

PLAYING FOR KEEPS

A film by David Ward, Phil Collinge & Andy Lord
Based on Inevitable Consequences by David Ward.

Running time ten minutes

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FADE IN

01. INT. KITCHEN MORNING

SANDRA (25-30ish) sits at the **KITCHEN TABLE** in her **NIGHTDRESS** eating **BREAKFAST CEREAL**. **BRIAN** (25-30ish), dressed smartly in a **SUIT**, enters through the **KITCHEN DOOR** whistling to himself happily.

BRIAN puts his hands on **SANDRA'S** shoulders, reaches over and kisses her cheek.

BRIAN

Morning darling.

SANDRA doesn't answer. **BRIAN** walks to one of the **KITCHEN WORK SURFACES**.

BRIAN

Chilly outside.

SANDRA

(Unenthusiastically)
Is there?

BRIAN frowns in confusion. He turns his back to **SANDRA** as he pops a couple of rounds of **BREAD** in the **TOASTER**.

BRIAN

Thought I'd pop home and have some
breakfast before going to work.

No answer.

BRIAN

Any coffee?

SANDRA

Just made.

SANDRA sips her **COFFEE**.

SANDRA

So - how was it?

BRIAN is pouring himself a *COFFEE* with his back still turned to **SANDRA**. There is a pause before he answers.

BRIAN

Fine.

SANDRA

Is that it? ... Fine?

BRIAN takes a drink; he keeps his back turned to **SANDRA** waiting for the *TOAST* to pop up.

BRIAN

What do you want me to say?

SANDRA

You went through with it then?

The *TOAST* pops up out of the *TOASTER*.

BRIAN

Where's the butter?

SANDRA

On the table.

BRIAN turns around, walks to the *TABLE* and reaches out for the *BUTTER DISH*. **SANDRA** slams her hand over **BRIAN'S**.

SANDRA

Sit down.

BRIAN

(Hurt)

I'm buttering my toast.

SANDRA

Bring it over here, we need to talk.

BRIAN gets his *COFFEE* and *TOAST* and sits at the *KITCHEN TABLE*, facing **SANDRA**. **SANDRA** passes **BRIAN** a *KNIFE*; he spreads *BUTTER* on his *TOAST*. **SANDRA** is looking seriously at **BRIAN**.

BRIAN

(Smiling)

What are we talking about then?

SANDRA

Our marriage would be a good place to start, don't you think?

BRIAN

(Shrugs)

It's fine, isn't it? ... Anyway, I thought we'd agreed all this.

SANDRA sits back in her CHAIR.

SANDRA

What happened?

BRIAN

To our marriage?

SANDRA

Last night.

BRIAN

Oh, last night.

SANDRA

Yes, it did happen I suppose? ... Or have you still got the money?

BRIAN

There's no need for you to know the details is there. Christ, You never said there was going to be a post mortem ... I don't want to talk about it OK?

Pause.

SANDRA

Fine ... I just thought you might like to know that I've done what you suggested.

BRIAN

What!?

SANDRA

Last night. I went through the list and I made some phone calls.

Pause.

BRIAN

How many? Who to?

SANDRA

Not many. Just names.

BRIAN

And?

SANDRA

And what?

BRIAN

Did you get a positive response?

SANDRA

There was one.

BRIAN

And?

SANDRA

We talked.

BRIAN

And?

SANDRA

We met.

BRIAN

(Shocked)
You met?!

SANDRA

Yes.

BRIAN

Without me?!

SANDRA

It looks that way doesn't it? ...
Anyway you were busy last night.

Pause.

BRIAN

Where did you meet?!

SANDRA

He came here.

BRIAN

(Astounded)

Here!?

SANDRA

Yes here!

Pause.

BRIAN

And what happened when he got here!?

Long pause - **BRIAN** waits - shocked.

SANDRA

(Mocking)

Oh there's no need for you to know the details is there? You never said there was going to be a post mortem...I don't want to talk about it.

BRIAN

Well I do want to talk about it!

SANDRA

Well you tell me about yours and I'll tell you about mine.

BRIAN

Wha!! ... Ok ... Ok - let's stay calm about this ... We'll take turns, you ask a question and then I'll ask a question.

SANDRA

Straight answers, no lies?

BRIAN

I can tell when you're lying anyway.

SANDRA

Oh you can, can you?

BRIAN

Look, there'll be no lies - Ok?

SANDRA

Me first?

BRIAN

Fire away.

Long pause.

SANDRA

Do you really want to do this?

BRIAN

Do you?

SANDRA

I asked first. You can't answer a question with a question. I asked 'Do you really want this?' ... So, what's your answer?

Pause.

BRIAN

Yes... Let's do it.

***SANDRA** stands up and paces around the kitchen. She sits back in her CHAIR, takes a deep breath and composes herself.*

*Long pause. **BRIAN** stares deeply into **Sandra's** eyes.*

BRIAN

Did he fuck you?

***SANDRA** drops her head to stare down at the TABLE. **BRIAN** grips his COFFEE MUG tightly. **SANDRA** tenses and shakes a little. She nods, tears flow.*

BRIAN

I'm waiting for an answer.

SANDRA collapses on the TABLETOP.

SANDRA

(Sobbing)

Yes.

BRIAN rises off his chair and throws his COFFEE MUG across the kitchen at the wall. The MUG smashes.

SANDRA continues to sob. **BRIAN** paces about in anger, then sits back down and tries to calm himself.

BRIAN

Your question.

SANDRA

(Sobbing)

Stop it Brian!

BRIAN

Come on ask me your question.

SANDRA

(Sobbing only a little)

I don't have a question.

BRIAN

Yes you do. We both know you do, so ask it.

