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.
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.

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

Don’t worry.

Kyle shakes his head, drinks his beer.

James is driving.

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

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.

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)
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.

And how do you feel about me?

You’re a nice guy.

A beat.

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

She laughs.

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.

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.

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.

I have a quarter of a million dollars in this.

She smiles.

A beat.

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

(MORE)
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