“CRIME OF PASSION”

Written

By

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MATT ROGERS, 34, sits on a tattered couch, blankly staring at the television.

He has dark, curly hair and an unshaven face. Matt is shirtless, wearing only a pair of well-worn sweat pants. A cigarette dangles from his mouth as he checks his watch.

Headlights from a car pulling into the driveway cast shadows across the room through the half open blinds.

The front door opens and enters SARA LAWSON, 30, tall, blonde hair, and beautiful. She’s dressed formally, looking as if she just got home from work.

Matt is there to meet her.

SARA
Hey.

MATT
Late night at the office?

SARA
We had a meeting.

MATT
It’s eight-thirty. Work gets off at five.

SARA
Yeah, we ran late.

MATT
Three and a half hours?

SARA
You know how it goes.

Sara kisses Matt before walking passed him.

INT. KITCHEN

Sara rifles through the fridge and takes out a Coke.
MATT
Is that wine on your breath?

Sara stares blankly at Matt for a moment. Takes a sip of her soda.

SARA
What?

MATT
You heard me. I asked if that was alcohol on your breath?

SARA
No.

MATT
You’re lying to me.

SARA
What do you care?

MATT
Drinking at the office?

SARA
Yeah, it was a birthday party. I had a glass.

MATT
I thought you had a meeting?

SARA
Honey, what’s with all the questions?

MATT
I don’t believe you. First you say "no" that’s not alcohol on your breath and now you say it is?

SARA
Come on, let’s go to bed.

MATT
So who’s birthday was it?
Matt follows Sara down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM

SARA
What? Oh, um... it was Greg’s.

MATT
Who’s Greg?

SARA
A coworker.

MATT
How old is he?

SARA
I don’t know... probably...

MATT
You just came from his birthday party and you don’t know how old he is?

SARA
I’m tried Matt.

Sara grabs her pajamas from the closet.

MATT
So this party, was it before or after the meeting?

SARA
Before.

MATT
If it was before, why do I smell alcohol on your breath now?

SARA
Because... I had a sip in the car.

MATT
You drank while driving?
SARA
Just a sip.

MATT
Let me see it.

Matt follows Sara into...

INT. BATHROOM

SARA
See what?

Sara starts getting undressed.

MATT
You said you were drinking, I want to see the bottle.

SARA
It’s in the car.

MATT
Then go and get it.

SARA
No.

MATT
No?

SARA
No. You’re being ridiculous.

Sara turns the shower on.

MATT
What are you doing?

SARA
What does it look like, I’m taking a shower...

MATT
I thought you took a shower this morning.
SARA
I want to take another one. Good
God babe, you need to chill.

MATT
Why don’t you stop jerking me
around and tell me the truth.

Sara turns off the shower.

SARA
Jerking you around?

MATT
You’re lying to me. I just want the
truth.

SARA
I’m telling you the truth.

MATT
There was no party, was there?

SARA
There was a party. Can I take a
shower now? It’s cold.

MATT
Where was the party?

SARA
Matt, I swear to God –

MATT
No, you know what? You’re right.
There was a party... that’s where
alcohol came from. You’re lying
about the meeting.

SARA
Ok! Whatever, detective Rogers.
What are you going to do next?
Strip search me?
MATT
Why would I have to strip search you?

SARA
It was a figure of speech, you bone head!

MATT
Did you sleep with him?

SARA
You’re sick.

MATT
Let me smell you.

SARA
No.

MATT
Sara, where were you tonight?

SARA
I TOLD YOU WHERE I WAS!

MATT
Where?

SARA
At a meeting!

MATT
What was the meeting about?

SARA
I’m taking a shower.

Matt grabs her arm.

SARA
Let go of me.

MATT
Tell me the truth.
SARA
That is the truth.

MATT
TELL ME THE TRUTH YOU CHEATING LITTLE BITCH!

A moment of shocked silence. Matt’s face is beat-red, his eyes seething, limbs shaking in anger.

SARA
How dare you talk to me that way.
How dare you!

Sara slaps Matt across the face.

MATT
Who were you with?

SARA
Fuck you.

MATT
Was it Greg?

SARA
Fuck you!

MATT
Did you give him a birthday present?

SARA
FUCK YOU!

MATT
Listen to me you -

Matt grabs her by the arms. She fights his grip.

SARA
You let me go!

MATT
I wanna know! I wanna know right now!
SARA
Fucking get off me!

MATT
Tell me you -

Sara slaps Matt across the face... and runs out of the bathroom.

Matt chases her into

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sara grabs the phone, Matt yanks the phone from her grasp and throws it - CRASHING through the window.

SARA
You’re an animal!

Sara takes off her engagement ring and throws it at Matt.

SARA
Stick this engagement up your ass!
It’s OVER!

MATT
Who was he?

SARA
YOU ARE SICK!

MATT
What it Greg?

Sara, now in tears, heads back for the bedroom. Matt follows her.

INT. BEDROOM

SARA
I’m getting my clothes and I’m leaving!

MATT
Did you fuck him?
SARA
I’m leaving and I’m never coming back.

MATT
Answer me, did you fuck him?

SARA
It’s over. You hear me it’s over.

MATT
DID YOU FUCK HIM?

SARA
Yes!

Matt suddenly recoils. Shocked. Unexpected.

SARA
You happy? I fucked him! I fucked him and he didn’t even use a condom! Then when we were done I got down on my hands and knees and I let him fuck me in the ass. He fucked me in the ass and I LIKED IT!

Matt ATTACKS Sara. Sara scratches and claws at Matt. They fall to the floor. Matt climbs on top of Sara...

They KISS.

A passionate kiss.

HUNGRY. GLORIFIED.

Matt pulls down his pants, Sara spreads her legs...

MATT
Is this how he did it?

SARA
Just like that.

Matt starts to move.
MATT
Like this?

SARA
Harder.

MATT
Like this?

SARA
Harder!

Matt’s hands wrap around her throat. He begins to choke her.

MATT
This hard? Or harder?

The veins in Sara’s forehead begin to bulge.

MATT
Was it harder?

Her face turns red then slowly darkens to purple. Her eyes go wide, and bloodshot.

Her esophagus is crushed with a final CRUNCH.

Sara isn’t moving – her eyes wide with death.

Matt’s expression changes, completing the act, as he collapses on top of his dead fiancé.

Matt gives her a final kiss on the forehead.

EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT – LATER

Matt loading up Sara’s corpse into the back of his car.

EXT. CAR – DRIVING – NIGHT

A lonely and deserted road this time of night.

EXT. OCEAN CLIFFS – NIGHT

The top of a cliff, overlooking the ocean.
Matt unloads Sara’s body from the car. He drags her to the edge of a cliff... and throws her body over the railing.

Her body lands on the rock’s below with a loud CRUNCH.

Matt looks over, down at his finance’s mangled and broken body, blood pouring from her cracked skull.

MATT

Slut.

Matt spits over the railing. Gets into his car and drives off.

THE END.