

Competition

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A small economy car parallel parks against a curb. A beautiful young SARAH BRIGHTWOOD steps out of the car. She sports a trendy skin tight dress exposing every youthful curve. She walks hard in her stilettos down the lonely sidewalk.

She chats on the phone with a friend.

SARAH

Yeah, I gotta meet my boss' wife
about a job... no she doesn't know
about me and him.

(laughs aloud)

I know! I'm so bad.

Suddenly Sarah halts.

SARAH

Wait, I can't hear you. You're
breaking up... Hello?

Sarah looks at her phone. The call drops. She toss the phone into her huge designer bag.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Sarah enters an empty building which appear as though it once belonged to a successful business. All the furniture is gone but a single reception desk. Not a single soul in sight. The atmosphere mimics a horror flick.

Sarah approaches the desk to find a sticky note on the desk with "Room 825" written on it. She takes the note and goes down a hallway. She reads each door until she comes to the correct one. She enters.

INT. ROOM 825 - NIGHT

The room is very small, the size of a prison cell. There is only enough room for the table and two chairs already set within it.

Sarah enters the room with caution. A DAVINA STRIBRIDGE (40s) sits comfortably in the chair placed on the opposite side of the table. Davina is a beautiful woman for her age. Her facial expression is strong and serious. Her posture

show strength and fearlessness. Any man wouldn't hesitate to have her for a wife.

Sarah smiles extending her hand.

SARAH
Mrs. Stribridge, it's nice to meet
you. My name is--

DAVINA
(flat)
I know who you are.

Sarah's smile evaporates. She grips onto her purse nervous.

DAVINA
Sit.

Sarah slowly settles into her chair.

Davina sits upright.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
I know exactly who you are Miss
Sarah Brightwood. You're a
journalist major, animal activist,
blogger, photographer, and so on
and so on. Am I right?

SARAH
Yes ma'am.

Davina studies Sarah a moment before going on.

DAVINA
You're also the woman who slept
with my husband. Am I right about
that one?

Sarah's eyes almost pop out of her head. She's more nervous now than she was before.

Davina flash her wedding band.

DAVINA
Sarah do you know what this ring
means to me?

Sarah remains silent.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
You see to me, this ring doesn't
mean a happy ever after or for

DAVINA (CONT'D)
richer or poorer, in health and
sickness till death do us part. To
me, this ring means that I own my
husband for the rest of our lives.

Sarah blinks with shock.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
It means that I own his mind, his
feelings, his thoughts, his soul,
and that massive cock dangling
between his legs in which you've
had the pleasure to ride on top of
in a 3-star hotel.

Davina glare at Sarah making sure she remains uncomfortable
in her presence.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
You must have thought you were
something special when that
happened. My dear, when I first met
my husband we made love in a 5-star
suite... in Paris. Not some shitty
motel downtown but a suite which
overlooked the ocean. He flew me
first class with a stretched limo
waiting for me at the airport. He
didn't even know my last name yet.

Sarah stares with a pinch of jealousy etched in her eyes.

Davina takes notice with a pleasing smirk.

DAVINA (CONT'D)
After we were done he told me that
I was the only woman for him. To
this day he still tells me that.

Sarah gets to big for her own shoes.

SARAH
It doesn't mean that he meant it.

Davina laughs at Sarah's ridiculous boldness.

DAVINA
Do you think you're the only one
he's fooled around with?

Sarah wears a guilty face.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

Little girls like you've have been hanging around my husband's office for years. He always hire little princesses like you to be his assistant. You're his toys. When he's done playing with toys, he comes home to the real thing where real satisfaction thrives.

SARAH

You're his wife. He doesn't have a choice.

DAVINA

That is where you're wrong little slut. My husband had a choice before we were married, the day we were married and every single day afterward to walk away whenever he got ready. I'm not some pathetic housewife who can't survive on my own. I will live very well with or without my husband.

A silence falls between the two as they perform an ultimate stare-down.

Sarah secretly digs into her purse. She pulls out a hand held tape recorder. She hits the power button but nothing happens. She takes a micro second peek to check if it's working. Davina notices.

