

**"BLOOD SIMPLE"**

By

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**LANDSCAPES**

An opening voice-over plays against dissolving Texas landscapes--broad, bare, and lifeless.

**VOICE-OVER**

The world is full of complainers. But the fact is, nothing comes with a guarantee. I don't care if you're the Pope of Rome, President of the United States, or even Man of the Year--something can always go wrong. And go ahead, complain, tell your problems to your neighbor, ask for help--watch him fly. Now in Russia, they got it mapped out so that everyone pulls for everyone else--that's the theory, anyway. But what I know about is Texas...

**CUT TO**

**ROAD NIGHT**

We are rushing down a rain-swept country road, listening to the rhythmic swish of tires on wet asphalt.

**VOICE-OVER**

And down here... you're on your own.

**INT. CAR NIGHT**

We are looking at the backs of two people in the front seat-- a man, driving, and a woman next to him.

Their conversation will be punctuated by the occasional glare of oncoming headlights and the roar of the car rushing by.

The windshield wipers wave a soporific beat. The conversation is halting, awkward.

**WOMAN**

...He gave me a little pearl-handled  
.38 for our first anniversary.

**MAN**

Uh-huh.

**WOMAN**

...Figured I'd better leave before I  
used it on him. I don't know how you  
can stand him.

**MAN**

Well, I'm only an employee, I ain't  
married to him.

**WOMAN**

Yeah...

Pause, as an oncoming car passes. Finally:

**WOMAN**

...I don't know. Sometimes I think  
there's something wrong with him.  
Like maybe he's sick? Mentally?...  
Or is it maybe me, do you think?

**MAN**

Listen, I ain't a marriage counselor.  
I don't know what goes on, I don't  
wanna know... But I like you. I always  
liked you...

Another car passes.

**MAN**

...What're you gonna do in Houston?

**WOMAN**

I'll figure something out... How  
come you offered to drive me in this  
mess?

**MAN**

I told you. I like you.

**WOMAN**

See, I never knew that.

**MAN**

Well now you do.

**WOMAN**

...Hell.

Another pause. Another car.

Suddenly:

**WOMAN**

Stop the car, Ray!

**CLOSE SHOT BRAKE**

Stamped on.

**EXT. CAR**

Low three-quarters on the car as it squeals to a halt.

behind

A car that has been following screeches to a halt just  
it.

Both cars sit.

Rain patters.

**INT. FIRST CAR**

Close on the man, from behind.

He looks at the woman.

**MAN**

...Abby?

his

She doesn't answer. He turns to look back and we see  
face, for the first time, in the headlights of the car

behind.

**HIS POV**

down

The car behind them waiting, patiently. Rain drifts  
past its headlights.

headlights

Finally it pulls out and passes them slowly, their  
showing it to be a battered green Volkswagon. First the

car

rain.

itself, then its red taillights, disappear into the

**BACK TO THE MAN**

Cutting between him and the woman, each from behind.

**MAN**

...You know that car?

**WOMAN**

No.

**MAN**

What's the matter?

**WOMAN**

I don't know... I just think maybe  
I'm making a mistake...

She looks at the man.

**WOMAN**

...What was that back there?

**MAN**

Back where?

**WOMAN**

Sign.

**MAN**

I don't know. Motel... Abby--

**WOMAN**

Ray. Did you mean that, what you  
said before, or were you just being  
a gentleman?

**MAN**

Abby, I like you, but it's no point  
starting anything now.

**WOMAN**

Yeah.

**MAN**

I mean, I ain't a marriage counselor--

**WOMAN**

Yeah.

The man is uncomfortable.

**MAN**

...What do you want to do?

The woman is uncomfortable. After a long pause:

**WOMAN**

...What do you want to do?

**MOTEL ROOM**

Pulling back from RAY and ABBY in bed, making love.

The only light is from cars passing along the highway  
outside.

Each sweeping light-by ends in black.

The pullback ends in a wide shot of the motel room. The  
black following the last car lingers.

A telephone rings.

**SAME WIDE SHOT MORNING**

Ray and Abby are asleep. On a nightstand next to the  
bed, the telephone is ringing.

Ray stirs, reaches for the phone.

**RAY**

...Hello.

**VOICE**

Having a good time?

**RAY**

...What? Who is this?

**VOICE**

I don't know, who's this?

A silence at both ends.

**VOICE**

...You still there?

**RAY**

Yeah, I'm still here.

Ray listens to another silence. It ends with a  
disconnect.

Abby is stirring as Ray gets out of bed.

**ABBY**

...Ray?

**RAY**

Yeah.

**ABBY**

What was that?

**RAY**

Your husband.

**BAR BACK OFFICE NIGHT**

just  
We are tracking past a man seated behind a wooden desk,  
towards an 8 x 10 black-and-white photograph that has  
been slapped down on the desktop.

motel  
The picture is of Abby and Ray in bed together in the  
room.

**VOICE**

I know a place you can get that  
framed.

musings  
The voice is familiar as that of the narrator whose  
on life in Texas and the Soviet Union opened the movie.  
We cut to him.

is  
yellow  
He is settling himself into a chair facing the desk. He  
LOREN VISSER, a large unshaven man in a misshapen  
leisure suit.

He smiles at the man behind the desk.

**JULIAN MARTY**

window  
in  
Sits staring down at the photograph. Behind him a  
opens on the bar proper. Country-western music filters

from the bar.

Marty is not pleased.

**MARTY**

What did you take these for?

**VISSER**

What do you mean...

and He removes a pouch of tobacco from his breast pocket  
nonchalantly starts rolling a cigarette.

**VISSER**

...Just doin' my job.

**MARTY**

You called me, I knew they were there,  
so what do I need these for?

**VISSER**

Well, I don't know... Call it a fringe  
benefit.

**MARTY**

How long did you watch her?

**VISSER**

Most of the night...

the He lights his cigarette, then slaps his lighter onto  
desktop.

spelling out It is silver, engraved on the top with a lariat  
that "Loren" in script, and on the side with a declaration  
he is "Elks Man of the Year."

**VISSER**

...They'd just rest a few minutes  
and then get started again. Quite  
something.

Marty stares down at the photograph.

**MARTY**

You know in Greece they cut off the  
head of the messenger who brought  
bad news.

A smoke ring floats into frame from offscreen.

**VISSER**

Now that don't make much sense.

**MARTY**

No. It just made them feel better.

Marty rises and goes to a safe behind his desk.

Visser laughs as he watches Marty.

**VISSER**

Well first off, Julian, I don't know what the story is in Greece but in this state we got very definite laws about that...

tosses Marty, hunched over the standing safe behind his desk,  
in the photograph and takes out a pay envelope.

**VISSER**

...Second place I ain't a messenger, I'm a private investigator. And third place--and most important--it ain't such bad news. I mean you thought he was a colored.

(he laughs)

...You're always assumin' the worst...

through Visser blows another smoke ring, pushes a fat finger  
the middle of it, and beams at Marty.

**VISSER**

...Anything else?

**MARTY**

Yeah, don't come by here any more. If I need you again I know which rock to turn over.

Visser Marty scales the pay envelope across the desk. It hits  
in the chest and bounces to the floor.

expression for Visser looks stonily down at the envelope; no  
a beat. Then he roars with laughter.



**VISSER**

That's good... "which rock to turn over"... that's very good...

riser,  
door  
Sighing, he leans forward to pick up the envelope. He straightens his cowboy hat, and walks over to a screen letting out on the bar's back parking lot.

**VISSER**

Well, gimme a call whenever you wanna cut off my head...

to  
to  
He pauses at the door, cocks his head, then turns back the desk and picks up his cigarette lighter. Returning to the door:

**VISSER**

...I can crawl around without it.

The door slams shut behind him.

and  
bar.  
Marty scowls at the back door. After a moment he rises and crosses the office to the window looking out on the

the  
forward,  
Over Marty's shoulder we see the long bar leading up to window in perpendicular. The camera is tracking past Marty, to frame on the window.

bar,  
A black man is just now vaulting the near end of the bar, over onto the customer side.

**MATCH**

**CUT TO:**

**MARTY'S BAR**

**REVERSE ANGLE VAULTING MAN**

and  
the  
Tracking back with him as he lands on the customer side heads across the bar. This shot, from the other side of

glass  
back-office window, reveals the window to be one-way  
mirrored on this side  
pounds,  
MEURICE, the black bartender, is muscular, about 200  
making  
dressed in white pants and a sleeveless T-shirt. He is  
his way through the crowd towards the jukebox.  
Another man stands in front of it examining the  
selections.  
He deposits a quarter.

**MEURICE**

Hold it, hold it. What's tonight?

**MAN**

What?

**MEURICE**

What night is it?

**MAN**

(studying Meurice)  
...Friday?

**MEURICE**

Right. Friday night is Yankee night.  
Where're you from?

**MAN**

Lubbock?

buttons on  
Meurice shakes his head and punches the selector  
the jukebox.

**MEURICE**

Right. I'm from Detroit  
(turning to leave)  
It's a big city up north with tall  
buildings.

makes his  
couple  
vaults  
A Motown song drops. We track behind Meurice as he  
way back toward the bar. When he reaches it, he claps a  
of people on the shoulder, who make way for him. He

from of  
sipping

back over the top, walks down the bar, and stops in  
an attractive white woman sitting on a bar stool and  
a brandy.

**MEURICE**

Where was I?

**WOMAN**

You we telling me about the Ring of  
Fire.

**MEURICE**

Yeah, well, I may be getting in over  
my head here, I mean you're the  
geologist, but my theory for what  
it's worth, you got all these  
volcanoes and each time one pops  
it's the equivalent of what, twenty,  
thirty megatons of TNT? Enough to  
light Las Vegas for how long? How  
many years? Course, I'm no  
mathematician but--

**MARTY**

Meurice.

Marty is approaching from the direction of the office.

**MEURICE**

Yeah, I know. Pour 'em short.

**MARTY**

Has Ray come in yet?

**MEURICE**

No, he's off tonight. Where was he  
last night?

**MARTY**

(glaring)

How would I know?

**MEURICE**

I don't know, didn't he call?

woman.  
Marty loses his glare and his gaze drifts over to the

After an awkward pause, Meurice clears his throat.

**MEURICE**

...Marty, I'd like you to meet an old friend of mine, Debra. Debra, this is Julian Marty, the dude I'm always talking about.

She is unselfconsciously returning Marty's stare.

**MARTY**

If he does come in I'm not here...  
What were you drinking, Debra?

**DEBRA**

Remy.

**MARTY**

You've got a very sophisticated palate.

**DEBRA**

Thanks.

**MARTY**

Give Debra here another drink, and give me the usual.

Meurice walks down the bar.

**DEBRA**

...What's a palate?

Marty studies her for a beat, she studies him, he smiles.

**MARTY**

Listen, I got tickets for the Oilers and the Rams next week in the Astrodome. Ever sat on the fifty yard line?

**DEBRA**

I don't follow baseball.

Marty laughs.

**MARTY**

You won't have to. I'll explain what a palate is.

**DEBRA**

You won't have to. I just wanted to see if you knew.

Marty smiles bleakly. Debra drains her glass as Meurice returns. He sets another Cognac in front of Debra, and glass of milk in front of Marty.

**MARTY**

What's this?

**MEURICE**

You said the usual--

**MARTY**

Red Label.

**MEURICE**

(picking up the milk)  
Right. Sorry.

**MARTY**

Pour that back.

**MEURICE**

What.

**MARTY**

Don't throw that out.

**MEURICE**

Right.

He wanders on down the bar; Marty's attention returns to the woman.

**MARTY**

So how long have you know Meurice?

**DEBRA**

About ten years.

Marty's attention is caught by something down the bar. He half-rises from his stool.

**MARTY**

What--Waitaminute--What...

**HIS POV**

Meurice is pouring the milk down the sink. He looks innocently up.

**MEURICE**

What.

**BACK TO MARTY**

the  
Angry but not knowing what to say. He glances around  
bar, sinks slowly back onto his stool.

**MARTY**

Deuce in the corner needs help.

**MEURICE**

Right.

couple  
the  
Marty sits staring across the bar for a moment, nods a  
of times at nothing in particular, then looks back at  
woman.

**MARTY**

...So what're you doing tonight?

**DEBRA**

Going out with Meurice.

Marty tosses a beer nut into his mouth.

**MARTY**

Tell him you have a headache.

Debra gives him a level stare.

**DEBRA**

It'll pass.

**MARTY**

We don't seem to be communicating--

**DEBRA**

You want to hustle me. I don't want  
to be hustled. It's as simple as  
that. Now that I've communicated,  
why don't you leave?

**MARTY**

I own the place.

**DEBRA**

Christ, I'm getting bored.

**MARTY**

I'm not surprised, the company you've  
been keeping the last ten years.

a They both fall silent as Meurice enters frame. He takes  
bottle from the bar and pours himself a drink.

**MARTY**

What's this?

**MEURICE**

What.

**MARTY**

(pointing at Meurice's  
drink)

This.

**MEURICE**

Jack Daniels. Don't worry, I'm paying  
for it.

**MARTY**

That's not the point.

**MEURICE**

What's the point?

**MARTY**

The point is we don't serve niggers  
here.

**MEURICE**

Where?

(he looks over his  
shoulder; up and  
down the bar)

...I'm very careful about that.

Marty tosses back Meurice's drink, then turns to Debra,  
smiling.

**MARTY**

He thinks I'm kidding. Everybody  
thinks I'm kidding;  
(as he turns to leave)  
if Ray comes in I'm not home.

Debra watches him go, then turns back to Meurice.

**DEBRA**

Nice guy.

**MEURICE**

Not really. What'd you say your last name was?

**MARTY'S HOUSE TRACKING DOWN HALLWAY**

down the  
the  
faint

We are following a large German shepherd as it pads hall toward a warmly lit room at its end. We hear only sound of the dog's paws on the hardwood floor, and the clicking of billiard balls.

**BILLIARD ROOM**

furniture  
moose  
foreground,  
room is

It is a paneled, carpeted room with black leather and a nine-foot billiard table. Various stuffed animal trophies are scattered around the room, including a head mounted on one wall. Ray stands alone in the shooting pool, an unlit cigarette in his mouth. The very quiet.

hallway,

In the background the German shepherd enters from the sits down in a corner, and benignly watches Ray.

**UPSTAIRS BEDROOM**

bedroom.  
bureau.  
through

It is expensively appointed; a brightly lit woman's Abby is opening a hinged drawer in a white antique She pulls out a leather handbag, gropes nervously its contents, then puts it aside.

from  
table.

