

INSIDE A MOVING CAR. THUNDER CRACKS. A SQUEAKY WIPER BLADE FWAP FWAP FWAPS. RADIO STATIC RISES. THEN, VIA THE RADIO, A CHEESY CHURCH ORGAN PULSES UNDER THE FIERY-BREATHED PREACHIFYING OF--

SOUTHERN EVANGELIST (RADIO): (D)...the true nature of man. Friends, I'm here to tell ya, startin' with Adam and Eve, mankind screwed the pooch—

"CLICK," THE RADIO IS TURNED OFF.

MARY: God, I hope this rain lets up.

MOTHER: Don't take His name in vain.

MARY: Well it's hot as hell in here. I want to crack the window.

MOTHER: Preacher's words hitting a little too close to home? Don't roll your eyes at me – I know what you do.

MARY: What do I do, Mother? Besides chauffeur you to the supermarket, and the doctors, and to church five nights a week? What do I even have TIME to--

MOTHER: I can HEAR you through the wall. In your room. Your hand under that scratchy gray wool blanket, doing... what you do. You need Christ in your heart more than a finger in your gravy bowl.

MARY: Are you dead yet?

MOTHER: Remember this: The thought is as bad as the deed. (BEAT) Turn that preacher man back on.

MARY: Some preacher man. Religion's supposed to be about love.

MOTHER: Men are born evil. Says so in the bible.

MARY: Humans aren't born evil. Sometimes they act good. Sometimes they don't. Sometimes it's hard to tell.

MOTHER: Oh, God can tell, little missy. He weighs the evil in your heart. You ready for that? Don't you look at me like that. I hate when you do that. All I can see is your beady little eyes in the rearview mirror.

MARY: If you sat in the front seat like normal people.

MOTHER: There you go again. Those hateful eyes. You know I can see the disgust in your eyes when you do that.

MARY: Yes. That's the whole point, Mother.

THE RAIN STOPS. THE WIPERS SQUEAK A FEW MORE TIMES, THEN STOP. A WINDOW CRANK HANDLE TURNS. WIND BLOWS INTO THE CAR. MARY SIGHS.

MOTHER: Roll that up. My hair.

MARY: The hideous pink scarf you insist on wearing is in your purse. (BEAT) That's right. There you go.

MOTHER: Keep your eyes on the road.

MARY: God look at you.

MOTHER: Watch the road. You'll get us killed.

MARY: Your face looks like a bowl of dried fruit wrapped up in that thing. Desiccated apples.

MOTHER: You've always had such darkness in your heart.

MARY: That's it, tie it nice and tight. Choke on it, mother.

MOTHER: I used to stand over your crib thinking how easy it would have been to put a pillow over your tiny little face.

MARY: But then you'd have gone to hell.

MOTHER: Who says I didn't?

MARY: How 'bout I just plunge us over the rails of the Hocking River Bridge? Huh? Then we can see where we end up.

THE CAR ACCELERATES.

MOTHER: Mary Elizabeth, slow down! This isn't funny.

THE CAR GOES FASTER. WIND RUSHES IN THE WINDOW.

MARY: Here's the bridge, Mother. Tell God to get his scales ready. You on one side. Me on the other.

WIND RUSHES LOUDER. MARY SCREAMS TO BE HEARD.

MARY: WE'LL SEE WHICH WAY THE SCALES TIP. WE'LL SEE WHO HAS MORE EVIL IN THEIR HEART.

SCREECH! THE CAR SKIDS TO A STOP. WIND BLOWS IN THE WINDOW. THUNDER ROLLS IN THE DISTANCE.

MOTHER: Is he insane? Just standing in the middle of the bridge like that?

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH – ONE LEG IS DRAGGED, SO WE HEAR FOOTSTEP, SLIIIIIDE, FOOTSTEP, SLIIIIIDE...

MARY: Oh god he's coming over.

SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK – THE WINDOW HANDLE IS CRANKED. THE SOUND OF WIND CEASES. SHOONK SHOONK – MARY LOCKS THE CAR'S FRONT DOORS.

MARY: Do yours!

MOTHER: Why should I? If, as you say, people aren't 'evil.'

MARY: JUST DO IT.

SHOONK SHOONK. TAP TAP TAP ON THE WINDOW.

MAN (muted, through window): (D) Hey. Can I get a lift?

MARY: (LOW) Mother? What do we do?

MOTHER: Leave. I'll wait until we're home to say "I told you so."

TAP TAP TAP ON THE WINDOW.

MAN: (D) Can I please get a ride? It's going to rain again.

MARY: I can't hear you.