



# QUIRK OF FATE

By

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5<sup>th</sup> Draft

## **SYNOPSIS**

Sully, a waste of human life, answers a phone call from a Henchman collecting a debt for his boss. Emma Hopkins has recently started back at work after having a baby. These two utterly different people will meet with disastrous results. What will happen?

1. INT. DAY. SULLY'S HOME.

FADE IN ONTO A FRONT DOOR.

COME IN TO THE HOUSE. LOOK AROUND AT THE MESS. PIZZA BOXES, CURRY CARTONS, PLATES AND CUPS DOTTED AROUND, AND CLOTHES ALL OVER THE PLACE.

SWITCH TO THE KITCHEN. UNWASHED DISHES, STALE MILK CARTONS, RUBBISH BAG STILL IN THE KITCHEN.

SWITCH TO THE DINING ROOM

*Sully is bent over the table. He snorts something up his nose.*

*Just then, the phone rings.*

*He stands, constantly sniffing up and wiping his nose afterwards.*

*Sully looks bothered at the sound. He tries to ignore it, but eventually gives up and moves towards the sound.*

PICK UP THE PHONE RINGING.

*Sully's hand moves across and answers it.*

SULLY: Hello?

*He waits and listens to the person on the other end. His mood changes from one of annoyance to one of fear.*

SULLY: Yes... Sorry I've not been in contact. I've been trying to get the money together...

*Waits again. He answers quickly, in an attempt to deter the person's questioning.*

SULLY: What? Drugs? No. I haven't the money to buy any...

*Person speaks again. He listens.*

SULLY: I'm working hard to get the money together... I am.

*Waits again.*

SULLY: What! For that amount of money? It's not enough time... I...

*The person speaks so he is quiet.*

SULLY: I will do what I can but...

*His face turns to horror at what the person is saying to him on the other end of the phone line. Tears fill his eyes, and then fall slowly down his cheeks.*

SULLY: No, please... I'll do all I can, but you have to...

*The person speaks again. Sully stands wide mouthed wanting to speak, wanting to prevent any harm to himself.*

SULLY: Please...

*The phone goes dead. Sully slowly replaces the phone. His mouth is open, and tears are in his eyes, with trails down his cheeks. He puts his hands onto the surface that the phone is sat on and drops his head.*

CUT

## 2. INT. DAY. IN AN OFFICE PRINT ROOM.

*A woman is in the print room checking some files. Emma Hopkins opens the door and walks in. Emma is wearing her coat and carrying her bag. She smiles at the woman already in the room.*

*Emma moves straight into the room towards the printer to check for her drawing coming off the machine.*

VICKY: Hi. Its Emma isn't it?

*She turns quickly to answer and then turns back to the printer.*

EMMA: Yes.

VICKY: I'm Vicky, Vicky Stevens.

*She turns to face Vicky.*

EMMA: Hi Vicky. Nice to meet you.

*She turns back to the machine.*

VICKY: I heard you worked here some time ago, but left to have a baby?

EMMA: Yes. I left when I became pregnant.

VICKY: Weren't they funny about the time you had off?

EMMA: No. They were really good. Bill Samson rang me every so often to see when I was coming back... I finally caved in.

VICKY: Bill Samson? The big boss! You must have made an impression.

*Emma smiles.*

EMMA: Maybe?

*Vicky pulls a box down from the shelf above.*

PICK UP PRINTER CONTROL PANEL.

*Emma presses a few buttons on the printer.*

EMMA: Bill's a good man.

*After a couple of moments Vicky speaks again.*

VICKY: So, who minds your daughter while you're at work?

*Emma looks around at Vicky a bit worried about the question.*

VICKY: I'm sorry. I don't mean to pry. I'm three months pregnant... But not many people know.

*Emma is slightly shocked at the news. She smiles.*

EMMA: Congratulations.

VICKY: Thank you.

EMMA: My mother minds my daughter through the day, but not for long. My husband cut his hours, which allowed me to come back. He wanted to spend more time with Isabella.

*Vicky is genuinely surprised.*

VICKY: Wow. I couldn't see my boyfriend doing that. You've got him well trained.

EMMA: Not really. He did it so I could get my career back on track... He's excellent.

*Vicky smiles. Emma smiles as well, but staring into space. Emma breaks from her trance.*

PICK UP HANDBAG.

*She opens her bag, and moving towards Vicky, removes her purse. The purse has a photo in it.*

EMMA:                    This is my daughter, Isabella.

