

NOCTURNAL ANIMALS

By

Tom Ford

Based upon the novel "Tony and Susan"
By Austin Wright

FADE TO BLACK PRODUCTIONS
9120 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles CA
310-278-9440

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Red frizzy hair flies across our screen in slow motion. Glimpses of tinsel, and a transparent peignoir momentarily hide a large pair of sagging breasts swinging from side to side and bouncing up and down. 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 nude woman dressed in nothing but tiny bits of glitter, white vinyl boots and a small tulle cape. She is gyrating madly and flinging her head around in some sort of windstorm. As we pull back further we come to understand that what we are looking at is an art installation: a floor to ceiling LCD screen.

The sound of breathing. A close up of a woman's eyes now fills our screen. SUSAN MORROW, 42, handsome. Sleek. There is a very slight hint of panic on her face as she stares across the crowded, brightly lit room.

Abruptly our sound snaps on at a deafening decibel level as we hear what seems like a thousand voices screaming over each other.

The screens cover the four walls of the gallery and the effect of wall to wall, floor to ceiling breast and ass jiggling is oddly impressive. The obese women on the LCD screens are nude but dressed in bits and pieces of Americana: one is playing the part of a cheerleader with red tinsel pom poms, one a majorette twirling a baton while another wears a beauty queen's ribbon and waves small American flags. They taunt us and tease us.

On raised plinths scattered around the room are incredibly life like sculptures of seemingly the same corpulent women on our video screens. These women appear to be dead and are lying face down. Nude except for jewelry, shoes and small bits of tinsel wrapped around their ankles and waists.

The room is jammed with people laughing and talking. The crowd is a collection of what passes in contemporary Los Angeles culture as the chic and fashionable. Photographers track several of the guests as the flash of their cameras heightens the excitement in the room.

OUR CAMERA GLIDES HIGH ABOVE THE ROOM CAPTURING THE CROWD AND THE WOMEN ON THEIR PLINTHS.

2 EXT. FREEWAY, LOS ANGELES - HIGH ABOVE THE TRAFFIC. EVENING 2
-- CONTINUOUS.

OUR CAMERA HOVERS HIGH ABOVE THE CROWDED FREEWAYS OF LOS ANGELES.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH FROM OVERHEAD SHOTS OF THE NUDE WOMEN ON PLINTHS TO OVERHEAD SHOTS OF THE CROWDED FREEWAYS OF LOS ANGELES AS NIGHTFALL SLOWLY OVERTAKES THE CITY.

3 INT. MORROW GALLERY, LOS ANGELES. NIGHT -- LATER. 3

Silence. The gallery is now empty. A small crew of men in white shirts and dark ties clear away the last traces of the party. Susan is sitting on one of the plinths deep in thought. A nude sculpture lying face down is behind her. The women on the screens continue to gyrate on all four walls.

4 EXT. FREEWAY, LOS ANGELES - HIGH ABOVE THE TRAFFIC. NIGHT 4
-- LATER.

Susan's car weaves it's way through the night.

5 EXT. MORROW RESIDENCE, LOS ANGELES. NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER. 5

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

As the gates lock in place, another car pulls into the driveway. The glare of the headlights blinds us so that we cannot make out anything but the silhouette of the driver. We see clearly however from the large logo on the hubcap that the car is a vintage dark brown Mercedes. The car door opens as the driver lowers his foot onto the gravel drive.

We cut back to the house to see Susan's silhouette as she walks towards the front door. The house is dimly lit and seemingly empty.

6 EXT. LOS ANGELES. THE NEXT DAY -- MORNING. 6

SEVERAL SHOTS OF THE LOS ANGELES SKYLINE REVEAL A FOGGY GREY MORNING.

7 EXT. MORROW RESIDENCE, LOS ANGELES. MORNING -- CONTINUOUS. 7

Our camera glides across the surface of a black swimming pool littered with leaves. We pull back to reveal a vast unkempt lawn and a large Jeff Koons "Balloon Dog" sculpture on a plinth. There are tools, equipment and a small crane next to the sculpture. Despite the neglected feeling of the grounds the house is impressive. Long, low, and elegant.

8 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE, LOS ANGELES. MORNING -- CONTINUOUS. 8

We move into the living room which is an expanse of grey carpet and low velvet sofas. There are several very large art crates lining the hall. The house is beautiful but cold and empty.

Our camera moves down a long corridor towards a door at the end. The hallway seems endless. A large white Calder mobile moves slowly over a fireplace at the end of the hall as the breeze from the air-conditioner stirs it.

Susan stands underneath the Calder in front of an enormous television with a remote control in her hand. Pressing it over and over.

As we approach the door the sound of the television becomes louder and louder. We can hear two women's voices as they shriek with laughter.

TELEVISION VOICE 1

And all that décolletage of yours should get you more dickoletage than that dude's got! And as I can recall, you were the one that told me that when he came it was as thin as coconut water! Honey, that's a deal breaker for me!

TELEVISION VOICE 2

It was that thin.

TELEVISION VOICE 1

Well I see we're settling for less
now!

The women break into hysterical laughter once again.

We cut to Susan's face. Her mouth literally hangs open as she 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.

9 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - ENTRY HALL. MORNING -- CONTINUOUS. 9

CHRISTOPHER, 38, wearing a dark suit and tie is placing the mail on a small desk.

CHRISTOPHER

Mrs. Morrow, a package arrived for you. I found it in the mailbox this morning. May I ask you who you would like on duty this weekend?

SUSAN

Actually, why don't you give everyone the weekend off.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you sure?

SUSAN

Yes. We might go to the beach house and if not it might be nice to have the weekend alone.

CHRISTOPHER

I'll let everyone know.

SUSAN

Thank you.

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

Susan begins to rip the wrapping off of the box. As she does she cuts her finger on the edge of the paper.

She winces, looks at the blood and then quickly puts her finger in her mouth.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Damn it. Christopher, I'm sorry but could you help me open this? I just cut my finger. Paper cut.

CHRISTOPHER

Of course.

SUSAN

Thank you.

Christopher rips the paper off of the package. Inside is a neat grey linen archival box and a hand written note.

CHRISTOPHER

There's a note.

SUSAN

It's okay. You can 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.

SUSAN

Go ahead.

CHRISTOPHER

In the end you left me with the inspiration that I needed to write from the heart. I wanted you to be the first to read it so I am sending along a proof.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
 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
 are below.

Edward.

Susan stands stunned for a moment.

SUSAN
 Thanks.

Christopher places the note back on the box and leaves the
 room. Susan's gaze is transfixed as she stares down at the
 note.

She picks up the box and carries it into the kitchen.

10 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN. MORNING -- CONTINUOUS. 10

HUTTON MORROW, 44 years old, tall, athletic and well groomed,
 dressed in a crisp white button down shirt, blue blazer and
 grey pants, enters the room. Hutton's face gives away the
 fact that he has not slept.

Susan is washing the cut on her finger at the sink.

HUTTON
 Good morning.

SUSAN
 Good morning.

HUTTON
 What is that?

SUSAN
 It's a manuscript that Edward sent
 me. He wrote a novel.

HUTTON
 Edward who?

SUSAN
 Edward, my first husband. Remember
 him?

HUTTON

I didn't know he could write.

SUSAN

Yes you did. He was writing a novel when you and got together, you just don't remember.

HUTTON

Have you even talked to him in 20 years?

SUSAN

19. No. I tried calling him a couple of times a few years ago but he just hung up on me. I think he's teaching English at some prep school in Dallas. It's sad really. He never remarried.

Hutton is not really listening. He is putting a Nespresso pod into the coffee machine.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Where were you last night? You didn't come by the gallery.

HUTTON

I'm sorry. Really. By the time I left the office I was late for my dinner...

SUSAN

It would have taken you 15 minutes. 15 minutes and it would have meant a lot to me. (Pause) Never mind.

She turns away from him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You didn't come to bed last night.

HUTTON

I didn't want to wake you up.

SUSAN

Well, I wasn't asleep. I was too wound up from the opening.

Hutton tosses his newspaper on the counter and begins to read.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
It went well by the way.
Apparently.

HUTTON
Good.

Susan crosses the room to Hutton.

SUSAN
Look. Why don't you and I go to the beach. We can go tonight and come back on Monday. Maybe if we just spent some time, just the two of us...

Susan glances up at him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Why are you wearing this blazer on a Saturday?

HUTTON
Because I have to go to the office and then I have to go to the airport and then I have to go back to New York.

SUSAN
You just came from there.

HUTTON
Yes, I know. But I have to go if I want to get this deal done. I don't want to have to sell anything else.

Hutton is ripping a packet of sweetener open and he spills it on the counter.

HUTTON (CONT'D)
Shit.

Susan begins sweeping it away.

SUSAN
It's okay.

Susan looks at crate in the hall.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You know, the strange thing is that I don't really care about all of this art.

HUTTON

That doesn't sound like you.

SUSAN

I know. But it's true.

HUTTON

I care. It pisses me off.

SUSAN

I know you do.

She pauses a moment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I can fill the walls with some new LA artists and people will think we're ahead of the curve instead of going broke. You won't have to be embarrassed.

Hutton glares at her as she walks away.

11 EXT. HOLT RESIDENCE, BEL AIR CALIFORNIA. THAT NIGHT. 11

Susan and Hutton get out of their car. A black vintage Bentley coupe. There are several impressive and flashy cars parked in front of the door.

12 INT. HOLT RESIDENCE, BEL AIR CALIFORNIA. NIGHT -- 12
CONTINUOUS.

We enter the house. It is beautiful and expensive. The art on the walls 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 into a room filled with a small group of people. All know each other well. Susan and Hutton are greeted with cheek kisses.

