

"BLOOD SIMPLE"

By

Joel Coen and Ethan Coen

LANDSCAPES

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

VOICE-OVER

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

CUT TO

ROAD NIGHT

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

VOICE-OVER

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

INT. CAR NIGHT

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

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

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

WOMAN

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

MAN

Uh-huh.

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

Yeah...

Pause, as an oncoming car passes. Finally:

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

Another car passes.

MAN

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

WOMAN

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

MAN

I told you. I like you.

WOMAN

See, I never knew that.

MAN

Well now you do.

WOMAN

...Hell.

Another pause. Another car.

Suddenly:

WOMAN

Stop the car, Ray!

CLOSE SHOT BRAKE

Stamped on.

EXT. CAR

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

behind

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

Both cars sit.

Rain patters.

INT. FIRST CAR

Close on the man, from behind.

He looks at the woman.

MAN

...Abby?

his

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

behind.

HIS POV

down

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

headlights

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

car

rain.

itself, then its red taillights, disappear into the

BACK TO THE MAN

Cutting between him and the woman, each from behind.

MAN

...You know that car?

WOMAN

No.

MAN

What's the matter?

WOMAN

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

She looks at the man.

WOMAN

...What was that back there?

MAN

Back where?

WOMAN

Sign.

MAN

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

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

Yeah.

MAN

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

WOMAN

Yeah.

The man is uncomfortable.

MAN

...What do you want to do?

The woman is uncomfortable. After a long pause:

WOMAN

...What do you want to do?

MOTEL ROOM

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

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

Each sweeping light-by ends in black.

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

A telephone rings.

SAME WIDE SHOT MORNING

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

Ray stirs, reaches for the phone.

RAY

...Hello.

VOICE

Having a good time?

RAY

...What? Who is this?

VOICE

I don't know, who's this?

A silence at both ends.

VOICE

...You still there?

RAY

Yeah, I'm still here.

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

Abby is stirring as Ray gets out of bed.

ABBY

...Ray?

RAY

Yeah.

ABBY

What was that?

RAY

Your husband.

BAR BACK OFFICE NIGHT

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

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

VOICE

I know a place you can get that
framed.

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

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

He smiles at the man behind the desk.

JULIAN MARTY

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

from the bar.

Marty is not pleased.

MARTY

What did you take these for?

VISSER

What do you mean...

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

VISSER

...Just doin' my job.

MARTY

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

VISSER

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

MARTY

How long did you watch her?

VISSER

Most of the night...

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

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

VISSER

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

Marty stares down at the photograph.

MARTY

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

A smoke ring floats into frame from offscreen.

VISSER

Now that don't make much sense.

MARTY

No. It just made them feel better.

Marty rises and goes to a safe behind his desk.

Visser laughs as he watches Marty.

VISSER

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

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

VISSER

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

(he laughs)

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

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

VISSER

...Anything else?

MARTY

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

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

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

VISSER

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

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

VISSER

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

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

VISSER

...I can crawl around without it.

The door slams shut behind him.

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

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

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

MATCH

CUT TO:

MARTY'S BAR

REVERSE ANGLE VAULTING MAN

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

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

He deposits a quarter.

MEURICE

Hold it, hold it. What's tonight?

MAN

What?

MEURICE

What night is it?

MAN

(studying Meurice)
...Friday?

MEURICE

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

MAN

Lubbock?

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

MEURICE

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

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

from of
sipping

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

MEURICE

Where was I?

WOMAN

You we telling me about the Ring of
Fire.

MEURICE

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

MARTY

Meurice.

Marty is approaching from the direction of the office.

MEURICE

Yeah, I know. Pour 'em short.

MARTY

Has Ray come in yet?

MEURICE

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

MARTY

(glaring)

How would I know?

MEURICE

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

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

After an awkward pause, Meurice clears his throat.

MEURICE

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

She is unselfconsciously returning Marty's stare.

MARTY

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

DEBRA

Remy.

MARTY

You've got a very sophisticated palate.

DEBRA

Thanks.

MARTY

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

Meurice walks down the bar.

DEBRA

...What's a palate?

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

MARTY

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

DEBRA

I don't follow baseball.

Marty laughs.

MARTY

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

DEBRA

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

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

MARTY

What's this?

MEURICE

You said the usual--

MARTY

Red Label.

MEURICE

(picking up the milk)
Right. Sorry.

MARTY

Pour that back.

MEURICE

What.

MARTY

Don't throw that out.

MEURICE

Right.

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

MARTY

So how long have you know Meurice?

DEBRA

About ten years.

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

MARTY

What--Waitaminute--What...

HIS POV

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

MEURICE

What.

BACK TO MARTY

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

MARTY

Deuce in the corner needs help.

MEURICE

Right.

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

MARTY

...So what're you doing tonight?

DEBRA

Going out with Meurice.

Marty tosses a beer nut into his mouth.

MARTY

Tell him you have a headache.

Debra gives him a level stare.

DEBRA

It'll pass.

MARTY

We don't seem to be communicating--

DEBRA

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

MARTY

I own the place.

DEBRA

Christ, I'm getting bored.

MARTY

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

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

MARTY

What's this?

