

From *Dead Middle-Aged Whore* by Dawson Moore ([dawsonguy@juno.com](mailto:dawsonguy@juno.com))

Willy: Male, mid-20s. A soda jerk and an old soul. He is surrendering to pressure from acquaintances to join them in digging up a dead woman's yard to look for buried gold. It's circa 1910 in the Pacific Northwest.

WILLY

All right, fine ... let's go.  
I'll throw in with you fools for tonight.  
Because I know you might be right.  
There could be a lot of money up there, and who're we hurting?  
Except this sort of thing almost always blows up like old dynamite, never when you need it.  
So we're doing it right.  
I call the shots, you unspeakable cretins.  
We have to do this fast, united, and with no drama.  
We split everything three ways.  
No palming stuff  
No claiming you did more work later.  
Three even ways.  
We leave straight from here and go there as a group.  
No cold feet.  
No head starts.  
I'll check outside, and when the coast is clear, you two get into the back of my buggy.  
Stay down in the carriage until I open it for you.  
We go in together.  
We're done early enough for me to drop you off before the sun's up.  
I'm here in time to open up like normal.  
Maybe we find her money, maybe we don't.  
After tonight, we never speak of this again.  
None of us are qualified to do this.  
None of us deserve any of the money we might find.  
But if we are brave enough ... we might just get lucky.  
I don't need to be the boss, as long as we do it my way.