Susan stands talking with ALESSIA HOLT, 38, dressed in a kaftan and covered in gold and turquoise jewelry. She is tall, 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 quality about her. The two women are clearly close as is evident by their easy rapport.

ALESSIA

Are things a little better?

SUSAN

He's just having a hard time with his business right now.

They glance across the room at Hutton who is speaking with CARLOS HOLT early 50's, silver hair, tall and elegant.

ALESSIA

Carlos told me.

SUSAN

I'm surprised. I thought we were hiding it pretty well. Hutton would be very upset to find out that anyone knew. He just hates 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? You should because he's a genius.

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

Alessia reaches out and touches Susan's arm.

ALESSIA (CONT'D)

Susan, I'm worried about you.

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

ALESSIA (CONT'D)

Seriously, look at me. You scared me the last time that we talked.

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

SUSAN

I'm fine. I'm fine. I just can't believe I told you all of those things. I feel embarrassed about it. What right do I have to not be happy? I have everything. I feel ungrateful not to be happy.

ALESSIA

As much right as anyone Susan. As much right as anyone because it's all relative. You're just awfully hard on yourself.

Susan looks across the room at Carlos.

SUSAN

How do you do it?

ALESSIA

You mean with Carlos? I'm totally cool with it. Having a gay husband is not such a bad thing. We're best friends. We love each other completely. I'm certainly the only woman in his life. And that lasts longer than lust doesn't it? It's forever really.

Alessia glances towards Hutton.

SUSAN

Hutton and I don't have that.

ALESSIA

Did you ever?

SUSAN

I think we just want different things. Or maybe I want different things.

ALESSIA

Do you still love him?

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

SUSAN

I'm being summoned. Pardon me. He has to catch a plane. I need to say goodbye.

Susan crosses the room to Hutton and leads him to the door. Alessia stares after her.

13 EXT. HOLT RESIDENCE, BEL AIR CALIFORNIA. NIGHT -- 13
CONTINUOUS.

We are on the front steps of the house. There is a black Mercedes and driver waiting for Hutton.

SUSAN

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

HUTTON

We need this.

SUSAN

No, you need this.

She leans in to kiss him on the cheek. She watches the car pull out of the driveway and goes back into the house.

14 INT. HOLT RESIDENCE, BEL AIR CALIFORNIA. NIGHT -- LATER. 14

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

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, "well 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 burst into hysterical laughter. Susan turns back to Carlos.

SUSAN

I've got to get some Pam. And she is going to get a nomination this year.

CARLOS

A nomination? She is going to win!

They both look towards Chloe.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Let's talk about your opening. My favorite subject.

SUSAN

Not mine.

CARLOS

The opening was spectacular last night.

SUSAN

Really? Is that what you thought?

CARLOS

You didn't?

SUSAN

No.

CARLOS

I loved it. I thought the work was incredibly strong. So perfect with all of 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 that they don't.

CARLOS

Susan, 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.

15 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BATHROOM. NIGHT -- LATER. 15

Susan is dressed for bed. She looks in the mirror for a moment. She opens her medicine cabinet and takes two different pills.

16 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT -- MINUTES 16 LATER.

One 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 picks up the manuscript and opens it to the first page.

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

She begins to read...

17 EXT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE, HOUSTON TEXAS. PRESENT DAY -- 17
DUSK.

We are in the driveway of a modest but well designed ranch styled 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 dressed in jeans and a red plaid shirt. INDIA HASTINGS, 16, is helping him. She is tall and slim with long red hair.

INDIA

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

TONY

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

INDIA

It has a terrible sound system.

She throws a bag in the trunk.

TONY

Well you'll have to suffer through that.

He lifts a pair of riding boots into the back of the car.

TONY (CONT'D)

You have two sets of boots India?

INDIA

Do we really have to stop tonight?
I'd rather just get there.

TONY

Ask your mother. She's the boss.

LAURA HASTINGS, 40, shoulder length red hair, slim and pretty like her daughter, comes out of the house with a small bag. She gets into the car.

LAURA

I set the alarm.

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

18 INT. HASTINGS CAR. NIGHT -- LATER.

18

India is texting in the back seat.

TONY

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

INDIA

I did. But what are we supposed to do, sing campfire songs or something?

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

About three and a half hours.

INDIA

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

TONY

Two of the things I love most about west Texas; no phones and no people.

19 INT. HASTINGS CAR. NIGHT -- LATER

19

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

Tony looks over at Laura and touches her cheek. She opens her eyes for a moment, smiles at him and kisses his hand.

Straight ahead on the highway, Tony sees two sets of tail lights blocking both lanes of the road. Tony has to slow his speed and he gets behind the car on the left and waits. Both cars are now slowing down even more.

TONY

Come on.

Tony presses his horn lightly. Laura and India wake up. The car in the left lane, an old dark green metallic Pontiac GTO with a dented fender finally pulls ahead and Tony follows. He zooms past the first car, an old dark red Cadillac convertible, and gets back into the right lane as the green GTO speeds off into the distance. The Cadillac falls behind.

The GTO in front now begins to slow down as well. As Tony passes the car the driver leans back into his seat and laughs. There are two other men in the car but we cannot see their faces.

INDIA

Total Jerks.

TONY

Are we rid of them?

India gives them the finger from the rear window.

LAURA

India, don't do that!

TONY

What? What did she do?

LAURA

She just gave them the finger.

The driver of the green GTO now steps on the gas and begins to gain on Tony.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Tony! Speed up.

INDIA

Shit!

LAURA
No. I don't like this.

TONY
It's alright.

LAURA
Just speed up. Tony!

The dark green GTO is now honking and roars up beside the family.

INDIA
Shit.

LAURA
Just let them go. Let them go.

The three men in the car are staring at the family and laughing.

TONY
India, don't look at them. Don't give them any reason.

The man in the passenger side of the car is looking at India with a lascivious grin on his face. The other men in the car are laughing.

INDIA
Why is he smiling like that?

Suddenly the green GTO lunges sideways towards Tony's car, forcing him to swerve. The GTO then pulls in front of the Mercedes and cuts them off.

TONY
He's crazy.

LAURA
Oh my god.

Tony pulls out to pass the car but as he does the car in front swings left to block his way and Tony hits his brakes. As Tony swerves back to the right the GTO cuts him off again, preventing him from passing. In a surge of rage Tony steps on the gas.

A loud metallic crashing noise. He hits them.

TONY

Fuck.

Tony, shocked at what has just happened steps on the gas, and gets around the other car. As he passes the GTO the driver is waving madly and screaming at him to pull over and stop.

LAURA

Oh god, Tony.

The lights of the GTO grow distant as Tony speeds away. The car is quiet as the family sit stunned at what just happened.

TONY

India, is your phone working yet?

INDIA

No, but I took down their license number.

As Tony checks his rear view mirror he sees a pair of headlights beginning to gain on him.

TONY

No.

Laura looks in the side view mirror and sees the car approaching.

LAURA

Oh no.

The GTO now roars up beside them on the left and the guy in the passenger seat is waving his arms violently at them, shouting, shaking his fist and pointing. The car swerves towards them and tries to force Tony onto the shoulder. Tony keeps his foot on the peddle and keeps his hands gripped firmly on the steering wheel.

The green GTO suddenly rams into the Mercedes, pulls back and then rams them again and again forcing Tony to move towards the shoulder of the road as he begins to loose control of the car.

Another crashing sound against his left fender and he feels the damage. The GTO pushes against him continuously and holds steady. The loud raw grating noise of metal ripping at metal is deafening.

Tony's steering wheel begins to rattle and shake as the other car forces him off of the road and lands in front of him in a cloud of dust and gravel.

20 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT -- 20
CONTINUOUS.

Shaken by what she has just read, Susan tries to catch her breath. She turns the page...

21 EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS. 21

As the dust settles as we can see clearly that the Hasting's car is blocked in by the other car. Laura looks back to make sure that India is okay as the second car, the convertible that was lagging behind, comes into sight. We see the wide grin of the shirtless driver as the car slows and then speeds away.

The family sits in shock trying to figure out what to do.

The driver's side of the old Buick opens and a man, RAY MARCUS late 20s, rough looking yet surprisingly handsome, 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.

TONY

Sit still. They've probably got a gun.

LAURA

Please Tony. Pull out.

TONY

I can't move. He's blocked the car.

The man walks around to the back of his car to survey the damage. He begins to talk to the man in the front passenger seat.

TONY (CONT'D)

What's he doing?

He then walks over to Tony's car. Slowly. He is wearing a western shirt, jeans and bright green cowboy boots. He looks at the front of Tony's car and comes to the window.

LAURA
Don't get out of the car.

TONY
I'm not getting out of the car
sweetheart.

Ray motions for Tony to roll down his window. Tony does this
reluctantly.

RAY
Good evenin.

Ray smiles.

TONY
Good evening.

RAY
You're supposed to stop when there
is an accident.

TONY
I know that.

RAY
Then why didn't you stop then?

The man leans down and looks inside the car at Laura and
India. India is trying to get a signal with her phone again.

RAY (CONT'D)
That won't work. No signal here.

He looks at Tony again.

RAY (CONT'D)
You're not supposed to leave the
scene of an accident. It's a crime.

LAURA
After the way you were driving?

TONY
Laura...

RAY
What did you say?

Ray's hand is resting on top of the Mercedes. He is tapping his fingers on the roof of the car over and over. We can see clearly the twinkle of a pink diamond heart shaped girl's ring on his little finger. His dirty nails are long and that of someone who plays the guitar. He has the swagger of a seventies rock star.

LAURA

Just that the way you were driving
was crazy.

Ray bangs his hand on the roof of the car and spits.

RAY

Hey Turk!

