

Indicted

By

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FADE IN:

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

A metal workshop is in full flow, busy with WORKERS going back and forth from machines and others drilling and assembling parts. The noise is deafening and the workshop is dimly lit by the overhead lights.

JACK, 23, short brown hair, screws together two corners of a frame.

SEAN shouts to Jack from the other end of the workshop.

SEAN

Jack! Give us a hand lifting some stuff in will ya?

Jack sets down his tools and goes to help. Sean is one of the older members of the workshop, short with gray hair.

Sean raises the shutter of the workshop as Jack reaches him. They both go outside.

EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY

They both go to a truck with material loaded on the back. Sean goes to the far end and puts his hand on a length of material.

SEAN

Wanna grab the end of it?

JACK

Wow Sean, thought you'd never ask.

SEAN

Oh yes.

They both exchange light laughs and start carrying the material inside.

SEAN

So you doing much this weekend?

JACK

Just out with friends, what about you?

SEAN

Ah, probably throw on a football bet after here then the eldest one is back from university this weekend.

JACK

No drunken antics?

SEAN

Sadly not, drunken antics are few and far between at my age.

They both laugh.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Jack and Sean finish unloading the truck as the bell goes for the end of the day.

Jack closes the shutter of the workshop and then goes to his locker.

He takes off his overalls and puts on his jacket that was hanging in his locker. He then fills his pockets with all his belongings, wallet, keys and phone.

He shuts the locker and swipes his clock card as he leaves.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack gets into his car, emptying his pockets of pens, measuring tapes and all other work related stuff.

He starts up the car and leaves.

INT. HOME - DAY

Jack enters the house and goes through to the kitchen where his Mom, LISA and his sister, SARAH both are. Sarah is 21, with long blond hair.

LISA, 46, is making dinner, she has the same bright blond hair as Sarah. Sarah distracts her, teasing her.

SARAH

Ehh what's that?

LISA
It's dinner.

SARAH
Looks more like road kill.

LISA
Cheeky bitch.

Lisa spots Jack come in.

LISA (CONT'D)
You gonna make fun of it too?

JACK
Of what?

LISA
The dinner I made.

JACK
That's dinner!?

SARAH
(To Lisa)
Pfft haha, see?

LISA
You're both bastards, I try really hard.

Lisa says it almost sarcastically, making fun of the situation.

JACK
Aww I know, C'mere!

Jack goes over and mockingly hugs Lisa.

LISA
Eugh! Get of me, I don't like it.

SARAH
Yeah, cause I'm the favorite.

Jack lets go of Lisa and goes to leave the kitchen.

LISA
Where are you going?

JACK
To get a shower, I've to head out soon. It's Paul's birthday, we're heading out early.

LISA
Well this will be ready in ten
minutes.

JACK
Okay.

SARAH
Ten minutes? Can you not leave it
longer?

LISA
Why?

SARAH
Just to delay it entering my mouth.

Sarah and Jack both laugh then Jack leaves.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up outside the house and sounds the
horn. Moments later Jack rushes out of the house and jumps
in it. It drives away.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

One by one, the taxi fills with Jack's friends and they make
their way to the club.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

They follow the slow queue into the club. The music is
pounding, lyrics distinguishable from outside. Jack and
everyone else pay and go inside.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The night grows older. Empty bottles and glasses fill up on
every flat surface of the club.

The music starts to pick the crowd up even more, every inch
of the dance floor is covered.

Jack stops dancing and makes his way back through the crowd.

TOILETS

Jack walks into the male toilets. He walks into one of the vacant cubicles and locks the door.

He undoes his trousers and urinates whilst looking around the cubicle at graffiti wrote and scratched into the walls.

His phone vibrates. He retrieves it from his pocket with his free hand and opens it up to show an unread message.

It's from Sam.

"Harrison's friend got threw out for being too drunk, me and Danny are in a taxi home."

Jack quickly replies.

"Right, is Paul still downstairs??"

Jack does up his trousers and leaves the cubicle and returns to the club.

CLUB

Jack walks back into the thick crowd of people and starts his search for Paul.

After a short scout around the dance floor a distance voice calls to Jack from the bar counter.

PAUL

Jack! Over here!

Jack goes over to PAUL who is still with KATY, JASON and ROB.

Paul turns to the bar and then back around to hand Jack a shot. They all smile and laugh before toasting the shot glasses together and drinking them in one gulp.

The night rolls on, the alcohol comes and goes, the group dance manically in the middle of the dance floor, sometimes spilling their drinks everywhere.

Jack and Paul are arm in arm, jumping up and down singing as loud as their voices let them to the last song of the night.

The last beat of the song rings out and fades to silence as the bright lights come on, signaling the end of the night.

Jack and Paul make their way to the exit like everyone else.

JACK
Where's everyone else?

PAUL
I'm texting Katy now.

Jack and Paul are just about to leave the doors of the club but Jack stops in his tracks.

JACK
I've gotta go back to get my jacket.

Paul doesn't hear Jack and walks on out the doors, disappearing into the crowd on the street.

Jack mutters frustration as he turns and goes back into the club.

He joins the queue for the cloakroom. He checks his phone as he waits, trying to call people but no-one picks up.

He finally gets his jacket and leaves the club.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Jack walks out onto a crowded street. He scans up and down in search for his friends. Nothing but strangers.

He then looks at the taxis that are parked up. He paces a short distance up and down the street.

It soon becomes clear there are no available taxis right now as people have already swarmed in on them, placing their bid for them.

Jack stops and stands. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it as he feels careless for a Moment.

The alcohol has taken it's toll as Jack is clearly feeling the effects of the night's drinking but he maintains his control and judgment.

Looking around where he stands, he continues to hopelessly look for his friends.

People scream and shout in a playful fashion, some stumble and fall from being too drunk but it is a DRUNK GIRL that grabs Jack's attention.

She is up against the club wall with a TALL MAN, kissing. They are both clearly drunk as they both seem off balance, her more so than him.

Jack looks away and starts checking again for taxis.

The whole time while standing there having a smoke, Jack catches Drunk Girl in the corner of his eye. Still shaky on her feet, almost ready to fall as she and the Tall Man continue to kiss.

Jack looks away again but not before he notices Drunk Girl finally fall to the ground. Jack immediately goes over to help her up, as does another GOOD SAMARITAN. Together they get her to her feet as the Tall Man disappears.

Good Samaritan smiles at Jack

GOOD SAMARITAN

Always one isn't there? I'm always looking after them.

Jack laughs and smiles back.

JACK

Yeah I know what you mean, me too.

Good Samaritan and Jack both carry Drunk Girl towards the line of taxis.

GOOD SAMARITAN

Here, can you hold her for a sec? She needs to get a taxi home.

JACK

Okay.

Good Samaritan goes off to negotiate with Taxi Drivers as Jack holds Drunk Girl up to stop her from falling again.

GOOD SAMARITAN

Hey! over here, this one!

Jack carries Drunk Girl over to the taxi that the Good Samaritan is stood beside. Once he gets there the Good Samaritan takes Drunk Girl and gets her into the front seat of the taxi.

Jack turns away to light up another cigarette.

DRUNK GIRL

Hey!

Jack turns to see Drunk Girl calling out to him. Jack looks around for the Good Samaritan but he is gone.

DRUNK GIRL (CONT'D)
Are you going home?

Jack walks over to the taxi.

JACK
Yeah.

DRUNK GIRL
Can you get me home please?

JACK
Where are you going?

DRUNK GIRL
Home, I--I don't know.

Jack looks around Drunk Girl at TAXI DRIVER.

JACK
Where is she for?

TAXI DRIVER
Blackwood.

JACK
Right, is that anywhere near
Tiport?

TAXI DRIVER
Opposite direction mate.

Drunk Girl cuts in.

DRUNK GIRL
Please, get me home, I trust you.

Jack looks around himself, full of doubt.

JACK
I don't know.

DRUNK GIRL
Please, please, I just want to go
home.

Jack looks to the Drunk Girl and then back to the street.

TAXI DRIVER
What are you doing mate?

JACK
(Muttered)
Fuck it.

Jack climbs into the back of the taxi and shuts the door.
The taxi takes off down the road.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Jack sits awkwardly in the back, looking out the window at the passing scenery as Driver tries to talk to Drunk Girl.

TAXI DRIVER
What happened to all of your
friends tonight eh?

DRUNK GIRL
I don't, I don't even know. They
just...pfft. I don't know.

Drunk Girl covers her face with her hands in frustration and
Taxi Driver leaves the conversation there.

A short time later the taxi pulls over to a stop.

DRUNK GIRL (CONT'D)
Is this it?

TAXI DRIVER
Yep, that's Obertan street over
there.

Taxi Driver points to a street on the other side of the
road.

DRUNK GIRL
Okay, thank you.

Drunk Girl gets out of the taxi and Jack follows. On
exiting the taxi, Jack turns to thank Taxi Driver.

JACK
Cheers mate.

TAXI DRIVER
You look after her, shes a mess.

JACK
I will mate, I will.

Jack shuts the taxi door and rushes across the road to catch
up with Drunk Girl who is already wondering across the road.

He catches up with her just as she stumbles, he catches her and helps her regain her balance.

JACK

You okay?

DRUNK GIRL

Yeah, I just--help me.

JACK

I am, I'll help you get to where you need to go.

They both start walking up the street.

DRUNK GIRL

I need to get to my boyfriend's house, he lives here.

JACK

Okay, what house is it? Can you remember the number?

Drunk Girl suddenly diverts from the path they are walking and starts walking down an alleyway that leads across to the next street.

DRUNK GIRL

No, we're in the wrong street.

Jack quickens his pace to keep up.

The Drunk Girl stumbles and falls next to a set of bins.

JACK

Hey.

Jack rushes over and picks her off the ground. He rests her against the bins as he notices her handbag still on the ground.

DRUNK GIRL

My bag!

Jack goes down to get her bag.

JACK

I know, I'm getting it now okay?

Some of the contents have fallen out. Jack gathers them up and puts them back into her handbag before putting it around the Drunk Girl's shoulder.

JACK
Okay?

DRUNK GIRL
Yes, lets go.

The Drunk Girl takes the lead again as she makes her way down the alleyway to the next street.

They both come out onto the next street.

DRUNK GIRL
Where are we? Is this my
boyfriend's street?

JACK
I don't know.

DRUNK GIRL
I'll ring him.

JACK
Okay.

Drunk Girl gets out her phone and calls her boyfriend. She stands there for a moment with the phone to her ear.

DRUNK GIRL (CONT'D)
He's not answering, I'll try again.

JACK
Okay.

She tries to call her boyfriend again but there is still no answer.

DRUNK GIRL
He's not answering!

JACK
It's okay, what street does he live
on?

Drunk Girl stumbles and falls to the ground again, dropping her phone. Jack picks her up and sets her in a seated position.

He then starts to rebuild her phone which has fell apart on impact. Drunk Girl looks around.

DRUNK GIRL
Where's the battery? Have you got
my battery?

Jack is putting together the pieces he has in his hands.

JACK
No but we'll find it.

As Jack is putting together the phone Drunk Girl's hand extends to him with the battery in it.

