

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Let Me Be Frank

Written by
Benicio Da Silva

Copyright (c) 2025

Draft No. #7

Contact:
Beniciodasilvaza@gmail.com

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

1 EXT. ROADSIDE - DARKNESS 1

Tires *SCREECH* against a dirt road. *THUMP!*

2 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT 2

The **left** headlight of an **older model car** illuminates FRANK (20's), young, slim and toned, who lies still. Twitching. A pair of legs step out of the car. They walk past him.

RADIO (V.O)

(muffled)

And for your midnight news update.
The local 'Hitch-Hiking Killer,' whom
authorities have been investigating
for months now, still remains at
large.

3 INT. MAKESHIFT LAB - NIGHT 3

A **bloody scalpel** is thrown into a metal dish. *CLANG!*

RADIO (V.O)

Several victims have been found along
and nearby popular main roads in the
suburban regions of Johannesburg.

The excess thread of a stitch is cut.

RADIO (V.O.)

Some of these roads include
Malibongwe drive among other private
residential roads, where many of the
bodies have been found.

The **scissors** are thrown into the dish. *CLONK!*

ISABELLA (20's), awkward in her stance with long thick black hair and piercing eyes, takes off her **blood covered elastic gloves** and stares at her work.

RADIO (V.O)

The National Commissioner of Police
has released a statement in which he
addresses the suspect in question and
the on-going manhunt - .

Frank lies with his eyes shut and a **stitched slash** running across his forehead.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

4

Frank opens his eyes frantically. The blurry surroundings and lights come into focus.

The room is plain, with white walls and the bed centered.

Frank tries to move but struggles. He has been tied down. His **leg** is in a **brace**, and his **head** thoroughly **bandaged**.

His bedside only bears a lamp and a **cross**.

The door unlocks. Frank's attention is drawn. Isabella enters.

ISABELLA

Look who's up? (pause) How are you feeling Frank?

Frank glares at her. He tries to speak, but he cannot.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

Don't worry. It'll return. Don't rush it.

Isabella places down her tray, only grabbing the jar of **baby soft food**.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

Frank, before **I let you be**, you must eat.

Frank hesitantly allows her to spoon feed him.

5 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

5

Isabella is wiping down Frank, who is sat upright, with a cloth and bucket. She is also redressing his wounds.

She then starts stretching him. As she goes to lift Frank's leg up, he flinches and lifts it himself.

ISABELLA

(surprised)

There you go! That's progress!

A smile beams across Frank's face.

Isabella stands up and extends her hands out to Frank.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

Lets try stand then.

Frank, hesitant, slowly tries to find his balance. He trembles as he shakily lifts himself. He clenches to Isabella's palms.

Frank, now just balancing on his feet, tries stepping forward but falls into Isabella's arms.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Okay... Maybe we aren't quite THERE yet. But you did STAND.

She positions an irritable Frank back on the bed, and then exits the room. He punches the bed.

Isabella returns with a **walker** for Frank.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Luckily, I have everything you need.

6 EXT. GARDEN PATIO - DAY

6

A perfectly arranged chess board sits on a cement table, outside in the garden.

Isabella is seated across from Frank and his chess for beginners book. She moves her white pawn first to E4.

ISABELLA
So, you happy to finally be out of that room and doing something?

Frank gently nods. He moves his black pawn right up to hers (E5), copying her.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Well I'm just so happy to see you back on your feet again... Literally!

She moves her White Knight to A3. Frank moves his Black Queen to H4.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
(Still playing)
Hmm. Interesting. You know, I didn't know this would be possible when I found you.

She moves her White Knight to C4. Frank moves his Black Bishop to C5.

FRANK
(stuttering)
What happened to me?

Isabella halts her move.

ISABELLA

Who knows? But it doesn't matter now
anyhow, because you are gonna be
better than before. And there is only
one person to thank for that.

Her White Knight takes his Black Pawn on E5.

FRANK

T-T-Two.

Frank scans the board, thinking. He glances up to her.

FRANK (cont'd)

God.

Frank moves his Black Queen and takes her White Pawn on F2
and places her in Checkmate.

FRANK (cont'd)

(genuine)

Do I win?

Isabella's eyes frantically examine the board.

ISABELLA

Perhaps we do some reading rather?

She sweeps the pieces off the board.

7 INT. LIBRARY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7

Frank is reading the **Bible** that was given to him.

Isabella, seated across from him, oversees him reading,
whilst taking puffs from her cigarette, and turning the
remaining pages through her **torn up biology book**.

Their eyes briefly meet. Frank flinches and returns to his
reading.

ISABELLA

Anything interesting in there?

Frank ignores her.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

Isn't it fascinating Frank, how in
there, only God can bring someone
back from the dead?

FRANK
(stuttering)
I haven't...

