs down. Terry GASPS.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 You didn't let Linda call the
 police cos you didn't want 'em
 poking their noses into your little
 party here.

TERRY
 If I wasn't stuck here - I'd have
 got her myself by now!

Frank turns to the front. One problem solved, another to
 fix.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Linda'll never know, Frank. And
 I'll never let her take the fall
 for anything.

But Frank leans over to the passenger seat and picks up
 Terry's phone. Turns back to Terry and holds it up--

FRANK
 --She knows now, Terry.
 (beat)
She knows now.

Terry stares at the phone. Surely not. Kind of face you
 never forget.

Frank shows Terry the screen.

The phone is connected - display reads: HOME

Frank leans over and holds it to Terry's ear.

Terry cautiously mumbles.

TERRY
L-- Linda?

INT. TERRY AND LINDA'S HOUSE - SAME

Linda... crying--

LINDA
GO TO HELL, TERRY!

She hangs up.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAGUAR - AFTERNOON

Terry's world comes crashing down like a ton of bricks.

Face tightens in pain--

TERRY
--What have you done, Frank? WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE!

Frank retracts the phone and immediately starts knotting the rope in his lap around the steering wheel - alarming Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Wh... what you doing, Frank?

FRANK
You know how I worked it out?

TERRY
(ignoring)
Frank... what you doing?

FRANK
I had eight, long, years to think
about it.
(beat)
Shanni paid the bill.

Frank twists back to Terry -- and Terry seems genuinely intrigued.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He never picked up a bill in his fuckin' life, he'd rather break his arm than pick up a bill, but that night... he paid.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NASEEM'S KARAHAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FRANK'S P.O.V INSIDE THE RESTAURANT - on Shanni - as Shanni talks at a telephones behind the register.

FRANK (V.O.)

We all thought Shanni paid it because he was celebrating our new partnership... but then it all made sense.

(beat)

Who uses a landline in this day and age?

We see Terry throwing his jacket on. He crosses Frank's eyeline as he leaves for the car--

FRANK (V.O.)

Didn't use his mobile because he didn't wanna be traced.

(beat)

--Shanni paid so he could go and call the guy outside, give him a heads up I'd be on my way...

Shanni hangs up the telephone and wanders back to the table.

His voice echoes.

SHANNI

(to Frank and Linda)

I paid the bill!

FRANK (V.O.)

But he realized he'd fucked up when you'd gone to get the car.

SHANNI

Where's Terry?

Linda glances at Shanni and her own voice echoes--

LINDA

--Sent him to get the car.

(hugging Frank)

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

We've come this far, last thing we want now is this one driving home shitfaced.

Shanni's face drops - and this time it's obvious.

FRANK (V.O.)

He knew the whole fucking time that you were going out to get stuck -- and he didn't do a fucking thing to stop it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAGUAR - AFTERNOON

Frank is still facing Terry.

FRANK

You could have died -- never knowing.

The revelation finally sinks into Terry's core, and from the look on his face, if he wasn't convinced before, he fucking well is now.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He just used me to set up the company in Linda's name. But after that... I'm just a liability.

TERRY

Frank, I swear... I had no fucking idea.

FRANK

Maybe.

(beat)

But I'm locked up because of you... and you're out there fucking my wife.

Adamant, Frank turns back and finishes knotting the rope around the steering wheel.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know what's worse than trying to kill a man and failing, Terry?

(beat)

Stealing his family.

The other end of the rope is looped.

TERRY

Frank... what you doing, what's going on?

Frank turns with the looped end and throws it over Terry's head.

Terry is now connected to the steering wheel by his neck.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Frank... please... don't do this, don't do this, Frank--

FRANK

--Eight. Long. Years.

(beat)

Even missed my old man's funeral because of you.

TERRY

Frank, I told you where she is... please, don't do this...

But Frank pockets Terry's phone.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Frank, please... don't kill me, Frank...

Frank opens the driver's door - but before getting out he turns his head back--

FRANK

--Shanni's nephew. Nadir. I want his address.

Terry can't talk fast enough.

TERRY

It's in Harlesdon, on the Nelson estate. Don't know the number but Nadir's flat's on the top floor. Last one on the top floor.

Frank gets out of the car, but much to Terry's dismay, he turns back in and reaches for something--

MAYBE THE PARKING BRAKE--

TERRY (CONT'D)

--Frank, please...

But Frank merely grabs his gym bag. Faces Terry.

FRANK

Don't move. I'll be back. If you're telling the truth and Mel's alright, you might just live through this.

And with that, Frank SLAMS the door.

Terry breathes relief as he watches Frank walking away.

INT. LINDA'S AUDI - AFTERNOON

Still parked outside the warehouse. Frank climbs in and SLAMS the door.

Switches the engine on and taps the GPS.

GPS CONSOLE

Turn left.

FRANK

Fuck off.

He pushes another button that brings up an ADDRESS command.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Fucking thing.

EXT. LINDA'S AUDI

Frank hits the accelerator and the Audi burns rubber.

INT. JAGUAR

Terry peers out over the back window. Can see Linda's Audi driving away with Frank at the wheel.

Can't believe his luck.

Immediately begins twisting and writhing trying to loosen the ropes.

Awkwardly throws his legs out, but --

--His foot accidentally hits the PARKING BRAKE, CLONK--

--RELEASING IT...

