

SCREENPLAY NO.2 FOR 50 KISSES COMPETITION
LONDON SCREENWRITERS' FESTIVAL 2012

"THIS ONE"

A drama,

Written by

David Sartof

David Atkinson (writing as David Sartof)
Email: david.atkinson@demeter-ms.com
Tel: 07979 851560

FADE IN:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rain falls in torrents; it bounces off stony, station steps; it throws multiple ripples, pushing out in concentric circles across deep puddles; it gushes, glistening, into dark drains.

The station door swings open. FRANK (26) steps out into the wet, dark daylight. He is dishevelled, tie askew; he needs a shave. He rubs his eyes and tugs the collar of his jacket high. Behind him, ELIZABETH (24), lawyer-smart, emerges. She puts up an umbrella and follows Frank down the steps.

They tramp through water to a waiting car, its windows blackened. The rear door opens. Frank climbs in. The door closes. Elizabeth walks to the front passenger door, opens it and climbs in. The door closes and the car pulls away.

INT. CAR - DAY (LATER) - TRAVELLING

A luxury car: all expensive figured-walnut and leather. In the front: the DRIVER (30s), suit and tie, and Elizabeth. In the rear: Frank and, unseen in shadows, a 3rd PASSENGER. The windscreen wipers swish soundlessly as they struggle against the deluge. Elizabeth turns to face the 3rd Passenger:

ELIZABETH

He didn't tell them a thing.

Frank drops his head, heavily, against the headrest. He closes his eyes and sighs.

FRANK

I didn't say. ...Like you told us.

Through the mirror, the driver glances momentarily into the darkened rear. Elizabeth glares at him. He faces the road.

EXT. CAR - DAY (A LITTLE LATER)

The car turns into a rain-soaked street. It pulls up to an empty, darkened restaurant. On the restaurant window a large sign: "TONIGHT. VALENTINE'S SPECIAL".

INT. CAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Driver kills the engine. The wipers stop; the rain pounds, bouncing off the outside of the car. Elizabeth turns to face Frank. She pauses a moment, looking at him.

ELIZABETH

You could've ruined it! ...Get some sleep. It's gonna be a long night.

Frank opens his eyes. He looks at Elizabeth. He pauses, his mouth open; he's about to speak; but then he simply nods. Frank opens the door and climbs out, into the rain.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Frank produces a key. He lets himself in. The door closes. Behind, the engine purrs as the car drives off. All is quiet. Across the street, high in the building opposite, a curtain twitches. Down the street, through the windscreen of a nondescript parked car, a match flares - a cigarette is lit.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It is a typical, busy, family-run Italian restaurant. Lovers occupy most tables: a sea of bobbing heads, single red roses set in white bud-vases, candles; romance. At a table by the window, a young COUPLE (mid 20s) look around them, nervously.

At the rear: a large group, at the head of which sits MOTHER (50s), glamorous, Italian. She holds court: sons, daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law (all 20/30s). They are loud in their multiple conversations, oblivious to other patrons.

In the group, Frank sits opposite Elizabeth. Next to her, holding her hand, is GEORGE (33); a two-inch scar runs perpendicularly up from his right eye. He looks well mean. Elizabeth glances nervously at Frank who pushes food around his plate. Frank's mind is elsewhere. Mother glances at Frank but keeps talking. George listens intently to Mother.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Across the street, high in the unlit building opposite, the curtain twitches. Down the street, a cigarette-end glows red through the windscreen of the nondescript parked car.

INT/EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

The restaurant is full. All but the Couple at the window are lost in romance. Frank puts down his napkin. He rises and walks to George. He rests a hand gently on his shoulder. George looks up, confused. The couple in the window watch intently as Frank continues to his Mother. She looks at him. Frank takes her head in both hands and kisses her forehead.

The Couple (MAN and WOMAN) by the window stand, guns drawn, warrant cards raised. The Man walks slowly up to Mother. As he reaches her, the sound of VELCRO RIPPING; on cue, the group, except Mother, SING "Happy Birthday". The Man's suit falls to the floor. He sports a six-pack and wears a leather pose pouch. He grins and plants a sexy kiss on Mother's lips.

FADE OUT.