

MATCH
CHANGE IN CIRCUMSTANCE

Written by

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FADE IN.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

JAMES DONALD, 28, tall and handsome comes jogging out of the ocean dressed only in a pair of swimming trunks.

HELEN DONALD, 25, short, slim and beautiful follows out after him, dressed in a cute little black bikini.

They're both soaked and heading for a small fire that has been set up on the sand and surrounded by large heavy rocks.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

James and Helen are at either side of the fire, sitting on a beach towel each, drying off.

They look across the top of the flames and smile at each other.

HELEN
I love it here.

He nods.

JAMES
I know you do.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

James and Helen are on a sofa together, each with a large glass of red wine and dressed ready for bed.

HELEN
I could easily move down there.

He needs to check.

JAMES
The beach?

She nods.

HELEN
I've seen a place too for sale.

He laughs.

JAMES

Please don't go house hunting
without me.

HELEN

Why not, if you want in how about
putting up some money for a change?

JAMES

Because neither of us has the money
for a house, and it's not the kind
of place I could see myself living.

She gives him a fake laugh.

HELEN

You have the money to do it on your
own even without my help, so don't
lie.

He's irritated.

JAMES

No, I don't. And please don't start
this with me again.

A beat.

HELEN

What would be wrong with it, it
would make me happy?

He double checks.

JAMES

A house on the beach?

HELEN

Yeah. What would be the problem?

He thinks about it.

JAMES

Well why live in a house built on
sand that's just going to get
washed away after thirty years
because of an ever changing tide?

She's annoyed.

HELEN

I'm going back this weekend.

JAMES

How about we do something else?

HELEN

I don't want to.

JAMES

But why not try something else that we'll both like. I think we've been going to that same beach every weekend for the last six years. I want a change.

HELEN

And you also want to spend the money to take us elsewhere?

He rolls his eyes.

JAMES

You know I'll find a job soon, so why are you seeking to turn this into a fight?

HELEN

Because you have the money, but you're saving it for I don't know what.

JAMES

Just drop it, you're being a bitch.

HELEN

I'm not, I'm just asking you to be happy with how things are right now and just let me get on with it.

JAMES

Would it be so bad to go in a different direction for a change?

She shakes her head.

HELEN

I'm happy with what we're doing now, moving to the sea is what we should be thinking about doing. Let's just keep things as they are.

He laughs.

JAMES

But I don't want to end up living
some boring repetitive lifestyle
with you, or with anyone else.

HELEN

You don't want us to move out of
here?

JAMES

Yes, eventually.

HELEN

Then what?

JAMES

I want us to wait.

She shakes her head.

HELEN

I'm tired of waiting. I've already
given you seven years of my life,
and I'll give you no more.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

James sits up in a darkened corner of the bar with KYLE
BENNY, 30, short, a little overweight with small dark brown
eyes.

Each with a bottle of beer in hand.

Kyle looks across at James, smiling.

James drinks some of his beer.

Kyle laughs.

KYLE

I need more friends.

James laughs back at him.

JAMES

Why?

KYLE

Because this is turning out to be
the worst stag party there has ever
been in his town.

JAMES

This is just a warm up, have faith.
My wife found us a strip club to go
to. Looks pretty awesome.

Kyle's horrified.

A beat.

KYLE

You let your wife pick the place,
oh my god.

JAMES

Don't worry.

Kyle shakes his head, drinks his beer.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

James's driving.

Kyle's in the front passenger seat next to him, drinking
another beer.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

James and Kyle wait together at the strip club bar, two
dancers walk around towards them.

The first, 19, a tall blonde GIRL grabs a hold of Kyle and
leads him away.

The second, BECKY, 22, short cut red hair, tattoos and
beautiful grabs a hold of James and leads him to the other
side of the club.

Both men smiling excited, barely able to contain themselves.

INT. STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

James is alone with Becky, she's dancing. He's really into
it.

She stops, turns around to face him, smiling.

He's smiling back at her, laughs a little nervous.

JAMES

I've never done this before, so please don't take this the wrong way but how much do I give you. I don't want to offend.

