

Start -

ROBIN

A ring. He asked me today. I was going to tell everyone during dessert.

Laura stares back, her wishes for Robin's future dissipating before her eyes. Benny saunters in, no idea how much he's heard. He carries two empty bottles of red wine.

COUSIN BENNY

Lore, is there any more red?

LAURA

That's the last of it.

COUSIN BENNY

Damn. I'm gonna run down to the Wine Mart, grab some. You want to come?

LAURA

I should finish the dishes.

COUSIN BENNY

Come on, Trish and Robin can do that. Let's get out of here, get some air.

Robin wants to avoid any more arguments about Marco, encouraging Laura. And Laura doesn't have any fight left in her... at least not tonight.

~~ROBIN~~

~~Go. I can do it.~~

LAURA

Yeah, okay.

3 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Benny's Toyota Avalon pulls out of the suburban gated subdivision, onto a two-lane highway.

COUSIN BENNY (O.S.)

It's one beautiful night, huh?

4 INT. BENNY'S AVALON - (MOVING) - NIGHT

Laura sits in the passenger seat, her oversized purse in her lap. She stares out the window, merely tolerant.

LAURA

I guess.

COUSIN BENNY

You should pay attention to stuff like that, Lore.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4/6

cont  
to car  
↓

COUSIN BENNY (CONT'D)

For all the stuff you got gripes about, you got plenty to thank your lucky stars over. Know what I mean?

LAURA

I really don't know what you mean.

COUSIN BENNY

Look, we've all been sympathetic to your little "ordeal." The mood swings and what not, but you're taking it a little far.

LAURA

I got my own opinions.

COUSIN BENNY

Marco's a guest in our house. He's gonna be family. And you go and start talking smack at the table? It's embarrassing.

LAURA

Marco Santori is a punk. He's a messenger boy. That's what you want for her?

COUSIN BENNY

Hey, Paul likes him. That's all that counts.

LAURA

Paul ain't the one who's gotta sleep with him. Listen to his boring crap every day, hear a bunch of lies about what he did today...

COUSIN BENNY

Look, this ain't up to you. He's got approval. This is how things work. You know that.

Laura looks past Benny, sees out the window that they are passing the Wine Mart. She takes an undetectable breath, an instinct kicking in.

COUSIN BENNY (CONT'D)

Why you gotta buck the system? Why you gotta bite the hand that feeds you?

Laura's better judgement tells her to be remorseful, or at least pretend she is.

LAURA

I was out of line tonight. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

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COUSIN BENNY

Not just this night, I'm afraid.  
We know you've been talking out of  
school -- to other people. People  
who'd like to see our family torn  
apart.

He slows the car, stopping at a small dangling red light.  
The only car in the intersection. He throws it into park,  
which makes Laura's adrenaline surge -- the way it always  
does that split second before life changes forever.

COUSIN BENNY (CONT'D)

My family. That I love. That I  
would do anything to protect.

Then with both regret and conviction, he reaches across  
himself and slides his hand inside his jacket. We see the  
leather of a shoulder holster, the glint of steel.

COUSIN BENNY (CONT'D)

I take no pleasure in this, honey.  
I really don't.

LAURA

Benny --

*— stop*

KABLAM! Benny takes one in the melon, BLOOD SPLATTERS  
against the windows like water in the spin cycle.

LAURA has a hole blown through the bottom of her purse, SMOKE  
from the muzzle FLASH fills the car. She's terrified,  
disgusted, and resigned to what comes next.

5 EXT. REMOTE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

5

Benny's passenger door swings open, and Laura climbs out. In  
a panic, she tumbles across the intersection, into the night.  
Off Benny's Avalon, engine still running. The light turns  
green.

6 GRAPHIC - WITSEC TITLE CARD

6

LAURA CUSATO

WITSEC CONTROL #: WC-7173-A

WITSEC ID: N/A

STATUS: PENDING AUTHORIZATION

LOCATION: ALBUQUERQUE

MARY (V.O.)

Life is full of choices. White or  
wheat. Paper or plastic. What you  
don't get to pick is your family.  
When I was a kid, I used to dream  
of trading mine for the Kilbournes.

7 THROUGH THE FISH-EYED LENS OF A PEEPHOLE

7

A DISTORTED MARY SHANNON stares INTO CAMERA. We pull back  
WIDER ON --

(CONTINUED)

*6/6*