

INT. MORROW GALLERY. LOS ANGELES. PRESENT DAY - EVENING

No sound. On screen is completely filled with an expanse of tanned, oiled, pulsating flesh. A section of gigantic, glossed, female buttocks gyrate in slow motion. This is no ordinary butt. It is a swollen and expensively maintained ass. The movement is stunning in it's vigor and the physical talent of it's possessor is awe inspiring. Dead silence as the movement gradually speeds up to real time. We slowly pull back to reveal that our image is that of a giant art installation: a floor to ceiling LCD Screen.

Abruptly our sound snaps on at a deafening decibel level as we hear what seems like a thousand voices screaming over each other. The floor to ceiling screen cover the four walls the four walls of the gallery and the effect of wall to wall, floor to ceiling ass giggling is oddly impressive. The room is jammed with people laughing and talking. There are four 12 foot tall high gloss sculptures of nude women with absurdly engorged butts, breasted, and lips anchoring the center of the space. The sculptures are each pressing their breasts together to create fiberglass streams of milk that soar into the air and encircle them. The crowd is a collection of what passes in Los Angeles as the chic and fashionable. Several photographers track the guests as the flash of their cameras heighten the excitement in the room.

The freakish face of one of the sculptures fills our frame as we suddenly cut to the expressionless face of SUSAN MORROW, 40, handsome. Sleek. There is a very slight hint of distaste on her face as she stares blankly across the packed, brightly lit room.

A tall, thin BLONDE WOMAN with extraordinarily ample cleavage reaches out and grabs Susan's arm. Susan turns to the woman with a forced smile.

BLONDE WOMAN

(shouting over the crowd) Oh my  
god, Susan, ees aaaaaamazini. Ju  
mus be ah so proud. Ju daed it! Ju  
daed it!

Susan shouts back as the noise teaches crescendo.

SUSAN

Thank you!

INT. MORROW GALLERY. LOS ANGELES. PRESENT DAY - EVENING,  
LATER.

Silence. The gallery is now empty. A small crew of men in white shirts and dark ties sweep up the last traces of the party. Susan is sitting on a concrete step leading into the exhibition space.

The asses continue to gyrate on all four walls. Susan's assistant, MARK HUNT, 28, attractive in a slightly sloppy way, places his hand on Susan's shoulder.

MARK

Have you recovered from that?

SUSAN

I need a drink and a Valium. That was insane. Please turn that thing off.

Mark walks to the wall and hits a small remote switch. The projection stops.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And why exactly did I want to become an art dealer?

MARK

Oh come on. You should be proud. No one else could have convinced Douglas to actually preview that installation before it goes to Venice.

SUSAN

Appropriate that tits and ass will fill the American pavilion at the Biennale.

MARK

Go home.

SUSAN

Yeah that will be fun.

Susan stands up and sweetly kisses Mark on both cheeks. She smiles at him sweetly and genuinely.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for tonight.

She turns and walks away.

EXT. MORROW RESIDENCE. LOS ANGELES. LATER THAT EVENING.

Susan pulls up to a large stainless steel gate in her car. The glare of her headlights reflects off of the gate and temporarily blinds her as she shields her eyes. She hits the remote and the massive gate slides open. She drives in as the gates close behind her.

As the gate locks itself in place, another car pulls into the driveway.

The car door opens and the driver gets out and walks to the lung low steel mail box set into the concrete wall that frames the gate and places something inside.

The glare of the car lights on the gate blind us so late we cannot make out anything but the silhouette of the driver but we see clearly from the large logo on the hubcap that the car is a vintage dark brown Mercedes.

EXT. MORROW RESIDENCE. LOS ANGELES. THE NEXT MORNING.

Our camera glides across the surface of a black swimming pool littered with leaves. It is a foggy, misty LA day. We pull back to reveal a vast unkept lawn and a large cobalt blue Jeff Koons Balloon Bog sculpture on the plinth. There are tools, equipment and a small crane nest to the sculpture. Despite the neglected feeling of the property, the house is impressive. Long, low, and elegant.

We move into the living room which is an expanse of grey carpet and low grey velvet sofas. There are several very large art crates lining the entry hall. The house is beautiful, but cold and empty. A large white Calder mobile moves slowly over a seating area as the breeze from the air conditioner stirs it. Our sound is silent with the exception of the soft hiss of forced air.

Our camera moves down a long corridor towards a door at the end. The hall seems endless. As we approach the door the sound of a television becomes louder and louder.

We cut to a television screen. "The Real Big Housewives of Beverly Hills" is on. The women on screen are opulent beyond belief. Nevertheless, they are lacquered, bronzed, and coiffed. They are frightening.

Susan stands in front of the enormous television with a remote control. Pressing it over and over.

SUSAN

No, no, no, no! God damn it Elva!

We cut back to the television.

TISANE

Oh my god! How can you let him pull that crap with you!

Tisane is looking through her shoe closet as her best friend Saffron contemplates her hair in the mirror.

SAFFRON

I know.

TISANE

Saffron, he's dull. And my god,  
when that man tells a story it's  
slow bull, dull, dull. I told you  
that from the beginning.

Saffron is now putting on glass.

SAFFRON

Those shoes don't work with that,  
Those little heels look like  
they're gonna snap in half.

Tisane looks at herself in the mirror.

TISANE

You're right. They make me look  
fat.

SAFFRON

It isn't the shoes that make you  
look fat. It's the fat that makes  
you look fat. Have you gained  
weight? I think you might need to  
go on a cleanse. So like when can  
we get back to me for a minute.  
What should I do?

TISANE

Are you even for real? You have to  
drop his ass.

SAFFRON

But I love him. He's sweet.

TISANE

So what. Sweet isn't going to get  
you that new Aston Martin.

Tisane backs up and takes a good look at Saffron.

TISANE (CONT'D)

How you think you're gonna fit into  
it is another question. Anyway, he  
doesn't have the bucks to put that  
five carat Graff diamond on your  
finger. And all the décolletage of  
yours should get you more  
dickolletage than that dude's got.

Both girls look at each other and then break into hysterical  
laughter.

We cut to Susan's face. Her mouth literally hangs open as  
stands staring at the television and holding the remote in  
her hand trying to get the television to turn off.

SUSAN

Beyond.

She tosses the remote on the bed in disgust and walks out of the room leaving the television still on.

INT. KITCHEN. MORROW RESIDENCE (CONTINUOUS)

CHRISTOPHER, 38, wearing a dark suit and tie is walking out of the room as Susan is entering.

CHRISTOPHER

Mrs. Morrow, a package arrived for you. I found it in the mailbox this morning. It's next to the phone.

SUSAN

Can you do me a favor and take a look at the remote control in my bedroom again? And please tell Silva to stop switching the channels when she is cleaning. Those "Real Big Housewives of Beverly Hills" or whatever they're called are on and I can't turn them off. Unbelievable, that show.

CHRISTOPHER

At least it wasn't that show about that fat little Appalachian girl who lives in the trailer.

SUSAN

I hate A/V systems.

Susan walks to the corner and stares at the package for a moment. It is a simple box wrapped in plain brown paper.

Susan begins to rip the wrapping off the box. As she does she cuts her finger on the edge of the paper. She winces, looks at the blood on the tip of her finger and then quickly puts the finger in her mouth. We see a hand written note marked "Susan"

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Christopher, could you do me a favor and open this card please. I just cut my finger.

CHRISTOPHER

Of course.

He opens the card and pulls out the note.

SUSAN

It's okay. Go ahead and read it.

Christopher reads the note aloud.

CHRISTOPHER

Dear Susan, I've written a novel that will be published in the spring. It's different than the kind of things that I was writing when we were together.

Christopher pauses and looks up.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

In the end you left me with the inspiration that I needed to write from the soul. I wanted you to be the first to read it so I am sending along a proof. I will be in LA until Wednesday on business and it would be good to see you after so long. My cell number and e-mail address is below. Edward.

Susan stands stunned for a moment.

SUSAN

Thank you.

Christopher places the note back on the box and leaves the room. Susan stands for a moment and stares at the note.

WALKER MORROW, 46 years, tall athletic and well groomed dressed in a crisp white button down shirt, blue blazer and grey pants, enters the room. Walker's face belies that he has not slept.

WALKER

What is this?

SUSAN

It's a manuscript from Edward. He's written a novel.

WALKER

Edward who?

SUSAN

Edward, my first husband. Remember him?

WALKER

I didn't know he could write.

SUSAN

Yeah you did. He was writing a novel when you and I met, you just don't remember.

WALKER

Why did he send it to you? Have you even heard from him in 20 years?

SUSAN

21. No. He's never spoken to me again. I called him a couple times a few years ago and he just hung up. I think he's teaching English at a prep school in Dallas.

Walker is not really listening. He is putting Nespresso into the coffee machine.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Where were you last night? Why didn't you show up at the gallery?

WALKER

I just couldn't cope with seeing all those ridiculous people. I'm sorry. I know it was important to you.

SUSAN

It was. You never came to bed. The light was lit on the phone all night.

WALKER

I guess you couldn't sleep either. I was up working.

SUSAN

That's the third night in a row. You need to sleep. Did you take the pill I gave you?

WALKER

Yeah it didn't work.

Susan glances at him.

SUSAN

Why are you wearing a jacket on Saturday?

WALKER

I have to go into the office and then to the airport. I have to go to New York tonight.

SUSAN  
You were just there.

WALKER  
I know. But I have to get this deal done. I don't want to have to sell anything else.

Susan glances at the crate down the hall.

SUSAN  
The funny thing is I couldn't care less about all of this art.

WALKER  
That doesn't sound like you.

SUSAN  
I know. But it's true .

WALKER  
Well I care. It pisses me off.

SUSAN  
I know you care.

She pauses a moment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. I'll fill the house with pieces from a few young LA artists and it will look like we're ahead of the curve. Not like we're broke. You won't have to feel embarrassed.

Walker glares at her for a moment.

WALKER  
What will you do this weekend?

SUSAN  
You're just trying to be nice.

WALKER  
Yes. I am trying to be nice. Isn't that what I'm supposed to do? Why don't you just get Sam to come home from school?

SUSAN  
She doesn't want to leave Ojai. I think she has a new boyfriend but she hasn't officially told me about him yet. It's okay. Do what you need to do. It's not my first weekend alone. It's not a big deal.

Walker pours his coffee over ice.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We're supposed to have dinner with Carlos and Alessia tonight at 7:30. What time does your plane leave?

WALKER

10:00

SUSAN

Good. You can come for drinks.

WALKER

DO I have to?

SUSAN

Yeah, you do. You were the one who pushed me to set it up. Remember? You "had" to talk to Carlos about helping yo get to Francois.

Walker sighs.

WALKER

Unfortunately, that deal is dead.

SUSAN

I'm sorry but you have to come, at least for drinks. It'll be rude if you don't.

WALKER

I always feel out of place at their house. What am I supposed to talk about?

SUSAN

I don't know Walker. You'll figure it out. Talking is one of your great skills.

Susan drops the brown wrapping paper into the trash compactor and flips in on while Walker responds. She picks up the manuscript and note and starts to walk out of the room. She pauses.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Just don't sell the Calder. That would make me sad.

EXT. HOLT RESIDENCE. BEL AIR, CALIFORNIA. THAT NIGHT.

Susan and Walker get out of their car. A black vintage Bentley coupe.

There are several impressive and flashy cars parked in front of the door. They pass a shiny new two tone Rolls Royce Wraith.

WALKER

Jesus. Isn't he embarrassed to drive that thing? Is that really Carlos' car? A man drives that?

SUSAN

Yeah, it's a little silly, but you're really only saying that because you secretly want one.

WALKER

I wouldn't be caught dead in it.

SUSAN

Right.

Susan presses the bell. We enter the house. It is wacky beyond description and expensive beyond description as well. The art on the wall is staggering and the mix of contemporary art with 18th century furniture and the modern architecture of the house itself is eccentric in the extreme. A butler leads us down a hall and into a room filled with a small group of people. All know each other well. Susan and Walker are greeted with cheek kisses.

Susan stand talking with ALESSIA HOLT, 55, dressed in a kaftan and covered in Calder jewelry. She is pale and her eyes are darkened with heavy liner and even heavier shadow so that she almost has the appearance of a raccoon. She moves her hands wildly when she speaks. She is flamboyant but there is a kindness and gentle maternal quietly about her. The two women are clearly close as is evident by their easy rapport.

ALESSIA

Are things better?

SUSAN

I don't know. We're trying. He is going through a really tough time with his business.

They glance across the room at Walker who is speaking with CARLOS HOLT, late 60s, silver hair, tall and elegant.

ALESSIA

Carlos told me.

SUSAN

That's a surprise. I thought he hid it pretty well. Walker would upset to think that anyone knew. He can't stand not to win.

She looks over at him.

ALESSIA  
Are you sleeping? Did you call my  
psychopharmacologist?

She takes a sip of her martini.

ALESSIA (CONT'D)  
Did you call him? He's genius!

Walker has pulled away from Carlos and stepped into the hall.  
He is on his phone. Susan watches him.

SUSAN  
Well, he gave me something that  
knocks me out but I'm not sure it's  
really sleep.

Alessia reaches out and touches Susan's arm.

ALESSIA  
Susan, I'm worried about you.

Susan is focused on Walker who is still on his phone.

ALESSIA (CONT'D)  
Seriously, look at me. You scared  
me last time we talked.

She looks at Alessia and her shoulders droop. She feels  
comfortable enough to talk with Alessia to let a certain  
fragility show.

SUSAN  
I'm fine. I can't believe I told  
you all the things I did. I feel  
embarrassed about it. What right to  
I have to be unhappy?

ALESSIA  
As much as anyone. It's all  
relative Susan. You're awfully hard  
on yourself.

Alessia glances towards Walker.

SUSAN  
Not hard enough.

She looks up and Walker catches her eyes and motions to her  
with his head.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. Walker needs to catch a plane and I need to say goodbye to him.

Susan crosses the room to Walker and leads him to the door.

EXT. HOLT RESIDENCE. BEL AIR, CALIFORNIA. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

We're on the front step of the house. There is a black Mercedes and driver waiting for Walker.

SUSAN

I hope that this deal works out for you. I really do. I know that you need it.

WALKER

We need it.

SUSAN

No. You need it.

She leans into kiss him on the cheek but he turns away and gets into the car. She watched the car pull out of the driveway and goes back into the house.

INT. HOLT RESIDENCE. BEL AIR, CALIFORNIA. LATER.

The flamboyant and eclectic guests are seated around the dining table finishing desert. Conversation at the table is lively, and somewhat loud. Susan is seated next to Carlos.

CARLOS

The opening was spectacular last night.

SUSAN

Really? Is that what you thought?

CARLOS

Didn't you? You had an amazing turn out! It was huge. I loved it and I thought the work was incredibly strong. SO perfect with all this junk culture that we live in.

SUSAN

It is junk. Total junk.

CARLOS

Darling, you're a big success. None of us really like what we do.

SUSAN

So why do we do it?

CARLOS

Because we are driven. And maybe a bit insecure. We get into things when we're young because we think they mean something.

SUSAN

And then we find out they don't.

CARLOS

Susan, you need to lighten up. Don't take everything so seriously. Laugh. Enjoy the absurdity of our world. It's a lot less painful. And believe me, our world is a lot less painful than the real world.

At that moment the other end of the table erupts with laughter as CHLOE, 24, a beautiful young actress finishes a story. She speaks with a strong southern accent and has a certain vapid charm. The table is riveted.

CHLOE

So I said, "my mother always told me if you massage your pussy with Pam cooking spray for a month before the baby comes you won't need vaginal rejuvenation!"

The table bursts out into hysterical laughter. Susan turns back to Carlos.

SUSAN

And she is going to get a nomination this year.

CARLOS

A nomination? She is going to win!

SUSAN

She just left her boyfriend.

CARLOS

He was a cameraman. He was holding her back.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. LOS ANGELES. LATER THAT EVENING.

Susan enters the house. It is dark and quiet. She lays her bag on the entry table and walks down the hall to her bedroom.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BATHROOM. LATER.

Susan is dressed for bed in a short ivory silk camisole. She splashes water on her face and looks in the mirror for a moment. She opens her medicine cabinet and takes two different pills.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. MINUTES LATER.

On wall of the room is all glass. The view across the lawn and down to the city is dramatic and eerie at the same time.

