

THE ACCIDENT

by

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EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

BOB, 50, rugged, sweating, blood all over his hands, plaid blue shirt, and pants, limps as he runs across a corn field.

Every turn he makes merely ends up right back where he started, in the same endless row of his precious green crop. And for every turn, a brief flash of a bloody image comes to him.

He swats a corn leaf away from his face. A dismembered corpse.

He makes a right turn. A bloody arm.

He doesn't stop. He continues to run.

Left turn. A twisted bloody leg.

Another right turn. The back of a severed head.

BOB

Fuck!

He stops. Takes in a deep breath. Looks around at the greenery surrounding him. There's nothing there, just endless rows of corn.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jesus!

He continues his search for an exit.

Suddenly, as if a loud sound surrounded his existence, BAM, he stops. Right where he's standing is the edge of the field and immediately in front of him is his yellow tractor.

BOB (CONT'D)

God damn it.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Bob hurries to the side of the tractor. Revealed in front of him is a house, standing majestic amidst a vast farm.

He takes in a deep breath and runs towards the two storey home like some mad man.

He quickly passes JEAN, 48, stooped and too focused in fixing the tomato trellis. She looks well kept. Her hair tied to a pony tail, head hidden under the morning sun with a straw hat, cute tan linen shorts, and a red cotton top.

He can see her within the periphery of his vision, tracing his projection as he makes his way to the house.

Just when he reaches the front door, he finally hears it.

JEAN

What the hell's wrong with you?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Upon entering the house, the red painted wall almost blinds Bob. In a heartbeat, he holds his arm out to protect his eyes from the visual assault.

BOB

Of all the fucking colors.

He heads straight for the hallway and kitchen divider where an old model telephone hangs.

Jean catches up behind him.

He picks up the phone receiver, but just before dialing, a shadow of a butchered body appears on the floor.

Cautious, he turns around only to see Jean, standing by the doorway.

She's talking, her arms stretched outwards, appearing as if she is trying to make sense of the situation.

He can't hear anything else except a stinging, ringing sound humming constantly around him. He inserts his pinky finger into his ear and shakes vigorously. It doesn't help. He stares at Jean for a beat.

BOB (CONT'D)

Police. Number?

Jean immediately stops. She carefully settles her raised hands to her side.

JEAN

Bob, Hon? Tell me what's wrong.

She takes easy steps towards him until she can gently hold him by the arms.

She takes the receiver from his grip and just as easily, she guides him to the dining table.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jean steadies Bob on a chair first, then she grabs the chair right across him and sits as well.

She lays both hands on the table and leans towards him.

BOB  
It's new and it cut him.

JEAN  
Hon? I don't understand. Cut who?

She doesn't get any response.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Just breathe for now.

Jean stands up and grabs a glass from the drying rack. She pours water into it while occasionally turning towards Bob while the water fills up.

Jean walks back to Bob and hands him the glass of water, urging him to drink. He does.

She returns to her seat, her eyes watching closely, never leaving Bob. She waits for him until he finishes the last drop.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You feel better?

Pool of tears suddenly rush down his cheeks.

Jean braces both hands on the table in slight panic but quickly calms herself down.

She stretches her hands until she has his hands in her grasp. She tightens her grip then rubs his hands gently, caressing the rough skin, attempting to relax his awfully tense state.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Bob?

BOB  
I killed Matthew?

Jean's mouth gapes open but not in shock, more of wonder.

JEAN  
What do you mean?

BOB

It was an accident Jean, I tried to  
stop the darn thing the moment I  
heard a thud.

He cries heavier this time. He takes his hands away from her then he gently slams his head on the dinning table, over and over, shaking the wooden platform as if an earthquake trembles the ground.

All that Jean can do at this point is to gently place her hand on his head to make him stop. It takes a while but he does.

She covers her mouth with her other hand while she watches as her husband sobs in peace.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A few moments pass. Bob is finally calm.

He lifts his head up. Jean takes her hand away.

They look into each other's eyes for a while.

JEAN

Tell me what happened.

Our focus turn towards the bright rays of sun gleaming from the kitchen window.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

First silence, then slowly the ticking of the clock becomes audible.

Jean clutches unto the dining table for support before getting up, pushing the chair behind her.

