

## U-TURN scene

*An older man sits in his office when a young man enters. They know one another from a previous encounter.*

OLDER MAN: So, what can I do for you, lad?

YOUNG MAN: I was hoping we could talk.

OLDER MAN: About what?

YOUNG MAN: About your wife, about what you said this morning concerning the life insurance policy of \$50,000, about how'd you'd cut it up with the man who killed her.

OLDER MAN: Oh boy, I think this heat's getting to you the way you're rambling on.

YOUNGER MAN: You're the one who brought it up in your car this morning.

OLDER MAN: Man doesn't always mean the things he says.

YOUNGER MAN: You meant it.

OLDER MAN: What makes you say that?

YOUNGER MAN: Cause you're a slimy bastard who'd have his wife killed to get his hands on some money.

OLDER MAN: Oooo, so what does that make you?

YOUNGER MAN: The slimy bastard that's gonna do it. I think you're a jealous man, Jake. If you can't have Grace to yourself, then lets just say you're not the sharing kind.

OLDER MAN: I have what you call a love/hate relationship with Grace.

YOUNG MAN: You love her, but you hate her.

OLDER MAN: No, I hate loving her. I hate having to tolerate the little games she plays, like fucking half this town behind my back and laughing at me while she does it. The BITCH! You know she wants me to hit her, and then when I hit her, she likes it! She just likes to fucking torture me, God damn it! But she's my family, I love her. I couldn't stand to watch her eyes roll back in her head as she sucks her last breath. No, not me. But you...

you boy, you got a killing in you. Ok, lets say I want the bitch dead. What is it that you want?

YOUNG MAN: How do you put a price on murder?

OLDER MAN: I'd put it at say...\$50,000, minus your cut of course, which is...

YOUNG MAN: 20

OLDER MAN: \$20,000. No, no no. I don't have that kind of money. You know, I won't even get the insurance til a few months after she's dead.

YOUNG MAN: How much can you get?!

OLDER MAN: Oh, uh, maybe...\$10,000. That's a maybe.

YOUNG MAN: I need 13.

OLDER MAN: 13? That's a bit much.

YOUNG MAN: We're not talking about buying a car, Jake. We're talking about killing your wife. Now, it's 13, or it's nothing.

OLDER MAN: Well, you drive a hard bargain. But I had a feeling you were my boy from the first time I met you. Looks like we got ourselves a contract.

YOUNG MAN: This the part where we shake hands?

OLDER MAN: Well if you can't trust the man you've hired to kill your wife...

*They exchange looks.*

OLDER MAN: Now here's the thing. It's gotta look like an accident. If it doesn't, then it's no good and it'll be my neck that's on the chopping block while you're living it up somewhere.

YOUNG MAN: How do you want it?

OLDER MAN: Can't be done at the house...

YOUNG MAN: Come to think of it, we should talk about the money up front.

OLDER MAN: Oh, sure. Why don't I buy you a plane ticket right out of here while I'm at it. Oh, I know you. Now here's what you do. You go

to the house, tell her you stopped by to see her. You sweet talk her a bit... A young stud like you must be good at that. And then maybe shift the conversation, get her thinking about her jeep. She loves that jeep, maybe the only thing she does love. Tell her to take you out for a ride, somewhere out in the desert, someplace quiet, someplace isolated. Nobody around for miles except the two of you. Then sweet talk her some more, put her at ease, make her feel relaxed. Makes no difference to me. Then, you do it.

*The two men scan one another. The young man exits, while the older man stays in his office and contemplates.*