QUARRY

WRITTEN BY

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ONE HOUR PILOT

"MURDER BALLADS"

BASED ON THE NOVELS OF MAX ALLAN COLLINS

SEPTEMBER 12, 2012

A darkened living room. Moonlight comes in through a window.

After a long moment, from behind, waist-up, we see a COMPLETELY NAKED MAN, 30s, groggily amble through the room.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Even darker, still from behind, the Naked Man lifts the toilet seat, starts PEEING.

One of those “Jesus Christ this is forever” pees. In the middle, he picks up a paper that’s on the back of the toilet. Headline: “Nixon Defense Admits 18 and 1/2 minute gap in Watergate Tapes” with a photo of Nixon waving. He turns the paper over, looks at an ad for women’s stockings. Nixon’s face concealing the Naked Man’s own.

He squeezes out the tiniest of farts. A veritable Mom-fart. He stops peeing, Shakes off. Flushes.

We hear but do not see a SHOWER CURTAIN pulled open. Before the Naked Man can turn towards it-

-BLAM!

The top of his head is BLOWN OFF, BLOOD AND BRAINS AND SKULL SPATTER TOWARDS US tearing through the smiling Nixon as if it was the President’s face being blown to hell.

The Naked Man’s body CRUMPLES onto the floor.

We go CLOSE ON a .45 receding and SLIDING back into a belt. Someone exhales. Calm.

SMASH-CUT TO:

BumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBumpBump…

...is what we hear as we see only BLACK. Then, jostling, handheld, a lighted sidewalk reveals the man's head - the top just a bloody gash - BumpBumpBounc-ing along a brick walkway.

The Man's body is being dragged by its feet.

FADE TO:

BLACK. The CRUNCH of a shovel into loamy soil. Shovel. Scoop. Toss. Shovel. Scoop. Toss. Again. Again. Breathing. Heavy.

We're in the woods.

Still dark, but dawn fights, seeping into the sky with purples, blues, orange.

REVEAL: the SHOVEL splits ground again next to a MOUND of dirt and the Naked Corpse. Somebody’s been busy.

We TILT UP from the shovel - hero shot - to see QUARRY, 32, mired in dirt, mud, crusted and stiff on his clothes and in his hair. Sweaty, panting. Cold air revealing his breath. Digging a grave is hard fucking work. Quarry calmly wipes his brow as we FREEZE. He is handsome. Man, not matinee idol.

Giant white block letters - "QUARRY" - cover the screen.

BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - DAY

The plane is LOUD, coming in for a landing. Quarry, seated in coach, wears a United States Marine Corps "Service C" uniform, heavily decorated with marksmanship badges.

Pressed back into his seat, he nervously thumbs a SAINT MICHAEL MEDALLION around his neck as if rubbing it is the very thing keeping the plane in the sky.

Quarry looks out the window. Mid-western farmland. Literally amber waves of grain. America in perfectly-marked hectares.

MAN (O.S.)
(calm, playful)
It's a control thing.

Quarry looks to ARTIE, 30s, handsome, affable, with an always-upturned mouth, also in Marine Corps uniform. These two have been in the shit together. Brothers in every way but blood.

ARTIE
"I can't pilot this two-ton metal shitbox, how can that jackass up there do it?" Right?

Not helping. Quarry clenches the arm rest TIGHTER.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
You just survived three tours in the shittiest of the shit, but our plane home's gonna explode into a ball of flames on *landing?*

A beat as the plane JOSTLES wildly. Quarry closes his eyes. The plane TOUCHES DOWN. Quarry startles. Exhales. Finally. Artie pats him on the arm.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
See there? No plane crash. God's got something a lot more painful and humiliating in store for you.

PILOT (O.S.)
(from speaker)
On behalf of our flight crew we'd like to welcome you to beautiful Kansas City where it's a balmy 81 degrees and the local time is 3:21pm. Also like to give a hearty "Welcome Home" to the United States Marines flying with us today....

Patchwork APPLAUSE. Meagre enough that it registers on Quarry's face. There are other SERVICEMEN on the plane.

PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from speaker)
Everyone please remain seated until we've reached the gate...

ARTIE
(out the window)
United States of Aye-merica. We did it for you, you big beautiful bitch.

Quarry looks out the window, smiling in spite of himself. DING. Everyone starts to stand and gather their things.

INT. AIRPORT GIFT SHOP - DAY

CLOSE ON: A JEWELRY CASE. PEACE SIGN pendants, SMILEY FACE, necklaces. Quarry peers down, lost. Which one? He grips a bottle of champagne in one hand, his duffle in the other.

In the background, Artie searches through toys. He considers a QUICK CURL BARBIE.

ARTIE
I'm just telling you, this whole "surprise" thing? Bad idea.
(to self)
What do my kids like? I have no idea what my kids even like.

A female CLERK, 22, steps up to help Quarry.

CLERK
For that special someone?

Quarry looks up.

QUARRY
My wife.

ARTIE
You don't actually think she's been faithful, do you?

QUARRY
Oddly enough, I do. Guess I'm romantic like that.

Across the store, we see a nattily-dressed man, 30s, a BABY BLUE PAISLEY NECKERCHIEF stylishly tied around his neck, bell bottom jeans. He busies himself as he watches Quarry.

ARTIE
You show up two days early, totally unannounced, you're the one gettin' the "surprise" of finding some Jody floppin' around on top of her.

Artie smiles wryly, giving away the joke. Quarry moves to a floral display.

QUARRY
(ignoring)
You think flowers are too corny?

Baby Blue leans in.

BABY BLUE
Trust me. A*lways* flowers.

ARTIE
Listen to the lady-killer here.

QUARRY
(to Baby Blue)
Thanks.

BABY BLUE
She'll love them.

He returns to his browsing. Quarry collects a bouquet of roses and approaches the counter.

CLERK
Anything else?

Something gets his attention. A small ceramic Berries Company FIGURINE of a man, body submerged in a toilet, about to flush himself. The words: "Goodbye Cruel World." Quarry reaches for it. This - of all things - brings us his first smile.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Quarry and Artie approach the sliding doors of the airport, duffle bags over shoulders and gift bags in their hands.

QUARRY
(re: Artie's big gift bag)
Sure takes you a lot to get laid.

ARTIE
Hey, if you can't win, cheat...
(to someone off screen)
THERE SHE IS!

LEIGH, 30s, Artie's wife, approaches.

LEIGH
Look at my conquering heroes.

She embraces Artie, sweet relief cascading over them both. He squeezes her right back. She buries herself in him.

ARTIE
If I didn't know any better, I'd say somebody missed me.

LEIGH
(fighting tears, smiling)
It's over. Thank God it's over.

She hugs Quarry. Artie extends gift shop flowers.

ARTIE
Plucked from the banks of the Mekong River.

LEIGH
(knowingly)
Oh, WOW. Aren't I a lucky lady?

Artie throws his arm around Leigh.

ARTIE
(to Quarry)
Alright. Let's get you home.

LEIGH
(sobers)
Before we go out there, you two need to be ready...

Artie looks to Quarry. The sounds of YELLING grow...

EXT. AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Quarry, Artie, and Leigh exit to find that the throng is a group of PROTESTORS behind a barricade, chanting, holding SIGNS. They stop dead in their tracks.

PROTESTORS
PEACE WITH DISHONOR! ...MURDERERS!

Quarry locks on to a particular sign: “JUSTICE FOR QUAN THANG MASSACRE”. An ENLARGED, GRUESOME PHOTO of a PILE OF VIETNAMESE BODIES.

Quarry stares, frozen, locking eyes with a HIPPIE MAN, not much younger than him. The man is, wide-eyed, yelling.

HIPPIE MAN
Does shooting a baby make you feel like a man, you Fascist fuck?!

Artie grabs his arm, snapping Quarry out of it.

PROTESTORS
(chanting in unison)
QUAN THANG! QUAN THANG! WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT QUAN THANG?! QUAN THANG! QUAN THANG...!

ARTIE
C’mon, man. Let’s get out of here.

Protestors fling trash as Quarry and Artie follow Leigh past the barricade and hurriedly pile into:

INT. LEIGH’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leigh turns the ignition of the old Buick Skylark as some PROTESTORS surround the vehicle, smacking the windows.

PROTESTORS
JUSTICE FOR QUAN THANG!...BABY KILLERS!...MONSTERS!...

Leigh honks, then finally breaks through and speeds off. Quarry, in the backseat, looks back at the mob.

INT. LEIGH’S CAR - DAY

Leigh drives, Artie sits shotgun. Quarry looks out at the rolling Missouri landscape, silent. He rolls down his window.

Only CATTLE stare back at him. He closes his eyes, letting the air blow on his face.

EXT. QUARRY’S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON: The car door closing. Quarry shakes Artie’s hand. Artie smiles and winks, offering a half-salute.

ARTIE
You're about to have sex, aren't you? He's about to have sex, isn't he, baby?

LEIGH
He's about to have *so much* sex.

QUARRY
Not if I keep standing here talking to you two assholes.