MEURICE

What.

MARTY

(pointing at Meurice's
drink)

This.

MEURICE

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

MARTY

That's not the point.

MEURICE

What's the point?

MARTY

The point is we don't serve niggers
here.

MEURICE

Where?

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

...I'm very careful about that.

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

MARTY

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

Debra watches him go, then turns back to Meurice.

DEBRA

Nice guy.

MEURICE

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

MARTY'S HOUSE TRACKING DOWN HALLWAY

down the
the
faint

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

BILLIARD ROOM

furniture
moose
foreground,
room is

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

hallway,

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

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

bedroom.
bureau.
through

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

from
table.

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

BILLIARD ROOM

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

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

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

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

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

HER POV

Inside the purse, a small pearl-handled gun.

BILLIARD ROOM

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

RAY'S POV

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

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

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT PHOTO DETAIL

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

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

ABBY'S VOICE

Ray...?

BACK TO RAY

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

RAY

Yeah...

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

RAY

...You get what you wanted?

ABBY'S VOICE

Yeah. Let's get out of here.

MARTY'S FRONT FOYER

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

RAY

Why d'you wanna leave all this?

ABBY

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

As she reaches the bottom of the stairs:

ABBY

...Drive me to a motel?

RAY

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

ABBY

Where... where you going?

RAY

See a guy.

ABBY

(nervously)

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

RAY

I just gotta see a guy.

MARTY'S BAR

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

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

MEURICE

Howdy stranger.

RAY

Meurice. Sorry I didn't show last night.

MEURICE

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

for

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

MEURICE

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

Ray nods at Debra.

RAY

Is Marty here?

MEURICE

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

RAY

(leaving)
Thanks Meurice.

MEURICE

For what?

EXT. BACK OF MARTY'S BAR

back

the

fixedly

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

MARTY'S POV

blast.

out

in

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

BACK TO MARTY

open,

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

RAY

Marty?

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

Ray descends the stoop and stands in front of him.

RAY

...Well...? What?

Marty stares past Ray across the parking lot.

MARTY

What "what"?

RAY

Am I fired? You wanna hit me? What?

MARTY

I don't particularly want to talk to you.

RAY

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

MARTY

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

Ray tenses. There is a pause.

RAY

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

Marty still stares at the furnace.

MARTY

Then what'd you come here for?

RAY

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

Marty shakes his head.

MARTY

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

He finally looks up at Ray.

MARTY

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

RAY

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

MARTY

What're you, a fucking marriage counselor?

Ray breaks into a strained half-smile.

Marty grins humorlessly back, mimicking Ray's smile.

MARTY

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

looking

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

MARTY

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

He leans back again.

MARTY

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

as he

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

the

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

Marty relaxes, and his gaze returns to the furnace.

MARTY

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

behind

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

MARTY

...Fair notice.

MARTY'S OFFICE LATER

CLOSE SHOT CEILING FAN

We

from

chair,

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

MEURICE (O.S.)

Marty...

WIDE SHOT THE OFFICE

him

bar.

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

MEURICE

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

MARTY

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

MEURICE

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

MARTY

Meurice...

Meurice pauses in the doorway.

MARTY

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

MEURICE

We get a lot of assholes in here, Marty.

looks
picks
and

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

MARTY'S POV

The ceiling fan, turning slowly.

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

parked
his one-
burning.

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

RAY'S LIVING ROOM

CLOSE SHOT THE RINGING TELEPHONE

ring

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

ABBY

Hello?

rhythmic

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

MARTY'S OFFICE

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

RAY'S LIVING ROOM

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

ABBY

...Marty?

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

Abby looks up as she cradles the phone.

Ray is standing in the doorway.

RAY

Who was it?

ABBY

What?

RAY

On the phone. Was it for you?

ABBY

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

RAY

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

ABBY

(smiling)

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

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

RAY

No, am I?

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

ABBY

...I can find a place tomorrow, then

I'll be outta your hair.

RAY

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

Abby shifts uneasily, looking at Ray.

ABBY

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

RAY

You can sleep on the bed if you want.

ABBY

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

RAY

You wouldn't be putting me out.

ABBY

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

Ray walks toward the bedroom.

RAY

Okay.

MARTY'S OFFICE LATER

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

CLOSE SHOT A CEILING FAN

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

HER POV

of
hallway

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

RAY'S BEDROOM

Ray lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

RAY'S LIVING ROOM / HALLWAY

LONG SHOT THE LIVING ROOM FROM THE HALLWAY

room
toward
looks

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

ABBY'S POV

Ray in bed, his eyes closed.

BACK TO ABBY

her

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

ABBY'S POV

Close shot, Ray asleep.

BACK TO ABBY

frame

Framed against a moonlit window from the shoulders up.
There is a long pause.

Ray's hand enters frame and pulls Abby down out of
onto the bed. We hold on the moonlit window.

