

Basic Instinct

V

Would you like a cigarette?

T

I quit.

V

Oh, that's right, you're off the Jack Daniels too, aren't you?

T

I've got a few more questions to ask you.

V

I have some for you too. For my book.

T

You have something against ice cubes?

V

I like rough edges.

T

So what did you want to ask me?

V

How does it feel to kill someone?

T

You tell me.

V

I don't know. But you do.

T

It was an accident. They got in the line of fire.

V

Four shootings in five years? All accidents?

T

They were drug buys. I was working undercover. You want to tell me about Professor Goldstein?

V

Well, there's a name from the past.

T

Want a name from the present? What about Hazel Dopkins?

V

Noah Goldstein was my counselor my freshman year. That's probably where I got the idea for the ice pick in my book. Funny how the subconscious works.

T

Hilarious.

V

Hazel's my friend.

T

Well, your friend took out her whole family.

V

Yes. She helped me understand homicidal impulse.

T

I thought you would have learned that at school.

V

Only in theory. But you know all about homicidal impulse, don't you Shooter? Not in theory, in practice. What happened? Did you get sucked into it? Did you like it too much?

T

I don't know what you're talking about.

V

Tell me about the coke, Nick. The day you shot those two tourists, how much coke did you do? Huh? Come on, you can tell me.

T

I didn't.

V

Yes you did. They never tested you did they? Internal Affairs knew. Your wife knew too, didn't she? She knew what was going on. I think you got too close to the flame. I think you liked it. That's why she killed herself.

Nick pushes her away in disgust, exits.

V

You're going to make a terrific character, Nick.