

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.

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. Smack! Cue ball hard on the red. It slams home.

TOMAS  
She's by the door right now.

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

MARCIA  
(whisper)  
I know.

Creak! The door opens. A woman in silhouette.

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

The silhouette walks into the light revealing SONIA KOLBE.

SONIA  
No time like the present.

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

Sonia snakes around to face Marcia over the table. Lifts a cue, looks 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, doing nothing about it.

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

Pok! The red slides smoothly into a side pocket.

SONIA (CONT'D)

I know it wasn't an accident. Tomas  
told me as he died.

MARCIA

'Told' you? He died in the crash!

SONIA

Twins, remember? You were drunk.

Sonia lines up another. Pok! Down it goes.

SONIA (CONT'D)

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

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

MARCIA

Couldn't? Or...

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 space  
rock, me.

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

FADE OUT.