DRUNK GIRL
Here I found it.

JACK
Thanks.

Jack assembles her phone.

JACK
Here. What's his street called?

DRUNK GIRL
Gotham street

Jack looks up at a street sign on the wall across the road, he cant make it out.

Jack gets up.

JACK
Wait, I'll check the sign.

DRUNK GIRL
I'm gonna phone a taxi.

Jack goes across the road as Drunk Girl calls a taxi.

Jack returns.

JACK
I think this is Gotham street.

DRUNK GIRL
Really? Oh well, I've ordered a taxi.

JACK
Okay.

DRUNK GIRL
Will you wait with me?

JACK
Yeah I will, don't worry.

Jack and Drunk Girl wait for her taxi to come. It isn't long until a red car turns up. Drunk Girl jumps to her feet and rushes to the taxi just as Jack gets to his feet.

She gets into the taxi and shuts the door behind her. Jack decides to start walking. But the taxi doesn't move and as Jack passes it a voice calls out.

FRANK
Hey! You! C'mere.

Jack walks over to the driver's window.

JACK
Yeah?

FRANK is 46, he has shaved fair hair and a tough face. He has either a friend or fare in the passenger seat also.

FRANK
Did you touch her?

JACK
What?

Frank turns and asks Drunk Girl.

FRANK
Did he try and touch you love?

Drunk Girl only cries.

Frank looks back to Jack.

FRANK
Did you try and touch her?

JACK
No.

FRANK
You sure about that?

JACK
Yeah.

An awkward silence falls. Frank's glare at Jack is unbreakable and intimidating.

FRANK
There is CCTV all around this area.

JACK
That's okay.

FRANK
You got any I.D mate?

JACK
Yeah.

Jack produces his driver's license from his wallet and hands it to Frank. Frank examines it closely.

FRANK
Where are you from?

JACK
Over in the east.

FRANK
So Jack, how are you getting home?

JACK
I dunno, probably get a taxi.

Frank hands Jack back his driver's license.

FRANK
Okay, on your way.

Jack walks away slowly to avoid suspicion.

He walks up the main road. It is completely deserted. He hears the growl of an engine.

In the corner of his eye he notices the red of the taxi, following him.

Jack comes to cross a road but the taxi cuts him off and stops in front of him.

FRANK
Hop in mate, I'll give you a lift.

JACK
It's okay, I can make my own way mate, cheers.

FRANK
Aww c'mon mate, I'm sorry about that. You've a long way if you plan on walking and it'll be impossible to get a taxi anytime soon at this hour.

Jack looks around.

FRANK (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Jack reluctantly gets into the back seat of the taxi beside Drunk Girl. The taxi drives off.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Jack looks awkward in the backseat. Drunk Girl looks down on her handbag, playing with the straps, she seems very sleepy.

The taxi is silent, even the volume on the radio is turned down. Frank and his passenger, (MATT, dark hair, 30) are both fixed on the road ahead, silent also, as still as statues.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The taxi pulls into a street after a short drive. It pulls up outside a house.

INT. FRANK'S TAXI - NIGHT

FRANK

Here you are love.

Drunk Girl gives Frank money and sluggishly opens the door to get out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

FRANK (CONT'D)

Here, I'll help you with that.

Frank gets out of the car and goes to Drunk Girl's door and helps her out of the car.

He walks her up to a front door of a house. Jack can see them both talking.

Frank seems to be interrogating her.

Frank keeps pointing back to Jack sat in the backseat. It is clear they are talking about him.

Drunk Girl opens her front door as Frank comes back to the taxi. He gets in and starts to drive.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Some time passes and it is clear from Jack's expression he is now really nervous.

JACK
Where are we going mate?

FRANK
What?

JACK
Where are we going?

FRANK
Don't you worry about that.

JACK
I can hop out here, here is fine.

Frank remains silent and the journey continues.

Jack looks at the lock on the door. The lock is on.

He slowly moves his hand towards the handle, keeping an eye on Frank and passenger.

He tries the handle but it's no use, the lock wont open. The noise startles Matt who turns in his seat to see what Jack is up to.

MATT
Hey!

Jack throws himself across the backseat and grabs hold of the other door handle, pulling on it repeatedly. Still no use, it's also locked.

Matt opens the glove compartment in a hurry and retrieves something from it.

He spins back around in his seat and lunges himself in towards the backseat at Jack. He grabs Jack by the scruff of his shirt and holds a knife up to his throat.

MATT
You better stop your shit right now! You're not going anywhere! Sit there, be quiet and fuck up!

JACK
Okay, okay, okay, okay.

Matt pushes Jack back into the seat and puts the knife away before readjusting into his own seat.

Jack sits broken in the back seat.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The taxi pulls into a supermarket car park. It is completely deserted, no sign of life anywhere.

The taxi comes to a stop.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Frank gets out and opens Jack's door.

FRANK
Get out.

Frank gets out of the taxi.

Jack carefully gets out of the taxi through the open door provided by Frank.

Frank slams the door behind Jack and then gets right up in Jack's face.

FRANK
What did you do to that Girl eh?

Jack avoids eye contact and looks to the ground.

JACK
I didn't do anything.

FRANK
That's a load of shit, a creep like you? You did something and I'm gonna find out because you're gonna tell me.

JACK
I haven't done anything wrong, I swear.

Frank punches Jack right in the mouth which sends him reeling back against the taxi.

Together Frank and Matt both beat on Jack. Jack eventually falls to the ground, bloody and bruised. He coughs from the blood filling his mouth.

The attack continues as they kick and punch him as he lays on the ground.

Matt opens the trunk of the taxi and then helps Frank bundle Jack into it.

They slam the trunk on Jack's arm as he tries to escape, he squeals in pain.

On the second slam the trunk closes.

Matt and Frank get back into the taxi and leave the car park.

INT. JACKS HOUSE - DAY

Sarah comes down the stairs, fully dressed and ready for the day as the sun starts to come up and shine through the windows.

She goes into the living room where her dad, COLIN, has fell asleep watching TV again from the night before. Some breakfast show is now on, blasting around the room. She starts rocking Colin who is laid on the sofa.

SARAH

Dad...dad!

Colin starts to groan and shrug her off before rolling over to face her. He is in his late 40's and balding.

COLIN

What time is it?

SARAH

Have you seen Jack?

COLIN

Jack? No, where's your Mum?

Sarah leaves the living room and looks around for Lisa. She finally spots her out of the kitchen window in the garden. She goes out to her.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Sarah walks over to Lisa who is hanging clothes on the clothesline. She is in her late 40's with long blond hair like Sarah's.

SARAH

Mum, have you seen Jack?

LISA

No, is he still in bed?

SARAH

I've already checked, was he out last night?

LISA

I think so, I remember him getting all dressed up. Why? What's wrong?

SARAH

The bitch has my earphones.

LISA

He probably stayed over at Paul's house again, god knows when he'll turn up.

SARAH

Well I'm away out for lunch with Claire.

LISA

Okay honey.

Sarah leaves the garden.

EXT. CITY CENTER - DAY

Sarah gets off the bus and greets CLAIRE. Claire is 23, brunette hair and full of life.

They smile and start walking off.

INT. JACKS HOUSE - DAY

Lisa comes into the living room where Colin is still laid on the sofa.

LISA
Have you heard anything from Jack
today?

COLIN
No, why?

LISA
Well he always comes straight home,
it's not like him.

COLIN
He'll be at Paul's, just ring him.

Lisa goes to the phone and starts dialing. She holds the phone to her ear for a few moments before putting it back down.

LISA
His phone's off.

COLIN
Relax, he'll be okay.

LISA
I'm giving him till four then I'm
going round there.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Sarah and Claire sit in a cafe with milkshakes, in the midst of conversation.

CLAIRE
So are you still thinking about
going to London for that journalism
job?

SARAH
Yeah I think I will. I mean it's
everything I've been working
towards, it's a way out of this
place too.

CLAIRE
You'll be a great journo, well you
already are.

SARAH
Aww, you gonna get all mussy and
soppy now on me?

They both have a light laugh.

CLAIRE
I'm just saying, I'm happy for you.

SARAH
Aww thank you. What about
you? How's things with Jonah?

CLAIRE
Good, once we finish uni in May we
are thinking about moving in
together, well, once we get jobs
that is.

SARAH
Is your job gonna be permanent once
you finish uni?

CLAIRE
Yeah, I've been told they will put
me up to a thirty hour contract.

Sarah checks her phone.

SARAH
Oh! I need to start heading back,
Lisa freaks out when we miss
dinner.

CLAIRE
That's okay, let's finish these and
go.

SARAH
Okay.

They both start sipping on their milkshakes.

Claire starts slurping faster, starting a race. They both
laugh and play fight each other, both now racing to finish
their milkshake first.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah walks along the street, she looks at her phone and
sees a funny picture Claire has sent her. She laughs and
smiles as she comes in front of her house. Then she looks
up.

Her smile starts to gradually slip off her face as she spots
two police cars outside her house.

She nervously walks up her driveway, looking back at the
police cars parked before entering the house.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah comes into the hall and hears the husky voice of the POLICEMEN coming from the living room.

Sarah curiously enters the living room.

On the sofa is sat Lisa and Colin with DETECTIVE DOYLE and TWO COPS stood in front of them taking notes. Detective Doyle is dressed in a long, dark leather coat. He is 34 with short brown hair.

They stop talking as they notice Sarah come in.

SARAH
(Confused)
What's going on?

LISA
Sit down honey.

Sarah walks over and sits on the arm of the sofa beside her Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)
Jack's missing.

SARAH
What!?

LISA
No-one knows where he is, none of his friends saw him at the end of last night, they said he disappeared, they thought he came home.

SARAH
So...where could he be?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
I can understand this is a big shock but we are looking everywhere for him.

Tears start to fill Sarah's eyes.

SARAH
What do we do?

LISA
The policemen need us to answer some questions that may help them find him.

COP #1
Sorry, but could I get Paul's full
name?

Lisa straightens up and wipes away the tears from her
reddened eyes.

LISA
Yes, it's Paul Binder.

Cop #2 writes on his notepad.

Sarah stands up.

LISA (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Sarah walks out of the room.

LISA (CONT'D)
Sarah!

Sarah leaves.

SARAH'S ROOM

Sarah bursts into her room and falls, face first, into her
bed, squealing in tears.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Jack is laid slumping against the wall of an empty
room. Beside him is an old and dirty radiator which one of
his hands has been chained to.

Jack starts to recover consciousness, he has visible marks
from the beating he received in the car park.

One eye is completely black and almost closed over from the
swelling. Dried in blood from various cuts is dotted all
over his face and arms.

His jacket has been taken as well as his shoes.

He starts to blink as he looks around at his surroundings.

The room is completely empty, four walls with the plaster
falling off, a dirty, gray carpet and a window letting in
the daylight.

Jack tries to get to his feet but the chain tying him to the radiator stops him from getting to a full standing position. Standing hunched over, he tries viciously to break free.

The sound of the scraping, scratching of the metal on metal echos loudly. He starts to groan from anger and frustration as he pulls harder on the chain.

JACK

C'mon you bastard! argghhh!

He falls to his knees, breathing heavily after putting all his energy into trying to escape.

