

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

HANNA

You never wanted a normal-type
life?

NEIL

What the fuck is that? Barbecues
and ballgames?

HANNA

That's part of it.

NEIL

That's nice. That your life?

HANNA

No. My wife spends half her time on
the couch. My stepdaughter's got
problems 'cause her real father's a
world class asshole. And every
moment I got, I'm chasing guys like
you.

NEIL

A man told me once: you want to
make moves? Don't keep anything in
your life you're not willing to
walk out on in 30 seconds flat if
you feel the heat around the
corner.

(pause)

So if you're chasing me and you
gotta move when I move, how do
you expect to keep a family?

HANNA

What are you, a monk?

NEIL

No.

(pause)

I got a woman.

HANNA

What do you tell her?

NEIL

She thinks I sell swimming pools.

HANNA

And if you spot me around the
corner. You gonna walk out on
her? Leave her flat? Like that?
Not even say goodbye?

NEIL

That's the discipline.

HANNA

What you're left with is pretty empty.

NEIL

Yeah?

(beat)

Then maybe you and me, we should both go do somethin' else, pal.

HANNA

I don't know how to do anything else.

NEIL

(the shared confession)

...neither do I.

Both of these guys look at each other and recognize the mutuality of their condition. Hanna's light laughter:

HANNA

We're sitting here like a coupla regular fellas. You do what you do. I do what I gotta do. What happens if I am there and I got to put you away?

(pause)

I won't like it. But, if it's between you and some poor bastard whose wife you're going to make into a widow, brother, you are gonna go down.