She laughs, shakes her head.

BECKY

I don't want any money from you. It's free.

JAMES

But you must?

Still shaking her head.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Why?

BECKY

I like you. You seem like a nice guy, so let me do this for you. No money. I don't want any from you.

He laughs.

She starts to give him another lap dance.

He wants to protest, but can't. Gives in and lets her do it.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CAR PARK - NIGHT

James is at the side of his car, has his mobile phone in his hands.

Texts 'where are you,' sends it to Kyle.

Becky comes over to him, a coat on and ready to go home. She's smiling.

BECKY

Hey.

He sees her, smiles back. Puts his phone away.

JAMES

Oh hey, I had a great time tonight. So thanks.

She stops in front of him.

BECKY
Good, my cars broken down, you
think you might owe me a favour?

JAMES
Yeah, I do owe you one but isn't
there anyone else you can call?

She laughs.

BECKY
You don't have to be scared of me.

JAMES
I'm not, but I'm married.

BECKY
Is she here with you no?

He laughs.

JAMES
No.

BECKY
My car is totalled, I just need a
ride home.

JAMES
I just don't know if I should?

She smiles.

BECKY
Oh course you should.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

James is in the drivers seat with Becky next to him, cruising
along, just driving.

He's watching as she snorts up some kind of powder up into
her nose.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

James's parked up.

Becky's now sitting on his lap and they're kissing.

She pulls down her jeans to her ankles then does the same
with his.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

Becky's back on the front passenger seat.

James drums his hands down against the steering wheel, looks across at her.

They're smiling happily at each other.

JAMES

That was amazing. Tonight has been the most fun I've had for so many years.

She laughs.

BECKY

But after tonight I'm not going to see you again?

JAMES

Not true, not if you don't want to?

BECKY

I think I really like you, but my life is a horrible mess, I've been living out of my car for the last four months and now that doesn't even work.

He laughs.

JAMES

Then where the hell am I giving you a lift to. That's what you asked for from me, a lift?

She laughs.

BECKY

I guess I just wanted to talk to you.

He nods, trying to understand.

JAMES

Then talk.

She takes down a deep breath.

BECKY

I left home when I was fifteen, had all kinds of jobs and now do this.
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm not asking to be recused or saved but I am asking to have the chance to live a nice life. But I don't know how that's ever going to happen for me.

JAMES

And how do you feel about me?

BECKY

You're a nice guy.

A beat.

JAMES

I have money Becky. How about I rent a place for you?

She laughs.

BECKY

Yeah, and you don't think you're wife is going to find out and want to know where all that money is going?

He shakes his head.

JAMES

It's in an account she can't get to. She knows about it but she's never seen it and I've never admitted to it. Let me help you.

BECKY

I don't believe you.

He smiles.

He reaches into his jackets pocket and pulls out his wallet. Takes out a silver bank card, wavers it in front of her face.

JAMES

I have a quarter of a million dollars in this.

She smiles.

A beat.

BECKY

That's what I needed to hear. And by the way.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

I grew up in a large family of six,
my parents are still married and
are still very much in love. I went
to a very good school and never
really had a job, a part from what
I do now.

He's totally lost, confused.

JAMES

What the hell are you talking
about?

BECKY

And the reason I slept with you is
because I do find you kind of cute,
but I've already made the deal, but
no hard feelings from my side.

She then reaches down by her feet, picks up and quickly stabs
a syringe deep into his chest, knocking him back and taking
his breath away.

INT. CAFE - FLAHSBACK - DAY

Becky's sitting at a table with Susan, a cup of coffee each.

Susan's talking as Becky's listening.

Susan gives her a photograph of James, and an envelope
stuffed fat with money and then continues explaining, talking
with her hands.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

Becky now pushes on the syringes and pumps the clear liquid
inside of James before she then pulls it back out of him
again.

He freezes.

She now takes the bank card from him and exits out of the
car, gently closing her door shut behind her.

James can't talk, he falls forwards struggling to breath.

He's trapped.

He tries to fight but it's no good.

A beat.

He's dead.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END