As Susan sits down on the bed, her eyes catch the cover of "Nocturnal Animals" on her bedside table. She pauses, then slips into bed and turns off the light.

Susan lies for a moment in the dark then sits up, switches on the light and picks up the manuscript and begins to read.

She is momentarily taken aback by the dedication. The clean white page simply reads "For Susan".

"NOCTURNAL ANIMALS"

EXT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE. HOUSTON TEXAS. PRESENT DAY, DUSK.

We are in the driveway of a modest but well designed contemporary house. A large oak tree looms over the lawn and the sound of cicadas can be heard.

TONY HASTINGS, early 40s, dark brown hair with a full beard, is loading bags into the back of a vintage 4 door brown Mercedes. He is thin and of a slight build, but not without a certain scholarly attractiveness. He is dressed in jeans and a checked button down shirt. SIENNA HASTINGS, 16, is helping him. She is tall and slim with long brown hair.

SIENNA

Dad, why are we driving this old thing to Marfa?

TONY

Because I just had it completely rebuilt. It's a classic.

SIENNA

It has a terrible sound system.

She throws a bag in the truck.

TONY

Well perhaps we could do something novel like talk.

SIENNA

Do we really have to stop tonight?  
I'd rather just get there. I was  
hoping to go riding in the morning  
with Whit and it will be too late  
if we don't get there until the  
afternoon.

TONY

Ask you mother. She's the boss. If  
we go straight through she'll have  
to drive too.

LAURA HASTINGS, 40, dark brown hair, athletic and pretty in a  
no nonsense suburban way, comes out of the house with a small  
bag. She hands it to Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)

Your daughter wants to drive the  
whole way without stopping. What do  
you think?

LAURA

I think it might be fun.

TONY

Really?

LAURA

Yeah. Why not?

TONY

Okay.

EXT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE. HOUSTON TEXAS. PRESENT DAY, LATER.

The cars pull out of the driveway and into the twilight.  
Driving out of sprawl that is Houston and into the country,  
until the highway stretches out straight ahead.

EXT. TRUCK STOP. KERRVILLE TEXAS. NIGHT . LATER.

The Hastings family is walking back to their car. A large  
brightly lit truck stop and diner looms in the background.

TONY

Ugh. I feel disgusting.

SIENNA

That is the whole point of a giant  
burger and french fries.

LAURA

I don't know. I think I may be with your dad on this one.

Laura has a giant soft serve cone in her hand.

SIENNA

What are you talking about? You are sucking down a super size cone!

Sienna reaches over and takes a bite of her mother's cone as they all settle back into the car and pull out into the night.

INT. HASTINGS CAR. NIGHT. LATER.

Sienna is texting in the back seat.

TONY

Sienna, you have been doing that for the last 4 hours. I thought you were the one who wanted to drive all night.

SIENNA

What? Are we suppose to have a family sing along or something?

TONY

No. But I thought we might at least talk.

SIENNA

About what dad? Your impending mid life crisis?

TONY

Wow, where did that come from?

SIENNA

I'm talking about that "groovy" beard you've got going on. When are you going to shave that off?

TONY

I like it.

LAURA

I think in this case I have agree with your daughter. It does look a bit desperate. What happened to the clean cut Economics professor look?

TONY

You're both cruel.

They laugh. The road is even more flat and straight now. The highway is increasingly deserted and has narrowed to two lanes on each side. Every few minutes a car passes them in the left lane or the headlights of an oncoming car can be seen across the median.

LAURA  
How much longer Tony?

TONY  
About three and half hours.

SIENNA  
Well dad, you're going to get your wish. My cell service just went out. Jesus, can you believe there is no service out here? How is that even possible?

TONY  
West Texas. No Phones, no people.

We suddenly see a man step into the headlights and then back out to the shoulder of the road in the distance. Tony slows down slightly. We see that it is a college age hitchhiker, scruffy but surprisingly good looking. He has a sign that reads "Marfa".

SIENNA  
Dad, you should have pulled over. He's going to Marfa. Back up, let's pick him up.

TONY  
You're kidding right? Did you see his beard and ripped jeans?

SIENNA  
I thought beards were suppose to be cool?

Tony speeds up.

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
Well I was only kind of kidding. He is going to Marfa for god's sake. Who goes to Marfa except for art groupies or someone who wants to be photographed next to fake Prada boutiques!

TONY  
You're nuts.

SIENNA  
He had a guitar. He looked like Jim Morrison.

TONY

More like Charles Manson. And a guitar is always a good reason to pick up a total stranger.

INT. HASTINGS CAR. NIGHT. LATER.

Silence in the car. Tony is driving and Laura and Sienna are asleep. Tony is fumbling to find a radio station but none are within range.

Straight ahead Tony on the highway, Tony sees two sets of tail lights blocking both lanes of the road. One car is trying to pass the other. Tony has to slow his speed and he gets behind the car on the right and waits. It finally occurs to him that the car on the left is not trying to pass the car on the right but that the driver and passenger are having conversation and instead both cars are slowing down even more.

TONY

God damnit. Quit blocking the road.

Tony presses his horn lightly. The car in the left lane pulls ahead quickly and Tony follows. He zooms past the first car and gets back into the right lane. The slow cars fall behind. The car in front is now slowing down as well. Tony pulls out to pass the car but as he does the car in front swings left to block his way and Tony hits the brakes. Laura and Sienna are now very much awake.

The car slows more. Tony notices that they have slowed down to 30 miles per hour. He decides to pass to the right shoulder. As he does the car swings to the right. He notices in his rear view mirror that the set of lights behind him is getting closer.

TONY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Now the car ahead moves a bit faster but still slow. Tony blows his horn.

LAURA

Don't do that. It's what he wants.

Tony pounds on the steering wheel. He takes a deep breath.

TONY

This is weird. Hang on.

Tony swerves to the left and steps on the gas. This time he gets by. The other car blows its horn. Tony keeps the gas peddle floored.

LAURA  
Just kids, Tony.

SIENNA  
Total jerks.

TONY  
Are we rid of them?

LAURA  
Sienna, don't do that!

Sienna gives them the finger.

The car behind is a big old 70s Buick in dark blue with a dented left fender. They are now gaining on him. He goes faster. Almost 80 miles per hour but the other car still manages to gain on him and their lights become very close, tailgating, almost touching him.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Tony. (Laura says quietly)

SIENNA  
Oh shit.

Tony tries to go faster still.

LAURA  
Just drive normally. Let them pass you if that is what they want.

Tony slows his speed to 65 but the other car does not pass. It stays right on his tail. The car begins to blow its horn and then pulls out to pass.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Let him go, Tony.

The car driver beside him, faster when he tries to speed up, slowing he slows down. When he tries to pass, they cut him off. There are three guys in the car. He can't see them well, only the one in the passenger seat who has a long beard and is grinning at him.

Tony hold his speed at 65 mph and tries to ignore the other car. The car cuts in front and slows down, forcing him to slow down too. When he tries to pass, they cut left to prevent it. IN a surge of rage Tony steps on the gas.

A loud metallic crashing noise. He hits the,

TONY  
Oh fuck.

The other cars backs off and lets him by.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Serves them right.

He keeps going and speeds up. The car is quiet as the three of them sit stunned at what just happened.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Sienna, is your phone working yet?

SIENNA  
No, but I took down there license number.

A few minutes pass. The atmosphere in the car returns to normal and everyone catches their breath.

TONY  
Thank god that's over. I was really afraid.

He starts to laugh and shakes his head.

LAURA  
Oh my god, so was I.

As they are beginning to relax we see a pair of headlights gaining on them in Tony's rear view mirror.

TONY  
No.

The Buick no roars up beside them on the left and the guy with the long unkept beard is waving his arms at them, shaking his fist and pointing. He is shouting and the car swerves in front of them and forces Tony onto the shoulder. Tony keeps his foot on the peddle.

SIENNA  
Smash into them! Don't let them,  
Don't let them!

Another crashing sound against his left bender and he feels the damage. Something rattling and shaking his steering wheel as the other car forces him off the road. He gives up and prepares to stop. The other car lagging behind comes into sight and zips by at high speed. Tony begins to open his door.

LAURA  
Don't. Stay in the car.

The driver's side of the old Buick opens up and a man, RAY MARCUS late 30s gaunt and rough looking, steps out.

Laura reaches for Tony's arm. The other men in the car are looking on but we do not make out their faces clearly. The man walks over to Tony's car. Slowly. He is wearing an old nylon warm-up jacket and his hands are in his pockets. He looks at the front of Tony's car and comes over to the window.

RAY

Evening.

TONY

Good evening.

RAY

You're suppose to stop when there is a accident.

TONY

I know that.

RAY

Then why didn't you stop?

The man leans down and looks inside at Laura and Sienna. Sienna is trying to get a signal on her cell phone again.

RAY (CONT'D)

Won't work. No signal here.

He looks at Tony again.

RAY (CONT'D)

You're not suppose to leave the scene of an accident. It's a crime.

LAURA

And the way you were driving?

RAY

What you say?

LAURA

Your behavior on the road.

RAY

Hey Turk!

The doors on the right side of the Buick open and the two men get out. TURK and LOU who has along unkept beard.

LAURA

I'm warning you.

Ray puts his hands on the half opened window and leans in.

RAY

What did you say? You're warning me?

LAURA

Leave us alone and get back in your car.

RAY

Lady, calm down. We've got an accident to report, that's all.

The other two men have a flashlight and are inspecting the front of Tony's car putting their hands on the hood and leaning down under the car. We cannot see what they are doing.

TONY

All right, let's exchange information.

RAY

Insurance companies?

Ray smirks.

TONY

You have no insurance?

Ray breaks into hysterical laughter. Tony is not amused.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm going to report this to the police.

RAY

Great idea man, It was your fuckin fault, right?

LAURA

Yeah, right.

The two men in front walk around to the side of the car.

TURK

Hey Ray, this guys got a flat tire.

TONY

Aw come on.

Ray goes around to look. The men all start to laugh.

RAY

Well what do you know? Well sure thing.

Someone kicks the tire and the car rocks a bit.

SIENNA

Don't believe it dad.

The three men come to the driver's window.

RAY

Yep, you're left tire is flat. Sure is.

TURK

Flat as a pancake.

RAY

It sure is flat. You must have bust it when you shoving us off the road.

Someone chuckles.

TONY

It wasn't I, it was you.

LAURA

Be quiet.

SIENNA

(Quietly) Don't believe them dad. It's a lie, it's a trick.

RAY

What did you say? You don't believe me? You think I'm a liar? Shit, man.

He waves the other guys back.

RAY (CONT'D)

You don't got a flat, go on and drive. Start the engine and drive. Drive on it asshole, drive away. Nobody's stopping you.

Tony starts the car and rolls it forward. It is evident that the tire is flat. He turns off the engine.

TONY

God damn it!

RAY

Tell you what. We'll fix it for you. Won't we guys?

TURK

Yeah. Sure.

RAY

To show you we're okay we'll fix it for you, you won't have to do a thin, and then we'll go to the cops together, you and me, report your accident.

SIENNA

(Quietly) Don't believe them.

TURK

You got tools mister?

LAURA

Don't get out of the car. Please.

RAY

No need. Use ours. Come on, let's get going.

The three men go to the trunk of their car while Tony and his wife and daughter watch with their doors locked. They watch while the men bring out their tools, the jack, the tire iron.

TURK

You got a spare tire man?

Tony pauses. He is not sure. The men start to laugh. All but Ray.

RAY

You can't change a tire with out a spare.

TURK

You wanna give me the keys to the trunk?

SIENNA

No dad.

Turk looks at Sienna for a long time, staring. Looking her up and down.

TURK

Who the fuck do you think you are?

TONY  
I'll open it for you.

Tony sighs and opens the door.

SIENNA  
(Quietly) Daddy.

LAURA  
It's all right, just be calm.

Tony gets out of the car and lifts out the suitcase and boxes in the light of the flashlight held by a man with the beard, until they get at the spare tire. Two of the men get it out while Ray stands by. They put the jack under the front wheel.

TURK  
The the women out of the car.

RAY  
Come on. Get them out.

TONY  
That's not necessary.

RAY  
Look man, we're fixing your tire,  
we've gotta lift you car up on a  
jack so get them out.

Tony looks at his wife and daughter.

TONY  
It's all right. They just want you  
out while they fix the car.

Laura and Sienna get out and stand close to Tony near the door of the car. The men being raising the car and loosening the flat tire.

RAY  
Come over her.

Tony doesn't move.

RAY (CONT'D)  
You think you're fucking hot shit  
don't you?

TONY  
What are you talking about?

RAY  
What are you talking about. They  
think they're fucking hot shit  
don't they?

TONY

Who?

RAY

Your fucking bitches. You too. You think you're something social, you can bump into a guy's car and then leave the scene of an accident.

TONY

Listen, you were playing some kind of crazy game with us on the road.

RAY

Yeah?

Every so often a car or truck goes by at full speed. Finally the flashing blue lights of a police car appear. The car is moving at a very high speed. , clearly on a call. Tony steps towards the road and waves his arms. He is too late. He and Sienna shout as the car speeds by.

RAY (CONT'D)

There goes your cops. You should have tried harder to stop them.

The men continue to work on the car. They seem to enjoy it and laugh and talk. Ray is not laughing.

Ray paces back and forth while the other two men finish changing the tire. Ray looks periodically over at Laura and Sienna tapping his feet and murmuring under his breath.

RAY (CONT'D)

(Murmuring) Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you.

Tony is watching Ray pace back and forth. He hears what he is saying.

RAY (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

A loud truck goes by.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hot shot.

He is muttering to himself and becoming more agitated.

RAY (CONT'D)

What were you trying to do there on the road.

TONY

We are just trying to get where we are going.

RAY

And where are you going?

Tony says nothing.

RAY (CONT'D)

I said, where are you going?

TONY

Marfa.

RAY

And what exactly is in Marfa?

Tony looks at the ground.

RAY (CONT'D)

I said, what's in Marfa?

The man moves closer to Tony and brings his face level with his. Tony takes steps backwards and Ray closes the gap. Ray leans forward forcing Tony to lean back. Ray takes a hold of Tony's shirt and pushes a little.

RAY (CONT'D)

What did you say was in Marfa?

TONY

Let go of me.

SIENNA

Hey, leave my dad alone asshole!

RAY

Fuck you baby.

Ray strolls over to where Sienna and Laura are standing. They are terrified.

RAY (CONT'D)

What's in Marfa? Your daddy won't tell me so why don't you? What's in Marfa?

SIENNA

What's it to you anyway?

RAY

Come on baby, we're nice guys. We're fixing your tire. You can tell me, what's in Marfa?

SIENNA

We're building a house there. OK?  
Satisfied?

RAY

Your daddy thinks he's better than  
me. What do you think of that?

Sienna looks him straight in the eye.

SIENNA

Well he is.

RAY

Your daddy is scared of me. Look at  
him. He's a wimp. A pussy.

SIENNA

You're scum, you know.

Ray takes a step forward towards Sienna. Laura steps in  
between but he pushes her aside. He puts his hands on the  
girl's shoulders and pushes her against the car. Instantly  
Laura is on him hitting him and kicking and pulling at him  
from behind until she is flung to the side.

RAY

Bitch!

Tony moves in but before he knows it Ray knocks him back. His  
nose is bleeding. Ray faces all three of them.

RAY (CONT'D)

Watch it you fucking assholes. You  
got no fucking right to talk to me  
like that.

The men by the tire stop to watch.

RAY (CONT'D)

Christ sake, were fixing your god  
damned tire.

He walks around to the other two men.

TONY

How far up the road until we can  
get a phone signal?

RAY

And why do you want to get further  
up the road? Leave the scene of the  
accident again?

TONY

To call the cops?

RAY

There service up by Bailey. How do you think we're going to get there though?

TONY

In our cars.

RAY

Yeah. Which car?

TONY

Both cars.

RAY

Naw mister. Don't try no fuckin shit with me.

TONY

What's the matter.

RAY

How do I know you ain't gonna just floor the gas and lave me in the dust or cross the media and go the other way?

TONY

You think I won't call the police?

RAY

You might call um. But I'm not sure what you'll say.

Ray stares off into the distance.

RAY (CONT'D)

I think we'd better make that call together.

TONY

Fine. You go first and we'll follow.

