

THE LAST GAME

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright 2025  
Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

A long alleyway runs between a row of tall buildings. Dark and out of the way.

Jayden (20s) approaches two other men his age, leaning against a wall. The taller of the two is rolling a joint, stuffed fat with weed.

They take turns shaking Jayden's hand.

TALLER MAN

You good?

Jayden nods, eyes locked on the joint.

JAYDEN

Yeah, all good. All good.

SHORTER MAN

How's the knee?

JAYDEN

A few days' rest. Ice pack. It's all good again, like nothing ever happened.

SHORTER MAN

I actually went and watched you play a couple of weeks ago. I was high up in the stands, so you wouldn't have seen me.

Jayden chuckles to himself.

JAYDEN

(gesturing to the joint)  
Speaking of high, when are you going to light that thing up?

The shorter man ignores him, pushing on with what he wants to say.

SHORTER MAN

You were good, man. You should play like that all the time. You should be playing for a much bigger club already.

TALLER MAN

And be earning a lot more money.

JAYDEN  
You should talk to my agent.

SHORTER MAN  
You're going to be the next big thing. I know it.

JAYDEN  
I feel the love.

TALLER MAN  
Just don't forget about us when you're a megastar.

JAYDEN  
(frowning)  
Why did you call me out here anyway? Just to throw compliments at me?

The taller man finishes rolling the joint, lights it, and takes a drag.

TALLER MAN  
Honda wants to see you.

Jayden's face changes. A clear look of fear.

JAYDEN  
He's still mad at me?

TALLER MAN  
He's mad, but he doesn't have to stay mad.

The shorter man now takes a couple of puffs of the joint.

SHORTER MAN  
Still wants to see you.

Jayden takes a couple of steps back from them, creating a little distance.

JAYDEN  
(hesitant)  
Guts, you're going to have to cover for me. I've got a real busy week. Team meetings. Training. Just tell him you couldn't get a hold of me. After Sunday maybe I can see him. But not before.

Red card. Between twenty and thirty minutes.

He giggles excitedly, then continues with his newfound mantra.

INT. JAYDEN'S HOME - DAY

Jayden unlocks the front door and lets himself in. Closing the door behind him, he leans against it. Eyes closed. Breathing deeply, he needs a moment to collect himself.

AVA, a pretty woman in her 30s, sticks her head out of another door, looking at Jayden and smiling.

AVA

Jayden, are you OK?

His eyes snap open and he forces a fake smile back at her.

JAYDEN

Yeah, good.

AVA

Don't lie.

This time he gives her a real smile.

JAYDEN

I'm just tired. It's been a long day. I already feel ready for bed.

AVA

Well, the kettle has just boiled. Come in and make us both a cup of tea.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A messy dump of a kitchen. Dishes piled high in the sink. Bin full. Faint tyre marks on the floor.

David (40s), short, heavy, and wheelchair-bound, sits at his kitchen table littered with paint-it-yourself fantasy game models: dragons, monsters, castles.

Curtis kneels down in front of him. Out of breath. Red in the face. His whole body dripping with sweat.

DAVID

What the hell are you doing here?  
Curtis, if Mary finds out you've been here she'll leave me. You've got to go now.

Curtis is so excited he can hardly contain himself. He opens his mouth as wide as he can, pointing at the teeth right at the back.

David shakes his head, not following what's happening at all.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

Curtis pulls his finger out. Standing up, he grabs hold of the wheelchair's armrests and leans in close to David. Their noses almost touching.

CURTIS  
I have three gold teeth at the back of my mouth. I want you to rip them out. You do that, and you'll never hear from me again.

All the colour drains from David's face.

DAVID  
You can't be serious.

Curtis nods. He is.

CURTIS  
Eighty to one. The result guaranteed. The money from the teeth—I'm walking away with £64,000.

DAVID  
You really are insane.

Curtis takes a step back. His face changes.

CURTIS  
(spitting)  
You take out my gold teeth, or I wait for that fat bitch of a wife of yours to come home. She'll see me here, and then she gets to watch as I take a literal shit on the floor. And believe me, I'll fucking do it. Now, take out my fucking gold teeth!