*Vicky looks at the photo. Her face lights up at the sight.*

VICKY:                  She's so beautiful.

EMMA:                  Thanks. A photographer did it. I carry the set with me everywhere.

*Emma places the purse back into her bag. The printer prints her drawing and expels it. Smiling, Emma moves to the printer.*

EMMA:                  Anyway. Home time.

VICKY:                  Yep. I'll be going too when I've finished this filing.

*Emma removes her drawing from the machine and heads for the door. She is carrying her bag.*

EMMA:                  Bye Vicky. Nice to meet you.

VICKY:                  You to. Bye.

CUT

3. EXT. EVENING. OUTSIDE HER HOME.

PICK UP EMPTY SPACE IN FRONT OF A GARDEN GATE.

*A car halts outside a home. The handbrake is clicked on. The door of the car opens and a woman's legs step onto the floor. Emma turns and grabs her handbag and workbag, then stands up. She shuts the door behind her, and locks the door with the key in her hand. Emma moves towards her house.*

PICK UP KEY HOLE.

*At the front door she slips the key into the lock (same bunch of keys that hold the car keys). She turns the key and pushes the door open. She enters the house.*

CUT

4. INT. EVENING. AT HOME A.

*Emma closes the front door behind her. She places the keys back in her bag.*

PICK UP COAT PEGS.

*She hangs her coat onto one of the coat pegs, and then places the bag's handles over it.*

CUT

5. INT. EVENING. AT HOME B.

*Emma enters the Living room. Paul comes into the room from the Kitchen, carrying their baby daughter in his arms.*

PAUL: I thought you were going to the gym?

*Emma smiles back, as she moves towards them.*

EMMA: I am. I forgot my bag. Hello my beautiful girl (to Isabella).

*Paul laughs, and gives her a look, lifting his eyebrows. Emma defends herself, still smiling.*

EMMA: I've had so much to remember during this last week. I'm allowed to forget some things.

Paul gives Emma a look as if agreeing with her. He then changes the subject.

PAUL: Oh, and remember we're having a meal with John and his new girlfriend tonight.

*Emma kisses Isabella's head. She moves away from them both to clear some of the baby's toys away.*

EMMA: I do remember... I like her. John seems so happy these days.

PAUL: It's about time he found someone.

EMMA: It must have been hard for him Paul. His own twin getting married and having a child, while he's had no one.

*Paul contemplates this for a moment. His face turns a touch more serious, but he's doubtful.*

PAUL:                    Maybe Julie is the one... I hope so anyway. He needs a good woman to sort him out.

EMMA:                    I know, but he's still a good man.

PAUL:                    I know... I just don't like the company he keeps!

*Paul looks at her understandingly.*

EMMA:                    Anyway. I better get my bag.

*Paul smiles and nods. Emma leaves the room.*

CUT

6. INT. EVENING. ON THE DOORSTEP.

PICK UP FRONT DOOR.

*The door opens and Emma climbs down the steps holding Isabella in her arms. She hugs her.*

EMMA:                    Bella? Give Mummy a kiss.

*Isabella kisses Emma, and then she is passed to Paul. Emma leans over and kisses Paul.*

PAUL:                    See you in a couple of hours.

EMMA:                    Bye.

*They both smile at each other. Emma backs away then turns to her daughter.*

EMMA:                    Bye baby girl.

*Emma waves at her daughter. Paul smiles.*

*Emma turns away, not wanting to leave. She walks towards the car carrying her gym bag. She slips the key into the lock, and unlocks the door. She opens the driver's door and gets in. She places her bag onto the passenger seat.*

*She puts the key into the ignition, but before she turns it she quickly turns to the gym bag and checks in the top of it. She removes the purse and sighs in relief. She smiles, and looks out at her daughter. She places it back in the bag, and starts the car.*

*The car starts and she drives away. Paul and Isabella wave from the door.*



CUT

7. EXT. DAY. THE COMMON - A.

PICK UP VIEW OF COMMON. CLOSE SHOT OF BENCH AS EMMA SITS DOWN INTO VIEW.

EMMA:                    Thanks for coming.

PICK UP MYSTERIOUS MAN SAT ON BENCH WITH HER.

*The man leans forward towards her.*

MAN:                    You know I would. I'd do anything for you!

