

Fear. Kala scratches and claws at the door. Tugs on the door handle. Frantic. Screaming and yelling.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Both wear sunglasses. Quinn rolls down the window a touch for fresh air, holds onto the roof and window seal with his fingers.

RAY

So Banker boy how do we help you become lucky in love?

QUINN

You know I'm not sure therapy is the right thing for me. Really, I just want to get out of town before I wake up in the slammer. Can you help me with that?

Out of the corner of his eye, Ray eyes Quinn's fingers hanging out the window.

Pushes the automatic window button. Up goes the power window on Quinn's fingers.

Severe pain. Quinn can't speak. Only mouths the word "Down" over and over.

RAY

Why on earth would you want to skip town? Cops will be expecting you to do that. No you want to always keep your enemies close. You stick with me and I will help you become lucky in love.

Acting dumb founded. Ray releases the window. Quinn grabs his hand tenderly. Blows on it like it's on fire. Shakes off the pain.

RAY

I am so sorry Banker boy. Is anything broken?

QUINN

Be careful. I need these. Son of a monkey that stings.

Holds up his smashed fingers.

RAY

Let me apologize by buying you lunch.
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

I know this wonderful hole in wall
up town, they have the best food.
What do you say, deal?

Brief pause - Quinn thinks.

QUINN

Deal.

Ray slaps the steering wheel, excited.

RAY

That's what I wanna hear. Let's
eat.

INT. DINER - TABLE - DAY

Ray and Quinn finish lunch. A mug of beer in front of Quinn.

RAY

Yep. Been practicing since, well
been practicing a long time.

QUINN

(swig of beer)

Mmmm.

RAY

I treat all of my patients like they
are famous. That's just how I conduct
business. It's the right thing to
do.

Ray salts his food. Wipe his face with a napkin. Quinn
stuffs food into his mouth. All eyes and attention on Ray.

RAY

There is one patient who seems to be
a thorn in my side.

QUINN

Do tell.

RAY

She suffers from the delusion that
we're in love.

QUINN

Did you ever do anything to cause
her to believe you're in love with
her?

Ray's eyes follow MAX PAYNE (33), a bald monster of a man strut through the diner and seat himself.

RAY

You help me, I help you, right?

Beat - Quinn chews.

RAY

Right!

QUINN

Well... Sure. I have nothing to lose. You either help me shake my streak of bad luck or you help me get out of town. Either way, I win, finally.

Ray slaps his napkin down, a big smile.

RAY

Stick with me and I'll turn your life upside down.

QUINN

You mean around?

RAY

(nervous laugh)

Exactly. I'll turn your life around.

QUINN

And how would you do that?

RAY

Depends. What are you most afraid of?

QUINN

Failure... And love.

RAY

Oooh biggies. What about failure scares you?

QUINN

(sarcastic)

Oh I don't know. Um. Winding up homeless on the streets. Rotting in jail.

Ray snatches Quinn's leather case off the table. Unzips.

RAY
 Or are you afraid of losing something
 valuable? Like all of this?
 (sniffs a bundle)
 Mmmm Mmmm Mmmm, sweet.

Quinn tugs on the case, Ray gains control.

RAY
 Here's the deal. See that bald
 monster over there?

Ray points. Quinn looks.

RAY
 You waltz over there and slap that
 bald monster upside his melon head
 and I'll hand this case back over to
 you.

Imitates how he wants Quinn to deliver a subtle slap.

QUINN
 That's assault.

RAY
 Assault or two-million dollars. The
 choice is yours and it may just help
 you eliminate the demons inside your
 head. Those annoying little tyrants
 that keep you locked away in a fantasy
 land named failure.

Ray relaxes in his seat, arms stretched out over the booth.

RAY
 Go ahead. I bet he's a nice guy.
 Just apologize after and all is good.
 And you get this back.

Holds up the case.

MAX'S BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn smacks Max upside his head. Harder than intended.

Pissed, Max rockets out of his seat. Quinn retreats toward...

QUINN
 Sorry. Sorry dude. I thought you
 were someone else.

Max marches toward Quinn. Balls two fists into fury. Quinn
 dives into...