

IT'S ABOUT PAIN

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

STEVEN LEE, 30s, not a man to trifle with, sits across from
KAREN GRANT, 20s, eager for revenge.

KAREN
(drops three-ring binder
on his desk; triumphant)
I've got names, dates, and pages
and pages of quotes.

STEVEN
(lifting the cover)
And it's all so neatly organized.

KAREN
And so potentially... costly to
someone like yourself.

STEVEN
(sniffs; unimpressed)
So it's about money.

KAREN
It's about pain!
(beat; regains control)
Money's just the easiest way to
hurt you.

STEVEN
So you've got a, a "journal," is
that right?

She doesn't rise to the bait. Sure she's won.

STEVEN
Let me tell you what I've got: I've
got two floors filled with the
hungriest, most amoral sons-of-
bitches the finest law schools can
shit out. And I'm gonna hand each
and every one of them a shovel, and
I'm gonna promise a corner office
to the first one who buries you.
(beat)
You want to hurt me, you'll need
more than a schoolgirl's diary.

Her armor cracks, and Steven knows he has her.

STEVEN
(points behind her)
It's called a door.