Isabella grins. She sips her whiskey as he stutters.

FRANK (cont'd)
(stuttering)
I haven't gotten there yet.

ISABELLA
No need. You're living it.

Frank's eyebrows shoot up.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Let me be frank. Without me, there is
no you. I'M the reason you are still
here. Nobody else.

Frank closes the book.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
And now that, is the work of a god.

Frank, struggling to get up, is determined to exit the room.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Done reading then?

Frank blatantly ignores her and continues to scuffle off.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Maybe tomorrow we'll have a walk in
the garden? Get some exercise?

8 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

8

Flashback begins:

Frank paces down a side walk. He turns, noticing an **older model car** in the distance. The car does not pass him, nor halt. It remains as is, following him.

Flashback ends. CUT TO:

9 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

9

Frank, with his walker in front of him, stares onward blankly, while Isabella searches for flowers to pick.

ISABELLA
(muffled)
Look at how well you are doing today!

Frank's attention is caught.

FRANK
(stuttering)
Sorry what?

ISABELLA
(chuckles)
I asked if you feel as good as you
look Frank?

FRANK
(stuttering)
Kind of. Not really.

A beat.

FRANK (cont'd)
(stuttering)
What did I look like? When you found
me?

Isabella stops right before cutting the plant.

FRANK (cont'd)
(stutters)
Lots of blood?

ISABELLA
Well of course, you'd been hit by a
car!

FRANK
(stutters)
A car hit me?

Frank is now startled. She swiftly turns to face him.

ISABELLA
Well...You must have been. What else
could have happened to you?

A beat.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Let me put it this way. The only
salvageable thing on you was that
cross.

FRANK
(stutters)
Why didn't you take me to a hospital?

ISABELLA
(raising her voice)
The hospital?! They wouldn't have
known how to fix you! If I had taken
you there you would still be dead.

Frank goes quiet, his eyes wide. Isabella composes herself.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
(taking a breath)
I think that's enough outside for
today.

Frank takes a second to think.

FRANK
I'm s-sorry.

Isabella looks to him in disbelief.

FRANK (cont'd)
(stutters)
And thank you. Truly.

Isabella stunned, slowly draws a smirk.

ISABELLA
My pleasure.

10 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

10

Frank is in the bath, struggling to wash himself.

Isabella is seated on the floor next to him, trying not to stare.

FRANK
(stuttering)
Why'd you help me? Why not just leave
me there?

ISABELLA
Well. My mother had an unusual
condition. When she was taken away
from me, I didn't know what to do.
Nobody wanted to help her. Except for
me. And I didn't think anything could
have been done. Until I found you.
(MORE)

ISABELLA (cont'd)
I had been looking for someone else
in need of my help. I was too late
for her, but at least it was for
something.

They stare at each other as if in a contest.

11 INT. FRANKS ROOM - NIGHT

11

Isabella helps Frank into bed and tucks him in.

ISABELLA
Good night Frank. I'm just down the
hall if you need anything.

Frank nods and starts closing his eyes. His room key in her
hand, Isabella leaves, forgetting to lock the door.

Frank, wide awake, gets up as swiftly as he can and to his
surprise, manages to creek the door open. He peers into the
hallway. The coast is clear.

12 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

12

Frank creeps out of his room and into another nearby.

13 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

13

He edges the door closed and flicks the light on to reveal..

A desk. Nothing too unusual. By the desk, is an organized
arrangement of books, articles, and framed **torn out pages**
from Isabella's biology book, detailing brain surgery.

Frank approaches. He *CLICKS* the lamp on.

He finds scissors on the desk with a newspaper that has
missing articles and images. One of the cut out pieces is
about the "Hitch-Hiking Killer."

The other, is a cut out article detailing a victim of the
serial killer. The victims photo shows them wearing
something he recognizes. His **cross**?!

He takes the **cross** off, and gently places it on the photo.

He opens the first drawer of the desk beneath. There he
finds a **blade**. He quivers the drawer shut. He puts the
lights off, and slowly sneaks out.

14 ISABELLA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 14

Isabella is seated at her vanity, staring in the mirror and placing on eye cream, when she notices Frank's room key.

She raises it, doubting herself.

15 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 15

As Frank inches the door closed, he hears a **noise**.

Frank gallops out of the square hallway, and into the hidden far end of the house. As he exits, Isabella comes prancing down the staircase.

16 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 16

Frank flicks the lights on, revealing an **older model car**.

Frank slowly approaches the car, discovering dried blood on the **left hand side headlight**.

17 INT. FRANKS ROOM - NIGHT 17

Isabella turns the knob, opens the door and scouts the room.

18 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 18

Frank slowly steps back in horror and bumps into a **top-loading freezer**. He turns around and slowly opens it.