She takes calm and sure steps towards the phone. She then dials a number.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bob sits quietly in the same position. There is no movement at all. He simply stares at the dining table.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jean is sitting in silence on the stairs in the hallway, waiting, starring at the front screen door.

To her right are a series of family photos. Her wedding picture with Bob. Pictures of their three children. One photo shows their big family with their three children and grandchildren. The others are those of the respective family pictures of their kids.

The other's appear to be photos with friends. One specific picture has her family with a friend's family gathered together in front of their house, all of them smiling, one person in that picture is holding a bunch of balloons, beaming a bright smile at the camera.

INT. HALLWAY/ INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Finally, Jean hears a vehicle park in the driveway. She leaves the stairs and head towards the front door, stopping midway.

She turns towards Bob. Still sitting in the same position. Still starring at the dining table.

Jean presses both of her hands together. Massaging it, showing great distress with every rub.

She doesn't notice JERRY, 59, standing by their doorway. Jerry has a very rugged look to him. Typical cowboy hat, unkempt beard and mustache, and overgrown brows.

JERRY

Jean?

Startled. Jean turns to Jerry. She doesn't say anything.

She merely tilts her head towards Bob in the kitchen. Jerry gets the hint.

Jerry pushes the front door open and in a slow-steady pace walks right into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry stops right in the kitchen entryway and takes his hat off. He brings it to his chest and taps on it. The sound resembles that of a nervous beat.

JERRY

Maybe I'll help myself with a glass  
o' water.

He sets his hat on the table and walks straight to the sink,  
passing Bob on the way. He grabs a glass from the drying rack  
and fills it with water.

Passing Bob again, he settles on a chair opposite his.

He pulls the chair out, sits, and takes a sip from the glass.

He eases Bob into talking but delivers the question in a way  
that would make either couple answer.

JERRY (CONT'D)

With the way you two look,  
something must o' caused a ruckus.  
Mind telling me what happened?

BOB

I killed Matthew.

The statement is too straightforward for Jerry to find any  
reaction at this time.

JERRY

Well... what do you mean by, you  
killed Matthew?

BOB

He's dead. He is under the tiller  
about two miles from here. I was  
tilling the soil this morning since  
we finished harvesting a quarter of  
the field yesterday and...

This time though, the details scare him.

JERRY

Wait. Wait. Hold it. Hold it buddy.  
Ya mean, Matthew. Ol' Mitch's son,  
Matty?

BOB

Yeah, Matty.

Jerry covers his face with one hand and rubs his hairy chin  
while his eyes frantically move.

JERRY

How?

BOB

'Twas an accident Jerry. I didn't mean to. The boy wasn't supposed to be there. I'm pretty sure Tilda remembers that we was harvesting and tilling for two straight weeks. Jean called to remind her yesterday.

The tears fall again from Bob's eyes.

JERRY

Ok. Let's step back a little. Tell me how it happened, the best way you can. The time it happened too if you will.

BOB

Okay.

Bob takes one deep breath. He swiftly wipes the tears from his eyes and gives his sockets a quick massage.

BOB (CONT'D)

I started early today. Was up since five thirty, then we had coffee and breakfast and all. Had the tiller running at six thirty. The boys weren't gonna harvest today because we had an issue with two of them combines and they're fixing them in the barn, so I thought I'd start tilling. And we called Tilda ok, she knows that was the plan today.

JERRY

Okay. I understand.

BOB

So, I started. I must have been a quarter out, I think 'twas already seven or maybe seven thirty when, suddenly I heard a thud under them tiller, so I stopped. It didn't stop immediately for some reason and since I didn't want to struggle with it, I shut down the engine. That did it.

JERRY

And it was clear as far as you could see?



BOB

Jerry, far as my eye can see into  
the next field with them crops  
still up. Clear all the way.

(beat)

After seeing the body, I ran! Fast  
as I can... I ran! I didn't stop  
until I got home.

Bob looks at the empty glass beside him.

BOB (CONT'D)

And now, here we are.

From the hallway, we suddenly hear Jean cry. Both men turn  
towards the hallway.

Bob though is particularly broken by the sound of her cry. He  
hides his face behind his hands and keeps it covered.

INT. HALLWAY / INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry is now standing by the kitchen entryway.

JERRY

(to Bob)

You'd better clean up before the  
police arrive, Bob. Let me do the  
explaining. Go on now.

(to Jean)

Jean, you want something to drink?

