

THE JAGGED CROWN

Written by
Joshua Douglas-Walton

Jdouglaswalton@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

At the back of the unit, PHIL (29) is tied with rope to a chair. As he opens his eyes, THOMAS (late 30s) smacks him across the face with the butt of a pistol.

THOMAS

Sooner you tell us, sooner you can
leave, Phil. Simple... as... that.

Thomas shoves the pistol down the back of his jeans. Phil tries to keep his composure and not give anything away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Did you really think you could just
run away with her and live happily
ever after?

Thomas looks over his shoulder at DERRICK (late 50s), stood at the entrance of the unit, leant against a wall.

DERRICK

Where is Elizabeth?

Phil clenches his teeth and shakes his head slowly.

Thomas whips out his pistol and smashes the butt into the side of Phil's face.

THOMAS

She doesn't love you, Phil. C'mon!
She stood you up Valentine's Day
for God's sake.

Phil looks up, fighting back tears.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Abandoned you, left you to die. Not
very romantic is it?

PHIL

(resigned)

As long as she escapes this hell it
doesn't matter what happens to me.

Thomas chuckles.

THOMAS

How noble.

PHIL

But she didn't stand me up, Thomas.

The smirk is wiped from Thomas' face.

PHIL (CONT'D)
The meal, the restaurant, all of it
was a diversion. Any idiot could
have seen that.

Phil tries to smile.

PHIL (CONT'D)
And by now she's a million miles
away.

Thomas looks back to Derrick and shrugs.

Derrick approaches slowly. He looms over Phil.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Derrick, Sir. I--

DERRICK
You've betrayed me, stolen from me.

Derrick grips Phil's chin softly and tilts his head up.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
You may have loved my daughter but
I loved you like a son.

Derrick leans down and kisses Phil on the forehead, lingering
for a few seconds.

Derrick turns and walks away. He signals to Thomas with his
fingers as he reaches the entrance of the unit. Thomas draws
the pistol from the back of his jeans.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

ELIZABETH (early 20s) sits at a table. In front of her is a
passport and a holdall. She picks up her mobile phone - "1
New Voicemail". She pushes a button and puts it to her ear.

PHIL (V.O.)
I think it's worked... Don't worry
about me, just get on that plane. I
promise I'll be right behind you.

THOMAS (V.O.)
Not the best hiding place, Phil.

PHIL (V.O.)
I just want you to know that I--

A glass smashes in the background. A woman screams. The line
goes dead.

FADE OUT.