

SAFE PLACE

Written by

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INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK, 44, sits in his bathrobe with a glass of whiskey and ice. A laptop open in front of him, skips through picture after picture of women. Sipping at his drink he looks disgusted at each and every single one of them.

An online dating site.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank opens the door to WILLIAM, 40, and finishes off his whisky.

WILLIAM  
(big smile)  
How's it going?

FRANK  
Terrible.

WILLIAM  
(frowns)  
That's because you're probably not doing it properly.

William comes in, pushes past Frank.

FRANK  
(heavy sarcasm)  
Yeah sure, come on in. I was just about to ask you that.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is back at his laptop, a fresh glass of whiskey in hand.

He continues to search through the pictures of women, disinterested.

William joins him, sits down beside him with a cup and saucer, green tea.

Frank looks over.

FRANK  
What the hell are you drinking? You could have made yourself a man's drink.

WILLIAM

I did. Tea. Green tea. Don't forget before you criticise we British conquered over a quarter of the world fuelled on this stuff.

FRANK

Oh really, and here's me thinking it was because our guns were bigger than everyone else's.

William points at the lap-tops screen.

WILLIAM

So what's the problem. What the diagnosis?

FRANK

I hate women and I want to me on my own.

WILLIAM

Harsh. But you still want to have sex. And that's what this search is about?

FRANK

Yes. So I've decided. I'm going to get a prostitute.

WILLIAM

Well, I don't agree with that but at least you've finally made a decision so that's some kind of good news I suppose.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank cruises along, checks out the street prostitutes who step out to greet him and other men in their cars.

A dark and dirty street Frank pulls up to a stop next to MARIE, 30, dressed in a long heavy coat. Pale skin and scruffy hair.

He winds down his window to her.

FRANK

Hi, you look cold. Want a lift someplace?

MARIE

Alright mister, let's cut through the bullshit. Blowjob ten.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

Sex fifty. Anal is a nonstarter. Is that clear?

Frank is taken aback.

FRANK

That's a short menu you've got for yourself.

MARIE

Handjob five.

FRANK

Well, I didn't get all dressed up for nothing.

(Still in his dressing gown)

I'd like to order the full sex please. Hop in and we can go to my place.

MARIE

No. Here.

FRANK

At least let me park someplace out of the way?

MARIE

No. Get out of your car. We do it here. I can't leave. I've got a mattress in the alleyway. No one will see. I can grantee that.

FRANK

It's the middle of the night. My hands get very cold extremely quickly. I think I need to go and see a doctor about it. Anyway, I hate being cold.

MARIE

Do you want to have sex or not?

Suddenly something catches Frank's eye. Sees someone hiding behind a large wheelie bin.

FRANK

Who's that?

Marie panics.

MARIE

It doesn't matter, you're suppose to be looking at me anyway.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Frank stands over FLORENCE, 4, shivering behind the bin. Even though she's been spotted Florence still tries to hide.

Marie gets herself in between Frank and Florence, protective.

MARIE

She's my daughter. Please, stay away from her.

Frank ignores Marie, focuses on Florence.

FRANK

You cold?

Florence nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You hungry?

Florence nods.

MARIE

Don't talk to her.

Frank turns to Marie.

FRANK

Are you hungry?

MARIE

With the money you're about to give me I can very easily buy us both something to eat.

Frank laughs to himself.

FRANK

I wasn't going to give you that much. You wouldn't be able to buy anything nice.

MARIE

Are we doing this or not?

Frank shakes his head, completely turned off the idea of doing anything sexual now.

FRANK

Having a starving kid staring at me is a bit of a mood killer actually. But I am lonely. I have a lot of nice food at home. I haven't eaten with company for a long time.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

So how about I pay you both to eat  
with me. Same price.

Marie stares back at him hard, seriously considering it.

Florence beams.

FLORENCE

Well, what kind of food have you  
got?

Frank turns to face her and they smile at each other.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank, still dressed in his dressing gown prepares dinner.  
Chopping up vegetables and slicing up a joint of beef. The  
oven is on and he's got pans of water boiling.

Florence slowly comes into the kitchen and just watches him.

After a moment Frank realizes she's there. Pulls out a stool  
and helps her to sit down on it. He then carries on cooking  
with a happy smile.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank, Marie and Florence all sit around for dinner, a lovely  
looking home cooked meal.

They eat it in silence but all share happy smiles and  
glances.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank leads the way with Marie and Florence following,  
they're now wearing pyjamas and dressing gowns just like his.  
All three now dressed the same.

He shows them into the room, a freshly made bed.

He waves at them good night, then closes the door and leaves  
them both alone inside.

Florence and Marie share a moment. They come together and  
hug. It's pure happiness.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank walks back down towards the kitchen, he's got a spring  
in his step, he's happy too.

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6.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**