The doors on the right side of the Buick open and the two men get out. TURK who is the smallest of the three and LOU who is tall and thin with a dead look in his eyes. Both men wear old baseball hats.

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

LAURA

Don't come any closer.

TONY

Alright sweetheart, it's alright.

The other men begin approaching the car.

LAURA

You know what, please just get back
in your car. Leave us alone.

RAY

Lady, lady, lady... Calm down. We
got an accident to report, that's
all.

One of the men shines his flashlight at Laura.

LAURA

Leave us alone.

TONY

It's just a flashlight sweetheart.
It's just a flashlight. It's
alright.

RAY
Jesus Christ.

The other two men 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
Okay. All right. Let's exchange information.

RAY
Information? Let's exchange information?

Ray lowers himself down on his knees and rests his arms across the car door. He smiles.

TONY
Yeah. Alright. Open up the glove compartment sweetheart.

RAY
Let's exchange information. Okay. I'm a Gemini, my favorite color is petal pink, and I like long walks and kittens.

Ray breaks into hysterical laughter as he claws with his nails at the window imitating a kitten. The family sits dumbstruck, as the other men laugh along with Ray.

TONY
You know what, we should call the police.

RAY
Oh? It's a great idea. It was your fuckin fault, right?

LAURA
It doesn't matter whose fault it was Tony.

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

TURK
Hey Ray, this guy's got a flat
tire.

TONY
Oh come on!

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

RAY
Well what do you know? Well sure
thing.

TONY
What?

Someone kicks the tire and the car rocks a bit.

INDIA
Don't believe it, dad.

The three men come to the driver's window.

RAY
Yep. Your left tire is flat, sure
is.

TURK
Flat as a pancake.

RAY
You must have busted it when you
was shoving us off the road.

Someone cackles.

LAURA
We did not shove you off the road!
You shoved us off the road!

TONY
Shhh. Be quiet.

INDIA
(Quietly) It's a lie.

RAY
You think I'm a liar?

TONY
She's just a child.

RAY
You think I'm a liar!

TONY
No. She's not saying that man.
She's just a child.

He waves the other guys back.

RAY
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!

LAURA
Oh god! Oh god! What are we going
to do Tony? What are we going to
do?

TONY
It's alright. It's okay.

LAURA
It's not okay. We're in the middle
of nowhere. What are we going to
do?

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

TURK
Yeah. Sure.

LAURA
Really?

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

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 who is lighting a cigarette.

RAY

You cain't change a tire without a spare.

TURK

You wanna give me the keys to the trunk?

LAURA

No.

INDIA

No, dad.

Turk looks at India for a long time. Staring. Looking her up and down.

TURK

Who the fuck do you think you are?

TONY

Just pop the trunk open for me
Laura.

Tony gets out of the car and lifts out the suitcases and boxes in the light of the flashlight held by Turk, until they get at the spare tire.

Ray taking a drag off of his cigarette begins dancing next to the car.

TURK

Get the women outta the car.

RAY

Come on, get em out.

Tony stares blankly at Ray as he weighs this in his mind. Ray is becoming irritated.

RAY (CONT'D)

Come on man! We gotta lift your car up on a jack so get um out.

Tony looks around surveying the situation.

RAY (CONT'D)

Dude! We gotta lift your wife and your child and your car? Get your women out of the car!

Tony looks at his wife and daughter. He clocks the man with the crowbar and the other with the wrench.

TONY

It's all right honey. They just want you out while they fix the tire.

Laura and India get out and stand near the door of the car. The men begin raising the car and loosening the flat tire.

Ray is kicking the luggage around at the back of the car inspecting it with the toe of his cowboy boot. He looks up at Tony.

RAY

Come over here.

Tony walks towards him .

RAY (CONT'D)

You seen what you did to my car? You think you're fuckin hot shit don't you?

TONY

What are you talking about?

RAY
They definitely think they're
fuckin hot shit.

TONY
Who?

RAY
Are you serious. Your bitches man,
who else? You too. You think you're
somthin special, you can bump 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?

The flashing blue lights of a police car suddenly appear. The car is moving at very high speed, clearly on a call. Tony steps towards the road and waves his arms. Laura and India run towards the road screaming. They are too late and shout frantically into the night as the police car speeds off into the distance. Ray holds his breath for a moment and then he and the other two men start laughing.

RAY (CONT'D)
There goes your cops. You should
have tried harder to stop them. But
that's okay. We'll take good care
of you.

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 India tapping his feet and murmuring under his breath.

RAY (CONT'D)
(Murmuring) Fuckin bitches. Fuckin
god damned uppity bitches. Fuck
you. I'll teach you a thing or two.
Fuck you...

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

RAY (CONT'D)
What are you looking at? 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 to where we are going.

RAY
And where's that?

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. The man moves closer to Tony and brings his face level with his. Tony takes a step backwards and Ray closes the gap. Ray leans forward forcing Tony to lean back.

RAY (CONT'D)
I said, what's in Marfa? Hey mother fucker.

Ray takes hold of Tony's crotch and shoves him.

TONY
Hey, let go of me.

INDIA
Leave my dad alone, asshole!

LAURA
India...

RAY
Fuck you, baby.

LAURA
She didn't mean that. She's just a
kid.

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

Turk grabs Tony and pushes him backwards as Ray shoves India up against the car.

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

INDIA
What is it to you anyway?

Tony is now fighting to get to India as Turk pushes him back with a crowbar.

RAY
Come on baby, we're nice guys.
We're fixin your tire.

Ray begins to dance in front of India, trapping her at the door of the car.

RAY (CONT'D)
Wanna dance? Wanna dance?

Ray looks towards Tony who is still struggling with Turk to get towards his daughter.

TONY
Let her go!

RAY
Look at him. Your daddy thinks he's
so much better than me. What do you
think?

India looks him straight in the eyes.

INDIA
Well he is.

RAY

Look at him. He's a wimp. A total pussy.

TONY

Get your hands off of her!

INDIA

You're scum, you know.

Ray takes a step towards India. Laura steps in between but he pushes her aside. He puts his hands on the girl's shoulders. Instantly Laura is on him hitting 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. Tony falls to the ground. 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, we're fixin your god damned tire!

He walks around to the other two men. Laura wraps her arms around India and tries to calm her down. Tony struggles to get up from the pavement, his nose bleeding profusely.

RAY (CONT'D)

(To Tony) You all right over there?
Need a tissue?

Ray walks over to Tony who is now standing holding onto his nose as the blood runs down his face.

RAY (CONT'D)

God damn! That looks bad!

He turns towards Laura and India.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey honey! You got a tampon? Your nose looks like shit!

TONY

I'm fine.

RAY

I mean it looks like shit.

TONY

I'm fine.

The men have finished with the car. Ray looks over at them.

RAY

Are we good? We're good. We're set. We're good to go.

TONY

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

RAY

And why do you want to get further up the road? So you can leave the scene of an accident again?

Ray moves closer to Tony.

INDIA

Leave him alone!

Ray looks over at India and stares at her for a moment. He then turns back to Tony.

RAY

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

TONY

In our cars.

RAY

Which car?

TONY

Both cars.

RAY

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

TONY

What?

RAY

You heard me. I know what you're
doin. I know what your plan is.

TONY

What is the matter?

RAY

Don't try no fucking shit with me.

TONY

What is the matter? What the fuck
is wrong with you?

RAY

How do I know that you ain't gonna
just floor the gas and leave me in
the dust.

TONY

Alright fine. Get in your car and
we'll follow you there.

RAY

Fuck you! No way! You go in my car.

TONY

What?

INDIA

No!

LAURA

No. No way.

RAY

You come with us.

TONY

No. I'm not going to do that.

RAY

Okay fine. You drive your car and
the girl comes with us.

Ray starts to move around the back of the car towards Laura and India. Lou moves towards Tony to hold him back. Laura tries to push Ray away from India but is blocked by Turk who throws her to the ground. Ray picks India up and begins to carry her to the front of the car. The two women begin screaming as the situation becomes more violent. Tony finally breaks free from Lou and moves in towards the car only to be held back once again.

TONY

Stop! What are you doing! Stop! Get
your hands off of them!

India breaks free and runs down the road as Ray stands catching his breath. He calls after her as he rubs his crotch.

RAY

Bye bye sweetheart. I love you!

TONY

India!

Laura is still struggling with Turk as Lou releases Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)

Get your hands off of her!

Laura breaks free and runs towards India. Ray looks towards Tony who is now slowly wandering down the road towards Laura and India. He is dazed.

RAY

Look what you gone and did!

He looks towards Laura.

RAY (CONT'D)

Is she the boss? Is she the boss of
your family?

TONY

Laura!

As Tony moves towards his wife and daughter Ray follows and drops down to his knees in front of Tony.

RAY

Have you got a vagina? Have you got
a fuckin vagina there?

Ray flattens himself on the road and begins fucking the pavement.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey, vagina boy! Vagina boy!

Tony finally snaps, moves quickly to Ray and screams at the top of his voice.

TONY

Stay away! Stay away! Stay the fuck
away!

Ray is now right in Tony's face as the two men stand screaming at each other. Laura runs to the car and shouts at Tony and India to get in the car.

LAURA

Tony! Tony! Get in the car!

There is a rush of motion, the men are startled, India runs to the car and makes 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.

Ray has now moved away from Tony and towards the Mercedes.

RAY

Hey! Here we go! Go in both cars!
Hey Lou!

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.

As Tony looks up, he sees Turk reach around and unlock the back door as India 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.

INDIA

Dad! Dad!

Tony stares at what is happening in complete disbelief. He freezes and stands for a moment paralyzed. India's scream pierces the silence of the night and finally pulls him back to reality. He snaps to and moves towards the car but immediately Lou is upon him.