The car begins rolling forward on its own--

TERRY
--Shit! Shit!!!

EXT. JAGUAR - AFTERNOON

The front of the Jaguar bounces over a small ledge and rolls into the river.

INT. JAGUAR

Terry tries to turn around but with his hands tied behind his back he can't quite feed them through the gap in the front seats to reach the parking brake.

The car rolls onward -- water flooding in--

TERRY
--HELP, SOMEBODY. FRANK!

But Frank isn't there. Nobody is.

EXT. JAGUAR

The Jaguars forward momentum continues and the car rolls further and further, deeper and deeper into the river.

TERRY (O.S.)
NO-- FRANK--

--Jaguar's roof gradually disappears into the murky water and Terry is sent to his watery grave with a GUSH of bubbles.

TERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
FRANKKKKKK!!!!

INT. LINDA'S AUDI - AFTERNOON

As Frank drives, he thumbs a number into Terry's phone.

INT. MUSEUM STOREROOM - AFTERNOON

Willy is snoozing at his desk but his VIBRATING phone wakes him.

Plucks it out of a pocket and answers it in a stupor--

WILLY
--Yeah.

FRANK
It's Frank.

WILLY
Frank? Frank, who?

FRANK
Not this again...

But this time, Willy wasn't joking--

WILLY
(realizing)
--Oh, Frank!

FRANK
Didn't wake you up, did I?

WILLY
How dare you! I'm sweating harder
than a bricklayer in Beirut.
You're not paying me enough to
sweat this hard.

FRANK
I'm not paying you anything, Willy.

WILLY
That's what you think.
(beat)
And how the Hell can I keep up the
good work with you interrupting me
every two minutes. What time is
it?

A clock on the wall next to Willy reads 3.35, but Willy is in
his own little world.

Frank glances at the Audi clock. INSERT: 3:36

FRANK
Three thirty.

WILLY
Time flies when your having fun.
If something comes up I'll let you
know, otherwise, get your shit done
and I'll see you later.

This time Willy hangs up.

Frank eyes his phone - his feathers ruffled.

He throws it down and punches the accelerator blasting through the streets of London.

EXT. NELSON ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Frank is walking through a rough council estate holding his gym bag - won't find this place in the London tourist guide.

The local DREGS eyeball Frank like fresh meat ready for processing.

Frank hustles towards an ugly red and grey high rise.

INT. TOWERBLOCK

Frank walks across the ground floor - beer cans, pools of piss...

INT. ELEVATOR

Frank steps into an elevator. Taps the button for the top floor, number forty.

But he also hits the button for thirty nine.

INT. CORRIDOR, FORTIETH FLOOR - TOWERBLOCK

Hip Hop music streaming from a phone that is blue toothed to a massive speaker outside flat number forty. Two HOODLUMS sharing stolen iPhones on an upturned box.

Both of them spot the elevator light rising. Kill the music, get to their feet and swagger to the elevator doors.

One of them picks up a crowbar in anticipation of who or what might be coming.

The elevator arrives - PING--

--The doors slide open - but inside it's empty.

A CLICKING noise prompts them to turn.

Frank has exited from a stairwell and is pointing the shotgun at them--

--The Hoodlums raise their hands, crowbar to the floor, KLUNK.

HOODLUM#1
Don't shoot.

HOODLUM#2
I got kids.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator arrives at the ground floor - PING.

The doors open and both Hoodlum's step out completely naked.

Sheepish, they tip toe away, hands covering their parcels.

INT. CORRIDOR, FORTIETH FLOOR

Frank, facing the door for number forty, takes hold of a gold knocker and bangs three times.

After a second, the door opens a crack - a gaunt, young, sweaty Indian face peeping out - pupils dilated.

FRANK
Nadir?

NADIR
Maybe. Who wants to know?

Much like Shanni, despite the ethnicity, Nadir's accent is cockney.

Frank leans forward.

FRANK
Melanie's old man.

Nadir senses the hostility and glances out towards the elevator - but all he can see is a pile of clothes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
They went on a date. Cute little things... come as a set did they?

A CLICK stimulates Nadir to look down - Frank has the shotgun leveled at Nadir's vegetables and ready to perform a sex change.

But as Nadir looks back up - Frank suddenly KICKS the door open, BAM, catching Nadir by surprise and throwing him backwards--

--Frank steps inside.

INT. NADIR'S FLAT - AFTERNOON

The flat is dingy, curtains drawn and blocking out most of the light.

A Rottweiler puppy licking something off a foil wrapper and an agonizingly thin JUNKIE with a head like a sucked mango is sunk into a sofa with a tight rubber band around his elbow.

JUNKIE
(to Frank)
Hello, mate.

He is obviously high - Frank points the shotgun at him.

FRANK
Fuck off.

But the Junkie is so smashed he doesn't seem to give two shits.

JUNKIE
Alright, no need to shout.

Nadir, barefoot and wearing a black shell suit, slowly gets to his feet, but he wobbles in a way that might suggest he is also high.

FRANK
(to Nadir)
Where the fuck is Melanie?

Frank points the shotgun at Nadir and DOUBLE CLICKS.

NADIR
There goes the foreplay.

Nadir calmly reaches for a beer can and takes a swig. He shakes his head as if trying to wake himself up.