She crosses the room to a vanity table, takes a purse underneath, and spills its contents out on top of the

**BILLIARD ROOM**



then Ray pockets a couple of balls, looks over at the dog,  
up at the wall at the far end of the room.

**RAY'S POV**

of Hanging on the wall are a couple of framed photographs  
Marty and Abby, taken a long time ago.

**BACK TO RAY**

table. Staring at the pictures. He looks back down at the pool

**UPSTAIRS BEDROOM**

another Abby is sitting on a large double bed. She puts aside  
back purse, rises and crosses the room hurriedly, and pushes  
shelf the sliding doors of a long wardrobe closet. The upper  
grabs is lined with handbags--fifteen or twenty of them. She  
second, the first one, looks in, tosses it aside; grabs the  
looks--and stops.

**HER POV**

Inside the purse, a small pearl-handled gun.

**BILLIARD ROOM**

wall, Ray is now standing in front of the pictures on the  
looking from one to the next.

**RAY'S POV**

beach. A picture of Abby and Marty standing together on a Gulf  
finger Marty is wearing a long velour beach robe, Abby is in a  
swimming suit. Ray's hand enters frame. He traces a  
down her leg.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

shift. His head cocked to the side. After a moment his eyes

**EXTREME CLOSE SHOT PHOTO DETAIL**

whoever  
is  
Of Marty's face. He is staring into the camera, at  
took the picture. His head is thrown back slightly; he  
laughing.

and  
From offscreen in the quiet room we hear a static hum  
then Abby's voice over an intercom.

**ABBY'S VOICE**

Ray...?

**BACK TO RAY**

speaker  
speaker  
He turns from the photograph and walks to an intercom  
next to the mounted moose's head. He presses the  
button.

**RAY**

Yeah...

moose's  
He idly takes his unlit cigarette and sticks it in the  
mouth.

**RAY**

...You get what you wanted?

**ABBY'S VOICE**

Yeah. Let's get out of here.

**MARTY'S FRONT FOYER**

toward  
silhouette  
that  
floor  
We are looking across a dark, high-ceilinged foyer  
the front door. Ray leans against the doorjamb, in  
in the open doorway. He is facing a curved staircase  
descends into the foyer. Abby appears at the second-  
landing and starts down the stairs.

**RAY**

Why d'you wanna leave all this?

**ABBY**

You kidding? I don't wanna leave all this, I just wanna leave Marty...

As she reaches the bottom of the stairs:

**ABBY**

...Drive me to a motel?

**RAY**

You can stay at my place, I'll drop you there.

**ABBY**

Where... where you going?

**RAY**

See a guy.

**ABBY**

(nervously)

Don't go to the bar, Ray. I know him, that ain't a good idea.

**RAY**

I just gotta see a guy.

**MARTY'S BAR**

The crowd has thinned out. Meurice and Debra are in the foreground.

Ray enters from the street and makes his way over to them.

**MEURICE**

Howdy stranger.

**RAY**

Meurice. Sorry I didn't show last night.

**MEURICE**

Wasn't too busy. You missed a good one, though. This white guy walks in about one o'clock, asks if we have a discount for alcoholics... I tell him to get lost, but Marty's sitting here listening and I can tell he's thinking that maybe it ain't such a bad idea...

for

He pours Debra another drink and starts to set one up  
Ray.

**MEURICE**

...Ray, this is Debra. She's a  
geologist. That's the theory of rocks.

Ray nods at Debra.

**RAY**

Is Marty here?

**MEURICE**

Not here tonight. Wasn't here last  
night. He's especially not back in  
his office.

**RAY**

(leaving)  
Thanks Meurice.

**MEURICE**

For what?

**EXT. BACK OF MARTY'S BAR**

back  
the  
fixedly

Marty is sitting on the stoop that descends from his  
office to a graveled back parking lot; he is framed in  
open doorway of his brightly lit office. He stares  
at something offscreen.

**MARTY'S POV**

blast.  
out  
in

In the middle distance a huge incinerator operates full  
Orange flames lick out the sides; white smoke billows  
the top. Two figures in silhouette are chucking garbage  
through a large gate.

**BACK TO MARTY**

open,

Behind him, in the office, we see the door from the bar  
and Ray entering.

**RAY**

Marty?

Marty looks over his shoulder, then back toward the furnace.

Ray descends the stoop and stands in front of him.

**RAY**

...Well...? What?

Marty stares past Ray across the parking lot.

**MARTY**

What "what"?

**RAY**

Am I fired? You wanna hit me? What?

**MARTY**

I don't particularly want to talk to you.

**RAY**

Well... if you're not gonna fire me I might as well quit.

**MARTY**

Fine. Suit yourself.  
(still staring fixedly  
at the furnace)  
...Having a good time?

Ray tenses. There is a pause.

**RAY**

...I don't like this kind of talk.

Marty still stares at the furnace.

**MARTY**

Then what'd you come here for?

**RAY**

(no more conciliation)  
You owe me for two weeks.

Marty shakes his head.

**MARTY**

Nope. She's an expensive piece of ass...

He finally looks up at Ray.

**MARTY**

...You get a refund though, if you tell me who else she's been sluicing.

**RAY**

I want that money. If you wanna tell me something, fine--

**MARTY**

What're you, a fucking marriage counselor?

Ray breaks into a strained half-smile.

Marty grins humorlessly back, mimicking Ray's smile.

**MARTY**

What're you smiling at--I'm a funny guy, right, I'm an asshole? No, no, that's not what's funny. What's funny is her. What's funny is that I had you two followed because, if it isn't you, she's been sleeping with someone else...

looking

He grabs a knee in each hand and leans forward, still at Ray. He is becoming only slightly more animated.

**MARTY**

...What's really going to be funny is when she gives you that innocent look and says, What're you talking about, Ray, I haven't done anything funny...

He leans back again.

**MARTY**

...But the funniest thing to me right now is that you think she came back here for you--\*that's\* what's funny.

as he

Ray moves forward and Marty's eyes follow him as he approaches. Marty's smile abruptly turns to a look of apprehension. Ray enters frame and brushes past Marty

the

walks up the stoop, and crosses the back office toward bar.

Marty relaxes, and his gaze returns to the furnace.

**MARTY**

...Come on this property again and  
I'll be forced to shoot you...

behind

Ray opens the door to the bar and shuts it softly  
him.

**MARTY**

...Fair notice.

**MARTY'S OFFICE LATER**

**CLOSE SHOT CEILING FAN**

We  
from  
chair,

At the cut the music and all other bar noise drops out.  
hear only the rhythmic whir of the fan. We tilt down  
the ceiling fan to frame Marty, tilted back in his desk  
staring up at the fan.

**MEURICE (O.S.)**

Marty...

**WIDE SHOT THE OFFICE**

him  
bar.

Meurice is standing in the door to the bar. Far behind  
we can see Debra waiting in the dimly lit, deserted

**MEURICE**

...I thought you were dead. Going  
home?

**MARTY**

No. I think I'll stay right here in  
hell.

**MEURICE**

(turning to leave)  
Kind of a bleak point of view there,  
isn't it Marty?

**MARTY**

Meurice...

Meurice pauses in the doorway.

**MARTY**

...I don't want that asshole near my money. I don't even want him in the bar.

**MEURICE**

We get a lot of assholes in here, Marty.

looks  
picks  
and

Meurice and Debra can be heard leaving the bar. Marty  
down at the telephone in front of him on the desk, then  
up the receiver and dials. He tilts back in the chair  
stares back up at the ceiling.

**MARTY'S POV**

The ceiling fan, turning slowly.

**EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW FROM INSIDE RAY'S CAR**

parked  
his one-  
burning.

In the foreground Ray sits behind the wheel of his  
car, slumped back against the seat. He is staring at  
story bungalow, in which a couple of lights are  
Inside we can faintly hear his telephone ringing.  
It rings for a long time.

**RAY'S LIVING ROOM**

**CLOSE SHOT THE RINGING TELEPHONE**

ring

Abby's hand enters frame, hesitates, then after another  
picks up.

**ABBY**

Hello?

rhythmic

The is no answer. From the other end we hear only the  
whir of a ceiling fan.

**MARTY'S OFFICE**



his  
Marty listens. He says nothing, still tilted back in  
chair, staring at the ceiling.

**RAY'S LIVING ROOM**

listening  
Abby listens. She shifts the phone to her other ear,  
hard to the sound of the fan. There is another long  
pause.

**ABBY**

...Marty?

opening.  
The phone goes dead just as we hear the front door

Abby looks up as she cradles the phone.

Ray is standing in the doorway.

**RAY**

Who was it?

**ABBY**

What?

**RAY**

On the phone. Was it for you?

**ABBY**

I don't know, he didn't say anything.

**RAY**

Uh-huh. So how do you know it was a  
he?

**ABBY**

(smiling)

You got a girl--am I screwing  
something up by being here?

Abby.  
Ray leans against the door and folds his arms, watching

**RAY**

No, am I?

pause:  
Abby looks at him, puzzled. After an uncomfortable

**ABBY**

...I can find a place tomorrow, then

I'll be outta your hair.

**RAY**

If that's what you want to do, then you oughta do it. You, uh... you want the bed or the couch?

Abby shifts uneasily, looking at Ray.

**ABBY**

Well... the couch would be all right...

**RAY**

You can sleep on the bed if you want.

**ABBY**

Well... I'm not gonna put you out of your bed...

**RAY**

You wouldn't be putting me out.

**ABBY**

...Well, I'd be okay in here--

Ray walks toward the bedroom.

**RAY**

Okay.

**MARTY'S OFFICE LATER**

the Still tilted back in his chair, Marty stares glumly at ceiling. The bar itself is completely still except the rhythmic whir of the fan.

**CLOSE SHOT A CEILING FAN**

Abby, Turning slowly. We tilt down from the fan to frame fan in lying under a sheet on Ray's couch, staring up at the only the darkened living room. The room is still. We hear the whir of the fan and the distant sound of crickets. Abby turns her head, looking offscreen.

**HER POV**

of  
hallway

A ray of light slants up the hallway from the direction  
the bedroom. The light is snapped off, leaving the  
in darkness. We hear a faint cough and the creaking of  
bedsprings.

**RAY'S BEDROOM**

Ray lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

**RAY'S LIVING ROOM / HALLWAY**

**LONG SHOT THE LIVING ROOM FROM THE HALLWAY**

room  
toward  
looks

Abby sits up. She stands and walks across the moonlit  
toward the hallway. We pull her back down the hall  
the bedroom. She pauses in the bedroom doorway and  
down toward the bed.

**ABBY'S POV**

Ray in bed, his eyes closed.

**BACK TO ABBY**

her

We pull her as she enters the room, then tilt down with  
as she hesitantly sits on the edge of the bed.

**ABBY'S POV**

Close shot, Ray asleep.

**BACK TO ABBY**

frame

Framed against a moonlit window from the shoulders up.  
There is a long pause.  
Ray's hand enters frame and pulls Abby down out of  
onto the bed. We hold on the moonlit window.

**DISSOLVE**

**THROUGH TO:**

**SAME WINDOW SAME ANGLE PRE-DAWN**

the  
light.  
camera  
living

Through the window the slow dissolve gradually defines front lawn and the street beyond in the flat pre-dawn. Abby rises into frame and quietly gets out of bed. The camera tracks behind her as she walks up the hallway into the room.

close  
withdraws

We follow her across the living room and move into a shot on her hand as she reaches into her purse and a small plastic compact.

**LOW-ANGLE CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

looks

She flips open the compact, then, hearing something, up, squinting across the room.

**ABBY'S POV**

see  
German

In the shadows at the far end of the room we can just see two pointed ears and a glittering pair of eyes. The German shepherd is panting softly.

**OVER ABBY'S SHOULDER**

the

As she peers into the shadows, her face reflected in the mirror of the open compact.

**ABBY**

Opal--

starts

In the mirror something moves just behind her. Abby starts to turn.

other

Marty's hand clamps over her mouth from behind. His other hand circles her waist. Abby struggles.

**MARTY**

(quietly)

Lover-boy oughta lock his door...

slides

Marty's hand drops from her waist to her thighs and under the robe.

**MARTY**

...Lotta nuts out there.

her

over her

There is

Still holding her from behind, Marty forces her down on knees. Abby's cries are muffled by the hand clamped mouth. Marty shoots a glance down the dark hallway. no movement.

Abby's hand is groping forward out of frame.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY'S PURSE**

small

She upsets it. The contents spill out, among them a pearl-handled revolver. Her hand gropes for the gun.

**BACK TO ABBY AND MARTY**

Marty yanks her to her feet, looking down the hallway.

**MARTY**

Let's do it outside...

He is dragging her to the front door.

**MARTY**

...in nature.

He pushes her through the screen door.

**EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW**

are

onto

up,

The neighborhood is deserted and still. The streetlamps still on. Marty and Abby stumble down the front stoop the lawn.

His hand is still clamped over her mouth. She reaches grabs a finger, and bends it back.

We hear the bone snap.

on  
Marty screams. His hand drops. His other hand cuffs her  
the side of the head, spinning her around.

hand.  
Marty is now clutching his broken finger with his good  
Abby kicks him in the groin.

vomits.  
He sinks to his knees, drops forward on one hand, and

**FRONT STOOP**

his  
Ray is coming out the door, hitching up his pants. In  
right hand he hold Abby's pearl-handled revolver.

**MARTY**

Slowly gets to his feet, looking at Ray.

**ABBY**

lawn,  
She has backed away from Marty and now stands on the  
breathing heavily. She looks from Ray to Marty.

**BACK TO MARTY**

still  
Backing toward his car, a Cadillac parked at curbside,  
looking at Ray. He turns to get into the car.

clean  
passenger  
The German shepherd lopes across the lawn and takes a  
leap into the car through the open window on the  
side.

He  
Marty turns the ignition. The engine coughs and dies.  
tries again; it starts.

The car roars up the street.

**RAY**

Watching the car. He looks at Abby.

**ABBY**

Still panting. Up the street we can hear Marty's car

alternately racing and stopping, shifting in and out of gear.  
His engine rumble starts to grow louder again.

**RAY**

Like to have seen his face when he found the dead end.

In the background we see Marty's car roar by in the opposite direction.

