

"RISK MANAGEMENT"

By

Alexander Lee-Rekers

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SCRATCH and PIKE sit at a shabby table with mismatched chairs. Between them, nestled in the centre of a Lazy Susan, is a package.

SCRATCH nibbles at their thumb and flicks their eyes from the package, to PIKE, back to the package. PIKE puts their fingertips against the Lazy Susan--as if to give it a harmless spin. They are about to do exactly that when:

SCRATCH

It's heavier than I expected.

PIKE

I can imagine.

SCRATCH

Can't imagine carrying it around all day. Weighing you down. An hour was more than enough.

PIKE

What do we do with it?

SCRATCH

Get rid of it? Burn it? Throw it off something?

PIKE

Sounds reasonable.

SCRATCH

Or is that too forward-thinking?

PIKE

It's bold...

SCRATCH

...that's what I'm afraid of.

Fuck it, thinks PIKE. They spin the Lazy Susan.

PIKE

I suppose my only thought is:

SCRATCH

What if she comes back for it?

PIKE

And finds it burned?

SCRATCH

Or thrown off something- well, just missing, really.

PIKE

Then we hold firm. We say-

SCRATCH

"We've held onto it for long enough!"

PIKE

"It's too much risk!"

SCRATCH

And for too little reward.

PIKE

Good point. You might want to say that at that point.

SCRATCH nods, determined. The nod becomes a shake.

SCRATCH

It would be just like her, you know? To disappear and then turn up the minute we get rid of it. (Pause.) I wonder ... could it be a test? As in: she's testing us? Not to get rid of it?

PIKE

Seems to important to risk on a test we're so close to failing. She knows better than to test us.

SCRATCH

She does.

Suddenly, PIKE grabs the package and stands up.

PIKE

Here's the plan: we hide it. We don't ever talk about it, we don't ever acknowledge it. We just- we'll bury it, or something.

SCRATCH

So if she comes back, it's ready!

PIKE

If not, it's dead and gone.

SCRATCH

(exhaling)

I am relieved to hear you say that.

PIKE
(tossing the package)
So hide it.

Beat.

SCRATCH
Can't we both do it?

PIKE
It's more secure if only one of us
knows where it is. It's already
half-lost!

SCRATCH
Can't you hide it?

PIKE
No. You're the brave one, not me.
If I know where it is, I'll try to
dump it in secret. Then it'll be
the shit for both of us.

SCRATCH
Sound logic. Do you want to count
to ten, or something?

PIKE
I'll make it fifty. It's not a
count-to-ten level of job.

SCRATCH
This is the right thing to do.

PIKE
Off you go. I'll count in my head
and make the tea.

SCRATCH runs off with the package, energised. PIKE starts
mumbling numbers, but not before glancing in SCRATCH'S
direction.