DAVINA

What's wrong Sarah, you're recorder isn't working? Batteries must be dead or missing. Oh wait! I have them.

Davina slams a pair of double A batteries on the table.

Sarah sticks her hand back into her purse looking for something else. She keeps her eyes on Davina.

Davina smirks again.

DAVINA

Did you know Sarah I was a journalist major too?

Sarah struggles to hide her desperation to find what she is trying to secretly find.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

The number one rule of journalism is to always be prepared. Especially when it comes to your equipment. In this case, your back up batteries. Like the ones hidden in the secret pocket of your purse.

Davina sets two more pairs of double A batteries on the table.

Sarah stops searching her purse. She looks defeated. She looks at the batteries laid on the table.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

You use to store your purse in my husband's safe. Did you not think he would give me the code to it. I bet you don't have it. I'll bet all the money in the safe you don't know it. Am I right?

Sarah says nothing. She secretly retrieves her cellphone from her purse, she goes to dial 911. The call drops. She clench.

Davina doesn't miss a beat.

DAVINA

You look suddenly disappointed. Is your phone not working?

Sarah fill with fear. She has no way out.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

Look, let's stop playing games Sarah. My husband has fooled around many times with you tireless little whores but you're the first he's taken to a hotel. That makes you competition. My mother always use to tell me, "If you ever get competition, eliminate them, because competition will always win." She didn't say it may be possible they will win. She said they will always win. As my competition I have to eliminate you.

Davina pulls out a hand gun with a silencer attached to it. She stands and points it at Sarah's head.

Sarah goes into overdrive with fear. Her breathing is erratic, eyes big as basketballs and she trembles hard in the chair.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

Here's how it's going to go, you're going to get in your car and call my husband and give him your resignation. I don't care how much he begs. Give your resignation and hang up. If you say anything else besides that, I will put a bullet in your head got it?

Sarah nods frantically.

Davina withdraws the gun.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

You better go. This building burns to the ground in about...
(checks watch)
One minute.

Sarah springs from the chair.

Davina escapes through a back door.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Sarah bolts out of the room. She snatch of her heels to race down the hallway and out of the entrance doors.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sarah is shaking as she make her call. She clears her throat to sound normal.

SARAH

Hello Mr. Stribrige, I know it's late, I'm calling to tell you that I must hand in my resignation... I'm sorry but something's come up I must leave... yes sir... It was a pleasure working for you... Thank you.

Sarah lowers her voice.

SARAH

Before I leave, I want to say that
I enjoyed every moment together and
that I lov--

Before Sarah could finish a bullet pierce her windshield and deposits into her skull. Sarah's head is thrown back against the headrest before her body leans forward and falls onto the steering wheel.

A male voice is still on the phone.

VOICE

Hello? Sarah? Hello?

The door to Sarah's car open. It's Davina dressed in a black dresscoat and heels. She holds her gun with a silencer in her hand. She stares at Sarah's dead body shaking her head.

DAVINA

Last rule of Journalism Sarah...
Don't lay in bed with someone you
know nothing about. You might get
screwed.

Davina takes Sarah's phone out of her hand. The concerned voice still calls to Sarah.

VOICE

Hello? Sarah say something.

DAVINA

Hello darling.

A long silence comes on the phone. The voice come back tough and deeper.

VOICE

Is it done?

DAVINA

Yes. She's dead.

VOICE

What about the notes?

DAVINA

I burned them up. Every piece of
it. I guess she won't be publishing
that scandalous story of you after
all.

VOICE

Good.

DAVINA

I'll meet you at the airport for Italy in a few hours after I get all this cleaned up.

VOICE

Alright. You know you're still the only woman for me right? I love you.

DAVINA

Yes, I know. I love you too.
Goodbye.

The phone clicks.

Davina toss the phone back into the car.

She pours gasoline all over Sarah's dead body and the car inside and out.

Davina glare at Sarah's dead body in the car. Her mother's quote play in her head.

DAVINA

"If you ever get competition,
eliminate them, because competition
will always win."

She lights a match and toss it into the car and walks away.

FADE OUT:

THE END