

**NEVERlost**

by  
Chad Archibald

**FRANK SIDES**

**CHARACTER:**

**Name:** Josh's Father - FRANK

**Sex:** Male

**Age:** Late 60's

**Ethnicity:** Caucasian

**# of estimated shoot days:** 2 or 3

**Description:** Joh's Father is a quiet old man who cares for Josh but is shadowed by Josh's mother's constant affection in most cases.

**BLACK FAWN FILMS**

150 Vondrau Drive,  
Cambridge Ontario Canada

O.519.650.4465 ext. 225  
C.519-362-5623

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

FRANK is sitting on his favorite lazy boy with a 5 young children sitting in front of him listening to the story that he is telling.

FRANK (EXCITED)

So I jumped from the trench and started running, Planes were flying 20 feet above me dropping bombs, people are shooting at me. All I can hear is gun fire and the blood curdling screams of my brothers as the enemy's gunfire tears through their limbs. Suddenly I trip on some barb wire and fall to the ground. I couldn't even see the cut there was so much blood gushing from my leg. I tear off a piece of my shirt and wrap it around tight. I know my mission and I can't let a little leg wound stop me now. There's no time to feel sorry for my self. I get up and keep running towards the enemy trench. By now most of my comrades have fallen but I can still see a few of our men running in front of me and all I can think is "My country is counting on me to kill some Germans!". That's why I'm here. SO I keep running "BAM" LAND MINE. Dirt flies everywhere. Body parts are hitting me, all I can smell is burning flesh. All I hear is screaming soldiers. I'm falling! GUN FIRE, EXPLOSIONS, THERE'S BLOOD IN MY EYES. I'M YELLING FOR....

ABIGAIL

(STERN)  
FRANK!

FRANK looks over to see his wife Abigail giving him a stern look. She motions her head towards the children. FRANK looks down to them. Their faces are white. One boy is hiding behind the couch. Another is crying. One is locked onto FRANK's story. ABIGAIL walks into the living room and gathers the kids.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Come on kids. Lets get something to eat. Don't listen to Uncle Frank. He wasn't even in the war.

The one boy walks up to FRANK and whispers.

BOY

What happened next?

FRANK glances over to ABIGAIL who has her hand's full with the rest of the kids.

FRANK (QUIETLY)

...So I look up and there are 6 enemy soldiers with guns to my head..

ABIGAIL

FRANK!

FRANK sits up quickly and acts as innocent as possible. His eyes look down to the bot and he whispers.

FRANK

I'll tell ya another time.

The little boy, still amazed from FRANK's story, nods his head and runs off.

FRANK sits back in his chair and smiles.