

**"JUST A CHAT. NOTHING MORE."**

By

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INT. DINER - NIGHT

MORGAN sits across from CUTTER, watching them pile greasy diner food into their mouth. The place is almost empty, but MORGAN keeps glancing around. The cup of tea in front of them remains untouched.

CUTTER

Thanks for the food. Appreciated muchly. I'll finish up and then we can talk details.

MORGAN nods. CUTTER drains their coffee cup, and then holds it up to the waitress at the counter to request a refill.

MORGAN

"Cutter"?

CUTTER

(eating)

Mm?

MORGAN

Is that- Is that a family name?

CUTTER snorts through a mouthful of fried egg.

CUTTER

Why would I tell you that? (Pause.)  
Guess it could be a family name...

MORGAN

So it's a nickname? Like a prison nickname? Have you been to prison?

CUTTER swallows, stares at MORGAN.

CUTTER

You're making me nervous with all your questions. Drink your tea.

They drop their cutlery onto the plate and push it away. The WAITRESS arrives and pours another cup of coffee. When she's out of earshot, CUTTER begins to speak. It sounds confident, but rehearsed.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

You haven't done anything wrong.  
It's what I always say, first up.  
You've done *nothing* wrong.

(MORE)

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
*(Gesturing to their booth.)* This isn't wrong. Us, here. It's just a chat. Nothing more.

MORGAN glances around, leans in.

MORGAN  
 But I gave you money. I paid you money to-

CUTTER  
 To what? I haven't done anything. Not yet.

MORGAN  
 Was there- was there a problem?

CUTTER  
 Why not just get a divorce? Can I ask you that?

Something in MORGAN shifts. Something CUTTER notices.

MORGAN  
 No. You may not.

CUTTER  
 Fair, fair. There's no problem. I'm ready to go. You paid enough to start the ball rolling-

MORGAN  
 And you'll get the other half-

CUTTER  
 But I want to ask you--I ask everyone, you're not special--if this is what you want. Really.

MORGAN  
 That's none of your business.

CUTTER  
 That's not quite true, thanks to yourself.

MORGAN drops off. CUTTER leans in. Tries a smile. Ish.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
 You seem nice enough. Like a good person. The reason we're sitting here "chatting": that might be how you feel today. Shit, you might have felt it since the wedding! But years from now, you might start to regret it. Let it eat away at you. Neither of us want that.

(MORE)

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
You can still walk. No harm, no  
foul. All I wanted to tell you.

MORGAN  
I can walk away?

CUTTER  
We don't see each other again. We  
don't know each other. Why would  
we?

The cup of tea finally meets MORGAN's lips. They drink.

MORGAN  
What about my money?

CUTTER  
I'm afraid that's non-refundable.  
It's a deposit. Same as any.

MORGAN  
And that's how it works?

CUTTER  
That's how it works at most places.

MORGAN  
No, I mean: this is how you run  
your little operation? You offer a  
service, you take a deposit and  
then talk vulnerable, nervous  
people into letting you walk away?

CUTTER  
I'm just making sure-

MORGAN  
You think you're some kind of  
counsellor, some kind of therapist,  
sitting in this booth with egg on  
your chin? I am a paying customer.

For once, CUTTER is lost for words. MORGAN stares them down.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Have you ever followed through on  
the job? Ever? Or does it always  
end with the "just a chat"?

MORGAN stands up from the booth.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Let me know when it's done. You can  
pay for my tea.

CUTTER watches MORGAN walk to their car through the window.  
They exhale slowly as their employer drives away into the  
night.