DISSOLVE

THROUGH TO:

SAME WINDOW SAME ANGLE PRE-DAWN

the
light.
camera
living

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

close
withdraws

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

LOW-ANGLE CLOSE SHOT ABBY

looks

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

ABBY'S POV

see
German

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

OVER ABBY'S SHOULDER

the

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

ABBY

Opal--

starts

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

other

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

MARTY

(quietly)

Lover-boy oughta lock his door...

slides

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

MARTY

...Lotta nuts out there.

her

over her

There is

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

Abby's hand is groping forward out of frame.

CLOSE SHOT ABBY'S PURSE

small

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

BACK TO ABBY AND MARTY

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

MARTY

Let's do it outside...

He is dragging her to the front door.

MARTY

...in nature.

He pushes her through the screen door.

EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW

are

onto

up,

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

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

We hear the bone snap.

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

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

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

FRONT STOOP

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

MARTY

Slowly gets to his feet, looking at Ray.

ABBY

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

BACK TO MARTY

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

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

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

The car roars up the street.

RAY

Watching the car. He looks at Abby.

ABBY

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

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

RAY

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

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

MOUNT BONNEL EVENING

LATERAL TRACK

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

TEENAGER

Hey mister, how'd you break your pussyfinger?

His friends laugh.

TRACK PULLING MARTY

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

MARTY'S POV

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

VISSER

(to the girl)

Sorry sweetheart, my date is here...

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

VISSER

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

(he laughs)

I guess she thought I was a swinger.

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

INT. VISSER'S CAR

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

VISSER

Idnat wild?

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

VISSER

(genially)

Stick your finger up the wrong
person's ass?

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

VISSER

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

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

Overcome by laughter. Finally:

VISSER

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

MARTY

Got a job for you.

VISSER

(settling down)

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

MARTY

It's not strictly legal.

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

VISSER

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

MARTY

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

VISSER

Yeah? Well how irritated are you?

Marty doesn't answer. Finally Visser laughs.

VISSER

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

MARTY

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

Visser eyes him, still smiling. Finally he shrugs.

VISSER

You want me to kill 'em.

MARTY

I didn't say that.

(a pause)

Well?

VISSER

Well what?

MARTY

What do you think?

VISSER

You're an idiot.

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

MARTY

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

VISSER

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

They are staring at each other.

MARTY

Ten thousand dollars I'll give you.

Visser laughs again.

VISSER

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

MARTY

For the money.

VISSER

(sobering)

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

He turns and gazes out the window.

VISSER

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

He falls silent again, still staring out the window

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

MARTY

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

VISSER

(abruptly)
I want you to go fishing.

MARTY

...What?

VISSER

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

fact
leaving
again,
afterthought.

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

MARTY

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

These words are difficult to say.

MARTY

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

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

VISSER

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

The door slams.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT NIGHT

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

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

LANDLADY (O.S.)

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

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

LANDLADY (O.S.)

No one will bother you here, sweetie--

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

The old man grumbles, slowly sits up, squints.

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

Landlady

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

glowers

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

LANDLADY

(cheerful again)

I show you around.

into the

We follow Abby as she accompanies the landlady back

old

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

ABBY

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

The Landlady laughs cheerfully.

LANDLADY

Oh yes...

She gestures to a kitchen alcove on the left.

LANDLADY

...That's the kitchen...

toward

She turns and throws a few more barbs in Spanish back

foyer

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

LANDLADY

...This is the bathroom...

She flushes the toilet.

LANDLADY

...The toilet works and everythen...

steps

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

LANDLADY

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

She gives one vigorous stomp.

LANDLADY

...Good floors. Gas heat.

She points.

LANDLADY

...That's Mr. Garcia.

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

LANDLADY

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

She walks to the apartment door.

LANDLADY

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

She walks out and shuts the door.

The room is quiet.

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

CLOSE SHOT MR. GARCIA

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

STRIP BAR NIGHT

EXHORTER'S CUBICLE

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

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

EXHORTER

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

THE BAR PROPER

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

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

ABBY

Looks like the state legislature is out of session.

Meurice continues to stare intently off.

MEURICE

I thought this is where they met.

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

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

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

somewhere above the stripper's calves.

ABBY

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

MEURICE

I am?

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

ABBY

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

MEURICE

It won't?

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

MEURICE

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

THE EXHORTER

Into his microphone.

EXHORTER

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

ABBY AND MEURICE

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

ABBY

Thanks, Meurice.

MEURICE

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

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

THE EXHORTER

Into his microphone.

EXHORTER

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

RAY'S BEDROOM

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

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

ABBY

He's in the house.

Offscreen we hear Ray stirring in bed.

RAY

What's the matter?

Abby twists around to look down at him.

ABBY

I could've sworn I heard something.

RAY

Door's locked. Nothing there.

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

ABBY

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

RAY

...Huh?

ABBY

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

She taps herself on the forehead.

ABBY

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

HIGH ANGLE RAY

Looking up at Abby.

RAY

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

ABBY

I couldn't believe it either...

SIDE ANGLE ABBY

Framed against the window, looking down at Ray.

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

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

RAY

Yeah? What happened?

ABBY

Psychiatrist said I was the healthiest

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

RAY

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

ABBY

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

HIGH ANGLE RAY

His eyes half-closed.

RAY

Uh-huh.

ABBY

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

RAY

What'd he say?

SIDE ANGLE ABBY

Framed against the window.

