INT. PAUL’S HOUSE – OFFICE – DAY

A well-appointed home office. Desk, computer, bookshelves, carpet, wet bar in the corner. A wall of windows and French doors.

Into the room strides PAUL, 50, in tuxedo, the father of the bride. Handsome, well cared for, he exudes confidence and success.

PAUL
I apologize for making you wait.

In a leather chair facing the desk sits ALFRED, 40, summer suit, bow tie, not refined, he looks like a bookkeeper. He doesn’t smile as Paul goes to the wet bar and pours himself several inches of whiskey.

PAUL
Can I get you something, Mr...?

ALFRED
No, and it’s Alfred, just Alfred.

PAUL
Exactly, and I’m Paul. I hope you understand what a busy time this is. But that’s part of it, isn’t it?

Alfred doesn’t answer. Sipping his whiskey, Paul rounds the desk and sits.

PAUL
Yes, well, before we get to the...actual task, can you give me some idea of how this works.

ALFRED
You know how it works, or you wouldn’t have called me.

PAUL
I know what I’ve been told. According to Ted–

ALFRED
No last names.
PAUL
According to Ted, you have a way of telling, is that correct?

ALFRED
I can tell.

PAUL
But how? I'm shelling out a lot of cash here.

ALFRED
My grandfather was an engineer. He worked for an airplane manufacturer during the age of propellers. He designed the most efficient propellers the industry had ever seen. You understand what a five percent increase in air flow means.

PAUL
I know all about efficiency.

ALFRED
My grandfather thought he deserved a raise. But they said no, so he quit. For the next six months, the company spent thousands of dollars trying to determine how my grandfather designed propellers.

Alfred stops and waits.

PAUL
And?

ALFRED
The company concluded that my grandfather evaluated them by sight. He could look at a design and tell if the propeller was efficient.

PAUL
The company hired him back?

ALFRED
No, he went to work for a competitor. His original employer went out of business.
PAUL
So, you’re saying you do what you do because you know what you do, but you can’t explain it.

Alfred offers a bland smile.

PAUL
OK, I get it. The great swami sees all, knows all. I get it. I really do. But you know, if you’re scamming me, I’ll find you and rip your heart out. Got that?

Alfred stands.

ALFRED
I’m sorry we couldn’t do business.

Alfred turns for the door.

PAUL
Wait, wait, WAIT!

Alfred turns back.

PAUL
I’m sorry. I apologize. I’m not myself. I have this wedding, and the business down turn. It’s eating me alive.

He stands and sips and nods once.

PAUL
OK, OK, I’m going to run with you, and I’m not making any threats. Let’s get started. You need to see them, correct?

ALFRED
Yes.

Paul finishes his drink and goes to the bar to refresh it.

PAUL
They’re all out there at the reception. Have any idea what a wedding planner costs? Not just any planner, the most expensive fucking planner in the state.

Alfred rises and goes to the windows to look out.
ALFRED
I do not like swearing.

PAUL
I’m sorry. God, that’s all I can say. I’m sooo f...sorry.

Paul joins Alfred, and they look over the reception.

PAUL
Where do I start?

ALFRED
Wherever you like.

PAUL
My wife. That’s the woman in the peach colored dress that cost as much as a good used car. See her?

ALFRED
Yes.

PAUL
And?

ALFRED
What is your horizon?

PAUL
No more than a year.

ALFRED
No, she won’t do.

PAUL
My daughter, the bride.

ALFRED
No.

PAUL
My son. He’s the drunk kid at the far table. I can’t tell you how many schools kicked him out.

ALFRED
Yes.

PAUL
You’re kidding. What? Overdose? Accident?
ALFRED
Even if I knew, I wouldn’t tell you.

Paul belts down a gulp of whiskey.

PAUL
My older daughter, the maid of honor in that hideous purple thing.

ALFRED
No.

PAUL
My brother, the guy at the end of the bar with the glass of red wine. So refined. Asshole.

ALFRED
Yes.

PAUL
You’re making my day, Alfred. One more. My partner, the man flirting with my wife. He’s f...boinking her, and neither one thinks I know. Major asshole.

ALFRED
Yes.

PAUL
(patting Alfred on the shoulder)
I knew I liked you the first time I saw you.

Paul goes to the desk, opens a drawer, and takes out a thick envelope. He comes back and hands it to Alfred.

PAUL
As agreed. And I tell you what. When this all goes down, come back, and I’ll give you a bonus.

ALFRED
(taking envelope)
I’m afraid that’s not possible.

Alfred starts for the door.

PAUL
Hey, what about me? Got a date for me?
Alfred turns and smiles.

**ALFRED**

I never read the person who hires me. Bad for business.

With a nod, Alfred walks out. Paul turns to the windows and toasts.

**INT. TED’S OFFICE – DAY**

The clean, upscale office of a successful insurance agent. Banners on the wall feature insurance companies, file cabinets all around.

At the desk, TED, 50, owner. Tan, in polo shirt, gold chain, and rolex, he projects success with a tinge of used car salesman. On the phone, cigar in hand.

**TED**

Yeah, Paul, yeah, I got it. Two million on your son. Two million on your brother, and ten million on your partner. You know the premiums are going to set you back some real money. And I have to collect the whole first year when I deliver the policies. You can handle that? Great, great. I’ll call you when they’re ready.

Ted hangs up and turns to Alfred in suit and bow tie.

**TED**

You’re sure?

**ALFRED**

Have we ever had an unprofitable experience?

Ted opens a drawer and pulls out a thick envelope which he slides across the desk.

**TED**

What was his horizon.

**ALFRED**

One year.

Alfred takes the envelope, tucks it away, and stands.
TED
What happens in a year when they’re all still alive? I imagine he’s going to be really pissed.

ALFRED
You don’t need to worry about that.

TED
You mean?

With a smile, Alfred turns and heads for the door.

TED
Hey, hold up.

Alfred turns back.

TED
I got a couple more fish we can skin.

ALFRED
I’m afraid we don’t have the time.

Alfred nods and spins away.

TED
Wait, wait, what are you talking about? I got all the time in the world. Hey, you can’t just walk. Hey!

Alfred stops by the door and steps to one side.

Through the door charges LANCE, 40s, a man at the end of his rope. Coat, no tie, he pulls out a pistol. He never sees Alfred.

LANCE
(to Ted)
You sonofabitch!

Alfred slides out, closing the door behind him.

INT. TED’S OUTER OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Behind a desk, a SECRETARY types on a computer. She looks at Alfred.

SECRETARY
Should I schedule an appointment?
ALFRED
I’m afraid—

A GUNSHOT from the inner office.

ALFRED
That won’t be necessary. Call 911.

Alfred walks out as the Secretary grabs the phone. A second GUNSHOT.

FADE OUT