FADE IN:

POOR ROOM INTERIOR/NIGHT

On the table a reading lamp is on. Two men in street suits cower at the right and left of the door at the wall. JACK, who is standing on the right, wears white shoes and holds a revolver in his hand. BILL, on the right, smokes and is sweating.

JACK
He is coming.

We hear footsteps from the outside. The two men look at each other.

BILL
Let’s go, through the backdoor.

Jack is listening, but the footsteps are not anymore hearable.

BILL
They should have told me earlier, that they didn’t like me.

JACK
Sssst!

They are listening again.

BILL
... I mean, I didn’t know, that the thing with Sosis Ahmet was so important.

Jack makes his gun ready. Click.

JACK
You’re getting to old for this job.

They listen again.

BILL
I can tell it to you, Jack. I came too late yesterday, I missed the bus. I slept too long.

JACK
You were often too late.
BILL
But I couldn’t kill Ahmet, when he came out of his flat. That would have been too dangerous for me and the organization.

JACK
You’re smoking again.

Bill throughs hasty his cigarette away.

JACK
Pssst!

Footsteps outside, followed by silence.

BILL
Jack! You know that you can trust me.

Jack jumps back from the door and gets ready for a fight.

JACK
Close the light!

Bill jumps to the table and switches off the Light. Silence.

BILL
Jack?

JACK
What?

BILL
You are the only one, who stands to me.

JACK
Shut up!

BILL
You’re standing to me, Jack, don’t you?

A door gets closed. Silence.

BILL
Jack! Jack! Where are you?

Footsteps are coming closer and stopping in front of the door.

BILL
Jack! Help me, help me!
The door opens. Light falls through the chink. In the frame of the door a man is standing. Bill falls on his knees.

BILL
Let me go. I'm silent like a grave. I promise. Really, I promise.

The man in the door takes out his revolver. He has white shoes.

FADE OUT