

SARA

Matt?

No answer. She calls out again. Still nothing.

She steps further down. Moves through the house --

Past the dining room. Through the hall.

INTO THE KITCHEN

And sees someone in the back yard. A *LARGE MAN*. Menacing. Shaved head, tats.

That's the guy inside the motel lobby with Betty.

Sara watches as he saunters across the back yard and turns the corner around the house.

What is this guy doing?

THE MASTER BEDROOM

Sara rushes in. Spots the man trek past another window towards the front of the house.

INTO THE LIVING ROOM

As Sara follows. The man emerges from back yard gate. She tracks him along the side of the house. Past another window.

And then another. He moves with purpose.

He turns along the front of the house now. Moving towards --

The front door. Fuck.

Sara races to the door. Double checks the bolt. It's locked.

Looks through the peephole: sees the man advance on the door.

She steps back. Frozen.

Sara waits. Until...

The door handle. *It turns*. Wiggles. He's trying to get in.

A long nuclear silence. Until.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

Sara doesn't move.

Louder this time.

BANG-BANG-BANG!

CUTTER

You should open it.

Sara JUMPS -- whips around.

The man standing in the hall is named CUTTER. 40ish. It's those eyes. This man is a predator.

He speaks with the calm and ease of someone who has been set free from any morals or expectations.

SARA

Get the fuck out of my house.

BANG-BANG-BANG! On the door. BANG-BANG-BANG!

SARA (CONT'D)

Get out or I call the cops.

Cutter walks past her. To the door. He unlocks. Opens it.

And steps aside for HOLLIS to come in. Then.

CUTTER

Mrs. Jeffers, I presume?

Sara eyes the stairs. Should she run?

Cutter shakes his head. Tells her not to. It's not worth it.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Is your husband here?

(then)

Mrs. Jeffers? Is he here?

SARA

No. He isn't.

Hollis pushes past Sara up the stairs to search the second floor.

Just Sara and Cutter now.

Long and uncomfortable.

Hollis reappears. No Collin. Then.

CUTTER

(to Sara)

Have you made coffee yet? I could use a cup.

A moment. Sara realizes. She takes a step.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Hollis will do it. He likes making coffee. He's a bit of stickler about it. Kind of a connoisseur.

Hollis descends the stairs past her. That size difference. It's unnerving. And he breathes in her discomfort.

IN THE KITCHEN

Hollis removes the tea pot off the flame. He preps the coffee beans in the grinder.

HOLLIS

(To Sara)

Do you have a kitchen scale?

Sara and Cutter sit at the table. The question surprises her.

SARA

... I don't know.

HOLLIS

You don't know? It's your kitchen. How do you not know?

CUTTER

That's right, you've been gone awhile, huh?

HOLLIS

I can eyeball it.

And Hollis does just that.

CUTTER

Did he leave town? Your husband?

She doesn't know the right answer here. She tries this --

SARA

Yes.

CUTTER

He did?

SARA

Yes.

CUTTER

That's unfortunate.

Hollis GRINDS the coffee. LOUD.

Sara reads the shift in the vibe. As Hollis finishes --

SARA

He'll be back.

CUTTER

When?

SARA

Tuesday.

CUTTER

You're sure about that?

Hollis pours the steaming water into the french press. He winds the kitchen timer.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

I hope that's true. Do you know what community property is?

(she does)

It means his debts are your debts.

SARA

Georgia isn't a community property state.

Cutter LAUGHS. Genuine. Then. Still smiling --

CUTTER

I understand the money that affords all of *this*. Comes from your family.

Hollis places the french press on the table. Then.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Hollis taught me something about coffee. You don't actually want to use boiling water. It burns the beans. So you boil the water, but then you take it off the heat, and you let it sit a few minutes. So it lowers to the perfect temperature.

(to Hollis)

Right?

Hollis shrugs -- more or less.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Which I just find so interesting.
That just a few degrees would make
that much of a difference.

(then)

So if you burned yourself. Or if
hot water was poured over your
hand. Or your face. Or other parts
of your body. Just those few
degrees are the difference between
pain that heals, and pain that
permanently destroys flesh.

Silence. Sara eyes the piping hot coffee on the table. Just
the sound of the kitchen timer ticking.

Cutter finally stands.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Enjoy the coffee. If I know Hollis,
it's perfect.

HOLLIS

You gotta start with good beans. No
gettin' around that.

(to Sara)

Press it when the timer goes off.
Slowly. Don't rush it.

They disappear from the kitchen. Sara doesn't move.

She hears them leave. But she remains still. The timer still
ticks. Until.

BING. It goes off. *And Sara stands to her feet.*

IN THE GUEST ROOM

Sara grabs her clothes. Stuffs them in her bag.

THEN OUTSIDE

The Lexus. Sara tosses her bag in the back as we cut to:

THE ROAD - DRIVING NOW

A t-intersection. A sign for the small town of Sherman's
Bluff on the right.