

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

INT. ANN COHEN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Roger is trapped. Comes to

ROGER  
wh... what -- where am I?

DEXTER  
Looks different without the furniture.  
But you spent the evening here with Ann  
Cohen. Took her last breath from her,  
right over there, Remember?

ROGER  
No. You're wrong. I wouldn't.

DEXTER  
You would and you did, and you were  
about to do it again. That's why  
we're here.

ROGER  
This is crazy! you have the wrong  
guy! I sell cars, for chrissakes.  
I've never hurt anyone in my entire  
Life! Definitely not a woman.

Dexter studies him. Then pulls a stool up next to his  
head.

DEXTER  
Why can't I do that?

ROGER  
-- do what?

DEXTER  
Lie like that. I thought I was  
good, but you...

ROGER  
I don't lie .

DEXTER  
Okay, that one was weak.

Dexter rises to return to his knives.

ROGER  
Look, any car on the lot. It's  
yours. Viper, Caddy, just name it.  
Yours. Free. I'll call it in now.

DEXTER  
The lot's closed.

ROGER  
I'll have them open it. I'm the  
manager, They do what I say.

DEXTER  
The manager's name is Rick Buxton.

ROGER  
But I've been there longer so -

DEXTER  
You've been there three months.

ROGER  
At our other lot --

Dexter bursts out laughing with amazement.

DEXTER  
Wow! It's like watching someone ski  
moguls. You just pop from one lie to the  
next. No shame. No  
embarrassment. You really just don't  
give a shit!  
That's the trick, right? Not to care  
about anyone or --

ROGER  
I care! I care a lot.

DEXTER  
It's a compliment. I don't care  
either

ROGER  
Yes, you do. I've seen it. You care  
-- like about your wife.

DEXTER  
Not married.

ROGER  
Girlfriend, then, I saw it the minute you  
walked on the lot.

Dexter looks at him. Is he lying again?

DEXTER  
What did you see? Tell me

ROGER

Yeah, okay, well, most guys your age  
Make a beeline for the horsepower,  
something fast, flashy, sexy. But not  
you. You're alone. No one there to nag  
you. And you don't even glance at the  
coupes. Only thing you look at is that  
minivan, like you can picture her there  
in the passenger seat with the kids in  
the back.

DEXTER

(warning)

Leave the kids out.

ROGER

See? You're lying to yourself if  
you say you don't care.

Dexter weighs this revelation. Is it possible?

DEXTER

(half to himself )

She's just a companion, really --  
or started out that way. Someone  
who looked good, normal..,

ROGER

They worm their way in there.

DEXTER

Yeah, they do. Then they shut you  
out.

ROGER

Is that -- That's what this is  
about? She shut you out?

( relieved)

Man, I get it. I've been there. But  
you can't let her get to you like  
this. They're all like that.  
Fucking bitches! you do everything  
they want, then they fuck you.  
She's not worth it. You're better  
off without --

DEXTER

DON'T

(abruptly stabs Roger)

-- talk about my girlfriend that way.