

Rough Love

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - HIGH STREET - EVENING

Shops closing for the day. Commuters trundle along after a busy day.

SUPER: February 12th

A HOMELESS PERSON sleeps under a dirty blanket in an abandoned shop doorway.

Various cardboard signs surround them.

"Too lazy to work, too scared to steal, please give me money, for a nice hot meal"

"My names Frank Sawyer, my Ex-wife had a better lawyer"

"Spent my last £ on cardboard and a pen"

A PASSER-BY throws an empty soda can onto the dirty blanket.

The blanket raises up, slips down off FRANK (40's) bushy beard, matted hair, piercing blue eyes.

FRANK

Christ sake! Do I look like a bin?

Frank picks up the can, tips the dregs into his mouth, throws it into a nearby recycling bin.

MARY (O.S.)

Would you like a sandwich?

MARY (40's) A sophisticated, shapely redhead, flashes a trusting smile to Frank.

Her arm extends towards him, packaged sandwich in her hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

I haven't opened it, don't want it to go to waste.

Frank can't move, deer in the headlights.

Mary awkwardly retreats her arm back, carefully places the sandwich on the floor in front of her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Okay, well, have a nice day.

Mary crosses the road, takes a seat at a bus stop.

Frank looks down, checks out his reflection in a puddle, cringes at the sight.

DING DONG.

A large clock high above the bus stop strikes 6PM.

Frank looks up. A bus leaves the bus stop. Mary has gone.

Frank sighs. He lifts his arm, gives his pit a whiff, recoils from the smell.

INT. LUXURIOUS BATHROOM - DAY

Frank washes in a large steaming shower, simultaneously brushes his teeth.

He grabs a shampoo bottle, puts a generous blob on his head.

SUPER: February 13th

The shampoo suds roll down his face. He winces in pain, rubs his eyes.

WOMAN (O.C.)
Honey, you've left the shower on
again.

Frank freezes as the bathroom door swings open.

WOMAN stops in the doorway, staring at Frank. She lets out a blood curdling SCREAM.

Frank YELLS, panics, attempts to flee but blindly runs into the woman.

He falls back, drags the woman on top of his naked body.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

Frank bursts from the house, still covered in soap suds. A burly MAN gives chase.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - SIDE STREET - DAY

Frank, dressed in bin liners fashioned into clothes, inconspicuously bumbles down the road.

He stops short outside a barber, peers in. A patron is getting a haircut.

FIN (12) shaved head, tracksuit, meanders past Frank. He stops to check out Franks attire. laughs manically.

Frank LUNGES at Fin, who dodges the attack. Fin legs it down the road.

FIN
Fuck off hobo!

One last, longing look into the barber. Determination creeps across his face.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - HIGH STREET - DAY

Packed with shoppers. Frank finds a spot next to a shop, he places a hat on the floor a foot in front of him.

Deep breath.

FRANK
(singing out of tune)
I dreamed a dream in times gone
by...

Shoppers cringe at the noise.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...When hope was high and life
worth living...

A child clings to her mother leg as they pass.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...I dreamed that love would never
die...

A passer-by flicks a coin into the hat. Frank thanks them with a hand gesture.

INT. BARBER - DAY

Frank places an insufficient amount of coins onto the counter.

BARBER eyes him - "Is he serious?"

FRANK
How much hair can you cut with
this?

Barber glances between the coins and Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Please.

Barber sighs. Nods for Frank to take a seat.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - HIGH STREET - EVENING

Frank stands at the end of the street. His hair and beard are not much shorter, but they're tidier.

A way up the street, Mary sits at the bus stop.

Frank marches towards her with wavering confidence.

She spots him, looks him up and down, concerned.

Frank looks down, horrified he is still wearing bin liners. An abrupt 180 turn, he rounds the corner into

SIDE STREET

He leans up against the wall, calms his breathing.

DING DONG. The street clock chimes.

Frank peers his head around the corner into

HIGH STREET

A bus pulls away from the bus stop, Mary is gone.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Frank slumbers past the high wall of a private garden, defeated.

SUPER: February 14th

A hole in the wall grabs his attention.

THROUGH HOLE

A full clothes line hangs above a lush rose garden. Bustling with blooms of all colours.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank beams. He checks up and down the street. Coast clear, he scrambles over the wall.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Frank sneaks past rose bushes until he gets to the clothes line. He grabs a smart shirt and pair of trousers.

clumsily, he shoves them on.

He pulls a pen from his pocket, looks around for something to write on - Aha - A pair of white pants.

Frank pulls them off the line, scribbles a note, hangs them back up.

"I will bring your clothes back, Frank. (Sorry I wrote on your pants)"

He creeps around the rose bushes until he finds one with the biggest, brightest roses. He grabs a stem--

--OUCH

Frank wiggles his hand in pain, sucks a trickle of blood from his finger.

He rummages in his pocket, pulls out a nail file.

Tentatively he takes hold of a stem, hacks at it with the nail file.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Frank struts along, bloody rag wrapped around his hand, clutches a bunch of roses.

SNIFF. He takes in their glorious scent.

MAN (O.C.)

Oi! Stop!

Fin runs from a shop towards him, clutching a box of chocolates.

An ELDERLY MAN slowly gives chase.

As Fin passes, Frank sticks out his leg. Fin splats onto the floor, dropping the chocolates.

FIN
 Fuck! Stupid hobo!

Fin jumps to his feet, dashes off just before the Elderly man can grab him.

The Elderly man picks up the slightly squished box.

ELDERLY MAN
 Bloody kids. Thank you.

He hands Frank the box of chocolates.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)
 Keep it. Happy Valentine's day.

Frank beams, nods in gratitude.

EXT. SIDE STREET - EVENING

Frank struts. Stops at a shop window, checks out his own reflection.

Smiles to himself, handsome.

He rounds the corner into

HIGH STREET

Up the road, at the bus stop, sits Mary, elegant as ever.

Mary spots him, pleased.

Frank marches towards her with new found confidence--

--Stop. Fin jumps in front of Frank.

FIN
 Those chocolates were for a girl I fancy. I wanted to give them to her for valentine's day, so she would notice me.

Fin hangs his head.

FIN (CONT'D)
 Sorry I called you a hobo.

Frank looks between the chocolates and Fin. Smiles, hands them over.

Fin happily takes them. He points at Franks shoe.

FIN (CONT'D)
Your laces are undone.

Frank inspects his laces--

--SNATCH. Fin swipes the roses from Frank, legs it up the street, his middle finger pointing to Frank.

Frank gives chase.

Mary watches.

SLAM. Frank hits a wall, his arm held behind his back by a POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER
Frank Sawyer. I am arresting you on suspicion of breaking and entering, theft, and most recently, assaulting that minor.

The officer crunches handcuffs onto Frank, leads him towards a waiting police car.

DING DONG. The clock strikes. Franks head drops, chance gone.

MARY (O.C.)
Wait! Officer, please.

Mary catches up to them, she holds out a piece of paper with her number on it.

Her bus drives off behind her, she's missed it.

She slides her number into Frank's pocket.

MARY (CONT'D)
You'll get to make a phone call.
You can call me.

Mary and Frank share the same, sickeningly sweet smile.

SWOOSH. The officer throws Frank into the back of the car. Moment ruined.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

Frank beams like a lottery winner.

FADE OUT.