ABBY

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

RAY

(murmuring)
Thanks.

ABBY

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

RAY

...Mm-hmm.

ABBY

When you don't they're usually nice.

RAY

...You ever get tired?

ABBY

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

onto
Volkswagon

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

We hear the rustle of sheets.

distant

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

HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM

the
louder.

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

door of
finally
jiggling

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

We hear a click as the lock finally releases.

the
advances

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

next to
tote
pearl-

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

LOW-ANGLE CLOSE SHOT THE MAN'S FACE

glows a

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

BACK TO HIS HANDS

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

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

We hear the faint creaking of bedsprings.

WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

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

We follow him outside onto the lawn.

EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW

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

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

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

CUT TO

EXT. PHONE BOOTH DAY

with
bright
at

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

Finally, it is picked up.

VOICE

Hello.

VISSER

Marty?

MARTY

Yeah. Is it...

VISSER

Ya catch any fish?

MARTY

...What?

VISSER

Ya catch any fish?

MARTY

Yeah...

VISSER

...What kind of fish?

MARTY

Listen, what is it? Is it done?

Visser forces a chuckle.

VISSER

...Yessir, you owe me some money.

MARTY'S OFFICE NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT TWO STRINGS OF FISH

Being plopped down onto Marty's desk.

WIDER THE OFFICE

cigarette
Marty
fan
on
a
dead

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

VISSER

(dully)

They look good.

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

MARTY

Want a couple?

head

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

VISSER

Just the ten thousand'll be fine.

MARTY

Got something to show me first?

stares
and

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

THE PHOTOGRAPH

bed.
three

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

MARTY

Staring dully down at the picture.

MARTY

Dead, huh?

VISSER

So it would seem.

CLOSE SHOT THE TOP OF THE DESK

desk

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

MARTY

What did you...

BACK TO MARTY

Abby's

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

MARTY

...What did you do with the bodies?

VISSER

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

MARTY

Jesus, I don't believe it...

His

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

MARTY

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

the

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

CLOSE SHOT VISSER

doesn't
office

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

VISSER

I'll want that picture back...

He turns to look across the desk.

VISSER'S POV

The standing safe behind the desk.

BACK TO VISSER

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

VISSER

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

We hear a toilet flush offscreen.

LONG SHOT MARTY'S OFFICE

As he reenters the office.

MARTY

Your money, yeah.

Visser stares dully down at the desktop.

VISSER

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

MARTY

Of course.

VISSER

Nobody knows you hired me?

HIGH ANGLE CORNER OF THE OFFICE

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

MARTY

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

He shuts the safe and spins the dial.

MARTY

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

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

MARTY

...For richer, for poorer.

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

VISSER

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

He wipes his hands on his pants.

VISSER

...How did you cover the money?

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

MARTY

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

He smiles.

MARTY

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

VISSER

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

He nods toward the envelope on the desk.

VISSER

...it's too damn risky.

MARTY

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

He pushes the money across the desk with his boot.

MARTY

...Count it if you want.

VISSER

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

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

CLOSE SHOT MARTY

Staring at Visser.

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

CLOSE SHOT VISSER

Staring at Marty.

MED SHOT MARTY OVER VISSER'S SHOULDER

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

WIDE SHOT THE OFFICE

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

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

There

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

hits the

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

Visser lays the gun on the desk.

CLOSE SHOT VISSER

gun

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

CLOSE SHOT THE GUN

desk.

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

THE DESKTOP FROM DESK LEVEL

head-on

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

metallic

fish.

picking

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

EXTREME HIGH SHOT THE OFFICE

out

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

VISSER

Who looks stupid now.

The door slams shut.

camera

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

the

noise of
are
across

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

WIPE TO:

MARTY'S BAR LATER

across
front
glows

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

grows
We
on
the
tries the
to
him in

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

bar
register.

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

up
underneath

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

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

As he finishes flipping through the papers.

RAY

(muttering)

Damn...

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

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

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

RAY

Marty...

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

RAY

Marty...

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

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

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

RAY

What's the matter, you deaf?

No answer.

Ray stumbles toward Marty.

gun
floor.

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

studies

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

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

and
eyes

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

RAY'S POV TRACKING SHOT

Marty's

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

BACK TO RAY

floor. He
safe.

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

RAY'S POV

the
half-

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

BACK TO RAY

a
gun,

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

looks at it.

THE GUN

It is Abby's revolver.

BACK TO RAY

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

WIDER

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

THE DOOR

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

MEURICE (O.S.)

Marty?

Footsteps approach the door.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT RAY'S HAND ON THE DOOR BOLT

He turns it gently. The bolt clicks shut.

BACK TO RAY

Meurice's footsteps draw nearer.

MEURICE (O.S.)

Marty, ya home?

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

back Now Meurice's footsteps can be heard going casually

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

MEURICE (O.S.)

What day is it today, Angie?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Tuesday.

MEURICE (O.S.)

Tuesday is ladies' night.

WOMAN (O.S.)

What?

MEURICE (O.S.)

