

BEYOND CONTROL

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INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FRANK, late thirties, in his best suit and a visibly troubled
KELLY, early thirties, in jeans and Beatles T-shirt slam
through a double door and march down a long bland corridor.

KELLY
He just stopped me, Frank.

FRANK
Why, Kelly?

KELLY
He said I couldn't get there.

FRANK
Get where?

KELLY
I needed to get past him to reach
the taxi to take me to the airport.

They stand aside as two people, sixties, clinging to each
other and crying, slowly totter past them.

FRANK
What did he say?

KELLY
He alleged... I assumed; he was a
former SAS officer and did I really
want to take the chance?

FRANK
What did you do?

KELLY
I missed the taxi. The flight.

Frank opens a creaking grey door for them to walk through.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He motions to the sofa. Kelly sits, then immediately stands
up and paces back and forth.

KELLY
I couldn't race here fast enough.

FRANK
It's all right...

KELLY

It's not. I should've been here.

FRANK

It was beyond your control

He points to the chair. She perches on the chair arm.

KELLY

I thought he was going to steal my purse or worse. Attack me?

FRANK

What happened?

KELLY

He stole my taxi.

FRANK

What? Why?

KELLY

Dunno. Guess his need must have been greater than mine.

FRANK

No disagreement... argument, then?

KELLY

The threat was enough. Where is he?

Frank aims a long finger

KELLY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Valentine's day of all days!

INT- HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There's a body lying on a long table covered by a white sheet. An older man in a white coat lifts the corner.

KELLY

I flew here as soon as I could.

(She stands in silence)

He was a big guy. He stopped me getting here in time!

(a beat)

Goodbye, daddy.

Kelly leans over and kisses his forehead.

Kelly falls to the floor and breaks out into a piercing, howling scream.