Quarry taps the roof, throws the duffle over his shoulder, grips the flowers and gift bag.

Leigh drives away. Quarry turns to find HIS HOME.

In this neighborhood of utter uniformity - the beginnings of the 70s suburban bi-level blandification of America - it stands out. Modest but perfect. White with green shutters.

Hydrangea and butterfly bush abound. Every window open and sheer drapes moving in the breeze. Their 1970 Dodge Colt in the driveway. The whole thing is impeccable. More beautiful than he even remembered.

INT. QUARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

From inside, we track as Quarry moves by the windows, looking in. There is music playing loudly: Van Morrison's "Tupelo Honey." Quarry goes to the front door. Enters.

He sets down his duffle and walks by the dining room, through the living room to see the record on the turntable. And to the screened-in back door where he stops, rapt.

We see what he's looking at. His pool - shimmering, perfect. The home's biggest extravagance. God, he loves that pool.

Then, from the side-yard, potted plant in-hand, comes JONI, 29, singing the words. If you have to fight a war, she's the woman you fight it for. Quarry watches her and every bit of ruggedness falls from his face. Vulnerable. Mad for her. Imagining this moment kept him going. Kept him alive.

EXT. QUARRY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: a hand-shovel crunches into the dirt.

Music still plays. Joni on her knees now, digging. She rips a dead tomato plant from the ground. Suddenly the music STOPS.

She turns around. Looks. She gets up, dusts herself off, then heads toward the house.

INT. QUARRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joni opens the screen door and SCREAMS, dropping her shovel. Quarry, kneeling on the floor, rifles through a cabinet.

QUARRY
The hell's my Sam Cooke?

He turns, holding the flowers, smiling wryly. Joni, hand cupped over mouth, runs to him and they hug. Tightly.

JONI
(tears welling)
What...why...who is this man in my house? Why didn't you tell me...?

QUARRY
'S why they're called "surprises".

She smiles, tears streaming down her face. They kiss.

JONI
Here! They're right here.

She squats down and pulls a box of Sam Cooke records from the cabinet, handing them over.

JONI (CONT'D)
Seeing them just made me too sad.

He smiles at her, almost in disbelief that this moment is here. He takes her face in one hand and swiftly pulls her into him. She shudders, trying to catch her breath. He kisses her like a man who's been away at war.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. QUARRY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The wall. Quarry and Joni SLAM against it, her in his arms, dress lifted, as she fumbles to unbuckle him.

QUICK CUTS - in various states of undress -

-The couch. Which, with a passionate roll, moves to...

-The floor. Joni grips his SAINT MICHAEL CHAIN between her teeth. Groping. Passionate. Desperate.

INT. QUARRY'S DINING ROOM - LATER

-Quarry, back on mahogany, woman on top, writhing. Dining chairs splayed like fallen soldiers.

INT. QUARRY'S KITCHEN - LATER

-Items flung. The CLAMOR of a metal mixing bowl and some flatware hitting tile floors.

He scoops her bare ass up and onto the kitchen island. She runs her fingers through his hair and grips his neck. Their foreheads touch, their eyes lock. It is INTENSE. So intense they can't help but...laugh.

Quarry chuckles, kissing the palm of her hand. Joni throws her head back and almost snorts. The drapes move in the breeze, which may or may not shield them from-

INT. BABY BLUE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

-Baby Blue Neckerchief from the airport gift shop watching them from behind the wheel of his 1971 Corvette Stingray. This is BUDDY, late 30s, sunglasses, not a hair out of place. He sings along to Bonnie Raitt's "Love You Like a Man".

BONNIE/BUDDY
"Oh they want me to rock 'em...like my back ain't got no bone..."

He jots something down in a notepad.

BONNIE/BUDDY (CONT'D)
"I want a man to rock me...like my backbone was his own..."

Buddy looks bored. He POPS open his glove box: A 9MM HANDGUN. Uh-oh...but he reaches past it and pulls out a pack of Benson & Hedges 100s: empty. Shit. He crumples it up and sighs.

He turns off the car. Gets out.

EXT. BUDDY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Buddy hums the song to himself as he walks to the trunk, turns the key and pops it open.

REVEAL: a GODDAMN ARMORY of WEAPONS. And not neatly, no. Pistols on top of semi-automatics, baseball bats spread across weird, medieval-looking shit with spikes and chains.

BUDDY
(soft, to himself)
"Believe me when I tell you...You can love me like a man..."

He reaches for a grocery sack and a fresh carton of Benson & Hedges 100s. He cracks the box, takes a pack, rips it open, and deftly lights up a slim with a book of matches.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
(cigarette to lips)
"Don't you put yourself above me, You just love me like a man..."

He takes a long, rewarding drag and slams the trunk shut.

INT. QUARRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Later. Ground zero of a sex bomb. Quarry and Joni, still naked, sit against a cabinet. She rests her head on his chest as they pass the champagne back and forth.

We finally see his chiseled build. These aren't gym muscles. They've come from hundreds of bored hours in the barracks.

JONI
What is it?

QUARRY
How about you just open it already?

Quarry strokes her hair, feels it between his fingers. Joni props herself up on her elbows and opens the small BOX. She pulls out the GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD FIGURINE.

JONI
Wow...this is...

QUARRY
The tackiest damn thing you've ever seen?

JONI
I was going to say "sweet", but...now that you mention it...

QUARRY
World's got the poor bastard so down his only recourse is squeezing his ass into a toilet and flushing.

JONI
Oh, he's probably in for a little more disappointment.

He chuckles. A beat. He studies her. God, she is gorgeous.

QUARRY
Thank you.

JONI
For what, sex?

QUARRY
No. Pretty sure you should be thanking me for that.

She smacks him playfully. He looks at her.

QUARRY (CONT'D)
For being the home I came back to.

She smiles and kisses him. He GRABS HER and deftly SCOOPS HER UP. She squeals with delight. He stands and kicks open the screen door and outside to...

EXT. QUARRY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Quarry, bare-assed and grinning, makes a beeline to the pool.

JONI
(laughing hysterically)
What are you doing...! AHHHH!!!

HE TOSSES HER IN. Just as she comes up for air he does a CANNONBALL into the water. She screams again.

Joni splashes him playfully. He picks her up and tosses her.

Quarry treads water as Joni swims. Joy receding from his face, his eyes deadening to a gathering memory.

INT. STEAK & ALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dark wood paneling, maroon shag carpet, portraits of John Wayne and wagon wheels and shit on the walls. Sometimes you can see the way a place smells, and this one smells like a mix between A-1 and your father's after shave.

A banner reads: "WELCOME HOME" above a private party room. Balloons and a LARGE CAKE decorated with jungle icing and green plastic ARMY MEN that is missing only a few slices.

At a table for 12 people that is populated only by Quarry, Joni, Artie and Leigh. Beers and paper plates with just crumbs are in front of them. Quarry sips a bourbon.

ARTIE
(finishing a joke)
The guy says, “This ice cream tastes like *asshole*.” Ice cream man says, “Take shorter licks.”

They all LAUGH. Then the laughter fades. Quarry looks around. Joni sees this, leans her head into his chest.

JONI
(whisper)
I’m sorry, babe.

Quarry shakes it off, throws back his bourbon.

QUARRY
Gonna grab some fresh air.

He rises. Joni watches him go.

EXT. STEAK & ALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Quarry walks outside, hands in pockets. White stucco and brown shingles. A buxom NEON BARMAID glows behind him.

Quarry looks up into the night sky, contemplative. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath. The muffled sound of the restaurant patrons, diesels passing on the nearby interstate; normal not-War sounds.

He stops and opens his eyes, suddenly aware of something: he spots BUDDY - aka Baby Blue Neckerchief - sitting in his Corvette across the parking lot. They lock eyes. Quarry, considers, then starts towards the car-

MAN (O.S.)
- Looking sharp there, Marine.

Quarry stops, turns to find his Father, LLOYD, 60, sturdy and coarse in his Member’s Only-type jacket and khaki pants.

QUARRY
Dad.

Buddy cranks down his car. Quarry glances back as Buddy drives off into the night.

INT. STEAK & ALE HOUSE - NIGHT

Joni says goodbye to Artie and Leigh just outside the private room. Lloyd slides some cake on to a plate. Joni enters and sits next to Quarry, draping her arms over his shoulders.

LLOYD
When I got back from Okinawa, I asked your grandaddy if he was proud of me. You know what he said?

QUARRY
Knowing him it was probably something racist.

LLOYD
“Need to get yourself a job.” That was it. That was all. I don’t even think he shook my hand. Soft touch, your grandfather.

JONI
Well, Lloyd, are you proud of him?

LLOYD
I think he needs to get himself a job.

Quarry smiles faintly. Joni stands.

JONI
I’m going to go settle up with the waitress.

QUARRY
(to Lloyd)
...Guess Susan couldn’t make it?

LLOYD
Susan...she’s not feeling well. She sends regards.

Quarry raises his glass.

QUARRY
“Regards” right back.