Jean simply shakes her head while crying.

Bob holds unto the dining table and gradually pushes himself  
up.

Jerry heads toward the telephone and dials a number.

With his head down, Bob passes Jean in the hallway as he  
makes his way to the bathroom.

BOB

We need to change the paint of the  
house.

Jean doesn't fully raise her head. With eyes wet in tears,  
she looks at the walls surrounding her. She musters enough  
strength and give one solid nod before falling back into a  
crying spell.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Bob swings the bathroom door open. The first thing we notice is the white wall and the clean tiles. The room actually looks modern compared to the rest of the house.

He turns and faces the mirror and simply stares at himself until a memory form.

MEMORY:

Bob is washing his face. It's the same rest room, only older, rustier. Jean is standing by the doorway.

JEAN

We need to upgrade everything.  
We'll do things slowly. Let's start  
with this bathroom. It's tiny,  
probably easy, I can make the  
changes myself.

BOB

But we just bought tractors, and  
them combines, and tillers? Where  
are we going to get the money.

JEAN

We have some left. We can start in  
this bathroom here and work our way  
to the living room. This house is  
old, Bob. We need some improvements  
before we give it to Billy.

BOB

I don't think the kid would mind.  
He lived here all his life, Jean.

JEAN

Oh come on. Just say yes.

BOB

Whatever you say, Hon.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Bob turns on the faucet and the moment he brushes his hands together, Matty's blood drains into the sink. Just then he hears Jerry on the phone. Bob freezes, we know his listening for he stopped moving his hands all together.

JERRY (O.S.)

Hello. This is Jerry Williams, is  
Tuck there? I really need to speak  
to him. Thank you.

MEMORY:

20 years ago.

Bob and Jean are sitting in the living room, watching TV with their two sons, Bobby Jr. 7 and Chris 5 when the phone rings. A pregnant Jean gets up and answers the phone.

JEAN  
Hello. Hey Mitch. How's...  
(beat)  
Right now? Oh my goodness. We're on  
our way.

Bob looks to Jeans direction.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Tilda's water broke. We need to go.

They all hurry out the house.

INT. MITCH MILLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CONTINUATION OF MEMORY:

Bob with his two sons and Mitch with his kids, Ella 8, Robert 7, and Gill 5, wait it out in the living room.

We hear a woman screaming behind closed door.

JEAN (O.S.)  
Push Tilda, common.

Screaming envelop the place again and the kids just simply turn to each other, there's no fear in their eyes, just impatience.

Mitch, worried, is sitting in a recliner with his head hiding behind his hands.

Bob takes his attention from Mitch to the kids.

BOB  
It's going to be ok. We've been  
through this with you all before.  
It's just the waiting that's  
agonizing.

Suddenly, they hear a BABY CRY.

The whole lot of them got up in what seems like a toned down excitement. From behind the door, the babies cry continues to envelop the place.

First they hear footsteps, then they hear the door knob twist open. Jean, now standing in front of them, is cleaning her bloody hands with a pristine white towel.

JEAN  
(to Mitch)  
It's a boy.

Mitch smiles and heads straight to the room.

INT. MILLER'S HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

CONTINUATION OF MEMORY:

18 years ago.

Mitch, and Tilda are sitting in the couch with MATTHEW, MATTY 2.

A physician, DR. THOMPSON, 50, is listening to Matty's lungs with a stethoscope, while the boy plays with plastic toys.

We hear the other kids playing in the front yard, screaming and laughing.

Bob and Jean are sitting on the opposite couch. Jean is holding her baby, BILLY, 2 around her arms.

We notice a distinct difference between Billy and Matthew.

Billy is well behaved and is just simply observing everyone in the room. He has a pacifier on his mouth, and that seems to keep him calm.

Matthew on the other hand is playing rough. Hitting both plastic toys together, almost attempting to smash the pieces while he does. He draws a short SQUEAL every once in a while and occasionally makes weird noises, like a stinging, ringing, humming sound.

DR. THOMPSON  
Mitch, Tilda. I'm sorry. Sometimes conditions like this aren't seen until this age. Don't get me wrong. He is physically normal. You won't have any problems with him getting sick because of some body abnormality. Our main concern here is his mental capacity. He just won't be like any of them kids.

His head turns to Billy then to the kids playing outside.