FRANK
Where is she?

Nadir tips beer into the puppy's water bowl and the puppy starts drinking it.

NADIR
She's not here. Bitch went to Spain. Luckily I got a dog instead.

FRANK
I'll count to one.

Frank gives Nadir a moment to confess. And then--

FRANK (CONT'D)

--One.

NADIR

Ooooooo, very scary.

(beat)

Do you know who my uncle is,
Grandpa?

FRANK

Yeah. And after I find my
daughter, I'm gonna kill him.

The Junkie on the sofa LAUGHS OUTLOUD but Nadir is suddenly
in check with the severity of the situation.

Junkie zips up.

NADIR

Really? And does he know about
this?

Frank edges closer.

FRANK

He's known for eight years.

Nadir frowns at Frank's meaning - eyes Frank's shotgun.

NADIR

You won't shoot me... cos then
you'll never find her.

He is right. Frank's move.

But Nadir glances at something else - there's a baseball bat
laying on a glass coffee table.

Frank spots it too.

Frank contemplates Nadir's intentions - as--

--SUDDENLY Nadir goes for the bat --

-- But he's not quick enough and Frank grabs him around the
throat.

Nadir is light enough for Frank to drag across the room to a
dirty old fish tank holding water so putrid everything in it
must've died years ago.

Frank drops his shotgun and plunges Nadir's head straight into the murky water, SPLOOSHHH...

Pulls Nadir's head out--

FRANK
--Where is she!

But Nadir isn't talking. Frank dunks him again as the Junkie looks on.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Junkie)
You're next.

JUNKIE
Uh, o.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A young girl who is sleeping on a dirty mattress opens her eyes to the noise in the living room.

Meet MELANIE -- aged fourteen.

She sits up wearing clothes that look like they came from a charity shop.

Eyes the door... someone's VOICE directly outside... oddly familiar.

FRANK (O.S.)
Where!

Melanie slowly gets to her feet and shuffles across the messy floor opening the door a crack - to find her father and Nadir at the fish tank.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Frank holds Nadir under the water with both hands. Through the glass, Nadir spitting bubbles--

--Frank yanks Nadir's head out.

FRANK
Where!

Nadir coughs and splutters--

NADIR
--I fuckin' swallowed something!

The Junkie laughs again.

Frank thrusts Nadir back into the tank.

But behind Frank - Melanie is watching from the crack in the door, tears streaming down her face.

Urgently kicks some shoes on.

Frank swishes Nadir's head around the fish tank BANGING it up against the sides.

Nadir's arms are starting to spasm - won't be able to take much more - but ALL OF A SUDDEN --

-- Melanie charges at Frank and grabs the baseball bat--

MELANIE

--LET HIM GO!

Frank lets Nadir go and spins around but Melanie SMASHES Frank around the head with the bat, WHUMP--

--Frank is flung onto the floor, the blow knocking his senses.

Melanie drags Nadir away from the fish tank.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Let's go, let's go... before he gets up-- come on!

Nadir is coughing and spluttering and trying to catch his breath, but more than breathing, he wants to give Frank some payback and snatches the bat off Melanie.

Nadir swings it down onto Frank's rib-cage, WHUMP!

Frank curls... but reaches for the shotgun.

Melanie pulls Nadir towards the door.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Leave him, leave him, he's got a gun!

Nadir spits at Frank.

NADIR

You're a fucking dead man...
you're fucking dead!

Nadir throws the bat at Frank.

Melanie drags Nadir to the door as Frank sits up scooping the shotgun up.

EXT. CORRIDOR, FORTIETH FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Melanie and Nadir race to the elevator and hit the "call" button, but the elevator is slow.

Frank, regaining himself - steps into Nadir's doorway holding the shotgun.

Melanie and Nadir take off to a stairwell and race down the steps--

FRANK

--Mel!

Frank dashes out of Nadir's flat to the stairwell -- but pauses at the top.

FRANK'S P.O.V - down the stairwell - Melanie and Nadir are making some serious distance.

Frank races back to the elevator and hits the "call" button.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOVING

A slow and painful ride. Frank is hiding the shotgun behind his back.

An ELDERLY LADY gripping a zimmer frame is standing beside him, gentle jazz in the background.

Frank smiles at her but she glowers back.

The elevator arrives at the bottom - PING - and the doors slide open to reveal three HITTERS who don't look like they're here to visit Grandma--

--One of them levels a gun at Frank's head but Frank is fast and dodges the shot, BLAM--

--The slug EXPLODES into wood--

--The Elderly Lady frets but Frank grabs the SHOOTER'S EXTENDED ARM and swings him into the elevator head-butting him on the way -- FOMP!

The shooter drops inside the elevator and loses his gun.

Frank whips up the zimmer frame and WHACKS the second Hitter in the face with it, BAMF, decking him.

Frank quickly pounds the "close doors" button and jabs number forty--

--The doors begin closing - BUT JUST AS THEY COME TOGETHER - Frank catches Melanie and Nadir run past outside--

FRANK

--Melanie!

But the doors close - trapping the Shooter inside with Frank.

The elevator ascends as the Shooter composes himself - he jumps up and swings at Frank catching him in the face, WOMP, knocking him over.

The Elderly Lady cowers--

--The Shooter straddles Frank and punches him in the face, WOMP, and again, WOMP, and again, WOMP.

