

Roman clenches his jaw in annoyance at the interruption, but nods, backing into his place and begins his performance.

ROMAN

It's not that I wanted to. Well, maybe I wanted to but... you have to understand. I saw it in their eyes. Cowards. All of them. Unyielding in their fear. I could see that they wanted to die. But they didn't have the strength. Not like me. I simply was doing them a favor.

Slowly, Jon starts to get creeped out.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

It wasn't difficult either. I could see the path my blade would draw, ear to ear, smiling at me. So I smiled back.

JON

That's enough of that.

ROMAN

Is there something wrong?

JON

I've seen enough. See yourself out.

Roman nods, turning and walking toward the door. Jon takes another drink of water.

Roman gets to the door, but doesn't leave. Instead he shuts the door, locking it. His finger gets cut in the lock a bit and his thumb starts to bleed.

Jon, having heard the lock, stands up. Roman does not turn around. Rather, he squeezes a bit more blood out of his finger.

JON (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing? Get out!

Jon then is hit by a wave and starts to lose his balance.

ROMAN

Have you ever been in love, Jon?

Jon then falls back into his seat, unable to move.

Roman puts his bloodied finger in his mouth, cleaning it. Roman then turns around and walks toward Jon who watches him, eyes wide.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I have.

JON

(hoarsely)

Why can't I move?

Roman walks his fingers along the top of the table, gently touching the water bottle as he inches closer.

ROMAN

Just a little paralytic, it'll wear off shortly.

JON

(hoarsely)

Help! Someone help me!

Roman slides into a seat next to Jon.

ROMAN

You know, love... it's a beautiful thing. Truly, it is. I always thought I could never experience anything like it.

JON

Why are you-

ROMAN

It's rude to interrupt. Don't do it again.

(beat)

Now, what they don't tell you is that killing, is just like love. You don't know what it's really like until you've done it and once you've done it...

Roman traces his thumb along Jon's face, leaving a line of blood behind. Roman looks at the blood, longingly.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You can't get enough.

(pause)

Your writings taught me that. Because of you, I learned how to love again.