DR. THOMPSON (CONT'D)

The best thing to do right now is to slowly train the children that this is what Matty is and they are going to have to treat him special for the rest of their lives. Children understand believe it or not.

TILDA

But what about school Dr. Thompson?

DR. THOMPSON

We are way too far from the city. We don't have special schools for kids like Matty in this town. You are going to have to work harder than how you have taken care of them other children.

JEAN

Tilda, don't worry about it. I'll help you.

Matty screams and squeals again. This time, he goes into a crying fit. Everyone just simply stares at the boy.

Mitch gets up, grabs Matty from the couch and starts swaying him, until he calms the kid down.

INT. REST ROOM - DAY

RETURN TO SCENE:

Bob hears RUMBLING sound coming from their front lawn.

JERRY (O.S.)

Stay here Jean. I'll do the talking.

An old red dyed long sleeve that's hanging behind the bathroom door catches Bob's attention. He stares at his bloodied shirt in the mirror then the red garment.

He takes off his bloodied shirt but leaves his white undershirt on despite having some dried blood on it. He puts on the long sleeves and takes a long good look at himself in the mirror again.

Feeling as if he is about to faint. He leans on the sink for support, until finally, he takes in a deep breath and with what little fight left in him, pushes himself from the sink.

He grabs the doorknob and pulls it towards him. Unfortunately, he is only welcomed by the obtrusive looking red wall again, immediately he closes the door.

He stays there for a bit, takes in a few more air. With his composure finally back, he opens the door and exit.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bob is greeted by Jean who's starrng at his red top.

BOB  
I got it inside.

JEAN  
It's red. Do you want another shirt?

BOB  
It's fine.

They both turn their heads to the front lawn upon hearing Jerry's voice.

JERRY (O.S.)  
Thackery. Thank you so much for coming in such short notice.

THACKERY (O.S.)  
Anything for an old friend.

Bob and Jean both stand there in silence for what seems like ages.

From Bob's POV. Jean's image and the hallway slowly transform to the old days.

MEMORY:

Jean's haircut longer than it is now is turned towards the door. A young boy stands behind their screen door, his face fuzzy in our eyes. There is something odd about the way the boy talks.

BOY  
Billy. We gonna play, Billy.

JEAN  
It's ok, Hon. His just changing his shirt, he'll be out soon.

BOY  
Billy? Argh. Billy?

The boy continues to do the same cry and incessant calling for Billy's name despite any attempt to calm him.

JEAN

It's going to be ok, Hon, just wait  
a little bit more, ok.

BOY

Billy.

Right then, a shadow like appearance dashes forward, passing the present figure of Bob. A boy, almost the same size as the one screaming in front of the door.

JEAN

Be carefully sweetheart.

Jean pulls the boy towards her and caresses his face. We finally see it BILLY, 8. He looks almost like his mother. Soft face. Sincere eyes.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Billy. What does Mama always say  
when playing with Matty?

BILLY

Don't play rough. I know Mama.

JEAN

Good boy. Go on now. He's been  
waiting for you.

Billy races towards the door and pushes it open. Right then we see the figure of the screaming boy. MATTY, 8, curly hair, awkward looking mouth due to his teeth protruding outwards. His smile is priceless the moment he lays eyes on Billy. His screaming grew significantly high pitched. ARGH!!!

RETURN TO SCENE:

Bob returns to the present the moment he hear vehicles leave their front lawn. Jean still hasn't moved.

She does turn briefly towards Bob the minute the sound of footsteps form in the front porch.

A few steps more and Jerry has the front door open, a fellow with a big belly, THACKERY MATTHEWS, TUCK, 55, stands right behind him. They both enter and stand by the doorway for a beat.

TUCK

Hello sir, ma'am. My name is  
Thackery Matthews.  
(MORE)

TUCK (CONT'D)

You can call me Tuck for short. I'm  
the head of the detective team at  
the police station.

Bob examines the man carefully, tracing his face all the way  
to his shoes. Jean simply smiles at the man.

TUCK (CONT'D)

Jerry here already told me what  
happened. Since your friends with  
the victim's father, I believe this  
is more a personal matter rather  
than a police effort, if you know  
what I mean.

BOB

Matthew, the victim's name is  
Matthew. Just like your last name  
without the S.

Tuck turns to Jerry for a beat.

TUCK

Yes. That's a. Common name is it.  
Matthew. Matthews. Right. So.