Along with the baseball bat injury, the blows are taking a toll, and for the first time in Frank's ten hours, he is in the shitter.

The Shooter punches Frank again, WOMP!

FRANK'S P.O.V - as his vision blurs.

The Shooter grabs his gun and jams the muzzle into Frank's face.

SHOOTER

Open your mouth--

--But suddenly the elevator PINGS as it reaches the fortieth floor... and the doors slide open--

--Laying on the floor beyond Frank is the crowbar the Hoodlum from earlier dropped--

--Frank reaches back, grabs the crowbar and CLOCKS the Shooter around the head with it - TWANGGGG!

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

Ugh!

The Shooter collapses - out cold before he hits the floor.

EXT. CORRIDOR, FORTIETH FLOOR

Frank dashes for the stairwell, but the one of the Hitter's from below is sprinting up the stairs.

Frank rushes back to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

Frank taps the "ground floor button".

The doors slide shut and the elevator begins descending.

Frank smiles at the Elderly Lady again but she glowers back even harder than before.

An awkward ride. More jazz.

The elevator PINGS as it reaches the ground and the doors slide open.

FRANK
(to Elderly Lady)
Sorry.

Frank rushes away.

INT. LINDA'S AUDI - STATIONARY - AFTERNOON

Frank jumps into the driver's seat and SLAMS the door.

Gawks into the rear view mirror -- his lip is cut, cheek bruised and his heart THUMPING like an overworked drum.

Starts the car with urgency - VROOOM!!!!

EXT. EDWARDS AND LEWIS SHIPPING - AFTERNOON

Linda's Audi skids up outside the warehouse and Frank gets out carrying two large petrol cans.

INT. EDWARDS AND LEWIS SHIPPING - AFTERNOON

Frank SPLASHES GASOLINE around the warehouse.

CUT TO:

Frank SPLASHES petrol around the shipping containers that store the spiked chocolates.

CUT TO:

SPLASHES petrol around more containers.

CUT TO:

Frank douses a forklift truck in petrol. Removes its fuel cap and splatters more around the hole.

CUT TO:

Douses the warehouse's fuse boxes.

CUT TO:

Frank throws the last of the petrol around some gas cylinders used to power tools in the warehouse.

A DOCKER is watching Frank, but from the look on Frank's face, he is not the person with whom to fuck.

Frank casually walks up to a fire alarm and smashes the glass triggering an ear splitting SIREN.

The Docker takes off for an exit.

EXT. EDWARDS AND LEWIS SHIPPING - AFTERNOON

A couple more DOCKERS come sprinting out of the front of the warehouse as the FIRE ALARM BLARES OUT.

Frank, at a safe distance, turns to face the warehouse and plucks Terry's phone out of his pocket.

CLOSE ON TERRY'S PHONE - as Frank moves the cursor through the phone book.

Frank selects a number for SHANNI'S MOBILE -- and hits CALL, placing it to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH SHANNI --

Who is standing in the hallway of an extremely-fucking-extravagant-house. He glances at his RINGING phone to find TERRY calling.

Answers--

SHANNI

--Tell me he's a stiff?

FRANK
Not quite, asshole.

Shanni stunts his surprise.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Listen.
(beat)
I want you to hear something.

Frank holds Terry's phone up towards the warehouse as THE WHOLE BUILDING GOES UP IN A MAGNIFICENT EXPLOSION.

Frank puts the phone back to his ear.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hear that? That's the sound of the
business going up. The one you
stole from me.

A secondary explosion BOOMS out--

FRANK (CONT'D)
--It's all gone.
(beat)
You shouldn't have sent those
clowns after me. They might be
late for dinner now, but I won't
be. Keep my seat warm.

But although aggravated... Shanni has got something to say -
something big--

SHANNI
--Oh, yeah? Oh, yeah, Frank?
(beat)
Well why don't you say hello to
your wife.

Frank's momentum suddenly stalls as Shanni hands the phone to
Linda.

LINDA
Frank?

FRANK
Linda!

A cold washes over Frank as Shanni snatches the phone back--

SHANNI
--Something tells me you're gonna
regret that!

Shanni suddenly hangs up, CLICK--

--Frank's face drops.

He turns around to the burning warehouse - maybe not such a smart idea.

Frank quickly pulls up the address book in Terry's phone.

Taps the name: Shanni.

EXT. LINDA'S AUDI - EVENING

The tires SCREECH as Frank burns rubber.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - EVENING

The Audi rockets through England's capital... at least three times over the speed limit.

INT. LINDA'S AUDI - MOVING

Frank dials a number on Terry's phone and holds it to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH WILLY - in the museum storehouse as he answers his phone--

WILLY

--Frank!

FRANK

Willy! I still need those signed papers, but I might be a bit late--

--But Willy slips his jacket on and covertly glances into the storage area - some POLICE OFFICERS are sniffing around--

WILLY

--Frankie, there's a problem. I can't stay here, I'm leaving.

Frank suddenly pulls the car over.

FRANK

Willy, what the fuck are you talking about!? I need you there, don't let me down now--

WILLY

--Frank, the pigs raided the place.
Some... fraud sting. I'm already
known to them, I gotta split, I'm
here under a false identity, if
they start asking questions...

Willy slips out of a back door and onto a street.

