

**BOUND 3** (gwk) Page 1 OF 5

HER:

Honey? I drove like hell to get back with the scotch. I am so sorry. They were early, huh?

HIM:

What you talking about?

HER:

They just left didn't they?

HIM:

What . . . are you drunk?

HER:

You mean they weren't just up here?

HIM:

No. They're still on their way.

HER:

That doesn't make any sense.

HIM:

Why?

HER:

Well, I just saw Johnny downstairs.

HIM:

What?

HER:

Yeah. I was getting out of my car and I saw him in his BMW.

HIM:

Nah. It couldn't have been.

HER:

It was him, Caesar. I'm positive.

HIM:

Violet. That is impossible.

HER:

Caesar. I know Johnny. It was him. I screamed when I saw him. I couldn't believe I had missed him. I knew that you would be upset so I thought I would stop and apologize and give Gino the bottle of scotch but . . . I honked a couple of times and Johnny didn't even hear me. He didn't stop.

HIM:

But . . . Gino's plane doesn't even land for another half hour.

HER:

Actually . . . I didn't see Gino in the car. Just Johnny.

HIM:

Oh shit! The money! I gotta check the briefcase and . . .  
(PAUSE) Oh my dear God . . .

HER:

Caesar?

HIM:

No . . . no . . . oh my God . . . no!

HER:

Caesar?

HIM:

No. Oh no . . . look. Gone.

HER:

Oh God.

HIM:

Aaaaargh! Why? Oh shit . . . I have been set up . . .

HER:

Johnny?

HIM:

That fuck! That rotten fuck!!

HER:

Why? Why would Johnny do this?

HIM:

Jesus Christ. Violet, open your fucking eyes. Johnny hates me as much as I hate him. I hate that motherless rat fucker. I hate him! I hate him!

HER:

But you know he did it.

HIM:

Yeah? So fucking what? Look . . . the money is gone, right? Gino is on his way here to pick it up. Do you think Gino is going to believe me when I tell him that his little rat fuck son stole two fucking million dollars of mob money? Is that what you think, because I don't. You know what I think? I think I am a dead man. I'm one in the back of the head. That is what I think!

HER:

Caesar . . . what are we going to do?

HIM:

Well, I know what Johnny wants me to do. Johnny wants me to run. He wants me out of here . . . but if I run, then everyone will think I fucking did it and he gets away with two million clean. (PAUSE) I can see him right now. Heading to the airport to pick up Gino laughing at me! Laughing at me!!

HER:

Caes . . . Caesar . . .

HIM:

Violet don't! Don't touch me. I do not need a backrub right now, okay? I gotta think. I gotta fucking think this through! Wait! I got it! I'll just have to get the money back.

HER:

What? The money is gone.

HIM:

No, no. Johnny's got it. I just gotta get it back.

HER:

But it could be anywhere.

HIM:

There was not enough time. Johnny's got to pick up Gino at the airport, right? That means he's probably got the money with him. It's got to be in the car. He didn't see you, did he?

HER:

No. No, he didn't.

HIM:

Good. That's good. That means I got the edge. He doesn't know that I know. That's why he filled the case with newspaper. He wants me to hand it to Gino. Then there would be no doubt that I did it. Then he'll put a bullet in me himself . . . but that's not what's going to happen. You're not going to set me up, Johnny. No way. No how. Not like this.

HER:

This is insane. I am not sitting around waiting to watch this. I am leaving. I don't want to be any part of this shit. I don't want to be involved.

HIM:

You can't leave.

HER:

The hell I can't.

HIM:

I need you.

HER:

You don't need me. You've never needed me.

HIM:

I can't let you leave, Violet. Now, if you're not with me, then I'm going to have to assume that you're against me.

HER:

Caesar, this is crazy. Put the gun away. Just let me grab some of my things and let me go.

HIM:

Maybe this is crazy. Maybe it isn't. Maybe you dropped that bottle of scotch by accident . . . maybe you didn't. It would have been so easy . . . to let Johnny in as you left.

HER:

You can't believe that.

HIM:

I've seen the way he looks at you. He's always wanted you.  
Maybe two million bucks finally bought you.

HER:

Fuck you!

HIM:

(PAUSE) I'm sorry, Violet. I want to trust you, but . . . I hope  
you understand. I don't have any other choice.