

INT. HOME

THOMAS, a billionaire, sits leisurely in his amazing home. JILLIAN, 30 and confident, paces nearby. She stops and looks at Thomas; she's ready for the next round.

JILLIAN  
You're a disgusting little bitch.

THOMAS  
OK.

JILLIAN  
OK? That sounds like the response of a weak-minded troglodyte.

THOMAS  
Mmmmm. That's a good one.

She gets closer to him.

JILLIAN  
Don't ask me for any favors. I know you're incapable of solving anything on your own.

He bristles.

THOMAS  
I make decisions that affect hundreds of lives every day.

JILLIAN  
Good God, I hope not. You're a moron. You have a tiny vocabulary and don't understand basic grammar.

Thomas invokes his safe word.

THOMAS  
Banana.

He lets out a tiny laugh. She loses the tough act.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
That's a bit much.

JILLIAN  
I can't criticize your comprehension of grammar, but calling you a disgusting little bitch is OK?

THOMAS

You kidding? The disgusting bitch comment did a little something for me.

JILLIAN

Ew. I really don't need to know that.

THOMAS

Is Venmo OK for payment?

JILLIAN

As always.

THOMAS

How does two-thousand extra dollars sound?

JILLIAN

Twenty-eight hundred? This is not going there, Thomas.

THOMAS

Going where?

JILLIAN

You know where.

THOMAS

Sex? No... that's not what... no. But I do want you to do something for me.

He pulls out a knife and places it on the coffee table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I want you to cut me.

Jillian looks at the knife then at Thomas. She considers.

JILLIAN

No. That's beyond what we agreed to.

He places his hand on the table, palm up.

THOMAS

Stab me in the hand. It'll literally take less than a second.

JILLIAN

Why?

THOMAS

Everybody in my company hates me, well, except for a few people. If I survive an attack from a mugger, it'll garner some sympathy for me.

JILLIAN

That's just stupid.

He pulls his hand off the table.

THOMAS

Then do it because I asked you to... and because I'm giving you two-thousand dollars to do it.

JILLIAN

You're sick. All the verbal insults were just leading up to this, weren't they?

THOMAS

Who cares? Jillian... you got a kid at home, I know you need the money.

She picks up the knife. She looks at his palm then at him.

She then retreats to the back of the room where she leaves the knife on a table. She walks toward her things.

JILLIAN

Lose my number. Never speak of my child again. And find a hobby. You're a sick man.

She grabs her things and heads toward the front door.

THOMAS

The offer is now five thousand. Consider it.

JILLIAN

Stab yourself.

She exits. He pauses. He then calmly pulls out his phone and connects a call.

THOMAS

Amanda... I have a proposition for you.

END SCENE