

Small Change
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FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Late morning COMMUTERS file through the entrance. Most of them clearly in a rush; eying their watches, some running.

BILL, fifties, disheveled, sits on the floor. Long unkempt hair and beard. He holds an empty cup out as people walk by.

BILL
Spare some change?

They all ignore him.

The CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of high-heel shoes in the distance.

LUCY (O.S.)
How many times did I tell you? I
needed the car for my interview.
Was that so difficult for you to
remember!?

Bill continues to ask his question (M.O.S.).

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

LUCY, twenties, walks towards the entrance with purpose. She's dressed to impress in business suit and hair tied back in a tight bun. She talks on a mobile phone.

LUCY
Idiot, idiot, idiot!

She turns the phone off and puts it in her pocket as she walks through the entrance.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Bill looks up at Lucy, holding out his cup.

BILL
Spare some change?

Lucy looks down at him. Anger still on her face from the phone call.

LUCY
Idiot!

Bill watches, dumbfounded, as Lucy walks off to the -

TICKET MACHINE

- and chooses her ticket.

The price shows on the screen: '£2.75'

Lucy pulls her purse out of her handbag and opens it.

Inside is a 20p piece, two buttons and a pack of chewing gum.

LUCY

Shit.

The slot for a credit card is taped over with a note, saying 'Out of Order'.

Lucy closes her eyes and looks to the heavens.

She turns around, spots a row of cash machines a short distance away and darts over.

CASH MACHINE

Lucy slides her cash card into the slot as the RUMBLE of an approaching train catches her attention.

Wide-eyed, Lucy looks over her shoulder at the sound.

LUCY

Shit!

With more urgency she turns back to face the screen. Selects '£10'. Waits...

Nothing. The screen is frozen.

Lucy stares in disbelief.

LUCY

No! No way!?

She slaps the slot where her cash card should have come out in disgust.

The train stops at the -

PLATFORM

- and the doors slide open.

Suited COMMUTERS vacate the train. More pour inside.

Lucy approaches the train tentatively. Looks around at the people. Her small frame almost lost amongst the hustle and bustle.

LUCY
(barely a whisper)
Has anybody got some change please?

She waits for a response. They all ignore her.

LUCY
(a little louder)
Please, I really need to get this
train.

Still nothing. One, mustached middle-aged BUSINESSMAN gives her a look of pity as he walks towards the train.

Lucy flashes him a hopeful smile.

LUCY
I need two pound fifty five for my
ticket. Please.

The Businessman shakes his head with an apologetic smile as he boards the train.

Lucy glares into the train.

LUCY
The stupid cash machine ate my
card!

The Businessman, blushing, averts his eyes from her.

LUCY
Well...fuck you!

ENTRANCE

Bill glances over at Lucy as she stands, arms out wide, by the train. A surprised smile on his face.

He glances down at the money in the cup on the floor in front of him, shaking his head.

LUCY

- watches as the last commuters board the train.

Tears well in her eyes as her head droops.

She turns and walks to the seats against a wall, slumps down.

In the distance, Bill approaches, holding something behind his back.

He taps her on the shoulder.

Lucy looks up at him, rolls her eyes.

LUCY

What do you want?

Bill produces a train ticket from behind his back.

Lucy's eyes widen as she stumbles to her feet.

LUCY

Oh my god.

The embarrassment hits her as she cringes, bites her lip.

LUCY

I'm really sorry, I'm not normally such a bitch. It's just my damn husband and this stinking job interview... Thank you.

Bill hands over the ticket with a shrug.

BILL

Just take it!

Lucy takes the ticket and bullets for the train... stops, turns back to him.

She runs over and kisses him hard on the cheek.

Bill's turn to look shocked.

Lucy smiles and runs to the train.

LUCY

Thank you so much!

She squeezes through the closing doors, just in time.

Bill rubs his cheek where he got his kiss with a smile.