SANDRA

I don't want to know the answer.

BRIAN

Well I want to GIVE you the answer. So ask me the question!

Pause.

SANDRA

(Crying)

Do you remember Paris - last winter?

BRIAN

That isn't the question.

SANDRA

How it rained all week?

BRIAN

That isn't the question.

SANDRA

That café near the hotel.

BRIAN

Ask me the question!

SANDRA

(Laughing through the tears)
That funny man, you know, the
porter?!

BRIAN

That still isn't the question
Sandra.

SANDRA

(Screams through tears)
It is the fucking question! It's
my question and I can ask whatever
fucking question I want.
(Pauses. Calms down)
Ok ... Ok.

Pause.

BRIAN

Well?

SANDRA

(Sadly)
What do you think Paris would be
like in summertime?

Pause.

BRIAN

Are you asking me to go to Paris?

SANDRA

There'd be no point.

BRIAN

Why not?

SANDRA

(Smiles through a tear)
That's two questions. You're cheating - like you do when we play monopoly ... It's my turn.

BRIAN

Go on.

Pause.

SANDRA

Can I have a divorce?

BRIAN

(Shocked)
A divorce?!

*From behind **BRIAN**, **JEROME** (a tall black man - 19ish) wearing a DRESSING GOWN enters the kitchen from the hall. **SANDRA** looks up at **JEROME**.*

***JEROME** walks to the WORKTOP where the COFFEE is. **BRIAN** looks over at **JEROME** in complete horror.*

JEROME

(To BRIAN)
I hope you don't mind me borrowing your dressing gown ... I'll just pour myself a coffee then I'll get out of your way.

***JEROME** turns his back on **BRIAN** and **SANDRA** and pours a COFFEE.*

***BRIAN** still looks astounded. **SANDRA** reveals a slight smirk on her face, which she tries her hardest to prevent from showing.*

***JEROME** turns around with a MUG of COFFEE in his hand.*

JEROME

(To SANDRA and BRIAN)
I'll go in the other room and watch some telly. Sorry to disturb you.

JEROME walks out of the Kitchen.

BRIAN

(To SANDRA) (Complete shock)
(Points behind him)
That?! ... Was? (pause) him?

SANDRA tries not to laugh; she bites her bottom lip.

BRIAN

He's black!

SANDRA suddenly looks serious.

SANDRA

(Sarcastic)
Shit - is he? Well! ... You'd have
thought he'd have had the courtesy
to tell me wouldn't you?!

BRIAN still looks astounded **SANDRA** points at **BRIAN'S** face.

SANDRA

(Laughing)
Your face.

BRIAN

Her name was Lisa, and she did
things to me that are far too
'disgusting' for you. ... We tried
every position, she knew the Karma
Sutra inside out. We were up doing
it every which way we could - all
night - what a woman! ... And she
was gorgeous, she could have been
a model, she was right up there
with the best. In fact - she was
the most beautiful woman I have
ever laid eyes on!!

SANDRA

God his cock was big! Wow wee,
what a whopper!

BRIAN

I'm not listening.

BRIAN puts his fingers in his ears. **BRIAN** gets up and moves to the window so he has his back to her.

SANDRA

We are talking gi-normous proportions here, and it was up all night, wow, that guy had staying power alright.

BRIAN talks over **SANDRA**, so he can't hear.

BRIAN

(Over SANDRA'S dialogue)
No good talking, I'm not listening, Can't hear a word you're saying.

SANDRA

No premature ejaculation problems last night ...

BRIAN

(Starts to hum and sing)
La - La - La - Le - Le - Le - I'm not listening ... I can't hear you.

SANDRA

(Continues)
... And even when he finally did come - five minutes later and wop! - Straight back up again, eager and ready to please. Not like I'm used to - a tiny little one that flops about here and there, or isn't in the mood, maybe had a bit too much to drink. ... Or ... Or when it finally does get itself up, thirty seconds and that's it pal, that's me done for another week. ... 'I've had my bit of fun, sorry you're still in the starting blocks miss pussy, but that's all your getting from of me'.

BRIAN

You finished?

SANDRA

You interested?!

BRIAN gets up and walks to the door.

BRIAN

Don't expect me back after work tonight.

SANDRA

That's it you go running to ... to your tart or whatever!

BRIAN

I will - and as for the divorce, I'll get on to my solicitor this morning ... I suggest you do the same!

BRIAN leaves, slamming the kitchen door behind him.

SANDRA sits silently for a while. **JEROME** comes into the kitchen and sits facing her.

JEROME

You okay?

SANDRA

Give me six months and I will be.

JEROME

I haven't helped much, have I?

SANDRA

Oh you've helped a lot. You've helped speed up what could have been a very long and messy process ... and him seeing that woman last night, well he gave me justification didn't he? ... Sometimes, things are just bound to happen, the only questions are 'when?' and 'how?'

SANDRA goes to a **DRAWER** and gets her **PURSE**. She counts out three **TWENTY-POUND NOTES**.

JEROME looks uncomfortable.

SANDRA

(Smiling)

What? Come on - it's just a business transaction.

JEROME

Yea. ... But it makes me a ...

SANDRA smiles.

SANDRA

(Interrupting)

An art student ... Who pranced around in a dressing gown for five minutes for sixty quid.

JEROME

I'll go and get changed

As **JEROME** turns to leave, **SANDRA** eyes him up and down, looks towards the door where **BRIAN** left and smiles to herself.

SANDRA

(Seductively to JEROME)

Do you have to? ... After all, I'm a single woman now y'know.

JEROME pauses, and eyes **SANDRA** before shaking his head slowly. He smiles apologetically then turns and exits. **SANDRA** looks around the room sadly.

FADE OUT.