

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

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

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

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

INT. CAR - NIGHT

BOB ANGLO, 30s, heavy tan, drives with his fedora hat slightly tilted. Next to him sits VIOLA, 25, Hispanic, pregnant. Viola uses an thin, ornate, 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 another swig.

VIOLA (CONT'D)
How long until we get there?

BOB
I 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
dead.

Bob ignores her as he takes yet another swig. This guys
clearly not going to slow it down.

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 is clearly growing.

Bob takes a long swig.

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

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. He pours some of the
alcohol from he flask onto his wound. He SCREAMS in pain. He
takes another swig.

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

Bob remains in his car. He 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. He
wears a 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.

BOB
I don't care.

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 revolver misfires.

BOB drops the gun and falls to his knees. He lays next to Viola in a fetal position, crying.