

The Kill Hole

Drake/Carter
49. #2

On Drake, who notices Carter's knife next to him. He thinks on it, then looks up at Carter, who is looking directly at him. Drake diverts his eyes somewhere else. Carter maintains his stare.

Carter arrives back at the fire. He is about to sit down on top of the knife when he sees it, picks it up, then sits down. He looks at the knife, then at Drake, curiously.

DRAKE

What if I said yes?

CARTER

Yes to what?

DRAKE

Yes, I'll join you. What if I said that? What would you tell me you haven't told me yet?

CARTER

Say yes first.

DRAKE

What if I did? What's your plan? Do you even have one?

CARTER

That's about one too many hypotheticals for me to think about.

DRAKE

Are we gonna be like that D.C. Sniper, posting up in a car trunk somewhere, shooting at soccer moms?

CARTER

See, that man had no imagination. All the career criminals in D.C. and the only people he finds to kill are innocents.

DRAKE

But you got it worked out, right? To how somehow you're gonna be any different than him? See, I bet he had a plan too. I bet he planned on all sorts of shit coming together. But in the end, he's just a crazy motherfucker with good aim... He was a vet, too.

CARTER

I tell you, Drake. They make us this way.

Start

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1/2

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DRAKE
Yeah, well, *fuck* that guy.

CARTER
He showed us one thing, though. Showed us this country is about a hair away from mass hysteria.

DRAKE
Any country with a sniper running around wiping out civilians at random is gonna get hysterical.

CARTER
But what other country's gonna make a man like that?

DRAKE
They made *you*.

CARTER
He's not one of us. Not him. We don't kill innocents. Our job is clean. We know exactly who it is we're killing. Look them right in the eye before pulling the trigger. ~~A slaughter~~ is like hell for us. There's no order to anything. One side shoots this way, the other side shoots that way. It's messy.

Carter takes the fish off the grill and onto a flat stone. He cuts into it with a knife.

CARTER (CONT'D)
My buddy Binder. He didn't just kill himself. He killed his wife. His two kids. *Then* himself.

He eats some fish with his fingers.

CARTER (CONT'D)
What could make a man do that?

End

He stands up abruptly, upset, and paces.

Drake follows him with his eyes. He looks at the knife on the stone, next to the fish. Then, he snatches it quickly and tucks it into his pants waist when Carter isn't looking.

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3/2