With a violent roar the car pulls onto the highway and speeds away.

TONY

No! No!

Tony sees the horrified faces of his wife and daughter as the car rushes away. India'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.

TONY (CONT'D)

No! No! No!

22 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT -- 22
CONTINUOUS.

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.

She picks up her phone and dials.

23 INT. HOTEL, NEW YORK. EARLY MORNING -- CONTINUOUS. 23

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

HUTTON

Susan?

SUSAN

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

HUTTON

I didn't want to wake you. It's 4 o'clock in the morning there.

(MORE)

HUTTON (CONT'D)
 Why are you still up? Take one of
 those pills.

SUSAN
 Where are you?

HUTTON
 Walking in the door of the hotel.

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

ELEVATOR OPERATOR
 What floor sir?

HUTTON
 31 please.

Susan overhears this.

SUSAN
 That's not our usual floor.

HUTTON
 Our regular room wasn't available.
 You should have seen the scene that
 I caused in the lobby.

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. I hate that flight.
 It's too short to really...

ELEVATOR OPERATOR
 31, Madam.

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

24

Susan clocks the "Madam".

HUTTON

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

Long pause as we watch Susan's face.

HUTTON (CONT'D)

Susan?

Susan does not answer.

HUTTON (CONT'D)

Susan? Can you hear me?

SUSAN

Yes. I heard you. Get some sleep.

She hangs up the phone.

Susan sits staring into space, on the edge of her bed. She closes her eyes.

25 EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT.

25

Tony and Lou run towards the GTO as the dust still lingers from the other car.

LOU

You drive.

Tony gets into the dark green car. Lou sits next to him on the passenger side. Tony starts the car as quickly as he can and speeds off after the Mercedes.

He reaches an exit.

TONY

Is this the exit?

LOU

The exit for what?

TONY

For Bailey?

LOU

Keep going.

The car bounces off of the pavement on to a dirt road. As they round a corner they pass an old abandoned adobe church.

Tony slows the car.

LOU (CONT'D)
Keep going. Speed up.

They pass through a chain link gate onto an even less traveled road.

TONY
What the fuck are you doing to us?

LOU
Here. Turn down here.

Tony stops the car.

TONY
Look, fuck you. I'm not going down that road!

LOU
Listen mister. You wanna see your wife and kid? Then turn down that road.

Tony hangs his head.

LOU (CONT'D)
You gonna cry now?

Tony slowly raises his head, and steps on the gas. As their car makes the turn the lights illuminate the brush for just an instant. There is an old trailer off of the side of the road. 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. Keep goin.

Tony continues to drive.

LOU (CONT'D)
I don't think you need to worry about your wife and kid. 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 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 were the tracks disappear into the grass. The site is littered with beer bottles and a few shotgun cartridges. Tony comes to a stop.

LOU (CONT'D)

Well, looks like we run outta road. They ain't here. Wonder if I made a mistake. It's time for you to get out now okay?

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

LOU (CONT'D)

GET 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, and starts back up the deserted road. Tony chases after the car and bangs on the door as Lou kicks the dust up in Tony's face.

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 into his legs.

26

EXT. DESERT, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT -- LATER.

26

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.

As he does we see lights coming along down the dirt road. The car stops at the clearing where Tony was kicked out. Two men get out. Although it is not completely clear, the car looks like Tony's Mercedes.

Tony sees the beam of a flashlight and flattens himself reflexively behind a large boulder and a clump of brush at the edge of the arroyo.

RAY

What did you fuckin leave him out here for?

LOU

Hey mister! Your wife wants you!

Tony holds still.

RAY

Get back in the fuckin car.

LOU

Mister? Your wife wants you.

Silence. Footsteps in the brush very close by.

LOU (CONT'D)

Mister! Ah Shit!

The men get back in the car and slam the doors. 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.

Tony stays flat against the ground. Silence. The sounds of the desert. In the distance the whooshing sound seems louder than before.

Tony pulls himself up and starts walking towards the sound.

As Tony walks through the desert brush the sky begins to lighten a bit to a deep violet.

Tony climbs down an arroyo and crawls under a barbed wire fence. As he does he falls to the ground and twists his ankle. The sky is beginning to turn a light pink.

27 EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS. DAWN -- LATER. 27

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 and begins banging on the door furiously. A woman in shorts answers. We hear a baby crying in the background.

TONY
May I use your phone?

28 INT. POLICE STATION, WEST TEXAS. LATER THAT MORNING 28

Tony sits in a glassed in room starrng into space.

29 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 29

Susan lies on her bed deep in thought. She is holding onto a small gold cross around her neck. "Nocturnal Animals" lies next to her.

30 INT. POLICE STATION, WEST TEXAS. MORNING -- CONTINUOUS. 30

LIEUTENANT GRAVES, heavy set, 60s, asks Tony questions.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

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

TONY

I was afraid of that.

Tony, bleary eyed, stares off in the distance.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

There's a motel across the street. Have you got any money?

TONY

I have credit cards.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

It's still early Mr. Hastings. We'll call if we get anything.

- 31 EXT. MOTEL, WEST TEXAS. DUSK. 31
The neon sign in front of the motel flicks on.
- 32 INT. MOTEL, WEST TEXAS. TONY'S ROOM - BATHROOM. NIGHT. 32
Tony is attempting to lie comfortably in the tiny tub of his motel room. He is washing the blood and dirt off of 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. He begins to cry softly.
- 33 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BATHROOM. NIGHT. 33
Susan lies in her tub with her eyes open. Thinking. There is only a dim light in the room coming from the open door.
- 34 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING. 34
Susan lies on her bed motionless, staring at the ceiling. It is another grey foggy LA day.
- 35 INT. MOTEL, WEST TEXAS. TONY'S ROOM. DAY. 35
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

This is Lieutenant Graves. They found your car over in a washed out arroyo at Topping.

TONY

What about my wife and daughter?

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

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

Tony flinches.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES (CONT'D)

We're turning this case over to Lieutenant Andes. Can he pick you up in a few minutes?

TONY

I'm ready now.

36

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT, WEST TEXAS. DAY -- LATER.

36

A police car sits in front of the motel office. A tall slim man in a western jacket and a cowboy hat is standing at the back of the car smoking. This is BOBBY ANDES, late 40s, weathered face, faded brown hair, with a mustache. He is imposing.

ANDES

Glad to meetcha. I'm Bobby Andes. I look into things around here.

TONY

You found my car?

ANDES

They found it in a creek bed.

He takes a drag of his cigarette as he surveys Tony.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Tell you what. If we take 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.

37 INT. POLICE CAR, WEST TEXAS HIGHWAY. DAY -- MINUTES LATER. 37

The man in uniform drives fast. Clearly used to driving like a cop. No one speaks. Bobby Andes is sitting in the passenger seat and Tony in the back. The loudspeaker chatters with radio police voices. Bobby turns the sound down.

ANDES

It's my understanding that these fellas didn't have any guns.

Tony looks down.

TONY

No.

Andes stares at Tony for a moment.

ANDES

Alright. Let's get some things straight. You say this fella named Lou 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 car 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 to them?

Tony looks down at his lap.

TONY

I don't know why I didn't go.

ANDES

Do you think they were with them?

They drive by an old red billboard, glowing brightly in the harsh sunlight.

TONY

I don't know. I didn't think so then. I thought if they were she would have called out. I don't know why I didn't go. Something held me back.

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 down 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 minutes.

TONY

Stop the car! 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?

38 EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

38

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.

ANDES

This is part of the old Valdes place. There's a cattle station down that way a bit next to where they burn their garbage. This road leads to it.

39 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. MORNING -- 39
CONTINUOUS.

Susan is in her bed reading and is clearly engrossed. She is nervously fondling the gold cross around her neck.

40 EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - OLD VALDES PLACE, WEST TEXAS. DAY -- 40
LATER.

Tony is standing stunned. His eyes are wet. In the distance there is a three sided concrete pen filled with what is left of burned garbage. In the middle of the garbage is a charred and ripped red velvet sofa that someone has thrown out. Lying on the sofa we see what seems to be a pair of naked lovers intertwined. They do not move. Their white skin gleams in the hot sun.

Tony begins to move slowly towards the lovers and lowers himself to his knees in front of them.

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

Tony is in shock and can't speak. Bobby lowers India's head carefully back onto the arm of the sofa and climbs over slowly to the other side. He pushes the other body back gently by the shoulders. Tony stares at the dark red hair.

He sees Laura's mouth 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. The eyes fixed. Bobby does not answer.

41 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. MORNING -- 41
CONTINUOUS.

Susan gasps as she continues to fondle the gold cross around her neck. She closes the book. Her breathing is rapid and she slowly collects herself.

Susan picks up the phone on her night table and dials.

42 INT. BOARDING SCHOOL DORM ROOM, OJAI CALIFORNIA. MORNING 42
-- CONTINUOUS.

SAMANTHA MORROW, 16, pale white skin and long red 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? Is everything all right?

43 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. MORNING -- 43
CONTINUOUS.

SUSAN

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

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

You woke me up. I'm still in bed. It's Sunday morning mom. Can I call you later?

SUSAN

Yeah. I'm sorry sweetheart. 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

Yeah. Me too. I'll call you later.

Susan hangs up. She stares ahead but can only see the image of Tony kneeling in front of the bodies on the sofa. She closes her eyes.

44 FLASHBACK - EXT. 5TH AVENUE, NEW YORK. NOVEMBER 1996 -- 44
EVENING.

Susan at 22 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. 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. It is striking how much Edward looks like Tony from "Nocturnal Animals" although he has lighter 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. As always.

They kiss on the cheek. As they do, Edward pulls her close. 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? 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. Are you still at Yale becoming a great artist?