He covers his mouth in shock, and drops the freezer door closed, revealing Isabella in the threshold beside him.

19 INT. FRANKS ROOM - MORNING 19

Frank slowly opens his eyes. He tries to move. Nothing. He sees that he has been tied to the bed - **Restricted**.

The **cross** yet again, is placed on his bed side.

Isabella suddenly enters.

FRANK
(stutters)
What's going on?

ISABELLA
You don't remember?

Frank, blinking profusely, awaits an explanation.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
(sternly)
You went snooping around my house!

She sits at the foot of the bed. Forcing eye contact.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
As if I haven't done so much for
you. ALL I've done is help. That's
been my sole intention. And for what?
I demand an apology.

FRANK
(stutters)
Not until you tell me what that was
in the freezer?

ISABELLA
(without hesitation)
Sure. The brains of some cadavers.

Frank's eyes widen.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Well it's not like anybody will miss
them. They were donated to the school
and I needed parts for you. So I took
it. They get like five more weekly.

FRANK
(stutters)
And the car?

ISABELLA
I hit a dog, last week. You were
already here Frank. Resting.

Frank turns and looks to the cross.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
Look, I realize how this all looks -

FRANK
(interrupting her)
Was I really wearing that?

A beat.

ISABELLA
I never said that you were wearing
it. It was in your pocket. I swear.

Isabella collects the cross off the bedside before leaving.

20 INT. DINING ROOM

20

Frank is seated at the dining table. Isabella places down his meal. She straightens his crooked **steak knife**.

Isabella gestures for Frank to dig in.

FRANK
(minor stutter)
I'm not really that hungry.

Isabella storms up and snatches the plates. Everything else remains on the table as it was.

As she throws the plates in the sink, she realizes what she left. With calculated steps, she approaches the cupboard.

Just visible in Frank's peripheral vision, he sees Isabella opening a cupboard and readying something.

FRANK (cont'd)
Do you want my love or p-praise?

ISABELLA
I want to help. Right the wrong.

FRANK
Y-You say you are like God, but who brought you here? If you're such a gift, then you were b-bestowed, no? But maybe you're not.

She slowly fills the **syringe** with her back still turned.

FRANK (cont'd)
God doesn't kill, we do. You have. Nearly killed me. You didn't know that your little experiment would actually work. All you know, are your sick fantasies. And those are what will kill you. If I have you to thank, for living and breathing, for my thinking. Then I have you to thank for your death.

She turns to him, hiding the **syringe behind her back**.

FRANK (cont'd)
But don't worry, I won't poke around your brain.

ISABELLA
You didn't stutter.

Isabella calmly approaches Frank, clinging to the **needle**.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
You read that somewhere?

Once close, Frank grabs the **steak knife** and stabs her in the stomach, wrestles the syringe out of her hand and throws her to the ground. He places the steak knife on the counter.

He exits the room. Isabella struggles for the knife.

He returns with the **blade** from the office.

He then repeatedly and violently hacks her over and over again. Blood splatters everywhere. He only stops when he is **drenched in blood**.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
(choking on blood)
B-But I f-f-fixed you.

She reaches her hand out to him. He teases reaching back, but then pulls away.

FRANK
(calmly)
Now who's stuttering?

Her hand falls to the floor and her body is now still.

21 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

21

Frank returns to the desk. Opens the drawers. Nothing.

He searches frantically all over. He approaches the cupboard and opens it. He parts the hanging clothes, finding behind them on the wall, a **pin-board second shrine**.

This one however, is a **mess**. Articles and **ripped out pages** about parts of the brain responsible for addictions and dangerous tendencies can be made out.

With a **red thread** they are then linked to torn out articles detailing murders and the victims of the "*Hitch-Hiking Killer*." Pictures of more victims stare from the wall.

There, dangling over the same victim photo as earlier, is the **cross**.

His hands tremble as he places it back on. He further scans the board for answers, finding the corner of a larger image hidden beneath the chaos.

He lifts the other papers and tears this one to the light.

Then in his bloody, shaky hands, he stares at a **police sketch of himself**. The words "Highly Dangerous," "Suspect" and "WANTED" are zoomed in on. He scrunches it up.

22 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 22

Frank washes the blood off of his face in the basin. As he wipes his face dry, he looks in the mirror. His clothes still covered in blood.

23 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT 23

Flashback begins:

Frank dangles the **cross** before placing it in his pant pocket.

Frank paces along the sidewalk of a busy road. He then takes the same **blade** out of his sleeve and places it into his jacket pocket.

Frank raises his thumb to a **car** in the **distance**. The car speeds up.

Flashback ends. CUT TO:

24 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 24

Frank stares at his reflection with leaking eyes. He grabs the **cross**.

CUT TO: **DARKNESS**

For now this is **Frank. Let him be.**

The END.