He starts to examine the radiator, the attachments to the wall. He tests them but they are solid.

JACK

Help! Heeeelp! Heeelp!

He sits back and braces himself with his hands on the floor as he begins to throw single, strong kicks to the radiator. He throws at least a dozen kicks before he miss-kicks and hurts his ankle. He grabs it and cowers on the ground in pain.

JACK

Why me? Why the fuck is this happening to me!?

Jack checks his pockets, empty.

JACK

Bastards!

He gets up from the floor and sits himself against the wall, he takes a last look around the room before burying his head in his knees.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah quietly enters the living room where Lisa and Colin are sat, quietly watching the television.

Sarah closes the door behind her and goes to sit next to Lisa.

SARAH

Have they heard anything?

LISA
Not yet hon, not yet.

Sarah sits down next to Lisa, she joins them in watching the television. She slowly cuddles up against Lisa. Lisa puts a comforting arm around her.

COLIN
Don't worry, they'll find him and everything will be back to normal soon...hey!--

Sarah turns to face Colin who is sat on the recliner chair at the foot of the sofa.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I promise.

Sarah nods and rests her head on Lisa's lap. They all continue to watch the television in silence.

SOME TIME LATER...

Sarah is on the sofa alone as the blurs of the television illuminate her as the lights have been turned off.

Colin puts a blanket over her before shutting off the television and leaving the room.

MORNING

Sarah rubs her eyes as she wakes up and pulls the blanket aside. Loud shouting echos throughout the house.

Sarah leaves the living room and walks into the kitchen, to the source of the shouting.

KITCHEN

In the kitchen is stood Colin and Lisa, they are both red in the face, shouting at each other and waving their hands to emphasize their points.

COLIN
Then why the fuck did you put them where no-one could find them!?

LISA
Oh so am I just meant to leave things laying all over the place!?

Sarah cuts in.

SARAH

Lisa?

Colin and Lisa stop arguing for a minute then Colin snatches his car keys from the table.

COLIN

Fuck this.

LISA

And where are you going?

Colin starts to storm out of the house.

COLIN

Far away from here.

The front door slams shut behind him.

Sarah and Lisa stand in silence for a moment before Lisa starts tidying the kitchen.

SARAH

Lisa, I'm gonna go round to Claire's house for a while okay?

LISA

Okay.

Lisa doesn't look up from cleaning the worktop. Sarah runs upstairs to get ready.

INT. DAD'S CAR - DAY

Colin stops at a red light. Looking all around his surroundings. He seems tense. He focuses on a road to the left, staring.

The light turns green and traffic starts to move.

Colin indicates left and cuts across two lanes, causing a couple of drivers to slam on the breaks and sound their horns at him as he takes the road to the left.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

Someone can be seen standing at the door. The doorbell rings and a middle-aged woman with curly brunette hair goes to the door.

CLAIRE'S MOM opens the door wide to reveal Sarah standing on their porch.

SARAH
Hi, is Claire in?

CLAIRE'S MOM
Yes Sarah, c'mon in.

Claire's Lisa steps aside to let Sarah in. She shuts the door behind her.

CLAIRE'S MOM (CONT'D)
She's upstairs, head on up.

SARAH
Okay, thanks.

Sarah walks up the stairs and into Claire's room.

CLAIRE'S ROOM

Claire is sat at a desk at the end of her large double bed draped in pink covers. She turns to face Sarah as she enters and closes the door.

It is a very feminine bedroom, stuff animals, fluffy rugs and clothes lying lazily over everything in site.

SARAH
Hey.

CLAIRE
Hey, how ya feeling?

SARAH
I'm not too bad today.

CLAIRE
Two seconds, I just need to log off here.

Claire types on her laptop and closes down a few windows. She finally folds the laptop closed and climbs onto her bed and sits.

She pats the bed beside her and Sarah sits down.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Have you guys had any more news?

SARAH
No, nothing yet.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. He'll be okay, to be fair to Jack, he's not stupid, y'know?

SARAH

I know but what would've happened?

CLAIRE

Don't do this to yourself, it's not healthy. I know it's easy for me to say but...

SARAH

I can't help but worry though, I always have that empty feeling in my gut. I always feel like I'm going to be sick when I'm alone, cause he's all I think about.

Claire reaches out and grabs Sarah's hand reassuringly.

CLAIRE

You have to stay strong and stay positive.

Their eyes meet and Sarah's face starts to slowly screw up and go red. Tears fill her eyes and start running down her cheeks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hey, hey--

Claire hugs Sarah.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Shh, it's okay, you're okay.

Sarah sobs into Claire's shoulder.

INT. FRANK'S TAXI - DAY

The wiper blades do their best to wipe away the thick rain water pelting the windscreen of Frank's taxi. Frank sits in wait.

He picks up a wallet sitting on the dashboard. He opens it and searches through it before taking out a driver's license.

It is Jack's. Frank studies it closely.

After a moment, the passenger door swings open and the rain invades the taxi for a brief second before it shuts again. In the passenger seat is Matt.

FRANK
Did you get it?

MATT
Yeah it's in the bag.

Matt points out the backpack at his feet.

FRANK
Good, and it's fully charged and ready?

MATT
Yeah I left it on the charger all night. Are you sure about this? We could just throw the cops a scent and they could pick him up.

FRANK
No, cause then he'd get away with it. We need to get it out of him.

MATT
I'm just saying, I don't feel at ease with this ya know?

FRANK
Listen, it'll be fine. After a little persuasion we'll get what we need on tape and then we throw him over to the cops okay? Simple.

MATT
What about us though? I'm sure there's a long list of things they could do us for. Kidnap being one of them.

FRANK
We'll send it anonymously. No trace and they get what they need for a conviction.

Matt lets out a deep puff off breath.

MATT
Okay.

FRANK

Relax, we'll do this quick and get it over with.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The taxi moves off the curb from outside Matt's house and makes it's way up the street, slowly disappearing from view.

INT. HOME - DAY

Colin enters the house from the ongoing rain outside. He shuts the door, his coat and his hair dripping wet.

LISA

Colin! Come in here quick!

Colin quickly takes off the coat and gives his hair a quick rub with the inside lining of the coat. He tosses it on the floor of the hall and strides into the living room.

Lisa and Sarah are sat on the sofa watching the television. A news broadcast is on with the headline "Missing boy search".

Colin stays on his feet to watch the broadcast as everyone remains in silence to watch.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

Police continue their search today for a missing man. He has been named as Jack Hunnington. Jack was last seen entering a taxi at the Phase 8 nightclub in the city. We received a statement from the police department a little earlier on.

POLICE SPOKESMAN (V.O)

We currently have an ongoing investigation into the disappearance of Mr. hunnington. We have questioned a few witnesses and continue to expand our search. I would appeal to any member of the public with information that may be useful to the police, to get in contact as soon as possible as it may help our investigation. I would also urge anyone who was at the Phase V

(MORE)

POLICE SPOKESMAN (V.O) (cont'd)
 nightclub or anyone passing it's
 premises around 2am on Sunday
 morning, to come forward. Any
 information, however little or
 insignificant you think it may be
 could prove helpful in bringing
 this young man home. Thank you.

NEWS ANCHOR
 And that was the statement that was
 given two hours ago, if you do have
 information and would like to get
 in touch with the police. The
 number is five, five, two--

Colin looks to Lisa.

COLIN
 Have the police been in touch?

LISA
 They said they'd be along sometime
 tomorrow to fill us in on what
 they've found.

COLIN
 Right.

Colin nods his head, biting on his lower lip.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Frank and Matt make their way up the dirty and bare
 floorboards of the stairs.

Matt has the backpack on as Frank leads the way along a
 corridor to the room Jack is being held. They come to a
 closed wooden door. Frank opens it and they enter.

Jack is still chained to the radiator. The arrival of his
 captives does not seem to frighten him as much. He seems to
 be accepting of the situation as he watches them.

FRANK
 Okay mate, here's what's going to
 happen.

Matt puts down the backpack and opens it up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're going to tell us what you did to that Girl and admit that you're a scumbag rapist and we're going to capture your confession. Do that and this all ends right now.

Jack watches Matt as he pulls out a camcorder from the backpack.

Matt slips his hand into the hand strap and opens the side monitor of the camcorder. It makes a digital noise, it must be on.

Frank notices Jack looking around him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Are you listening? I'm not going to repeat myself!

JACK

I can't confess something I didn't do.

FRANK

Don't start! I swear, don't you start giving me all that shit!

JACK

It's not shit, if you check the CCTV cameras you'll see for yourself! Get the cops involved, I've nothing to hide.

Frank turns to Matt.

FRANK

Start recording!

Matt kneels down beside Frank, aiming the lens at Jack's battered face.

JACK

Please...

FRANK

Say it, admit what you did.

JACK

I didn't do anything.

FRANK

C'mon, we can't keep going in circles. Just come out with it.

JACK (MUTTERED)

Fuck off.

FRANK

What did you say?

JACK

I said go fuck yourself!

Frank lunges at Jack and starts hitting him. Matt quickly points the camcorder away from them both.

Frank then stands up and plunges a few heavy kicks into Jack's chest. Jack coughs and wheezes, trying to regain his breathe.

MATT (TO FRANK)

You went into shot!

FRANK (TO MATT)

Fuck it, we can edit it!

The lens of the camcorder refocuses on Jack's face, now with a couple new cuts and bruises, his eyes watering, face red.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Say it you little prick! Tell us what you did to that poor girl...You must have loved it you fucking creep.

JACK

Check the cameras.

FRANK

Check the cameras? Check the fucking cameras...if you knew about the cameras whose to say you didn't pick a blind spot?

Frank's really emphasizes every word with body movements, twisting, jerking and pointing at Jack.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Like how about that alley that was on that street I got you from eh? No cameras down there I'm guessing.

Jack stays quiet.

Matt looks nervously at Frank.

Frank's complexion is that of pure rage.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You better fucking say it. I
swear, you better fucking say it.

Frank starts to pace the room. On about his third lap, he stops and explodes on a wall. Punching it as hard as he can.

He turns and goes for Jack.

He punches Jack repeatedly until Jack falls limp on the floor. Frank continues the assault, punishing the ribs.

MATT
Frank!

Matt drops the camcorder and rushes to pull Frank off. He restrains Frank and calms him down.

MATT (CONT'D)
He's had enough, that's it. He's
had it.

Matt pulls Frank off Jack. As he does, Frank kicks over the bucket which has become Jack's make-shift toilet. The contents pour onto the carpet but away from Jack and towards the wall with the window.

Frank is breathing, big heavy breaths as Matt leaves him standing by the door.

Matt picks up the backpack and camcorder. He goes to the door.

MATT (CONT'D)
C'mon.

Matt pushes Frank out the door and shuts it behind him. Leaving a motionless Jack in the room. Alone again.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Colin, Lisa and Sarah are all sat at the dining room table on one side, with two police detectives on the other.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
We've interviewed staff at the
nightclub. They didn't offer much
(MORE)

DETECTIVE DOYLE (cont'd)
useful information but we did see
Jack on one of their cameras.