LLOYD
So? What’s next?

QUARRY
Well, apparently Kissinger’s negotiating the release of our P-O-Ws. So. There’s that.

LLOYD
I mean for you, son.

QUARRY
Wise man told me I need to get a job. Suppose I’ll heed that advice.

LLOYD
A man needs a vocation. Reason to get out of bed in the morning. Lot of these young men I see coming back, that's what they're missing.

QUARRY
Well. Lot of us coming back missing all kinds of things. Arms. Legs. Brain waves.

Lloyd looks away grimly. A beat. He lights a cigarette.

LLOYD
...You know I'd bring you on if I could-

QUARRY
-I wasn't-

LLOYD
-But this economy, the housing market... Nobody's buying houses anymore.

Quarry nods, taking that in. A beat.

QUARRY
Would like to see you some, now that I'm back. Maybe I can come over, watch a Royals game or something.

Lloyd hesitates, considers.

LLOYD
I don't know if that's a good idea.

QUARRY
I'm sorry?

LLOYD
Probably be best if you don't come by the house for a while.

Quarry blinks, unable to muster a response.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Susan watches too much news. Reads too many papers. "*Quan Thang.*" Hell kind of name for a place is that, anyway?

Lloyd shrugs, takes a drag.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
I told her, whatever you did over there, I'm sure you were just following your orders.

QUARRY
Did you now?

LLOYD
You understand about women.

QUARRY
And I'da thought you'd understand about war.

Quarry stands up.

LLOYD
I just want you to know, son, whatever happened over there, I am proud of you. If your mother was still alive...I know she'd be proud, too.

Lloyd extends his hand. Quarry considers it.

QUARRY
Yeah. Maybe she'd even let me come by the house.

LLOYD
Son...

QUARRY
Real treat, Dad.

Joni approaches. Quarry takes her hand and leads her out. Lloyd wipes his mouth and hands. That went well. A beat.

Quarry re-enters. Lloyd looks to him.

QUARRY (CONT'D)
Forgot the goddamn cake.

He angrily boxes it up, grabs it, and blows out of the room.

INT. ARTIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON: Newspaper. Want ads. We read: "Floor Manager. SAS Shoe Factory. $200 per week. Great Opportunity."

REVEAL: Artie circles it. The page is lit up like a bingo card of potential jobs. He wears a short sleeve dress shirt and tie and sits at a kitchen table across from TY, 10. Leigh works a waffle iron as BECCA, 5, tries to help.

ARTIE
(to Ty)
..What about...manager of an entire factory for making shoes?

TY
Yeah, that could be good, I guess.

BECCA
Daddy, do you want bacon in it?

ARTIE
Do I want bacon *in* my waffle?

LEIGH
Sometimes I crumble bacon now and put it in the batter.

Artie folds up his paper and stands.

ARTIE
I leave town for a little while and this is what becomes of you people? Bunch of hedonists.

LEIGH
Where are you going? Sit down and eat something.

ARTIE
(re: paper)
I gotta go, babe.

LEIGH
Can't you take a little time to just *be*?

ARTIE
Checks ain't comin' anymore, baby.
(for Becca's benefit)
Somebody's gotta bring home the waffle-bacon.

Artie kisses Becca on the head. He turns Leigh toward him, kisses her, then turns her back. He exits.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

BEHIND GLASS: A PHOTO of Quarry at 17, in a bathing suit and beaming with THREE OTHER SWIMMERS, SWIM MEDALS draped over it. Smiling came easier to him back then.

REVEAL: Quarry, now, studying the photo from outside a GIANT TROPHY CASE, filled with trophies and medals from all sports. He's dressed in a modest suit and tie.

COACH BLANTZ (O.S.)
Memory Lane's paved with gold.

Quarry, looks up. Smiles. He turns to find COACH BLANTZ, 50s, in a POLO and CAP, all smiles. Quarry extends his hand.

QUARRY
You must be Coach Blantz.

COACH BLANTZ
(shaking it)
Call me Monty.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL OLYMPIC POOL - DAY

Quarry walks with Coach Blantz as SWIMMERS practice relays.

COACH BLANTZ
Coach Owen spoke real, real highly of you. Good work ethic. Disciplined. Strong Leader.

QUARRY
I can honestly say I wouldn't have been half the Marine I was if it wasn't for his influence.

COACH BLANTZ
He's a good man. Seems to be enjoying that retirement too. Unfortunately, I think he mighta given you some bad intel.

QUARRY
How's that?

COACH BLANTZ
We don't currently have any open positions. One assistant was leaving, only now he's staying on through the end of the school year.

QUARRY
Sure. But after that you're going to need someone.

COACH BLANTZ
Well then it's summer break, so...

QUARRY
So next year then? I can find something over the summer...

COACH BLANTZ
(stops)
Don't think you should count on it.

QUARRY
(eyes pleading)
Listen: this is something I know I can do. That I'm actually really good at. I'll volunteer. Be an advisor until something opens up-

COACH BLANTZ
-Just don't think you should count on it.

Quarry is leveled. He looks out onto a quad where JUNIOR ROTC members march in unison with wooden rifles and flags.

INT. SHOE FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

We hear nothing but the steady beat of dozens of SEWING MACHINES. It drowns out all other sound. Never looking up, WORKERS sew together portions of indiscernible leather.

Artie is led through the group by a SECRETARY. In a long-shot, a good 30 yards away, he's led up metal stairs to a small elevated office with glass walls.

The Secretary leaves. Artie shakes the hand of the BOSS and sits down. Artie, all charm and smiles, talks as the Boss sits down, his back to camera. Artie listens, his affability eroding to disappointment. Just the sound of sewing machines.

The Boss gestures out the window. Artie dejected and demoralized, looks down to the factory floor and all of the Workers toiling away, the HUM of the machines growing louder.

INT. BUDDY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: A PORTABLE 8-TRACK PLAYER. A HAND POPS INTO FRAME, SHOVES IN A TAPE: "NILSSON SCHMILSSON." PRESSES PLAY.

A HAND clutches a snub-nosed .38. The Spanish version of Harry Nilsson's "Without You" ("Si, No Estas Tu") plays.

HARRY/BUDDY
"Cuando pienso en el futuro...veo todo tan oscurooooo...."

We move down the arm to see a naked torso. Then we see him: Buddy, standing on the motel bed, head bowed, eyes closed, nude save a pair of white briefs, SINGING like no one is listening, the .38 his microphone.

A room that aspires to someday be a Motel 6. A print of Thomas Hart Benton's "Ploughing It Under" hangs behind him.

HARRY/BUDDY (CONT'D)
"*No se por que te deje marchar...y es necesario que te enteres sin tardar...de la verdad...*"

And then the chorus. And then moves. Damn. Sudden. Graceful. Some Cher-type shit. But 80s Cher. This is ahead of its time.

HARRY/BUDDY (CONT'D)
(falling to his knees)
"*MI VIVIR!!...no es vida si no estas tu...NO PODRE!!...exister sin tu amor...*"

EXT. MOTOR INN - CONTINUOUS

The back of A FIGURE ominously strides past room doors.

REVEAL: a DAPPER MAN, late 40s, Brooks Brothers suit, POCKET SQUARE and MATCHING TIE. Buddy and Harry's duet sounds behind the door to ROOM 21. The Dapper Man knocks.

INT. BUDDY'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buddy looks up. He hops off the bed, cocks the snub-nose, and CONTINUES TO SING as he approaches the door.

HARRY/BUDDY
"*Yo no puedo olvidarme...de tu cara al marcharte...*"

His singing fades as he looks through the peep hole. He sighs, flips the lock and opens the door. Buddy grabs his robe and ties it around his waist as the Dapper Man enters. This is THE BROKER.

Buddy punches stop on the 8-Track.

THE BROKER
Don't stop on my behalf.

Buddy lights a cigarette.

BUDDY
You want the show, you have to buy a ticket.

The Broker spots a FOLDER on the dresser. Buddy cracks open an Old Milwaukee as the Broker opens it, reads.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Beverage?

The Broker shakes his head as we see what he's looking at: PHOTOS of Quarry in various places; alone, with Joni, etc. Days worth of notes scribbled on legal pad.

THE BROKER
So?

BUDDY
Easy-peasy-lemon-squeezy. Who's taking Active? Nick? *Jerry*? Don't tell me it's Jerry. Jesus. I'll do it if it's Jerry.

The Broker closes the folder, smiles.

THE BROKER
Think I'll take this one.

BUDDY
Oooh. Boss-man rolling up his sleeves and getting dirty. Papa like.

The Broker turns and exits. He turns at the door.

THE BROKER
I'll leave you to...is there a word for what you were just doing?

BUDDY
I believe 'breathtaking'.

Buddy dramatically SLAMS the door in the Broker's face, mashes PLAY, drops his robe to the ground, and gets head, arm, and gun back into position. The piano begins...

HARRY/BUDDY
(soft)
"*Yo no puedo olvidarme...de tu cara al marcharte...*"

INT. QUARRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The CRUEL WORLD figurine sits on the window above the sink.