JERRY

Why don't we have a sit here, Bob.

Jerry leads Tuck to the kitchen and Bob follows behind them.  
Jean takes to the stairs as she was earlier.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They all sit, quietly in the dining table, Bob, Tuck, and  
Jerry.

Jerry's fingers taps on the table creating that nervous beat  
once again.

TUCK

So.

JERRY

I told Tuck here what happened but  
he needs to hear it from you Bob.  
He already sent two patrol cars and  
an ambulance to get the boy.

BOB

An ambulance, what do we need an  
ambulance for?  
(beat)

(MORE)



BOB (CONT'D)

Matty is in pieces. The ambulance  
won't be of much help.

The two felt awkward after hearing that. Fixing themselves in  
their chair.

JERRY

Bob, I understand you...

BOB

I don't think you understand. Matty  
is in pieces Jerry, and there is  
no...

TUCK

Mr. Clarence I know your upset.  
There is no need to worry about  
Matty right now. We will take care  
of him. I can guarantee you that.  
We will pick up everything and not  
miss a piece.

Bob breaks down after hearing the word piece. Almost crying.

BOB

Every part.

TUCK

You have my word sir.

BOB

Don't just put him in a bag. Have a  
box, a clean, white, box that's  
just for him.

TUCK

You let me worry about that and  
I'll make sure we take care of  
Matty.

Bob takes a moment to stare Tuck in the eye.

BOB

Thank you.

TUCK

In the meantime. I need to get an  
accurate account of what happened  
earlier in the field.

Bob nods and sniffs the snot running out of his nose before  
starting.

Our focus turn to the sunny kitchen window.

INT. KITCHEN / EXT. YARD - DAY

MEMORY:

Jean is merrily cleaning the dishes, singing while she does so. She occasionally peaks at the kids playing outside. All three of her children and four of the Miller's are playing tag. They all encircle around Matty as they try to run away from Billy, whose it, at the moment.

The playing stops and she noticed the kids pointing at each other, appearing angry and frustrated. A fight ensues and one of her children faultily push Matty to the ground. That does it. Matty doesn't stop screaming and squealing. Jean rushes outside to calm the kid down.

POV. We're still looking out the window. By the time Jean got outside, Matty is already on the floor, thrashing about. All the other kids kept their distance. Jean tries as hard as she can but to no success.

She stands up and looks around for something, anything at this point. She does find it. Her head is turned to something underneath the window. We can't see what it is.

She rushes to get it then runs back to a crying Matty. The moment Jean handed him the thing, we finally see it. A small sized basketball ball.

Matty took a moment to stop crying, first starrng at the ball. Jean tries to dribble it. It bounces up and down. That does it. Matty immediately stood up, grabbed the ball from her and copied exactly what she did. Slightly away from the other kids but still in proximity, Matty played solo, bouncing the ball as if nothing just happened.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

RETURN TO SCENE:

Tuck is focused in writing information down his notebook while Bob and Jerry wait for further instruction.

TUCK

Ok. That should be it. You sure there is nothing else you need to add?

BOB

That's about as accurate as I remember it Detective.

TUCK  
Very well. Let's go see the  
Millers. I'll explain the  
details. You don't --

BOB (CONT'D)  
I hope you don't mind Tuck.  
But I feel it appropriate to  
tell Mitch and Tilda what  
happened to Matty. We go a  
long way. I should tell them.

TUCK  
I'm sorry but in this situation I--  
  
Jerry has Tuck's shoulder under the palm of his hand. They  
look at each other for a moment and it seems Tuck understood  
the message for he simply nodded.

BOB  
I'm ready.  
  
Tuck and Jerry exchange glances, hesitating, but both stand  
anyway. They head straight to the rest of the police officers  
waiting outside.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bob heads straight for a key that's hanging close to the  
entrance door, just when he's about to grab it, Jean stops  
his hand and grabs the key instead.

Without saying any word, she hurries outside, straight to  
their old truck.

Tuck and Jerry who are waiting for the couple by the police  
car notice Jean. Tuck takes heavy strides towards her.

TUCK  
Mrs. Clarence you're going to have  
to ride with us.

Bob is now standing behind Tuck.

BOB  
If we do that Detective Mitch is  
going to notice something's up.  
Better we do it this way.

JERRY  
It's ok Tuck. We'll have them  
follow us.