Everyone leans closer to Detective Doyle on the dining
table at the sound of Jack's name and CCTV.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)
Our tech guys are looking over the
footage back at the station for
anything we might have missed.

COLIN
What did you see?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Well we saw Jack helping a young,
drunk lady to her feet along with
another man who we are still
looking for. They bundled her into
a taxi and Jack got in with her.

COLIN
What? Really?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Yeah.

COLIN
Someone he knows maybe?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Maybe, from the way it looks
though. I'd say they were complete
strangers to each other. Just an
impression I get. I have a photo--

DETECTIVE DOYLE retrieves a photograph from the inside
pocket of his coat and lays it flat on the table in front of
everyone.

It is an image from a CCTV camera. It is zoomed in on the
young Drunk Girl's face. Colin slides it in front of
himself and studies it.

COLIN
So, he went home with this Girl?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
We aren't sure right now. We have
the Driver of the taxi down at the
station going through a series of
questioning. I would like you all

(MORE)

DETECTIVE DOYLE (cont'd)
to come by the station and see the
CCTV footage.

Lisa is quite upset. Sarah reaches over and picks up the
photograph of the Girl.

LISA
Please, you have to find him.

COLIN
Lisa, they're trying.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
We've got a lot of officers on this
case Mrs hunnington. We're
following every possible lead.

COLIN
Is there any suspects? What about
this drunk Girl?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
At this point we are looking into
this Driver so we will hear out his
version of events.

SARAH
Did you see him do anything to
Jack?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
We followed his taxi whilst Jack
was still in it but we lost them
around the Salter area of the city.

Everyone relaxes back in their seats, almost as if tonight's
hope has gone.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)
Our cameras over there have been
down for weeks due to maintenance
repair. The Girl still remains a
mystery, we are looking though.

LISA
Anything else Detective?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
I'm afraid that's as much as we
have at the minute. I have to get
back, I want to start off the
questioning. Would you all be

(MORE)

DETECTIVE DOYLE (cont'd)
willing to come back to station
now?

Colin stands up as Detective Doyle gets to his feet to leave. He looks back and forth to Lisa.

COLIN
Yeah, sure.

LISA
I'll get my coat.

Lisa leaves the room.

Lisa returns after a moment and they all leave the house together.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Colin, Sarah and Lisa are all sat in the waiting area facing the reception desk.

Colin sees Lisa visibly shaking. He reaches out and holds her hand tight.

Sarah looks around taking in the scene of the reception. A billboard full of notices and leaflets on safety and reporting a crime stapled to the board.

They are only a few other people seated in the waiting area. An old man on his own, a TEENAGE BOY who lays slumped over his knees looking at the floor and a PAIR OF WOMEN sat along the wall, discussing a television program.

The decor is moderate yet slick. Solid pine wood lining in the walls and a great pine reception kiosk. A YOUNG MALE POLICEMAN sits at it, filling in forms. The room would be silent if it were not for the television mounted on the wall, playing some debate show.

Detective Doyle enters.

Everyone sits up straight at the sight of him.

Detective Doyle

Okay, we're ready.

Everyone gets up and follows Detective Doyle through the police station. They finally end up at a room towards the back of the building which Detective Doyle unlocks.

Video ROOM

They enter the video room. The room is a dark gray. Along the near wall is a set-up of monitors, playback and recording devices.

Detective Doyle
Take a seat.

Lisa and Sarah take the two available seats in front of the monitors and Detective Doyle pulls up another for Colin before going to a glass cabinet and searching for something.

He returns with a disk and puts it into a tray of one of the playback devices. The monitors flicker into live and start to play the CCTV footage of outside the nightclub. Detective Doyle disappears to the back of the room discreetly as Jack's family watch it.

Over the duration of the minutes that follow, everyone starts to become upset, crying, sobbing and the efforts to maintain their composure.

Once the video ends Lisa and Sarah leave the room immediately. Colin sits stonefaced at the blank monitor. Detective Doyle reaches past him and ejects the disk. Colin sits there stiff.

Detective Doyle
Colin? Colin?

Colin remains in a trance.

Detective Doyle
Colin you okay?

Colin breaks out of his trance.

Colin
Yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine.

Colin gets out of his seat.

Colin
Can I go?

Detective Doyle
Yeah, go on.

Colin leaves.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack sits in the darkness. He whimpers and sniffs, it is unclear if the pain is physical, emotional or both in the dark.

A glimmer of light pierces the room through the window highlighting the edges of Jack's face. It is wet, likely from blood or tears.

A gentle rattle of the chains is heard as he stands to a crouched position, the chain at full stretch.

He painfully drops his trousers and pants. He brushes his hand around the ground for the bucket, blind from the dark.

A plastic sound is heard as he hits it with his hand. He sets it upright and brings it underneath himself. He lowers down, crying loudly now and begins going to the toilet.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Lisa is sat watching television alone in the living room. The phone starts to ring. Lisa frantically scatters to answer it.

LISA
(Into Phone)
Hello?

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O)
(Over phone, distorted)
I have your son.

LISA
(Into phone)
What!? Who is this?

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O)
(Over phone, distorted)
If you want to see your son alive
again, the price is ten thousand.

The call ends.

LISA
(Into phone)
Hello? Hello!?

Lisa starts to sob whilst not letting go off the phone.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Claire are sat around her laptop at Claire's desk in her bedroom. Both fully focused on the screen.

They scan through profiles on a social media site. The photograph of the Girl from the cops is sat beside the laptop.

They both click through numerous profiles of Girls on the site. Comparing their pictures to that of the CCTV Girl.

As they go through one profile, Claire exclaims.

CLAIRE

Pf ft look at the state of Diane!

SARAH

I haven't saw her since Halloween last year. She still with that guy?

CLAIRE

Yeah, the poor bastard.

They both laugh. They pass Diane's profile and keep the search going.

Sarah's phone starts to vibrate. She answers.

SARAH

(Into phone)

Hello.

LISA (V.O)

(Over phone, filtered)

Sarah! Where are you?

SARAH

(Into phone)

I'm still at Claire's.

LISA (V.O)

(Over phone, filtered)

I told you I don't want you out late. Get home now!

SARAH

(Into phone)

I'm sorry Mom, I didn't see the time.

LISA (V.O)
(Over phone, filtered)
Just get home please?

SARAH
(Into phone)
What's wrong?

LISA (V.O)
(Over phone, filtered)
I'll tell you when you're home,
I'll send your Dad to get you.

CLAIRE
Sarah, my Dad will leave you back
home. He told me earlier.

SARAH
(Into phone)
Mom? Claire said Peter will leave
me home.

LISA (V.O)
(Over phone, filtered)
Okay, bye bye.

SARAH
(Into phone)
Bye Lisa, bye.

Sarah hangs up.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(To Claire)
I'll keep checking at home.

CLAIRE
Send me a copy of that photograph
and I'll try and do a bit too.

SARAH
Thanks, I will. It would be a
great help.

CLAIRE
No problem, c'mon. I'll get my Dad
give you a lift.

Claire folds the laptop closed and Sarah picks up her
photograph. They both leave the bedroom.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Lisa, Colin and Sarah are all in the living room. Detective Doyle is scribbling down notes as Lisa retells the phone call.

LISA

Then they said the price is ten thousand, then they hung up.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Okay, I'm going to have officers here in case they call back. They're already on their way and we may even be able to trace a call.

COLIN

What about the ransom?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

For now I think we should wait for them to call again. They will need to call back to set up some sort of drop.

COLIN

If it's a matter of money, I can get it. I could come up with it somehow. They can take it for all I care, I just want my son back.

LISA

Maybe the detective is right, we should wait to hear more.

COLIN

(To Detective Doyle)

But you could set up a sting, catch them during the trade couldn't you?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

That's an extreme scenario but we will consider all options when the time comes.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

The alarm clock rings throughout Frank's bedroom.

With his face still in the pillow he swings his arm lazily until his hand finds the clock.

He rustles around in his double bed before rising from it.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Sarah lifts her face from the pillow and gently rubs her eyes as she wakes.

The pillow has smudges of mascara on it, her eyes are also a mess of black. She had fallen asleep crying.

She throws back the sheets to reveal her still fully dressed. She rises from her bed.

INT. FRANK'S BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Frank looks in the kitchen mirror. His stubble has grown out of control and his hair is sticking up in the air.

He stands looking at himself for a moment in his sweat bottoms. His skinny frame exposed, his bones protrude from his body.

INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Sarah closes the cabinet above the sink. As it closes shut, the mirror on the cabinets door reveals Sarah's face. Still messy with mascara.

She sets a small box of alcohol wipes she got from the cabinet on the sink below. She takes out a wipe and starts to clean off the mascara.

INT. FRANK'S BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Frank turns away from the sink and turns on the shower.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Sarah leaves the bathroom.

She moves through the house. Everything is silent and still. She starts to search for her parents after finding their bedroom empty.

LIVING ROOM

Sarah enters the living room. Going to the window, she pushes aside the blinds to look in the driveway but no car is sat there.

She goes to the phone and picks it up.

She dials a number and holds the phone to her ear.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (V.O)
(over phone, filtered)
You have no, new messages.

Sarah puts the phone down and slumps into the sofa. She sits still in silence. Her eyes appear void, her body lifeless.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Frank walls down his hallway drying his hair with a towel. He is fully dressed now.

He reaches the kitchen and throws the towel in a wash basket on the floor that is already full. He takes his car keys from the kitchen counter and leaves.

He exits the house.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Colin is sat in his office, scanning through papers on his desk. Colin's office is small and moderate, with a small window behind his desk.

Colin types information into his laptop. He stops abruptly, slumping back in his chair and tapping the desk with the pen in his hand. He lets out a frustrated sigh, his face red.

He looks around his office, gritting his teeth. He jumps to his feet, pushing the chair back aggressively and it rolls back and hits the wall.

He grabs his jacket from another chair on the other side of his desk as he leaves his office in a rush.

He walks along a corridor and knocks on the wooden door of another office before opening it and pokes his head in.

COLIN

Tom, I need to head on, have personal family matters.

TOM (O.S)

That's okay Colin, just remember to clock out. Will you be back in tomorrow?

COLIN

Yeah I should be, this just can't wait.

TOM (O.S)

Okay Colin, I understand.

COLIN

Thanks Tom.

TOM (O.S)

Cheers Colin.

Colin closes the door and continues down the corridor.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Colin walks up to the reception desk.

COLIN

Hi, I would like to speak to Detective Doyle. He's handling my son's disappearance.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, can I have your name sir?
I'll let him know you're here.

COLIN

Colin Hunnington.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll put the call through now Mr. Hunnington.

Colin takes a seat in reception.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Detective Doyle walks into reception.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Colin?

Colin looks up from his seat at Detective Doyle.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)

You okay?

COLIN

Not really, can we talk?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

C'mon through to my office. We can talk there.

Colin gets to his feet and follows Detective Doyle through the building to his office on the first floor.

The office is small and full of filling cabinets and shelves with various folders and loose papers.

They both sit down on opposite sides of the white office desk which is covered in case folders and has a large computer monitor to the far left.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

How are you all holding up?

COLIN

Not great, to be completely honest. The feelings are still raw.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Maybe you should talk to someone, y'know? Like, professionally.

