

This is an excerpt from a mystery/thriller feature. The sample consists of one pivotal scene. The "gap" between expectation and result opens fast, and we get a complete reversal of expectations.

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

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

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

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT [DRIVING]

BOB ANGLO, 30s, heavy tan, drives with his fedora hat slightly tilted. Next to him sits VIOLA, 25, Hispanic, pregnant. Viola uses a thin, ornate, fully hand fan in an effort to cool down.

Bob reaches under his seat. His hand brushes over a revolver lying next to a flask.

Bob retrieves the flask, he takes a long swig.

BOB
If you're hot, roll down your window.

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've got 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)

Maybe you'll just crash the car and
I won't have to put with your shit
anymore.

BOB

Shut your mouth.

Viola fans her face faster, her anger clearly 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.

Bob veers off the road as he hits 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 in pain again.

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

Bob takes out his belt. He ties his wound the best he can.
Bob stares into the distance in a trance.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Was this what you had planned?

Bob looks into the rear view mirror.

A silhouette of BOB'S FATHER appears is 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 sits back in his seat, a stoic expression on his
wrinkled face.

BOB'S FATHER

I wasted all my knowledge 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 carseat.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bob gets out of the car, limping from his wound. He stares at dust that hovers over Viola, lying unconscious. Bob pulls out his revolver.

Viola lies face up on the ground. Bob approaches, aims the 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.