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

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

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

MARTY'S OFFICE BATHROOM

CLOSE SHOT FAUCET

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

BLOOD-SPATTERED FLOOR

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

CLOSE SHOT MARTY

him
front

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

CLOSE SHOT THE GUN ON THE DESK

Ray's hand enters frame and picks it up.

CLOSE SHOT MARTY'S COAT POCKET

pocket.

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

EXT. BACK OF THE BAR / PARKING LOT

though

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

the
backs
the

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

Marty's
Ray

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

lot.

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

RAY'S POV

distant

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

HIGH-ANGLE TRACKING SHOT TOWARD INCINERATOR

behind

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

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

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

INT. RAY'S CAR

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

EVANGELIST

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

Ray twists around and looks in the back seat.

RAY'S POV

Marty is lying inert.

EVANGELIST

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

BACK TO RAY

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

EVANGELIST

--wherein all the planets of the

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

Ray switches off the radio.

We hear the sound of faint, labored breathing.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT RAY

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

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

The car screeches to a halt.

EXT. HIGHWAY

LONG SHOT THE CAR

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

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

RAY'S POV LONG SHOT THE CAR

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

BACK TO RAY

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

RAY'S POV TRACKING

Toward the car. Still no sign of movement.

BACK TO RAY

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

RAY'S POV BACK SEAT OF THE CAR

It is empty.

The door on the highway side is ajar.

BACK TO RAY

No reaction.

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

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

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

RAY'S POV

Marty, crawling.

BACK TO RAY

thinks--
around
shovel.

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

MARTY LOW ANGLE

breath
As Ray
his

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

stares

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY'S FEET

wraps

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

BACK TO RAY

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

RAY'S FEET

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

BACK TO RAY

Looks up from Marty. The rumble grows louder.

RAY'S POV

themselves,

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

BACK TO RAY

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

CLOSE SHOT MARTY

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

The engine rumble is quite loud now.

MED SHOT RAY FROM ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE CAR

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

EXT. OPEN FIELD

FULL SHOT RAY'S CAR

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

the
shallow grave he has just finished digging.

He plants the shovel and walks back to the car.

VERY WIDE SHOT

headlights
beyond it.

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

HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE

As Marty thumps to the bottom, face up.

CLOSE SHOT RAY

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

HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE

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

LOW SHOT RAY

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

BACK TO HIGH SHOT

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

LOW SHOT FROM INSIDE THE GRAVE

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

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

HIGH SHOT MARTY

The gun extended into the foreground. His index finger

of

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

LOW SHOT RAY

Watching.

HIGH SHOT MARTY

whitens

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

empty

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

LOW SHOT RAY

Staring blankly down at Marty.

SIDE SHOT

of

reaches

chambers.

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

CLOSE SHOT THE BLADE OF THE SHOVEL

Biting into the earth.

MED SHOT RAY

Furiously shoveling dirt into the grave.

HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE

Marty barely visible under the dirt.

MED SHOT RAY

Shoveling, panting.

HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE

Half full.

MED SHOT RAY

Working furiously. His breath comes in short gasps.

HIGH SHOT THE GRAVE

the

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

CLOSE SHOT THE BLADE OF THE SHOVEL

Being slammed down against the earth. Again and again.

EXT. OPEN FIELD SUNRISE

drops

The staccato beat of the shovel slamming against earth

sitting

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

gaze

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

is fixed on a spot offscreen.

HIS POV

A house. Quite near by.

set

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

BACK TO RAY

Staring, without emotion.

flicks

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

and

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

in

stares at it for several seconds, shovel clasped firmly

both hands.

He walks back to the car.

HIGH SHOT

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

The engine coughs weakly and dies.

He tries again. Same result.

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

INT. RAY'S CAR DAWN

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

Pale and unblinking.

RAY'S POV THE HIGHWAY

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

BACK TO RAY

He squints at the approaching car.

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

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

CLOSE SHOT HEADLIGHT KNOB ON THE DASHBOARD

pushes in
the knob.

SIDE ANGLE RAY

catch
Watching the approaching station wagon. As it passes we

got-it

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

EXT. DESERTED GAS STATION

HIGH ANGLE

alone

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

movement

through

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

picked up

ABBY

(through phone;
sleepily)
Hello?

RAY

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

ABBY

Ray?... What time is it?

RAY

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

A beat.

ABBY

...You all right?

RAY

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

in

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

ABBY

Okay, see ya... Thanks, Ray.

RAY

Abby--

The phone disconnects.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

Abby stirs. She looks offscreen.

LONG SHOT RAY

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

ABBY

(sleepily)
...Ray?

RAY

You're bad.

Still half asleep, Abby smiles.

ABBY

...What?

RAY

I said you're bad.

There is a long pause. Finally:

ABBY

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

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

RAY

We're both bad.

FADE OUT

BLACK

dropping:
string,

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

frame,
photograph is
the
showed
blood

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

this

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

original

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

that
half and

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

the

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

the
placard
Work."

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

LOW-ANGLE CLOSE SHOT VISSER

Staring at the placard in disbelief.

groping in

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

breast

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

slams

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

ABBY'S APARTMENT DAY

CLOSE SHOT RAY

slam,

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

ABBY

in the

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

ABBY

Why didn't you get into bed?