COLIN

Like a shrink?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

It's just a suggestion but maybe, yeah.

COLIN

The only person I want to talk to right now is you.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Okay.

COLIN

What's the story with this Driver
you picked up?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

We released him this morning.

COLIN

What!? Why?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

We had nothing to hold him on. We
had to either find something to
charge him on or let him loose.

COLIN

Then charge him. He's the last one
to see Jack alive!

DETECTIVE DOYLE

I'm sorry, my hands are tied.

Colin leans on the table, his head in his hands. He starts
to get really upset and his face turns red.

COLIN

You need to find him, you need to
find my son.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

I know Colin, we're doing our
best. We are still questioning new
witness'.

They sit in silence for a moment before Colin breaks down
and starts to sob loudly.

Detective Doyle rises from his seat and walks around the
desk to Colin. He puts a comforting arm around his
shoulders.

COLIN

Can I see the last footage of my
son?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Colin I can't, the investigation is
still ongoing.

COLIN

Please, I just need to see my son.
Please.

Detective Doyle takes a few deep breathes and stands in thought.

Detective Doyle gently grabs Colin's arm and guides him to his feet.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Alright, let's go.

Detective Doyle guides Colin out of his office and through the building cautiously.

They pass an old policeman, LENNY on their path. Detective Doyle stops to talk to him.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Lenny, can I get the key for the video room? Need to take another look with a victim's father.

LENNY
Yep, sure, hang on--

Lenny searches his pockets and pulls out a chain of keys. He detaches one and gives it to Detective Doyle.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Thanks, do you know if anyone is in there at the minute?

LENNY
Nah, I think it's freed up now.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Thanks Lenny, I'll throw this back to you when we're done.

LENNY
Okay.

Detective Doyle and Colin continue down to a door at the end of the hallway. Detective Doyle uses the key to open the door and they enter.

VIDEO ROOM

They're back to the video room where Colin was taken before to watch the video. All of the monitors are blank, the room is dead.

Detective Doyle goes over to a cabinet and starts to search through an assortment of disks.

Soon he comes back over to Colin with a disk in his hand.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Okay, want to sit down?

COLIN
No, I'm fine.

Colin sounds more composed now.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Okay.

Detective Doyle puts the disk into a disk tray of a device below one of the large monitors.

The CCTV footage comes up on screen and Detective Doyle fast forwards the footage to the time that Jack appears.

The footage plays out like before. Colin steps closer to the monitor as Detective Doyle takes a step back to give Colin room, studying his reactions.

The taxi pulls up and soon the Girl is put into the taxi and Jack walks over to it. Colin puts his face closer to the screen. Studying the taxi.

He focuses in on the registration plate of the taxi.

Soon, Jack is in the taxi and it pulls away. Jack is gone. Colin stays still, continuing to watch the footage. Detective Doyle seems unsure of what to do or say.

After a minute Detective Doyle speaks up.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Colin?

Colin stands emotionless. He answers after a slight delay.

COLIN
He's gone.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
We'll get him back.

The footage continues to play out. Detective Doyle finally goes to the monitor and ejects the disk. The monitor falls blank again.

Detective Doyle returns the disk to the cabinet.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)
Colin what I would advise is to go
home, you're off work right?

Colin nods. Detective Doyle finds the right place for the
disk in the cabinet.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)
Okay, go home, get something to eat
and try to relax or get some sleep.

Detective Doyle puts the disk back in the right place and
closes the cabinet. He walks back over to Colin.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)
How's that sound, you okay?

COLIN
Yeah, thank you Detective. I just
need some time to rest like you
said.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
I'll show you out.

They both leave the video room.

HALLWAY

Detective Doyle locks the door behind them.

Colin starts to walk up the hallway.

Detective Doyle is still fiddling with the lock.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Colin!? Wait a second, I'll walk
you out.

COLIN
It's fine Detective, I know my way.
I'll talk to you later okay?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Okay, take care of yourself Colin.

Colin leaves.

RECEPTION

Colin walks through reception to the exit but he suddenly stops. He turns and walks back towards the reception desk.

COLIN

Hi, excuse me but could I borrow a pen please?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, one second.

The receptionist looks in a drawer of the desk and retrieves a pen, handing it to Colin.

COLIN

Thanks.

Colin takes the pen and leaves the building.

CAR PARK

Colin walks at a quick pace through the car park, passing cops on their way towards the building.

He takes a quick look over his shoulder to make sure no-one is looking and then starts to write on his hand with the pen he got from reception.

'REHT-29WR' is now written on the back of his left hand. He gives it a quick rub with his other hand to make sure the ink is solid and sure enough, it doesn't smudge.

Colin gets into his car and leaves the car park in a hurry.

INT. FRANK'S TAXI - DAY

Frank and Matt pull up outside a shop.

FRANK

Do we really need to make this stop?

MATT

Well we don't want to starve him to death do we?

Frank scorns at Matt. Matt gets out of the taxi and goes into the shop.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Colin drives around the city streets, looking closely at every taxi he passes. He focuses on their registration plate, looking to see if it matches up with the code written on his hand.

He drives around for what seems like an eternity before he pulls up at a gas station.

GAS STATION

Colin fills up on gas and then goes into the shop. He buys an energy drink and chewing gum.

He gets back into his car, drinking his energy drink, then setting it in a built-in cup holder in the car.

He pulls away from the gas station and rejoins traffic.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Doyle walks along a corridor reading a file.

COP #2

Doyle!

Detective Doyle is stopped by Cop #2.

COP #2 (CONT'D)

We got a track on your girl from the Hunnington case. I've got it here.

Cop #2 hands Detective Doyle a document which he takes with haste.

Detective Doyle rushes out of the hallway.

INT. DETECTIVE DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Detective Doyle starts to slow down in the car, looking at the houses in the residential street he has just turned into.

He lifts the document from the passenger seat and double checks the address.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Detective Doyle's car stops outside a white house. He shuts off the engine and gets out.

After a quick glance around at the area he locks the car and goes to the door of the white house.

He walks up the short driveway, the house looks small but tidy.

Detective Doyle knocks on the door. A short time later a Blond lady answers the door. She is 47, short and dressed in a red cardigan.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Hello Mrs Kester.

MRS KESTER appears to seem nervous, she leans the door closer to her in retreat.

MRS KESTER

I'm sorry, who are you?

Detective Doyle retrieves his I.D from his jacket and shows it to Mrs Kester.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

I am Detective Doyle, I would just like to ask Fiona a couple of questions, is she home?

Mrs Kester opens the door wide, her trust now instated with Detective Doyle.

MRS KESTER

Oh, is it anything serious?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

We are looking for a missing person. We think Fiona was the last to see him. I just need to see what she knows.

MRS KESTER

Come on in.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Thank you.

INT. KESTER HOME - DAY

Detective Doyle closes the door behind him once inside. Mrs Kester leads the way to the living room.

MRS KESTER
Would you like tea Detective? Or
coffee? I have both.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
No thank you Mrs Kester, I'm fine.

MRS KESTER
I'll ask Fiona to come down, one
minute.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Okay.

Detective Doyle takes a seat on an armchair in the small living room. The furniture is quite modern, new sofa, HD television on top of a smooth silver stand.

Mrs Kester re-enters with Fiona.

MRS KESTER
Detective, this is Fiona.

Detective Doyle gets to his feet and shakes hands with Fiona. Right away he can tell she's afraid. He can feel the shaking in her hands.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Don't worry Fiona, you're not in
trouble, I just need your help
okay?

FIONA
Okay.

Fiona and Mrs Kester take a seat on the sofa. Detective Doyle rests back down in the armchair.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Fiona, we are looking for a missing
person. He went missing on
Saturday night. Do you remember
sharing a taxi with anyone on the
way home?

FIONA
Saturday?

Fiona looks across at her mother, Mrs Kester.

FIONA

Umm...

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Mrs Kester, would you mind if me
and Fiona chatted privately?

MRS KESTER

Yeah, okay.

Mrs Kester gets up off the sofa, she gives Fiona an
encouraging rub on her shoulder before she leaves the room.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

I need your help Fiona, your Mum
isn't listening in now so don't be
afraid to tell me anything.

FIONA

It's just, I don't remember
much. I had a lot to drink.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Do you remember any of it?

FIONA

Bits and pieces. I don't remember
leaving the club, I just remember I
was then outside with some boy. I
remember he was quite tall.

Detective Doyle takes out a small notepad and pen.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Can you describe him anymore?

FIONA

Umm, he was tall, with flat, messy
hair and he was wearing a stripey
t-shirt.

Detective Doyle writes in the notepad as Fiona pieces
together the night.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Okay, what happened after that?

FIONA

I think I remember a taxi, I
remember the seat felling wet. I
don't know but maybe I fell.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Was anyone with you?

Fiona suddenly has a sharp look of fear cross her face.

FIONA
Okay, now you're freaking me out.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Sorry, where did you get off?

FIONA
I tried to go to my boyfriend's house but he didn't answer his phone. Wait, I remember someone fixing my phone. Yeah, I dropped it and I found the battery and gave it to him. I think he was helping me.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Where did you go next?

FIONA
I can't remember after that. My mum said that a taxi man left me off at the door. He wanted to make sure I got home safe. I must have got another taxi home.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Do you remember the driver or the taxi company?

FIONA
No, you'd be better asking my Mum, she answered the door to let me in.

Detective Doyle gets to his feet.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Thanks Fiona, I'm just going to get a quick statement from your Mum then I'll be gone.

FIONA
Is it my fault someone went missing? What do you think happened?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
No, it's not your fault. We aren't sure what happened, we are trying
(MORE)

DETECTIVE DOYLE (cont'd)
to piece it together. Anything
could have happened, we're not
ruling anything out right
now. Don't worry, there's no blame
on your shoulders okay?

Fiona nods.

Detective Doyle leaves.

Detective Doyle checks downstairs for Mrs Kester before he
goes to the foot of the stairs and calls on her.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Mrs Kester?

MRS KESTER (O.S)
Coming now Detective.

Mrs Kester descends the stairs. He reaches the bottom steps
when she stops, talking down to Detective Doyle.

MRS KESTER
Is everything okay?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Yeah, Fiona said about a taxi
leaving her home on Saturday
night. Can you remember the
driver?

MRS. KESTER
Yes, he was about 36, tall with
scruffy brown hair and messy
stubble.

Detective Doyle writes it down.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Did you see his taxi?

MRS KESTER
Yes, it was parked right outside.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Did you see what company he was
with?

MRS KESTER
I don't know, I didn't take that
much notice, sorry.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Can you describe the car?

MRS KESTER
Oh, it was...red. Yeah red, I think it was a saloon but I don't know what model it was. I'm terrible with cars.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
It's okay.

MRS KESTER
I'm sorry Detective. I wish I was more helpful.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
You've been great, this is very useful information you've given me. I might be able to get somewhere with this.

MRS KESTER
I really hope you find the poor man.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Yeah me too. Well that's me finished here. Thank you.

MRS KESTER
Let me show you out.

Mrs Kester escorts Detective Doyle a few yards to the front door. She opens it and Detective Doyle steps outside.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Thank you for your time Mrs Kester.