SUSAN

Columbia graduate school. Art History.

They look silently at each other for a moment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Do you know anyone here?

EDWARD

Just you.

SUSAN

Would you like to have dinner?

EDWARD

Absolutely.

SUSAN

Walk me home and I'll drop these off.

Edward takes her shopping bags.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. I miss Texas men.

45 FLASHBACK - INT. MR. CHOW RESTAURANT, NEW YORK. LATER THAT 45 EVENING.

Susan and Edward are finished with dinner and 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. I really only spent so much time with your brother to be around you.

SUSAN

And you were his first crush.

EDWARD

What? I had no idea Cooper was gay.

SUSAN

I don't think he did either. Then. But he was obsessed with you. 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 few years. I haven't been a very good friend. I hope that I didn't hurt him.

SUSAN

You're good you know. Most guys would be freaked out to find out that their best friend had been in love with them. Call him, he'd like that. My parents have basically disowned him. They don't really speak anymore.

EDWARD

Why?

SUSAN

Are you kidding? You know my parents. Religious, conservative, sexist, racist, materialistic, Republican, narcissistic.

EDWARD

What do you really think Susan?

SUSAN

It's true. They're pretty narrow. They look at us as just an extension of themselves. They can't accept Cooper for who he is. I'm not sure how I will fare.

EDWARD

Aren't you being a little hard on them?

SUSAN

No. I don't think so. They have a pretty antiquated idea about how I am supposed to live my life. My mother especially.

EDWARD

I've always loved your mother. She was great with me when my father died.

Edward looks at her.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You both have the same kind of sadness in your eyes.

SUSAN

What?

EDWARD

You and your mother.

SUSAN

What a weird thing to say.

EDWARD

I'm sorry. I hope that doesn't offend you. But she has always seemed sad to me. She has sad eyes. I've thought that since I was a little boy. You have the same eyes. They're beautiful.

SUSAN

Please don't say that. I don't want to be like my mother.

EDWARD

I always envied your family. I felt like a complete imposter at school.

SUSAN

I thought I was the only one that felt that way.

EDWARD

You?

SUSAN

I tried so hard to seem perfect.

EDWARD

And you don't feel that way?

SUSAN

No.

Edward looks at her. He smiles.

EDWARD

But that's exactly what makes you so perfect.

SUSAN

You'll definitely make a great novelist. You've created a completely fictitious character in your head.

EDWARD

No. I don't believe that.

He looks into her eyes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Why did you give up on becoming an artist?

SUSAN

I'm too cynical to be an artist. I think to be good, you have to create from some sort of place inside that I'm not sure that I have.

EDWARD

You really underestimate yourself you know.

Susan stares directly into Edward's eyes.

SUSAN

Would you come home with me?

EDWARD

Wow. That's is a bit forward. Not what I'd expect 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 as our flashback dissolves.

END FLASHBACK

46

INT. POLICE STATION, WEST TEXAS. LATER THAT DAY.

46

As Edward's smile fades in our flashback, 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 highway last night just like you.

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

ANDES (CONT'D)

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

TONY

Mine?

ANDES

No offense, it's just that we found some prints on the trunk of your car.

Bobby pauses.

ANDES (CONT'D)

There's somethin else.

TONY

Yes?

ANDES

We got a cause of death.

Tony slumps in his chair.

ANDES (CONT'D)

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

He waits for Tony to take this in.

ANDES (CONT'D)

She also had a broken arm.

He watches Tony. He pauses.

ANDES (CONT'D)

And they had both been raped.

Tony stares blankly ahead.

BOBBY

You were also right about that
trailer.

TONY

How?

ANDES

I mean your friends took your folks
there just like you thought.

TONY

How do you know that?

ANDES

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

TONY

Whose trailer is it?

ANDES

He's clear. Guy who lives in El
Paso. 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. (Pause) It
looks promising.

Tony looks up at Andes.

TONY

Promising?

47 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT -- LATER. 47

Susan lies in her bed deep in thought.

48 FLASHBACK - INT. HIGHLAND PARK GRILL ROOM, DALLAS TEXAS. 48
1996 -- EVENING.

Susan and her mother, ANNE SUTTON, 48, are having dinner. The
atmosphere at the table is tense.

ANNE

Why didn't you tell me this before?

Susan's mother sits quietly fuming. She speaks calmly but
there is an edge to her voice.

ANNE (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

What happened to their "great art history department"?

She pauses a moment.

Susan, why are you doing this? I mean, where is this going to go?

SUSAN

What do you mean where is it going to go? I'm going to marry Edward. That's where it's going to go.

ANNE

This is a ridiculous conversation. You're too young to get married.

SUSAN

Oh really? Didn't you try to convince me just last summer that I should marry Bass?

ANNE

That was different. Bass is your equal.

SUSAN

Oh my god, did you just say that? You really just said that? That came out of your mouth?

ANNE

Why do you always think the worst of me? That is not what I meant. What I meant is that you are very, very strong willed and as sweet as he is, Edward is just too weak for you.

SUSAN

Weak isn't 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 that we care about the same things but you're wrong. In a few years, all these "bourgeois" things as you so like to call them will become very important to you. Edward won't be able to give them to you. He has no money. He's not driven. He's not ambitious. And if you marry Edward, I can promise you that your father is not going to give them to you either.

SUSAN

No, he's not driven in the way that you want him to be, but you're wrong. He's strong. Stronger than I am in a lot of ways. He just has a different kind of strength.

ANNE

A different kind of strength? And what kind of strength is that?

SUSAN

The strength to believe in himself.
To believe in me.

Anne collects herself and leans into the table.

ANNE

Susan, keep seeing him if you have to. Live with him. I don't care, but don't marry him. I understand what you see in Edward. I get it.

Susan starts to turn her head away

ANNE (CONT'D)

No wait. I do. He's the opposite of your father. 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. What you love about him now, you'll hate about him in a few years. You may not realize it but you and I are a lot more alike than you think.

Anne spots a piece of lint on Susan's sweater. She reaches forward and pulls it off. Susan watches her mother do this and recoils slightly.

SUSAN

You're wrong. You and I are nothing alike.

ANNE

Really? Just wait. We all eventually turn into our mothers.

Anne turns away from Susan and takes a sip of her martini.

END FLASHBACK.

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

49

Susan is sitting on the small sofa in her room, staring out into the LA night.

She flicks open her computer, looks at the note from Edward and types in the e-mail address.

She rapidly types out a note to him but then 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 still free. Much to say.

Love,

Susan

She presses "send" and then snaps the computer closed.

50 INT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE - TONY'S STUDY, HOUSTON TEXAS. 50
EVENING.

Tony is on his computer. He is wearing a pair of boxer shorts and an old tee shirt. There is a bottle of Jack Daniels and a glass next to him. He looks rough. He checks his e-mails. There is one from Bobby 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 a piece of paper. Covers the top half with a piece of paper.

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?

51 EXT. ANDES CAMP, WEST TEXAS. EVENING -- CONTINUOUS. 51

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 damned it. You sure?

52 INT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE - TONY'S STUDY, HOUSTON TEXAS. 52
EVENING -- CONTINUOUS

TONY

It's like the whole thing is a blur.

ANDES

This guy's finger prints were on your car. They were also found at the trailer. His name is Steve Adams. He has a record in California, a stolen car with an acquittal on a rape charge. We've put out an A.P.B. for him. He is our only lead right now. No one has responded to our call for witnesses. Are you sure you don't recognize him?

TONY

No.

ANDES

Fuck. What's wrong with you man! Don't you want these guys put away?

TONY

Of course I do! It's all just a blank.

CUT TO BLACK.

53 INT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE - TONY'S BEDROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT 53

Tony lies in bed asleep, dreaming. He is tossing about and is clearly in distress.

WE SEE TONY'S IMAGINED VERSION OF THE RAPE. IT IS VIOLENT. BRUTAL. HIS DAUGHTER'S SCREAMS ARE PIERCING. TURK LOOKS STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIM AND SMILES.

Tony sits up in a sweat.

CUT TO BLACK.

54 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, HOUSTON TEXAS. WINTER. DAWN.

54

A bleak hillside. Brown grass and bare trees as Tony appears over the hill in his 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.

TONY V.O.

I know it was him!

ANDES V.O.

Well, that may be but nobody's seen him around here lately. Now listen, I've got to be honest with you. Right now it's not looking good. Sometimes these cases go for months or even years without a break. You need to prepare yourself for that.

Tony stops running and catches his breath.

CUT TO BLACK.

55 INT. HASTINGS RESIDENCE - TONY'S BATHROOM. EVENING.

55

Tony stands still in the shower. Just letting the hot water run over him.

56 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BATHROOM. EVENING.

56

Susan is in the shower leaning against the wall, just letting the water run over her face and body. She is deep in thought.

CUT AWAY SHOTS OF TONY. LYING IN BED. DRINKING. HOLDING HIS HEAD BETWEEN HIS HANDS. NO SOUND.

Susan holds herself tightly while the shower steams up and the water washes over her.

SUSAN V.O.

Why are you so driven to write?

EDWARD V.O.

I guess it's a way of keeping things alive.

(MORE)

EDWARD V.O. (CONT'D)
 Saving things that will eventually
 die. If I write it down, then it
 will last forever.

Susan stands still and stares straight ahead, deep in
 thought.

CUT TO BLACK.

57 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, WEST TEXAS. DAY. 57

SHOTS OF THE SUNRISE IN THE DESERT. THE HOT LANDSCAPE NEARING
 NOON, AND THE AFTERNOON LANDSCAPE AS THE WIND STARTS TO HOWL.