**MOUNT BONNEL EVENING**

**LATERAL TRACK**

Moving past a row of cars parked on an overlook near the top of the mountain. Below we can see the lights of the city of Austin. The lot is littered with beer cans. We hear the sound of rock music coming from various car radios. Several cars teenagers lean against cars drinking beer; inside the we can see the vague forms of others.

**TEENAGER**

Hey mister, how'd you break your pussyfinger?

His friends laugh.

**TRACK PULLING MARTY**

Ignoring the laughter as he walks past the cars, apparently looking for someone. His right index finger is taped up in an aluminum splint.

**MARTY'S POV**

At the end of a row of cars we see a green Volkswagon bug. Leaning against the hood is Visser, still dressed in his rumpled yellow suit. He is smoking a cigarette, talking to a sixteen-year-old girl in shorts and a tube top. When he notices Marty:

**VISSER**

(to the girl)

Sorry sweetheart, my date is here...

turns to  
The girl drifts off. Marty enters frame and Visser  
him.

**VISSER**

...She saw me rolling a cigarette  
and thought it was marijuana.

(he laughs)

I guess she thought I was a swinger.

side  
Visser open the back door of the car. Marty ignores the  
invitation, walks around to the front on the passenger  
and gets in.

**INT. VISSER'S CAR**

doll  
a  
behind  
As Visser gets into the driver's seat. A small topless  
is suspended from the rearview mirror. Visser gives it  
tap. As it swings back and forth two small lights, one  
each breast, blink on and off.

**VISSER**

Idnat wild?

the  
Both men sit watching the doll intently.  
Finally Marty reaches up and stops its swinging with  
rounded end of his splint. Visser eyes the splint.

**VISSER**

(genially)

Stick your finger up the wrong  
person's ass?

Marty is silent, but Visser is in a good mood.

**VISSER**

You know a friend of mine broke his  
hand a while back. Put in a cast.  
Very next day he takes a fall,  
protects his bad hand, falls on his  
good one, breaks that too. So now  
he's got two busted flippers and I



say to him "Creighton, I hope your wife loves you. 'Cause for the next five weeks you cannot wipe your own goddamn ass..."

Overcome by laughter. Finally:

**VISSER**

...That's the test, ain't it? Test of true love--

**MARTY**

Got a job for you.

**VISSER**

(settling down)

...Well, if the pay's right and it's legal I'll do it.

**MARTY**

It's not strictly legal.

Visser shrugs, lights up another cigarette with his fraternally inscribed lighter and drops the lighter onto the dashboard.

**VISSER**

If the pay's right I'll do it.

**MARTY**

It's, uh... it's in reference to that gentleman and my wife. The more I think about it the more irritated I get.

**VISSER**

Yeah? Well how irritated are you?

Marty doesn't answer. Finally Visser laughs.

**VISSER**

...Gee, I'm sorry to hear that. Can you tell me what you want me to do or is it a secret?

**MARTY**

Listen, I'm not--this isn't a joke here.

Visser eyes him, still smiling. Finally he shrugs.

**VISSER**

You want me to kill 'em.

**MARTY**

I didn't say that.

(a pause)

Well?

**VISSER**

Well what?

**MARTY**

What do you think?

**VISSER**

You're an idiot.

Marty's shoulders slump. He seems less tense, almost relieved.

**MARTY**

So, uh... this wouldn't interest you.

**VISSER**

I didn't say that. All I said was you're an idiot. Hell, you been thinking about it so much it's driving you simple.

They are staring at each other.

**MARTY**

Ten thousand dollars I'll give you.

Visser laughs again.

**VISSER**

I'm supposed to do a murder--two murders--and just trust you not to go simple on me and do something stupid. I mean real stupid. Now why should I trust you?

**MARTY**

For the money.

**VISSER**

(sobering)

The money. Yeah. That's a right smart of money...

He turns and gazes out the window.

**VISSER**

...In Russia they make only fifty cents a day.

He falls silent again, still staring out the window

In the closeness of the car Marty is starting to sweat.

**MARTY**

(hoarsely)  
...There's a big--

**VISSER**

(abruptly)  
I want you to go fishing.

**MARTY**

...What?

**VISSER**

Go down to Corpus for a few days.  
Get yourself noticed. I'll give you  
a call when it's done... You just  
find a way to cover that money.

fact  
leaving  
again,  
afterthought.

Marty is slumped in his seat, not responding to the  
that Visser has just ended the conversation.  
Finally he rouses himself and gets out of the car,  
Visser staring at the door he has left open behind him.  
After a moment we hear Marty's footsteps approaching  
and he leans back into the open door with an

**MARTY**

I'll take care of the money, you  
just make sure those bodies aren't  
found... There's a...

These words are difficult to say.

**MARTY**

...If you want, there's a big  
incinerator behind my place...

moment,  
The two men look at each other. Marty leaves. After a  
door.  
Visser leans over to grab the handle of the still open

**VISSER**

(under his breath)  
Sweet Jesus, you are disgusting.

The door slams.

**INT. EMPTY APARTMENT NIGHT**

floor  
light  
up.  
The apartment is dark. We are looking across a shadowy  
towards a large window, through which cold blue street  
shines. Through the window we can see the facade of the  
building across the street; we are three or four floors

woman  
We can hear the animated, accented voice of an Hispanic  
approaching the apartment from the hallway behind us.

**LANDLADY (O.S.)**

--big windows, paneleen and  
everytheen. So you want, like your  
own place? Like a Town House?

As it  
She  
the  
window.  
A crack of light shoots across the floor as we hear the  
apartment door open behind us. A figure enters frame.  
crosses into the shaft of light we see that it is Abby.  
moves across the dark apartment, in silhouette against

**LANDLADY (O.S.)**

No one will bother you here, sweetie--

in  
light. Several feet from Abby, an old man in a dirty  
undershirt is asleep on a cot. Abby starts.

The old man grumbles, slowly sits up, squints.

mirror  
With the light, the window behind Abby has become a

Landlady

of the entire room, in which we now see the matronly standing by the wall switch.

glowers

The Landlady roars at the old man in Spanish. The man at her. The Landlady looks back at Abby.

**LANDLADY**

(cheerful again)

I show you around.

into the

We follow Abby as she accompanies the landlady back

old

short hallway-entrance foyer. Abby glances back at the man.

**ABBY**

Are you sure this is... Are you sure this apartment is vacant?... Mrs. Esteves?

The Landlady laughs cheerfully.

**LANDLADY**

Oh yes...

She gestures to a kitchen alcove on the left.

**LANDLADY**

...That's the kitchen...

toward

She turns and throws a few more barbs in Spanish back

foyer

the old man, then opens a door on the right side of the and enters the bathroom.

**LANDLADY**

...This is the bathroom...

She flushes the toilet.

**LANDLADY**

...The toilet works and everythen...

steps

She bustles out of the bathroom and takes the two short back into the main room. She gestures expansively.

**LANDLADY**

...And here we are back in the liveen room.

She gives one vigorous stomp.

**LANDLADY**

...Good floors. Gas heat.

She points.

**LANDLADY**

...That's Mr. Garcia.

smoking a  
Landlady  
she  
The old man is now sitting on the edge of the bed, cigarette, looking for a place to put the ash. The snaps at him again in Spanish, and is again cheerful as turns back to address Abby.

**LANDLADY**

...I was just esplaineen to him that he moved out of here yesterday...

She walks to the apartment door.

**LANDLADY**

...You look around. Don't mind Mr. Garcia; he use do be my brother-in-law.

She walks out and shuts the door.

The room is quiet.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

nervously  
Staring at the door. She looks at Mr. Garcia, looks around the apartment. She looks back at Mr. Garcia.

**CLOSE SHOT MR. GARCIA**

across  
Staring vacantly at Abby. He blows a stream of smoke the room. The ash falls off his cigarette.

**STRIP BAR NIGHT**

**EXHORTER'S CUBICLE**

Hunched over the public address microphone in his small cubicle of exhortation, is the middle-aged strip-bar barker.

Years of service in the bar have left his exhortations depressingly bereft of conviction.

**EXHORTER**

How 'bout it, gentlemen, let's show out appreciation for Lorraine up there, a registered nurse from Bolton, Texas, how 'bout it gentlemen, yeah...

**THE BAR PROPER**

Meurice is one of a line of men sitting at the bar, all looking intently at the same point off left. All of the men except Meurice are conservatively dressed and apparently well-to-do. An audio loop is blaring a bump-and-grind version of "Yellow Rose of Texas," punctuated by the crash of cymbals and the thumping of toms.

Abby enters and sits into an empty chair next to Meurice.

**ABBY**

Looks like the state legislature is out of session.

Meurice continues to stare intently off.

**MEURICE**

I thought this is where they met.

All of the heads at the bar start to swivel, including Meurice's. A couple of patrons hurriedly snatch their drinks off the bar.

In the extreme foreground a stripper dances on the top of the bar into frame. We crop her just above her white high-heeled cowboy boots and her bare calves.

The conversation continues with Abby looking at Meurice, but Meurice and everyone else at the bar looking up at a point

somewhere above the stripper's calves.

**ABBY**

Listen Meurice, you're gonna help me with a problem.

**MEURICE**

I am?

bar in The stripper drops a white leatherette vest onto the  
the foreground. The audience cheers.

**ABBY**

You're gonna keep an eye on Marty and Ray, make sure nothing happens.

**MEURICE**

It won't?

audience Two sheriff-star pasties drop onto the bar. The  
cheers.

**MEURICE**

...Ever occur to you, Abby, that maybe I'm the wrong person to ask?

**THE EXHORTER**

Into his microphone.

**EXHORTER**

Let's not sit on our wallets, gentlemen. Lorraine is up there dancing her heart out, and if you let that cash money set on your hip, you might just as well be broke...

**ABBY AND MEURICE**

She is rising to leave; he is still staring off.

**ABBY**

Thanks, Meurice.

**MEURICE**

Any time. But you don't have to worry about a thing for a while. Marty went down to Corpus yesterday.

An old-west gunbelt hits the bar. The audience roars.



**THE EXHORTER**

Into his microphone.

**EXHORTER**

And remember, gentlemen, we're always here, two to two, A.M. to P.M., three hundred and sixty-four days and Christmas, God willing and the creek don't rise...

**RAY'S BEDROOM**

The room is dark. We are looking across the room toward a moonlit window. Beyond, across the lawn, the lamplit street is empty.

Suddenly Abby sits bolt upright into frame from the bed below.

**ABBY**

He's in the house.

Offscreen we hear Ray stirring in bed.

**RAY**

What's the matter?

Abby twists around to look down at him.

**ABBY**

I could've sworn I heard something.

**RAY**

Door's locked. Nothing there.

He pulls her down out of frame and we hold on the window and the empty lamplit street. Then Abby rises back into frame, in silhouette against the window, looking down at Ray.

**ABBY**

I knew it. 'Cause we wouldn't have heard anything if it was him. He's real careful. Fact is, he's anal.

**RAY**

...Huh?

**ABBY**

Yeah, he told me once himself. He said to me...

She taps herself on the forehead.

**ABBY**

..."In here, Abby. In here... I'm anal."

**HIGH ANGLE RAY**

Looking up at Abby.

**RAY**

(yawning)  
...Well I'll be damned.

**ABBY**

I couldn't believe it either...

**SIDE ANGLE ABBY**

Framed against the window, looking down at Ray.

**ABBY**

...Me on the other hand, I got lots of personality...

holds  
street.  
She drops down onto the bed out of frame. The camera on the window through which we see the empty lamplit street.

**ABBY**

Marty always said I had too much.  
'Course he was never big on personality...

She rises back up into frame, in silhouette against the window.

**ABBY**

...He sent me to a psychiatrist to see if he could calm me down some.

**RAY**

Yeah? What happened?

**ABBY**

Psychiatrist said I was the healthiest

person he'd ever met, so Marty fired him.

**RAY**

(sleepily)  
...I don't know if you can fire a psychiatrist, exactly.

**ABBY**

Well, I didn't see him anymore, I'll tell you that much.

**HIGH ANGLE RAY**

His eyes half-closed.

**RAY**

Uh-huh.

**ABBY**

I said, Marty, how come you're anal and I gotta go to the psychiatrist?

**RAY**

What'd he say?

**SIDE ANGLE ABBY**

Framed against the window.

**ABBY**

Nothing. He's like you, he doesn't say much.

**RAY**

(murmuring)  
Thanks.

**ABBY**

Except when he doesn't say things they're usually nasty.

**RAY**

...Mm-hmm.

**ABBY**

When you don't they're usually nice.

**RAY**

...You ever get tired?

**ABBY**

Huh? Oh, yeah, I guess. Mm-hmm.

onto  
Volkswagon

Ray's hand rises into frame and coaxes Abby back down the bed, revealing, through the window, a green now parked at curbside on the lamplit street.

We hear the rustle of sheets.

distant

As we hold on the window, we begin to hear the faint, sound of metal scraping against metal.

**HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM**

the  
louder.

We track down the dark hallway into the living room. As camera advances the sound of the scraping becomes

door of  
finally  
jiggling

We are moving across the living room up to the front the bungalow. The scraping is louder still as we frame on a close shot of the doorknob, which is ever so slightly.

We hear a click as the lock finally releases.

the  
advances

The door swings slowly open, revealing a man's hand on outside doorknob. We follow the hand as the man slowly and quietly across the living room.

next to  
tote  
pearl-

Abby's purse comes into frame, sitting on a bureau; it is a large tote bag. The hand rummages through the bag briefly, then the purse. The man withdraws Abby's handled revolver. He breaks it open.

**LOW-ANGLE CLOSE SHOT THE MAN'S FACE**

glows a

It is Visser. As we hear a click offscreen, his face dim orange.

**BACK TO HIS HANDS**

His right hand holds the revolver, cylinder open, inside the purse.

His left hand holds his cigarette lighter as he inspects the chamber. Three of the holes glint silver, the other three are black--empty.

We hear the faint creaking of bedsprings.

**WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM**

Visser cocks his head, listening, and looks down the hallway. He takes a couple of quiet steps across the living room and, as the camera tracks up to him, opens the back door of the bungalow.

We follow him outside onto the lawn.

**EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW**

We track behind him as he rounds the corner of the house and approaches the open window to Ray's bedroom. He slows, moves more cautiously, then sinks to his knees under the window. As he reaches into his breast pocket the camera continues tracking up to and over him, finally framing his POV through the window.

On the bed inside we can dimly see Abby and Ray, asleep.