RAY

(groggy)

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

ABBY

Yeah...

She walks over and sits down on the bed.

ABBY

...You called me this morning.

RAY

Yeah.

Abby looks at him, expecting more. Finally:

RAY

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

ABBY

...What do you mean?

Ray finally looks directly at her.

RAY

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

Abby is looking at him in alarm.

ABBY

What happened?--Was Meurice there?

RAY

Yeah.

He laughs shortly.

RAY

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

around

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

RAY

...Is it cold in here?

Abby is looking at him nervously.

ABBY

Well... what happened?

RAY

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

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

RAY

...What's important is what we do

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

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

RAY

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

ABBY

Ray--

RAY

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

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

RAY

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

He pauses, seemingly at a total loss.

RAY

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

ABBY

What the hell happened, Ray?

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

RAY

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

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

RAY

...That's what's important.

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

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

RAY

...What was that?

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

ABBY

(rapidly)

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

RAY

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

RAY

(quietly)

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

BACK TO ABBY

Still worked up.

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

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

Her voice trails off.

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

RAY

...Pick it up.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE

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

ABBY

What.

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

As before, the line clicks dead.

ABBY

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

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

RAY

...Who?

ABBY

Marty.

There is silence again.

LONG SHOT THE APARTMENT

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

The laugh stops abruptly.

ABBY

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

RAY

(quietly)

All right...

He starts across the room.

RAY

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

He is heading for the door.

RAY

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

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

He sets it on a shelf by the door.

ABBY

Watching. We hear the door open.

RAY (O.S.)

You left your weapon behind.

We hear the door slam shut.

CLOSE SHOT CEILING FAN

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

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

there.
sweep the

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

INT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT DAY

LOW WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

around
as one
built-in
light

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

and
the
few
piece
and

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

Dial tone. Beep.

MARTY'S VOICE

(barking)

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

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

MARTY'S VOICE

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

Dial tone. Beep.

Meurice's hand drops into frame.

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

His finger presses the stop button.

MATCH

CUT TO:

RAY'S FINGER

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

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

INT. RAY'S LIVING ROOM

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

hears,
of

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

CLOSE SHOT CLOSET DOOR

thing
and

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

EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW

TRACKING SHOT ON RAY

behind

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

TRACKING SHOT RAY'S POV

up
is

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

MEURICE

I hope you're planning on leaving
town.

BACK TO RAY

over to
behind

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

RAY

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

MEURICE

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

Ray is still hunched in the open doorway. He freezes

momentarily in arranging the sheet.

RAY

...Why?

MEURICE

You shouldn't have taken the money...

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

MEURICE

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

Ray backs out of the car and turns around.

MEURICE

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

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

MEURICE

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

RAY

(tonelessly)
What's that?

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

MEURICE

Those things are nothing but coffin
nails.

He turns and stares down the street, exasperated.

MEURICE

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

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

MEURICE

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

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

MEURICE

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

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

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

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE DAY

LOW WIDE SHOT FRONT FOYER

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

Opal,
the
desperately

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

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

EXT. MARTY'S BAR DUSK

to the

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

As

the

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

INT. MARTY'S BAR

back-

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

ABBY

(quietly)

Marty?

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

MARTY'S OFFICE BATHROOM

that

office

door,

against

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

BACK TO ABBY

room.

wrinkles

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

her nose.

ABBY'S POV

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

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

BACK TO ABBY

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

ABBY'S POV

Shards of broken glass lie on the floor.

BACK TO ABBY

She looks up from the floor toward the back door.

ABBY'S POV

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

BACK TO ABBY

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

ABBY'S POV

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

BACK TO ABBY

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

dial
hammer

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

ABBY'S POV

Blood stains.

ABBY

desk.

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

ABBY'S POV

desk,

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

BACK TO ABBY

Staring.

ABBY'S POV

The dead fish.

BACK TO ABBY

falls
pillow.
bed
motionless

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

ABBY'S POV

windows,
of

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

LONG SHOT ABBY

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

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

SAME LONG SHOT ABBY IN BED

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

BATHROOM

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

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

ABBY

Ray...?

creak
walks

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

MAIN ROOM

semi-
The

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

It is Marty.

Abby recoils.

MARTY

Lover-boy oughta lock his door.

still

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

MARTY

I love you...

He smiles thinly.

MARTY

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

Abby takes a step back.

ABBY

I... I love you too.

Still smiling, Marty shakes his head.

MARTY

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

the

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

MARTY

...You left your weapon behind.

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

CLOSE SHOT ABBY'S HANDS

As she catches the object. It is her compact.

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

She looks from her hands up to Marty.

MARTY

He'll kill you too.

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

The blood washes over the floor at his feet.

ABBY

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

ABBY'S POV

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

BACK TO ABBY

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

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

ABBY'S POV

The window.

DISSOLVE

THROUGH TO:

SAME WINDOW SAME ANGLE PRE-DAWN

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

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

BACK TO LONG SHOT WINDOW

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

We hear a car door slam.

EXT. RAY'S BUNGALOW PRE-DAWN

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

THROUGH THE WINDOW

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

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

ABBY

Ray.