FRANK

Willy... if I don't get that work
report back to the clink tonight...
I'm fucked!

WILLY

I'm sorry Frankie, I'll take care
of it but I can't stay here--

--Frank hurls his phone onto the floor--

FRANK

--FUCK!!

So close... yet so far.

He sits at the wheel for a moment - eyes the Audi dash clock:
5:42

Eighteen minutes to get back to the big-house.

It's decision time. Frank SLAMS the car into drive.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD - NIGHT

Linda's Audi slinks down a posh street and pulls over.

INT. LINDA'S AUDI - STATIONARY

The GPS CONSOLE has an address highlighted.

Frank kills the headlights and switches the ignition off.

EXT. LINDA'S AUDI - NIGHT

Frank gets out of the car and crosses the road, a lump under
his jacket.

EXT. SHANNI'S MANSION

Frank scopes out a huge glorious mansion nestled inside a high perimeter wall. Some lights on inside.

Steel gates across a brick driveway are the only way in.

Frank immediately begins scaling the gate but the top is lined with IRON SPIKES.

Frank awkwardly takes the sawn off shotgun out of his jacket and drops it onto the ground but it CLATTERS across the driveway.

He clears the spikes - lowers himself and jumps down to the ground but--

--One of Shanni's HENCHMEN bolts towards him, yelling--

HENCHMAN

--AT THE GATE, AT THE GATE!

Frank hasn't got time to grab the shotgun - instead rushes the Henchman - striking him with a jab to the windpipe--

--The Henchman GASPS but Frank surges forward, biting the Henchman's nose and clenching his teeth together, hard.

The Henchman SCREAMS as Frank drives him towards the ground by his head. Frank releases the Henchman's bloody nose and swings his elbow SMACKING it into the Henchman's face, BRRAKKKK... knocking him senseless.

Frank grabs his shotgun, but as he turns back -- the tip of a steel baton CRACKS him in the face, WHOMP--

--Frank drops like a rock.

Another Henchman - a towering brute we'll call, BIG SCARY FUCKER - looms over Frank holding the steel baton. He wasn't born, he was built.

Takes a phone out, dials, and holds it to his ear.

BIG SCARY FUCKER

He's outside... on the drive.

(beat)

Got it.

Big Scary Fucker hangs up and takes a loop of wire out of an inside pocket, but--

FRANK

--Wait!!
 (beat)
 Wait.

INT. SHANNI'S MANSION - NIGHT

Big Scary Fucker pushes Frank through an archway and into a living room.

The house is an abundance of elegance. Welcome to the fruits of drug running. Through a set of patio doors, a swimming pool and guest house are prominent - lock stock, the fucking lot.

AN INDIAN TIGER RUG COMPLETE WITH ROARING HEAD - the center piece of the living room.

Shanni is pacing while talking into a phone. Linda is quietly sitting in the corner of a luxurious sofa, a HENCHMAN loitering behind her. There is fear on her face.

SHANNI

(into phone)
 When they get the fire out... call me back.

Big Scary Fucker grabs the back of Frank's shoulder stopping him in his tracks.

Frank and Linda meet each other in a glance.

Shanni hangs up and doesn't waste any time.

SHANNI (CONT'D)

(to Frank)
 Frankie! Long time, no see. Let's just skip the pleasantries shall we.
 (beat)
 What exactly do you think you know?

FRANK

I know you set me up and used Terry to do your dirty work.

Shanni betrays himself with a silence. Then--

SHANNI

--And what do you know about tonight?

FRANK

I know that I wouldn't want it
making the headlines.

(beat)

I know about the cargo coming in.
You kill me -- and my guy'll tip
off the boys in blue.

He smiles. *That's right motherfucker.*

SHANNI

Call your man off.

FRANK

Let Linda go.

Shanni pulls a HANDGUN out of his inside pocket and points it
in Linda's face--

--Linda cowers.

SHANNI

Hardly in a position to make
demands, are you Frank?

FRANK

That's funny. I thought I was.

SHANNI

Call him off or she goes in the
ground next to your old man.

FRANK

Touch her and you'll lose your
shit.

Shanni can't believe he is hearing this.

SHANNI

Frank. You probably don't even
have a man. You're bluffing.

FRANK

So are you.

(beat)

You're just a drug dealer who made
a poor judgment call, you're not a
trigger man.

SHANNI

You really wanna test me, Frank?
You already cost me enough today
and now you wanna test me?

Shanni quickly grabs a cushion and jams it over Linda's face.

Linda SCREAMS--

--Shanni throws a knee onto her to stabilize her and aims the gun into the cushion, cocking the hammer back.

SHANNI (CONT'D)
You wanna test me, Frank!?

Linda struggles.

Shanni braces -- but Frank lets him go further...

Shanni glances back at Frank, but Frank isn't submitting.

Shanni suddenly gets off Linda and whips the cushion to the top of her knee. Places the gun barrel onto it.

SHANNI (CONT'D)
(to Linda)
Sorry, love. Seems he just doesn't care.

But just as Shanni's finger touches the trigger -- Melanie calls out--

MELANIE
--Mum!

Shanni, Frank and Linda glance back to the patio doors--

--Melanie and Nadir standing in the doorway.

LINDA
Melanie! Run!

MELANIE
(to Shanni)
What are you doing?

