

FINAL FRAME

Written by

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INT.SNOOKER CLUB - DAY

A blue-chalk marked cue ball rolls smoothly over the green baize of a snooker table. Pok! It hits a red ball and stops. The red ball rolls slowly into a corner pocket.

MARCIA RUIZ stands straight, assesses the map of remaining balls. Marcia is alone in the snooker hall.

She moves round the table, leans in again. A quick jab. A red ball misses the pocket, sat just to one side.

TOMAS (O.S.)
You're thinking about her aren't
you.

Marcia stands, turns to TOMAS KOLBE, seated in the gloom, snooker cue in hand awaiting his turn.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
She's on her way here now.

Marcia patrols the table.

MARCIA
I know where she is.

She leans over the table, barely lines up but smacks the cue hard onto the red by the pocket. It slams home.

TOMAS
She's by the door right now.

Marcia spins to face Tomas. He's not there.

MARCIA
(whisper)
I know.

At the far end of the room a door creaks open. The silhouette of a woman in the frame.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
You took your time, I've been out
for three years.

The silhouette walks into the room revealing SONIA KOLBE.

SONIA
No time like the present.

MARCIA
In few minutes there won't be a
present.

Sonia snakes her way around to face Marcia over the table. She lifts a cue. A look at Marcia asking permission.

Marcia shrugs- help yourself- as Sonia lines up on a red.

SONIA

I didn't want to go, still hating you.

Marcia looks to the chair where Tomas has reappeared. He holds his hands out- I told you so.

Pok! The red slides smoothly into side pocket.

SONIA (CONT'D)

I know it was an accident. Tomas told me as he died.

MARCIA

Told you?

SONIA

Twins.

Sonia lines up another. Pok! Down it goes.

SONIA (CONT'D)

I loved you. It felt like a betrayal, I couldn't forgive you.

MARCIA

Couldn't?

Sonia moves close to Marcia smiling, coy, puts down the cue.

SONIA

Can't.

Fast as a whip, Sonia pulls a knife and slams it in between Marcia's ribs.

Behind her, Tomas howls silently as Marcia, staring at Sonia, slides to the floor.

SONIA (CONT'D)

I want you to know it was me that killed you, not God, not a rock, me.

The room ripples, the black ball drops into a pocket- game over.

FADE OUT.