FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CYRIL a bearded man in his 50s with a disconsolate expression on his face and GWENDOLYN, a mature-looking woman in her early 40s sit on an outdated couch.

The dark, worn out furniture reflects a life of hardship and carelessness.

The room is insufficiently illuminated by two obsolete floor lamps.

GWENDOLYN
Did you pay the rent?

CYRIL
Not yet, I don't have enough. That damn WELFARE is a joke...

GWENDOLYN
We can't go on like this, you have to find a job.

CYRIL
Why don't YOU go to work?

GWENDOLYN
I'm doing enough work around the house.

CYRIL
Watching TV all day, isn't work.

GWENDOLYN
I'm getting old, I need to stimulate my brain.

CYRIL
You're only 43...you're just wasting your life.

GWENDOLYN
Never mind what I'm doing...you have to do what you have to do.

CYRIL
The economy is bad, there are no jobs.
GWENDOLYN
Did you ask your friends?

CYRIL
They're unemployed too. There is nothing around here.

GWENDOLYN
If you really want to work, I'm sure you'll find it.

CYRIL
How?

GWENDOLYN
Ask PATSY, his wife told me that he has found a good job.

CYRIL
He got it from an ITALIAN boss.

GWENDOLYN
Okay, go and talk with that boss, then.

CYRIL
I'm IRISH.

GWENDOLYN
So what.

CYRIL
You don't get it, those jobs are only for the goombas.

GWENDOLYN
Go to an Irish boss, if you think it's easier.

CYRIL
Those people have only WHACK jobs.

GWENDOLYN
So what...a job is a job.

CYRIL
It's not, it's killing.

GWENDOLYN
Don't be so dramatic, nobody will find out. You pump a couple of bullets here and there, get the money and disappear...it seems easy to me.
CYRIL
I'll think about it.

A long beat.

CYRIL
Are you coming to bed?

GWENDOLYN
I'm watching REAL HOUSEWIVES...you go.

Cyril walks toward the door, then he turns around and stares at Gwendolyn.

CYRIL
Don't you miss making love?

GWENDOLYN
With all the problems we have, you're still thinking about sex?

CYRIL
What sex has to do with our problems?

GWENDOLYN
I can't do it...and you can't do it either, remember last time?

CYRIL
It was six months ago.

GWENDOLYN
Whatever...you weren't able to--

CYRIL
I wasn't feeling well and you didn't do anything to help me.

GWENDOLYN
What? Now it's my fault?

CYRIL
You're my wife, you should do something if you see I can't do it.

GWENDOLYN
Your wife is sick and tired to do what you want...you hear me, sick and tired!

A long beat.
CYRIL
Are you coming or not?

GWENDOLYN
After the show...

CYRIL
Okay, wake me up if you want to--

GWENDOLYN
I have a headache.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Cyril walks slowly toward the bedroom.
Gwendolyn opens the TV.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT
Cyril is in bed soundly asleep. He MUMBLES indiscernible words.
Gwendolyn's side is unoccupied.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING
Cyril sits on a bench under a large tree.
The sun filters through the luxuriant tree foliage.
He looks sharp, clean shaven, nicely combed hair and smartly dressed.
He scans the pathway looking for somebody's arrival.

EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS
Cyril stands near the bench. He smiles and waves to Gwendolyn who is walking toward him.
She is radiant, smiling, just gorgeous. Her long hair falls over her shoulders, the high-heeled shoes add a tone of sensuality. She approaches the bench with catwalk steps.
She is extremely sexy.
EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

Cyril and Gwendolyn stand facing each other.

Cyril kisses her tenderly on her lips.

**CYRIL**
Good morning sweetheart, you look fantastic.

**GWENDOLYN**
Thank you darling, you're very handsome. How did it go?

**CYRIL**
They were very polite with me and...

**GWENDOLYN**
...and?

**CYRIL**
I got the job!

**GWENDOLYN**
I'm so happy for you...when are you going to start?

**CYRIL**
This weekend....Saturday...they gave me a BERETTA 92 FS and the address of the guy, he's an elderly turncoat...

**GWENDOLYN**
Is it a good gun for that job?

**CYRIL**
It's perfect...and works well with the silencer. I killed a dog and nobody around heard the shots.

**GWENDOLYN**
I'm so happy for you! We have to celebrate, let's go to a restaurant for lunch. How much they gave you?

**CYRIL**
Ten million dollars, I'll get another thirty mill next week, after I blast the wife on a wise guy.

**GWENDOLYN**
These Italians are the best...very generous.
Cyril
Yes, they pay well...they told me that the Irish are very stingy.

Gwendolyn
Did they mind that you're not Italian?

Cyril
The boss told me that it's better....the police looks for Italians as soon as they see a mob hit.

Gwendolyn
You're so...so... smart, sweetheart.

Cyril
What you say, after lunch we go home?

Gwendolyn
Yes, I have the urge...yesterday it was so beautiful. You were so horny.

Cyril
You had two orgasms...you drove me crazy, I couldn't stop.

Gwendolyn
It's because you know how to excite me. You're a devil in bed.

A beat.

Gwendolyn
Honey, I've good news for you.

Cyril
What sweetheart?

Gwendolyn
I've found the job I was dreaming of!

Cyril
It's fantastic...doing what?

Gwendolyn
I'm a manager.

Cyril
Terrific. What you manage?
GWENDOLYN
Young working girls in an escort agency.

CYRIL
A good business...how much are you making?

GWENDOLYN
One hundred thousand dollars, ONE...HUNDRED...THOUSAND...DOLLARS a week and I can make more if I sleep with the clients.

CYRIL
What kind of clients?

GWENDOLYN
Mostly diplomats...

CYRIL
This is perfect for you...you told me that you speak French and Spanish...

GWENDOLYN
Yes, I do. My first boyfriend was Dominican and I study French for two weeks in High School.

CYRIL
And the diplomats have plenty of money......you're so good in bed, I see great tips. You're going to make more than me.

GWENDOLYN
Thank you honey, I knew you would be pleased with my job.

CYRIL
We can use the money to start a business.

GWENDOLYN
Yes! You know, I was thinking of a high class, international brothel.

CYRIL
You're a genius...I love you.

They kiss passionately.
GWENDOLYN
Let's go for a bite and then have some fun.

CYRIL
We deserve it. We're working so hard.

GWENDOLYN
Yes, we are.

They kiss lovingly.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwendolyn sits on the couch watching attentively her TV show.

The sound of the show mingles with Cyril's SNORING.

FADE OUT