

*MICHAEL HIDES BEHIND THE DINING TABLE.*

CHAD: That's right Michael, smell the fear. Taste it. Hear its sweet voice. The very last noise to echo in your ears will be your flesh breaking open when this little beauty explodes inside you.

MICHAEL: No!

CHAD: Oh, but yes, Michael. Yes. It will. Bang. Then moments later the bullet tearing at your flesh, drills into your body and explodes. There'll be a little tiny hole in the front of you and a bloody great big one in your back. At least you'll look good in your casket. You worry, how pretty you'll look when you're dead?

MICHAEL: This is insane.

TRACEY: You said you got rid of that. You'll get life. No. No.

*CHAD MANOEUVRES TRACEY AGAINST THE KITCHEN BENCH, SOME PLATES FALL TO THE FLOOR. MICHAEL ATTEMPTS TO EXIT.*

CHAD: I've dreamt of this day. Played it through. [TO MICHAEL] You'd be standing there, crying. No Chad. Don't Chad. Poor little brother finally get what he's deserves. I've been adding it all up, the shit you've put me through, the lies, explanations, justifications. Most go for lawyers and them courts and sue, thinking it'll get justice, to say I'll show them. All that money, time and who wins, eh? Who wins? I'll tell you who wins, the bloody lawyers win with their fancy holidays, sports cars and girlfriend's breast implants. I have the answer here, twenty-p and it's all over. I can have all the, I'll show 'em, I want. No head screw-ups, no past memories. Just throw you away. All for a twenty-p bargain.