SHANNI
(to Nadir)
You got too much shit in your veins, I told you to keep her in the fucking guest house!

But Nadir is more interested in Frank.

Linda tries to get up but the Henchman behind her pushes her down.

Nadir swaggers over to Frank slipping a cigarette from behind his ear and lighting it--

NADIR
 --Well, well, well... look what
 the cat shat out?

Nadir blows smoke into Frank's face.

Melanie dashes around the sofa and into her mother's arms -
 it's been three days.

Nadir looks Frank up and down.

NADIR (CONT'D)
 (to Big Scary Fucker)
 Hold him.

Big Scary Fucker locks Frank's arms behind his back.

NADIR (CONT'D)
 Not so fucking tough now, are you
 gramps?

Nadir clenches Frank's face in one hand and brings up the
 cigarette in the other.

MELANIE
 Nad, what are you doing!?
 (to Shanni)
 What's going on--

NADIR
 (to Melanie)
 --Shut up!

Frank tries to resist as Nadir moves the smoke's cherry red
 tip towards his eye.

LINDA
 (to Shanni)
 Stop it! He's gonna blind him.

SHANNI
 Good.

But Frank squeezes his eyes shut... Nadir burning his
 eyelid--

--Frank YOWLS...

MELANIE
 Stop it Nad, he's still my dad!

Melanie jumps up but Shanni clocks her in the face with his
 gun, WUMP, STUNNING HER and knocking her into Linda's arms.

SHANNI
 (to Linda)
 Stay there.

LINDA
 Bastard!

Nadir puts the cigarette back between his lips and then moves closer to Frank, so only Frank can hear him.

NADIR
 You know what I'm gonna do tonight?
 (beat)
 I'm gonna take your little girl
 out, and then I'm gonna...

Nadir leans into Frank's ear and whispers the rest.

Frank's face hardens.

Nadir gently slaps Frank's cheek, goading.

SHANNI
 Last chance, Frank. Call him off.

FRANK
 Let 'em go first.

Shanni pivots toward the Henchman standing behind Linda.

SHANNI
 Right, I've had enough of this.

Shanni points at Melanie.

SHANNI (CONT'D)
 Take her out back and put her in
 the freezer.

The Henchman starts walking round but Linda grabs Melanie tight and SCREAMS at Frank--

LINDA
 --Frank!
 (beat)
 FRANK!

FRANK
 Alright, alright!
 (beat)
 If I call him off... Melanie walks.

SHANNI
 I'll consider it.

Frank gazes around the room. Out manned and out gunned.

FRANK

I need my phone... in my pocket.

Big Scary Fucker releases one of Frank's arms -- careful to keep the other one in an arm-lock behind Frank's back.

SHANNI

And do it on speaker.

Not what Frank had in mind.

Frank hits speaker - and dials a number.

The RINGING phone line connects to reveal a familiar voice--

WILLY (V.O.)

--Frankie! Where the heck are you?

LOUD BACKGROUND VOICES ARE PROMINENT, Willy must be somewhere crowded.

FRANK

Willy. I'm home. Everything's alright, don't worry about tonight, it's been taken care of.

WILLY

Excellent! I told you--

--But Frank ENDS the call there and cuts him off.

All eyes fix on Shanni.

Shanni... satisfied, stuffs his gun back into his pocket.

Big Scary Fucker grabs Frank's free arm, just incase.

Shanni savors the moment for a few seconds - and then gestures to Linda and Melanie while grabbing a jacket.

SHANNI

These two in the freezer...

(re: Frank)

He gets one in the head, don't make a mess.

Linda GASPS--

FRANK

--No!

But suddenly -- Big Scary Fucker SLAMS a clear plastic bag over Frank's head and pulls the bottom tight.

Frank grapples -- but Big Scary Fucker places a Glock to the side of Frank's head and --

-- BLAM...

... IN A TOTALLY AWESOME MOMENT - BIG SCARY FUCKER'S OWN HEAD SUDDENLY EXPLODES LIKE A WATERMELON... BRAIN CELLS COMPLETELY SPLATTERING NADIR--

Confusion for a minute. And then--

TERRY

-- Standing behind them in the hallway, clothes all wet, a smoking handgun in one hand, Frank's sawn-off in the other -- and this time he knows how to use it.

BIG SCARY FUCKER THUMPS to the floor.

Frank drops to his knees pulling the bag off his head and SUCKING AIR.

In a flash -- Terry points the shotgun at the Henchman next to Linda --

-- KER BOOM!

Intestines decorate a wall.

Shanni pulls his gun out and ducks down behind the sofa that Linda is cowering in. She throws herself across Melanie - protecting.

Frank rolls onto the other side of a wall...

NADIR

(to Terry)

What the fuck are you doing?

Terry throws the shotgun down and grabs Nadir as a shield, placing his handgun to Nadir's head--

TERRY

(at Nadir)

--Don't move or I'll fucking plug you!

NADIR

Easy, Tez, easy...

Terry points the gun at Shanni, but Shanni is too close to Linda--

TERRY
 (to Shanni)
 --I know what you did. You got me
 stabbed!

SHANNI
 Terry... what the fuck are you
 talking about?

Terry eases Nadir closer to Shanni who is hiding behind the sofa.

Terry fires a wild one -- BLAM!