The men all laugh a bit as though someone had made a joke.

RAY

Fuck you. You go in my car.

TONY

What?

RAY

You go with us.

TONY

No way.

RAY

Lou can drive your car.

SIENNA

No. NO dad.

TONY

No. I'm not doing that.

RAY

Okay, you go in your car, the girl comes with us.

Sienna moves quickly to toward the car but Ray blacks her.

TONY

No you don't.

RAY

Sure you will. You'll come with us, won't you baby?

He puts his hand on her breast and they struggle.

LAURA

Tony! Leave her alone you asshole!

The two other men move in to block Tony and Laura.

TONY

Stop it!

RAY

She likes it.

SIENNA

I do not!

RAY

Sue you do. You just don't know it yet.

LAURA

Tony!

Tony steps forward but one of the men holds his arms. Ray sees this and turns toward Tony. As he does Tony breaks away and runs towards Ray. He lets the girl go.

TONY

Sienna!

RAY

Who's the boss in your family, man?

Sienna runs down the shoulder of the road to a large rock behind a cluster of sage and sits down crying. Laura runs after her. There is a moment of silence.

With a nod of his head Roy signals the others and they go over to his car for a conference. The stars are bright but the night is black. The opposite lanes are obscured by a rise in the terrain and all that can be seen of the cars on the other side of the median are the headlight beams brushing along the top of the grass and sage.

The men are gesturing, excited, laughing. Sienna continues to sit on the rock with her head in her hands. Laura is standing next to her. A car approaches and Sienna runs out into the road waving her hands but the car increases its speed and drives on.

Laura runs back up to Tony.

LAURA

Come on. Get in the car and back it up. We can pick her up down there.

Laura gets into the car. When Tony goes around to the driver's side he sees Sienna coming back. The three men have moved and are standing between her and the car. Sienna has a stick in her hand. Just at that moment another car comes along and Sienna runs into the road waving the stick.

The car slows down. It is a pickup truck and it stops just short of her. The driver leans over and lowers the window. He is an old man in his 70s.

OLD MAN

What are you trying to do? Get yourself killed?

The men run over to the car and push Sienna back from the window.

RAY

It's OK. She's just a little shook up. We had a small accident and she's had too much to drink. She'll be alright.

SIENNA

It's not OK. Ask my father!

OLD MAN

What?

Tony has now arrived at the side of the car. A large truck speeds by blocking out all sound.

TONY  
We need help!

OLD MAN  
I can't hear you!

Ray shouts over the noise.

RAY  
He said, thanks for the help but  
we're OK. Everything's under  
control. Thank you for stopping.

The old man puts his car into gear and pulls ahead. As he  
does he shouts out of the window.

OLD MAN  
Keep her out of the road! She might  
het killed.

Tony runs into the road after him but he disappears into the  
night.

SIENNA  
Fuck!

RAY  
What's the matter baby? You don't  
wanna mess with an old deaf man  
like that. Shriveled cock and all.

There is a rush of motion, the men are startled, Sienna runs  
to the car and make her way around to the rear door and into  
the backseat, slamming and locking the door behind her. Laura  
also jumps into the front seat and locks the door.

Tony, stunned, stands frozen for a moment. Just long enough  
for Lou to grab him by the arm. Lou has a crowbar in his  
hands.

RAY (CONT'D)  
OK. We go in both cars. You go with  
Lou.

TONY  
No fucking way.

Tony tries to start towards his car but Lou throws him to the  
ground. Ray runs around to the driver's side of the Mercedes  
and starts to jump in just before Laura realizes too late  
what is happening and is not able to reach across and lock  
the door. He braces the door open with his foot as Laura  
scratches and claws at him as he tries to get in.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I'm not leaving my family!

As Tony looks up, he sees Turk reach around and unlock the back door as Sienna bites him and screams. He fights her off and pushes his way into the car as Ray slams the driver's door and starts the car. With a violent roar the car pulls onto the highway and speeds away.

LOU

Naw man. They just left you.

Tony sees the horrified faces of his wife and daughter as the car rushes away. Sienna's tear streaked face staring back at him from the rear window. The sound of the car fades and the red tail lights grow fainter and then disappear all together.

LOU (CONT'D)

Come on. You better get in the car.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Horrified, Susan snaps the book closed. She is stunned. The deafening silence and the stillness of her bedroom is in sharp contrast to the scene she just read. It takes her a moment to calm down.

Susan walks over to the window and stares out across the lawn at the city below. The green light from the pool casts a glow on the ceiling of the bedroom. She catches her breath and returns to the bed. She picks up the phone on her bedside table and dials.

INT. CARLYLE HOTEL, NEW YORK. EARLY MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

Walker is in the lobby of the hotel. His cell phone buzzes. He looks at it and answers.

WALKER

Susan?

SUSAN

Why didn't you call to let me know that you got in safely?

WALKER

I didn't want to wake you. It's 4 o'clock in the morning there. Why are you still up?

SUSAN

Where are you?

WALKER

Walking in the door of the Carlyle.

We see that Walker is not alone. He is with a beautiful woman in her early 30's. Very much like a younger version of Susan. Walker puts his hand up to his lips signify to her that she should not speak. They step into the elevator.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR  
What floor sir?

WALKER  
31 please.

Susan overhears this.

SUSAN  
That's not our usual floor.

WALKER  
I know. Our regular room wasn't available.

Susan softens.

SUSAN  
I hope you got some sleep on the plane. I do worry about you, even though you think I don't. You must be exhausted.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR  
31. Madam.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. NIGHT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Susan clocks the "Madam".

WALKER  
At my floor. Got to go. I'll call you later.

Long pause as we watch Susan's face.

SUSAN  
Get some rest Walker.

WALKER  
You too.

Susan sits for a moment, contemplating her conversation with Walker.



TONY  
Well. Is this the way?

LOU  
Yeah.

There is a darkened gas station and a small two lane road to the right.

The road winds around and in the black of the night nothing but the faded center lane stripe can be seen. The distance stretches for miles. They meet no other cars. They come to another sign marked "Casper", and a small town consisting of about 4 mobile homes and an old brick building. Tony slows down.

TONY  
Listen, where the hell is Bailey?

LOU  
Keep going.

They come to a crossroads.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Left. There's the church.

They pass a small white derelict church that has been boarded up.

TONY  
What?

He slows the car.

LOU  
Keep going. Speed up.

As their car makes the turn the lights illuminate the brush for just an instant. There is a shabby trailer off of the side of the road with print curtains in the windows and a dim light on. A dark colored car is parked in a turnout next to the trailer, partially hidden behind a cluster of mesquite trees.

TONY  
But that's my car we just passed!

LOU  
It ain't your car man. What would your can be doing there?

Tony keeps driving.

LOU (CONT'D)

What you think, they went to a party in that there trailer?

TONY

I don't know what to think.

LOU

You scared mister? You afraid my pals ain't playing straight?

TONY

I'd like to know where Bailey is.

LOU

Here, slow down here.

The road is straight with a deep arroyo on each side.

LOU (CONT'D)

Watch out. You gotta make a turn up here.

An unmarked dirt road leads off to the right. Tony stops the car.

TONY

I've had enough of this. What is going on?

LOU

Turn down here like I said.

TONY

Fuck you, I'm not going down that road

LOU

Listen mister. Nobody hates violence like I do.

The man with the beard leans back in the passenger seat, relaxed, with the crowbar still in his hand and looks at Tony.

LOU (CONT'D)

You wanna see your wife and kids? Then turn down the road.

Tony turns down the road and drives for about a mile. Old cedar fence posts and barbed wire on each side of the road with scruffy clusters of chamisa and sage and the occasional cactus all he can see.

TONY

What the fuck are you doing to us!

LOU  
Hell mister. I don't know. Ask Ray.

TONY  
Ray isn't here.

The man laughs.

LOU  
No. He sure ain't. Well mister,  
I'll tell you. I really don't know  
what the fuck we're doing. Like I  
said it's up to Ray.

TONY  
Did Ray tell you to bring me down  
this road?

The man doesn't answer.

LOU  
Ray's a funny fellow. You got to  
admire him.

TONY  
You admire him? For what?

LOU  
His guts. He does what he's got to  
do.

TONY  
Well, I don't god damned admire  
him.

LOU  
Don't worry. He don't respect you  
to.

There is a coyote on the side of the road. His eyes flash in  
the dark as the car drives by.

LOU (CONT'D)  
I don't think you need to worry  
about your wife and kid.

TONY  
What's he doing with them?

LOU  
Well, now don't you have a pretty  
good idea? He likes us to see what  
he can do. Like I say, you don't  
need to worry about them.

TONY

What do you mean I don't need to worry about them? What the fuck does that mean?

LOU

Calm down. He ain't never killed nobody yet. That's all I mean. At least as far as I know he ain't.

TONY

Killed! Why are you talking about the killing?

LOU

I said he AIN'T killed nobody yet.

His voice is very quiet.

LOU (CONT'D)

If you'd listen to me you would hear what I was saying.

They come to a clearing where the tracks disappear into the grass.

LOU (CONT'D)

Well, looks like we run outta road. They ain't here

TONY

A mistake!

LOU

Yeah. Guess you better get outta that car.

TONY

Out? Out for what?

LOU

It's time for you to get out. Okay?

TONY

Why don't you tell me why.

LOU

We got enough trouble already. Just do what I say, right? I'm just telling you what to do so we don't have no violence.

TONY

And just what violence are you threatening me with?

Before he knows it, Lou jumps out of the door and comes around to Tony's side of the car and flings the door open.

LOU

Out!

Lou grabs Tony by the arm, yanks hard and in one motion throws him on the ground.

LOU (CONT'D)

You'll get killed if you don't watch it.

He gets into the car, slams the door, jerks forward, makes a couple of quick turns then bounces back down the dusty road up which they had come.

Standing on the grass, Tony watches the red lights disappear. Except for the light of the vast sky and the sound of coyotes in the distance the night is completely black.

Tony sits down on the ground and starts to cry. He pounds his fists in his legs.

EXT. WEST TEXAS. NIGHT. LATER

Tony hears a faint but steady whooshing sound in the distance, and then the far away cry of what could be the horn of a large truck. The sounds come from the opposite direction of the dirt road. Tony stands up, thinks and starts walking in the direction of the sound.

Tony stumbles in an arroyo, he has twisted his ankle. He lies still.

As he does we see lights coming along down the dirt road. The car stops at the clearing where Tony was kicked out.

A man gets out. Tony can barely make him out. He starts to stand up but then reflexively flattens himself upon the ground. He sees the beam of a flashlight and crouches behind a large boulder and a clump of brush at the edge of the arroyo.

LOU

He mister! Your wife wants you!

Tony holds still.

LOU (CONT'D)

Mister? Your wife wants you.

Silence. Footsteps in the brush very close by.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Mister! Ah shit!

The lights of the car illuminate the top of the grass and brush like a movie stage. After a moment the car turns back down the dusty road from which it came.

We see the silhouette of two men in the car. Although it is not clear, the car looks like Tony's.

Tony stays flat against the ground. Silence. The sounds of the desert and then again we focus on the whooshing sound in the distance.

Tony pulls himself up and starts walking towards the sound. As Tony walks through the brush the sky begins to lighten a bit to a deep violet. Tony climbs down an arroyo and crawls under a barbed wire fence.

EXT. WEST TEXAS. HIGHWAY. EARLY MORNING. LATER.

Tony wanders along the highway signaling and waving his arms to get someone to stop but no one does. He keeps walking and puts his arm out as every car passes. Screaming at times for cars to stop. Finally, on the side of the road, Tony sees a small adobe house. He rushes up to the door. A woman in shorts answers the door.

TONY  
Excuse me, but may I use your  
phone?

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Susan is lit only by the dim light of her bedside lamp. She is staring at the pages of the book. The room is silent. Susan sighs, breathes deeply and then turns the page.

INT. POLICE STATION. FORT STOCKTON TEXAS. LATER THAT MORNING.

Tony sits in a glassed room. LIEUTENANT GRAVES, heavy set, 60s, asks questions.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES  
What exit did you leave the  
interstate on?

Our camera is now outside of the glass room but we can see that Tony is recounting the story. He talks. He breaks down.

We cut back into the room.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES (CONT'D)  
You said that you had a meeting  
place at "Bailey"? What is  
"Bailey".

TONY  
A town somewhat near here.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES  
Mr. Hastings, there is no town near  
here called "Bailey".

TONY  
That is what I was afraid of.

Tony, bleary eyed, stares off in the distance.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES  
Could you find your way back to the  
end of the dirt road where the man  
dropped you?

TONY  
I don't know.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES  
Thank you Tony. Give me a few  
minutes.

Lieutenant Graves walks out of the room and converses with a  
young officer. He returns.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES (CONT'D)  
Tony, there has still been no  
report of your wife or daughter.  
We've put out an alert for the two  
cars. Don't know what else we can  
do except wait.

He looks at Tony.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile, you don't have a car.  
You ain't got no place to stay?

Tony, blank faced shakes his head no.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES (CONT'D)  
There's a motel across the street.  
Money?

TONY  
I have credit cards.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

There's an ATM on Hallicot St. It's still early Mr. Hastings. Quite likely they went to sleep somewhere.

TONY

Where?

The Lieutenant thought.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

Maybe they left them someplace like they left you.

TONY

I hope.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

You gonna stay at that motel?

TONY

Yes.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

We'll call if we get anything.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

Susan closes the book slowly and quietly and stares into the space, contemplating all that she has read.

INT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. TONY'S MOTEL ROOM. LATER

Tony sits on the edge of the bed staring at the wall with a blank look on his face.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BATHROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

Susan lies in her tub with her eyes open. Thinking. There is a only a dim light in the room coming from the open door.

INT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. TONY'S MOTEL ROOM. BATHROOM.

Tony is attempting to lie comfortably in the tiny tub of his motel room. He is washing the blood and dirt off his face. The steam from the water rises. The light is a harsh glow. The tub is dingy with green tiles and a plastic shower curtain.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Susan lies on her bed motionless, staring at the ceiling. It is another grey foggy LA day.

INT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. TONY'S MOTEL ROOM. MORNING.

Tony lies on the bed sprawled out with his shirt off. His hair is wet. The air conditioner is on full blast.

The phone rings.

TONY

Hello?

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

Tony Hastings? Lieutenant Graves.  
Bad news. They found your car over  
in a washed out arroyo at Topping.

TONY

What about my wife and daughter?

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

Still no word. They weren't in the  
car.

Tony flinches.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES (CONT'D)

Sir, we're turning this case over  
to Lieutenant Andes. He wants to  
look around. Can he pick you up in  
a few minutes?

TONY

I'm ready now.

EXT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. MOTEL PARKING LOT. DAY. LATER.

A police car sits in front of the motel office. A man in a police uniform driving, another in a plain brown suit on the right. This is BOBBY ANDES, black hair, late 40s. He twists his hand out of the half opened window as Tony approaches the car. He is smoking.

ANDES

Meetcha. I'm Bobby Andes. I look  
into things around here.

Tony gets into the back of the car.

TONY  
You found my car?

ANDES  
They found it in a creek bed.  
Listen, Mr. Hastings, do you think  
you can re-trace your steps where  
you went last night?

Tony sighs.

TONY  
I got pretty mixed up.

ANDES  
Okay. Tell you what. If we took you  
back to the house where we picked  
you up from could you back track  
from there?

TONY  
I could try.

ANDES  
Okay then, you try. Let's go.

INT. POLICE CAR. WEST TEXAS HIGHWAY. MINUTES LATER.

The man in uniform drives fast. Clearly used to driving like  
a cop. No one speaks. The loudspeaker chatters wit radio  
police voices. Bobby Andes turns the sound down.

ANDES  
Let's get some things straight. You  
say this guy named Lou, he drove  
you into the brush and left you  
there?

TONY  
He made me drive.

ANDES  
And when you started to walk out  
you saw them coming in again.

TONY  
Yes.

ANDES  
Which cas was it?

TONY  
I think it was my car.

ANDES  
How do you know?

TONY

The look of it. The sound of it. It sounded like my car.

ANDES

Could you see them in the dark?

TONY

Not very well.

ANDES

What did they say?

TONY

They said, "Mister, your wife wants you".

ANDES

Why didn't you go with them?

Tony looks down at his lap.

TONY

I was afraid to.

