

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

JACK, a ninety year old man, smokes a cigarette. JACK lives alone, in a brick house, built in 1990.

He drags on his cigarette, and exhales, and then begins to cough uncontrollably.

He reaches for his oxygen mask, and inhales.

His heartbeat returns to normal. JACK breathes a sigh of relief.

On the table next to him, are his pride and joy. Three large plant pots, with his cacti.

He butts his cigarette out, in one of the plant puts.

A knock on the door.

JACK
Come in, it's open!

Reaching for oxygen.

GEORGE, a sixty one year old man, looks at JACK, and grins.

JACK
Hi, how are you. Come in!

GEORGE
I see you living here alone, and just wanted to know if your alright!

JACK
I'm okay. I'm still alive.

GEORGE
Are they all your books?

GEORGE walks to the books, stacked on the table, near the pot plants. And looks at the titles.

GEORGE (CONT.)
You must like reading?

JACK
I don't read much, I like being surrounded by books!

JACK lights another cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Yes!!!

GEORGE

What did he do?

JACK TAKES A MOMENT TO THINK.

JACK

Burst through that very door, you came in, looking for MELODY. He knocked me off my feet. By the time I reached him, he was holding MELODY down, screaming '*Where's the money? Where's the money? The money, where's it!!*

GEORGE

And then, what did you do?

JACK

Went to the gun cabinet. Took out the gun, and shot five bullets into his back!

GEORGE

Oh shit! Did you go to jail?

JACK

No. We buried his body under the peach tree.

JACK points to the tree, in his back yard.

JACK lights another cigarette.

GEORGE

Why are you telling me this?

JACK sits back at his chair, drags on his cigarette, and begins to cough, uncontrollably, his face goes bright red.

JACK

I killed someone, because I could!
That's it! Feel free to tell the cops!

JACK clutches his chest, and dies....