Joni checks herself in her compact, dressed to go out. Quarry leans against the fridge in his bathing suit, a towel around his neck, and watches her.

QUARRY
What's it called again?

JONI
"Charley and the Angel". Come.
Carrie won't mind.

QUARRY
Sounds corny.

She pops her lips and turns, wrapping her arms around him.

JONI
It's *sweet*. Something you might
could use a little of. Come.

QUARRY
Maybe. If you pop your lips again.

JONI
Fine.

She POPS, her faux-seduction still looking damn sexy.

JONI (CONT'D)
Get dressed.

QUARRY
Oh, I'm still not going.

She swats at him. He dodges. She grabs her purse.

JONI
I popped so good that time, too.
(hugs him)
Hey, you'll find something.

Quarry nods. She kisses him, exits.

EXT. QUARRY'S POOL - NIGHT

From beneath the water. Still. REVEAL: Quarry's limp body floating face down. HE'S NOT BREATHING. At the edge, we see a pair of WING-TIPS step to the edge of the pool next to Quarry's BOURBON BOTTLE, GLASS, and a weathered Donald E. Westlake book, PITY HIM AFTERWARDS.

SUDDENLY QUARRY OPENS HIS EYES, aware of the presence...

He BURSTS up out of the water to find...THE BROKER, a wry grin on his face. The two men just stare at each other.

THE BROKER
Dead Man's Float. Seems a touch
dramatic.

Quarry says nothing, gears turning, sizing up the situation. The Broker pulls up a PATIO CHAIR and sits like he owns the place. He pulls out a cigarette.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
Cigarette? Nevermind. You don't smoke.
(lights cigarette)
So...a stranger walks right through your house - the house, I might add, that you share with your very lovely wife, Joni - and you're not even the slightest bit alarmed?

Quarry stands in the shallow end. Looks at the Broker. The two men just staring at each other. ...Finally:

QUARRY
Should I be?

THE BROKER
Depends.

QUARRY
On?

THE BROKER
How this goes.

QUARRY
Joni-

THE BROKER
-Your wife is safe and fine, enjoying a movie with her friend. I have a man stationed at a pay phone outside the theater. If anything happens to me, that man will ensure that she is neither safe nor fine. Do I make myself clear?

Quarry glares at him, nods.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
Simply a precaution. One I don't anticipate having to use.
(re: bourbon bottle)
May I?

Quarry cautiously steps out of the pool, dripping. He grabs his towel.

QUARRY
Would it matter if I said no?

THE BROKER
Of course. I'm not just going to help myself to your bourbon.

Quarry gestures, "go ahead".

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
A glass, please?

Quarry SIGHS. "Seriously?" Quarry wraps the towel around his waist and enters...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He opens a cabinet. The KNIFE BLOCK SET catches his eye. He looks out the screen door-

MAN (O.S.)
-Just the glass there, Spitz.

Quarry turns to find: CARL, 20s, youthful, military haircut, jeans and a T-shirt, aiming a BERETTA M1951 directly at him.

QUARRY
(grabbing a glass)
You want a drink, too? You hungry? Some leftover cake in the fridge.

Carl gestures with the gun for Quarry to go back outside. Quarry slams the cabinet and exits to...

EXT. QUARRY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Broker seated again, Quarry hands him a glass. He pours for them both. The Broker just takes a sip.

QUARRY
Tasty, right?

THE BROKER
Delicious.

QUARRY
Glad that's cleared up. Now, who are you and why the fuck are you in my house?

THE BROKER
You can call me "The Broker".

Quarry scoffs, "sure thing".

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
As to the "why," I have an unusual opportunity for you, my boy.

The Broker reaches under the chair. Quarry tenses up...

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
A money-making opportunity.

The Broker slides out...a LEATHER SATCHEL. He tosses it toward Quarry. Quarry unzips it: STUFFED WITH CASH.

QUARRY
Amway's not my thing. Maybe try Bale Avenue. Some whores down there with some real sales experience.

Quarry tosses the satchel back. It lands in front of the Broker's feet. The Broker doesn't budge.

THE BROKER
I'm offering you the chance to make money, *real* money, here at home, doing what you did for buttons overseas.

QUARRY
Prevent the spread of communism?

THE BROKER
I'm offering-

QUARRY
-You want me to kill someone for money. Let's dispense with the bullshit, yeah?

THE BROKER
Ideally this isn't a one-time. endeavor. I'm talking about a career.

QUARRY
Seriously? This is real?

THE BROKER
As far as I can tell, yes.

QUARRY
Well, I hate to ruin your trip, Mister "The Broker", but I'm not interested.

THE BROKER
Out of curiosity, what's a high school swim coach make these days?

Quarry is speechless. Is there anything he doesn't know?

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
The answer is roughly nine grand a year. But you didn't get that job, did you?
(re: the bag)
That's fifty thousand dollars in cash. Half a decade of teaching pimply little shitheads how to Australian Crawl. ...All Yours. Consider it an advance.

Quarry is floored. He knew it was a lot of money, but Jesus.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
Now. Every month or two, I would approach you with a job. Each job pays ten thousand dollars. You'll be paid half for the first ten jobs until you've earned out.

QUARRY
And you serve as..."the Broker."

THE BROKER
An agent of sorts. Between you and my extensive client list. They won't know your name nor you theirs. It's clean. Impersonal. Perfect. You simply pull a trigger. Something you're damn good at.

QUARRY
Followin' me around for a few days, doesn't mean you know me.

THE BROKER
Quite the contrary. I know a great deal about you. I know your mother died when you were just eleven. Your father didn't, or couldn't, pay for you to go to college so you enlisted. I know war. And I know that, in order to survive it, men are forced take actions they didn't know they were capable of.

The first person to express an understanding and it's this asshole? Quarry takes a sip, stares off into the distance.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
I know what really happened that morning in Quan Thang-

QUARRY
-I'm not interested.

Quarry stands. The Broker looks at him, surprised.

THE BROKER
I'm sympathetic to-

QUARRY
-You and your little sidekick in there can let yourselves the fuck out of my house.
(re: the side-yard)
Through the *gate* this time.

The Broker continues staring, a smirk on his face. Finally, he bends down and zips up the leather satchel. He stands, gestures towards the house. Carl appears, stares at Quarry. They begin to exit. The Broker stops and turns back.

THE BROKER
I trust I've proven that it's in everyone's best interest to keep this between us?

QUARRY
And if anything happens to my wife, it's going to be in your best interest to find a deep dark fucking hole to hide in, or I'll find one for you.

The Broker lets out a genuine LAUGH. He shakes his head.

THE BROKER
Such a waste. Good luck, my boy. I don't think you fully grasp how bad it's going to be for you out there.

The Broker throws the bag over his shoulder and heads toward the side-yard. Quarry watches the Broker and Carl go.

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becca is out cold. Artie carries her to her bed and tucks her in. Leigh leans in the doorway and watches.

LEIGH
(whispering)
So you'll just be sleeping all day?

ARTIE
(whispering)
-It's only for three months. After that I can put in for day shifts.

Artie flicks off her lamp, flicks on her BARBIE NIGHTLIGHT. He quietly exits into...

INT. ARTIE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Artie and Leigh close her room door, walk and talk.

LEIGH
I'm just saying, I can get a job. Ty's old enough to watch her-

ARTIE
-Absolutely not. They need their mother.

LEIGH
And they need their father to be a vampire?

ARTIE
'S Right. Just call me...."BARNABAS COLLINS"!

He SCOOPS her up and bites her neck, carrying her into their bedroom. She laughs in spite of herself.

INT. SHOE FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

The sewing machines again. Deafening. And there's Artie. No button down shirt. No tie. Just sweat and plastic work goggles as he GLUES AN ARCH SUPPORT into the most hideous goddamn pair of women's orthopedic shoes you've ever seen.

Just when that one's done, the SLOW-MOVING ASSEMBLY LINE delivers another one to his gut. He picks it up and looks at the clock: 2AM. A whistle BLOWS.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - DAY

Establishing, we track across mountains of crushed cars and car parts. Rusted, crumpled, the detritus of a metal and asphalt society.

We continue on to a group of broken-down hearses. Battered. Decaying. Is there anything sadder than a hearse graveyard?

INT. WINK'S AUTO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Quarry, staring out at the debris, sports a full-length mechanic's jumpsuit. WINK, late 40s, pops him on the chest to get his attention, then leads him around the garage.

WINK
...last but not least, air filters.

Wink opens a BOX with DIRTY AIR FILTERS.

WINK (CONT'D)
Whatever they bring their car in for - transmission, oil change, can't turn off their windshield wipers - grab one of these babies, tell 'em it's theirs, they'll want to replace it in a heartbeat.

Quarry looks at him, unsettled by this.

WINK (CONT'D)
They're gonna need a new one eventually. Might as well get it from us, right?
(gesturing inside)
...This way. I'll show you the break room.

INT. THE PEANUT BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE-ON: A sea of shimmering steak knives stuck into tiles.