ANDES

Do you think they were with them?

They drive by a billboard with a cowboy on it, brightly lit in the harsh sunlight.

TONY

I don't know. I didn't think so then. I thought if they were she would have spoken.

ANDES

Well, I think we had better find that road, don't you?

They drive for quite a while and then stop in front of the small adobe house just off the highway where Tony was picked up. Bobby Andes lights a cigarette.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Okay. Can you take it from here?

TONY

I came own the highway. I walked for a long time. No one stopped for me.

ANDES

Sargent, back up slowly down the shoulder. Put your signal lights on.

They move against the traffic for only a few more minutes.

TONY

Stop the car. I came out of that barbed wire fence. Right there, next to the reflector. I remember that.

The officer stops the car.

ANDES

Let's get out and walk. You said you walked out here, right?

EXT. WEST TEXAS. HIGHWAY. CONTINUOUS.

The men get out of the car and crawl under the barbed wire fence. Tony surveys the desert landscape. Bobby puts out his cigarette.

TONY

I came up this way because I walked along in that arroyo over there.

As the men move towards the arroyo, stumbling through the dry landscape we hear the sound of the light breeze on the grass and sage brush. They reach the arroyo. Bobby is sweating.

ANDES

Now what?

TONY

The sky was getting light in that direction so I must have been coming from this way.

He leads the men off to the right. They continue walking. Tony looks around. He sighs.

TONY (CONT'D)

I don't know where we are. It all looks the same.

ANDES

There is a road off to the left a bit further up. It comes off of the Valdes place.

Tony sees the dirt clearing ahead and the boulder that he hid behind. He starts to run towards it.

He reaches the boulder. Bobby takes a few minutes to catch up.

TONY

It was here. This is where I ducked when they drove in. I fell in that arroyo just before.

ANDES

This is part of the Valdes place. There is an old cattle station down that way a bit. There is a road that leads to it. Sargent, go and get the car and come in from the other side. The turn off is about a mile down.

The Sargent runs back towards the highway.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Now where?

TONY

He pushed me out over there, in that dirt patch where the road starts up again.

The two men reach the patch of dirt. There are several sets of deep tire tracks.

TONY (CONT'D)

This is it.

ANDES

Might as well sit down. It will be a few minutes before he gets here.

EXT. WEST TEXAS. DESERT. LATER.

Hot sun. Insect sounds. Sweat pouring off of Bobby Andes.

The deputy pulls up. The men get in and the car turns around and they head out.

INT. WEST TEXAS. DESERT. POLICE CAR. CONTINUOUS.

ANDES

Now where?

TONY

Keep going along this road. Go to the left when we get to the fork.

The car moves along to the fork. The road becomes paved again. The car continues on and turns a corner.

TONY (CONT'D)

There's the trailer! This is the way.

No car is parked there.

ANDES

Keep going. Don't slow down. You sure?

The car continues on. The small white derelict church is on the left.

TONY

That's the trailer. I'm sure of it. It was just after the white church. I don't know if it means anything.

ANDES

What happened? Your guy stop there?

TONY

No. I thought I saw my car parked there. He said it wasn't and I could easily have been wrong.

TONY (CONT'D)

It was just a dark car and my eyes were on the road.

ANDES

We'll check it out.

After about 15 minutes they come to the entrance of the Interstate. The men sit in silence.

ANDES (CONT'D)

I have to say this but I think we need to go back and check that cattle station near where they dropped you off.

Andes turns to the Sargent.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Go through the McCrokle way. It's faster.

TONY

What are you expecting to find?

ANDES

We'll find out wen we find out.

The men drive in silence. Finally the car reaches the clearing of dirt with a metal drinking tank for the cattle and pens in old tubular iron. There are fresh tire tracks and circles from cars turning around.

The men get out of the car. Bobby Andes and the police officer head toward the old metal drinking tank.

DRIVER

Shit.

ANDES

God damn it!

Tony looks around but notices nothing except the old cattle stations.

Then he sees it. What seems to be a pair of naked lovers intertwined under a scruffy mesquite tree. They do not move. Their white skin gleams in the hot sun.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Easy man.

Without thinking, Tony starts walking fast towards the lovers. Bobby Andes is trying to hold him back. Sienna's clothes are on the ground stuck in the old barbed wire fence and blowing in the wind.

The two of them look small. Like children. White and naked in the bright daylight. The Sargent holds Tony while Bobby lifts the girl's head gently in his hand. Tony sees her face from the side, her long brown hair tangled in the blood across her mouth.

Tony is in shock and can't speak. Bobby lowers Sienna's head carefully back to the ground and climbs over slowly to the other, pushing the body back gently by the shoulders. Tony stares at the dark hair.

He sees Laura's moth open like she is crying out, her cheeks and eyes contorted with pain. Bobby Andes holds her head up for him to see. Her small gold cross dangles from her neck and catches the sun.

BOBBY

Is this your wife?

TONY

Is she all right?

The woman's face is white. Their eyes fixed. Bobby does not answer.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. LOS ANGELES. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Susan signs. Without thinking she is fondling a small gold cross around her neck. Her breathing is rapid and she slowly collects herself.

Susan picks up the phone her night table and dials.

INT. DORM ROOM. THATCHER SCHOOL. CONTINUOUS.

SAMANTHA WALKER, 16, pale white skin and long brown hair is lying naked on a bed. The white arm of a boy is draped across her. They are still. Sam's phone rings and she turns to answer it.

SAM

Mom? Is that you? Why are you calling so early? Is everything all right?

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. LOS ANGELES. SUSAN'S BEDROOM, EARLY MORNING.

SUSAN

I'm fine. I just wanted to hear your voice. I miss you.

SAM

You woke me up.

We hear quiet music in the background. A rustling sound as Sam drops the phone and then picks it up again. We hear movement in the background and a muffled whisper.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's not even 8:00. It's Sunday Mom. I'm in bed.

SUSAN

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I forgot what day it was. I thought I could catch you before class. (Pause) We can talk later. Go back to sleep.

SAM

You sound weird. Are you okay?

SUSAN

I'm fine. It's nothing. Go back to bed sweetheart. (Pause) I love you.

SAM

Me too. I'll call you later.

Sam hangs up. Susan thinks a minute, then lays back on the bed. She slips the type written note from Edward out from the front binding of the manuscript. She stares at his name for a moment and closes her eyes.

EXT. NEW YORK, 5TH AVENUE. NOVEMBER 1992, DUSK.

FLASHBACK. Susan at 20 is coming out of the door of Bergdorf's and turns to walk uptown. There is a young man lingering in the next doorway watching her. He steps out just ahead of her and walks in the same direction she is walking. He walks slower than she does and they are now only a few feet apart. As they cross Fifth Avenue she realizes that she knows him, or thinks she knows him. She quickens her pace.

SUSAN  
Edward? Edward!

Edward turns around. He is handsome, beautiful in a boyish way. Clean cut and somewhat preppy. It is striking how much Edward looks like Tony from "Nocturnal Animals" although he has blonde hair, is younger and clean shaven. It is beginning to snow and starting to get dark.

EDWARD  
Susan! God it's good to see someone  
I know.

He looks her up and down.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
You look beautiful. You always do.

They kiss on the cheek. As they do, Edward pulls her close. As he does we see him breathe in deeply and close his eyes.

SUSAN  
What are you doing in New York?

EDWARD  
I am here for a scholarship  
interview at Columbia.

SUSAN  
Columbia? Really? I thought that  
you were at the University of  
Texas, becoming a great writer.

EDWARD  
I am. Becoming a great writer? I  
don't know. Aren't you at Parsons?

SUSAN

Columbia, Art History. Parson's lasted about 5 minutes. I think I'm too cynical to be an artist.

EDWARD

You just think you're cynical.

They look silently at each other for a moment.

SUSAN

Do you know anyone here?

EDWARD

Just you.

SUSAN

Should we have dinner?

EDWARD

Absolutely.

SUSAN

Great. I live on 64th Street. Walk me home and I'll drop these off.

INT. NEW YORK. OAK BAR. LATER THAT EVENING.

Susan and Edward are having drinks. It is clear that they have already had a few as the atmosphere between them is warm and intimate.

EDWARD

You know, you were my first crush when we were at Hastings. Before that even. I really only spent so much time with your brother to be around you.

SUSAN

And you were his first crush.

EDWARD

What? Really? I had no idea Cooper was gay.

SUSAN

I don't think he did either. Then. But he was obsessed with you. He used to keep a journal about you. I'm afraid to read it. If I hadn't caught you looking at me all the time I would have thought the two of you were sleeping together.

EDWARD

I feel terrible that I haven't spoken to him in a couple of years. Wow, I hope that didn't hurt him.

SUSAN

You are incredibly sweet you know. Most guys would be freaked out to find out that their best friend had been in love with them. You should call him, he'd be really happy to hear from you. My parents have basically disowned him. My mother is convinced that he's chosen "the pathway to the devil". They don't really speak anymore. Last time they did she told him that she didn't need to talk to him again because he would be dead from aids in a few years anyway.

EDWARD

What! That's horrible. That doesn't sound like your mother.

SUSAN

Are you kidding? It sounds exactly like my mother. Self righteous. Judgemental. Catholic. Guilt.

Susan fingers the small gold cross around her neck.

EDWARD

I can't believe that. When my dad died, she made me feel like everything might be okay. Most people just acted like nothing happened. People never know what to say when someone dies. My mom was so wrapped up in her own thing that your mother was really the one I could talk to. She is very strong.

SUSAN

She's definitely strong. That's an understatement, but she vacillates between saint and bitch.

EDWARD

I only ever saw the saint.

SUSAN

Lucky you. She reserves the bitch for people that she really loves.  
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

When you get to see the bitch you know that you have made it into the inner circle.

EDWARD

Well, she's always gone out of her way to be nice to me.

SUSAN

Nice to your face. It's that Texas charm my parents lay on so thick. They're a lot things but nice is definitely not one of them.

EDWARD

Aren't you being a little hard on them? Your father worships you. Your mother is so proud. She should be. You're an exact replica of her, except even more beautiful.

SUSAN

Please don't say that. I'm not at all like my mother. I like to think that I am the opposite of my mother. The things that she filled our heads with growing up, especially mine because I was a girl are insane. She's like something left over from the 1950s.

EDWARD

Well, Texas is like something over from the 1950s.

Edward looks at her.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I always envied you and Cooper. I felt like a complete imposter at school. The poor kid on financial aid trying to hide it.

SUSAN

I thought I was the only one that felt like an imposter.

EDWARD

You?

SUSAN

Yeah. My parents worked so hard to make everything look perfect. Perfect is my mother's favorite word.

EDWARD

And you don't feel perfect? You certainly seem it to me.

SUSAN

Completely imperfect is how I feel.

Edward looks at her. He smiles.

EDWARD

But that's exactly what makes you so perfect.

SUSAN

My god, you're good. You've created a beautifully constructed fictitious character in your mind. You will definitely be a great novelist.

EDWARD

I hope you're right. I hate that you have given up art. Why did you leave Parson's?

SUSAN

I guess I just became discouraged. I think the be a good artist you have to create from some sort of place inside that I am not sure that I have.

EDWARD

You're wrong. You really underestimate your self you know.

It is snowing heavily. Susan stares directly into Edward's eyes.

SUSAN

Would you come home with me tonight?

EDWARD

Wow. That's a bit forward. Not what I expected from a Texas debutante.

SUSAN

You know debutantes are all sluts. (Pause) And you know, you were my first crush too.

Edward smiles at this.

EDWARD

I know.

She smiles at him. He smiles back.

Edward's face slowly morphs into that of Tony's and our FLASHBACK dissolves.

INT. POLICE STATION. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS, LATER THAT DAY

As Edward's smile fades, Tony's stunned face becomes clear as he sits alone in the glass room.

Bobby Andes walks into the room.

ANDES

We got a report from Ozona. Someone else harassed on the interstate last night just like you.

TONY

Same guys probably.

Bobby hesitates. He puts his hand on Tony's shoulder.

ANDES

If you don't mind, we'll need your finger prints.

TONY

Nine?

ANDES

No offense, it's just that we found same prints on the trunk of your car. There's something else.

Bobby pauses.

TONY

Yes?

ANDES

We got a cause of death.

Tony slumps in his chair.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Your wife has a fractured skull. She appears to have been struck with a hammer, or a baseball bat. Only once or twice. Your daughter had a harder time. She was strangled. Suffocated.

He waits for Tony to take this in.

ANDES (CONT'D)  
She also has a broken arm.

He watches Tony. He pauses.

ANDES (CONT'D)  
More bad news. They were raped.

TONY  
No.

BOBBY  
You were also right about the trailer.

TONY  
What do you mean?

ANDES  
I mean your friends took your forks there just like you thought.

TONY  
How do you know that?

ANDES  
We found your wife's finger prints on the best post.

TONY  
What bout Sienna's?

ANDES  
Not hers. Just your wife's.

TONY  
Whose trailer is it?

ANDES  
He's clear. Guy who lives in El Paso. Used it for hunting season. The place had been broken into. Someone's been living in it. We got other prints too in the trailer. We'll have to check them against the owner's and see if we can separate them out. But I'm hopeful. The owner hasn't been there since last fall. It looks promising.

TONY  
Promising? They were raped. And then they were murdered. And I let it happen.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON

Susan lies in bed holding the manuscript in her hands. She closes the book slowly and places it on her night table. She slides under the covers pressing her head hard into the pillow. She closes her eyes.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Susan wakes up with a start. She sits up and looks at the clock. 10:40pm. She drops back down onto the pillow.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Susan wanders down the hallway and into the kitchen.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. KITCHEN. NIGHT CONTINUOUS.

Susan stands in front of the refrigerator staring inside. She is still in her camisole from the night before. She closes the door, walks to the bar and mixes herself a drink.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

Susan sits with the drink in her hand staring out at the vast view of Los Angeles at night, deep in thought.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

Susan locks the door and crosses the room to a small desk and flicks open her computer. She looks at the note from Edward and types in the e-mail address.

She rapidly types out a note to him but she deletes it and starts again. After a bit of deliberation she writes:

Dear Edward,

I am reading your book. It's devastating. I am deeply moved. It is beautifully written. I would love to meet on Tuesday evening. Let me know if you are free. Much to say.

Love,

Susan.

She slips back into bed, turns out the light and pulls herself into a fetal position. Her eyes are wide open.

INT. SUSAN'S GALLERY. OFFICE. LOS ANGELES. NEXT MORNING.

Susan is sitting at her desk going through e-mails. Mark walks into the room.

MARK

Don't forget you have a board meeting in LACMA this afternoon at 3:00.

Susan is distracted.

SUSAN

What did you say?

MARK

You didn't sleep again did you?

Mark sits down.

SUSAN

You know me. I never sleep. My ex husband used to call me a "nocturnal animal".

MARK

Your ex husband? What ex husband? I didn't know that you had an ex husband. Since when?

SUSAN

When I was in college. It was only for a couple of years. It's weird, I've been thinking about him a lot lately and then a few days ago he sent me a book he's written. It's really violent and sad. He actually called it "Nocturnal Animals" and dedicated it to me.

MARK

What's weird is that you have an ex husband and that you never mentioned him. Did you love him?

SUSAN

Yes, I really loved him. But I panicked and I did something horrible to him.

MARK

You left him?

SUSAN

I did. And in a brutal way. For the handsome, dashing Walker.

MARK

Who is indeed handsome and dashing.

SUSAN

Yeah. Do you ever feel like your life has turned into something that you never intended?

She looks at him and pauses a moment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Of course you don't. You're twelve years old.

He looks closely at her.

MARK

You really didn't get any sleep.

She snaps to as she realizes that she has left her guard down. She looks down at her schedule.

SUSAN

I'm sorry. What time is the LACMA meeting again?

MARK

3:00

SUSAN

Great. Just what I want to do this afternoon. Could you do me a favor and get back to Larry about the Serra piece? The museum doesn't want to pay for the shipping costs.

MARK

Sure.

Susan looks up at Mark.

SUSAN

You're a sweet guy, you know.

Mark smiles at her as she walks away.

INT. LACMA EXHIBITION SPACE. LOS ANGELES. LATER.

The space is gigantic and white. A show is being installed. There are graphic abstract pictures on the walls.

Susan stares at one of them transfixed. It is a Christopher Wool painting that says REVENGE.