58 EXT. POLICE STATION, WEST TEXAS. DAY. 58

Bobby Andes is standing outside on the curb smoking. He is
 thinner and his complexion is sallow. Tony walks towards him
 and the two men shake hands.

ANDES
 You look different.

TONY
 No beard. Thinner. You look
 different too.

ANDES
 Yeah.

He takes a drag off of his cigarette.

ANDES (CONT'D)
 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 fella
 and one got killed but one got
 away.

TONY
 What do you want me to do?

ANDES

See if you recognize the fella 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 that I e-mailed you about last year.

Andes takes another long drag from his cigarette and gestures towards the door.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Come on in.

He flicks his cigarette onto the pavement and turns to lead Tony into the station.

59 INT. POLICE STATION, WEST TEXAS. DAY -- CONTINUOUS. 59

Tony follows Andes down the hall. We pass a bathroom with an open door and a prisoner handcuffed to the sink.

Tony and Andes are now in the same glass room that Tony sat in before.

ANDES

Are you afraid of looking these fellas in the eyes? Lettin them see you?

TONY

No.

ANDES

Good. I think it might help this fella talk.

He nods at the officer by the door. Four men are sent in. Tony stares at one of the men. The man's eyes pass over Tony without recognition. Tony turns to Bobby Andes.

TONY
Yes. (He whispers)

ANDES
Yes. Yes what?

TONY
That's him. The one on the left.

TONY (CONT'D)
That's Lou. The one who made me
drive into the brush and left me
there.

Andes motions to the officer at the door to lead the others
out. He nods at Lou to stay back. Lou begins to sweat.

ANDES
This fella? He don't seem to
understand. Lou, hey you. Is 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 now leans up against the wall and gets his face very close to Lou's.

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

Who?

ANDES

Who? What are you an owl? Are you an owl Lou?

LOU

I never heard of them.

ANDES

You never heard of them?

LOU

No sir.

Andes leans back against the wall and stares intently at Lou. Lou begins to tremble.

ANDES

Officer, you can take him out.

An officer leads Lou out. Tony, relieved, sits down.

ANDES (CONT'D)

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.

ANDES

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

TONY

You have enough evidence?

ANDES

Oh you bet. We got you and 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

Now what?

ANDES

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

INT. MORROW GALLERY - SUSAN'S OFFICE. NEXT MORNING.

Susan is sitting at her desk going through e-mails. Susan's assistant ALEX, 26, tall and stunning enters the room.

ALEX

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

Susan is distracted.

SUSAN

What did you say?

ALEX

You didn't sleep again did you?

Alex sits down.

SUSAN

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

ALEX

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

SUSAN

When I was in graduate school. 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 violent and it's sad. He called it "Nocturnal Animals" and dedicated it to me.

ALEX

Did you love him?

SUSAN

Yes. I loved him. He was a writer. I didn't have faith in him. I panicked and I did something horrible to him. Something unforgivable. Really.

ALEX
You left him?

SUSAN
I left him. In a brutal way, for
the handsome and dashing Hutton.

ALEX
Who is indeed very handsome and
dashing.

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

She looks at her and pauses a moment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
No. Of course you don't. You just
started living your life.

She looks closely at Susan.

ALEX
You really didn't get any sleep did
you?

SUSAN
No.

61 INT. MUSEUM EXHIBITION SPACE, LOS ANGELES. THAT AFTERNOON. 61

Our screen is filled with the image of a Damien Hirst calf floating in formaldehyde. The calf has been shot with arrows. Our camera pulls back and we see that Susan is standing staring quietly at the sculpture.

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

As Susan turns to walk away, a painting catches her eye and she stops dead in her tracks. It is a large black and white painting that says REVENGE.

SAGE ROSS, 38, walks over to Susan. She is the museum's director and is tense and tight in her manner. She is dressed in an absurd "conceptual" top and flat men's shoes.

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 8 years ago. Great isn't it?

SUSAN

Yes.

Sage is holding a phone with a black and white image on the screen and the 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? Do you not trust your nanny?

SAGE

No, I do, but I hate her. And I like to be more involved with Willow during the day. Here, look. There she is in her crib. 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 in her crib. As she watches she sees someone move behind the crib, and then 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 okay?

SUSAN
I thought I saw someone.

SAGE
Of course you saw someone. It's
Willow. She's asleep in her crib.

Sage bends 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 ones come
out next week.

Susan is still shaken.

SAGE (CONT'D)
Shall we? Everyone is waiting in
the conference room.

62 INT. MUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM. AFTERNOON -- MINUTES LATER. 62

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. She is deep in thought.

CLOSE-UP SHOTS OF TONY/EDWARD. WE CAN'T TELL WHICH. HE IS LYING IN BED DISTRAUGHT. WE ARE INTIMATE WITH HIM AND CAN ALMOST FEEL HIM BREATHE.

63 INT. MUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM. AFTERNOON -- CONTINUOUS. 63

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 almost as though 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 keep 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.

64 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE, LOS ANGELES. THAT EVENING. 64

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. 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.

She walks to the window with her drink in her hand and stares out across the lights of Los Angeles.

65 EXT. DESERTED ROAD, WEST TEXAS. AFTERNOON. 65

Bobby and Tony stand outside of Tony's car on a dirt road. Bobby is smoking a cigarette. He looks drawn and gaunt. His eyes are bloodshot and his skin is grey.

TONY

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

ANDES

Shit.

Andes begins to cough, places his hand over his mouth and then buckles over for a moment.

TONY

Are you okay?

ANDES

Yeah. I'm fine. Follow me.

The two men walk through the scruffy trees until they can see a mobile home and an old wooden deck about a hundred feet away. Ray is sitting on a toilet that has been installed outside on the deck. There is a beer beside him. He is shirtless, his pants are down around his ankles and he is on a cordless phone smoking a cigarette.

ANDES

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

Tony stares harder. Clearly agitated.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Part time electrician. Part time plumber hence the clever toilet facilities. Not a bad match to both your description and the fella 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 another place to pick up women that she doesn't know about. Probably your murder trailer before it got notorious. Does he look like he could be the guy?

TONY
Yeah. That's him.

ANDES
Good. Let's go talk to him.

Andes walks out of the brush.

ANDES (CONT'D)
Hey, Ray.

Ray looks at him.

RAY
What the fuck man! Who the hell are
you. Get off my property.

Ray speaks into the phone and then hangs up.

RAY (CONT'D)
I'll call you back.

ANDES
I want to ask you some questions.

RAY
Fuck you. I'm occupied at the
moment.

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

Ray squints.

RAY (CONT'D)
What's that?

ANDES
A few questions, that's all. We
need you to come with us.

RAY
What for? I ain't done nothin.

ANDES
Didn't say you did.

RAY
Ask me here.

ANDES

Naw. We need you to take a little drive with us. Finish what you're doin and let's go.

RAY

You mind turnin around?

ANDES

Believe me I wish I could but I just can't do that.

Andes tosses Ray's shirt to him from the back of a chair.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Come on. Get dressed.

67 INT. TONY'S CAR, WEST TEXAS. AFTERNOON -- MINUTES LATER. 67

Andes is in the back seat with Ray. Tony is in the driver's seat. Andes directs Tony where to drive.

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 your rights, Ray.

RAY

You're supposed to read 'um 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

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

ANDES

Calm down sunshine. This is just informal questioning. That's all. 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.

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

RAY

What car?

Andes bangs his fist against the headliner of the car.

ANDES

This car. The one we're in.

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

RAY

This car? Why should I recognize this fucking 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 heart begins to pound.

RAY
What?

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

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

ANDES
Stop the car, Tony.

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

ANDES (CONT'D)
Turn around and look at this piece of shit.

RAY
Who is this guy?

ANDES
You don't remember him?

RAY
Can't say I do.

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 is very soft.

RAY
You're crazy man. That's crazy.

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 fucking 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 is holding it in his lap pointing toward Ray.

ANDES
Whaddaya say Ray?

RAY
You're crazy man.

Andes points the gun at Ray.

RAY (CONT'D)
You're making a big mistake man.

ANDES
I don't think so Ray. Put your arms
out slowly.

Andes slaps a pair of hand cuffs around Ray's wrists.

RAY
You ain't got no right.

ANDES
Speaking of rights, 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 a place you may
remember. You can help by telling
me about it. If you don't remember,
Tony does.

He looks towards Tony. Tony pulls back onto the dirt road.

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

They pass the old adobe church. They drive until the trailer
is in sight just ahead. Tony stops the car in the turnout.

RAY (CONT'D)
What's this place?

TONY
You know this place.

Ray looks at Tony with a deep long stare.

RAY
Honest to God, I don't.

Ray has a slight smile on his face as Tony turns and stares at him.

ANDES
Wanna get out Tony?

Andes opens his door.

ANDES (CONT'D)
Care to look inside Ray?

RAY
What for?

ANDES
Let's just take a look.

They get out of the car. Tony lags behind.

68 INT. TRAILER, WEST TEXAS. AFTERNOON -- CONTINUOUS.

68

Bobby Andes kicks the door open and shoves Ray inside. The walls are blank and weathered. There is a small stove and fire tools by the door and a bed with metal bedposts and a trash box full of old newspapers.

ANDES
Raped them on the bed I presume.

RAY
I never raped nobody.

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

RAY

Fuck that. The charges were dropped
man. I ain't never raped nobody.

Tony stands 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 somebody else
man.

TONY

I want to know what they said. I
want to know what my wife said and
what my daughter 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!

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.

69 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - LIVINGROOM. NIGHT.

69

Susan is startled away from the book by the sound of the fire
flaring up in the fireplace. She is lying on the sofa reading
and looks up and stares at the flames.

