

Gold Standard

By Alison Wood

EXT. COUNTRY LAY-BY FRAN IS SPEAKING INTO HER PHONE
STANDING NEXT TO HER BROKEN DOWN BMW CAR WITH HAZARDS
FLASHING

FRAN

No. Listen. I was already in a
queue. You said they'd be here 20
minutes ago! Well...how close is
he? No, you said 5 minutes 10
minutes ago! I have gold standard
rescue and this is...

Cue flat bed truck arriving, slowing down but not stopping.

FRAN

Finally. He's here now.
(Fran hangs up)

FRAN

(Realising the truck isn't
stopping)
Hey! Wait! Here!

Flat bed truck driver slows as he sees Fran in his mirror
and reverses.

FRAN

Seriously. Hello? Hazards? Waving?
Dipshit.

The driver wearing a hi-vis vest gets out of the van and
walks towards the car.

FRAN

I can honestly say that this
service is shite and how utterly...

Fran is interrupted by her mobile ringing. She answers, her
demeanour completely altered. THE hi- vis man starts to
open and look under the bonnet.

FRAN

Mr Chicera! Pleasure! Yes yes. At the vault. I have the paperwork all here for you to sign...

CLOSE UP ON OFFICIAL LOOKING DOCUMENTATION IN FRAN'S CAR

FRAN

(lowers her voice and walks away from the hi-vis man in case he should overhear)
Honestly. I promise when Big Ben strikes noon, the Herrgarten Associates won't know a thing about it and by then it'll be too late.

HI-VIS MAN

Need your keys.

Fran starts to fumble in her hand bag for the keys whilst still schmoozing on the phone.

FRAN

No no. That won't happen again I have every confidence that...

Fran hands Hi-vis man the keys and he starts to load the car.

FRAN

...it will go like clockwork. And the Dom Perignon is my treat. No, no, that's right, of course you don't drink. Golden TeA bags then! Whatever you want. I can make it happen! Don't I always?

(Looks at her watch)

Yes, yes. 11.30. (hangs up)

FRAN

(TO HI VIS MAN)

Seriously you need to move faster! I've got Gold membership. I'll need a decent replacement car so that...

Fran's phone rings again.

FRAN

Kara! Thank god. Get down to the Hilton a sap. The vault appointment window can't be...actually wait...

(Fran shouts to the hi vis man as he finishes loading the car) Hey! What about that roadside assistance where you fix my car here so I can drive it away?

(HI-VIS MAN shruggs)

FRAN

(Into her phone)

Useless. Effing useless. Listen, I'm going to need you to make some calls but don't let Chicera go until I get there. You'll think of something. I have to go. I've got another call.

CLOSE UP: FRAN'S PHONE 'RECOVERY 24/7' RINGING. SHE ENDS AND ACCEPTS.

FRAN

Look just cancel the courtesy car now... What? No, well just update your system, he's here. Not that he's any use. He can't mend it roadside...

Hi vis man begins driving off so Fran runs to the passenger cab door.

FRAN

Wait. I need you to take me to the nearest taxi rank I...

HI-VIS MAN

Not possible. Not insured.

HI VIS MAN DRIVES OFF

FRAN
 (Incredulous)
 What? No!

FRAN
 (Into phone)
 Is this a joke? A recovery company
 that abandons women in the middle
 of butt frick nowhere?!

CLOSE UP: ANOTHER CALL IS COMING IN 'END CALL AND ACCEPT MR
 CHICHERA'

(Horror dawns on Frans face
 as she cuts off both calls)

FRAN
 The papers. My papers!

WIDE SHOT OF FLAT BED TRUCK AND BMW DISAPPEARING.

(Fran anxiously fiddles with
 her phone to dial a taxi)

FRAN
 Taxi. Now. Um the B651 to the
 Hilton hotel. About half way
 along...Look, just send him from
 Purbridge towards the dual
 carriageway and he'll see me. For
 gods sake, can't you see my account
 with you? I spend more than
 enough...

MEDIUM SHOT OF FRAN'S FACE AS SHE SEES A SECOND FLATBED
 TRUCK ARRIVE.

FRAN
 (Into phone)
 Hold.
 (Fran flags down the driver)

FRAN
 (To recovery driver who has
 wound down his window)
 Oh thank goodness! Could I ask you
 to please give me a lift to a taxi
 rank?

RECOVERY DRIVER

Sorry my love but I'm on my way to a job otherwise I would.

FRAN

Fuck's sake. (Into phone). Look just send one as soon as you can. (hangs up)

RECOVERY DRIVER

Look love, I'll give you a lift to my job (looks at his phone sat nav) and if I can get that car fixed and on her way, I'll give you a lift to town. How's that?

(Fran looks grateful and gets in)

FRAN

(Making yet another call)
(To recovery man) God, I need to get your number, you are much better than the shit show of a recovery company I'm with.

(Into her phone) Yes. AE14 gLk. You need to get a message to your idiot driver. He's driven off with my briefcase. In my car. Yes. No.... Well if I was then why would I be ringing you? Clearly your system is even more shit than you are. Yes. You do that.

(Fran hangs up.)

(To the recovery driver)
Honest to god. Piss up in a brewery.

Recovery Driver's phone rings on speaker phone.

CALL CENTER VOICE

Jack, sorry but your job called again. She's left a work bag in her car on your flat bed? Is she not with you?

Fran's mouth drops open in horrified realisation.

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGY GARAGE LOCATION

Hi vis Man jump starting Fran's car and collecting a wad of bank notes and some chunky gold necklaces from a shady looking man covered in bling who drives off in Fran's BMW at speed.

CLOSE UP ON FRAN'S SCATTERED PAPERS 'GOLD BOND TRANSFER DEEDS' IN THE BACK SEAT.

FADE.