SAGE ROSS, 38, tense and tight gallery director comes up.

SUSAN  
Where did this come from?

SAGE  
What do you mean where did it come from? You bought it for us. Don't you remember. It was part of the series we showed about 5 years ago. Great isn't it?

SUSAN  
Yes.

Sage is holding a phone with a black and white image on it and a loud sound of breathing coming from it.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
What is that?

SAGE  
Oh my god, it is so cool. It is an app that let's me watch Willow while she is sleeping in her crib.

SUSAN  
Really? Live? I thought you had a nanny.

SAGE  
I do, but I hate her. I like to keep an eye on Willow during the day. Here, look. There she is asleep and the sound is amazing. I can hear her breathe and even talk to her if I want to.

Sage hands the phone to Susan, who stares at the black and white image of the little girl asleep in her crib.

As she watches, she sees someone move into the foreground of the image, and for a quick second she sees Ray look directly into the camera.

Susan gasps and drops the phone to the ground, shattering the screen.

SUSAN  
Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

SAGE  
Are you OK?

SUSAN

I thought I saw someone.

SAGE

Of course you saw someone. It's Willow. She's asleep.

Sage hands down to the floor and picks up the phone. It is still working and the little girl is sleeping peacefully in her crib.

SUSAN

I'm sorry about the screen.

SAGE

It's all right, the new one comes in next week.

Susan is still shaken.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Everyone is waiting in the conference room.

INT. LACMA CONFERENCE ROOM. LOS ANGELES. MINUTES LATER.

We are viewing the scene from behind glass. A group of people sit around a table. They are talking and looking over financial statements. Susan stares into space. She sits at the head of the table.

Our camera moves into the room.

SAGE

Anyway, I think we have to cut her loose. She's not what she sold herself as when we hired her.

Another member of the group, LINDA ADDISON, 50 speaks up. Her breasts are oddly oversized and squeezed into a tiny top.

LINDA

I disagree. I think we should keep her for now.

SAGE

Why?

LINDA

Because she's great. Because we all like her. She just needs our support. And a bit of time.

SAMANTHA VAN HELSING, 45, interrupts Linda. Her face fills our screen. She is stretched and pulled to the extreme.

Her lips are swollen and her general appearance is close to that of a burn victim.

SAMANTHA

But it's not working. We need to fire her. There's an awesome candidate that we could steal from the Hammer if we move fast.

Susan is all of a sudden alert.

SUSAN

I agree with Linda. We hired her and we need to support her.

The room is surprised by Susan's response.

Susan looks at Samantha. She is taken a back and looks at her although she has never seen her before.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

New doctor?

Samantha glares at her.

SAMANTHA

No. New haircut.

SAGE

But Susan, you were the one who brought this up last week. You wanted to make a change.

SUSAN

Well, now I think we should her.

She looks at Samantha's swollen lips.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes maybe it's not a good idea to change things quite so much.

INT. MORROW HOUSE. LOS ANGELES. THAT EVENING.

Susan walks into the house. Dead silence. She places her bag in the entry hall. She stares out at the lawn. It is dusk and the city lights are just becoming visible through the mist. The large plinth that held the Koons is now empty and the lawn cleaned up. The crates that lined the hall are gone. She walks through the living room which is now immaculate but bare. Susan pours herself a drink. The white Calder moves in the breeze from the air conditioner. Susan is alone.

INT. HASTINGS HOUSE. HOUSTON, TEXAS. EVENING.

Tony, dressed in a dark suit and tie walks alone through his house. A few small cuts are still visible on his face and he looks destroyed. He stares out at the lawn. It is dusk and the sky is turning violent.

INT. MORROW HOUSE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. THAT EVENING. LATER.

Susan is on her computer looking through her e-mails. She glances down and the manuscript of "Nocturnal Animals" catches her eye.

INT. HASTINGS HOUSE. TONY'S STUDY. THAT EVENING. LATER.

Tony is on his computer. He is wearing a pair of boxer shorts and an old tee shirt. There is a bottle of scotch and a glass next to him. He looks tough. He checks his e-mails. There is one from Bobby Andes. He opens it and reads through it quietly out loud.

Mr. Hastings,

Thought that you would like to know that a fingerprint on your car matches one found on the trailer. Plus, another on your cas has been identified as belonging to a Steven Adams formerly of Los Angeles. He has a record in California, stolen car with an acquittal on a rape charge. Attached please find a photo, face and profile, of said Adams and would appreciate it if you could identify him as any of the people who attacked you and your wife. An A.P.B has been put out for him. No one has responded to our call for witnesses. Looking forward to hearing from you promptly and will let you know further developments.

Roberto Andes.

Tony opens the attachment and takes a deep breath. He looks at a photo of a clean shaven man. Tony looks carefully. Covers the bottom half of the face with his finger. Covers the top half with his finger. Looks away and snaps the computer closed.

Tony sits at his desk with his head in his hands.

His cell phone rings. He looks at the number. He doesn't recognize it. He answers.

TONY

Yes?

ANDES

Tony Hastings?

TONY

Yes. Who is this?

ANDES

Roberto Andes. I just sent you an e-mail. Did you get it?

TONY

Yes. I did.

ANDES

Well, did you recognize the guy?

TONY

No.

ANDES

Shit. God damn it. This is the guy whose finger prints are on your car. What do you mean you don't recognize him?

TONY

I'm sorry, it's like the whole thing is a blank. The guy who drove had a beard.

ANDES

Could this be the same guy just without the beard? Is this the other one?

TONY

I don't know. I don't know.

ANDES

Fuck.

Screen goes black.

INT. HASTINGS HOUSE. LATER THAT EVENING.

Tony lies in bed and shuts his eyes.

FLASHBACK of his imagined version of the rape. It is violent. Brutal.

He tosses.

FLASHBACK of guy with the beard picking up the crowbar and of the other guy with the jack. Looking at him with a smile.

He sits up in a sweat.

INT. HASTINGS HOUSE. HOUSTON. LATE AFTERNOON.

Tony is wandering around the house. He is barefoot and in jeans and a tee shirt. He looks frantic. Possessed. He picks up his cell phone and dials.

ANDES

Hastings. I told you. I don't have anything for you. I'm doing my best. I'll let you know when I do. I promise.

TONY

But what about the guy that you e-mailed me about.

ANDES

I told you. We had to let him go when you didn't recognize him.

TONY

Get him back. It might be him.

ANDES

I'm trying. No one has seen him.

We hear a car radio in the background.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Tony, I've got to go. I promise to call the moment I find something. I have to tell you thought that right now it doesn't look good. I'm sorry.

Andes hangs up. Tony slides down the wall, onto the floor and begins to sob.

EXT. HOUSTON TEXAS. NIGHT. SUMMER.

It is a hot summer evening. Dusk. The sound of the cicadas is deafening and the night is glowing with fireflies. Tony runs through his suburban neighborhood and into the woods. He is in a tee shirt and running shorts.

His running pace has a certain anger to it. Sweat is streaming down his body. His headphones are in his ears.

EXT. HOUSTON, TEXAS. DAWN. WINTER.

A bleak hillside. Brown grass and bare trees as Tony appears over the hill in his winter running clothes. He has on a light jacket and long tight running pants.

He is clean shaven. He looks thinner. It is remarkable how he now looks almost exactly like Edward. Dark circles ring his eyes and a certain dead quality is evident in his expression.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE. RICE UNIVERSITY. ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT.  
DAY.

Tony sits at his desk. He is on his computer. Several people walk past his office and look in at him. His office is piled high with papers and clutter.

There is an e-mail from Andes.

Tony dials his number quickly.

TONY

Andes?

ANDES

Hastings? I've been trying to get you all day. Your phone was switched off. Why didn't you answer my e-mails?

TONY

I just saw them now. I had classes all day.

ANDES

Good news. I want you to fly to El Paso tomorrow and meet me. I have some guys I want you to take a look at.

EXT. EL PASO AIRPORT. DAY.

Tony walks out of the airport into the bright daylight. Bobby Andes is standing on the curb smoking. He is thinner and his complexion is sallow.

ANDES

You look different.

TONY

My beard. Thinner. Good to see you. You look different too.

ANDES

Yeah. Thinner. Good to see you too. The meeting is at 2:00. It won't take you five minutes. Then you can go home.

TONY

You want me to identify them? You got all three?

ANDES

Just want you to tell us if you recognize anyone. Sign a statement.

INT. EL PASO POLICE STATION.

In the room stands a tall white haired man with a haggard face. CAPTAIN VANESCO, mid 50s.

ANDES

Captain Vanesco, Tony Hastings.

The two men shake hands and then sit down at a desk.

CAPTAIN VANESCO

Lieutenant Andes has told me of your case. Do you feel intimidated by these people? Is there any reason that you might hesitate to put the finger on anyone?

TONY

No.

CAPTAIN VANESCO

The people we are interested in are prisoners. They will not be released if you identify them.

TONY

A lot of time has passed. Parts of that night are blank to me.

CAPTAIN VANESCO

I understand. Here's my advice. If you're unsure, pass. Because if you recognize someone it comes with a click, do you understand? Only don't pass too soon, sometimes it takes a while for the click to come.

They go down the stairs to a room that looks like a small classroom.

Tony tries to breath. A door opens and a policeman followed by four men enter the room. They stand in bright light in front of the chalkboard.

Tony stares at them. He sits for a long time studying them .  
The men shift their weight from one foot to the other.

One of the men utters, "Jesus".

TONY  
I'm sorry.

ANDES  
For god's sake man.

CAPTAIN VANESCO  
It's all right. If you can't be  
sure the it's better to pass.

ANDES  
So I can't have him?

CAPTAIN VANESCO  
That's up to you. If you've got the  
evidence.

ANDES  
Fuck!

TONY  
There's a faint possibility.

ANDES  
What?

TONY  
The third one. If he's changed his  
glasses and grown a mustache.

Bobby Andes and Captain Vanesco look at each other for a long  
moment.

CAPTAIN VANESCO  
Which one would he be? Ray? Lou?

TONY  
The one they called Turk. I'm not  
saying for sure he is but there is  
a faint possibility.

CAPTAIN VANESCO  
And the others?

TONY  
No.

CAPTAIN VANESCO  
Would you be willing to make a  
positive identification of this  
Turk?

Tony sighs and shakes his head.

TONY

The only reason that I think he might be a Turk is that you called me here to identify someone.

CAPTAIN VANESCO

Not enough I'm afraid.

To Bobby Andes.

CAPTAIN VANESCO (CONT'D)

It's a start. You'll have to come up with more evidence.

INT. BOBBY ANDE'S CAR. LATER.

Bobby is driving Tony back to the airport.

ANDES

You sure let me down.

The drive in silence.

TONY

I'm sorry. I wanted it to be him so badly but I'm just not sure. It's like that night has just become a total blur. A complete black out.

ANDES

Yeah. You said that.

Silence.

ANDES (CONT'D)

The guy that you couldn't be sure about. Would you like to know who he is?

TONY

Yes.

ANDES

That's Steve Adams. The guy whose finger prints were all over the back of your car. Wanna know the rest?

TONY

Yeah, I do.

ANDES

There was three guys trying to make off with a used car from a parking lot. One got away. Fingerprints that turn up are those of this Steve Adams wanted by me. If you'd identified him, they would have extradited him to me.

The car pulls up to the drop off zone of the airport.

ANDES (CONT'D)

I doubt if we will see each other again. This case ain't got much future.

TONY

Don't say that.

INT. SMALL COMMUTER JET. LATER.

Tony closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK. The two men changing Tony's tire on that fateful night. One of the men looks up at Tony and flashes a grin at him.

INT. SMALL COMMUTER JET. CONTINUOUS.

Tony's eyes snap open. He mutters under his breath.

TONY

It's him.

INT. SUSAN'S PARENTS HOUSE, DALLAS TEXAS. EVENING. 1992.

FLASHBACK, BASS SUTTON, 50, Susan's father and ANNE SUTTON, 49, her mother are sitting in the living room. Susan sits across from them.

The atmosphere in the room is tense.

ANNE

You have to be kidding. You sound like a child. Why didn't you tell us this before?

SUSAN

I thought that I should tell you in person.

Susan's father sits quietly fuming. He speaks calmly but there is an edge to his voice.

BASS

You are actually going to leave New York and move to Austin to go to the god damned University of Texas? I thought you loved Columbia. What happened to their "great art history department"?

ANNE

Susan, Edward is a very, very nice boy. He's sweet, but where is it going to go?

SUSAN

What do you mean where is it going to go?

ANNE

I mean just that.

SUSAN

I'm going to marry him. That's where it's going to go.

Her father becomes extremely agitated but this but remains quietly controlled.

BASS

No, you're not Susan. You are only 20 years old! It's absurd.

ANNE

Susan, keep seeing him if you think you love him. Live with him. I don't care, but don't get married.

Susan looks pointedly at her mother.

SUSAN

Live with him in sin? Really?

ANNE

Well, it's better than marrying him!

Anne collects herself.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Susan, I think that you might truly believe that you love Edward. You're not going to want to listen to me but he not the kind of man that is going to make you happy.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You are a very strong willed person Susan. He's too weak for you.

BASS

And he has no money. And you may not realize it but you are pretty god damned spoiled.

SUSAN

Weak is not the word I would use to describe Edward. Sensitive is the word I would use and that's certainly not a word that I could ever use to describe anyone in this family, except maybe Cooper.

ANNE

Don't bring Cooper into this. Come on Susan. You may not think we care about the same things but you're wrong. You're only 20 years old. In a few years, all these "bourgeois" things as you like to call them will become very important to you. Edward won't be able to give them to you. He's not driven. He's not ambitious.

BASS

And if you marry Edward, I am not going to give them to you either. This is a ridiculous conversation.

Bass stands up and leaves the room. Susan and her mother look at each other. Susan sighs.

SUSAN

No, he's not driven in the way that you want him to be, but he is strong. He has a different kind of strength. A kind of strength that I don't actually have.

Her mother collects herself and let's out a deep sigh.

ANNE

I understand what you see in Edward Susan. He's a romantic, but he's also very fragile. I saw that when his father died.

SUSAN

When did you become so compassionate and understanding.

Anne glares at her.

ANNE

Don't do this. You'll regret it and  
you'll only hurt Edward in the end.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MORROW HOUSE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

The lights of LA are spread out below us. Susan stands at the glass wall of her bedroom looking out. Our depth of field shifts from the view of the landscape to the view of the reflection of Susan's face in the glass of the window.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDIO APARTMENT. AUSTIN, TEXAS. NIGHT. 1992

Susan is standing at the sliding glass doors of Edward's small apartment. Our focus is on the reflection of her face in the glass as she stares out into the night. There are no lights inside the apartment and Susan is nude. Edward slips up behind her.

EDWARD

You never sleep do you?

SUSAN

No. I can't ever stop thinking.

He kisses her on the neck.

EDWARD

Well let's not think then.

He pulls her onto the bed and slides up next to her.

SUSAN

I told my parents last night. It  
didn't go well. At all.

Edward tightens his grip on Susan.

EDWARD

Why didn't you tell me? I wish that  
you hadn't done that without me  
there.

SUSAN

Well, I knew that they would say  
pretty awful things.

EDWARD

And did they?

SUSAN

Yes. They think the whole is ridiculous.

EDWARD

Susan, look at me.

She turns to look Edward in the eye.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Your parents love you. They think they know what's best for you. But they're wrong. You're different than your parents. Being with me is what's best for you. I love you.

SUSAN

Sometimes I think you're crazy. I'm not so sure that my parents aren't right. I am pretty spoiled Edward. I've been programmed to expect a certain kind of life. Maybe getting married is a bad idea. My mother is so against it that she even proposed that we live together. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

EDWARD

You don't give yourself enough credit. All I know is that when I look into your eyes, I see the rest of my life.

SUSAN

I wish I was as sure of things as you are.

EDWARD

I'm sure enough for both of us.

Edward gently kisses her.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MORROW HOUSE. SUSAN'S STUDY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Susan's thoughts are interrupted by the ping of the in box on her computer. She crosses to her desk and opens the e-mail.

Dear Susan,

Just let me know when and where.

Edward.

A soft smile comes over Susan's face as she quickly types out a response.

INT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE. HOUSTON TEXAS. NIGHT.

Tony sits at his desk and pounds out an email to Bobby Andes.

