

Off that we cut to Carla Jean, standing by in a black dress and dark veil.

EXT. A SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A parched square of grass in front of the house. A rusty station wagon pulls into the driveway and stops. Carla Jean gets out.

INT. KITCHEN

Carla Jean enters and puts on the kettle. She opens the cupboard looking for something.

KITCHEN - LATER

Carla Jean sits at the kitchen table drinking tea. She looks out the window.

Across the street kids are running through a sprinkler that chugs in the yard.

INT. BEDROOM

BEDROOM DOOR

The door opens and Carla Jean enters holding her hat and veil. She throws the light switch and stops, hand frozen, looking into the room.

After a beat:

CARLA JEAN

I knew this wasn't done with.

Chigurh sits at the far end of the room in the late-afternoon shadows.

CHIGURH

No.

CARLA JEAN

I ain't got the money.

CHIGURH

No.

CARLA JEAN

What little I had is long gone and
they's bill aplenty to pay yet. I
buried my mother today. I ain't paid
for that neither.

CHIGURH

I wouldn't worry about it.

CARLA JEAN

... I need to sit down.

Chigurh nods at the bed and Carla Jean sits down, hugging her
hat and veil.

CARLA JEAN (CONT'D)

... You got no cause to hurt me.

CHIGURH

No. But I gave my word.

CARLA JEAN

You gave your word?

CHIGURH

To your husband

CARLA JEAN

That don't make sense. You gave your
word to my husband to kill me?

CHIGURH

Your husband had the opportunity to
remove you from harm's way. Instead,
he used you to try to save himself.

CARLA JEAN

Not like that. Not like you say.

CHIGURH

I don't say anything. Except it was
foreseen.

A beat.

CARLA JEAN

I knowed you was crazy when I saw you
settin' there. I knowed exactly what
was in store for me.

CHIGURH

Yes. Things fall into place.

EXT. HOUSE

Minutes later.

A beat.

The front door swings open and Chigurh emerges.

He pauses with one hand on the jamb and looks at the sole of each boot in turn.

He goes to the pickup in the driveway.

INT. PICKUP/EXT. INTERSECTION - A MINUTE LATER

He is driving.

His point-of-view: coming upon an empty intersection, his light green.

Back to Chigurh. He just starts to turn his head to the right.

A huge crash.

EXT. INTERSECTION

Chigurh's pickup has been T-boned by an old crate of a pickup. Both vehicles slide to a halt amid broken glass in the middle of the intersection.

The windshield of the truck that ran the light is mostly gone. The driver is draped dead on the wheel.

After a beat the door of Chigurh's truck is pushed open. He staggers out, heavily favoring one leg where the jeans are shredded and bloody at the thigh. One arm is also bloody and hangs limp. Blood runs down his face from a scalp wound.

He staggers to a lawn and sits.

He looks up.

Two teenage boys have come out of somewhere. They goggle at him.

BOY 1

Mister there's a bone stickin' out of your arm.