We have been hearing a faint rumble, becoming louder and louder as if approaching from a distance. Just as the rumble becomes deafening a sudden bright flash of light illuminates the room, seeming to polarize the image of Abby and Ray in bed, and we:

**CUT TO**

**EXT. PHONE BOOTH DAY**

with  
bright  
at

A huge truck roars by on the street behind Visser, and it the deafening rumble recedes. It is a painfully day. Visser stands sweating in the phone booth with the receiver pressed to his ear. We hear the phone ringing the other end.

Finally, it is picked up.

**VOICE**

Hello.

**VISSER**

Marty?

**MARTY**

Yeah. Is it...

**VISSER**

Ya catch any fish?

**MARTY**

...What?

**VISSER**

Ya catch any fish?

**MARTY**

Yeah...

**VISSER**

...What kind of fish?

**MARTY**

Listen, what is it? Is it done?

Visser forces a chuckle.

**VISSER**

...Yessir, you owe me some money.

**MARTY'S OFFICE NIGHT**

**CLOSE SHOT TWO STRINGS OF FISH**

Being plopped down onto Marty's desk.

**WIDER THE OFFICE**

cigarette  
Marty  
fan  
on  
a  
dead

Visser sits facing the desk. He lights himself a  
and sets the lighter down on the desk in front of him.  
settles, fidgeting, into the chair behind it.  
The bar is quiet, shut down. We hear only the whir of a  
somewhere offscreen. Marty and Visser are lit by a lamp  
the desk between them. Light streams into the room from  
bathroom in the background. Visser is looking at the  
fish.

**VISSER**

(dully)

They look good.

Marty half-rises from his seat and picks up one of the  
strings.

**MARTY**

Want a couple?

head

He drops them on Visser's side of the desk. Visser's  
draws back: he was only being polite.

**VISSER**

Just the ten thousand'll be fine.

**MARTY**

Got something to show me first?

stares  
and

Visser hands a 9 x 12 envelope across the desk. Marty  
at it for a moment, then quickly bends back the flap  
takes out an 8 x 10 photograph.

**THE PHOTOGRAPH**

bed.  
three

It is a black-and-white shot of Abby and Ray in Ray's  
The sheet that partially covers them is pocked with  
dark bullet holes and is stained with blood.

**MARTY**

Staring dully down at the picture.

**MARTY**

Dead, huh?

**VISSER**

So it would seem.

**CLOSE SHOT THE TOP OF THE DESK**

Visser is pushing the fish away from his side of the desk with the eraser end of a pencil.

**MARTY**

What did you...

**BACK TO MARTY**

Abby's Still looking at the picture. He traces the outline of body with his finger.

**MARTY**

...What did you do with the bodies?

**VISSER**

It's taken care of. The less you know about it the better.

**MARTY**

Jesus, I don't believe it...

His Marty slips the picture back into its 9 x 12 envelope. face is pale.

**MARTY**

...I think I'm gonna be sick.

the He rises and heads for the bathroom, still clutching envelope.

**CLOSE SHOT VISSER**

doesn't office As his eyes follow Marty's exit. The bathroom door close all the way; a narrow shaft of light slices the from the bare bulb in the bathroom.



**VISSER**

I'll want that picture back...

He turns to look across the desk.

**VISSER'S POV**

The standing safe behind the desk.

**BACK TO VISSER**

out on Still looking at the safe. Beads of sweat have popped  
his forehead. He fans himself with his cowboy hat.

**VISSER**

...and you did say somethin' about  
some money.

We hear a toilet flush offscreen.

**LONG SHOT MARTY'S OFFICE**

As he reenters the office.

**MARTY**

Your money, yeah.

Visser stares dully down at the desktop.

**VISSER**

Something I got to ask you, Marty.  
I've been very very careful. Have  
you been very very careful?

**MARTY**

Of course.

**VISSER**

Nobody knows you hired me?

**HIGH ANGLE CORNER OF THE OFFICE**

body,  
under  
of Marty is hunched over the open safe, still holding the  
envelope. Blocking Visser's view of the safe with his  
he slides the picture of Abby's and Ray's corpses from  
the envelope into the safe, then withdraws two packets  
money.

**MARTY**

Don't be absurd, I wasn't about to tell anyone...

He shuts the safe and spins the dial.

**MARTY**

...This is an illicit romance--we've got to trust each other to be discreet...

envelope  
He walks across the room and throws the money and the down on the desk.

**MARTY**

...For richer, for poorer.

Visser looks from the money down at his hands. They are sweating.

**VISSER**

Don't say that. Your marriages don't work out so hot...

He wipes his hands on his pants.

**VISSER**

...How did you cover the money?

Marty sits and props his booted feet up on the desk.

**MARTY**

It's taken care of. The less you know about it the better.

He smiles.

**MARTY**

...I just made a call about that. It'll look fine.

**VISSER**

(shaking his head)  
I must've gone money simple. This kind of murder...

He nods toward the envelope on the desk.

**VISSER**

...it's too damn risky.

**MARTY**

Then you shouldn't have done it.  
Can't have it both ways.

He pushes the money across the desk with his boot.

**MARTY**

...Count it if you want.

**VISSER**

(reaching into his  
coat)  
Nah, I trust ya.

BAM--he  
that  
His hand comes out with a gun pointing at Marty and--  
fires, an orange lick of flame spurting from the gun.  
Both men sit frozen. Visser's hand is the only thing  
moved.

**CLOSE SHOT MARTY**

Staring at Visser.

After the gun blast we hear only the whir of the fan.

**CLOSE SHOT VISSER**

Staring at Marty.

**MED SHOT MARTY OVER VISSER'S SHOULDER**

blood  
His eyes are now shut. Otherwise he hasn't moved. A  
stain is growing on the front of his shirt.

**WIDE SHOT THE OFFICE**

is  
The two face each other across the desk. Visser's gun  
still trained on Marty.

his  
back-  
shadow  
After a moment Visser starts fanning himself again with  
cowboy hat. The only movement in the frame is the slow  
and-forth of the yellow hat, rhythmically in and out of

There

as it catches and loses the light from the desk lamp.  
is a long pause.

hits the

Finally one of Marty's feet slips from the desk and  
floor with a THUD.

Visser lays the gun on the desk.

**CLOSE SHOT VISSER**

gun

As he reaches into his breast pocket and withdraws a  
handkerchief. He wipes his forehead, then picks up the  
and wipes it off. He leans down with the gun.

**CLOSE SHOT THE GUN**

desk.

As Visser places it deliberately on the floor near the  
It is Abby's pearl-handled revolver.

**THE DESKTOP FROM DESK LEVEL**

head-on

As Visser straightens up in the foreground. From our  
angle shooting across the desk we can see the bright  
glint of Visser's cigarette lighter underneath the dead  
fish.

metallic

fish.

picking

Visser's hands move over the near part of the desk,  
up the money and the 9 x 12 picture envelope.

**EXTREME HIGH SHOT THE OFFICE**

out

As Visser turns from the desk and walks across the room  
of frame. We hear the back door opening.

**VISSER**

Who looks stupid now.

The door slams shut.

camera

The only sound is the whir of the fan. A pause. The  
tracks slowly forward, tilting down to keep Marty and

the

noise of desktop centered in frame. As the camera moves the  
are the fan grows louder. When Marty's body and the desk  
across directly beneath us, the blades of the ceiling fan cut  
the immediate foreground and effect a:

**WIPE TO:**

**MARTY'S BAR LATER**

across It is completely still. We are looking from the bar,  
front the dark empty floor, toward the pebbled windows at the  
glows of the building that catch a hard blue light from the  
streetlamps outside. The jukebox in the middle distance  
in the darkness.

grows A pair of headlights catches the pebbled glass and  
We brighter as we hear a car pull up to the bar and stop.  
on hear a car door open and shut, then the sound of feet  
the gravel. A huge shadow appears on the pebbled glass as  
tries the figure crosses in front of the headlights. The man  
to door, finds it locked, and walks back in front of the  
him in headlights to cup his hands at a window. He walks back  
the doorway in silhouette.

bar We follow him as he moves across the floor, behind the  
register. and up to the cash register. He switches on a small  
fluorescent light clamped to the top of the cash

It is Ray.  
up He punches a key and the register rings open. He lifts  
underneath the empty cash drawer and takes some papers from  
it.

**RAY'S POV**

As he flips through the papers; bills, receipts, no money.

**BACK TO RAY**

As he finishes flipping through the papers.

**RAY**

(muttering)

Damn...

He slips them back under the cash drawer and slams the register shut. Turning from the register he glances around the bar, then pauses, noticing something.

**RAY'S POV**

Light is spilling out from under the door to Marty's office.

**BACK TO RAY**

As he starts across the floor to Marty's office.

**RAY**

Marty...

He reaches the door and knocks sharply. No answer. He turns the knob.

**RAY**

Marty...

The door is locked. We hear the muffled whir of the ceiling fan inside.

A pause. Ray withdraws a ring of keys from his pocket and uses one on the door. The door swings open.

Over his shoulder we see Marty, still at his desk, his back to us. One foot is still propped on the desk.

**RAY**

What's the matter, you deaf?

No answer.

Ray stumbles toward Marty.

gun  
floor.

He stumbles slightly and we hear the sharp blast of a  
and the sound of something metallic skating across the

studies

Ray, startled, steadies himself against the desk, then  
Marty.

**RAY'S POV**

There is a dark pool of blood under Marty's chair.

**BACK TO RAY**

and  
eyes

He looks back up at Marty, then walks behind his chair  
throws a wall switch. The room is bathed in light. His  
still on Marty, Ray crosses behind the desk.

**RAY'S POV TRACKING SHOT**

Marty's

The camera moves in a slow arc around the back of  
motionless head.

**BACK TO RAY**

floor. He  
safe.

Still moving. He looks away from Marty, scans the  
gets down on his hands and knees and peers under the

**RAY'S POV**

the  
half-

There is a glinting silver circle in the darkness under  
safe. It is the business end of the revolver that Ray  
stumbled over, half-kicked.

**BACK TO RAY**

a  
gun,

Still on his hands and knees. He reaches in and we hear  
rattle as he gropes under the safe. He withdraws the

looks at it.

**THE GUN**

It is Abby's revolver.

**BACK TO RAY**

starts For a long moment he doesn't move. Then, slowly, he  
to get up.

**WIDER**

him. Ray The desk, Marty behind it, Ray straightening behind  
on the looks from the gun to Marty, slowly sets the gun down  
desk. A pause. He begins to hoist Marty from the chair.  
There is noise from the bar, as of someone entering.  
Ray reacts.

**THE DOOR**

Separating the bar and back office. Ray hurries to it.

**MEURICE (O.S.)**

Marty?

Footsteps approach the door.

**EXTREME CLOSE SHOT RAY'S HAND ON THE DOOR BOLT**

He turns it gently. The bolt clicks shut.

**BACK TO RAY**

Meurice's footsteps draw nearer.

**MEURICE (O.S.)**

Marty, ya home?

doorknob There is a rap at the door; Ray stands frozen. The  
stops rattles. Ray reaches out compulsively to grab it, but  
himself before actually touching it.

back Now Meurice's footsteps can be heard going casually



into the bar. We hold on Ray's rigidly set face.

**MEURICE (O.S.)**

What day is it today, Angie?

**WOMAN (O.S.)**

Tuesday.

**MEURICE (O.S.)**

Tuesday is ladies' night.

**WOMAN (O.S.)**

What?

**MEURICE (O.S.)**

Tuesday night is ladies' night. All  
your drinks are free.

We hear a record drop on the jukebox and a Motown song  
blares.

Ray crosses to Marty's chair and takes off his nylon  
windbreaker. He stoops down and tries to mop up the  
pool of  
blood with his windbreaker. This isn't going to work.  
He rises and walks over to the bathroom, the  
windbreaker  
dripping blood.

**MARTY'S OFFICE BATHROOM**

**CLOSE SHOT FAUCET**

The song continues faintly in the background. The  
faucet is  
turned on and Ray's hand enters frame, holding a dirty  
white  
towel under the stream of water.

**BLOOD-SPATTERED FLOOR**

The song continues in the background. Ray's hand enters  
frame  
holding the balled-up towel. His windbreaker is wrapped  
inside. The camera follows as he pushes it across the  
trail  
of dripped blood to the pool of blood under Marty's  
chair.

**CLOSE SHOT MARTY**

him  
front

He still has not moved. Ray rises into frame and takes  
under the armpits. He notices something on the desk in  
of him.

**CLOSE SHOT THE GUN ON THE DESK**

Ray's hand enters frame and picks it up.

**CLOSE SHOT MARTY'S COAT POCKET**

pocket.

Ray's hand enters frame and slips the gun into Marty's  
Marty is hoisted up.

**EXT. BACK OF THE BAR / PARKING LOT**

though

Ray appears in the doorway. The music from the bar,  
fainter, can still be heard.

the  
backs  
the

There are three or four wooden steps going down from  
back door to the small gravel parking lot in back. Ray  
down the stairs; Marty's feet THUMP-THUMP-THUMP down  
stairs after him.

Marty's  
Ray

The rear door of Ray's car is open. Ray heaves in  
torso. Marty's legs rest on the ground outside the car.  
takes an ankle in each hand and pushes.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

lot.

As he shuts the door. He looks up across the parking

**RAY'S POV**

distant

The incinerator belching fire and smoke. We hear its  
roar over the bar song. We hear the car door slam.

**HIGH-ANGLE TRACKING SHOT TOWARD INCINERATOR**

behind

We are looking down on Ray's car as the camera tracks  
it towards the incinerator. At the cut the roar of the

as we incinerator is suddenly louder. It grows louder still approach it.

slowing or Ray's car draws even with the incinerator without window stopping. The wadded-up towel is chucked out of his on out into the fire. We hold on the fire as Ray's car rolls of frame.

**INT. RAY'S CAR**

the As he drives down a deserted country highway. We hear radio rhythmic sound of the wheels clomping over asphalt. The is broadcasting a fundamentalist's sermon, periodically interrupted by static. Ray is sweating.

**EVANGELIST**

--so there were three signs, the second of which is Famine, this famine which I have already pointed out is devastatin' Africa and the Indian subcontinent. And the third of these signs is earthquakes. Now I don't know why he threw that in but if you talk to a geologist, and I've talked to many, he'll tell you that earthquake activity--

Ray twists around and looks in the back seat.

**RAY'S POV**

Marty is lying inert.