MRS KESTER
You're welcome, drive safe.

Detective Doyle waves back at Mrs Kester as he leaves the driveway onto the street and gets into his black car parked in the street.

CITY STREETS - NEXT DAY

The traffic comes to a stop at a red light and Colin stops behind a black taxi.

He's paying too much attention to his drink. Only after slurping from it and setting it back does he notice the taxi in front.

Again he tries to match up the registration plate to his hand. It does.

The light turns green and the traffic moves off.

Colin stays right behind the taxi. He sounds his horn repeatedly at the taxi, gesturing with hand signals to pull over but the Taxi Driver takes no notice.

Colin follows the taxi through the city. He pulls up alongside the taxi at a junction.

Colin rolls down the window.

COLIN
Hey! Pull over!

TAXI DRIVER
What!?

COLIN
Pull over! I want a word with you!

TAXI DRIVER
Fuck off!

The taxi pulls away again but Colin is hot on his heels.

The taxi starts to speed up and in turn, Colin is forced to as well.

The two cars race, overtaking other vehicles and forcing all the power out of their engines, especially to make the green light of every traffic light.

After a lot of junctions their luck runs out and they both have to slam on their breaks as they come up on a red light.

Colin stops inches from the Taxi's rear bumper. He rushes out of the car and runs up to the driver's window.

COLIN
Get the fuck out now!

TAXI DRIVER
Get away from my car!

Colin pulls on the handle of the door and opens it slightly before Taxi Driver catches the door from the inside and tugs on it.

COLIN

Get out!

TAXI DRIVER

What do you want!?

The light turns green and Taxi Driver starts to drive off but stops as Colin reaches in and pulls at the steering wheel.

Taxi Driver pushes the door against Colin, pushing him back into the road. Taxi Driver gets out.

Colin rushes back at him and pins him against the taxi.

COLIN

Where's my son!?

TAXI DRIVER

What are you talking about!?

Colin punches Taxi Driver in the mouth. Blood starts to drip from Taxi Driver's mouth.

COLIN

Where is he!?

A struggle breaks out as both men wrestle with each other, pushing each other into cars that have pulled up as the traffic lights turn red again.

The road has been thrown into complete chaos as the two men continue to struggle. The defining noise of car horns sound and a small crowd has gathered by the side of the road to watch.

Colin eventually gets the better of Taxi Driver and pins him to the ground, pounding on his head with viscous punches.

A BYSTANDER gets involved and finally breaks them both up just as sirens start to become present in the area.

Policemen descend on the scene and put both Colin and Taxi Driver in cuffs.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Jack lays sat, slumped against the wall tucking his head into his shoulders like a tortoise trying to retreat into it's shell.

Matt is knelt in front of him with a small bag of groceries.

He sets a plastic plate on the floor. He retrieves a variety of things from the bag, bread, packaged meat and two bottles of water.

He sets them all by the plate.

MATT

Can you reach that okay?

Matt indicating the food. Jack nods.

FRANK (O.S)

Can you hurry up!?

His voice shouting from the hallway.

Matt gets to his feet, looking down in pity at Jack as he slowly edges towards the food, hungry but scared. Matt leaves and shuts the fragile door.

Jack rips open the bread, taking two slices in his hands and biting primitively into them before rushing to open the meats.

He forces the food into his mouth as fast as he can. He stops for a moment, choking. Before carrying on at a slowly pace.

As he chews down on the food, with more filling his hands he begins to cry. The cry is muffled from the bread and meat filling his mouth, some even falls out as he sobs.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELLS - DAY

Colin is laid down in his bed. The lock of the large steel door rattles and swings inward. Detective Doyle steps in and the door is closed and locked behind him by the JAIL GUARD.

Colin sits up in his bed as Detective Doyle takes a space against the wall facing him.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Why Colin?

COLIN
Please don't start Detective, I'm
not in the mood for a lecture.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
I told you, we interviewed him and
we couldn't find any reason to hold
him accountable for Jack's
disappearance.

COLIN
Do you have kids Detective Doyle?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
...a little Girl, she's 16.

COLIN
What would you do?

Detective Doyle looks away from Colin and ignores the
question.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what you'd do. You'd
do everything, anything to find
her, to make sure she's safe, even
alive.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Careful, that's my little Girl
you're talking about.

Colin grips the bedsheets tight, raising his voice.

COLIN
And this is my little boy we are
talking about!

A silence falls between the pair.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Something came up today.

COLIN
What is it? About Jack?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
Your wife received another phone
call.

Colin gets to his feet in a panic.

COLIN

What!? Do you know who they are yet? How did they get my home number?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

We have officers at your house monitoring the situation. My guess would be that they could have easily got your number from a local phone book.

COLIN

I've gotta get home, I've gotta get home. Please talk to the cops out there.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

They're letting you out in an hour. I explained things and luckily the captain sympathized in your case.

Detective Doyle slams the steel door with his fist three times.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)

Guard!?

COLIN

Thank you.

Detective Doyle turns to Colin who is looking at him with sappy eyes, he has obviously calmed down.

Detective Doyle nods and leaves the cell as the Jail Guard opens the door.

Colin's eyes fall to the floor as the sound of that steel door echos throughout the building.

INT. FRANK'S TAXI - NIGHT

Frank stops outside Matt's house to let him out.

MATT

What are we gonna do about him?

FRANK

He'll talk soon.

MATT
He's not talking though. What if
we've got this wrong Frank? We
could be fucked.

Frank looks sternly at Matt.

FRANK
You actually think he didn't do
anything?

MATT
Maybe, maybe we rushed into this.

FRANK
If you're having second thoughts
you don't have to have a part in
this. I can handle it.

MATT
(I'm just saying. What if we are
wrong? And even if we're right...I
just don't feel comfortable with it
all.)

Matt lets out a long sigh.

MATT (CONT'D)
No matter what way you look at it,
he could get us done.

FRANK
Relax, okay? If it comes down to
kidnap charges I'll take the
brunt. I just have to do this
Matt, don't you see?

MATT
I think you're doing this for the
wrong reasons.

FRANK
Get out.

MATT
I didn't mean that like...you
know. I'm sorry.

FRANK
I have to get going so can you get
out?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Matt gets out of Frank's taxi.

Frank speeds off as soon as the passenger door shuts close.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Colin arrives home accompanied by Detective Doyle. They pass gazes at TWO POLICEMEN sitting in the kitchen at the end of the hall.

Colin and Detective Doyle enter the living room.

Lisa is sat on the sofa, she sparks into life at the sight of them both.

LISA
What happened!?

Before words leave Colin's mouth, the phone rings.

The Two policemen rush in from the kitchen and begin to operate a device sat on the coffee table in the living room.

Colin goes to the phone and answers with Detective Doyle at his side.

COLIN
(Into phone)
Hello?

DISTORTED VOICE
Have you got the money?

COLIN
Yeah I've got it. Is my son okay?

DISTORTED VOICE
The whole ten thousand?

COLIN
Yeah, all of it.

DISTORTED VOICE
Good, now here's what I want you to do. You will deliver the cash in person, in your own car, by yourself. You will take the motorway and stop on the hard shoulder just before you reach junction six.

COLIN

What about my son?

DISTORTED VOICE

He will be there, we trade straight off and head our own ways. But if we smell a hint of the cops, you'll never see us, you'll never get a second chance. When we are gone, we're gone, along with your son.

COLIN

I got it, there won't be any cops, they don't know.

DISTORTED VOICE

Good keep it that way. Oh by the way, the drop will be tonight, lam. That gives you roughly an hour.

The call ends.

Policeman #1 looks up from the device on the coffee table.

POLICEMAN #1

We got a trace. Payphone on Haddock street.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Call it in.

The Two Policemen scramble to retrieve their radios and start to give the information to colleges.

COLIN

Have we got them?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

I don't know, they could disappear before we get units there. You should get ready and leave for junction six in case.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank's living room is a complete mess, litter isn't just confined to the large table between the sofa and TV. It looks like a tramp lives here.

Frank lays slouched on the end of the sofa, occasionally taking swigs out of his large whiskey bottle whilst he watches the television in the dark.

His shirt lays open showing his white t-shirt, his clothes look dirty and worn.

He wipes away dribbles of whiskey from his chin which is now rough with whiskers.

His arm holding the whiskey slouches down to his side as does his other arm, almost as if he just sat down after a straining exercise.

He looks around the dark room.

Frank reaches his arm over the arm of the sofa, onto the side table that sits beside the sofa. He turns on the lamp and fixes his gaze on a photo, a family photo.

He screws up his face as if he were about to sneeze and wipes his face from top to bottom with one hand. With the other hand he picks up the small photo and it's frame.

He brings it right up to his face and studies in. In it is a younger, happier version of himself, with a Drunk Girl he has his left arm around. She is of a similar age to him in the photograph, happy and smiling with long blond hair.

His right hand lowers and rests on the shoulder of a Girl, no older than 19, standing in front of her parents. She has long blond hair like her mother and a cute smile.

Frank rubs his eyes before turning off the lamp on the side table. He takes another swig of his whiskey then lays the photograph on the sofa beside him.

Frank raises to his feet and goes to the living room door. He picks up his jacket which is draped over the other arm of the sofa.

He puts it on and checks the pockets. He pulls out his car keys and leaves the room, slamming the door in a rage.

INT. FRANK'S TAXI - NIGHT

Frank drives with his bottle of whiskey braced against the steering wheel.

He is looking even more groggy now as he continues to take sips of whiskey as he drives. Rain batters the windscreen as the distorted lights of the city become blurry.

A loud horn of a passing car does nothing to distract Frank as he seems dead set on something.

INT. COLIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Colin drives along the motorway, it's very empty this time of night.

Cars are few and far between.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

Colin passes a sign for junction six. He indicates and pulls in on the hard shoulder just before an overhead bridge.

INT. COLIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Colin sits waiting impatiently, watching cars and people go past on the bridge up above then to the trees on a slope off the side of the motorway.

Every car that comes up the motorway could potentially be the kidnapers and Colin treats them as such with caution.

Finally a jeep indicates and pulls in behind Colin on the hard shoulder, leaving a fifty yard gap between the cars.

Colin gets out of his car and walks to the trunk. He tries to see those in the jeep but the jeep's headlights blind Colin's vision.

Colin opens the trunk and pulls out a rucksack before closing it again. He turns and faces the jeep.

The jeep doors open and the TWO KIDNAPPERS step out and stand by the side of the jeep.

COLIN

Where is he!? Where's my son!?

KIDNAPPER #1

If you don't hand the money over
you'll never know.

COLIN

This wasn't what was agreed.

Both kidnapers start to advance on Colin.

A deafening blast shakes everyone as one of the jeeps window's shatter. The echo of the gunshot seems to go on for miles.

Both kidnapers turn and run.

To Colin's surprise, armed police emerge from the trees on the slope beside the hard shoulder. They chase down the two kidnapppers.

Kidnapper #1 runs back to the jeep. He climbs inside and speeds off. Colin gets back into his car and chases after him.

Kidnapper #2 runs down the wrong side of the motorway, the armed police run after him. The road is still completely empty of traffic, the armed police start to close in. Kidnapper #2 drops to the ground and puts his hands on his head.