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

Two teams of football players. One team in blue bibs, the other in yellow. They're playing a training match. All very friendly. Low intensity.

Jayden, out on the wing, gets passed the ball. He tries to take it under control, but steps on it and falls flat on his face.

MARK (40), clipboard in one hand, whistle in the other, rolls his eyes. He's seen enough. He blows the whistle hard, bringing the match to an end.

Mark waves Jayden over. No way of hiding how furious he is.

Jayden reluctantly jogs over.

MARK

What the fuck is going on with you?

JAYDEN

What? I'm fine. Just a bad day. I'm alright.

MARK

No. All week you've been shit. Do us both a favour and screw your fucking head back on.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Rundown and dirty. A real eyesore. Several signs boasting \*We Buy Gold for Cash\*.

Curtis staggers toward it. The front of his top stained with dried blood. His mouth full of fresh blood. His mutilated gums bleeding heavily.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

A bored shop worker, busy watching a sitcom on his phone at full volume, barely glances at Curtis.

Curtis clutches his three removed gold teeth in his left hand.

SHOP WORKER

(still watching their  
phone)

Yeah?

Clink, clink, clink.

Curtis drops all three teeth into a set of weighing scales on the countertop.

CURTIS  
(spitting blood)  
How much can you give me for these?

The shop worker sees the teeth. Puts his phone down, then stares into Curtis's butchered mouth in shocked disbelief.

SHOP WORKER  
What the fuck?

CURTIS  
I just want cash.

INT. FIVE-STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

A live piano player in the corner. The whole place oozes money. Only one table is occupied: three elderly men in expensive Italian suits eating lunch. Mark, still in his work tracksuit, sits with them, looking very much out of place.

Well-dressed waiters and waitresses stand ready to serve.

The oldest of the three elderly men wipes his mouth with a napkin, then holds it out. A waiter rushes over to take it.

ELDERLY MAN  
(to Mark)  
I feel I must speak my mind. Would you mind?

Mark can't help but laugh.

MARK  
(grinning nervously)  
Hell, you own the club. You pay my wages. Speak away.

ELDERLY MAN  
The club is sitting mid-table. But you told me promotion was the goal.

MARK  
And it still is.

ELDERLY MAN  
I had hoped for promotion.

MARK  
It's still there.

ELDERLY MAN  
Lost our last three games.

MARK  
We will win again.

ELDERLY MAN  
You lose your next game—you're fired.

This hits Mark hard.

MARK  
Don't take this from me, please.  
Managing this club is a dream. I  
know I can take us to the next  
level. Please.

ELDERLY MAN  
Fine. Just don't lose then.

The three elderly men return to their eating and drinking,  
each with a smug grin of superiority.

Mark looks like he's suffering an actual heart attack.

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - TRAINING - DAY

Another training match. Two teams in different coloured bibs.  
Jayden is playing, trying his hardest. But Mark on the  
sideline only has eyes for ROBBIE (16), a young kid with  
tricks and speed.

A shot goes high and wide, out for a goal kick. A pause in  
play.

Mark calls out to Robbie, waving him over.

The excited teenager rushes to Mark's side.

Mark takes hold of Robbie's arm and pulls him in close.

MARK  
I've got some good news. Want to  
hear it?

Robbie is now smiling from ear to ear.

ROBBIE  
Yes, boss.

MARK  
Tell your mum, tell your dad—you're  
starting on Saturday.

Robbie looks like he might burst with happiness.



INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Straight after training. The players are hot and sweaty, stripping off and getting ready for the showers.

Mark slaps the team sheet up on the wall.

MARK

Team for Saturday's home game. Look  
and see.

He walks out.

All the players rush forward, desperate to see if they've made the cut. Some celebrate; others are disappointed.

Jayden pushes his way to the front. He searches for his name. He's on the bench.

He then looks for who has taken his place.

JAYDEN

(shouting)

Who the fuck is Robbie Blake?

Robbie slips back into the crowd, trying to stay unseen.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Mark heads down the long empty corridor at speed. His footsteps echo around him. He looks like he's heading for the door at the far end.