**EVANGELIST**

--has increased almost eighty percent in the past two years, and what's more, in two years' time we'll be experiencin' what's knows as the Jupiter Effect--

**BACK TO RAY**

He looks back at the road. A car roars by.

**EVANGELIST**

--wherein all the planets of the

known universe will be aligned up  
causin' an incredible buildup of  
destructive gravitational force. Now  
in Matthew Chapter Six, Verse Eighteen  
the Lord out and tells us that these  
are the signs by which we shall know  
that He is at our door. There are  
many good people disagree with me,  
but it's my belief that this  
Antichrist is alive today and livin'  
somewhere in Europe, in that ten-  
nation alliance I spoke of, bein'  
groomed for his task--

Ray switches off the radio.

We hear the sound of faint, labored breathing.

**EXTREME CLOSE SHOT RAY**

His jaw tightens. He whips his head toward the back  
seat.

His head snaps forward again and he slams on the  
brakes.

The car screeches to a halt.

**EXT. HIGHWAY**

**LONG SHOT THE CAR**

The  
out  
camera, at waist level, tracks toward him as he races  
into the field that abuts the highway.

low  
hear  
looking  
Fifty yards in he finally stops, panting, framed from a  
angle. His breath vaporizes in the crisp night air. We  
only his breath and the chirring of crickets. He is  
back toward the road.

**RAY'S POV LONG SHOT THE CAR**

highway.  
movement.  
Standing abandoned on the shoulder of the deserted  
Its headlights cast a lonely beam up the road. No

**BACK TO RAY**

moment,  
car.  
His panting slows. He is in a cold sweat. After a long  
he starts walking slowly, reluctantly, back toward the

**RAY'S POV TRACKING**

Toward the car. Still no sign of movement.

**BACK TO RAY**

looks in  
the back window.  
He slows as he draws up to the back of the car. He

**RAY'S POV BACK SEAT OF THE CAR**

It is empty.

The door on the highway side is ajar.

**BACK TO RAY**

No reaction.

He  
looks up the road.  
He walks around the back of the car onto the highway.

**RAY'S POV**

leaving  
a fantastically long shadow.  
Marty is crawling up the road on his hands and knees,

**BACK TO RAY**

stares  
key.  
Still no reaction. He gets into the driver's seat and  
through the windshield as he gropes for the ignition

**RAY'S POV**

Marty, crawling.

**BACK TO RAY**

thinks--  
around  
shovel.

He throws the car into drive, looks at his target,  
decides. He pulls the key out of the ignition and goes  
to the trunk of the car. He opens it and pulls out a

**MARTY LOW ANGLE**

breath  
As Ray  
his

From in front. The headlights glare behind him. His  
vaporizes. In the background Ray is walking toward him,  
dragging the shovel, which scrapes along the asphalt.  
moves into the foreground and turns to face Marty only  
lower legs and the shovel are in frame.  
The shovel rises out of frame.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

stares

Both hands hold the shovel tensed over his shoulder. He  
down at Marty. A long pause. We hear a distant rumble.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY'S FEET**

wraps

Inches away from Marty. Marty's hand slides forward and  
around one of Ray's ankles.

**BACK TO RAY**

He shudders. He adjusts his grip on the shovel.  
The rumble grows louder.

**RAY'S FEET**

He jerks his foot away, breaking Marty's grasp.

**BACK TO RAY**

Looks up from Marty. The rumble grows louder.

**RAY'S POV**

themselves,

Headlight beams, although not yet the headlights  
are visible a long way down the road.

**BACK TO RAY**

walks  
walks  
Staring down the road. Finally he lowers the shovel,  
back to the car and throws it viciously into the trunk,  
back up into the foreground and stoops down.

**CLOSE SHOT MARTY**

him  
back  
out  
As Ray grabs him under the armpits and starts dragging  
back to the car. Just before Ray heaves him into the  
seat, Marty coughs weakly. A fine spray of blood comes  
with the cough.

The engine rumble is quite loud now.

**MED SHOT RAY FROM ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE CAR**

against  
truck  
As he slams the back door shut. He presses himself  
the side of the car. Headlights glare over him; the  
roars by just behind him.

**EXT. OPEN FIELD**

**FULL SHOT RAY'S CAR**

earth.  
Sudden quiet at the cut. We are looking at Ray's car in  
profile, parked in the middle of a deserted field. From  
offscreen we hear the sound of a shovel biting into

the  
shallow grave he has just finished digging.

He plants the shovel and walks back to the car.

**VERY WIDE SHOT**

headlights  
beyond it.

in.  
Ray is dragging Marty toward the grave. He dumps him

**HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE**

As Marty thumps to the bottom, face up.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

We  
As he bends over to pick up the shovel, dripping sweat.  
hear the shovel biting into earth.

**HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE**

earth  
Ray, in the foreground, pitches the first shovelful of  
onto Marty. Marty moves slightly.

**LOW SHOT RAY**

down  
he  
As he pauses, looking down into the grave. He stoops  
and resumes shoveling, bobbing in and out of frame as  
hurls dirt into the grave.

**BACK TO HIGH SHOT**

faint,  
As Ray shovels, Marty is moving under the loose dirt. A  
inarticulate noise comes from the grave.  
Almost imperceptibly, Marty's right arm starts to rise.

**LOW SHOT FROM INSIDE THE GRAVE**

shovel,  
is  
Ray stands on the lip of the grave, hunched over his  
crisply illuminated by the headlights. In the shadowy  
foreground Marty's arm rises, extended toward Ray. He  
clutching Abby's gun in his splint-fingered hand.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

expressionless,  
way.  
As he straightens up and stands motionless,  
watching Marty, making no attempt to get out of the

**HIGH SHOT MARTY**

The gun extended into the foreground. His index finger



of

splinted, he slides his middle finger over the trigger  
the gun.

**LOW SHOT RAY**

Watching.

**HIGH SHOT MARTY**

whitens

The gun trembling in the foreground. His knuckle  
over the trigger.

empty

The trigger releases and we hear the dull click of an  
chamber.

**LOW SHOT RAY**

Staring blankly down at Marty.

**SIDE SHOT**

of

reaches

chambers.

Of Marty's gun hand as Ray slowly sinks down on the lip  
the grave, bracing himself with the shovel. His hand  
for Marty's. Marty squeezes off two more empty  
Ray's hand slowly closes over the barrel of the gun.  
As he pulls, the gun slides from Marty's fingers.

**CLOSE SHOT THE BLADE OF THE SHOVEL**

Biting into the earth.

**MED SHOT RAY**

Furiously shoveling dirt into the grave.

**HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE**

Marty barely visible under the dirt.

**MED SHOT RAY**

Shoveling, panting.

**HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE**

Half full.

**MED SHOT RAY**

Working furiously. His breath comes in short gasps.

**HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE**

the

It is filled. Ray is packing down the earth, slamming shovel furiously against the bare patch of earth.

**CLOSE SHOT THE BLADE OF THE SHOVEL**

Being slammed down against the earth. Again and again.

**EXT. OPEN FIELD SUNRISE**

drops

The staccato beat of the shovel slamming against earth

sitting

out at the cut. There is perfect quiet. The sun is just peeping over the horizon. In the foreground Ray is

gaze

in the open door of his car, smoking a cigarette. His

is fixed on a spot offscreen.

**HIS POV**

A house. Quite near by.

set

The house and its perfect green rectangle of lawn are incongruously in the middle of the open field.

**BACK TO RAY**

Staring, without emotion.

flicks

He takes one last, fierce drag on the cigarette, then

and

it away. He takes the shovel, walks over to the grave

in

stares at it for several seconds, shovel clasped firmly

both hands.

He walks back to the car.

**HIGH SHOT**

car,  
House, car and grave. Ray throws the shovel into the  
gets in, and turns the ignition.

The engine coughs weakly and dies.

He tries again. Same result.

to  
the  
One more time. The engine coughs, sputters, and fires  
life. The car runs over the grave and rattles on across  
rutted field towards the highway in the distance.

**INT. RAY'S CAR DAWN**

flat  
As Ray drives down the straight empty highway in the  
early-morning light.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

Pale and unblinking.

**RAY'S POV THE HIGHWAY**

In the distance we see a beat-up white station wagon  
approaching. It's headlights wink on, then off again.

**BACK TO RAY**

He squints at the approaching car.

**RAY'S POV**

The car is closer. It's headlights wink again.

**BACK TO RAY**

His jaw tightens. He stares intently at the car. Then,  
abruptly, he looks down at his dashboard.

**CLOSE SHOT HEADLIGHT KNOB ON THE DASHBOARD**

pushes in  
the knob.

**SIDE ANGLE RAY**

catch  
Watching the approaching station wagon. As it passes we

got-it

a glimpse of its occupant. He grins and cocks a you-  
finger at Ray before roaring out of frame.

**EXT. DESERTED GAS STATION**

**HIGH ANGLE**

alone  
movement

The station hasn't opened yet. Ray's car, empty, stands  
in the lot. Flat prairie stretches to the horizon. No  
in the frame.

through  
picked up

At the cut we hear the faint sound of a phone ringing  
a receiver. After four or five rings the phone is  
and we begin a slow crane down.

**ABBY**

(through phone;  
sleepily)  
Hello?

**RAY**

(present; very hoarsely)  
Abby... you all right?

**ABBY**

Ray?... What time is it?

**RAY**

I don't know. It's early... I love  
you.

A beat.

**ABBY**

...You all right?

**RAY**

I don't know. I better get off now.

in

The continuing crane down reveals Ray in a phone booth  
the foreground.

**ABBY**

Okay, see ya... Thanks, Ray.

**RAY**

Abby--

The phone disconnects.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

Her sleeping head on a pillow. Offscreen we hear a door  
open  
into  
face.  
later the  
and shut. A moment later Ray's dirt-caked hand comes  
frame and gently brushes a wisp of hair back for Abby's  
We hear Ray walk across the apartment and a moment  
sound of water running.

Abby stirs. She looks offscreen.

**LONG SHOT RAY**

Standing in the doorway to the bathroom. He is wiping  
his  
hands on a towel.

**ABBY**

(sleepily)  
...Ray?

**RAY**

You're bad.

Still half asleep, Abby smiles.

**ABBY**

...What?

**RAY**

I said you're bad.

There is a long pause. Finally:

**ABBY**

(smiling)  
...You're bad too.

Ray swings a chair out and sits down behind a table at  
the  
up on  
far end of the room. He leans back and props his legs  
the table. He is staring across the room at Abby.

**RAY**

We're both bad.

**FADE OUT**

**BLACK**

dropping:  
string,

As we hear the click of a pull-string the camera is down past an orange safe light, down the length of the down to a metal darkroom tray where two short strips of negative are burning.

frame,  
photograph is  
the  
showed  
blood

Visser's hand and yellow sleeve cuff (now orange) enter with an 8 x 10 black-and-white photograph. The dropped into the tray. As it burns we see that it is same picture of Abby's and Ray's "corpses" as Visser Marty, except that in this print the bullet holes and are less convincingly brushed in.

this

Another print is dropped into the tray and ignites. In one we see bullet holes but no blood.

original

A third print is dropped in and ignites. It is the undoctored shot of Abby and Ray asleep in bed.

that  
half and

Visser's hands enter frame holding the picture-envelope he took away from Marty's office. Visser rips it in is about to drop it into the tray, but stops abruptly.

the

There is posterboard, not a photograph, peeking out of torn envelope.

the  
placard  
Work."

Visser's hands pull the two halves of the placard from envelope and fit them together. The stenciled 8 x 10 says: "All Employees Must Wash Hands Before Resuming

**LOW-ANGLE CLOSE SHOT VISSER**

Staring at the placard in disbelief.

groping in

After a moment his hand rises into frame to deposit a cigarette in his mouth. His hand drops back down, a pocket.

breast

His hand jumps back into frame, empty; he thumps at his pockets; he can't find his lighter.

slams

He wheels and exits frame. The light snaps off. A door shut.

**ABBY'S APARTMENT DAY**

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

slam,

He has dozed off in his chair. Offscreen we hear a door and his eyes open.

**ABBY**

in the

Emerging from the bathroom. Her voice has a flat echo bare apartment.

**ABBY**

Why didn't you get into bed?

**RAY**

(groggy)

I didn't think I could sleep. I'm surprised you could. Are you all right?

**ABBY**

Yeah...

She walks over and sits down on the bed.

**ABBY**

...You called me this morning.

**RAY**

Yeah.

Abby looks at him, expecting more. Finally:

**RAY**

...I just wanted to let you know that everything was all right. I took care of everything. Now all we have to do is keep our heads.

**ABBY**

...What do you mean?

Ray finally looks directly at her.

**RAY**

I know about it, Abby. I went to the bar last night.

Abby is looking at him in alarm.

**ABBY**

What happened?--Was Meurice there?

**RAY**

Yeah.

He laughs shortly.

**RAY**

...He didn't see me, though. Nobody saw me.

around

The chair grates back as he stands up and looks vaguely the room.

**RAY**

...Is it cold in here?

Abby is looking at him nervously.

**ABBY**

Well... what happened?

**RAY**

I cleaned it all up, but that ain't important...

He starts nervously pacing around the room, looking for something.

**RAY**

...What's important is what we do



now; I mean we can't go around half-cocked. What we need is some time to think about this, figure it out...

the He moves a packing crate aside, still hunting around apartment.

**RAY**

...Anyway, we got some time now. But we gotta be smart.

**ABBY**

Ray--

**RAY**

Abby, never point a gun at anyone unless you're gonna shoot him. And when you shoot him you better make sure he's dead...

around Ray's pacing is more agitated as he looks distractedly the apartment.

**RAY**

...because if he's not dead he's gonna get up and try and kill you.

He pauses, seemingly at a total loss.

**RAY**

...That's the only thing they told us in the service that was worth a goddamn--Where the hell's my windbreaker?

**ABBY**

What the hell happened, Ray?

around Ray is walking to the window. Sunlight streams in him.

**RAY**

That ain't important. What's important is that we did it. That's the only thing that matters. We both did it for each other...

He stoops down to look through a pile of clothes by the window.

**RAY**

...That's what's important.

**ABBY**

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

Ray's head snaps around. Staring at her he slowly rises to his feet and then remains still.

**ABBY**

I... I mean what're you talking about, Ray? I haven't done anything funny.

**RAY**

...What was that?

Abby, startled, can't contain her agitation anymore.

**ABBY**

(rapidly)

Ray, I mean you ain't even acting like yourself. First you call me at five in the A.M. saying all kinds of nice things over the telephone and then you come charging in here scaring me half to death without even telling me what it is I'm supposed to be scared of. I gotta tell you it's extremely rattling.