KIDNAPPER #2

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Colin races at high speed to keep up with Kidnapper #1's jeep. The motorway starts to stretch into the countryside and it gets narrower with more winding bends. The lights are out on this stretch of muddy motorway. There must be a blackout, only the headlights illuminate the road before them.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Kidnapper #1 is breathing heavily, his eyes darting from the road to the rear view mirror at Colin's headlights.

INT. COLIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Colin has both hands tight on the steering wheel with an intense look on his face at the jeep ahead.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Kidnapper #1 is fixated on his rear view mirror, he looks back to the road to see a roundabout right ahead, he brakes sharply.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

Colin's car keeps it's distance as the brake lights come on, on the jeep. Kidnapper #1 is forced to turn sharply to avoid hitting the roundabout island. Screeching of the jeep's wheels deafen the scene as he tries to turn too sharp for the speed, sending the jeep to flip onto it's side.

The jeep skids along the road, colliding with the edge of the roundabout island.

Colin stops his car a distance from the jeep and gets out. Just as he does, two unmarked police cars arrive on the scene with their blue, flashing lights.

The UNDERCOVER COPS pull Kidnapper #1 from the wreckage and place him under arrest, apart from a few cuts and bruises, Kidnapper #1 is generally unharmed.

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Frank's taxi pulls up and parks across the road from a battered and deteriorating office building. This is the rough side of the town, judging from the surroundings and atmosphere.

Frank sits in his taxi, looking across at the building, drinking.

Frank shuts off the engine and gets out of the taxi and into the rain. He walks over to the building, the heavy rain not even phasing him.

He enters the building.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Jack's attention is grasped as he hears loud bangs within the building.

The scraps of the food lay scattered before him all around the plastic plate that Matt gave to him. He slowly moves away from the door, as far as the chain will allow.

Minutes later, Frank comes stumbling into the room, the bottle of whiskey still in his hand. He looks at Jack, almost as if he were surprised to see him.

Frank closes the door behind him and goes to the opposite corner of the room. His back falls against the corner of the wall and he lazily slumps down to a sitting position.

He starts to slug out of his bottle of whiskey, not much left. He sets the bottle down, whiskey drips from his chin onto his white t-shirt but he refuses to wipe it away.

FRANK

Y'know I had a daughter once.

From the sound of his voice and it's tone, he was clearly very drunk at this stage.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Beautiful, my little
angel. Rebecca, little
Rebecca. Not to mention a lovely
wife too.

Jack is careful not to look Frank in the eyes to avoid confrontation but he doesn't want Frank to think he's ignoring him either.

Jack's gaze is shy and nervous, he would look to the floor and then glance up at Frank to show attention and then away again before their eyes met.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Yeaap, we were a happy little
family.

Frank's expression suddenly dropped, as if he was just given very bad news.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Then came that night in August. It
was a Saturday night, me and Grace
had a quiet night at home, a bottle
of wine, a film.

A smirk comes across Frank's face, but only for a moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I hated watching the television, my
thinking is that your time is
better spent being productive but
it was a treat for Grace. She
always said I worked too hard.

Frank takes another sip of whiskey, just a sip, he is savoring the last of it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Rebecca had gone out on the town
with her friends to clubs and the
like. I hated it but everyone
grows up eventually.

Frank takes another sip.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Both me and Grace turned in early
that night, we decided to just
leave the door open for Rebecca as
she wouldn't be home till the small
hours.

Jack finds a spot on the floor between himself and Frank, he focuses his attention there.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The next morning I woke she was nowhere to be found. After finding out nothing from her friends we decided to alert the police.

Frank rests his head back against the wall, looking up at the ceiling. Jack uses this opportunity to get a good look at Frank.

Frank's eyes start to well up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Two days later they found a body in a walkway. It was our Rebecca.

Frank's emotions to a mix of anger and sadness.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The forensic reports showed that she'd been beaten and raped, by at least two attackers. The walkway was close to our home, she must have been on her way back when it happened.

Frank starts to cry

FRANK (CONT'D)

My little Girl...they never found the bastards that done it. The funeral was the worst part, seeing her laying there.

Frank sniffs and sobs heavily, he uses his sleeve to dry his red, running eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The makeup did a great job covering up the bruises but you could see they were there.

Frank sips out of his whiskey bottle again, he holds it completely upside down, the last drops hitting his tongue. He sets the bottle down and rolls it away.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Life really went to shit, I couldn't do anything, I didn't want to do anything. I lost my job, my

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D) (cont'd)
marriage fell apart, Grace moved
back in with her mother. When I
partly got my shit together I
started taxing.

Frank wipes away the tears from his face, finally regaining himself.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I don't know what attracted me to
taxiing. Maybe it was an escape
from the house, the comfort of
conversation with strangers, or
maybe, just maybe I could make sure
someone like my Rebecca made it
home each night.

Frank gets to his feet slowly, a struggle for balance.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So you see...you see what I'm doing
here? I saved that little Girl and
her family from all the hurt I had,
saved them from you.

Jack stays quiet, his eyes still fixed to the floor.

Frank stumbles over to Jack and kneels down on one knee to face him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
We both know it, just admit
it. Please, please just say
it. We can end all of this right
now.

Frank takes out the old tape recorder. He presses the button to record.

FRANK (CONT'D)
C'mon Jack, say it...say it!

Jack starts to cower. Frank stands up and starts to kick Jack violently. Jack falls onto his side on the floor.

JACK
I didn't do anything! I didn't do
anything!

The assault continues until Frank is out of breath kneeling over Jack. He straightens up and catches his breath.

Frank walks to the door. He picks up his empty whiskey bottle and throws it at the radiator above Jack, it smashes loudly, like a gunshot in this silence. The shards fall onto Jack's back.

Frank leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kidnapper #1 sits alone in front of a table in the interrogation room. He sits fidgeting with his handcuffs, not in a vain attempt to escape but from nerves. He is visible shaking and scared.

Detective Doyle enters.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Roy?

ROY looks up from his handcuffs.

DETECTIVE DOYLE (CONT'D)

Roy, I need your help. I need you to tell me where the boy is.

ROY

I don't know.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

What about your friend Derrek? Is he the mastermind, will he know?

ROY

We don't have the boy.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Then who does?

ROY

I don't know.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

Don't play games with me Roy.

ROY

I'm telling the truth, we never laid eyes on him.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

What do you mean? You never laid eyes on him?

ROY

It was all fake, we never had him in the first place. We saw the story on the news and Derrek said that we could make a quick buck with it.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

It was all a set up?

ROY

I'm sorry, I don't want to go to jail, we never wanted anyone to get hurt. We just wanted the money to disappear.

Detective Doyle leaves.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Colin is sat playing with his breakfast at the kitchen table. Not content on eating it. Lisa watches as she washes the other dishes.

LISA

Did you manage to get any sleep at all?

COLIN

No.

LISA

I can reheat it if you don't feel like anything right now.

Lisa indicates to the breakfast.

Phone rings.

Colin is greeted on the other end of the line by Detective Doyle.

COLIN

So what happened? Do you know where Jack is?

DETECTIVE DOYLE

You might want to sit down Colin.

COLIN

What? Why?

Detective Doyle looks to Colin and then to Lisa before speaking again.

DETECTIVE DOYLE
They're not our guys.

Colin's facial expression drops.

COLIN
What do you mean? How can it not be them!?

DETECTIVE DOYLE
It was all a set up, they don't have Jack, they never did. They saw the story in the news and thought they'd found a way to profit from it.

Colin hangs up.

He jumps out of his chair and starts to smash up things in the kitchen.

Lisa cowers down by the fridge.

Colin flips the small dinner table, swipes everything off the kitchen counter and punches the door on his way out of the house.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Sarah leaves Claire's house and starts walking up the street, she puts in her earphones as her music starts to play.

Her song plays as she walks through the streets.

Police cars speed past with their sirens ringing, Sarah is getting a long way from home, covering a lot of distance on her travels.

She takes in every detail of her surroundings, the cracks in the concrete, the shapes that the trees by the side of the road form.

Her phone starts to ring.

She checks who's calling...Claire. She lets it ring out.

Sarah's walk takes her through a park, the park is beautiful and tranquil. She takes a seat on a bench and stops her music, searching through her player for another song. Her phone rings again...Claire again. She answers.

SARAH

Hello.

CLAIRE

Hey, what are ya up to? Did you go home?

SARAH

Not much really, Nah, I just took a walk.

CLAIRE

Where are you? Is everything okay?

SARAH

I'm sitting in the park.

CLAIRE

Are you okay though?

SARAH

Not really.

CLAIRE

Do you wanna meet up and go shopping? Might take your mind of things. You got paid today right?

SARAH

Yeah, I mean, I should have money in the bank.

CLAIRE

Okay then, what do ya think?

SARAH

Shopping?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

Sarah hesitates for a minute, thinking.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You still there?

SARAH
Yeah, okay yeah I'll go.

CLAIRE
Great, do you want me to meet you
somewhere?

SARAH
It's okay, I'm only ten minutes
from your house, I'll call in.

CLAIRE
Okay, see you soon.

SARAH
Bye.

CLAIRE
Bye.

Sarah ends the call.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Matt watches a news update on Jack's disappearance and
learns of the fake kidnapers.

He seems distressed watching it.

He sits in thought. A pillow slips on the sofa towards
him. He pushes it away, continuing to watch the news. It
slips against him again and he picks it up, throwing it
across the room in anger. His face goes red with rage.

He leans forward on the sofa, putting his head in his hands.

Int. Police station - Doyle's Office - Day

Detective Doyle is sat at his desk reading through case
files and papers. He starts to quickly scan through
them. He then takes a lump of them and throws them against
the wall in frustration.

A knock at the door. The CAPTAIN walks in.

CAPTAIN
Doyle?

Detective Doyle
Come in sir.

Captain enters.

Captain

I need an update report. The press have been constantly on my back just as my peers.

Detective Doyle

The press can wait.

A silence falls.

Detective Doyle (Cont'd)

I'll have the report by Monday but I don't have much more than you already know.

Captain

That's fine, I just need something. No disrespect but I think this case is coming to a close.

Detective Doyle

What do you mean by that sir?

CAPTAIN

It's been too long, you know yourself.

Detective Doyle gets up and puts on his coat.

DETECTIVE DOYLE

I'm sorry sir, I have to go. I have a kid to find.

Detective Doyle leaves defiantly.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Sarah and Claire go to the many shops in the busy mall. Before long, they both have both hands full of shopping bags.

They are in high spirits, laughing a joking.

Once they start to leave the mall, they hug and say their goodbyes.

They both separate and walk their own directions.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CITY -DAY

Sarah waves down a taxi by the side of the road. She lifts her bag and gets in the back seat of the taxi.

INT. FRANK'S TAXI - DAY

SARAH
Hampton Place please.

At the wheel at the taxi we see that it is Frank. This is Frank's taxi that Sarah has unwittingly climbed into.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CITY - DAY

The taxi starts to pull away from the curb and join the rest of the traffic.

INT. FRANK'S TAXI - DAY

FRANK
Why you sitting in the back missus?
You could have sat up front.