We TILT DOWN to reveal that they are ceiling tiles of a bar. The diviest of dives. Pennants, photos, and beer signs line the walls. The knives, a drunk-prank-turned-bad-trend.

On the BAR'S TV: NIXON speaks to camera from the Oval Office.

Quarry and Artie sit and watch, empty glasses in front of them as they sip beers. Some BAR PATRONS watch, some don't.

ARTIE
(to Bartender, re: beers)
Greg! Let's keep this movin'.

PRESIDENT NIXON
(on TV)
We have achieved our goal of obtaining an agreement which provides peace with honor in Vietnam.....Never have men served with greater devotion abroad with less apparent support at home....

QUARRY
(sarcastically)
Yay...

ARTIE
(soft, dryly)
Look, everybody, we won.

They raise their shots.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
Only thing worse than where we are is where we were.

Glasses clink, shots go back. Two FULL BEERS are placed in front of them. Quarry pulls out his wallet.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
Put that shit away.

QUARRY
You got the last two. You're throwin' money around like it's a Thai whorehouse.

Artie ignores him, throws down a five.

ARTIE
So, other than the shit work, the no money, and being hated in your own hometown, its going okay?

QUARRY
Honestly? Better than. I look at that house...I never wanted a house. A *yard*. The fucking fence itself.

ARTIE
Get a job. Get a wife. Have kids. Act normal. Watch TV.

QUARRY
Somehow everything I hated became everything I want.

ARTIE
GREG! More here!

QUARRY
I can't, man. Joni's cooking dinner-

ARTIE
-We just achieved "peace with honor", man.
(to Bartender)
A round for the bar, too, yeah?

Artie peels off a couple of twenties.

QUARRY
Godddamn. ‘S there this much pelf in nurse’s shoes?

Artie smirks, pays the Bartender. Some Customers APPLAUD.

ARTIE
You believe this shit? Spend five years risking being blown to all shit for these assholes, they throw rotten cabbage at you. Buy one round of whiskey, they act like you just won at Augusta.

The shots are delivered.

QUARRY
Don’t you have to work tonight?

ARTIE
I quit.

QUARRY
You what?

ARTIE
Got something better.

Artie throws back his shot. The Bartender delivers shots to Customers, who YELL to Artie and clap.

ARTIE (CONT’D)
(re: outside)
Come with me. I got something to show ya’.

QUARRY
Last time you said that, it hurt so bad.

ARTIE
I’ll spit on it this time. Come on.
(to Customers)
U-S-A, BABY! That’s right!

Quarry downs his and follows Artie.

EXT. THE PEANUT BAR - NIGHT

Artie looks around and opens the trunk of his car. Quarry sees...THE BROKER’S LEATHER SATCHEL OF MONEY.

QUARRY
Jesus, Artie. This same guy-

ARTIE
-Approached you? I know. Said you weren't interested.

QUARRY
And you shouldn't be either.

ARTIE
Just hear me out. Don't you see the opportunity here?

QUARRY
To go to prison or die? Yes.

ARTIE
So, killing a bunch of Cong - splatterin' their heads like melons - that's okay? But killing some son-of-a-bitch who actually deserves it, that's not?

QUARRY
"Deserves it"? According to who? Some Brooks Brothers asshole with a bag of cash?

ARTIE
(whispering)
We're not talking about librarians and preachers here. You don't get a contract taken out on your life if you're an upstanding citizen.

Quarry leans against the car.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
You want to be a goddamn grease monkey all your life?

QUARRY
No, but I'm not gonna get killed under a fucking car.

ARTIE
No, you're just gonna die there.

Truth like a diamond bullet.

QUARRY
You have a wife and kids, Artie.

ARTIE
Why the hell you think I'm doin' this? ...Look, if someone's willing to pay twenty grand to have you killed, you're already dead.
(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)
It’s done. And if it’s not us getting paid, it’s gonna be some other asshole.

QUARRY
Don’t you understand? If we do this, we are what they say we are.

ARTIE
(re: bag of money)
For this kind of money, I’ll be whatever they want.

QUARRY
(pulling away)
Man-

ARTIE
(raising voice)
-We already ARE what they say we are!
(calming)
...Where the fuck have you been, man? They say we were monsters over there because we were.
(a moment, genuine)
Do you feel a fucking thing anymore? A real human emotion? Sympathy? I thought being back home, it would all come back.
...Guess what? It didn’t.

Quarry is silent. Maybe he has, maybe he hasn’t. Felt, that is. Artie considers, then makes one last plea:

ARTIE (CONT’D)
...He says I need a partner. Someone to back me up...

Quarry laughs to himself. Of course.

INT. WINK’S AUTO SHOP - DAY

Quarry, back in his jumpsuit, fills out a form next to the open hood of a ‘69 Ford Mustang. He shows a stout man, MR. STOUT, 50s, a dirty ring air-filter.

QUARRY
Beautiful car like this, regardless if we do it or you, you’re gonna want to change it soon.

Stout has a furrowed brow, paying no attention to the filter.

STOUT
Yeah, that’s fine.

QUARRY
So, you want it?

STOUT
Sure.

Quarry is uncomfortable at the stare, takes in the car again.

QUARRY
This is a Boss 429, right?

STOUT
It's a Mustang.

QUARRY
No, I know, but the... Boss 429.
Best muscle car Detroit put out in
a generation.

STOUT
(ignoring, leaning in)
Were you in 'Nam, son?

This stops Quarry. Quarry looks up to see Wink, pouring a cup of coffee nearby, but watching. He covers:

QUARRY
Nossir. I was 4-F.
(back to form, tallying)
So, that, plus the timing-belt is
gonna put you at-

STOUT
-It's okay.

QUARRY
...Excuse me?

STOUT
(whispering)
I know who you are. Wasn't no
"massacre". Media makes us the
villains while the V-C send three
year-old kids runnin' outta rice
paddies with grenades strapped to
their hands-

-FLIP. OOOF. Without warning, Quarry has swept the man's legs out from under him and THROWN him to the ground. Quarry's on top of Stout, holding him by the shirt. Wink rushes over.

WINK
JESUS! The hell is wrong with you?

Mr. Stout is terrified, flinching, waiting. Quarry gets his wits about him and stands. He looks at Wink.

Quarry just unzips his jumpsuit.

QUARRY
I got it. ...I got it.

He steps out of it and exits.

INT. QUARRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SIZZLING SOUNDS. CLOSE-ON: Hamburger Helper. Could be the stroganoff, but who knows?

Joni stirs. Neil Young's "Harvest" plays from the next room.

EXT. QUARRY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Quarry sits on the edge of the pool, jeans rolled up, legs dangling in the water.

JONI
(from inside)
So how was work?

QUARRY
(turns)
It was work.

He looks at the patio chair where The Broker sat and considers.

INT. QUARRY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Quarry enters and blows past Joni, patting her on the ass.

JONI
You okay?

QUARRY
I'm good.

INT. QUARRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quarry enters, and TURNS UP the music. He picks up the phone and dials a number. It RINGS.

ARTIE
Hello?

QUARRY
(into phone, low)
You still need help on that thing?

ARTIE
(from phone)
What?

QUARRY
(into phone)
The thing.

ARTIE
(from phone)
Why are you talking like Jimmy Cagney? Come over.

INT. ARTIE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: PHOTO OF McCURLEY, 30s, the mark. He carries a CANE. Quarry, leans against Artie's Skylark and flips through several pictures in a manila folder.

QUARRY
Who is he?

Artie stands on a stepladder, pulls a MARINE DUFFLE BAG from atop an Industrial Shelf.

ARTIE
Some kind of P.I.

QUARRY
(re: folder)
And what's all this?

ARTIE
Somebody comes in for a few weeks, follows him, where he's going, what he's doing, what's his pattern. Broker calls that "the Passive" phase. We come in, make sure the pattern holds, find him alone on the shitter or whatever, and pull a trigger. Making us the "Active" phase. That's it.

QUARRY
Basic recon.

ARTIE
(steps off ladder)
But I should probably be making nurses' shoes, right?

QUARRY
I told you, I'm just doing the one. Get my footing back, then find something better.

ARTIE
Ain't nothing better, pal.

Artie unzips the DUFFLE: an M40 RIFLE, a few .45s, ammo.

QUARRY
Somebody got a visit from the Militia Fairy.

ARTIE
Courtesy of the Broker.

He tosses Quarry the rifle. He catches it with one hand, grips it, feels the weight of it.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
Like a warm bath, ain't it?

QUARRY
Clean?

ARTIE
Toilet with a toothbrush.

Quarry studies the file. Artie inspects a .45.

QUARRY
Wonder what Mister McCurley the P-I here did to get himself killed?

ARTIE
Broker just said was he was getting too close.

QUARRY
"*The Broker.*" Too close to what?

ARTIE
We ain't getting paid to care.

He spins a SILENCER onto the .45.

INT. ARTIE'S SKYLARK - NIGHT

Seedy as hell. A part of town we might have assumed didn't exist in Kansas City.