**RAY**

We track toward him, isolating him against the window. He is perfectly still. For a long time he can't speak.

**RAY**

(quietly)

...Don't lie to me, Abby--

**BACK TO ABBY**

Still worked up.

**ABBY**

How can I be lying if I don't even know--

the  
The ring of the telephone cuts her off. She looks at  
phone, pauses for a moment, then continues, struggling.

**ABBY**

...I mean if you and him had a fight  
or something, I don't care, as long  
as you...

Her voice trails off.

staring  
The telephone won't stop ringing. Abby and Ray are  
at each other, seemingly oblivious to it. Finally:

**RAY**

...Pick it up.

**CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE**

up.  
Still ringing. Abby's hand enters frame and picks it

**ABBY**

What.

ceiling  
Through the phone we hear only the rhythmic whir of a  
fan. Abby shifts the phone to her other ear, listening  
hard.  
It is the same sound we heard earlier when she picked  
up the  
phone at Ray's house.

As before, the line clicks dead.

**ABBY**

(looking at Ray)  
...Welp, that was him.

comes  
There is a long moment of silence. Then Ray's voice  
from across the room:

**RAY**

...Who?

**ABBY**

Marty.

There is silence again.

**LONG SHOT THE APARTMENT**

Ray shifts in front of the window. He laughs humorlessly.

The laugh stops abruptly.

**ABBY**

...What's going on with you two?

**RAY**

(quietly)

All right...

He starts across the room.

**RAY**

...You can call him back, whoever it was...

He is heading for the door.

**RAY**

...I'll get out of your way.

He pauses at the foyer and pulls Abby's gun out of his pocket.

He sets it on a shelf by the door.

**ABBY**

Watching. We hear the door open.

**RAY (O.S.)**

You left your weapon behind.

We hear the door slam shut.

**CLOSE SHOT CEILING FAN**

We hear the rhythmic whir of the fan. We tilt down from the ceiling to reveal that we are in the living room of Ray's bungalow.

In the foreground Visser sits in a chair with the telephone in his lap, facing the front door, which stands open in the background. The contents of Abby's tote bag lie

there.  
sweep the

strewn on the bureau next to Visser. Her purse is not  
After a moment Visser rouses himself and starts to  
articles back into the tote bag.

**INT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT DAY**

**LOW WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM**

around  
as one  
built-in  
light

It is dark, lit only by the morning light leaking in  
the drawn blinds. It is a small modern apartment such  
sees in large apartment complexes--shag carpeting,  
bar. In the extreme foreground the small red "Power"  
of a telephone answering machine glows in the darkness.

and  
the  
few  
piece  
and

The front door opens in the background, spilling bright  
sunlight. Meurice stoops down, picks up two newspapers,  
enters, and shuts the door. He walks toward the camera  
his hand enters frame in extreme foreground to punch  
rewind button on the machine. His hand leaves frame. A  
pieces of mail are flipped down onto the machine table,  
by piece, as the machine rewinds. He reaches down again  
hits playback. After a beep:

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Hi Meurice, this is Helene, Helene  
Trend, and I'm calling 'cause I wanna  
know just what the hell that remark  
you made about Sylvia's supposed to  
mean...

piece.  
Mail continues to flip down onto the table, piece by

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

...She says you're full of shit and  
frankly I believe her. And hey, I  
love you too. Sure. Anyway, you better  
call me soon because I'm going to  
South America tonight--you know,  
Uruguay?

Dial tone. Beep.

**MARTY'S VOICE**

(barking)

Listen asshole, you know who this is. I just got back from Corpus and there's a lot of money missing from the safe...

The mail stops dropping; Marty has Meurice's attention.

**MARTY'S VOICE**

...I'm not saying you took it but the place was your responsibility and I told you to keep an eye on your asshole friend. Don't--uh, don't come to the bar tonight, I've got a meeting. But tomorrow I want to have a word with you, and with Ray--if you can find him.

Dial tone. Beep.

Meurice's hand drops into frame.

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Meurice, where the hell have you been? I--

His finger presses the stop button.

**MATCH**

**CUT TO:**

**RAY'S FINGER**

Pressing into a dark stain in the upholstery of the back seat of his car. When he raises it the fingertip is red--the seat still wet with blood.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

Looking down at the seat. He backs out of the car and walks up the driveway to his house.

**INT. RAY'S LIVING ROOM**

As he comes through the screen door. It bangs shut behind

hears,  
of

him. As he crosses the living room we see, and he  
Meurice's Trans Am pulling up and stopping at the foot  
the lawn. Ray turns and looks out the window.

**CLOSE SHOT CLOSET DOOR**

thing  
and

Ray throws it open and hurriedly pulls out the first  
at hand--a sheet. We hear the door of the Trans Am open  
slam shut.

**EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW**

**TRACKING SHOT ON RAY**

behind

Exiting the house as the screen door bangs and shudders  
him. He hurries down the walk.

**TRACKING SHOT RAY'S POV**

up  
is

Meurice is rounding the bottom of the lawn and starting  
the drive toward the incriminating car. Its back door  
standing ajar.

**MEURICE**

I hope you're planning on leaving  
town.

**BACK TO RAY**

over to  
behind

Reacting to the line as he reaches the car. He bends  
throw the sheet over the seat just as Meurice walks up  
him.

**RAY**

(his back to Meurice;  
arranging the sheet)  
Got a problem, Meurice?

**MEURICE**

No, you do, cowboy. You been to the  
bar?

Ray is still hunched in the open doorway. He freezes

momentarily in arranging the sheet.

**RAY**

...Why?

**MEURICE**

You shouldn't have taken the money...

more  
Ray doesn't reply or turn around. Meurice is getting  
strident.

**MEURICE**

...Look at me man, I'm serious. You  
broke in the bar and ripped off the  
safe...

Ray backs out of the car and turns around.

**MEURICE**

...Abby warned me you were gonna  
make trouble. Trouble with you is,  
you're too fucking obvious; the only  
ones with the combination are me and  
you...

been  
his  
Ray looks evenly at Meurice. Behind him the sheet has  
arranged over the seat. He puts an unlit cigarette in  
mouth.

**MEURICE**

...and Abby. Maybe. But as far as  
I'm concerned that only leaves one  
fucking possibility.

**RAY**

(tonelessly)  
What's that?

of  
Meurice reaches out and swipes the unlit cigarette out  
Ray's mouth.

**MEURICE**

Those things are nothing but coffin  
nails.

He turns and stares down the street, exasperated.

**MEURICE**



...Look. Personally I don't give a  
shit. I know Marty's a hard-on but  
you gotta do something. I don't know;  
give the money back, say you're sorry,  
or get the fuck out of here, or  
something...

much  
drive,  
Mow that his temper is gone, he realizes he has nothing  
to say. He shakes his head and turns back down the  
muttering as he lights himself Ray's cigarette.

**MEURICE**

...It's very humiliating, preaching  
about this shit.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

deposit  
Meurice  
Standing in front of the back door of his car, watching  
Meurice walk away. His right hand rises into frame to  
another unlit cigarette in his mouth. Offscreen,  
calls from the end of the drive:

**MEURICE**

I'm not laughing at this, Ray Bob,  
so you know it's no fucking joke.

frame,  
the  
We hear his car door slam. After a moment Ray exits  
heading for the house. The camera tracks slowly in to  
back window of the car.

upholstery  
Traces of blood are starting to seep up from the  
into the sheet.

**INT. MARTY'S HOUSE DAY**

**LOW WIDE SHOT FRONT FOYER**

inside a  
an  
feet  
We are looking across the tiled floor toward the front  
doorway. The room has the dim gray cast of daytime  
shuttered house. We hold on the empty foyer as we hear  
intermittent high whining sound. We hear the padding of

Opal,  
the  
desperately

on carpet, and then the clatter of nails on tile as  
Marty's German shepherd, trots into frame and circles  
foyer, still whining. She jumps up and scratches  
at the front door.

A slow, rhythmic pounding is very faint on the track.

**EXT. MARTY'S BAR DUSK**

to the

Abby has just gotten out of her car and is walking up  
front of the darkened bar. The faint, rhythmic thumping  
continues over the cut, its source somewhere offscreen.

As

the

Abby takes a key out of her purse and lets herself into  
bar, the thumping stops.

**INT. MARTY'S BAR**

back-

Abby switches on the lights, looks around, goes to the  
office door. Locked. As she fits her key into the lock:

**ABBY**

(quietly)

Marty?

The door swings open, fanning a shaft of light onto the  
darkened room.

**MARTY'S OFFICE BATHROOM**

that

office

door,

against

We are looking from the inside at the bathroom door  
won't close all the way. As the light fans into the  
beyond and seeps in through the crack of the bathroom  
we see Visser's sleeve cuff and his hand pressing  
the door, to hold it near-shut.

**BACK TO ABBY**

room.

wrinkles

Standing in the office doorway. We pull her into the  
She stops abruptly, looking past the camera, and

her nose.

**ABBY'S POV**

Marty's fish, now half-decayed, still lie on the desk.

Some of the desk drawers stand open, with some of their contents strewn across the surface of the desk.

**BACK TO ABBY**

She takes a step forward. We hear the crunch of glass underfoot. She looks down at the floor.

**ABBY'S POV**

Shards of broken glass lie on the floor.

**BACK TO ABBY**

She looks up from the floor toward the back door.

**ABBY'S POV**

has  
glass  
The pane of the back-door window closest to the knob  
been shattered from the outside, scattering broken  
into the office.

**BACK TO ABBY**

fish.  
She crosses slowly to the desk, staring at the rotted  
She looks up from the desk.

**ABBY'S POV**

towel.  
On the standing safe behind the desk lies a white  
Abby's hand enters frame and picks up the towel.  
In slow motion a hammer that's been wrapped inside  
slips out  
of the towel, falls end-over-end, hits the floor with a  
dull  
thud.

**BACK TO ABBY**

she  
Stooping down to pick up the hammer. At eye level as

dial  
hammer

stoops down is the combination dial to the safe. The  
has been battered by the hammer. Abby looks from the  
to the floor under the desk chair.

**ABBY'S POV**

Blood stains.

**ABBY**

desk.

Staring down at the floor. She rises and looks at the  
As she rises we hear glass under her feet.

**ABBY'S POV**

desk,

The dead fish. Beyond them, on the floor around the  
broken glass.

**BACK TO ABBY**

Staring.

**ABBY'S POV**

The dead fish.

**BACK TO ABBY**

falls  
pillow.  
bed  
motionless

She seems to be falling slowly backwards. The camera  
with her, keeping her in close shot. Her head hits a  
We pull back slowly to reveal that she is lying on the  
in her apartment, staring across the room. She lies  
on the bed, her eyes wide.

**ABBY'S POV**

windows,  
of

Across the darkened apartment we see the curtainless  
and beyond them, across the lamplit street, the facade  
the opposite building.

**LONG SHOT ABBY**

crosses to Lying still. After a moment she gets out of bed,  
the front door of the apartment, locks it, then walks  
unsteadily back to the bed.

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN:**

**SAME LONG SHOT ABBY IN BED**

She gets out of bed and walks across the still dark  
apartment to the bathroom. She shuts the bathroom door.

**BATHROOM**

then turns on the tap water. From a neighboring apartment we  
hear a dull rhythmic thumping on the wall. She pauses,  
listens for a moment, then starts to splash water on her face.  
From somewhere offscreen we hear the sharp sound of  
glass shattering. It reverberates for a moment, then dies.  
Abby looks up at the bathroom door. We hear a scraping at  
the lock of her apartment door. Abby listens.  
Suddenly we hear the lock springing open, and the front  
door swinging on its hinges.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

motionless. Startled. She shuts off the water and stands  
Droplets of water are streaming down her face.  
We hear the sound of footsteps in the next room,  
crunching across broken glass.

**ABBY**

Ray...?

creak  
walks

There is no answer. After a moment we hear bedsprings  
in the next room. Abby opens the bathroom door and  
out.

**MAIN ROOM**

semi-  
The

A shaft of light slices across the floor from the open  
bathroom door. Broken glass glints on the floor. In the  
darkness we can see that someone is sitting on the bed.  
person looks up.

It is Marty.

Abby recoils.

**MARTY**

Lover-boy oughta lock his door.

still

Abby looks nervously at Marty. Droplets of water are  
running down her face. She brushes one from her eye.

**MARTY**

I love you...

He smiles thinly.

**MARTY**

...That's a stupid thing to say,  
right?

Abby takes a step back.

**ABBY**

I... I love you too.

Still smiling, Marty shakes his head.

**MARTY**

No. You're just saying that because  
you're scared...

the

He stands. We hear glass under his feet. He unbuttons  
middle button of his coat and reaches inside.

**MARTY**

...You left your weapon behind.

it He withdraws something from an inside pocket and tosses  
to her.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY'S HANDS**

As she catches the object. It is her compact.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

She looks from her hands up to Marty.

**MARTY**

He'll kill you too.

blood. Marty gags, leans forward, doubles over to vomit--

The blood washes over the floor at his feet.

**ABBY**

down Bolts upright in bead with a muffled groan. Sweat pours  
looks her face. She brushes a drop of sweat from her eye and  
around.

**ABBY'S POV**

hardwood Moonlight glints through the windows across the  
just as floor. Through the windows we can see the facade of the  
opposite building. The apartment is dark and still,  
we left it before she fell asleep.

**BACK TO ABBY**

of She slumps back onto the bed. One hand gropes down out  
frame and comes up holding an illuminated alarm clock.  
She looks at it, drops it back to the floor.

the She turns on her side and stares across the room toward  
window.

**ABBY'S POV**

The window.

**DISSOLVE**

**THROUGH TO:**

**SAME WINDOW SAME ANGLE PRE-DAWN**

in  
off; the  
It is still not quite light. The few lights that shined  
the windows of the opposite building before are now  
facade of the building is a flat, undetailed gray.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

staring  
Still lying on her side on the bed, her eyes open,  
at the window.

**BACK TO LONG SHOT WINDOW**

off a  
After a moment Abby enters frame. She picks her coat  
chair and puts it on.

We hear a car door slam.

**EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW PRE-DAWN**

and is  
street  
the  
Abby has just gotten out of her car in the foreground  
crossing the lawn to the house. Down the road the  
lights are still on. One light burns in the house, in  
window of Ray's bedroom. Abby approaches it.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW**

the  
Over Abby's shoulder, as she leans against the sill of  
open window and looks inside.

cigarette,  
Ray sits on the bed in the empty room, smoking a  
his profile to the window, gazing fixedly at the wall.

