

NOTE: In this excerpt from a mystery/thriller feature, the "gap" between expectation and result opens fast, and we get a reversal of expectations.

Although the scene leaves many unanswered questions, what has happened to the characters is apparent within the context of the action presented.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A 1920s car rumbles down a lonely road. It is nearly pitch black; only headlights illuminate the narrow road.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT [DRIVING]

BOB ANGLO, 30s, dark sun tan, drives with his fedora hat slightly tilted. Next to him sits VIOLA, 25, Hispanic, pregnant. Viola waves a thin, ornate fan to cool down.

Bob reaches under his seat. His hand brushes over a revolver lying next to a flask. He retrieves the flask and takes a long swig.

BOB
Roll down the window if you're hot.

VIOLA
I'm fine.

Bob scoffs as he takes a swig.

VIOLA (CONT'D)
How far are we?

BOB
Don't know.

VIOLA
You got no right to do this.

BOB
I have every right, and you know it.

Viola notices him take another swig.

VIOLA
You get pulled over, and we're both screwed.

Bob ignores her as he drains the remaining liquid in the flask.

VIOLA (CONT'D)

Just crash the car so I won't have
to put up with your shit anymore.

BOB

Shut it!

Viola fans her face faster, her anger growing. Bob puts the flask back under his seat.

In one quick motion, Viola folds the fan and stabs Bob in the thigh with the sharp end.

Bob SCREAMS in pain as blood gushes out of his wound.

He veers off the road as he CRASHES into a ditch. He tries to grab Viola, but she manages to open the door and run out.

Bob pulls the fan out of his leg as he SCREAMS again.

Viola runs into the headlights, her only source of light.

He takes off his belt and ties his wound the best he can. He stares into the distance, trying to cope with the pain.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Was this what you had planned?

Bob looks into the rearview mirror.

A silhouette of BOB'S FATHER appears in the back seat, wearing a slick black suit and a wide-brimmed hat.

BOB'S FATHER

I asked you a question.

Bob lowers his head, then shakes it.

BOB

No, Father, it was not.

Bob's father scoffs, a stoic expression on his wrinkled face.

BOB'S FATHER

I wasted all my time on you. You
shame the family name.

Bob remains still, pensive.

Suddenly, Bob accelerates the car. He drives towards Viola. She looks back. Bob hits her.

Bob stops the car. He takes out the revolver from under the car seat.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bob limps out of the car. He stares at the dust hovering over Viola, lying unconscious. She lies face up on the ground. Bob aims his gun at her.

CLICK

The chamber is empty.

Bob drops the gun as he falls to his knees. He lays next to Viola in a fetal position, SOBBING.