TERRY
 You set it up! Outside the curry
 house. Eighteen weeks in a
 hospital and a blood transfusion!

SHANNI
 I didn't set anything up, Frank's
 full of shit, he made it up cos
 you're screwing his wife you idiot!

FRANK (O.S.)
 He's lying!

TERRY
 (to Shanni)
 No!
 (beat)
 Frank could'a killed me... but he
 didn't. He didn't!

Frank peers out from behind his cover - Linda is struggling, Melanie still limp.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (to Shanni)
 You left me at the fucking
 warehouse hoping he'd kill me!
 (beat)
 You sold me down the river you
 fuck--

--But Shanni suddenly bolts upright and grabs Linda by the hair dragging her over the back of the sofa and putting the muzzle of his gun to her head.

Linda SCREAMS and FIGHTS -- biting Shanni's hand, but--

SHANNI
 (to Linda)
 --Don't fucking move or I'll do
 Mel.

Linda relents as Shanni shields himself behind her.

Shanni points his gun at Nadir -- trying to aim for Terry -
 it's human shield Vs human shield.

TERRY
 (at Shanni)
 Let her go... let her go, now!

SHANNI
 Put your fucking gun down, Terry,
 Frank's trying to turn you against
 me--

TERRY
 --No... you planned on doing Frank
 and then using me all along, you
 used both of us--

SHANNI
 --You should be thanking me, Terry!
 You'd still be squatting in a
 fucking dive, living on handouts if
 it weren't for me!

TERRY
 You tried to turn me against Frank
 from the start, and when I
 refused... you tried to kill him!
 It's all your fuckin' fault, IT'S
 YOUR--

--But suddenly Shanni SCREAMS and fires, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM,
 BLAM--

--FOUR SLUGS RIP INTO NADIR'S CHEST --

-- AND PIERCE HIS TORSO -- COMING OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE AND
 SLAMING INTO TERRY'S OWN CHEST.

Terry wobbles.

Linda SHRIEKS.

Nadir falls away from Terry and hits the ground.

Terry opens his mouth and blood spills out - can't believe
 Shanni shot through his own nephew.

Shanni, now with a crystal clear sight-line, plugs Terry one more time - BLAM - propelling him backwards where he falls between a couple of plants.

Frank is stunned - it's a moment of madness...

Shanni waves his gun around the room, unsure where Frank is crouching.

LINDA

Please, Shanni, don't hurt my baby--

FRANK

Let her go!

SHANNI

Stay the fuck back, Frank. I'm walking away. Play your cards right and you'll get your wife back.

Shanni starts backing towards the patio doors.

FRANK

I called my man off--

SHANNI

--Fuck your man! This ends here. You come after me again and Mel's gonna need eyes in the back of her fucking head, understand, Frank!

FRANK

Let 'em go and we're done.

FRANK'S P.O.V - on Nadir.

Nadir is still breathing and there is a gun on the floor.

Big Scary Fucker's gun.

Nadir is trying to reach for it - fingers touch it.

His hand grips it - but it's unclear which team he is playing for.

Either way - Frank needs to do something.

Jumps to his feet and rushes Shanni.

Shanni swings around and fires at Frank -- BLAM...

And as he does, he exposes himself to Nadir - who exacts revenge -- BLAM...

Shanni's hit in the throat and spins, astonished.

Shanni plugs Nadir back -- BLAM!

Nadir takes a slug to the stomach and his arm falls limp.

SHANNI FALLS FLAT ON HIS BACK.

Frank races to Linda.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Linda--

--Linda dashes to the sofa.

LINDA

Melanie!

Frank grabs his shotgun back - eases to Shanni.

Shanni is laying on the carpet - his breathing heavy and labored.

Frank looms over him. Points the shotgun at Shanni's head and double CLICKS the hammer--

--But Shanni stares at both barrels. Frank steadies himself, his finger on the trigger. This man ruined his life.

There isn't enough space on this page to describe the anger building in Frank. His voice haunts...

FRANK

You paid the bill.

But Shanni is incoherent.

Frank is itching but Shanni SPLUTTERS, takes a last breath... and then his eyes close.

Frank lingers - making sure it isn't just a show.

It isn't.

Frank bolts to the sofa and Linda steps back as he scoops Melanie up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Linda)

Lets go.

Melanie MOANS.

Frank turns around holding his daughter but Terry's corpse catches his attention.

Frank stares at it.

Brother. Betrayer. Body.

INT. LINDA'S AUDI - NIGHT

Frank is driving.

Linda is sitting in the back with Melanie laid out in her lap.

Police cars thunder past on the other side of the road with their rollers BLARING.

Frank and Linda eye each other through the rear view mirror each waiting for the other to speak first.

LINDA
I went to find Melanie.

FRANK
I know.

Frank concentrates on the road.

Melanie GROANS. Opens her eyes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Frank screeches up to accident and emergency--

--He gets out and opens the back door for Linda - Melanie is sitting upright in her arms - she has been crying.

LINDA
(re: hospital)
What shall I tell 'em?

FRANK
Tell 'em... she fell off her bike.

LINDA
What about Shanni? They'll think it was you?

FRANK
I was somewhere else. I've got an alibi.

Frank takes a knee and faces his daughter.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 You might have a concussion.
 They'll scan you and check you out.

But Melanie is still distant.

