

A GOOD CAUSE

Screenplay

by

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(3rd draft/Mountview ©2009)

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EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

KELLY WOLFE (early 20s), smiling, bubbly - CLIPBOARD in hand
- addresses the CAMERA.

KELLY

Good morning, sir. Can I take
a moment of your time? I'm not
after money. Just a signature.
For a good cause.

Flurry of CUTS reveal Kelly shunned as the CAMERA walks past
again and again. Smiles continue, Berocca-like
effervescence; amidst a sea of rejection.

EXT. TUBE STATION - LATER

ANTHONY LAW (late 20s) exits, newspaper in hand. Handsome.
Pin-striped suit. Looks skyward. Ups lapels.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Kelly chugs away. SHE SEES: Anthony striding toward her.

KELLY

Good afternoon, sir. Can I take
a moment of. . .

ANTHONY

No. I--

KELLY

. . .a signature. For a good cause.

ANTHONY

I'm sure it is. But I'm going home.
It's going to--

THUNDER booms in the sky!

KELLY

--Some parts of the world would kill
for rain, sir. A signature. Or email
address. To keep you informed.

ANTHONY

I'm informed, thank you.

Holds up copy of the Financial Times. THUNDER booms again.

KELLY

Lies. Damned lies and the media.

Anthony looks at Kelly. SEES fire in her eyes. They share a look. Attraction?

ANTHONY

It's been a long day. Do you
fancy a drink?

Clipboard surfaces.

KELLY

Sign. And I'll consider it.

ANTHONY

A drink. And I'll consider it.

She takes his arm. Glances the time on his Rolex.

KELLY

The devil finds work for idle hands.
I have much to do.

ANTHONY

My shout.

A beat or two as she decides.

KELLY

Tell you what—let me buy you one, sir.

ANTHONY

Call me Anthony.

Anthony SPIES Kelly's ID badge.

ANTHONY (CONT.)

Miss. . . Kelly. . . Wolfe.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Join Kelly - very animated - and Anthony mid-drinks.

KELLY

So you think it's fair that
twenty-four per cent of the
world's wealth is owned by one
per cent of the population?

ANTHONY

Lies. Damned lies and statistics.

KELLY

Touché. But that doesn't change the
fact--children are dying--

ANTHONY

--Simple answer. Stop having children!

KELLY

(shaking her head)
We owe it to those suffering to--

ANTHONY

--It's not my responsibility?

Kelly stands up. As does Anthony. He takes her arm. Softly.

ANTHONY

You're not giving up?

KELLY

Never. You'll sign or be damned.

ANTHONY

If I sign--you'll leave. I'm
having too much fun.

Beat or two. Anthony leans in for a kiss.

KELLY

I need to. . . freshen up.

INT. BAR - BOTTLE OF WINE LATER

Anthony: mid-speech. Kelly's TAPS the clipboard with a pen.

ANTHONY

. . .I met so many like you at Uni.
Pretty middle-class things. All
bonnets and bonfires. Yet, there's
pain behind that bubbly exterior.

Kelly YAWNS.

ANTHONY (CONT.)

Family abuse, perhaps? No! Father
left your mother. For another woman.
You hate your father. With a
passion. A passion now consumed
by rebellion--and pursuit of
ridiculously worthy causes.

Kelly begins a SLOW-HAND CLAP.

KELLY

Well done, Sigmund. . . Father
was a banker. Just like you.

ANTHONY

What makes you think--?

KELLY

--Anthony Law. Twenty eight. Account
Executive. International City Bank.
You live alone. But from the photo--
you're very close to your mother.

ANTHONY

How do you--?

KELLY

--No father in the picture though.

ANTHONY

Dad died. I was six. Left mum a
widow with 5 kids to bring up.
On a council estate in Battersea.

KELLY

Working class come good? Oxford or--

ANTHONY

--Cambridge. I'll be honest. I'm
slightly freaked out. How--?

Kelly beams. Produces Anthony's wallet.

ANTHONY

(off her smile)

Very cute. We have something
in common then. Absent fathers.

KELLY

(smiling)

Absent? No. My father is very
close to me.

Kelly passes back the wallet. Hands touch. Anthony enjoys
this.

ANTHONY

I guess I paid for the drinks.

KELLY

(whispers in his ear)

My round then. I don't live far.

INT. HALLWAY/KELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kelly and Anthony enter. Out of breath. Drenched in rain.
They come face-to-face. Lips almost touch. THEN:

Clipboard surfaces again.

KELLY

(whispers)

Sign first.

ANTHONY

(shaking his head)

How about that drink first?

KELLY

Kitchen's there.

Kelly points. Andrew moves toward a door. Opens it.

ANTHONY
Is there a light?

Suddenly, Kelly is behind him. Pushes Anthony into the darkness. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP as he falls!

Kelly BOLTS the door. Listens. No emotion on her face.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Anthony awakes. Stunned. Lightbulb overhead blinds him.

ANTHONY
What the--?

Suddenly a dirty, bearded, bloodied monstrous FACE appears in Andrew's POV. The savage wears a dirty, battered pin-stripe suit. Bares rotten teeth! Snarls. Salivates.

CREATURE
FOOD! FOOD! FOOD!

Andrew's blood-curdling scream ECHOES!

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Bus ROARS by revealing Kelly - back to work.

ANGLE ON: Newspaper Headline: MISSING BANKER NO. 9. CITY WORKERS LIVE IN FEAR. The paper is tucked under the arms of CITY BANKER (30s). He strides TOWARD:

Kelly, smiling, fired with enthusiasm.

KELLY
Good morning, sir. Can I take a moment of your time? I'm not after money. Just a signature. For a good cause.

FADE OUT.