Sarah seems to panic slightly, stumbling for an idea before she calms down and straightens up to answer.

SARAH
Ah, old habits I'm afraid. I
always sit in the back, even in my
dad's car. Just find it safer.

FRANK
Fair enough.

Sarah looks to her feet to avoid starting a conversation.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You can never be too safe these
days.

SARAH
Yeah, tell me about it.

FRANK
Hampton Place right?

SARAH
Yeah.

FRANK
That's where that boy went missing
isn't it?

Sarah's heart sinks, her entire expression drops as her emotions tighten.

SARAH
Yeah it is.

Frank turns around in his seat to glimpse at Sarah for a second before putting his eyes back on the road.

FRANK
Y'know him at all?

SARAH
He was my best friend's brother.

FRANK
Oh, I'm sorry.

SARAH
It's okay.

FRANK
How's she coping? Your friend?

SARAH
Not good, she's still looking for answers.

FRANK
Is that right? Well I hope she finds what shes looking for.

Sarah notices something between the seat cushions beside her.

Frank looks in his rear view mirror, keeping a watchful eye on Sarah.

She discreetly feels around with her hand and retrieves a piece of paper.

Frank, turns his eyes forward on to the road again.

SARAH
Yeah, me too, she's been through a lot.

Sarah unravels the piece of paper. It turns out to be a credit card receipt, she checks the name 'MR JACK LOWELL'. Sarah stares at the receipt in disbelief.

She checks the date, it's the same day he disappeared.

Frank looks at Sarah through the rear view mirror again.

He sees Sarah looking at the receipt in disbelief.

FRANK

What's that ya got dear?

SARAH

Just a receipt from earlier,
checking how much I spent.

FRANK

Expensive trip?

SARAH

You could say that. Do you mind
dropping me off at this next
corner? I need to drop in a
present to a friend.

FRANK

I thought you were heading to
Hampton Place?

SARAH

I am, I just need to make this stop
first. I'm thinking I may as well
call in now, saves me the trip
tomorrow.

The conversation seems more tense than before.

FRANK

You want me to wait if you're only
gonna be a few minutes?

SARAH

No it's fine, I might stay a little
while so I'll just order another
taxi.

FRANK

Okay.

Frustration and paranoia fill Frank's eyes, as he looks all
around the roads.

The corner comes up and Frank speeds past it.

SARAH

Hey, that was the corner there.

FRANK

Was it? Sorry I'll make a turn and
come back.

Sarah lets a few minutes slip by but Frank made no effort to
turn back, he kept his attention forward, casual.

SARAH

Can I just get out here?

FRANK

Don't be stupid, I'm taking you to your friends.

SARAH

Here will do, please, I want out.

Frank ignores her.

With the car still traveling, Sarah tries the doors, both locked.

Sarah bangs on the divide separating the driver's seat from the back seats.

SARAH

Hey! Let me out!

Frank ignores her cries.

Sarah starts to bang on the plastic divide before turning her violent attention to the doors. Still no luck. She lowers down the door window. Frank turns around in time to notice.

FRANK

Hey!

As Sarah starts to climb out of the taxi, Frank sways the taxi from side to side, eventually throwing Sarah back inside.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Frank pulls into a side street, he's caught a lucky break as it is empty apart from the parked cars on either side of the narrow road.

Frank climbs out of the taxi and opens the back door of the taxi. Sarah screams and claws at Frank as he grabs her out of the taxi.

With one arm wrapped around her, holding her to his waist, he opens the trunk. He then, with a lot of effort, gets Sarah into the trunk and slams it shut against her loud cries for help.

With a quick look over his shoulder and a look around, he climbs back into the taxi and takes off.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - THE ROOM - DAY

Jack is half asleep, he hears footsteps echo within the house. He takes little notice or caution of them. Matt enters the room and goes to Jack.

JACK
Kill me, just kill me.

MATT
Shh, keep quiet.

Matt starts to yank at Jack's chains. He grabs the small lock.

JACK
What are you doing?

Matt takes a key out of his pocket and unlocks the chain. He slips it off Jack's foot, freeing him.

They both exchange a glance, a glance that transcends all that has happened before. Jack bites his lip to keep himself from sobbing and nods in gratitude to Matt.

MATT
Get outta here kid.

Jack weakly gets to his feet, using the wall for support. He walks past Matt and out of the room.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Frank pulls up in his taxi.

Across the street, Jack stumbles out of the building and spots Frank. He hides behind the front wall of the house and watches Frank.

Frank opens the trunk to a crazy Sarah, flailing limbs and screams.

Jack watches closely as his sister's face comes into view. He bounces over the wall and sprints at Frank.

Blindsiding him, Jack tackles Frank into the side of the taxi, breaking the grip Frank had on Sarah.

Jack punches and knees Frank even after he has slumped to a mess on the ground. All of the hatred and frustrations come to the surface.

Sarah has to pull Jack away from the assault.

SARAH

Jack!? Jack! Leave him, lets go!
C'mon lets go!

Jack and Sarah start to run away up the street.

Frank gets to his knees, gathering himself, Matt emerges from the abandoned house.

Frank spots him.

FRANK

What the fuck have you done!? You
let him go!?

Frank starts to chase up the street after Jack and Sarah.

MATT

Frank! Frank!

Jack's legs fail him and he falls. Sarah stops and helps him up.

SARAH

C'mon Jack! C'mon!

JACK

My legs are weak! They feel like
jelly.

Sarah puts one of Jack's arms around her shoulder and helps him to run again. With a quick glance behind, Sarah sees that Frank is gaining ground on them.

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

Jack and Sarah make it to a busy crossroads of the city. The traffic is too thick to cross so they hover at the edge of the road. They seek desperately for an opening in the traffic but are stuck to the spot.

Sarah hears a grunt from behind them but has no time to react as Frank grabs hold of Jack and throws him to the ground.

Sarah tries to intervene but Frank elbows her in the face, sending her to the ground grasping her face in pain.

After the initial pain of the blow, Sarah looks up to see Frank and Jack wrestling by the side of the road.

MATT (O.S)
Frank stop! Frank!

Sarah looks back at the street they came from to see Matt rushing to reach Frank and Jack.

MATT (CONT'D)
Frank!

Sarah turns to see Frank and Jack still gripping each other but they lose their balance and fall onto the road.

The first car swerves, crashing into the one in the next lane. The second isn't so lucky.

The car sends both Jack and Frank up over it's hood and crashing back to the ground like rag dolls. The car skids to a halt.

Sarah and Matt both shout and scream. Jack and Frank lay motionless on the road.

INT. HOSPITAL - FRANK'S WARD - NIGHT

Jack's father Colin stands at the doorway of Frank's room. He stares into the room in anger, disgust.

Frank is asleep, bruised and battered. Linked up to drips and a large bandage covering most of his head.

A NURSE tending to Frank notices Colin at the doorway.

NURSE
Sorry sir, are you a relative?

COLIN
No I'm not.

NURSE
Then I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave sir.

Colin slumps off the doorway and makes his way down the corridor to an elevator.

He takes the elevator two floors down and walks along another corridor. He enters another patient's room.

Jack's Lisa Lisa and Sarah turn in their chairs to see Colin enter. Jack is laid in the bed, sore but awake.

COLIN

They've got that bastard two floors up.

JACK

Did the cops get the camcorder?

COLIN

Yeah, him and his friend are both fucked. Detective Doyle is on top of it all. Says we've nothing to worry about, they've got them.

Jack lays back in his bed, hes safe now.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Colin wheels Jack out of the hospital doors on his wheelchair. Sarah and Lisa follow closely behind.

Journalists and cameramen swarm in on them. Police do their best to clear a path to their car.

They all get in and drive off from the media storm.

INT. HOME - DAY

The front door opens and Colin lifts Jack in on his wheelchair. Sarah and Lisa come in and close the door behind them.

LISA

I'll put some food on.

SARAH

I'll help.

Sarah disappears to the kitchen with Lisa.

Colin wheels Jack beside the stairs.

COLIN

Wait here a minute Jack, I've gotta get a few things from the car.

Colin leaves the house to go to the car.

Jack looks around and then down to his legs. He rubs his thighs one by one. He then uses the arms of the wheelchair to hoist himself to his feet.

He stumbles as his feet take the weight and he falls into the banister of the stairs to catch himself. He slowly makes his way up the stairs, step by step. He walks down the hallway leaning on the wall and enters his room.

He opens the door and loses his balance, falling into his room and landing on his hand and knees on his rug.

He crawls up to his bed and rests his arms up on it. He runs his hand along the smooth, fresh sheets. He then throws the sheets back and weakly climbs into bed fully clothed. He pulls the sheets back over himself and hugs them tightly.

Jack then hears the front door open and close again.

COLIN

Jack?...Jack!

The noise of panic fills the downstairs of the house until Jack hears the rush of footsteps come up the stairs.

Colin rushes into the room and sees Jack in bed, his face to the wall.

LISA (O.S)

Is he up there!?

Colin shouts back.

COLIN

Yeah, he's here!

Colin stops and stares at Jack for a moment before leaving and closing the door behind him.

Jack closes his eyes.

SOME MONTHS LATER...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Detective Doyle watches from his seat in the gallery as the judge reads out the sentences for Matt and Frank. He looks over his shoulder to see Jack and his family.

He nods to Colin who nods back.

The judge starts reading out the charges.

Jack is fixated on the back of Frank's head.

Frank is stood between TWO GUARDS. They catch him from falling as his knees give way once the judge delivers his sentence.

Once Frank regains his balance he starts to fight with the Two Guards, lunging towards the exit, kicking and flailing his arms.

The guards restrain him and take him to the ground. Frank screams loudly, the entire gallery get to their feet to see the commotion.

Amidst it all, Jack remains seated, calm.

Frank and Matt are lead away and everyone starts to filter out of the courtroom.

SUPER "2 months later"

INT. CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

Jack is in a cubicle of the changing rooms in front of a mirror, sporting a new jumper.

He looks at himself, still bruised and hurting.

He pulls the sleeves of the jumper down to cover the chain marks still visible on his wrists. He exits the cubicle on a pair of crutches.

As Jack closes his cubicle door and moves to leave, another cubicle door swings open, knocking one of the crutches out of his hands.

He stumbles a little and bends down to reach for his crutch.

DRUNK GIRL

I'm so sorry.

Jack sees Drunk Girl's hand reach down and pick up the crutch, putting it back into his hand.

JACK

Thank you.

Jack looks up to recognize Drunk Girl, the same Drunk Girl that he helped that night he was abducted, the reason for his torment.

DRUNK GIRL

Do I know you?

Jack plays dumb.

JACK
Nah, sorry I don't think I've saw
you before.

DRUNK GIRL
You just look familiar

Jack gestures the crutch at her.

JACK
Thanks

DRUNK GIRL
No problem, sorry about that.

JACK
Don't worry about it.

Jack limps off as Drunk Girl watches him leave, puzzled.

EXT. HUGH STREET - DAY

Jack leaves the shop into the crowd of the busy high
street. He pauses, a sigh, a cleansing relaxing sigh before
he disappears into the crowd.

FADE OUT.

THE END.