**ABBY**

Ray.

Ray starts and looks toward the window, squinting.



**INT. RAY'S BUNGALOW**

**WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM**

strikingly  
effects

Abby is coming through the screen door. The room is bare of everything except furniture. All personal effects have been removed.

hallway.

Abby looks around, bewildered, as Ray enters from the

**ABBY**

...Where is everything?

**RAY**

In the trunk.

cardboard

Abby, still standing in front of the door, looks at him uncomprehendingly. Ray walks over to a couple of boxes stacked in the corner.

**RAY**

...In the car.

cord,

He ties a knot around the top carton with a piece of then cuts the cord with a collapsible fishing knife.

**ABBY**

...You leaving?

**RAY**

Isn't that what you want?

She slowly shakes her head.

**RAY**

Wanna come with me?

He leans back against the boxes, watching her.

**ABBY**

...But first I gotta know what happened.

**RAY**

What do you want to know?

**ABBY**

You broke into the bar. You wanted to get your money. You and Marty had a fight. Something happened...

looking

Ray shakes his head, smiling. Abby squints at him, for help.

**ABBY**

...I don't know, wasn't it you? Maybe a burglar broke in, and you found--

**RAY**

With your gun?...

door.

He puts the knife in his pocket and walks over to the door. As he approaches her:

**RAY**

...Nobody broke in, Abby. I'll tell you the truth...

Ray faces Abby in front of the door.

**RAY**

...Truth is, I've felt sick the last couple of days. Can't eat... Can't sleep... When I try to I... Abby...

cross-

It's difficult to bring out. Ray's hand gropes for the slat on the screen door. Finally:

**RAY**

...The truth is... he was alive when I buried him.

Abby stares.

flipping  
and  
other,

An object materializes in the sky beyond them. It is end-over-end in slow motion, moving toward Abby and Ray the screen door. Abby and Ray, each staring at the fail to notice until--

THWACK--it bounces off the screen.

Abby starts; Ray doesn't.

screen  
move  
The spell is broken, Abby pushes hesitantly at the door. Ray's hand slides off the cross-slat; he makes no to stop her.

**CLOSE SHOT THE FRONT STOOP**

screen  
As Abby steps over the rolled-up newspaper that hit the door.

**TRACKING SHOT ON ABBY**

rumble  
car as  
Hurrying down the driveway to get to her car. A low is building on the soundtrack. Abby glances at Ray's she passes it.

**ABBY'S POV TRACKING FORWARD THE CAR**

covering  
by a  
More blood has seeped into and dried on the dropsheet the back seat. The bass rumble grows louder, punctuated rhythmic thumping.

**EXT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT DAY**

**OVER ABBY'S SHOULDER**

continuing  
A  
As she pounds frantically on the door--the sound over the cut. After a moment the door edges open. Meurice is standing in the doorway in a long bathrobe. sleeper's blindfold is pushed up over his forehead.

**MEURICE**

Abby. What's the matter?

**ABBY**

I... I'm sorry, Meurice. I gotta talk to you... Can I come in?

He looks at her hard.

**MEURICE**

Yeah... yeah, come in...

He steps aside to let her pass.

**MEURICE**

...but I gotta tell ya...

**INT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT**

As Abby enters.

**MEURICE**

...I'm retired.

drawn

Meurice switches on a table lamp; the curtains are against the sun. Abby follows Meurice over to the bar.

**MEURICE**

Jesus, I got a hangover. Want a drink?

**ABBY**

No, I--

**MEURICE**

Well I do...

He pours himself a drink.

**MEURICE**

...For you I answer the door. If you wanna stay here, that's fine. But I'm retired.

**ABBY**

Something happened with Marty and Ray--

**MEURICE**

(sharply)

Abby...

He glares at her.

**MEURICE**

...Let me ask you one question...

He slams back the drink.

**MEURICE**

...Why do you think I'm retired.

He grimaces.

**MEURICE**

...Ray stole a shitload of money from Marty. Until both of 'em calm down I'm not getting involved.

**ABBY**

No Meurice, it's worse than that. Something really happened, I think Marty's dead--

**MEURICE**

What?! Did Ray tell you that?

**ABBY**

Sort of...

Meurice sits her down on the sofa.

**MEURICE**

That's total bullshit. Marty called me after he was jacked up...

He tries to coax her into lying down.

**MEURICE**

...I mean, I don't know where he is, but he ain't dead.

**ABBY**

Meurice--

**MEURICE**

You don't look too good. You sleep last night?

Her head meets an end cushion.

**ABBY**

Meurice, you gotta help me...

Meurice rises from the sofa, sighs.

**MEURICE**

All right. Just sit tight. Try to get some sleep...

He leans down to the table next to the sofa.

**MEURICE**

...I'll find Marty, find out what's going on.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

twists  
lamp  
Her head on the cushion. We hear engine rumble. Abby  
her head back, following Meurice. As we hear the table  
being switched off we:

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY NIGHT**

**POV FROM A CAR**

other  
green  
radio  
The engine rumble continues over the cut. There is no  
traffic on the highway. A light fog covers the road. A  
highway sign says: "San Antonio 73 mi." We hear a car  
playing softly.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

dashboard.  
sound now  
tires  
to  
his  
Driving. He is gently lit by the light from the  
He reaches forward to turn off the radio. The only  
is the hum of the engine and the rhythmic clomping of  
on pavement. The look and sound of the scene are close  
those of the first scene of the movie.  
Ray takes a cigarette out of his pocket and puts it in  
mouth, but leaves it unlit.

**RAY'S POV**

fog.  
The headlights of an approaching car materialize in the  
The car passes with a roar.  
Up ahead a traffic light is turning amber.

**BACK TO RAY**

engine  
The engine hum drops as he slows. We hear the low

now  
up  
rumble and the squeaking brakes of another car. Ray is  
stopped in front of the deserted intersection. He looks  
up  
in his rearview mirror.

**RAY'S POV**

floating up  
none  
Another car is stopped just behind him, the fog  
past its headlights. The headlights halate in the fog;  
of the rest of the car is visible.

**BACK TO RAY**

from  
There  
purr  
him.  
The unlit cigarette still in his mouth. He looks down  
the rearview mirror to the intersection ahead of him.  
is a long pause, during which we hear only the steady  
of Ray's car and the knocking rumble of the car behind

Ray looks up at the traffic light.

**RAY'S POV**

The light is just turning from red to green.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY'S FOOT ON BRAKE**

moment, the  
He takes his foot off the brake, hesitates for a  
replaces it on the brake.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

He looks up in his rearview mirror.

**RAY'S POV**

behind  
The headlights of the other car remain motionless  
him. The car makes no move to pass.

**BACK TO RAY**

it  
He slowly takes the cigarette from his mouth and drops

rearview

onto the seat next to him. His eyes shift from the mirror to the traffic light.

**RAY'S POV**

Green fog floats past the green light.

**BACK TO RAY**

His face frozen. He turns slowly to look behind.

**RAY'S POV**

rumble

The other car is still motionless. We hear the muted of its engine.

**BACK TO RAY**

window

arm,

other

His eyes shift back to the mirror. He gropes for his handle and slowly rolls it down. He sticks out his left eyes still on the rearview mirror, and waves for the car to go around him.

**RAY'S POV**

floats

The other car remains still for a moment. White fog up beyond the red fog created by Ray's brake lights. Finally the car pulls out slowly to the left to pass.

**BACK TO RAY**

Watching the car pass.

**RAY'S POV**

intersection

green

As the car pulls out into the light from the and Ray's headlights, we see that it is a battered Volkswagon. First the car itself, and then its red tail lights, disappear into the fog.

**BACK TO RAY**

Watching, for a long moment.



steering

Finally he takes his foot off the brake, turns the wheel hard left and hangs a U-turn.

**MARTY'S LIVING ROOM WIDE**

room.  
around  
leaves.

A light is switched on in the expensively appointed room. Meurice enters, walking silently on the carpet, looking around the room. He throws the light off at the far end and leaves.

**MARTY'S BEDROOM WIDE**

the  
in  
her

The door swings open. Meurice throws the switch near door and the room is bathed in light. We are once again in the bedroom where we earlier saw Abby looking through her purses.

We start to hear the faint buzzing of a fly.

the

Meurice glances around, throws off the light, and shuts door. Black.

**MARTY'S OFFICE**

looking

Somewhere offscreen a light is switched on and we are in close shot at the dead fish.

The sound of the fly is louder with the cut.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

the

Standing in the doorway from the bar, staring down at fish.

**WIDE SHOT THE OFFICE**

floor.  
it.

Ray glances around at the broken glass lying on the floor. His gaze shifts to the safe and the hammer in front of it. He walks over to the safe and stoops down.

**CLOSE SHOT RAY AT SAFE**

shuffles

He works its battered dial and it swings open. He  
through the contents and brings out a small pile of  
photographs.

**RAY'S POV**

Ray  
x

As he flips through the photographs. The first four are  
and Abby in the motel room bed. The last is a mounted 8  
10: Abby and Marty on a Gulf beach.

**BACK TO RAY**

Looking.

**HIS POV PICTURE DETAIL**

Marty is still laughing.

**BACK TO RAY**

in

He scowls at the shots Visser took, then puts them back  
the safe. When his hand comes out he is holding another  
photograph--this one folded twice. He unfolds it.

**RAY'S POV**

His and Abby's corpses.

**BACK TO RAY FROM ACROSS THE DESK**

background.

As he straightens slowly from the safe in the

lighter

At desk level, we again see the glint of Visser's  
under the dead fish.

and

stares

Ray crosses slowly around the desk into the foreground  
lays the picture flat on the desktop. For a moment he  
down at it, then wheels abruptly and leaves frame.

**INT. RAY'S CAR**

**CLOSE SHOT RAY**

Driving. He glances up in the rearview mirror.

**MARTY'S KITCHEN**

white  
steps  
floor

As Meurice enters and throws an overhead light. The room is bathed in bright, shadowless light. As Meurice into the kitchen his foot strikes something on the below frame, which clatters hollowly away.

**CLOSE SHOT PLASTIC DOG-FOOD BOWL**

wobbles,

The empty bowl skids into a wall, bounces back, and spinning on its bottom rim.

**MARTY'S BILLIARD ROOM**

**DUTCH-TILT**

**TRACKING SHOT TOWARD MOUNTED MOOSE HEAD**

the

On a low skewed axis the camera is tracking in toward impassive trophy head on Marty's billiard-room wall.

mouth.

The moose still has Ray's cigarette protruding from its

**REVERSE TRACKING SHOT MEURICE**

As he walks toward the moose, head cocked to one side, frowning quizzically up.

left.

He hears something, and looks through the door to his

**MEURICE'S POV**

The long shadowy hall. We hear panting.

**CLOSE SHOT MEURICE**

Squinting.

**MEURICE**

...Opal?

**THE HALLWAY**

A form starts to materialize in the shadows.

**MEURICE**

Taking a step back.

**HIS POV**

become a The dog bounding down the hallway. Its panting has  
low growl.

**FROM BEHIND MEURICE**

He wrenches a cue stick from the rack and squares.

**HIS POV**

Opal snarling, leaping.

**INT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT TOP OF A COFFEE TABLE**

to The splintered top half of the pool cue is slammed down  
rest on top of the coffee table.

**MEURICE (O.S.)**

Even the fucking dog's gone crazy...

**MED SHOT ABBY**

her Sitting on the sofa, looking down out of frame. Behind  
splintered Meurice agitatedly paces back and forth, waving the  
loud. bottom half of the cue stick. His voice is unnaturally

**MEURICE**

...Something pretty fucking weird is going on. Put your coat on and I'll drop you at home. But don't talk to either of 'em until I do. And don't worry. Believe me. These things always have a logical explanation. Usually.

**ABBY'S POV**

table. The splintered top half of the cue stick on the coffee

**INT. ABBY'S HALLWAY**

herself Abby approaches her door in the foreground and lets in.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT**

the Looking toward the window. The room is dark. Through the window we see the facade of the building across the street. Abby enters frame in the foreground, in silhouette against the window, and throws an overhead light switch. The bright light reveals Ray standing by the window, looking out.

**RAY**

(abruptly)  
Turn it off.

Abby jumps, startled.

**ABBY**

Ray...

**EXT. ROOF OF FACING APARTMENT BUILDING**

looking From the roof of the building across the street we are windows down on the facade of Abby's building. Most of its can are dark, but in a brightly lit fourth-floor window we clearly see Abby and Ray.

rifle to A man is on the roof in the foreground, hitching a his shoulder.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT**

of Ray turns from the window which, with the switching on of the overhead light, has become a mirror of the interior of the apartment.

**RAY**

Just turn it off.

**EXT. FACING ROOF**

its

The light goes out in the apartment across the street;  
window goes opaque.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT**

Abby

Dark now. Ray still stands by the window, looking out.  
still stands by the light switch.

**RAY**

(answering a question)

No curtains on the windows.

anything

Abby is clearly apprehensive--about Ray, not about  
outside.

**ABBY**

...So?

**RAY**

I think someone's watching.

throws

Abby doesn't understand, and has had enough. As she  
the light back on:

**ABBY**

So what'll they see?

Ray turns angrily from the window.

**RAY**

Just leave it off. He can see in.

**EXT. FACING ROOF**

starting

Ray and Abby are once again clearly visible. Ray is  
across the room.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT**

the

Abby takes a fearful step back as Ray strides toward  
light switch, next to her.

**ABBY**

(abruptly)  
--If you do anything the neighbors'll  
hear.

registers  
This brings Ray up short. He stares at Abby. It  
that it is him she's afraid of.

**RAY**

You think...

He shakes his head.

**RAY**

...Abby. I meant it... when I  
called...

after a  
Abby takes another step back. Her voice comes out,  
pause, half-strangled:

**ABBY**

...I love you too.

half-  
Ray winces. He slowly shakes his head with a pained  
smile.

**RAY**

Because you're scared.

sound  
We hear the dull report of a rifle and the deafening  
of shattering glass. The gun shot hits Ray in the back,  
knocking him to the floor. He lies still.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

the  
She stares dumbly down at Ray. She looks slowly up to  
window.

**THE WINDOW**

glass  
glass  
It has a gaping black hole. The sound of shattering  
still reverberates in the apartment. Small shards of  
chink down from the window and shatter on the floor.

