**BRADLEY and BRUNO G.**

BRADLEY

Let’s get this over with. You have the money?

BRUNO

Slow down, bub. You’re gonna first explain why you’re working with her.

BRADLEY

Coincidence. Private investigation, Mr. Bruno, is a small community—a lot of subcontracting goes on. After you and I talked on the phone, she called me. Lena hired me to do this domestic—on your wife. Thought it was interesting, because I thought . . . .

BRUNO

Go ahead, tell me what you thought.

BRADLEY

Besides the fact that I’d make a little more money and I was going to be here anyway a little later on, I thought . . . maybe . . . it was part of bigger picture.

BRUNO

What bigger picture?

BRADLEY

Our bigger picture. Ten grand to kill your wife. That was the deal. I mean, I met Mr. Bug-eyes. At the pier. Where you told me to meet him. He gave me two grand. To demonstrate your seriousness. I worked it into my schedule. Tonight’s the night. But now I need eight grand more. And then I’ll kill Monica.

BRUNO

Is this what you told your associates?

BRADLEY

I haven’t told them anything. Lena’s a separate investigation. She sent me out to watch your house from the ocean in a kayak. I have no idea what Lena’s case’s about, except to watch for any men coming or going from the residence. And I think I understand what you’re doing and I’d do the same thing. Makes sense you want to know *who* she’s seeing. So you can deal with him later, right? I get it. And if you like my work, maybe you’ll think of me when it comes time. For me, it’s about the money.

BRUNO is suspicious. BRADLEY

knows he’s pushed things too far,

and that BRUNO may not go through

with the deal.

BRADLEY

In the meantime, I’ll figure out something—something to tell them, how I know you. I’ll tell them how I worked for you last year—working the skip trace to find your business partner—which is true anyway.

BRUNO

And why am *I* here?

BRADLEY

Um . . . you’re in the neighborhood—watching the private eyes, making sure they’re out here working. You see a few things happening on your street, maybe you notice a light on in an unoccupied building under construction. And then you hear a gunshot.

BRUNO

How do you know they’ll buy that?

BRADLEY

I just know.

BRUNO

I’m not convinced.

BRADLEY

Trust me. They’re dumb as Philistines.

BRUNO

As what?

BRADLEY

Philistines. In the Bible? David and Goliath? Goliath was a Philistine. It means someone who’s—/

BRUNO

I know what it means.

BRADLEY

So, why *are* you here?

BRUNO

Like you said. Watching my private eyes watching my wife.

BRADLEY

Look, Mr. Bruno. I need eight grand.

Pause, as BRUNO studies him, as if

he knows how to sort out bullshit.

BRADLEY

Mr. Bruno. This is your doin’. You hired the both of us. A slew of misdemeanors and felonies have already been committed in your name tonight. I don’t care. I don’t care why. It’s your business.

BRUNO ponders the situation, calculating.

BRUNO

There’s been a colossal misunderstanding.

BRADLEY

Don’t tell me you don’t have the money. You don’t wanna mess with me.

BRUNO crosses to the “window” and

stares across the street. Pause.

BRUNO

(tough guy emerging)

You don’t wanna mess with me either. Listen. I have a simple domestic problem. I hired private eyes to watch my wife. Who I think is having an affair. That’s all. Nobody hired nobody to kill her.

BRADLEY

If it’s a simple problem, why did you hire *me* without telling *Lena* and hire *her* without telling *me*?

BRUNO

I’ve hired private eyes before. Like you say, they’re Philistines, low-brow, barbarian, primitive fuck-ups. Can’t be trusted.

BRADLEY

Then what’re you doing here?

BRUNO

Look, bub, I rented a car. I sat down the street. *With* binoculars—had a great view of my house. I needed to be certain you showed up. Business I’m in, I don’t trust nobody, see?

BRADLEY

And what business is that?

BRUNO

My business. What’s important is that you guys are about as discreet as a bull moose on Beverly Drive. First, I see my good neighbors Heather and William coming and going. Granted, her dad owns the building, so I didn’t think much of it at first. Then the chick-detective comes and goes, and I see your partner go down to Jack in the Box to make a call, I see him come back, sit in his car out front, I see the police roll by, I see him leave, and I see someone with a kayak—just like

BRUNO (cont.)

that one—coming across the road. I’m like wondering . . . why all the activity when all I wanted was to see if my wife was screwin’ someone when I’m not home. Instead, you dumbshit, you stalk my wife? From a kayak? Gonna go in and shoot her in cold blood? You’re disgusting. You’re outa your head. *You’re* the Philistine.

BRADLEY

You’re all over the map, Sybil. Can’t figure out who I’m talking to. You already gave me the down payment . . . *to kill Monica*.

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