

**INT. LINCOLN - SAME TIME**

Early still behind the wheel. Carrie sits up against the passenger side door. She is tense and guarded. Out the window, nothing but empty desert.

**EARLY**

Pass me a beer hon'.

Carrie quietly responds. She kneels on the front seat and reaches into the back. She grabs a bottle by its neck, and pulls it from the six pack of beer. Bottle in hand, she hesitates a moment...

**NEW ANGLE: EARLY'S POV IN THE DRIVING MIRROR**

Early watches Carrie.

**EARLY**

You wanna hit me with that, huh?

**NEW ANGLE**

Carrie reconsiders and sits back in the far corner of the front seat.

**CARRIE**

(not looking at him)

No.

She hands the bottle to him. Early reaches out for the beer, but instead of taking it, he clasps his hand over hers.

He looks at her and begins to squeeze...

**EARLY**

Stop lyin'... I can see right through you.

Early squeezes even harder -- Carrie begins to wince with pain. She waits for the glass bottle to shatter in her hand.

**EARLY**

Who d'ya think you're foolin'?

(beat)

I know you better than you think...

**CARRIE**

(confused)

...You're hurting me...

Early hits the brakes. The car screeches to a halt in a cloud of dust. Early squeezes on her hand even harder and begins to drag her toward him.

**EARLY**

I seen the way you been lookin' at

me since we met... Snappin' my photo  
when you thought I wasn't lookin'.  
Wanting me...

Carrie turns her head away. Early pulls her closer.

**EARLY**

I saw you when I killed that boy...

He grabs her hair with his other hand... Pulls her head around  
forcing her to look at him. Early has Carrie right up against  
him, looking right into her eyes.

**EARLY**

(whispers)

You were plenty hot.

**CARRIE**

(explodes)

You sick twisted fuck! You don't  
know shit about me.

She struggles trying to free herself. Early, his face only  
inches from hers, smiles...

**EARLY**

Sick... some people might say takin'  
photos of me and Adele humpin' in  
the back of the car is sick.

Carrie struggles even harder, but Early tightens his hold.

**EARLY**

...You know what I mean?

**CARRIE**

...I know I'd love to smash this  
bottle right in your fucking face.

Suddenly... Early releases Carrie, taking the beer from her.  
Carrie retreats back into the corner of the passenger side.

**EARLY**

That's better... Honesty... I like  
that in a woman.

He gives her a grin, then opens the bottle.

**EARLY**

But I'll tell ya... when we get to  
California, we're gonna have to do  
something 'bout that gutter mouth of  
yours.

Early takes a gulp of beer.