Ray starts and looks toward the window, squinting.

INT. RAY'S BUNGALOW

WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM

strikingly
effects

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

hallway.

Abby looks around, bewildered, as Ray enters from the

ABBY

...Where is everything?

RAY

In the trunk.

cardboard

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

RAY

...In the car.

cord,

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

ABBY

...You leaving?

RAY

Isn't that what you want?

She slowly shakes her head.

RAY

Wanna come with me?

He leans back against the boxes, watching her.

ABBY

...But first I gotta know what happened.

RAY

What do you want to know?

ABBY

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

looking

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

ABBY

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

RAY

With your gun?...

door.

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

RAY

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

Ray faces Abby in front of the door.

RAY

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

cross-

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

RAY

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

Abby stares.

flipping
and
other,

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

THWACK--it bounces off the screen.

Abby starts; Ray doesn't.

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

CLOSE SHOT THE FRONT STOOP

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

TRACKING SHOT ON ABBY

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

ABBY'S POV TRACKING FORWARD THE CAR

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

EXT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT DAY

OVER ABBY'S SHOULDER

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

MEURICE

Abby. What's the matter?

ABBY

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

He looks at her hard.

MEURICE

Yeah... yeah, come in...

He steps aside to let her pass.

MEURICE

...but I gotta tell ya...

INT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT

As Abby enters.

MEURICE

...I'm retired.

drawn

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

MEURICE

Jesus, I got a hangover. Want a drink?

ABBY

No, I--

MEURICE

Well I do...

He pours himself a drink.

MEURICE

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

ABBY

Something happened with Marty and Ray--

MEURICE

(sharply)

Abby...

He glares at her.

MEURICE

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

He slams back the drink.

MEURICE

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

He grimaces.

MEURICE

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

ABBY

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

MEURICE

What?! Did Ray tell you that?

ABBY

Sort of...

Meurice sits her down on the sofa.

MEURICE

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

He tries to coax her into lying down.

MEURICE

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

ABBY

Meurice--

MEURICE

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

Her head meets an end cushion.

ABBY

Meurice, you gotta help me...

Meurice rises from the sofa, sighs.

MEURICE

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

He leans down to the table next to the sofa.

MEURICE

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

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY NIGHT

POV FROM A CAR

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

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

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

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

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

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

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

Ray looks up at the traffic light.

RAY'S POV

The light is just turning from red to green.

CLOSE SHOT RAY'S FOOT ON BRAKE

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY

He looks up in his rearview mirror.

RAY'S POV

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

BACK TO RAY

it
He slowly takes the cigarette from his mouth and drops

rearview

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

RAY'S POV

Green fog floats past the green light.

BACK TO RAY

His face frozen. He turns slowly to look behind.

RAY'S POV

rumble

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

BACK TO RAY

window

arm,

other

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

RAY'S POV

floats

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

BACK TO RAY

Watching the car pass.

RAY'S POV

intersection

green

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

BACK TO RAY

Watching, for a long moment.

steering

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

MARTY'S LIVING ROOM WIDE

room.
around
leaves.

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

MARTY'S BEDROOM WIDE

the
in
her

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

We start to hear the faint buzzing of a fly.

the

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

MARTY'S OFFICE

looking

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

The sound of the fly is louder with the cut.

CLOSE SHOT RAY

the

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

WIDE SHOT THE OFFICE

floor.
it.

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

CLOSE SHOT RAY AT SAFE

shuffles

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

RAY'S POV

Ray
x

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

BACK TO RAY

Looking.

HIS POV PICTURE DETAIL

Marty is still laughing.

BACK TO RAY

in

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

RAY'S POV

His and Abby's corpses.

BACK TO RAY FROM ACROSS THE DESK

background.

As he straightens slowly from the safe in the

lighter

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

and

stares

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

INT. RAY'S CAR

CLOSE SHOT RAY

Driving. He glances up in the rearview mirror.

MARTY'S KITCHEN

white
steps
floor

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

CLOSE SHOT PLASTIC DOG-FOOD BOWL

wobbles,

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

MARTY'S BILLIARD ROOM

DUTCH-TILT

TRACKING SHOT TOWARD MOUNTED MOOSE HEAD

the

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

mouth.

The moose still has Ray's cigarette protruding from its

REVERSE TRACKING SHOT MEURICE

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

left.

He hears something, and looks through the door to his

MEURICE'S POV

The long shadowy hall. We hear panting.

CLOSE SHOT MEURICE

Squinting.

MEURICE

...Opal?

THE HALLWAY

A form starts to materialize in the shadows.

MEURICE

Taking a step back.

HIS POV

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

FROM BEHIND MEURICE

He wrenches a cue stick from the rack and squares.

HIS POV

Opal snarling, leaping.

INT. MEURICE'S APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT TOP OF A COFFEE TABLE

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

MEURICE (O.S.)

Even the fucking dog's gone crazy...

MED SHOT ABBY

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

MEURICE

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

ABBY'S POV

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

INT. ABBY'S HALLWAY

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

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT

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

RAY

(abruptly)
Turn it off.

Abby jumps, startled.

