

Consideration 02

by

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The Man puts his gloves back on. Michael looks at the gun. Surreptitiously tenses himself.

MAN
(not looking at him)
You're not fast enough, Michael.

Michael slumps back into bed.

The Man finishes putting on his gloves. Picks up his gun.

MAN
Don't worry about it, though. No one is.

MICHAEL
I guess not.
(beat)
What if I told you that I'm the one who set this up? I paid to be killed, and since I arranged this you could let me go, and everything would be fine. Right?--

MAN
Michael--

MICHAEL
No, wait. I set this up. I can prove it. I know the guy who hired you, how much he got paid, all of it. You could let me go, and everything would be okay. It would be okay.

Michael stares at the Man.

MICHAEL
You already know all of this, don't you.
(beat)
I just... I didn't think it would be like this.

MAN
Even if everything you said was true. You've seen my face.

MICHAEL
Oh.
(beat)
You ever think about what you'd do if death stared you in the face?
(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
What you wished you'd have done
differently?

MAN
No.

MICHAEL
I guess you wouldn't.
(beat)
Can I pray?

MAN
If it helps.