

MAN: How 'bout I ask you out right now?

VINYL SEAT SQUEAKS AS HE SLIDES CLOSER.

MOTHER: Mister, you're crossing center line. Mary, pull over.

MARY: I think that's close enough.

MAN: Don't get out much, do you? That vintage dress. This old car. You one of them Amish that only uses a car once a year to go into town? Like to buy Mule Chow or whatever?

MARY: Please... please remove your hand from my thigh.

MAN: Just getting a sneak preview. We're going out, remember?

MOM: Mary. Pull over. Now.

WHEELS ROLL OVER GRAVEL. THE CAR IS PUT INTO PARK.

MARY: I think you should get out.

MOTHER: You can thank me later.

MARY: Shut up, Mother.

MAN: I'm sorry, I'm—I got carried away. By your glow.

MARY: I... I asked you to leave. Please. I'm sorry.

THE DOOR UNLOCKS. THE DOOR OPENS. A STEADY WIND IS HEARD. DISTANT THUNDER ROLLS.

MARY: What are you waiting for?

MAN: Just thinking. I haven't seen another car all night.

MOTHER: You made your own bed, now sleep in it.

MARY: I'm sorry but you'll just have to walk. You brought this on--

MAN: Nobody comes down this old road any more, do they?

THE DOOR SHUTS.

MARY: Please get out of—
THE DOOR LOCKS – SHOONK.

MAN: I want to spend time with you. (BEAT) You're comfortable.
THE CAR ENGINE IS TURNED OFF AND KEYS JANGLE.

MARY: You give me those back! I want to leave.

MAN: You're not going anywhere. Not just yet.

MARY: Mother? He won't listen to me.

MOTHER: What is your opinion of men now, child?

MAN: I don't like it when you say "Mother." Makes you sound insane when there's nobody else here.

MARY: Then maybe I'm not here, either. Maybe I never was.

MAN: Oh you're here. I can see you.
HE INHALES DEEPLY.

MAN: (CLOSE) I can smell you. I can feel you. Your skin is like cream.

MARY: What are you – please – don't do that -- STOP!
CLOTHES RUSTLE AS THEY TUSSLE. SLAP! HEAVY BREATHING AS THEY RECOVER FROM THAT STRUGGLE.

MARY: Sorry but you left me no choice. Leave. Now.
SHE'S ANSWERED BY HIS HEAVY BREATHING.

MARY: You know, before you got in the car--

MOTHER: --before you INVITED HIM INTO MY CAR--

MARY (continuous): --she and I were talking about man. And evil. Mother thinks that all men are evil. That they're born that way. It's a discussion we've had many times.

MAN: What do you think?

MARY: I don't know any more. But I think you should leave. Now.

MAN: (BEAT) I think I am. Evil, I mean. I think my mom was right.

LEATHER WHISPERS AS A KNIFE IS UNSHEATHED.

MARY: Mother? He has a knife.

MAN: I really wish you'd stop saying 'Mother.'

MARY: What do you want?! Oh god please don't rape me plea—

MAN: Shhh. I don't want to have sex with you. (BEAT) I want to *wear* you. You're so beautiful. Such pretty skin.

MARY: MOTHER HELP!

STRUGGLING. FEET KICK THE DASHBOARD. A HAND PUNCHES THE HORN REPEATEDLY HONK HONK HONK.

MAN: HOLD. STILL.

A KNIFE SLICES THROUGH JUICY FLESH. MARY SCREAMS.

MOTHER: Say it, Mary.

MARY: PLEASE JUST HELP ME MOTHER!

SKIN IS PEELED FROM MUSCLE. MARY SCREAMS IN AGONY.

MARY: YOU WERE RIGHT, MOTHER! ALL MEN ARE EVIL!

MOTHER: Was that so hard?

MAN: STOP SAYING MOTHER I HATE MOTHER I HATE MOTH--

THE MAN CHOKES. MARY CATCHES HER BREATH.

MARY: That's it. Tie it... tight. Choke him... mother.

MORE CHOKING. THE MAN KICKS THE DASHBOARD. HE KICKS THE RADIO DIAL AND IT TURNS ON. THE CHEESY CHURCH ORGAN PULSES AND THE PREACHER RANTS.

SOUTHERN EVANGELIST (RADIO): (D)...your soul ready for that? Flames for all eternity?

MOTHER: Well?

MARY: You were right, Mother. You're always right...

SOUTHERN EVANGELIST (RADIO): (D) Because that's what it'll be folks. It'll be like dyin' in flames, every day, your flesh meltin' off, fire in your lungs, every day till the end of time...

THE PREACHER'S VOICE AND CHURCH ORGAN FADE. THE MAN CHOKES. A BONE CRACKS. THEN HE DIES. THUNDER ROLLS. RAIN FALLS ON THE ROAD. A CAR APPROACHES. BRAKES SQUEAK AS IT STOPS. A COP SIREN CHIRPS.

OLD COP (over speaker): You in the road. Do you need assistance?

CAR DOORS OPEN AND SHUT. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH US ON PAVEMENT.

OLD COP: (OFF) Slow down. Looks like a knife there. By his feet.

SCUFFLING AS SOMEONE KNEELS.

YOUNG COP: No pulse. Did he... looks like he strangled himself? Like, I can't even move his hands from his throat. (BEAT) Look at his face. (BEAT) His eyes, just lookin' up forever, now. You ever seen anything like that?

OLD COP: Hell yeah. A dozen people have killed themselves on this bridge over the past forty years. All men. Each time, coroner determined the victim was strangled by his own hands. Can you imagine choking yourself to death? Snapping your own hyoid bone? This goddam bridge. It's always been... unlucky for folks. Suicides. People driving off the edge.