Dear Bobby,

Just so you know, I am now sure that the one that I could not identify was "Turk". I hope that you are not easing up your hunt for those men and I promise to cooperate in every possible way, for I am more than ever determined to bring them to justice.

Best,

Tony Hastings

EXT. RICE UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT, HOUSTON. DAY.

Tony is walking up to his car. His cell phone rings. He recognizes the number.

TONY

Hello.

ANDES

Tony? Andes here. You want to identify someone?

TONY

Yes.

ANDES

Fort Stockton this time.

EXT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. GENERAL AVIATION AIRPORT. DAY.

Tony steps off the commuter prop plane and walks to the small terminal building. Bobby Andes is waiting for him. Bobby looks even thinner than the last time that we saw him. He is smoking.

ANDES

You going to turn into a wimp for me again?

TONY

No. I want those guys caught.

ANDES

I'll tell you what we've got. We have an attempted hold up of a supermarket in the mall just before closing time. We caught one guy and one killed but one got away.

TONY

What do you want me to do?

ANDES

See if you recognize the guy we caught. You might also take a look at the dead one too, although it is not really necessary. We know who he is.

TONY

Who?

ANDES

Steve Adams, the one that you called "Turk" and couldn't identify.

They are coming back to where it all began. The desert landscape and scruffy countryside. They drive up to the motel with the police station across the road.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Go and get some coffee. I'll see you at 4:00 across the road. I've got to round up a couple of other guys for a lineup.

INT. FT. STOCKTON POLICE STATION. 4:00 SAME DAY

Tony sits in the same glass room that he had sat in before. Four men are sent in. Two have beards. Tony stares at one of the men with a beard. The man's eyes pass over Tony without recognition. Tony turns to Bobby Andes.

TONY

Yes. (He whispered)

ANDES

Yes. Yes what?

TONY

The one with the beard on the right.

The man with the beard, shirt and jeans was looking at him now perplexed.

TONY (CONT'D)

That's Lou. The one who made me drive into the woods and left me there.

ANDES

This guy? He doesn't seem to understand. Lou, hey you. Your name Lou?

LOU

You know my name. I told you. What's going on?

ANDES

You ever see this man before Lou? Think carefully. You ever seen him?

Lou is staring at Tony.

LOU

No. I don't know him. Who is he?

ANDES

Tell him Tony, tell him who he is.

TONY

Last summer, this man, Lou, and his friends forced us off the road on the Interstate. Then two of them forced their way into my car with my wife and daughter and then this man.

ANDES

This man here? Lou?

TONY

Yes, Lou made me drive his car and took me into the desert where he made me get out. Later my wife and daughter were found dead at the same place.

ANDES

What do you say to that "Lou"? What do you know about this man's wife and daughter.

Lou looks afraid.

LOU

I don't know what you are talking about. I never saw him in my life.

ANDES

What do you know about Ray and Turk?

LOU

Never heard of them.

Bobby now turns to Tony.

ANDES

Just one thing now. Are you sure this is the man?

TONY

Absolutely. Yes.

ANDES

Would you swear it in a court of law under penalty of perjury?

TONY

Yes.

INT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. MORGUE. LATER.

A cold white tiled room. Tony has been here before when he identified the bodies of his wife and daughter.

An attendant lifts the sheet.

ANDES

Well.

Tony looks in silence.

TONY

Yes. That's Turk.

ANDES

You sure?

TONY

Yes.

ANDES

Good. We've got Lou now. We will charge him with Murder.

TONY

You have enough evidence?

ANDES

We got you, fingerprints, his prints on both the car and the trailer.

TONY

Then he went back to the trailer after leaving me?

ANDES

Looks like it. Probably he went back and told them where he left you, and that's why they went back with the bodies. They were going to kill you. I'm betting your friend Ray is the third guy in the holdup.

TONY

The guy who escaped on foot?

ANDES

He fit the description.

TONY

Now what?

ANDES

You'll have to come back for the trial. Meanwhile, I'm gonna find Ray.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Susan is startled by the sound of the fire flaring up in the fireplace. She is lying on her bed reading "Nocturnal Animals". She looks up from the book and stares at the flames.

INT. EDWARD AND SUSAN'S APARTMENT. AUSTIN, TEXAS. NIGHT. 1973.

FLASHBACK. Susan is lying on the bed reading type written pages. She is concentrating. A small 60s black metal fireplace holds a dying fire.

EDWARD

Well. Is it better?

Susan looks up slowly. She sighs.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Oh, don't sigh like that. You always sigh after you read my work. Is it that bad?

SUSAN

It's not "bad". Do you want me to be honest?

EDWARD

Of course I do.

SUSAN

That's what you said the last time and you really didn't mean it.

EDWARD

I said be honest. Not cruel.

SUSAN

I think the structure still just doesn't work for me, Edward. I don't know what to say. My mind started to wander while I was reading it which is not a good sign. I just don't believe it. Isn't there some old line about writing about what you know?

Edward is clearly devastated. He sits down in a chair in front of his desk.

EDWARD

Maybe I need a break from it.

SUSAN

Maybe you do.

She walks over to him and slips her hand onto his shoulder.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Edward, the world is not going to end if you don't manage to get this published. You'll publish a book Edward, you will, but just maybe not this book and maybe not now.

EDWARD

Please don't start that again. It makes me feel like you have no faith in me.

SUSAN

I didn't say that.

EDWARD

No, but your face says it. Your little "sighs" say it. Your constant suggestions that I go back to school say it.

SUSAN

There are worse things than going back to school Edward. I mean come on, you're smart. Working in a god damned book store and writing a novel are romantic ideas but is this really our life? Is this what it's going to be? For how long?

EDWARD

Oh, now it starts. I wondered how long it would take for the River Oaks debutante to appear. You sound just like your mother.

SUSAN

Fuck you. That's why I hate reading your work. You always get so defensive about it.

EDWARD

Of course I'm defensive. Do you know what it's like to put yourself out on a limb creatively and then to have someone you love read what you've written and not even understand it?

SUSAN

No, I don't. I'm not remotely creative, Edward.

The phone rings. They both look at each other. Edward crosses the room and picks up the phone.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE. RICE UNIVERSITY. ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Tony Stares at the phone for a beat as it is ringing and then picks it up.

TONY

Hello.

ANDES

Bobby Andes here. Can you pay us another visit?

Close up on Tony's face. A slight grin.

ANDES (CONT'D)

And, drive this time if you still  
have the same car.

EXT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. BASEBALL FIELD. AFTERNOON.

Bobby and Tony stand in the parking lot of a public baseball field. We can see the players behind. Bobby is smoking a cigarette. He looks drawn and gaunt.

TONY

I don't get it. Why are we here?

ANDES

His name is Ray Marcus and someone  
named him as a "frequent companion"  
of Lou Bates and Steve Adams.

The man is sitting on the bench in front of them. Not  
playing. His back is to us.

ANDES (CONT'D)

He lives here. Part time  
electrician. Part time plumber. Not  
a bad match to both your  
description and the guy in the  
holdup. No fingerprints but we knew  
that before.

TONY

I wonder why there aren't any  
finger prints.

ANDES

His hands were probably on your  
wife.

Tony winces.

ANDES (CONT'D)

His record is clean except for a  
rape charge that was dropped. I got  
out of the barman at a place called  
"Line Camp Bar" that he lives here  
with a girl called Leila and that  
he keeps a place in the woods to  
pick up woman that she doesn't know  
about. Probably your murder trailer  
before it got notorious.

Tony sits stunned. Staring at number 19. Marcus enters the  
game. Someone shouts at him. He grins back and does a little  
dance step. A ball comes his way, he is lazy getting it.  
Someone boos and he gives them the finger.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Does he look like he could be the  
guy?

TONY

Could be. I would like to get a  
better look.

Tony and Andes walk down to the edge of the fence. The game ends and the crowd loosens and spreads out. Tony looks at Ray nearby. He is standing alone, looking out vaguely at the road. Tony looks at him. He turns around and Tony sees his face clearly. Their eyes meet for a flash. Tony recognizes him but Ray sees nothing.

TONY (CONT'D)

That's him.

They watch Ray get into his car. A dirty green Pontiac.

ANDES

Let's see where he goes. I'll  
drive.

They both get into Tony's car.

EXT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. MOBILE HOME PARK.

We watch while Ray goes in and then comes out with a sixpack.

ANDES

Ray.

Ray looks at him.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Where you going?

Ray stops.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Whatcha doin? Come here. I want to  
talk to you.

RAY

About what?

ANDES

I want to ask you some questions.

RAY

Fuck you.

Ray turns to walk away.

ANDES

Hey, look at me. Don't make me come  
and get you.

RAY

Who the hell are you?

Bobby Andes holds up a plastic case with a badge in the  
window. His other hand is in his coat.

Ray squints.

RAY (CONT'D)

What's that?

ANDES

Come and see.

He comes over slowly to the car window, bends over and takes  
a look at the badge.

RAY

What's it about?

RAY (CONT'D)

What for? I ain't done nothin.

ANDES

Didn't say you did.

RAY

Ask me here.

ANDES

In the car. Okay?

RAY

Okay, okay!

Ray shrugs his shoulders as if he is humouring him and opens  
the back door of Tony's car. Bobby Andes steps out and gets  
in the back seat with him.

ANDES

(To Tony) You drive.

Andes directs Tony where to drive.

ANDES (CONT'D)

A few questions to help us out.  
Turn right Tony. The reason I want  
to talk to you is that we picked up  
a friend of yours and maybe you can  
help us with him.

Ray is still.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Name of Lou Bates, he's in jail, maybe you heard. Two friends in fact, only one's dead. Steve Adams, you know him.

RAY

Never heard of either of em.

ANDES

That's funny. You sure you never heard of Lou Bates?

RAY

Don't know anybody by that name.

ANDES

You hear about the holdup at the mall supermarket? You must a heard about it, the guy getting killed?

RAY

Why are you asking me. I never heard of none of it.

ANDES

Like I say, that's strange. There's a bunch of folks says you and those two was good friends.

RAY

What folks?

ANDES

Folks. You know a place called "Line Camp Bar"?

Long pause.

RAY

Yeah.

ANDES

You know it? Good. You hang around there a lot?

RAY

Not a lot.

ANDES

No? They's folks say you was hanging around at "Line Camp" with these here Lou Bates and Turk Adams. You know anything about that?

RAY

Is that who they was?

ANDES

You want me to believe that you don't know who they was?

Silence in the car.

RAY

What do you want from me?

ANDES

For the moment just some questions.

RAY

What do you want to know? Go on, ask me?

ANDES

I just want to know if you know anything about the holdup that your friends was involved in. Only you say they wasn't your friends. So what do you say Ray?

Tony is listening intently and glancing back at the two men in between turns on the windy road.

RAY

I don't know nothing about it. They didn't consult me.

ANDES

So you know them?

RAY

If they's the guys at "Line Camp" I must of. Slightly.

ANDES

Under a different name.

RAY

I don't remember their names.

ANDES

Okay, now we're established you're a liar.

RAY

I ain't no liar. Why you call me a liar, god damnit?

ANDES

Forget it. I notice a reluctance on your part to tell the truth.

(MORE)

ANDES (CONT'D)

There is no reason you shouldn't know Lou and Turk! Lot's of people know them that weren't in that hold up with them. Only ONE of their friends was in it.

No sound from Ray.

ANDES (CONT'D)

You any idea who it was?

RAY

Not me.

ANDES

No rumors? No nothin?

No answer.

ANDES (CONT'D)

I heard a rumor.

RAY

Yeah?

ANDES

Some folks telling me you was the third person.

RAY

I thought you said it wasn't me.

ANDES

I never said that, did I? I never said it was you. I never said it wasn't.

RAY

Hey, are you questioning me?

ANDES

Why yes, that's what we're doing ain't it?

RAY

You ain't read me my rights.

ANDES

You know you're rights Ray.

RAY

You're supposed to read 'em to me.

ANDES

I read you your rights, didn't I  
Tony?

Tony is stunned at being brought into the game of cat and mouse.

RAY

Hell, it ain't legal.

ANDES

You're heard 'em before Ray. You know them by heart. Any you want me to repeat?

RAY

It ain't legal. I'm supposed to have a lawyer.

ANDES

Informal questions Ray, you're helping me out. I haven't charged you with anything yet. If you want a lawyer we'll have to take you in and charge you with somethin.

Ray looks out the window.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Right now we're past driving around. What do you want a lawyer for if you ain't done nothin?

RAY

Damn right I ain't done nothin.

ANDES

I'll get you a lawyer when we get to the station.

RAY

Aw come on man, you don't need to take me in. I'm answering questions, ain't I?

ANDES

Well I don't know. Seems like I don't know no more about that holdup than I knew before. Tell you what.

(MORE)

ANDES (CONT'D)

There's somethin else I'd like to ask you about. You recognize this car?

RAY

What car?

ANDES

This. The one we're in.

Tony takes a deep breath. Closes his eyes for a split second.

RAY

This car? Why should I recognize this car?

ANDES

It ain't familiar to you? It don't remind you of nothin. Take you back?

RAY

No man. Why should it? It may be taking me somewhere but damned if I know where.

ANDES

You don't remember driving it?

RAY

What is this?

ANDES

How about the driver?

Tony's heard begins to pound.

RAY

The guy driving. My friend Tony here. You remember him?

RAY (CONT'D)

I can't see him. Make him turn around.

ANDES

Stop the car Tony.

Tony slows and stops on the gravel shoulder of the road. He feels the heavy thumping of his heart.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Turn around and let him see you.

A truck roars by and shakes the car with a blast of wind.  
Tony turns around.

RAY  
Who is this guy?

ANDES  
You don't remember him?

RAY  
Can't say I do.

Ray is chewing. A barely visible movement of the jaw and  
clenching of his teeth. Close-up on the details of Ray's  
face.

ANDES  
You remember him Tony?

TONY  
Yes.

ANDES  
Refresh his memory.

TONY  
Last summer on the Interstate.

Ray looks at him, staring. Waiting.

ANDES  
Tell him what you remember he did.

Tony looks directly at Ray.

TONY  
You killed my wife and my daughter.

His voice is trembling. Ray's eyes enlarge.

RAY  
You're crazy man. I never killed  
nobody.

ANDES  
Tell him the whole thing.

TONY  
You and your buddies on the  
Interstate. You forced us off the  
road.

His voice is quivering and his eyes are filling with water.

ANDES

Tell him who his buddies were.

TONY

Lou and Turk.

ANDES

Remember that Ray? Remember horsing around on the Interstate? Playing chicken with other cars?

Ray's voice si very soft.

RAY

You're crazy man.

TONY

You made us stop and we had a flat tire. Lou and Turk fixed it. Then you and Turk got into my car with my wife and daughter and forced me into your car with Lou.

ANDES

What then Tony?

TONY

Lou took me out into the brush and kicked me out. Then you came back in my car. You called me and tried to lure me into a trap. You went to where Lou had left me.

ANDES

What did you go back there for Ray?

RAY

You're crazy man.

ANDES

Tell him what we found there Tony.

TONY

You tell him.

ANDES

Do I need to? Don't you know Ray?

RAY

You're crazy man. I don't know what the hell you are talking about.

TONY

The bodies of my wife and child,  
which you took back there and  
dumped.

A slight smile on ray's face. Almost imperceptible.

TONY (CONT'D)

You're the one. I know you.

While this conversation has been going on, Andes has slipped the gun out of his pocket and it is nestled in his lap pointing toward Ray.

ANDES

Whaddaya say Ray?

RAY

You're crazy man.

Andes points the gun at Ray.

ANDES

Okay. Let's take him in. I think  
I'll book you.

RAY

You're making a big mistake man.

ANDES

I don't think so Ray.

INT. MAIN STREET DINER. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. NEXT MORNING.

Tony and Andes are having breakfast. Andes's eyes are bloodshot. He looks like hell. His skin is grey.

ANDES

Shit.

TONY

What?

Andes looked as though he is not going to be able to keep his food down. He sits still for a moment.

TONY (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

ANDES

Yeah, I'm fine. I want to take our  
friend Ray on a little memory-  
jogging tour and I want you to  
come.

TONY

Where to?

ANDES

The sight seeing spots in near the old Valdes place.

TONY

You really need me for that?

ANDES

Yes. It might do him good.

