

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.

YOUNG COP: That's right. This is where that woman and her mom died, ain't it? Like, back in the eighties?

OLD COP: Seventies. I got curious once, pulled the original incident report. Officer figured the car was doing a hundred when it shot off the bridge. The women died on impact. Beyond dead. Report said the engine was in flames but the car radio was still on. Some preacher or other, just goin' on and on about hell. (BEAT) Okay. Enough of this. You wanna call this in? Pop your ten-forty-six cherry?

YOUNG COP: Ten-forty-six. That's 'suicide,' right?

OLD COP: Hell, boy, you see anybody else around?

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