

EXT. REDDY DRIVEWAY - DAY

The passenger side window of the truck is open. Graham steps up to it and looks inside.

GRAHAM

Hello Ray.

RAY REDDY doesn't look over. Doesn't react. Keeps staring. Ray clutches the steering wheel tightly, turning his knuckles a yellow white. Graham glances to the backseat of the truck. There are two large bags overflowing with clothes. Graham's eyes gently move back to Ray and drift down to the TWO BLOOD STAINED AREAS ON HIS SHIRT. Beat.

GRAHAM

What happened Ray?

Beat.

RAY

I wrote your number down to call you. It's been sitting next to the phone for six months. When I knew it was inside the house, I couldn't think of any other number to call. I panicked.

(beat)

Thank you for coming Father.

GRAHAM

You're welcome Ray.

RAY

I worked so long that night. I'd never fallen asleep driving before. And never since. Most of the ride home, there wasn't a car insight in either direction. If I'd fallen asleep then, I'd a ended up in a ditch with a head ache. It had to happen at that right moment. That certain ten-fifteen seconds when I passed her walking. It was like it was meant to be.

Beat.

RAY

I guess if this is the end of the world, I'm screwed right? People who kill Reverends' wives aren't exactly ushered to the front of the line in heaven.

Ray starts the car.

GRAHAM

Where you going Ray?

RAY

To the lake. The way I see it, all
the places marked in the crops and
such -- none of them are really near
water. I figure they don't like
water.

(beat)

Can't be any worse than here.

Beat.

GRAHAM

Ray, what's happening?

Ray looks at Graham.

RAY

I'm truly sorry for what I've done
to you and yours.

The two men stare at each other, He puts the car in drive.

RAY

And don't open my pantry Father. I
locked one of them in there.

Graham steps away as the truck moves forward and pulls down
the driveway.