

GEORGE

Oblivious to his stalker, Tyler pulls out a small bottle of Elizabeth Arden Mist. A saleswoman walks by.

TYLER

Who doesn't like a calming, hydrating mist? Am I right?

She ignores him. As he puts the mist in the basket, he looks over and notices... George! (Phew! Not a killer!) But boy does he look pissed...

START →
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TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey! This is a coincidence.

GEORGE

It would be less of a coincidence if I wasn't looking for you after you LIED about where you were.

(holds up his iPhone)

Find My Friends.

Tyler silently curses himself for leaving that on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I was coming to tell you we'd been robbed. But then I found out from the bank that I'd been robbed. Apparently by you.

TYLER

I can explain, George.

But he can't explain. Because explaining would involve talking about his mother which is something Tyler Rice simply WILL NOT DO. Too many feelings involved. So he punts.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Here's a thought. Let's you and me grab some 'za --

GEORGE

You know what? I don't even care. You're just going to say something to somehow convince me that what you did was right... because you're a manipulative, selfish narcissist.

TYLER

I feel like some calming mist might help in this situation.

GEORGE

Keep the stupid mist. And keep the money. The only person you've ever really cared about is you. Well, congratulations.

(MORE)

GEORGE

38.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now you get to spend as much time
as you want with the person you
like most.

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*

And George stalks off. Then turns back, just to make sure.

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GEORGE (CONT'D)

I meant you.

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George leaves. Tyler sighs, UPSET, then SPRITZES himself.

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END Sc. 2

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