

Scene Two

(TIME: The next day. Late afternoon.)

(ADAM, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, is with ROY BENSON, a man in his mid-thirties, wearing a suit and loosened tie. ROY is a good looking guy but in a slimy way. He is upset and pacing.)

ROY. I can't believe you told my wife what you told her.

ADAM. I know. It was awful.

ROY. When she came home and said "a psychic told me you were planning to kill me," I felt like a building fell on top of me.

(He sits.)

ADAM. It had to be devastating.

ROY. Devastating? Devastating would be a good thing. It affected me so severely I actually ran to the bathroom and threw up. How could you even come up with something like that?

ADAM. I apologize a thousand times and then some.

ROY. *(pulls out business card from jacket pocket)* Anyway, when I found your business cards on my wife's dresser I thought it might be a good idea to talk. Interesting cards. They're written in pencil, aren't they?

ADAM. Some of them. Just what did you want to talk about? If it's suing me, you'd be wasting your time. I haven't got a penny. And if it's closing me down, don't bother. So far your wife has been my only customer.

ROY. *(rising and walking towards ADAM)* Look, we both know this psychic business is just a lot of crap, right?

ADAM. You won't get an argument from me.

ROY. I just want to find out what else you told her, that's all.

ADAM. About what?

ROY. *(facing ADAM)* About anything.

ADAM. I swear, that was it. We were both kind of traumatized by the whole incident. I mean, it just came out of the blue.

ROY. That I was planning to kill her.

ADAM. Basically, yes.

ROY. And you told her nothing more?

ADAM. Like what?

ROY. *(walking towards ADAM's desk)* Well, like, you know, *how* I was planning to kill her.

ADAM. No. Not really.

ROY. Or *why* I was planning to kill her?

ADAM. No. Look, why would you even pursue this? We're in total agreement. This psychic business is a bunch of B.S.

ROY. *(sits at the desk)* I'm just curious, that's all. Thanks to this little episode a seed has been planted in her head and just in case we need family counseling now, I want to have as much information as I can.

ADAM. I guess that makes sense. But I swear there was no rhyme or reason for it. There was no premonition, no vision, nothing. I just blurted it out. Like I told your wife, I'm financially flat on my ass and this psychic business was strictly a last ditch effort to try and make a few bucks and nothing more.

ROY. Yeah. But still you did come up with this murder idea. That's kind of way out there, wouldn't you say?

ADAM. Look, don't think I haven't been bothered by this incident. It's like I told your wife, I write these stupid murder mysteries and unfortunately my head is filled with some pretty awful plots.

(ROY rises, picks up a stack of pages from the desk and glances quickly at them.)

ROY. Yeah. Murder mysteries. Laura said that's what you do. Have you written anything I might have heard of?

ADAM. I haven't written anything anyone's heard of.

ROY. Well, don't give up.

(smiles at ADAM)

A lot of writers don't become famous until they're dead.