McCurley exits a strip club. He has a LIMP and still carries the cane. Quarry and Artie watch from the car. McCurley approaches a STRIPPER on a smoke break, asks for a cigarette.

ARTIE
Our man McCurley's got a good eye.

Quarry and Artie watch him as she pulls one out for him.

QUARRY
Oh, a smoker. That in The Broker's precious file?

McCurley leans his cane against the wall, putting his arm up, leaning into the Stripper.

ARTIE
Yeah, lean against the wall, buddy. You fucking need it.

The Stripper smiles, lights his cigarette.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
Holy shit. This is about to actually happen for this guy.

The Stripper moves out from under McCurley's arm. McCurley limps towards his car.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
Annnnnd *gutter balll*. Thanks for playing though, pal.

QUARRY
Guess Dumb Dora isn't so dumb.

ARTIE
(clapping softly)
Good effort, though. My man's got heart, dammit.

QUARRY
It's just "any desirability" he seems to be lacking.

McCurley leans the cane against his car, opens the door, and has to sort of swing himself into the driver's seat.

ARTIE
Drunk and a plastic leg. This should go well.

McCurley takes off. Artie starts up the Skylark and follows.

EXT. KANSAS CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Artie and Quarry follow McCurley, but not too closely.

McCurley slows, parks his car outside a rundown apartment building.

INT. ARTIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Artie and Quarry pull up and park on the street a block away. McCurley limps up to his building and enters.

ARTIE
I've seen enough of this miserable life. What say you?

Quarry nods.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
The usual?

Artie reaches in his pocket for a VIETNAMESE COIN.

QUARRY
Heads.

Artie flips it, catches it, slaps it onto his wrist: HEADS. Artie grimaces, grabs his .45.

ARTIE
See you in Hell, dipshit.

They get out of the car.

EXT. ARTIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Artie tucks the .45 in the back of his jeans and crosses the street towards McCurley's building. Quarry grabs the duffle and heads into an adjacent warehouse.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quarry unlocks the door and enters a dilapidated, makeshift studio apartment. Sleeping bag, radio, cooler, lawn chair. He leaves the lights off.

By only moon-and-streetlights, Quarry unzips the duffle and takes out the M40 rifle. He checks: loaded. He snags a MILITARY FLASHLIGHT from the bag.

He cracks the window just wide enough to slide the barrel through. He runs his finger along the rifle, hesitating before wrapping it around the trigger. Warm Bath, indeed.

Through THE SCOPE: across the street, he finds a loft lit by a lone lamp sans lampshade. Spare too. McCurley, Budweiser and TV DINNER in hand, takes a seat on a folding chair in front of a small TV, almost facing Quarry.

INT. MCCURLEY APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Artie grips his .45 and pulls out his own flashlight. He looks across the street to Quarry's position.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SCOPE VIEW: Artie's LIGHT FLASHES TWICE. Quarry pans to see McCurley stuffing his face, eyes on the TV.

INT. MCCURLEY APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Artie's POV: TWO FLASHES from Quarry's window. Artie steels himself.

INT. MCCURLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A BASKETBALL GAME on the TV. Behind McCurley the doorknob slowly turns. The door cracks open, stopped by the chain.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(on TV)
And that's FIFTY POINTS for Havlicek...

INT. MCCURLEY APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Artie gently slides the blade of a pocket knife onto the chain and delicately lifts it, popping it out of the groove.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quarry watches through THE SCOPE: Artie enters quietly, .45 raised. He slowly approaches the unsuspecting McCurley, lowering the gun-

-BLAM!-

-ARTIE'S THROAT BURSTS OPEN, BLOOD SPATTERING ALL OVER MCCURLEY, the couch, the window. He GURGLES blood, reaching his hand to his throat.

Quarry gasps, stunned, confused. Aims the rifle around. Where did it come from?

Artie tries to turn around, fumbling with the .45 -BLAM!-

-A HOLE RIPS THROUGH HIS CHEST FROM BEHIND. He falls forward.

QUARRY
(gritted teeth)
FUCK.

Powerless, he THROWS down the rifle and BOLTS for the door.

INT. MCCURLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

McCurley stands and turns, wiping blood from his face.

MCCURLEY
What the fuck was that?!

We see SUGGS, 20s, his own bolt-action rimfire rifle with silencer raised, entering from a bedroom.

SUGGS
(re: Artie)
I just saved your fuckin' life, man!

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Quarry LEAPS down flights of stairs of the stakeout building, lowers his shoulder and TEARS ASS out the front door.

INT. MCCURLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

This apartment is spare, too. Two folding chairs. A cot with a sleeping bag. McCurley looks around at the mess.

MCCURLEY
Appreciate it. Truly. Now get a rag. We have to clean this up.

Suggs sighs. He sets the rifle on the counter and grabs a dish rag, tosses it to McCurley. McCurley wipes the blood off of his face as he looms over Artie's body.

Suggs gets Windex from under the sink.

SUGGS
(covers mouth)
Ugh. Did you fart?

MCCURLEY
What? No, idiot. He shit himself.

SUGGS
(chuckling)
Seriously? Fucking death-turd-

-BLAM!-

-QUARRY FLINGS OPEN THE AJAR DOOR FIRING HIS .45. He CLIPS McCurley in the shoulder, sending him spinning into his TV DINNER, VEAL PARMIGIAN flying.

MCCURLEY
ARGHHH!

Suggs scurries for his rifle on the sink but Quarry FIRES, the WALL EXPLODING above Suggs' head.

Suggs GRABS A NEARBY HOTPLATE and FLINGS it at Quarry, hitting him in the chest. Quarry recoils and Suggs is ON HIM, knocking the .45 from his hand. It slides through Artie's blood like a hockey puck and hits his body.

Suggs reaches for the hotplate but Quarry FLIPS him onto his back PUMMELING him in the face. This isn't choreographed. There's no elegance here. It's brutal. Messy.

He looks up: the bleeding McCurley limps towards the .45.

Quarry rises and KICKS MCCURLEY'S PROSTHETIC LEG OFF, tipping him over.

Quarry KICKS the prosthetic across the floor- WHACK! Suggs CLOCKS Quarry in the back of the head with the HOTPLATE. Quarry GRABS at Suggs and pulls him to the ground.

McCurley, blood-soaked from his wound, looks to the rifle in the kitchen, his leg across the room, and the .45 out of reach. He pulls himself along the ground towards the doorway.

Quarry and Suggs grapple, getting HITS in, fighting for the .45. They roll through blood towards Artie's body Suggs gets his hand on the .45, but Quarry RAMS the base of his hand into Suggs' jaw. TEETH pop out.

Quarry pins Suggs, his knees on his shoulders. Suggs thrashes. Quarry spots...the ABANDONED RAG next to the Windex. He pinches Suggs nose closed and grabs the rag.

Suggs opens his mouth for a breath just as Quarry SHOVES the rag into Suggs' mouth and down his throat. Suggs' teeth cut into Quarry's forearm, breaking skin, but Quarry pushes HARDER, the rag now FOREARM DEEP in Suggs' throat. Suggs THRASHES, ACKS, his face turning from red to blue.

McCurley pulls himself up in the doorway onto his foot, empty pantleg hanging. He looks back:

MCCURLEY (CONT'D)
(to self, horrified)
Christ...

McCurley hops out the door. Somewhere within Quarry, a switch has flipped. He looks into Suggs' eyes, still holding his nose and mouth closed as Suggs' face goes from red to blue.

Suggs loses strength, suffocating and choking to DEATH. He goes limp. Artie and Suggs, both dead, lay head to toe, the rag bulging in Suggs' throat. Quarry, up on his elbows, catches his breath. He leans over to check Artie for a pulse...nothing. Just dead, open eyes. Quarry's nostrils flare. He stares at his friend.

He rises and spots the prosthetic leg, the rifle, and the .45. He grabs the .45 and heads out of the room.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quarry flings open the door. McCurley SPINS OUT in his CAR, driver door flapping open. Quarry SPRINTS towards the car, .45 in hand. He's fast, but not fast enough. He slows down as the car recedes into the night.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quarry, at a pay phone, soaked in blood, holds the receiver to his ear. He tucks the .45 in the back of his jeans.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(from phone)
Southwestern Bell.

QUARRY
(into phone)
Police department.

It RINGS.

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(from phone)
Kansas City Police.

QUARRY
(into phone)
Gunshots and fighting. 8th and McGee.

Quarry hangs up and moves on, walking away in the shadows. We hear "Taps."

CHOIR (O.S.) (PRE-LAP)
(singing)
Fading light...falling night...

FADE TO:

EXT. LEAVENWORTH NATIONAL CEMETARY - DAY

A MARINE CHOIR sings in front of MOURNERS. A good number of them. A coffin draped with an American flag.

CHOIR
...trumpets call, as the sun...sinks in flight...

Leigh, Becca, and Ty, in black, stand, shell-shocked, Quarry and Joni behind them. Quarry glances over and spots The Broker and Carl. The Broker nods at him. Quarry glares back.