70 FLASHBACK - INT. EDWARD AND SUSAN'S APARTMENT, AUSTIN 1997 70
-- NIGHT.

A white brick fireplace holds a dying fire. Susan is lying on
a red velvet sofa reading loose printed pages. She is
concentrating.

EDWARD

Is it better?

Susan looks up slowly. She sighs.

SUSAN

You'll take this the wrong way but I think that you need to stop writing about yourself.

EDWARD

But no one ever writes about anything but themselves.

Edward looks down at the ground.

SUSAN

I know. But I don't know what else to say. My mind started to wander while I was reading which is not a good thing.

Edward is clearly devastated.

EDWARD

Maybe I need a break from it.

SUSAN

Maybe you do.

EDWARD

I don't know what to do. Maybe I don't have a book in me.

SUSAN

Get some space from it.

EDWARD

Please don't start that again. It makes me feel like you don't believe in me.

SUSAN

I didn't say that.

EDWARD

No, but your face says it. Your little "sighs" say it. The way you keep telling me that I should go back to school says it.

SUSAN

I do think you should go back to school. I think you need to be realistic. I mean come on, you're really smart. A part time job in a book store and writing a novel is a romantic idea but is this really our life? Is this what it's going to be? For how long?

EDWARD

You sound just like your mother.

SUSAN

Well, you always said I was so like her. That's why I hate reading your work. You always get so fucking 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 understand it?

SUSAN

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

EDWARD

That's because you've chosen not to be!

She glares at him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I don't want to fight. I'm tired and I'm edgy and I've been writing all night. I just wanted you to like it.

END FLASHBACK.

71 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS. 71

The book slides from Susan's lap to the ground. She sits up and collects herself. She bends down to pick the book up.

72 FLASHBACK - INT. GRADUATE ART HISTORY CLASS, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN. 1997 -- DAY.

Susan's book falls to the ground. She bends to pick it up as she sits in the back of a class listening to a professor.

The sound of a slide projector clicks over and over. The light from the screen flashes on Susan's face.

We are aware of someone staring at her. She becomes aware of it too and turns to see Hutton at 24, very clean cut and preppy staring at her. Their eyes lock for a moment but she quickly looks away. He keeps staring.

END FLASHBACK

73 EXT. ANDES'S CAMP, WEST TEXAS. DAY.

73

Bobby is leaning against his truck in the hot mid day sun talking on the phone to Tony.

ANDES

I've got some news you won't like.
They're letting Ray Marcus go.

TONY

What! What do you mean they're
letting him go?

ANDES

The DA says there is not enough
hard evidence and that the evidence
that there is, is circumstantial.
He needs corroboration.

Tony is silent.

ANDES (CONT'D)

I'm real sorry Tony. It's a god
damned shame. At least you got to
lay a good belt on him.

TONY

No, that's not enough. What else
can we do?

Andes takes a deep drag from his cigarette.

ANDES

I'll think of something. Get here as fast as you can. He won't stick around long.

TONY

I'll leave now.

74 INT. DINER, WEST TEXAS. EARLY EVENING.

74

Tony and Andes sit in a booth by the window directly opposite where their cars are parked. Their dinners are on their plates.

TONY

What?

ANDES

I told you. I've got lung cancer. It's metastasized.

TONY

But you smoke all the time.

ANDES

Yep. That's how it works. What's the point of quitting now? I'll be dead in a year.

Tony looks at Andes.

ANDES (CONT'D)

It's this fella called Jenks. He's the lawyer that the court appointed. Smart ass from Dallas. He and the DA made a deal and Ray gets off. Politics.

TONY

When did you tell me that you were sick?

ANDES

They want to push me out. They have someone else they want to put in the job.

TONY

I don't understand what you are talking about. Would they drop a murder case to do that?

ANDES

Gives them the reason. 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 too much of a chicken shit to take on a case that he might lose.

Tony mulls this over.

ANDES (CONT'D)

They're not dropping Lou.

TONY

It's no fucking good if they don't get Ray.

ANDES

Good. That's what I was hoping you'd say. They think it's time I retired and enjoyed the benefits of my cancer somewhere else. Fuck that.

TONY

You never told me about the cancer. Do you have a family?

ANDES

The problem with Ray is his Alibi.

TONY

Stop it. Do you have anyone in your life?

ANDES

No. No wife. I have a daughter in Corpus.

TONY

Has she been a help?

ANDES

She doesn't know. What can she do about it?

Tony looks at Bobby for a moment and Bobby looks him in the eye, then turns back to his plate.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Anyway Ray claims that he was with Leila whatever her name is and she backs him up, and her aunt backs her 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. You get me?

Bobby can't eat his food.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Can't eat. Might throw up.

TONY

How do you get along if you can't eat?

ANDES

It depends. Sometimes I can eat, sometimes I can't. This place sucks.

TONY

I need you to eat something.

Bobby takes a breath and tries to keep his food down.

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 damn like.

TONY

I thought you said-

Andes coughs.

ANDES

Look, I've got nothin 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 murderer go free. I've watched too many sick fucks like Ray Marcus get off over the years. Are you willing to go outside of strict procedure on this?

TONY

Yes.

Andes's cell phone rings. He answers.

ANDES

Ray is at "Line Camp". I'm going to let that little idiot get nice and liquored up and then I'm going to go grab his ass and take him out 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.

75 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 75

Susan looks up from the book and leans her head back in thought.

76 FLASHBACK - EXT. STREET, AUSTIN TEXAS, 1997. NIGHT. 76

Edward and Susan are walking down the street. They are arguing.

SUSAN

Edward, you have to realize this is not working. We're not right for each other, I wish we were, but we're just 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 a life that is more structured and I need a future that is more structured. I want to be the person that you want me to be but I just can't.

EDWARD

But you are, you are. Just stop.

SUSAN

I really wanted to be this person that you thought I was. I really did, but I'm just not that person. I just don't have your kind of faith in things. I'm cynical, I'm pragmatic. I'm a realist.

EDWARD

No, you're just afraid. We have been through this so many times.

SUSAN

No, I'm not scared Edward. I'm unhappy. I'm just really, really unhappy.

She looks at him. Edward is shaken.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We're different and we want different things.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You're wonderful and romantic, and sweet and sensitive, and all the things I'm not. Life for you is a kind of a dream.

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 did not say that you were weak! 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

Well when you love someone you work things out. You don't just throw it away. You have to be careful with it. You might never get it back.

Edward leans in and pulls her close.

SUSAN

I can't do this with you any more Edward. I just can't keep doing this.

Susan pulls away and walks off. Edward stands on the sidewalk. He shouts after her.

EDWARD

You can't just walk away from things all the time Susan!

We linger on Edward's face which is lit by a red neon sign above an auto body shop.

END FLASHBACK.

77 EXT. LINE CAMP BAR, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT. 77

Close up on Tony's face. He is sitting in his car outside of the "Line Camp Bar" The red neon sign outside of the place casts a bright light into the car and on his face. A small crowd is gathered outside of the entrance. Two obese women in shorts sit in lawn chairs drinking beer. One woman has her beer between her breasts and she is wearing a paper crown from a fast food restaurant.

After a while two men come out. Ray and Andes. They talk in the glow of the sign. Two policemen appear at the door. Andes gestures and one of the policemen touches Ray's shoulder. He recoils then submits as the other policeman puts him in handcuffs and leads him over to the police car. Bobby Andes comes over to Tony's car window.

ANDES

We're going to my camp. It's in
White Creek near the trailer where
they took your folks. You follow.

78 EXT. ANDES CAMP, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT. 78

They pull in under a cluster of mesquite trees. They all get out and Tony follows them in.

The cabin is a simple structure of weathered white clapboard with a front screened-in porch.

79 INT. ANDES CAMP, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS. 79

They enter through the screen door. Bobby Andes has a gun in his hand. Ray is handcuffed.

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.

The policemen get into their car and pull away.

Andes kicks Ray onto the cot.

ANDES

Sit up.

Ray looks up at him.

ANDES (CONT'D)

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. Ray laughs a bit to himself at this.

Bobby comes back in.

RAY

Hey man. This ain'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 boy.

Andes turns and spits on Ray as he walks around him to sit down. Ray winces and tosses his head back in an attempt to get the spit off of his face.

RAY

You lied to me. There ain't no new evidence. Why don't you take me in if you got new evidence.

ANDES

I like it better here. It's more relaxed.

Ray motions to Tony.

RAY

Seems to me that you tried this trick already.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

If you think this guy is going to break me down, you've already seen that don't work.

ANDES

What would you say Ray, if your friend Lou Bates implicated you in the Hastings murders?

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. Lou comes in followed by an officer with his gun.

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 this 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 supposed to be the law man. What kind of bull shit is this?

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.

Andes taunts Ray by holding the gun near his head. Lou is pulling at his handcuffs.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Feeling uncomfortable boy?

He goes over and presses his gun in Lou's neck. As he does this he pulls Lou up by the shirt collar.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Yea, you look like you're feeling uncomfortable.

Andes presses the gun harder into Lou's neck.

LOU

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

ANDES

What's that? Don't worry. I'm not going to kill you son. I'm a police man.

Lou begins to break down.

ANDES (CONT'D)

What? Are you going to cry? Well then, since you're feeling so uncomfortable...

He gestures to Tony and hands him his gun. He turns Lou directly to Tony.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Come on Tony. Right here. Here he is.

While Tony is holding the gun on Lou, Andes unlock's his handcuffs.

RAY

What about me? I might be feeling uncomfortable too.

ANDES

Oh yeah? Okay. Come on up. I'll undo your cuffs.

Andes undoes Ray's cuffs.

ANDES (CONT'D)

There you go. Free as a bird! Okay? How about it?

He shoves them towards Tony who is nervously holding the gun.