MELANIE
 What... do you care?

Frank stares at her for a moment.

He turns away and takes something out of his back pocket.

The faded drawing she made when she was little.

Frank turns back and shows it to her. A tender moment.

FRANK
 This is the only thing that got me
 through the last few years.

Melanie eyes the crayon picture.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 But I don't know this girl anymore.
 (beat)
 She changed.

He CRUSHES the picture in a fist.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 But... so have I.

Father and daughter share a moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Send me a new one.

We can tell that she will.

Frank faces Linda.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Sorry... I gotta go--

--But as he turns away Linda grabs his arm--

LINDA
 --Frank!

He turns back to her.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 It was never really Terry.
 (beat)
 It was never really Terry.

Frank nods.

A moment where the chemistry kicks in and they both realize that for the very first time... there is a possibility they might actually be close to something they've always wanted.

Each other.

EXT. MUSEUM STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Frank pulls up in Linda's Audi. Police cars still outside.

INT. MUSEUM STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Frank breezes into the storage room. Artifacts, boxes and a fat SECURITY GUARD.

FRANK
 (to Security Guard)
 I'm looking for the manager?

INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE

The store room Administrator, MR. JOSLAND, a fifty year old arty-farty type is sitting behind a desk facing a POLICE OFFICER.

Frank appears in the open doorway and composes himself--

FRANK
 (to Mr. Josland)
 --Sorry to interrupt. I'm looking for the new bloke... Frank Lewis?

MR. JOSLAND
 Aren't we all. He left early. And you are... ?

Frank eyes the Police Officer...

FRANK
 I'm... I'm... his - parole officer.

MR. JOSLAND
 His parole officer? But he's not on parole, he's on day release.

Frank struggles.

FRANK

Yeah... ugh... but... if he plays his cards right, he will be soon. Did he... leave any papers around?

MR. JOSLAND

His papers were already emailed to the relevant people.

Frank keeps his chin up.

FRANK

How... how did he do?

Frank smiles at the Police Officer. It's almost funny.

Mr. Josland adjusts his tie slightly - the type of move you pull when you've had your feathers ruffled.

MR. JOSLAND

He did... adequate.

But something is wrong - Frank can sense it.

EXT. MUSEUM STOREHOUSE - MORNING

Frank steps out of the storage house wondering if it has all been for nothing.

Gazes across the street... and notices a pub named THE CARPENTER'S ARMS.

INT. CARPENTER'S ARMS PUB - NIGHT

The pub is rammed.

Frank pushes through to find Willy at the bar with several shot glasses and a LADY OF THE NIGHT on each arm.

SLAPS A HAND onto Willy's shoulder turning him around on his bar stool so they're face to face.

FRANK

Hello Willy. Remember me?

WILLY

Ahhh, Frankie-boy... what a nice surprise! I thought you had to be back in the joint by now?

But Frank is not so cheerful.

FRANK

What did the report say Willy, I better not be fucked!

WILLY

Relax, I said I'd take care of it.

(beat)

You got a glowing report. I sent a couple of my best girls over...

Willy BUTT SLAPS one of the girls and grabs a handful--

WILLY (CONT'D)

--Help persuade the brass to write the right thing... if you know what I mean.

(beat)

Last thing I heard... I got a fuckin' diamond report, so ease up soldier, you're covered.

Frank can't believe his luck.

Willy takes a battered old penny out of his pocket and hands it to Frank.

FRANK

What's that?

WILLY

That there is a Roman coin. Borrowed one for myself too. Put it on the interweb when you get out... buy yourself a new place with it. Worth a bomb.

Frank sniggers and gazes over Willy's shoulder at all the empty glasses on the bar.

FRANK

I thought you were sober?

WILLY

I am. In moderation.

Frank pats Willy on the arm.

FRANK

Allow me to buy you and your lady friends a drink.

WILLY
About fucking time!

EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - NIGHT

A bus pulls up opposite the prison and Frank steps off.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, PRISON - NIGHT

Frank, with a plaster over his eyelid, is sitting in a chair in the Governor's office.

The Governor is standing in front of Frank holding a clipboard.

GOVERNOR
I put my reputation on the line
recommending your release, Lewis.

Frank continues sitting pretty.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)
Quite honestly, I was bloody
dumbstruck when I read your report.
In all my years I've never quite
seen one like it.

Frank swallows - this better go how he hopes.

The Governor peers over the rim of his spectacles to quote something from the report.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)
(reading)
*The best work release inmate we've
ever had. Welcome back anytime, a
genuine go-getter. And not only
that, we'll even hold a position
for him after his release.*

The Governor eyes Frank.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)
You've done me proud. A little
late... but we'll keep that between
us.

Frank inwardly sighs relief.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)
Congratulations, I've no reason but
to recommend your early release and
I'll be passing this report onto
the parole board immediately.

FRANK
Thank you, sir.

GOVERNOR
Very good.
(beat)
Now what happened to your eye?

FRANK
Ugh... someone mistook it for an
ashtray, Sir.

The Governor is perplexed, but before he can ask for more,
Frank gets out of his chair and starts for the door followed
by a GUARD.

GOVERNOR
Oh... just one more thing, Lewis?

Frank pauses.

FRANK
Sir?

GOVERNOR
I didn't know your nickname was
Willy?

Frank falters.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END