CHOIR (CONT'D)
...sleep in peace, comrades dear...God is near...

EXT. LEAVENWORTH NATIONAL CEMETARY - DAY

Post-burial. Mourners approach Leigh, offer condolences. Quarry approaches the Broker and Carl.

THE BROKER
We need to talk-

QUARRY
-Why was there another guy?

THE BROKER
This doesn't strike me as the appropriate environment-

QUARRY
(raising voice)
-WHY was there another guy?

THE BROKER
As I said. We need to talk. Particularly regarding the fifty thousand dollar advance I gave your friend.

He hands Quarry a slip of paper. Quarry looks at it.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
Tonight. Ten P-M.

Joni approaches. The Broker takes notice.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
I'm truly sorry for your loss. He was a good, honorable man.

He nods at Joni, he and Carl exit. Quarry pockets the paper.

JONI
Who was that?

QUARRY
Old business acquaintance.

INT. ARTIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

WELL-WISHERS cluster around the house. Leigh talks on the phone. Joni preps casseroles. Quarry leans in the doorway.

LEIGH
(into phone)
Thank you, officer. Thank you. That means a great deal. You too.

She hangs up the phone.

JONI
So?

LEIGH
He said they're working on leads, but the scene was just such a mess. ...I've got to get these casseroles ready. People will be starving.

QUARRY
Did Artie mention anything about any money? Buy you or the kids anything extravagant?

LEIGH
Money? No. Why?

QUARRY
Nothing. I'm just trying to make sense of it all. I'm sorry.

LEIGH
If he was into something bad, I want to know.

She looks at him. Something? Quarry considers confession. He turns back.

QUARRY
...He wasn't.

LEIGH
How do you know?

QUARRY
Because I know Artie-

LEIGH
(tearing up)
Did you? Because I sure thought I did. But one minute he's working at a goddamn...orthopedic shoe factory...

She breaks up, tears rolling. Joni soothes her.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't...

The doorbell rings. Leigh wipes her eyes.

JONI
I'll get that.

LEIGH
(deep breath)
No-no. I got it.

Leigh exits, putting on a strong face. Joni hugs Quarry, squeezing him tightly.

QUARRY
I'm gonna use the bathroom.

Joni nods, returns to the casseroles. Quarry exits into...

INT. ARTIE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Leigh greets two more WELL-WISHERS at the door. Quarry eyes them, then turns and opens the door into

INT. ARTIE'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Quarry grabs the stepladder and scales it, scanning the top of the industrial shelf: nothing. He begins to root around. A closet, storage bins, behind toolboxes. Nothing.

INT. ARTIE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Quarry re-enters the hall. He peeks into the living room to see Leigh still talking with the Well-Wishers.

He moves down the hall to...

INT. ARTIE'S MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quarry goes in, gets down onto the floor, looks under the bed. He gets up, opens drawers.

He goes to a closet, opens it, rummages around on the floor, on shelves, behind clothes. He gets on a small stool and looks at the top shelf. Again, nothing.

INT. ARTIE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Quarry exits the bedroom, defeated. He spots Ty, alone in his room, mindlessly mashing at the ROCK EM SOCK EM ROBOTS game.

Quarry knocks on the door.

QUARRY
Hey, bud.

Ty's eyes still on robots. Quarry's eyes moisten. If the full force this hasn't hit him before, it does now.

Ty doesn't look at him. Quarry sits. They start Rocking and Socking, going through the motions.

INT. QUARRY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joni watches "Ironside" on TV. Quarry sits on the floor, sifting through the crate of records, can't find what he's looking for. He flips through the shelf of records.

JONI
What's wrong?

QUARRY
Can't find Greatest Hits.

JONI
All the Sam Cooke's right there, babe.

QUARRY
(shakes head)
Could you have loaned it to somebody? Carrie, maybe?

JONI
Of course not.

QUARRY
Forget it. Just a damn record.

Quarry looks at the clock: 9:33 PM.

QUARRY (CONT'D)
I'm going to go out.

JONI
Where?

QUARRY
For a drive.

JONI
(starts to get up)
I'll get my jacket.

QUARRY
Stay. Watch your show. Just want to clear my head.

He walks over, kisses her on the head. She pulls him in, hugs him. Pulls back.

JONI
Hey...you're not mixed up in anything bad, are you?

Quarry looks at her, shakes his head.

QUARRY
...No.

He grabs the keys and exits. Joni looks at him as he goes.

EXT. BAUXITE QUARRY - NIGHT

A cliff overlooking the red dirt and green pond of a bauxite quarry. Beauty at the bottom of barrenness and isolation. Quarry's Dodge Colt putters through the gravel.

INT. QUARRY'S COLT - NIGHT

Quarry drives into the mouth of the work site. His headlights cut through the darkness to find The Broker, usual suit, leaning against a shiny brown 1973 Mercedes 450SL convertible, smoking. Carl flanks him.

Quarry pulls up and gets out. Carl approaches, frisks him.

QUARRY
Just a precaution, right?

Carl doesn't find anything, returns to his position.

THE BROKER
Quick learner.

Quarry rolls his eyes. The Broker reads from a newspaper:

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
"One victim found dead of gunshot wounds to the throat and chest..."
Oh, here's my favorite part:
(MORE)

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
(reading again)
"The other died from asphyxiation caused by choking on a common household dish rag. A prosthetic leg, belonging to neither victim, also found at the scene." A dish rag? Takes a particular type of man to do something like that. Hollowed out on the inside. Hard as rock. Maybe we'll call you "Quarry". Has a nice ring to it.

QUARRY
I can't find your money.

THE BROKER
What about your half?

QUARRY
Hadn't gotten it yet.

THE BROKER
Not so quick after all. Well. This is quite the conundrum.

QUARRY
Who were we killing and why was there another guy?

THE BROKER
Apologies, but if I recall, you weren't even supposed to be involved. You weren't "interested.

QUARRY
You told him he needed a partner. I was looking out for my friend.

CARL
(piping up)
Did a bang-bang job of that.

QUARRY
(to Carl)
What are you, his fucking butler?

THE BROKER
Gentlemen! Let's save the fencing match for another day, shall we?

QUARRY
(raising voice)
There was nothing in that file of yours about a second guy.

THE BROKER
(matching Quarry)
I told your friend to exercise care and caution. Take time to make sure the pattern holds. He ignored those instructions. I fail to see how that's my fucking fault.

QUARRY
So? What now, "Broker"?

THE BROKER
Someone owes me a contract. It can either be you, or Leigh, Ty, and young Rebecca.

QUARRY
I'll find the guy. I'll kill him.

THE BROKER
As a matter of fact, you won't.

QUARRY
No, I will. I'll make this right.

THE BROKER
-Apparently killing a one-legged man is beyond you.

Carl reaches into the Mercedes...Quarry clinches his fists. Carl pulls out...a FOLDER. He approaches Quarry, extends it.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
I believe this is more your speed.

Quarry opens the folder on a PHOTO: WILLIAMS, 30, shaggy-haired, Donny Osmond type. Grinning. What the hell could this guy have done?

QUARRY
What'd he do?

THE BROKER
He pissed someone off. The wrong someone, as they say.

Quarry closes the file.

QUARRY
And then we're square?

THE BROKER
And then we're square.

QUARRY
I'll take care of it.

THE BROKER
I trust you will. But forgive me for not wanting to leave anything to chance.

Quarry doesn't understand.

THE BROKER (CONT'D)
There's someone with experience I need you to meet.

Off Quarry's look-

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Quarry, holding the file, stands in front of Room 21 and knocks. Linda Ronstadt's "Sail Away" plays from inside. BUDDY opens the door, wearing track shorts and a tight T-shirt.

BUDDY
Look at you, stranger!

Quarry recognizes him from the Gift Shop.

QUARRY
You?

BUDDY
(sultry)
Me.

Quarry sighs and steps in.

INT. BUDDY'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Music off. Quarry sits on a double bed. Buddy hands him an Old Milwaukee. Buddy cracks his own beer, and sits on the other bed, opening a BOX OF NAILS.

BUDDY
So? How'd she like the flowers?

QUARRY
Oh. Yeah. Went over well.

BUDDY
Did I tell you or did I tell you?

Buddy pulls a roll of duct tape from a drawer, then slides a TV TRAY over like it's a desk. He pours nails onto the tray.

QUARRY
You did. So. Broker, The Broker, whatever, said you could help.

BUDDY
Course I can. Ol' Williams there.

QUARRY
You know him?

BUDDY
I should think so. I'm the one what did the file. Broker likes to rotate us. Keep us fresh. I prefer Active. Passive's so goddamn mind-numbing. But anyhow, I got you a car. A rental. Always rentals. But follow him. Make sure the pattern-

-Buddy pulls up a baseball bat. He begins placing nails on the bat, PULLING OUT duct tape, and TAPING them to the bat so they stick out. It gradually looks more and more terrifying-

QUARRY
-Holds. I got it. But not everyone is so predictable.