Bang! Jayden suddenly, with great force, slams his arms into the back of Mark's head and neck.

Jayden then throws and pins Mark up against the wall. He's lost it. His head is gone.

JAYDEN

On the fucking bench! Why aren't I  
playing?

Mark wriggles and struggles, trying to get Jayden off him.

MARK

Get the fuck off me.

JAYDEN

I need this fucking game!

MARK

You're done. Do you hear me? You're  
fucking done!

A group of other players rush out. Seeing what's going on,  
they run over to Jayden and quickly wrestle him off Mark.

INT. BOOKIES - DAY

Curtis dumps a bag full of cash down onto the register,  
pushing it under the thick protective glass screen.

The young girl working the register watches with her mouth  
open as Curtis pushes more and more cash toward her.

CURTIS

Red card, between twenty and thirty  
minutes. I'm playing every last  
penny I have on this bet.

YOUNG GIRL

I might need to speak with-

CURTIS

No!

He slams a fist hard against the protective glass.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Just take the money. Take my bet.  
Give me my slip. And the next time  
you see me, I'll buy you some  
diamond earrings.

INT. JAYDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jayden frantically packs a couple of large suitcases with  
both his and Ava's clothes, stuffing in whatever he can get  
his hands on—real manic energy.

Ava follows him around the bedroom, not enjoying seeing him  
like this.

JAYDEN

Need to leave.

AVA

Why?

JAYDEN

I owe a lot of money to a very bad  
man. I'm sorry, Ava.

(MORE)

JAYDEN (CONT'D)  
I'll try and fix this. But first we  
need to leave.

AVA  
Leave and go where?

JAYDEN  
I don't know. In fact, I don't know  
anything right now other than I  
love you. I'm sorry I've done this.  
I'm going to make it right.

AVA  
Jayden...

He cuts her short by kissing her on the lips.

JAYDEN  
I love you. You need to come with  
me. We have to go now.

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Honda plays a game of pool with a small group of his guys  
gathered around him. They're all laughing, joking, smoking,  
and drinking—acting like they own the place. And maybe they  
do.

Another henchman enters from a side room, holding his phone  
out to Honda. He looks terrified.

HENCHMAN  
(voice cracking)  
He's not playing. He's on the  
bench.

Honda grips the pool cue tightly in both hands, knuckles  
turning white. He looks closely at the phone screen—it's a  
football team sheet. Jayden is on the bench.

HONDA  
Motherfucker.

Honda turns, slamming the pool cue against the edge of the  
table, snapping it in half.

INT. TRAIN STATION - BAR - DAY

Curtis stands outside the glass door entrance to a small bar  
inside a large train station.

He's watching a football TV show going through this weekend's games. Next, Jayden's team comes up on screen. Jayden's name is only on the bench.

Curtis sees it. His whole body starts to shake. Tears stream down his face.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CAR PARK - SAME TIME

Jayden has hold of one suitcase while Ava has hold of the other. Jayden reaches back for her, taking hold of her wrist and pulling her along toward the station entrance.

JAYDEN

Come on.

AVA

I'm trying. Jesus.

Jayden suddenly brakes to a hard stop. Ava slams into the back of him. Jayden sees two of Honda's henchmen loitering by the main entrance.

JAYDEN

Shit.

AVA

What's wrong?

JAYDEN

Not this way. Got to think of something else.

AVA

Then let's get back into the car and drive and drive and drive. Just drive until the wheels fall off.

JAYDEN

(nods)

You're right. I should have listened to you from the start.

She smiles softly.

AVA

Well, duh.

He kisses her forehead.

JAYDEN

You drive. My head is a mess.

AVA  
Alright, let's get the hell out of  
here.

They turn back toward the car—only to be met by a furious, bedraggled Curtis.

Curtis snaps out his arm and, without a word spoken, stabs Jayden in the chest.

Curtis turns and runs. Jayden drops to his knees, then face down on the ground.

Ava watches all of this as if in slow motion. Finally, she lets out a scream.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.