EXT. FT. STOCKTON POLICE STATION. LATER.

Tony is in the passenger seat at a police car. An officer is in the driver's seat. Another officer escorts Ray and Andes out to the car. Ray is handcuffed. They get in.

RAY

You again.

ANDES

We're taking you for a little ride.

RAY

Where are we going?

ANDES

Sightseeing.

RAY

Why is he coming? I don't want him. You can't bring him.

ANDES

I can bring anyone I like.

RAY

You can't bring him. He tells lies. You'll lose your case that way.

ANDES

So much better for you then, right?

The driver begins down the road.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Speaking of rights, Ray I want you to know that I'm recording this conversation.

He holds up a small recorder.

ANDES (CONT'D)

There. All clear?

RAY

Great.

ANDES

We're going back to some places you may remember. You can help by telling me about them. If you don't remember, Tony does.

Ray is clicking his tongue like a school teacher. Click. Click. Click.

RAY

If you think I can tell you something about who killed this guy's wife and brother, you're wasting your time.

ANDES

Daughter, Ray, daughter. How could you confuse a daughter with a brother? That's not as clever as you think Ray. In fact, it's dumb and is as good as a confession.

RAY

Whaddya mean a good as a confession? What are you talking about?

ANDES

It's stupid Ray. Stupid to make out that you are dumber than you are.

Ray looks out the window in a sulk.

ANDES (CONT'D)

You know damned well it was a wife and a daughter. Tony told you yesterday. And in our interview last night at the station I mentioned wife and daughter about 20 times.

RAY

All right, all right, daughter.

ANDES

It'll go easier for us both if you tell the truth. You cooperate, you get better terms.

RAY  
Better than what?

ANDES  
Better than you get if you don't.

RAY  
I told you why it couldn't be me.

ANDES  
You're sticking to that story?

RAY  
How could I "stick to it" if it's true?

ANDES  
Tell Tony. You expect him to believe it?

RAY  
I don't give a fuck what he believes.

ANDES  
I do Ray. He believed you murdered his wife and his kid. Tell him what you say you were doing that night. I don't remember exactly what you said. Tell me again.

RAY  
I told you. You got it on recording. I was with Leila. All night. Watching television, Braves to Dodgers, six to four. Look it up. A couple of beers and the we fucked. Have you asked Leila?

ANDES  
You don't worry about that.

RAY  
You better ask her. Its your job to ask her. It ain't fair to me if you don't.

They turned to the right and retraced the road that Tony drive down that night.

ANDES  
I have a question about your alibi Ray. What night did you say it was?

RAY

I told you. July 19th. You can look up the baseball score if you don't believe me.

ANDES

Let me tell you my question. My question is where were you the night of the twenty-sixth? Last year, July 26th?

Ray is confused.

RAY

What are you asking? It wasn't that night.

ANDES

No, just wondering if you remember where you were that night.

RAY

Hell, that's almost a year ago man.

ANDES

Well how come you remember the night of the 19th but not the night of the 26th?

RAY

Maybe it was my mama's birthday.

ANDES

Was t your mama's birthday? We can look that up too.

Ray hesitates.

RAY

I said maybe it was. I mean it might have been. It could just have well have been but it wasn't. It was in the papers, that's how I remembered.

ANDES

You'll have to explain that to me.

RAY

I mean, we saw it in the papers the next morning. Leila and me, we saw how this guys folks was killed and we said, how interesting, and what we was doing when it happened.

Suddenly Ray looks at Tony.

RAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you lost your folks man,  
it's a shame. But I didn't have  
nothing to do with it, believe me.

ANDES

The paper the next morning Ray?

Ray ponders this.

RAY

The morning after that.

They passed the old white church and went around a curve and  
were upon a trailer still there above the arroyo. They kept  
on going until they reached the old cattle station.

RAY (CONT'D)

What's this place?

TONY

You know this place.

Ray looked at Tony with a long deep stare.

RAY

Honest to God, I don't.

Ray has a slight smile on his face as Tony turns and stares  
at him. Tony has been watching in the mirror on the fold down  
eye shield in the front seat.

They come to the end of the road. Next to the old cattle  
tank.

ANDES

Wanna get out Tony?

Tony gets out and walks over to the spot where his wife and  
daughter had lain. His eyes are shining. Bobby Andes holds  
his elbow. Tony walks over to the car window.

TONY

I want to know, were they already  
dead in the car when you brought  
them or did you kill them here?

RAY

(Softly and slightly mocking) I  
didn't kill nobody man.

The men get back in the car and drive silently to the  
trailer.

RAY (CONT'D)

Now what?

ANDES

Care to look inside?

RAY

What for?

ANDES

Let's just take a look.

They all go in. Tony lags behind. Bobby Andes switches a light on inside. The walls are blank and grey. There is a small stove and fire tools by the door and a bed with brass bedposts and a trash box full of old newspapers.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Raped them on the bed I assume.

RAY

I never raped nobody.

ANDES

Come on Ray, we got your record. We know about the girl in Lubbock.

RAY

God damn. The charges were dropped  
I ain't never raped nobody.

Tony went to stand in front of Ray next to the bed.

TONY

I want to know Ray, the exact story  
of what you did to them.

RAY

You'll have to ask someone else  
man.

TONY

I want to know what they said, I  
want to know what Laura said and  
what Sienna said.

Tony stares at Ray in silence.

TONY (CONT'D)

I want to know how you killed them.  
I want to know if they knew what  
was happening to them. I want to  
know if they hurt. I want to know  
what they felt. Answer me you  
fucking bastard.

RAY

Mister. You're out of your mind.

Shot of Ray's eyes, his teeth. A slight grin through the fear. A condescension.

Tony pulls his arm back and before he knows it, with all his might, punches Ray in the face.

Our screen goes black.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Susan drops the book to the ground. She sits up and collects herself. She is moved and clearly shaken. She bends down to pick the book up.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS. GRADUATE ART HISTORY CLASS. 1993.

FLASHBACK. Susan picks up a book from the floor as she sits in the back of a class listening to a professor. We are aware of someone staring at her. She becomes aware of it too and turns to see Walker at 26, very clean cut and preppy staring at her. Their eyes lock for a moment but she quickly looks away. He keeps staring. When the class is over she gets up quickly and moves towards the door. He follows. Their eyes meet again and she disappears into the crowd.

INT. EDWARDS AND SUSAN'S APARTMENT. AUSTIN. EARLY EVENING. 1993.

Edward is writing. He has not shaved. Susan comes into the apartment. There are dishes in the sink. The apartment is a wreck.

EDWARD

I know, I know, I know! It's all a mess! I'm sorry. I was going to have it all cleaned up by the time that you came home. I know it drives you nuts. I'll clean it up in a few minutes I promise!

Susan takes off her coat and lays her bag down. She begins to pick things up, trying to bring some order to the apartment. She stops and stares at Edward.

SUSAN

Edwards, have you been out today?

He does not look up.

EDWARD

No, I'm too wrapped up in this chapter. I think I almost have it.

We see in Susan's face as she surveys the scene that she is beginning to grow weary of their existence.

She starts to clear things away in the kitchen.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Susan, please don't do that right now. I can't concentrate. I promise I'll be finished in a half an hour.

SUSAN

I'm sorry. I'll go take a bath.

She walks over to him and kisses him on the head. He looks up and kisses her on the mouth.

Edward smile sweetly at her.

EDWARD

I love you.

Susan sighs.

SUSAN

I love you too.

She turns away from him somewhat exasperated and walks towards the bathroom.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS. GRADUATE ART HISTORY CLASS. 1993.

Walker is staring again. Susan is very aware and while nervous is beginning to enjoy the attention. The class is dismissed.

WALKER

How long am I going to have to stare at you until I get you to notice me.

SUSAN

Oh, I've noticed you. I've noticed that you don't seem the slightest bit interested in 20th century decorative arts.

WALKER

No, I'm not.

SUSAN

Then why are you in this class.

WALKER

Needing about 6 hours of some sort of art history class. This one was the only one that wasn't full. And you?

SUSAN

I just like to look at beautiful things.

He looks at her.

WALKER

So do I.

SUSAN

I set you up for that but it's still kind of pathetic.

Walker laughs.

WALKER

I know. But you'd be surprised how often it actually works.

SUSAN

What are you studying?

WALKER

Business.

SUSAN

Exciting.

WALKER

It can be. What can I do to get you to have dinner with me?

SUSAN

Not much I'm afraid. I'm married, but I'm flattered.

WALKER

You're married? You're kidding. How old are you? Well, I hope he appreciates you. You're quite something you know.

SUSAN

And you're quite sure of yourself, aren't you?

WALKER

I am, it's one of my most  
attractive qualities.

Susan looks directly at Walker for a moment. There is a look in her eye that belies that she is attracted to him. She composes herself then turns and walks away as Walker stares after her.

INT. HASTINGS HOUSE. HOUSTON TEXAS. DAY

Tony Hastings is in the shower at home and the phone rings. He gets out of the shower and wraps himself with a towel. He answers the phone.

ANDES

I got some news you may not like.

Tony sits down in his towel dripping wet.

ANDES (CONT'D)

They're letting Ray Marcus go.

TONY

What! What do you mean they're  
letting him go?

We hear Bobby's voice over the phone and see the expression on Tony's face as it wilts and then becomes angry. Tony wipes his head with the towel.

ANDES

The DA says there is not enough  
hard evidence and that the evidence  
there is circumstantial. He needs  
corroboration.

Tony is silent.

ANDES (CONT'D)

It's god damned politics Tony. As  
least you had the satisfaction of  
knocking out his teeth.

TONY

That's not enough. What else can we  
do?

Silence.

ANDES

I'll think of something. Get here  
as fast as you can. Marcus will try  
to leave the state.

TONY

I'll leave as soon as I get dressed.

INT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. MAIN STREET DINER. EARLY EVENING.

Tony and Andes sit in a booth by the window directly opposite where their cars are packed. Their dinners are on their plates.

TONY

I don't understand.

ANDES

If it wasn't for this fucking cancer.

TONY

What cancer?

ANDES

I told you. I've got lung cancer. It's metastasized.

TONY

But you smoke all the time.

ANDES

Exactly. And what is the point of quitting now? I'll be dead in a year.

Tony looks at Andes.

ANDES (CONT'D)

It is this guy called Jenks. He is the lawyer on the court appointed and now he and the DA made a deal and Ray gets off. Politics.

TONY

When did you tell me you were sick?

ANDES

They want to ease me out.

TONY

I don't understand what you are talking about. Would they drop a murder case to do that?

ANDES

Yes. They said the case wasn't well prepared, was a sloppy job, slapdash, no evidence, evidence gathered improperly, won't stand up in court. The DA is scared to take on a case that he might lose.

Tony mulls this over.

ANDES (CONT'D)

They're not dropping Lou.

TONY

It's not fucking good if they don't get Lou.

ANDES

Good. That's what I thought you though. Gorman thinking it's tie I retire and enjoy the benefits of cancer somewhere else.

TONY

You never told me about the cancer.

ANDES

The problem with Ray is his alibi. He was with Leila whatever her name is and she backs him up, her aunt backs him up.

TONY

So what are we going to do?

He looks at Tony for a long time which makes Tony nervous.

ANDES

It's a question of how serious you are about seeing justice done.

TONY

What do you mean how serious I am? You know how serious I am.

Bobby can't eat his food.

ANDES

Can't eat. Might throw up.

TONY

How do you get along if you can't eat?

ANDES

It depends.

TONY

I appreciate you going through all of this.

ANDES

Sometimes I can eat, sometimes I can't. This pace sucks.

TONY

Do you have any close relative or friends?

ANDES

Let me ask you a personal question. Between us, okay? What do you want me to do with Ray Marcus?

TONY

What can you do to him?

ANDES

Anything you god dame like.

TONY

I though you said.

Andes coughs.

ANDES

Look, I've got nothing to loose. And I can't let this ass-hole DA fuck up my last case. I also can't stand by and watch a murdered go free. Are you willing to go outside of strict procedures a little?

TONY

Yes.

Andes cell phone rings. He answers.

ANDES

Ray is at "Line Camp" I'm going to pick him up. I am taking him to my camp. I want you to come too. I want to keep him with us a while. Work him over a bit. Get a little rough, make him suffer a little. See what he does. Would you like that?

TONY

Yes. I want to hear him confess.

INT. AUSTIN TEXAS "LONGHORN DINER" NIGHT. 1994

Flashback. Edward and Susan are sitting in a booth. Susan is tense and distracted.

SUSAN

Edward, we need to talk about something.

He smiles. Susan does not smile back.

EDWARD

I know we do. Let's get out of here.

He looks at the check and leaves a ten on the table. The two of them walk out into the night.

EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. STREET. NIGHT. 1994 MINUTES LATER.

EDWARD

I'm going back to school.

SUSAN

What?

EDWARD

I've already enrolled. I'm going back to school.

SUSAN

Edward, don't do that for me.

EDWARD

I'm not. I'm doing it for us.

Susan is silent. She walks ahead a bit.

SUSAN

Don't do it for us.

EDWARD

What do you mean? It's what you wanted, I thought you would be happy about it.

SUSAN

Edward, this isn't working. It's not going to work. We're not right for each other. I wish we were, but we're not.

EDWARD

What do you mean, we're not right for each other? We're perfect for each other.

SUSAN

No Edward. We're not. We might be perfect for each other if we didn't live in the real world. I need more structure in my life than you do. I need a future that is structures. I wanted so much to be what you thought I could be. I just don't have your kind of faith in things. I'm too cynical for you, or just too much of a realist.

EDWARD

You're not cynical. You're just afraid. We have been through this so many time. You have been talking to your parents again.

SUSAN

No, I haven't. I've juts been really unhappy Edward. Really, really unhappy.

She looks at him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We're just different. You're wonderful and romantic and sweet and sensitive, and all the things I'm not.

EDWARD

Weak. I'm weak. That's what you want to say. Go ahead and say it. You've said it before. WEAK.

SUSAN

I said sensitive, and romantic.

EDWARD

Do you still love me?

SUSAN

That is not the point.

He turns and holds her by the shoulders.

EDWARD

It is the point. You didn't answer me.

SUSAN

Yes. I love you.

EDWARD

Then have faith in us. Have more faith in yourself. When you love someone you work things out. You don't just throw it away.

Edward leans in and pulls her close.

SUSAN

I can't talk about this anymore right now. I don't feel very well.

Susan pulls away and walks off. Edwards stands on the sidewalk. He shouts after her.

EDWARD

You can't just walk away from us Susan.

We linger on Edward's face which is lit by a garish neon sign above a convenient store.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. FT. STOCKTON TEXAS. LINE CAMP BAR. NIGHT.

Close up on Tony's face. He is sitting in his car outside of the "Line Camp Bar". The red sign in the window casts a night light into the car and on his face. Bobby comes over to the window.

ANDES

Wait here.

From his car Tony watched the door. After a while two men come out. Ray and Andes. They talk in the glow of the sign. Two policemen appear at the door, Ray gestures and one of the policemen touches Ray's shoulders. He recoils then submits as the other policeman puts him in handcuffs and leads him over to the police car. Bobby Andes comes back over to Tony.

ANDES (CONT'D)

We're going to my camp. It's in White Creek. You follow.

Andes drive in front. The police car follows and Tony drives behind. A sign on the road reads "White Creek".

They drive along a narrow road and then finally turn into a parking area. They pull under a cluster of mesquite trees. They all get out and Tony follows them in.

There is a small cabin with a front screened in porch.

ANDES (CONT'D)

My camp.

They enter through the screen door. Bobby Andes has a gun in his hand. Ray is handcuffed.

Ray notices Tony.

RAY

Hey, what is this guy doing here?

The room has a table, a cot, and a few old chairs. There is an alcove with a sink and an open door to a bedroom. Andes gestures to Ray to sit on the cot.

The policemen get into their car and pull away.

ANDES

Jesus, I feel sick. I'll be right back.

Andes looks ill. He shoves the gun at Tony.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Here. Use it. Shoot him if he get's out of line.

We hear Andes throwing up outside. Ray laughs a bit to himself.

Bobby comes back in.

RAY

Hey man. This isn't legal. If this was legal you'd of taken me to the station. Not this fucking place.

Bobby takes the gun from Tony and cocks it.

ANDES

It's all the legal we need.

