

She did.

MATTY

Roz gives Heather a look.

HEATHER

Thank you, Aunt Matty.

Roz walks around the car and gets in.

ROZ

Thanks, Matty. We appreciate it.

MATTY

Any time, Roz. She's a pleasure.

Roz smiles, waves and pulls away. Matty watches them go, worried.

INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights are out. There's enough moonlight pouring in the open windows to see Racine sitting on the bed in his shorts, his back propped against some pillows at the headboard. A fan WHIRS on a table. He lights another cigarette and takes another drink; a bottle of bourbon sits on his nightstand. From where he sits, he can see the ocean. There is a KNOCK at the door.

RACINE

Yeah?

MATTY (O.S.)

It is me.

RACINE

It's open.

Matty comes in. She peers into the darkness until she sees him. She locks the door and turns to face him. She is dressed in a pale silk suit and blouse, very carefully put together. She looks as good as she ever has; she seems to create her own light.

MATTY

Why haven't you answered your phone?

RACINE

You took a chance coming here.
Where's Edmund?

MATTY

He's not coming up this weekend.
Why haven't you answered?

RACINE

I didn't want to talk. I just wanted to think.

MATTY

(nods; then, after
a moment)

Can I get in with you?

Racine just stares at her.

MATTY

I don't know what Heather will tell
Roz. Maybe nothing. Maybe she'll
be embarrassed or afraid. Maybe
she'll think she imagined the whole
thing.

RACINE

(chuckles without
humor)

Maybe we all did.

MATTY

We'll know if she does tell. Roz
will report to Edmund quick enough.
It's exactly what she's always wanted.

Matty disappears for a moment into the shadows.

MATTY

I've been thinking, too.

RACINE

And what have you got?

Matty emerges from the darkness and sits on the edge of
the bed next to Racine. She looks into his eyes.

MATTY

I think we should give it up. We
haven't done anything criminal, yet.

Racine has been thinking along the same lines. He stubs
out his cigarette.

RACINE

It's not too late to back out.

MATTY

That's right. I don't think we can
do it.

RACINE

What do you mean?

MATTY

Things have already started to go
wrong. I feel like we got to the
edge and looked over and, well, it
was too much. We'll just have to
live with that.

She sits down on the bed.

MATTY

I'll divorce him. And we won't have his money. Part of me wants it so bad. I'd be lying if I said I didn't. But it's the worst part of me, the weakest part.

She leans back against him.

MATTY

All that matters is that we're together.

RACINE

(after a moment)

You don't think I can pull it off.

MATTY

It's not you, it's us. I'm sure I'll make some mistake.

RACINE

That's not what you really mean, is it, Matty?

MATTY

Yes it is.

RACINE

(very calm, flat)

No, it isn't. You think he's too much for me. You think I'll fuck it up, get us caught.

Matty turns toward him.

MATTY

No, darling. Don't talk that way. It's not true.

Racine studies her face.

RACINE

No? Well that's what I've been thinking.

MATTY

You're wrong. Don't think that, ever! I know you could do it.

(moving closer)

But all I care about is you. The money doesn't matter.

RACINE

It does in this world, the one we're living in.

Matty presses her head against his chest.

MATTY

Why torture ourselves about it?

Racine laughs; he doesn't know what's funny.

RACINE

When's he coming back?

MATTY

Friday.

RACINE

That'll be it, then. Nothing will stop us.

MATTY

Is that what you really want? Are you sure?

RACINE

Yeah. I wasn't before, but I am now.

Racine reaches over her, gets another cigarette and lights it. After he takes a deep drag, she takes it from him and takes a puff too.

RACINE

This time you're going to know how to reach me. I don't want any more surprises.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MIAMI - DAY

Racine locks up a rented Ford on a side street and walks back two cars to where his Stingray is parked. As he bends to unlock the Stingray, he looks around and a passing car catches his attention.

RACINE'S POV, PANNING with the car as it drives by him. There is only one thing extraordinary about this particular car. The driver, hunched and intent on the road ahead, is a Clown, in full costume and makeup.

Racine watches as the car disappears. For a moment, Racine looks like a dead man.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Matty is reclining in the soapy water, slowly scrubbing. She HUMS to herself.