BUDDY
Have you met a human being lately? They're nothing *but* predictable. I wish the unexamined life *weren't* worth living, then maybe some of these fuckers would off them*selves*. Look, I'm not gonna say we're doing the world a service here...
(whisper, sing-song)
But we're doing the world a service. OH! You need a new piece.

He pulls out a CLAMSHELL HAIR DRYER HOLDER and pops it open, hands Quarry a fresh .45. Quarry stares at it, somber.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I'm real sorry about your friend.

QUARRY
...Yeah. ...Thank you.

BUDDY
(stands up)
Come here.

Quarry just looks at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Fine.

Buddy bends down and hugs Quarry anyway. Confounded, Quarry kind of half-hugs back. Eyes closed, sincere:

BUDDY (CONT'D)
(into Quarry's ear)
You are a special creature and you are very much loved.

Buddy pulls out of the hug and smiles sweetly. Quarry is baffled, silent. Buddy goes back to taping nails to his baseball bat. He sees Quarry looking at the bat again.

QUARRY
What's that for?

BUDDY
Wouldn't you like to know.

INT. QUARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quarry is on the edge of the bed, sliding on his boots. Joni folds towels. He stands and goes to the dresser, opening it.

JONI
How late will you be out?

Joni enters the closet and collects more laundry. Quarry looks down. Among Joni's underwear, etc., he spots the Goodbye Cruel World FIGURINE.

QUARRY
Knowing Patterson? Late.

Quarry, pained by the slight, removes the figurine. He very quietly, very quickly pockets it along with his wallet and keys. Joni re-enters. He gives her a kiss and exits. She goes back to folding.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

Quarry parks the Dodge Colt next to a monkey-shit-brown Toyota Corolla. He gets out, checks underneath a back tire, and pulls out the keys.

He pulls the .45 from the back of his pants, opens the Corolla door, tossing the gun into the passenger seat and getting in. He starts it and drives off.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Quarry pulls up across the street from a modest split-level house, a 1970 Chevy Chevelle in the garage.

Quarry watches the house. One lamp by a window is on, a figure moving around inside. Some neighborhood dogs barking, but other than that, silence. Quarry sits and stares.

INT. MONKEY SHIT BROWN COROLLA - CONTINUOUS

Quarry checks his watch. Suddenly the light clicks off. Williams bursts out the front door, grinning wildly. He trots to his Chevelle, cranks it up, and backs out. Quarry waits for him to pass and just recede in the rearview...

...Before cranking the Corolla and following.

INT. MONKEY SHIT BROWN COROLLA - NIGHT

Quarry gives Williams enough leash not to be spotted. The streets are fairly quiet, anyway, so he's hard to lose.

Williams suddenly pulls over, hazards blinking. Quarry pulls off onto the shoulder and turns off his lights. He watches as Williams gets out and pops the hood of his car.

The road is quiet. Quarry checks his rearview: nothing. This would be perfect. Just approach, offer to help. He reaches for the .45 and grips the door handle...

Williams SLAMS the hood shut, hops in the car, turns off his hazards and pulls out. Quarry sighs, turns on the headlights and follows.

INT. MONKEY SHIT BROWN COROLLA - NIGHT

The Chevelle rattles through a suburban neighborhood. Quarry scans the houses.

Williams turns onto a street. Confusion wracks Quarry's face.

The Chevelle pulls into the driveway of a familiar house. White with green shutters. Sheer drapes moving in the breeze. Hydrangea and butterfly bush abound. Modest, only now, not so perfect.

Quarry parks across the street and watches, slack-jawed, as Williams hops out and trots to Quarry's front door, knocks.

Joni answers. She's surprised, but Williams is no stranger. She shakes her head and pulls him inside.

Quarry's temples pulsate. He doesn't blink. A beat. He grabs the .45 and gets out of the car.

EXT. QUARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quarry hugs a corner and tries to see inside. His POV: Joni and Williams talk, easy to hear with the windows open.

JONI (O.S.)
Do you have it?

WILLIAMS
Shit, you know what? Must've slipped my mind.

JONI
That was the whole reason I called.

He wraps his arms around her waist and tries to kiss her.

JONI (CONT'D)
No. This is done. It's done. You need to understand that.

WILLIAMS
Okay. Sure thing.

He starts kissing her neck, sucking her earlobe.

JONI
Mark, seriously...

She trails off, letting out a passionate sigh.

WILLIAMS
Tell me about it being done again?

JONI
I don't even know when he'll be-

Williams scoops her up, wrapping her legs around him. She gasps. Quarry follows on the outside as he carries her directly to their bedroom.

Joni fought the fight, but not anymore. She kisses him breathlessly. He pulls her nighty over her head and tosses her onto the bed, sending folded towels flying.

If people were volcanoes, Quarry is now Pompeii. He shakes with fury. He raises the .45 just as Williams rolls Joni over onto her stomach.

And Quarry's eyes fall as she lets out a MOAN of pleasure. Quarry walks directly to the Corolla. He gets in, tosses the .45 inside, starts it, and drives into the night.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Quarry talks into a payphone.

QUARRY
You knew.

THE BROKER (O.S.)
(from phone)
Of course I knew.

INT. MONKEY SHIT BROWN COROLLA - NIGHT

Quarry sits across from Williams' house, a 1/5 of Jim Beam in his lap, the .45 By his side.

QUARRY (O.S.)
Why didn't you just tell me?

Quarry looks around. No one. Nothing but street lamps. He takes a slug of Beam and gets out.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He puts the .45 in the back of his belt. He approaches Williams' open garage. No other lights on in the house.

THE BROKER (O.S.)
You would've taken me at my word?
You needed to see. For yourself.

As Quarry closes in, he hears Sam Cooke's "Bring It On Home To Me" playing. This stops him. His jaw tightens.

QUARRY (O.S.)
You know how I managed to survive
over there? What I told myself?

INT. WILLIAMS' GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Quarry moves closer, peers inside the garage. The Chevelle up on a jack. No wheels. Quarry bends down to see Williams, or the top of his head rather, on a mechanic's creeper, working.

He could do it from there. Just blow out the top of his head. But he has grander things in mind.

QUARRY (O.S.)
You last only if you don't care.

He furtively walks around the left side of the Chevelle. He sees the turntable, his Sam Cooke 45 spinning.

He spots a gleaming silver jack. Cleanest thing in this garage. Quarry crouches down, his face deadening.

THE BROKER (O.S.)
Life is inherently complex. The human organism itself, enough moving parts to make a Swiss watch seem about as complicated as a slingshot. And human relationships ...well they're even more complicated than that.

He's staring directly at Williams. Curly hair. Squaring off with a monkey wrench, no idea of his visitor.

QUARRY (O.S.)
Death isn't.

THE BROKER (O.S.)
Which?

QUARRY (O.S.)
Complicated.

Quarry CLEARS HIS THROAT. Williams starts. Looks over.

WILLIAMS
(holding his heart)
Jesus Christ. ...Can I help you?

QUARRY
Do you recognize me?

Williams looks. Studies.

QUARRY (CONT'D)
Do you recognize me? TV News reports? Papers? Record collections?

It's clear he now does. Terror suddenly awakened in him. Quarry pulls something from his jacket.

QUARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Death is just a switch that gets flipped off.

He hands it to Williams: "The Goodbye Cruel World" figurine.

QUARRY (CONT'D)
I'm the motherfucker that killed you.

-IN ONE SEAMLESS MOTION, Quarry STANDS and KICKS THE JACK.

The car CRASHES down. METAL on CONCRETE and the BURSTING MELON sound of a HUMAN HEAD BEING CRUSHED and, with this sound, an EXPLOSION of BLOOD and bits of SKULL and BRAINS out from under the car. Not a stream. A BURST. Onto Quarry's boots and jeans.

And then nothing again. Sam Cooke still giving it hell from the stereo in the corner. But silence outside. Everywhere. As if this never happened.

Quarry turns, calmly takes the needle off his record, puts it back in its sleeve, and walks out of the garage.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Quarry talks into the pay phone as before.

THE BROKER (O.S.)
(on phone)
You are correct, Quarry. Inarguably correct.

QUARRY
It’s done.

Quarry hangs up the phone.

INT. QUARRY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dead of night. Joni is fast asleep. HERO SHOT again. Quarry looks down at her, rage in his eyes. What’s he going to do?

Joni sleeps. “Bring It On Home To Me” begins playing. Joni stirs, wakes up. Quarry’s gone. Confused, she gets up...

INT. QUARRY’S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joni enters. The Sam Cooke record spins on the turntable, the .45 on top of it. Quarry’s clothes are in a pile on the floor.

It sinks in for Joni. We read it on her face. She goes to the patio doors, looks out the screen.

EXT. QUARRY’S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Quarry finishes a lap. He stops, realizing he’s being watched. He looks to the house.

His and Joni’s eyes meet. A painful beat. He looks away and goes back to swimming.

Giant white block letters - “QUARRY” - cover the screen.

CREDITS.