**BACK TO ABBY**

Quiet Staring at the window, paralyzed--almost in a trance.  
except for the chinking of glass.

**EXT. FACING ROOF**

powered We are looking through the telescopic sight of a high-  
brightly rifle. The rifle sweeps up from Ray's body across the  
window, in lit room, and centers Abby, still staring at the  
the cross hairs.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT**

the We are looking past Abby toward the shattered window at  
foreground, far end of the room. A brass lamp stands in the  
paralyzed. between Abby and the camera. Abby still stands

floor; Glass has stopped chinking from the window to the  
there is a painful silence.

of Suddenly Abby dives to the floor just as CRASH the rest  
somersaults the window falls away and PING the brass lamp  
toward us from the impact of the bullet.

the The window is now completely gone--just a black hole in  
brightly lit wall.

**ABBY**

The Scrambles into a corner at the window end of the room.  
Ray, only sound is her heavy breathing. She looks over at  
then up at the bulb on the ceiling.

**ABBY'S POV CEILING BULB**

**BACK TO ABBY**



the Breathing heavily, almost hysterical. She looks down at floor.

**ABBY'S POV**

broken Ray is sprawled on the floor in a pool of blood and glass.

**BACK TO ABBY**

throws She reaches down and pulls off one of her shoes. She it at the ceiling bulb.

We hear the bulb shatter and the room goes black.

glass- Abby rises and makes her way cautiously across the littered floor toward Ray. She stoops over him.

**LOW SHOT THE DARK APARTMENT**

backs Its front door in background. Abby rises into frame and her toward the doorway, staring down at the floor. One of hands is covered with blood.

**ABBY**

Ray--

piece She winces and almost loses her balance as we hear a moves of glass crunching under her bare floor. She turns and door to the front door, favoring one foot, and throws the open.

**HALLWAY**

neighboring Abby lurches from her apartment and pounds on the hall. door. No answer. She pounds on the door across the

**OLD WOMAN'S VOICE**

(frightened, in Spanish)

Get away! I'll call my son-in-law!

**ABBY**

(groping for the words,  
in Spanish)  
No no--you don't understand--

**OLD WOMAN'S VOICE**

(in Spanish)  
He has a gun!

The  
bad  
Abby heads for the stairway at the far end of the hall.  
heel of her shod foot is throwing her weight onto her  
foot; she kicks off the shoe.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

step  
railing  
cough  
As she reaches the top of the stairs. She takes one  
down, then brings herself up short. She looks over the  
down the stairwell. It is quiet. An innocent-sounding  
echoes somewhere in the building.

bareness  
We hear the sound of footsteps from somewhere below.  
Abby turns and hobbles back to her apartment. The  
of the hallway sets off her abandoned shoe.

**ABBY'S APARTMENT**

scrabbles  
and  
As she enters and slams the door behind her. She  
at the lock, finally manages to get it shut, then turns  
looks frantically around.

**ABBY'S POV**

fumbles  
to  
Ray is lying still in the darkness.  
We can hear footsteps approaching up the hallway.  
Abby enters frame and kneels down next to Ray. She  
around him briefly in the darkness.  
The doorknob rattles. Abby freezes, listening, trying

at the control her breath. After a moment we hear a scraping lock.

shuts Abby moves to the bathroom adjoining the main room and the door behind her.

**BATHROOM**

door It is very small. Abby presses her palms against the and slowly eases her ear against the door to listen. The scraping in the apartment door lock continues. Sweat streams down Abby's face. She brushes a drop from her eye.

front We hear the snap of the lock springing open, and the door swinging on its hinges.

**CLOSER ON ABBY**

the Her ear pressed to the door. From the next room we hear sound of footsteps crunching across broken glass.

and Abby backs away from the door, stares at it, then turns moves to the bathroom window. She looks out.

**ABBY'S POV**

four A sheer drop to the narrow backyard of the building stories below. Next to Abby's window is another window, that separated from hers only by the breadth of the wall, separates the two apartments.

**ABBY'S APARTMENT**

the Visser hunches, hands on knees, over Ray, who lies on floor out of frame.

**VISSER**

(grimly)  
All right...

He hunkers down closer to Ray.

**VISSER**

...You got some of my personal property.

empty- He is rummaging through Ray's pockets but comes up handed.

**VISSER**

...One of you does.

looks Visser looks down at Ray, glances around the room, back down at Ray.

**VISSER**

...I don't know what the hell you two thought you were gonna pull.

frame. We His hand, gripping something, flashes down out of hear a dull crunch.

**BATHROOM**

She Abby has drawn her head back from the bathroom window. moves back to the door and braces herself against it.

**ABBY'S APARTMENT**

something to Visser straightens up from Ray's body. He drops the floor, out of frame, that lands with a thud. it He goes over to the light switch on the wall and flips back and forth. No light. its He goes over to the brass lamp, sets it upright, tries open door. After a moment we hear a refrigerator hum as a cold blue light plays in the doorway. There is the rattle of a can being pulled off the refrigerator rack, and the snap of

slurps  
light

its pull-tab being opened. After a couple of audible  
we hear the can go back on the rack and, as the blue  
disappears, we hear the refrigerator door close.

fixes  
door

Visser reappears in the doorway. He surveys the room,  
on the bathroom door, goes over, turns the knob. The  
swings open.

He walks in.

#### **BATHROOM**

curtain is

Visser looks around the cramped space. The shower  
drawn. He casually draws it back. The shower is empty.  
He goes to the window and leans out.

#### **VISSER'S POV**

The sheer drop below; the other window to one side.

#### **BACK TO VISSER**

the

He draws his head back in, presses his palms against  
adjacent wall, and eases his ear to the wall to listen.  
Perfect quiet.

himself  
the

After a moment he goes back to the window, braces  
against the sash, and sticks his arm out--groping for  
window of the adjacent apartment.

#### **EXT. ABBY'S BUILDING / BATHROOM WINDOW**

#### **CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S FACE**

upper

Pressing against the glass as he leans against the  
half of the bathroom window.

#### **CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S HAND**

It finds the adjacent window and starts to raise it.

**BACK TO VISSER'S FACE**

he  
Again we see him through the window. His jaw is set as  
gropes offscreen.

smacking  
Suddenly his body jerks violently forward, his head  
against the glass and cracking it.

**QUICK**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ADJACENT APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S HAND**

slams  
window  
Abby (out of frame) has grabbed it and now THUMP she  
the window down on his wrist, catching it between the  
sash and sill.

Visser's  
Her other hand flashes across frame to THUNK pin  
hand to the sill with Ray's knife.

**QUICK**

**CUT:**

**BACK TO VISSER**

head to  
We hear the shatter of glass as the shock causes his  
break through the window. His hand is nailed into the  
apartment next door. He is in pain.

**ADJACENT APARTMENT**

From  
of the  
Abby back slowly from the window, staring at the hand.  
the ground below we hear the faint and echoing sounds  
shards of glass shattering against pavement.

**ABBY'S POV THE WINDOW**

with a  
Visser's pinned hand is writhing.  
As we hear a muffled CRACK, a circle of light opens  
puff of plaster dust in the wall that separates the two

apartment  
apartments. A line of light shoots across the dark  
from the bright bathroom next door.

**BACK TO ABBY**

Staring at the wall. We hear a second CRACK.

**ABBY'S POV**

second  
A second hole has opened in the wall, letting through a  
shaft of light.

gun  
Four more sharp reports in rapid succession: With each  
blast a bright circle opens and a new shaft of light  
penetrates the dark apartment.

clatter  
bathroom  
Finally we hear the CLICK of an empty chamber, and the  
of the empty gun being dropped to the floor of the  
next door.

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

apartment.  
Staring at the lines of light that crisscross the

There is a long moment of silence, then a sudden THUMP.

**ABBY'S POV THE WALL**

THUMP.  
the  
strobes  
Six circles of light.  
The circles go black momentarily as there is another  
And another. Each time Visser pounds his fist against  
wall, there is a muffled THUMP and his swinging arm  
the bullet holes.

**BACK TO ABBY**

She turns and hobbles toward the door of apartment. The  
muffled thumping continues, as in her dream.

**HALLWAY**

and As Abby emerges from the adjacent apartment. She stops  
looks down the hall.

**ABBY'S POV**

her The stairway is at the far end of the hall. The door of  
own darkened apartment stands slightly ajar.

**ADJACENT APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT THE WALL**

purposeful The bullet holes strobing. The pounding, more  
now, grows louder and more intense.

wall in Finally, with a crash, Visser's fist penetrates the  
an explosion of light and dust.

**HALLWAY**

We pull Abby as she limps hesitantly down the hall.

**ADJACENT APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S HAND**

blindly Waving aimlessly through the ambient dust. He is  
groping for the sill--and the knife that pins his other  
hand.

of the His outstretched middle finger just grazes the handle  
knife.

**ABBY'S HALLWAY / APARTMENT**

apartment. Pulling Abby as she draws even with the door of her

**ABBY'S POV**

inside the Her pearl-handled revolver sits on the shelf just  
hall. door, where Ray left it. It catches the light from the

**ADJACENT APARTMENT**



**EXTREME CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S FINGERTIPS**

handle;  
stretched  
or

The side of his middle finger rubs against the knife  
the tip of his index finger barely touches it. Visser's  
fingers are trembling, indicating that his arm is  
to its uttermost.  
A surge against the wall gives his fingers another inch  
so and they curl around the handle of the knife.

**ABBY'S APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

She

As she steps in from the hallway to pick up the gun.  
looks around the apartment.

**ABBY'S POV**

gone,  
middle  
room  
litter

The window of the apartment, its glass now completely  
lets in streetlight. Ray's corpse is a dark form in the  
of the floor. A bright shaft of light slices across the  
from offscreen. It glints on the shards of glass that  
the floor, just as in Abby's dream.

**BATHROOM**

**CLOSE SHOT VISSER**

in the

As he slowly, quietly draws his hand in from the hole  
wall. He is holding the knife.  
He turns slowly to face the door, listening.

**ABBY'S APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

toward

She steadies herself against the wall and turns to look  
the bathroom.

**ABBY'S POV**

the  
the  
The bathroom door stands slightly ajar. The interior of  
bathroom is a bright band in the shadowy recesses of  
back of the apartment.

**BATHROOM**

**CLOSE SHOT VISSER**

Moving quietly toward the door.

**ABBY'S APARTMENT**

**CLOSE SHOT ABBY**

raises  
Staring, almost transfixed, at the bathroom door. She  
the gun, trembling, and trains it on the band of light.

**ABBY'S POV**

Visser's shadow falls across the crack in the doorway.

**BACK TO ABBY**

She shifts the gun slightly and fires.

**ABBY'S POV**

in  
Visser  
With the roar of the gun, a small circle of light opens  
the door. As the door waffles under the impact, we hear  
collapsing behind it.

**BACK TO ABBY**

She  
floor.  
Leaning against the facing wall. She lowers the gun.  
slides down the wall to finally rest seated on the  
She brushes a drop of sweat from her eye.

**HER POV**

The cracked bathroom door spilling light.

**BACK TO ABBY**

choked: A pause. After a moment, her voice comes out half-

**ABBY**

...I ain't afraid of you, Marty.

**HER POV**

The bathroom door. Quiet for a long moment.

Then, from inside the bathroom, we hear laughter.

**BACK TO ABBY**

leave Staring at the door. We hear the laughter subside, to  
the sound of labored breathing. Finally:

**VISSER (O.S.)**

...Well ma'am...

**BATHROOM**

bathroom Visser lies on his back, his head underneath the  
sink.

and His good hand is pressed against his belly, which rises  
his falls with his heavy breathing. Blood seeps out between  
fingers.

He is smiling.

**VISSER**

...If I see him, I'll sure give him  
the message.

**HIS POV**

beading The underside of the sink, its convoluted chrome works  
moisture.

**VISSER**

Looking, with mild interest.

**HIS POV**

A condensed droplet trickles down the chrome.

lowest Directly overhead, it hangs for a moment from the joint of the pipe.

It fattens, wavers, wavers--and falls, spelling...

**FINIS.**

[DELETED SCENE FROM 1st. DRAFT]

served "...In an early draft of the script, Ray, the befuddled bartender who for want of a more compelling character protracted as our story's hero, fled the scene of the tale's central murder and checked into a motel outside of San Antonio:"

**MOTEL LOBBY DAY**

large DUSTY RHODES, a lean man with a weathered face and Adam's apple, stands behind the Formica check-in counter.

in KYLE, a heavysset man of thirty wearing a feed cap, sits leatherette the lobby's one piece of furniture, a beat-up sofa. He sips from a can of soda.

the Ray, begrimed and haggard, enters out of the glare of noonday sun.

**RHODES**

Hey there, stranger! What can I do you for?

**RAY**

I need a room.

Calling out from the divan:

**KYLE**

He needs a room, Dusty.

**RHODES**

I reckon I can hear him...

(to Ray)

...Room rate's eight sixty-six a day plus sales tax, plus extra for the

TV option.

**RAY**

How much extra?

**KYLE**

(calling out)

He wants the TV option, Dusty.

**RHODES**

I reckon I can hear him. TV option, that's a dollar twenty, makes nine eighty-six plus tax.

**KYLE**

(calling out)

Tell him the channels, Dusty.

**RHODES**

Channels, we got two and six. Two don't come in so hot.

**RAY**

Just a room then.

**KYLE**

(calling out)

He don't want the option, Dusty.

**RHODES**

I reckon I heard the man.

**RAY**

(after shooting Kyle  
an irritated glance)

Does he work here?

**KYLE**

(calling out)

Sure don't.

**RHODES**

See, Wednesday's the special on RC Cola. I don't know if I explained about the TV option. If there's a TV in the room, you got to pay the option.

**KYLE**

(calling out)

And how many room got TV, Dusty?

**RHODES**

Ever durned one.

**RAY**

(gameily)

Okay, I'll take the TV option.

**RHODES**

Well see the thing about that is,  
we're booked.

that  
too  
replaced  
be  
movie.  
get to

"Looking at this scene now, years later, it strikes us  
revising it out of existence, as we did, constituted  
much rewriting. Indeed, the more prosaic scene we  
it with, involving Ray stopped at a traffic light, can  
found in the finished script but not in the finished  
It was shot but then deleted in order to more quickly  
the carnage, which was the picture's raison d'^etre..."

**JOEL & ETHAN COEN**