RAY

You lied to me. There ain't no evidence. Why don't you take me in if you got new evidence.

ANDES

I like it better here. More relaxed.

Ray motions to Tony.

RAY

Seems to me that you tried this trick already. If you think this guy is going to break me down, you already seen that don't work.

ANDES

What would you say Ray, if your friend Lou Bates implicated you in the Hastings murder.

RAY

If Lou had done that you would have taken me in.

ANDES

We'll get you to the station. Don't worry.

Just then we hear another car pull up. Light through the window. Male voices. A man with a black beard comes in followed by an officer with a gun. The man with the beard is Lou Bates.

Lou looks at the three men.

RAY

Son of a bitch.

Bobby gestures to Lou to sit next to Ray on the cot.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey Lou, what did you tell this guy?

LOU

I didn't tell him anything.

RAY

He said you told him that I was the one that killed the guy's wife and kid.

LOU

Shit man. That's what he told me about you.

Lou looks at Bobby. Outraged.

LOU (CONT'D)

You're suppose to be the law man. What kind of bull shit is that?

ANDES

Fuck off. You two got anything to say to each other?

He slumps down.

TONY

You okay Bobby?

ANDES

I'm thinking of just killing them now. You see, if I let them go, it'll be rough on these poor guys, not knowing how it will come. The police are all around. Ray could get killed resisting arrest for example. Or coming home to his house late at night he could get shot by a burglar.

Lou is pulling at his handcuffs.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Feeling uncomfortable man?

He goes over and removes Lou's cuffs.

RAY

What about me? I may be feeling uncomfortable too man.

Bobby undoes Ray's cuffs.

TONY

Bobby.

ANDES

What should we do with them Tony?

Bobby cocks and un cocks his gun.

Bobby once again buckles over in pain. He hands his gun over to Tony and goes to the back room. We hear him being sick.

RAY

What the fuck. Let's go Lou.

LOU

What? He's got a gun.

RAY

Come on you jackass it's time to go.

Tony jumps up. He tries to cock the gun and block Ray from the door. In the shadow of the bedroom he sees Bobby coming back into the room.

ANDES

Shoot him Tony!

Standing in front of the door. Tony raises the gun and cocks it while Ray moves towards him. Tony hesitates and moves aside. When Lou sees this he jumps up too and both men head for the door.

Andes rushes into the room and grabs the gun from Tony as the men rush out the door.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Now I got you fuckers.

There is a shot. Than two more. Lou lies wounded on the path and Andes stands with his gun in his hand as Ray escaped into the desert.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Get the keys. We gotta catch that guy.

LOU

Help me please. I'm hurt man.

Tony looks over at Lou.

ANDES

Christ. Why didn't you shoot him?

Transfixed. Andes walks over to Lou and shoots him in the head.

We hear a loud pop.

INT. MORROW RESIDENCE. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

There is a loud pop on the large plate glass window.

Susan is startled and gasps. As she walks over to the window she sees that a bird has flown into the glass and is lying outside flapping it's wings. Susan stands for a moment watching as the bird dies. It's wings flapping more and more slowly until they stop.

INT. TRAVIS COUNTY MEDICAL CLINIC. AUSTIN TEXAS. 1994.

FLASHBACK. Susan is walking out of the office. Walker is in the waiting room.

NURSE

You will feel groggy for the next few hours. Let us know if there is continued bleeding or any other complication. You have our phone number. Will you be driving her home?

WALKER

Yes. Thank you.

INT. MERCEDES COUP. PARKING LOT, TRAVIS COUNTRY MEDICAL CLINIC, AUSTIN TEXAS, 1994. LATER.

It is raining. The windshield wipers are on. Both Walker and Susan are wet. Walker is sitting in the driver's seat. Susan is in the passenger seat.

WALKER

Are you ok?

SUSAN

I'll live to regret this. I regret it now.

Susan shakes her head. She is staring down at her knees. She is fingering the small gold cross at her neck.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You know, I don't believe in abortion. I'm catholic.

WALKER

I'm sorry Susan. I feel useless.

SUSAN

You're anything but useless. You always seem to know exactly what to do. Thank you.

Walker reaches across and clenches Susan's hand.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I don't think I could ever look at Edward again. I would kill him to know that I've done this to his child. It's killing me.

Susan begins to cry. Walker reaches across and holds her.

WALKER

He's never going to know about it.

Susan is now sobbing and trembling.

SUSAN

What have I done?

Walker leans over and holds Susan as she cries.

WALKER

It's okay, I promise it will be  
okay. I'll make it okay.

As the windshield wipers flick the water off of the windshield we see that there is a man standing near a car in the rain across the parking lot. It's Edward.

As Susan looks up, she sees Edward staring directly at her.

SUSAN

Oh god. No.

End flashback.

EXT. ANDES CABIN WEST TEXAS. NIGHT.

We are looking at Tony's face as he stares down at Lou's body. There is rage in his eyes. A new anger.

TONY

What are we going to do? Your  
killed that map.

ANDES

He tried to escape now didn't he?

TONY

You shot him a second time. You  
shot him in the head

ANDES

Because I didn't get him the first  
time!

TONY

I didn't say I minded. I'm glad you  
did it.

Bobby feels in his pocket for his car keys

ANDES

We've got to go. I want to catch  
that bastard Ray when he gets out  
onto the road.

TONY

He'll go to the police and tell  
them everything he saw.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

How you kidnapped him and the handcuffs and how you killed Lou.

TONY (CONT'D)

He'll go to the police and tell them everything he saw. How you kidnapped him and the handcuffs and how you killed Lou.

ANDES

Nah. He won't. But if he does he'll find out no one believes him.

ANDES (CONT'D)

I'll tell the guys at the station that Fay shot Lou because he told us that Ray had killed your folks. And don't worry about Ray anyway. He's liable to get killed resisting arrest. Don'tcha think?

He wipes the prints off of the gun with his shirt tail then throws the gun into the creek bed.

ANDES (CONT'D)

We have to go. If Ray gets to the road he'll hitchhike. We need to catch him before he gets a ride.

TONY

He could be anywhere out here.

ANDES

No. There are only two roads he could to before morning. If you go in your car and I go in mine we'll find him. When you get to the pavement turn left. I'll go right.

He hands Tony a gun and his pair of handcuffs.

ANDES (CONT'D)

If you see him pick him up and bring him back here. Stick his hands between the front and back windows of the car and handcuff them together. If he tries to escape, shoot him. Even twice if you need to.

Tony looks at him.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Self defense. Shoot him in self defense.

Tony and Bobby go out to their cars. Bobby walks over to Tony's car and bangs on the window. Tony lower it.

ANDES (CONT'D)

How do like that. We got the bastard with the beard. That makes two, Ray? We'll get him now too. You'll see.

TONY

Are you in trouble for all of this?

ANDES

I don't know. I don't give a shit I'm dying remember?

He watches Andes get into his car and start up. A pause and then a shout from Andes.

ANDES (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

As Tony backs out the headlights rake across the body lying in the dirt. Lou looks small, the grey checkered shirt, the black beard and the white throat turned up.

EXT. PAVED ROAD. WEST TEXAS. MINUTES LATER.

97.

Tony sees the outline of a man on the road. It is Ray Marcus. Grey shirt, jeans, reflective buckle. He turns to look at the car and the lights flash into his face. Tony is paralyzed for a moment so he keeps driving. Ray continues down the road behind him.

Tony wonders what to do as he sees that just around the next curve is the white trailer. Dark, unlit.

He slows down to a stop and thinks, he slowly moves the car forward and lets a dark clearing and backs the car down a dirt road and turns out his lights. He opens the glove box and pulls. He quietly gets out of the car and waits.

Ray walks up the drive. Tony crouches in the brush with his gun and the flashlight. Ray opens the trailer and goes in Tony stands up and paces. Tim passes. Finally he makes his move.

He creeps through the dirt in front of the trailer. He silently slips up the slope and inside the unlocked door.

In a sudden move he pushes the door open and flashes his light in and there on the bed is Ray, he sits up on his elbows shocked. Tony points the gun directly at him. Ray covers his eyes and squints. Tony flips on the overhead light.

RAY  
Christ. You where's pal?

TONY  
He's on his way.

RAY  
You cop friends?

TONY  
They're around.

RAY  
Are they here?

Ray sits up and looks out of the window.

TONY  
Just me for the moment.

RAY  
You and that fucking gun that you  
don't know how to use. What  
happened to Lou?

TONY  
He's dead.

RAY  
What? That son of a bitch killed  
him! That's big trouble for your  
friend, you know that?

TONY  
I don't think so.

RAY  
And so just what do you want. You  
and your silly.

TONY  
I'm taking you back to the camp.  
Get up.

Ray stands up slowly, he starts to walk toward Tony. Tony  
gestures the gun. Ray laughs.

RAY  
I've seen how handy you are with  
that thing.

TONY

Stand back.

Ray walks toward the door.

RAY

Relax, I ain't gonna hurt you. Just taking my leave. So long old man.

Tony corks the gun.

TONY

Sit the fuck down! If you move toward that door I swear I will kill you.

Ray is stunned by the tone of Tony's voice and backs up to the bed and sits down. Silence. Tony collects himself and pulls up an old wooden chair and sits down with the gun aimed at Ray.

RAY

Listen mister. Why does a nice guy like you keep such bad company handing out with a guy like Andes. He's a crook. He kills people. If I go back to him he will kill me just like he killed Lou. You wouldn't do that to me would you?

TONY

You kill people?

RAY

Aw shit.

TONY

Don't you shit on that. That's why you're here. That's why I'm here. There is no point in denying it. I remember you.

Ray looks at Tony in disgust.

RAY

They had it coming to them. Your fuckin wife. That kid.

Tony is livid. He is invigorated.

TONY

So you admit it.

RAY

You got me wrong. It was an accident.

TONY

What sort of accident?

RAY

Listen mister, I know it's your wife and kid and I sympathize with your loss but that don't excuse how they treated us.

TONY

How they treated you!

RAY

They asked for it

TONY

Exactly what do you mean they asked for it?

RAY

They called us fuckin shitty things, man.

TONY

They were right.

RAY

They thought we was crooks and murderers and rapists from the moment they laid eyes on us. You saw the daughter of yours when we fixed your tire. They acted like we was the scum of the earth. When we got in the car it was like it was the end of the world, like we was going to slit their throats and fuck their dead bodies. I got a certain pride in how people talk to me and there re certain things I don't put up with.

Tony is quietly looming.

TONY

And their suspicions were justified. You murdered and raped them.

RAY

Let me tell you man, when someone accuses me of something, that's an insult. It gives me the right. If my woman accuses me of fucking somebody else, then I go fuck somebody else.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

If your fucking daughter thinks I'm rapist, then she gets raped.

TONY

Nobody gets away with what you did to us.

RAY

They don't? So why don't you just kill me man?

TONY

I will if I have to.

RAY

Come on man, you don't know nothin. It's fun to kill people. You ought to try it sometime.

While he is speaking, Ray is quietly sliding his hand under the pillow on the bed. He has hidden a metal rod of some kind there and we see his finger around the handle.

TONY

You found it fun to kill my wife and daughter.

RAY

Well yeah, I did. That was fun.

Tony is still sitting on the wooden chair across the bed. He cocks the gun and points it at Ray.

TONY

You're fucking sick. You don't deserve to live. Get up. It's time for you to go.

Ray doesn't move.

RAY

I told you, I ain't goin nowhere.

TONY

I think you should go ahead and leave. I dare you.

RAY

I think maybe it's safer just sitting here.

TONY

I don't think its so safe.

RAY

Don't over estimate yourself man.

TONY

Why don't you go then.

Ray survey's Tony and the room. He stands up. One hand is holding the fire poker behind his back.

RAY

Okay. I think I will.

Ray looks Tony in the face. He begins to grin.

RAY (CONT'D)

Your wife. Yeah, I remember your fuckin wife, but you're too much of a fucking pussy to actually do anything about it.

Tony starts to get up suddenly but as he does the gun goes off. It knocks his hand up against his forehead as the chair tilts, and he falls over backward.

RAY (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Ray is hit and grabs at his stomach but is now moving towards Tony with the fire poker in his hand. He swings it towards Tony's face as our screen goes black. Absolute silence.

INT. TRAILER. DAY.

Gradually our sound returns as we hear flies buzzing close by. Our screen shifts from black to warm brown as murky daylight starts to illuminate the image.

Tony is lying on the floor of the trailer. His head is covered in blood that has begun to crust over. As he reaches up in pain we see that there is a bloody gash across Tony's face. His eyes are covered in dry blood and he claws at them until he realizes we realize that he has been blinded. Tony realizes this too.

He feels around and finds the gun. He holds onto it and finds a chair and pulls himself up. Light is now pouring into the room. He manages to get up to his feet.

As he begins to stumble around the room he walks into something. Someone. It is Ray. He is dead and lying in a pool of blood.

Tony bends down and runs his hand over Ray's face and lifts deadweight of the arm. He still holds the fire poker in one hand.

Tony puts the gun in his pocket and finds his way out of the trailer. As he does he falls to the ground.

He drags himself into the brush and towards the road and collapses

We hear a car pass, birds, but no one sees him. He struggles to reach into the air and tries the gun then passes out. Our screen is once again black.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE TRAILER. AFTERNOON.

The sound of insects in the hot afternoon is deafening.

Our camera brushes across the grasses and sage as we see Tony lying in the dirt. He slowly gains consciousness.

VOICE 1  
What are you doing here?

VOICE 2  
Are you sure that's it?

VOICE 1  
Where did he go?

VOICE 2  
Hey Mike! Jesus Christ!

VOICE 1  
Look, bloody tracks.

VOICE 2  
See where they go.

VOICE 1  
They go on down here. I can't see where.

VOICE 2  
Forget it. Let's wait for the others. Call it into Andes.

VOICE 1  
Probably bleeding to death in the brush.

RADIO  
Andes here. Marcus not Hastings?  
Are you sure of that? Where's Hastings?

Cars drive up/ Radios. Footsteps.

ANDES  
Where the fuck did he go?

Tony strains to speak but cannot. He manages to cock the gun and tries to lift it up in the air to attempt to signal the voices. As he rises to his knees he falls back to the ground and onto the gun.

A loud gunshot. He has shot himself in the stomach. He is still alive but begins to lose consciousness.

VOICE 1  
Jesus. What was that?

Our camera slides up Tony's body to see him grasp at his neck for the small gold cross.

A breeze causes a loud brushing sound of the grasses in the wind as the sound of insects rises to a deafening level.

Silence. We hear only the sound of Tony's heartbeat as camera settles on his face.

With each beat we cut back and forth from his face, to that of Susan's as she reads.

Tony's face. Susan's face. Tony's face. Susan's face, until suddenly Tony's heartbeat stops.

Cut to black.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM. LATE NIGHT

Susan's eyes are wet and she is clearly moved. She slips down into the bed and pulls the manuscript to her chest.

SUSAN  
(Under her breath), Oh Edward. What did I do? What did I do to you?

INT. TOWER BAR. LOS ANGELES. PRESENT DAY. DUSK.

Susan walks into the restaurant. She looks especially beautiful and somehow younger.

HOSTESS  
It's good to see you Mrs. Morrow.  
You will be two I believe? I have put you at your regular table.

Susan follows the hostess to a corner banquette by the window. It is dusk and the lights of the city below are beginning to glisten It is a beautiful LA night.

SUSAN  
Thank you. My guest should be along in a few minutes.

HOSTESS

May I get you a drink while you wait?

She smiles at the hostess.

SUSAN

Yes, thank you. Scotch on the rocks.

Susan is seated next to a young couple who are leaning in closely to each other.

Time passes. Lingering shots of Susan. Her hands as she twirls a simple gold band around on her finger. Her legs as they cross and uncross. Long shot of her sitting by herself in a room full of people staring ahead out of the window at the city. It is dark now.

She has finished her drink. She looks at her watch.

HOSTESS

Mrs. Morrow, are you all right? May I get you another drink?

SUSAN

Ah, yes, sure.

Susan checks her phone for messages. There are none.

Time passes. She finished her second drink. The couple next to her has left now and the table is empty.

Long shot of Susan sitting alone in the now almost deserted bar. She sits still looking out over the lights of the city.

Susan Morrow stares straight ahead and into the night. The expression on her face belies her realization that Edward is not coming.

Cut to black.