*He slides towards her, placing his hand on her arm. Emma slides away and snaps at him.*

EMMA:                    Don't touch me! We cannot do this. I can't do this.

*He is startled. He slides nearer.*

MAN:                    What's wrong? We need each other Emma.

EMMA:                    No! I can't do it to them any more... I won't.

MAN:                    But I love you!

EMMA:                    I'm sorry... I don't love you... I love my baby... I love Paul.

*The man snaps at this.*

MAN:                    No, you don't! You need me!

EMMA:                    No longer... I'm sorry.

*Emma stands from the bench and begins to back away from him.*

MAN:                    No!

*The man stands and lunges forward, grabbing Emma around her throat. They back off the path, onto the grass Emma is choking.*

EMMA:                    You're hurting me.

*The man ignores her pleas.*

MAN: I loved you... I loved you... Bitch!

*Emma loses consciousness and falls to the floor. The man goes down with her, still holding her around the throat.*

*She is still on the floor and he moves his hands away. Emma's eyes are closed.*

*He stands slowly, his hand across his mouth. He is shocked at what he has done. He looks about him. No one is around. He runs away along the path.*

CUT

8. EXT. DAY. THE COMMON - B.

PICK UP SULLY WALKING IN A HOODED TOP.

*Sully walks along the path with his hood up. He comes around a bend surrounded by a bush and trees. As he comes around he notices feet sticking out, then a body. He progresses and sees a woman lying still on the grass, next to the bush.*

*Sully rushes over.*

*She is white with red and blue on her neck. A line of blood is around her closed lips. He checks her pulse. He can't feel one. Suddenly her eyes open. He is startled.*

SULLY: Oh God.

*He immediately removes his phone and begins to dial. Until, he sees her bag on the grass next to him. Things rush through his mind. He remembers the phone call with the henchman. Sully places his phone down. He looks about him. No one is around. He jumps up, grabs the bag, and runs away.*

*Emma's eyes look about her. She is in pain. Her eyes close and she struggles to speak, but only gurgles of blood come out. She winces hard in pain.*

CUT

9. EXT. DAY. AT THE CEMETERY. JUST AFTER FUNERAL SERVICE.

*We move through a Cemetery along a path, low to the ground. Until we land on a man's legs at a grave full of flowers. People are moving away from him, as the service is over. The man kneels down at the graveside. A man stands beside Paul and places his hand upon his shoulder. The hand has a distinct ring upon it. The man begins to move away, and the hand slides away, leaving Paul to his thoughts.*

PICK UP PAUL KNELT DOWN. *His eyes are red.*

*Paul is wearing a black suit, black shoes and a black tie, over a white shirt. He stares at the grave.*

PAUL: Hi babe... I miss you already... I feel as though my heart has been wrenched out through my throat ... If Bella wasn't here I don't think I could go on...  
I thought I would let you know what's been happening since... John and Julie are getting married... I've been asked to be the best man. Julie's pregnant. They were going to tell us at the meal, but... It's John's turn to be happy now...  
I don't think I will ever get over this, over you... But I know that I would rather have had five years of happiness with you, than none at all...

*Paul bursts into tears as he says the last line. He takes a few moments to regain his composure.*

PAUL: I love you so much... And I miss you so much... I, I, promise I will visit next week with Bella... bye babe... I love you.

*Paul climbs to his feet and walks away. He is crying now.*

CUT

10. INT. DAY. AT THE HOME OF THE MUGGER A.

*We are back at Sully's home. There is still the same mess around, but a new mess as well. Piles of bags stand in the corner of the room, with a pile of money at the side. Someone is moving and crashing around the house.*

PICK UP SULLY

*Sully is searching the house for drugs. He has run out, and is coming down off the effect. He moves to the bags, searching around there. On top of the pile is Emma's Gym bag. He moves some bags and disturbs the Gym bag, making the purse fall out. Sully grabs one of the loose bags and throws it across the room.*

SULLY: Where is it? There's gotta be some!

*Sully rubs his face and grimaces. He turns to the money contemplating something.*

*There is a knock on the door that causes Sully to turn suddenly. His face is one of fear. He slowly clambers to his feet and moves through into the living room, to the main window. He moves the curtain so as to look through. He welds back at the sight of the*

*person, and crouches down. He moves quickly away from the window and crouches against the doorframe between the living room and hallway.*

PICK UP THE FRONT DOOR FROM INSIDE.

*A voice comes muffling through the door.*

JOHN:                   Open the door Sully! Don't make me kick it down.

