

4 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- SAME TIME

4

Meanwhile. 50 feet away. In a plain CONFERENCE ROOM. Sharona is sitting beside HER LAWYER. Across the table: TWO LAWYERS FROM THE COUNTRY CLUB.

On the table, and on a stand-up easel: PHOTOS and CHARTS and POLICE REPORTS concerning Uncle Henry's accident.

COUNTRY CLUB LAWYER

Miss Fleming, we represent the Eastwood Country Club. Our clients would rather not drag this through the courts for weeks or months or years. In fact, they'd like to settle it today, right here.

The SECOND COUNTRY CLUB LAWYER dramatically writes down a figure on a piece of paper.

COUNTRY CLUB LAWYER (CONT'D)

We understand that you loved your uncle, and no amount of money will ever compensate you for your loss. But we're hoping this will ease at least some of your pain.

Second Lawyer slides the paper across the table.

SMACK →

COUNTRY CLUB LAWYER (CONT'D)

Think about it. Take your time.

SHARONA'S LAWYER

(sharply)

We don't have to think about it. Whatever your offer is, it's not enough. Henry Fleming was in the prime of his life. Your client knew the stones in that staircase were loose. They'd been warned about it on more than two occasions. Sharona flew three thousand miles to be here, and she didn't come all that way to be insulted-

As he speaks, Sharona and her Lawyer glance at the offer. They both react. It's more- much more- than they expected.

SHARONA'S LAWYER (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Jesus Palomino.

// END

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - SHARONA'S LAWYER

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