ABBY

Ray...

EXT. ROOF OF FACING APARTMENT BUILDING

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

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

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT

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

RAY

Just turn it off.

EXT. FACING ROOF

its

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

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT

Abby

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

RAY

(answering a question)

No curtains on the windows.

anything

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

ABBY

...So?

RAY

I think someone's watching.

throws

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

ABBY

So what'll they see?

Ray turns angrily from the window.

RAY

Just leave it off. He can see in.

EXT. FACING ROOF

starting

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

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT

the

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

ABBY

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

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

RAY

You think...

He shakes his head.

RAY

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

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

ABBY

...I love you too.

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

RAY

Because you're scared.

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

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

THE WINDOW

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

BACK TO ABBY

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

EXT. FACING ROOF

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

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT

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

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

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

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

ABBY

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

ABBY'S POV CEILING BULB

BACK TO ABBY

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

ABBY'S POV

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

BACK TO ABBY

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

We hear the bulb shatter and the room goes black.

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

LOW SHOT THE DARK APARTMENT

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

ABBY

Ray--

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

HALLWAY

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

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE

(frightened, in Spanish)

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

ABBY

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

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE

(in Spanish)
He has a gun!

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

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

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

ABBY'S APARTMENT

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

ABBY'S POV

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

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

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

BATHROOM

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

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

CLOSER ON ABBY

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

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

ABBY'S POV

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

ABBY'S APARTMENT

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

VISSER

(grimly)
All right...

He hunkers down closer to Ray.

VISSER

...You got some of my personal property.

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

VISSER

...One of you does.

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

VISSER

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

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

BATHROOM

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

ABBY'S APARTMENT

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

slurps
light

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

fixes
door

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

He walks in.

BATHROOM

curtain is

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

VISSER'S POV

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

BACK TO VISSER

the

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

himself
the

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

EXT. ABBY'S BUILDING / BATHROOM WINDOW

CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S FACE

upper

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

CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S HAND

It finds the adjacent window and starts to raise it.

BACK TO VISSER'S FACE

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

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

QUICK

CUT TO:

INT. ADJACENT APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S HAND

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

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

QUICK

CUT:

BACK TO VISSER

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

ADJACENT APARTMENT

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

ABBY'S POV THE WINDOW

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

apartment

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

BACK TO ABBY

Staring at the wall. We hear a second CRACK.

ABBY'S POV

second

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

gun

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

clatter

bathroom

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

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

apartment.

Staring at the lines of light that crisscross the

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

ABBY'S POV THE WALL

THUMP.

the

strokes

Six circles of light.

The circles go black momentarily as there is another

And another. Each time Visser pounds his fist against

wall, there is a muffled THUMP and his swinging arm

the bullet holes.

BACK TO ABBY

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

HALLWAY

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

ABBY'S POV

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

ADJACENT APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT THE WALL

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

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

HALLWAY

We pull Abby as she limps hesitantly down the hall.

ADJACENT APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S HAND

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

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

ABBY'S HALLWAY / APARTMENT

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

ABBY'S POV

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

ADJACENT APARTMENT

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT VISSER'S FINGERTIPS

handle;
stretched
or

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

ABBY'S APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

She

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

ABBY'S POV

gone,
middle
room
litter

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

BATHROOM

CLOSE SHOT VISSER

in the

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

ABBY'S APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

toward

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

ABBY'S POV

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

BATHROOM

CLOSE SHOT VISSER

Moving quietly toward the door.

ABBY'S APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT ABBY

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

ABBY'S POV

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

BACK TO ABBY

She shifts the gun slightly and fires.

ABBY'S POV

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

BACK TO ABBY

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

HER POV

The cracked bathroom door spilling light.

BACK TO ABBY

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

ABBY

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

HER POV

The bathroom door. Quiet for a long moment.

Then, from inside the bathroom, we hear laughter.

BACK TO ABBY

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

VISSER (O.S.)

...Well ma'am...

BATHROOM

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

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

He is smiling.

VISSER

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

HIS POV

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

VISSER

Looking, with mild interest.

HIS POV

A condensed droplet trickles down the chrome.

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

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

FINIS.

[DELETED SCENE FROM 1st. DRAFT]

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

MOTEL LOBBY DAY

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

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

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

RHODES

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

RAY

I need a room.

Calling out from the divan:

KYLE

He needs a room, Dusty.

RHODES

I reckon I can hear him...

(to Ray)

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

TV option.

RAY

How much extra?

KYLE

(calling out)

He wants the TV option, Dusty.

RHODES

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

KYLE

(calling out)

Tell him the channels, Dusty.

RHODES

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

RAY

Just a room then.

KYLE

(calling out)

He don't want the option, Dusty.

RHODES

I reckon I heard the man.

RAY

(after shooting Kyle
an irritated glance)

Does he work here?

KYLE

(calling out)

Sure don't.

RHODES

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

KYLE

(calling out)

And how many room got TV, Dusty?

RHODES

Ever durned one.

RAY

(gameily)

Okay, I'll take the TV option.

RHODES

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

that
too
replaced
be
movie.
get to

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

JOEL & ETHAN COEN