

Rough Love

written by

A Hopeless Romantic

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FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Lined with shops opening their doors, raising their shutters.

SUPER: February 12th

HOMELESS MAN sleeps in the doorway of an abandoned shop, their body covered in layers of thick dirty blankets.

Two SUITS (40's) swagger down the street.

SUIT 1
Check out the milf at the bus stop,
red coat.

Opposite the abandoned shop, MARY (40's) red coat, meticulous hair, soft face, sits at a bus stop flanked by two WOMEN, dark clothes, insignificant.

SUIT 2
Oh shit. I want that.

SUIT 1
(To Mary)
Good morning darlin'

Suit 1 winks at Mary. She blatantly avoids looking at him.

SUIT 2
You've fucked it.

The pair laugh. Suit 1 takes a swig from a soda CAN, throws it onto the sleeping Homeless Man.

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

FRANK
I'm lying here! Fucktard.

The two Suits laugh, swagger off.

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

Frank and Mary lock eyes, she smiles, genuine. Frank stares back, wide eyed, deer in the headlights.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Holy shit.

Frank shuffles towards her, head down, he spots his reflection in a puddle, cringes at the sight.

He lifts up chunks of his hair, lets it flop back down onto his face. He flashes his teeth, yellowed and filthy.

DING DONG. A large clock atop a building next to the bus stop strikes 9AM.

Frank looks up. A bus stops, it drives off. Mary has gone.

Frank sighs. He lifts up his arm, gives his pit a whiff. He 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.

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

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

Frank freezes at the sound of the woman.

The bathroom door swings open. WOMAN freezes 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.

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

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

Frank lands flat onto the pavement with a thud. His clothes thrown on top of him.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Frank, now dressed, bumbles along.

He stops outside a barbers, peers in, sees a patron getting a smart hair cut.

FIN (12) shaved head, tracksuit, meanders past Frank. He stops to check out Franks hair, he bursts out laughing.

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

FIN
(Shouting)
Fuck off hobo!

Frank looks into the Barbers, storms off with determination.

EXT. SHOPPING 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.

Frank breathes deeply, psychs himself up.

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 MOTHERS leg as they pass.

CHILD
Mom, make him stop!

The mother glares at Frank.

FRANK
...I dreamed that love would never
die...

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

INT. BARBERS - DAY

Frank slams an insufficient amount of coins onto a table.

BARBER eyes him up suspiciously.

FRANK
How much hair can you cut with
this?

The barber sighs. Nods for Frank to take a seat.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Frank stands at the end of the street. His hair and beard is not much shorter, but it's tidier.

SUPER: February 13th

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

Frank marches towards her with wavering confidence.

She spots him, smiles sweetly. Frank panics, does a 180 turn, hoofs it in the opposite direction.

Frank rounds the corner into

SIDE STREET

He leans up against the wall, tries to calm his breathing.

DING DONG. The street clock chimes.

One last, drawn out breath. Frank rounds the corner back into

MAIN STREET

Up the road, Mary boards the bus. It drives off.

Frank sighs, head down.

EXT. THIRD STREET - DAY

Flanked by 7 foot walls. Frank bumbles along.

Suit 1 and Suit 2 waltz towards him, they don't slow, Suit 1 bashes into Frank, knocking him face first into a wall.

SUIT 1
Watch it, retard!

Suit 1 and 2 waltz off.

In front of Franks face, a hole in the wall.

THROUGH HOLE

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 finds the biggest, brightest roses.

Frank grabs a stem, cries out in pain, shakes his hand.

He huffs. Rummages in his pockets, pulls out a pen, shoves it back in his pocket. Rummages, pulls out a nail file.

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

EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

Frank, walking, bloody rag wrapped around his hand, clutches a bunch of roses. He deeply inhales their scent.

SUPER: February 14th

SUIT 2 (O.C.)
I wouldn't bother.

Frank wheels around, Suit 2 in front of him, smirking.

Frank looks at him, puzzled.

SUIT 2 (CONT'D)
The only way you're going to get
laid is if you crawl up a chickens
arse and wait.

Suit 2 swans off, chuckling.

Red mist descends over Frank, he gives chase.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Suit 2 wiggles on the floor, tied up, wearing Franks clothes. He muffles through a filthy sock shoved in his mouth.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

Frank walks down the street wearing the mans suit, clutching his bunch of roses.

MAN (O.C.)

Oi! Stop!

Frank looks up the street. 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 Valentines day.

Frank beams, nods in gratitude.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

Frank strides with confidence. He stops at a shop window, checks out his own reflection.

Frank smiles to himself, handsome.

Frank rounds the corner into

MAIN STREET

Up the street, the bus stop is obscured by a van parked across the pavement. Frank struts towards the bus stop.

The van pulls away.

Mary sits at the bus stop, looking into the eyes of Suit 1 standing in front of her. He has one leg cocked up on the seat next to her, puffing up like a peacock.

Frank stops dead in his tracks, face and arms drop. Frank turns, slumps back the way he came.

Behind him, Mary watches him, concerned. Suit 1 laughs loudly towards Mary who pays him no attention.

A WOMAN bursts from a door into the street, almost hitting Frank. A man quickly follows.

MAN

Babe, wait please!

The man grabs the woman's arm, spins her around. Frank steps back, observes.

WOMAN

Why? I can't mean that much to you!

She storms down the street. The man stands, flabbergasted.

Frank coughs loudly, the man turns to him.

Frank removes a single rose from his bunch, hands the rest of them to the man.

Frank nods in the direction of the woman.

MAN

Yes, of course. Thank you.

The Man runs after the Woman.

Frank continues his melancholy march.

Fin jumps in front of Frank, stopping him in his tracks.

FIN

Those chocolates were for a girl I fancy. I wanted to give them to her for valentines 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 looks down. Fin snatches the single rose from Frank, legs it up the street towards the bus stop.

Frank gives chase.

Frank stops, doubles over, hands on hips trying desperately to catch his breath. Fin disappears out of sight.

MARY (O.C.)
(Sweetly)
Hello.

Franks gaze darts to the side. He's stopped next to the bus stop. He stares at Mary in disbelief.

Suit 1 laughs mockingly at Frank.

SUIT 1
Ah look! You've tried to scrub yourself--

Suit 1's face turns quizzical.

SUIT 1 (CONT'D)
-Wait. I know that suit. Wheres...

Suit 1 looks up and down the street, concerned.

SUIT 1 (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Greg!

Suit 1 runs down the street.

MARY
You look smart.

Frank looks at his now empty hands, he thinks, cogs turning in his head.

FRANK
Erm, do you have the time?

DING DONG. The large clock on the building above them strikes 9AM. Mary giggles, looks up at it.

Frank traces her gaze, looks up at the clock.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ah. I see.

He looks back at Mary. A bus pulls up, Mary ignores it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Isn't that your bus?

Mary looks at the bus. Back to Frank.

MARY

So it is.

The bus pulls away.

Mary offers out her arm.

MARY (CONT'D)

Care to walk me to work?

Frank beams, links arms with Mary. Together they walk off down the street.

MARY (CONT'D)

So. Where did you get the suit?

FADE OUT.