

JOHNNY

Well, that was creepy, huh?

Randi turns and begins to wash her hands. She eyes her purse, with her cell phone sitting near the top.

RANDI

How's that?

JOHNNY

We're talking about A murder, he gets a call from the police. Spooky.

RANDI

Yeah, I hope everything's ok.

Randi turns to walk towards Johnny with the tools she needs to help finish his sutures.

JOHNNY

Me too. How long have you and the Dr. been sleeping with each other?

Randi drops everything in shock.

RANDI

What?

JOHNNY

Come on Randi, you're beautiful but you're not deaf, and you're not stupid.

RANDI

That's none-

JOHNNY

-of my my business, I know. But... let's pretend for a moment it is. Let's pretend I didn't see you notice the scratches on my arm and think they might be defensive scratches. And while we're at it let's pretend that you didn't do

the math and assume that I might be  
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## JOHNNY (CONT'D)

responsible for that woman who was  
mutilated last night based on my  
injuries.

Randi is trying to remain calm and steady. She's not doing  
a very good job.

JOHNNY

Man... that's a lot of pretending.  
Kinda like your pretend  
relationship with that "Dr.Happily  
Married". How about we stop  
pretending and talk about some  
facts, Randi?

Randi looks at the door.

JOHNNY

Don't look at that door, you're not  
going anywhere, sweetheart.

Randi looks back at Johnny.

JOHNNY

It's a fact that I did kill that  
woman last night. She put up a  
helluva fight too. But another fact  
is that no matter how hard they  
struggle, they always die. Always.  
It's unfortunate you had to be  
working here, today. You could've  
easily just stayed home and had a  
"you" day and binge watched  
whatever garbage you watch to make  
you feel better about yourself. But  
today we met...and you have me over  
a barrel,so to speak. And that  
barrel may just save your life. Now  
I don't know how you managed to  
contact the police, but I do know  
that if you stich up my back fast,  
like your life depends on it,  
you'll get to walk out of that door  
again. If you don't. And the police  
are the next people to open that

(MORE)

door and not me, I'll cut your  
throat open so wide the police and  
I will get your blood all over our  
shoes as we slip and slide our way  
out of this room. Those Randi, are  
facts... Cold and hard.