*John waits a moment for the reply.*

JOHN:                   I know you're in there... Come on Sully you've had plenty of time, make this easy on yourself.

PICK UP WINDOW FROM INSIDE.

*John changes his tone. He moves over to the window. There is a net preventing him from seeing in.*

JOHN:                   Come on Sully, I have to do a job here... Bob understands your troubles. I'm just here to collect what I can.

*The mugger climbs to his feet and tentatively moves to the door.*

JOHN:                   That's it Sully. Good man.

*The mugger moves to the door. He removes the chain, and slides two bolts across. He opens the door slowly.*

SULLY:                  Hi John.

*John is stood back from the door. He is calm and collect, while the mugger is looking worried. John is dressed in a good suit, with a flower on the jacket, a white shirt, a tie, and a pair of shiny shoes. He looks exactly like Paul, but wears a box beard. His body is larger, with more muscle.*

JOHN:                   Afternoon Sully. You need to breathe a little. Calm yourself down.

*Sully nods slowly, and puffs out his cheeks. John smiles a little. Then his face changes and he becomes serious.*

JOHN:                   Now Sully. Do you have the money?

CLOSE-UP ON SULLY'S ADAMS APPLE.

*Sully swallows.*

CLOSE-UP ON SULLY'S FACE.

SULLY: I... I've only managed to raise half...

*John is quick as lightning. He flies at the mugger and hits him once in the face. Sully is knocked out cold. (THE CAMERA IS SULLY AS HE IS HIT).*

CAMERA FALLS BACK, FADING TO BLACK.

CUT

11. INT. DAY. AT THE HOME OF THE MUGGER B.

*Sully is lain in a ball on the floor, near the table full of bags, purses and wallets. He is holding his chest, and is rolling in pain. John looks over the table at the number of stolen items upon it. He turns suddenly, and rushes at sully.*

JOHN: You thieving little bastard.

*John flies over and kicks sully in the chest. Sully screams out in pain. John turns away and walks back to the table with the bags, purses and wallets. He looks down at his shoes.*

JOHN: Oh look at that! You've got blood on my shoes.

*John wipes the blood with a cotton bag, then sits back and looks at the mugger on the floor.*

JOHN: Did you know I buried my sister today?

*He waits a moment. The mugger says nothing, except moans in pain.*

JOHN: What? No condolences? You ignorant piece of shit! Let's just say I'm in a very foul mood today Sully.

*John turns away from the mugger, turning his attention to the bags, wallets and purses on the table. He pulls a chair out and scrutinises the plunder. He picks up a Emma's Gym bag and places it on the seat. He removes his gun from the back of his trousers and places it on the table, facing Sully. He sits down, scanning all the bags on the table.*

JOHN: All this effort, and no where near enough money. (Tut. Tut).

*John turns and looks at sully, shaking his head.*

JOHN: I've seen the empty bag of coke. Wasted all that money on your filthy habit. (Laughs) You deserve what's coming Sully.

*He turns back to the table and starts to fling the bags, purses and wallets to the side looking through it all. He picks up a black bag, empties its contents, and palms through it. He then picks up a purse, opens it and roots, but finds nothing. Sully continues to moan on the floor. His head, cheek, and nose are bleeding.*

*John turns on sully, quickly.*

JOHN: Shut up!

*He then turns back to the checking of each bag, purse and wallet. While facing away from sully John says something.*

JOHN: I can't stay here for long Sully. I've got a Wake to get to. But, a job's a job, and they all need to be done.

*John's hands land Emma's purse. He picks it up with no real interest, opens it, and begins to empty the contents. He holds the purse up as he speaks to Sully.*

JOHN: I bet these people would enjoy seeing you like this.

*He turns from Sully to the purse, noticing a picture in it. The smile John had been wearing since he stormed into the house disappears in an instant. He looks long and hard at the photo, unable to speak. His mouth is open and he has horror in his eyes.*

*He speaks in an upset tone. His eyes fill with tears.*

JOHN: Oh No!

*He stares at it.*

JOHN: I did this... What have I done? (Almost a whisper).

*He turns suddenly to Sully. John stands, slowly placing the purse back on the table.*

PICK UP JOHN FROM SULLY'S PERSPECTIVE.

JOHN: This is going to be slow and painful Sully.

*John moves towards Sully.*

SULLY: No! (Struggled gasp).

CUT

THE END

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