

HEADHUNTERS SCENE 2 (PROTOTYPE)

FADE TO:

INT.DINING ROOM.NIGHT

The two sit at opposite ends of the dining room table. An ambient scene set. The light is low, most of it comes from the small candle in the middle which illuminates the room and them.

Elder sinks his teeth in to his steak, most of it slips from his lips on to his shirt. He gnarls at it like a wild animal feeding on the last of his scraps.

Younger tries to hide his disgust watching Elder eat. He looks down at his plate, still full with steak and all the trimmings now most likely cool. He prods at it lightly, wincing.

Elder notices Younger's lack of appetite.

ELDER

Not up to standard?

YOUNGER

Just not what I'm used to Sir.

ELDER

What would that be then hmm? Nuts and fruit? Maybe a cheeseboard?

YOUNGER

If I'm being honest I actually try to avoid eating any sort of living thing. Mindset is if you're not prepared to go out and take the animal out yourself it shouldn't be on your plate.

ELDER

Suppose that's what got you in this business then?

Younger's face drops.

YOUNGER

Got to make a living somehow.

ELDER

Provide for a family perhaps?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YOUNGER

For some maybe.

ELDER

I tell you, the pitter patter of a wee un's feet is the best sound a man can wake up to. Take it from me, three grandchildren, each one of them a blessing. You not got a missus or nothing?

Younger smiles sadly.

YOUNGER

No.

Elder detects the pain in younger's tone. He wolfs down his last morsel.

ELDER

Best get this cleared then some shut eye.

Younger checks his watch.

YOUNGER

Not even 9 yet.

ELDER

Need your rest son. What were to happen let's say he arrives in the night. He's got me down on the ground before you can even lift yourself off the chair, snoozing away.

YOUNGER

You assume he's armed?

Elder leans in, his expression dead serious.

ELDER

I don't know who you're expecting lad. Just another 9-5 white shirt strolling in. Listen to me-listen. Every call we get, every man, woman fuck-even child who walks in have got something. There's always a reason we get called.

YOUNGER

Valid ones?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELDER

No. No I suppose not. You're not wrong, I always do feel a small pang when I get a call from my daughter, telling me her lil'un got to school safe three doors away from the kiddy fiddler whose head I bash-

Younger winces. This is too much for him.

YOUNGER

(disgusted) That's enough.

Elder smirks.

ELDER

Too much for you is it?

YOUNGER

Just not dinner conversation.

ELDER

You mean business?

Younger simply looks down at the ground in response. Elder sits back, a confident position holding up his glass of wine to his lips, he's won.

ELDER (CONT'D)

(hoarsely) Least I know I'm in good han-

Elder continues to cough aggressively, holding his chest. Younger is taken aback, surprised and concerned. He get's up to help but is immediately gestured by Elder to sit back down. He does as commanded. The red wine glass falls from Elder's hand on to the white table cloth. Elder eventually makes his way to the tap and drinks from there. He breathes out heavily, relieved. He looks over at Younger and the table.

ELDER (CONT'D)

Well you don't expect me to clean this shit up do you?

Younger gets up and begins to clear things away. he notices the red wine stain, spreading more and more to the middle of the table.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

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