ANDES (CONT'D)

What do you say Tony? Now what should we do with these two?

He looks directly at Tony.

ANDES (CONT'D)

What are you going to do? What are you going to do son? Come on. Come on.

Bobby once again buckles over in pain and rushes to the back room. We hear him being sick. Tony continues to hold the gun nervously.

RAY

Fuck this. Let's go Lou.

LOU

What? He's got a gun.

RAY

Come on you jackass it's time to go.

Tony 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!

Ray moves towards him as Tony panics, hesitates and moves aside. When Lou sees this he starts off 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 follows.

There is a shot. Then two more. Lou lies wounded on the path and Andes stands with the gun in his hand as Ray escapes into the desert.

Transfixed, Andes walks over to Lou and shoots him in the head.

We hear a loud pop.

80 INT. MORROW HOUSE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS. 80

There is a loud pop on the large plate glass window.

Susan is startled. As she walks over to the window she sees that a bird has flown into the glass and is lying outside flapping its wings. Susan stands for a moment watching as the bird dies. Its wings flapping more and more slowly until they stop.

81 FLASHBACK: INT. TRAVIS COUNTY MEDICAL CLINIC, AUSTIN TEXAS, 81
1997. DAY.

Rain pounds on the window. Hutton helps Susan on with her coat. A nurse can be seen walking away from them.

82 FLASHBACK: INT. MERCEDES COUP, PARKING LOT, TRAVIS COUNTY 82
MEDICAL CLINIC, AUSTIN TEXAS, 1997. DAY -- MINUTES LATER.

It is raining. The windshield wipers are on. Both Hutton and Susan are wet. Hutton is sitting in the driver's seat. Susan is in the passenger seat.

HUTTON
Are you okay?

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 even believe in
abortions. I'm Catholic.

HUTTON
I'm so sorry, Susan. I feel
useless.

SUSAN
You're anything but useless. You
always seem to know exactly what to
do. Thank you.

Hutton reaches across and clenches Susan's hand.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I don't think I can ever look at
Edward again. It would kill him to
know that I've done this to his
child. It's killing me.

Susan begins to cry. Hutton reaches across and holds her.

HUTTON
He's never going to know about it.

Susan is sobbing now and is trembling.

SUSAN
What have I done?

Hutton leans over and holds Susan tight as she cries.

HUTTON
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 next to his car in the rain across the parking lot. It's Edward.

As Susan looks up, she sees Edward staring directly at her.

SUSAN

Oh my god no. Edward.

Our camera lingers on Edward's face.

END FLASHBACK.

83

EXT. ANDES CABIN, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

83

Our camera is on Tony's face as he stares down at Lou's body. He stands still, seemingly in a trance. Andes walks over to him. Tony places his hands up to his face as he begins to breathe erratically. The sounds coming from deep within his body are guttural and animal-like as he cries out. His sobbing becomes hysterical. Out of control. He is gasping for air.

ANDES

Tony. You know I had to shoot him.

TONY

I don't give a god damned fuck that you shot him! I'm glad that you shot him! I'm glad that he's dead! I should have done it when I had the chance. I should have protected them! I should have seen it coming! I should have stopped it! I should have stopped it.

Tony drops down onto his knees. Andes kneels down and puts his arm around Tony who continues to sob uncontrollably.

ANDES

It's okay, it's okay. You're okay.

TONY

I should have stopped it Bobby!

ANDES

Look at me. You're okay. You're a good man.

Tony sits still and slowly catches his breath. His face is wet with tears.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Come on. Get up. We have to go. If Ray gets to the road he'll hitchhike. We need to catch him before he gets a ride. When you get to the fork in the road turn left. That goes back towards where he took your folks. He might hide there although I doubt it. I suspect he's headed towards the highway. I'll go that way.

He hands Tony a gun.

ANDES (CONT'D)

Here. Take this. I have another one in the car.

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 it up. As Tony backs out his headlights rake across the body lying in the dirt.

84 INT. TONY'S CAR, DIRT ROAD, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT -- LATER. 84

Tony drives down the dark road. As his lights illuminate the brush on either side of the road we see the trailer ahead. Tony slows down for a moment and stares at the trailer. It is dark, unlit. After a few minutes he stops the car and thinks. He turns off his lights and backs the car slowly down the road and eases it into a small clearing.

85 EXT. DIRT ROAD, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS. 85

Tony quietly gets out of the car and slowly starts towards the trailer. He silently slips up the steps and inside the unlocked door.

INT. TRAILER, WEST TEXAS. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

In a sudden move he pushes the door open. There on the bed is Ray, who sits up on his elbows shocked. Tony points the gun directly at him.

RAY

Christ. You. Where's your pal?

TONY

He's on his way.

RAY

Your cop friends?

TONY

They're around.

RAY

Are they here?

Ray sits up and looks out of the window. Tony flicks on the light.

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

Oh you don't think so? And so just what do you want. You and that silly gun. I've seen how handy you are with that thing.

Ray stands up. Tony cocks the gun.

TONY

Sit the fuck down! Sit down or I
will fucking kill you!

Ray is stunned by the tone of Tony's voice and backs up to
the bed and sits back down.

RAY

Listen man. Why does a nice guy
like you hang out with a guy like
Andes. He kills people.

TONY

You kill people.

Ray looks at Tony in disgust.

RAY

They had it coming to them. Your
fuckin wife. That kid.

Tony is livid. He is invigorated.

RAY (CONT'D)

But you got me wrong man. It was an
accident.

TONY

Accident! It was an accident!

RAY

I got a certain pride in how people
talk to me and there are certain
things I don't put up with. 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.
If your fucking daughter thinks I'm
a rapist, then she gets raped.

Tony is livid.

TONY

Nobody gets away with what you did.
Nobody.

RAY

They don't?

Tony is pointing the gun directly at Ray and closes his eyes for a moment as he squeezes the handle of the gun. He is almost in a trance.

TONY

Nobody. Nobody. Nobody.

RAY

So why don't you just kill me? Come on man, you don't know nothin. It's fun to kill people. You of all people ought to try it sometime.

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 fingers slide around the handle.

TONY

Fun! Did you have fun killing my wife and daughter! Get up. It's time for you to go.

TONY (CONT'D)

Go. Go on.

Ray surveys Tony and the room. He stands up slowly. One hand is holding the fire poker behind his back.

Ray looks Tony in the face. He begins to grin.

RAY

Your wife. Yeah, I remember your fuckin wife. I remember fuckin your wife, but you're too weak. To fuckin weak. You're too weak to do anything about it.

Tony pulls the trigger and the gun goes off. It misses Ray.

RAY (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Tony pulls the trigger again. Ray is hit and grabs at his chest but is now moving towards Tony with the fire poker in his hand. He swings it towards Tony's face as our screen goes dark. Absolute silence.

CUT TO BLACK.

87 INT. TRAILER, WEST TEXAS. DAY.

87

Our sound returns as we hear flies buzzing close by. Our screen is black but begins to shift to a 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 a fly crawls across his face he slowly reaches up in pain to fan it away. We see that there is a bloody gash across his face. His eyes are covered in dried blood and as he claws at them 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 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 hands over Ray's face and lifts the deadweight of the arm. He still holds the fire poker in one hand.

Tony finds his way out of the trailer. As he does he falls to the ground.

88 EXT. TRAILER, WEST TEXAS. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

88

He drags himself into the brush and towards the road. He struggles to reach into the air and fires the gun then drops to the ground.

He tries to lift the gun back up in the air in an attempt to fire it once again. 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.

89 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

89

Susan is in her tub. Her face is completely submerged. Her eyes are open. She suddenly sits up and gasps for air.

90 EXT. TRAILER, WEST TEXAS. DAY -- CONTINUOUS. 90

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 grass in the wind as the sound of the insects rises.

The sound of Tony's heartbeat becomes louder and louder and overtakes all other sound as our camera settles on his face.

With each beat we cut back and forth from his face, to that of Susan's as she begins to cry.

The sounds of Tony's cries of pain mingle with Susan's cries.

TONY'S FACE. SUSAN'S FACE. TONY'S FACE. SUSAN'S FACE, UNTIL SUDDENLY TONY'S HEARTBEAT STOPS.

91 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BATHROOM. NIGHT -- 91
CONTINUOUS.

Susan is in tears as she grabs at the gold cross around her neck.

SUSAN
(Softly) Edward.

CUT TO BLACK.

92 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT -- LATER. 92

The lights are out. Susan is lying in bed wide awake thinking. Her eyes are still wet. Her thoughts are interrupted by the buzz of an e-mail on her phone. She reaches over to the bedside table and opens the message.

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.

93 INT. MORROW RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BATHROOM. NEXT EVENING. 93

Susan stands in front of her bathroom mirror. She is dressed to go out. She raises her face slightly and looks at herself intently. She reaches for a tissue and wipes the lipstick off of her mouth.

She begins to put her wedding ring back on her finger but stops for a moment and looks at her hand. She slips the ring back into the tray on her dressing table.

94 INT. RESTAURANT, LOS ANGELES. EVENING -- LATER. 94

Susan walks into the restaurant. She looks especially beautiful and somehow younger.

Susan follows the hostess to a table overlooking the courtyard. It is dusk and the lights of the city below are beginning to glisten. It is a beautiful LA night.

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 feels the finger where her wedding ring usually rests. Her legs as they cross and uncross. Long shot of her sitting by herself in a room full of people looking back towards the entry door of the restaurant.

She has finished her drink.

HOSTESS

Mrs. Morrow, are you all right? May I get you another drink?

SUSAN

Yes, thank you.

More time passes. She finishes her second drink. The couple next to her has now left and the table is empty.

109.

Long shot of Susan sitting alone in the now almost deserted room. 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.