INT. TRUCK /EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Following the police car in front of them, both Jean and Bob keep silent. Not a sound except the humming of the truck bothers the air.

The corn leaves whips and dances to the wind as the vehicles create nuisance in an otherwise calm environment.

MEMORY:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bob is preparing for the day. He's got his white shirt on, blue jeans, and is putting his farming boots on each foot. Jean, on her night wear, a plain white dress with pink embroideries, has her hands on her waist.

JEAN

Why do you need to tire yourself on the field? Why not have the workers do that instead? Do you really just want to hurt yourself?

BOB

I got nothing to do inside this house.

JEAN

Help me in the garden.

BOB

That's you're thing.

JEAN

What thing? You used to love gardening. Ever since we got this new machines you're always on them like their toys.

BOB

It's an interesting experience. They work fast. I can see the field clearing in minutes. The harvest is twice as fast as before.

JEAN

But that's why we hired them boys. To do this kind of thing. By the time you get home later, you're entire back's gonna hurt again. What am I going to do with you?

BOB

Nothing. That's what you're going to do.

Before exiting the house, Bob grabs a plaid blue long sleeves he left in the hallway stairs. He puts that on, takes one more look at Jean, smiles, then leaves.

INT. TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

There's not much change inside the truck. Jean is focused in driving. Bob's arm is resting on the window. He tries hard not to turn his head towards Jean but we see his eyes move.

From a distance the image of the Miller's home come to view. The only home within a few mile's length.

As the distance grow closer. Images of Matty flash in front of Bob's eyes.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Bob carrying Matty when he was a baby.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Billy trying to carry Matty when they were five.

EXT. POOL - DAY

In a sky blue pool on a summer day. The back of a man holding Matty by the armpit, trying to dip the kid in the pool. Matty squealing while all the other kids laugh.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Matty at 7, bouncing a small basket ball. His favorite since Jean gave it to him.

INT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Suddenly the images of the children replace that of Matty's. A CU of the all kids starring at Bob, judging his actions. Then the image of Jean, tears flowing down her face while she cries in silence.

INT. TRUCK / EXT. MILLER'S HOME - DAY

JEAN  
We're here.

Bob returns to reality the moment he heard Jean.

POV from inside the truck. Jerry and Tuck are already out of their car. Both simply waiting for them.

Bob noticed Jerry saying something to Tuck then Jerry heads straight to the house.

Just when Jerry is about to reach the patio, MITCH, 56, show up in the front door along with TILDA, 54. Both have this puzzled look, starring at Jerry then at Tuck.

Bob is about to say something but Jean is already out of the truck. The door closes right in his face.

Bob adjust himself in his seat, takes one deep inhale, then pushes the truck door open.

An awkward air of silence envelop the place.

Jean heads straight for Tilda. The women hold hands. Tilda has the questioning look still. Jean simply waves her hand to dismiss any questions.

MITCH  
Hey, Jerry. Something wrong?

Mitch is looking at Bob while he asks Jerry that question.

JERRY  
Better we talk inside.

MITCH  
Ok.

Mitch nods at Bob. He does the same.

INT. MILLER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

All of them gather quietly in the living room. Jerry and Tuck, both standing in the middle of the room. Tilda and Mitch in one side, Jean and Bob sitting opposite them.

Tilda is the first one to break the silence.

TILDA  
I wish y'all would just talk and  
tell us what's wrong.  
(MORE)

TILDA (CONT'D)

I'm already upset as it is. Been  
looking for Matty for hours now.

Mitch on the other hand is already suspecting something.  
Starring at Bob and Jean who are both not looking at him in  
the eye and Tuck and Jerry towering over all of them.

MITCH

It's Matty isn't it?

JERRY

Mitch.

MITCH

God damn it.

Mitch turns to Bob.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me or they  
going to tell it?

(quick pause)

Who knows what? Is it Matty?

TILDA

What about Matty? Is there  
something wrong? Oh my God, y'all  
better speak up.

Tilda is in a state of panic now. Jean looks like she's about  
to say something but refrains.

TUCK

Matty's body is found a few miles  
from here.

(to Mitch)

I'm sorry.

Tilda, in shock, thinks about the words first, then she  
cries, so loud it over powers every other noise in the room.

Mitch is at a lost, moving his head left to right, to any  
where but nowhere in particular, just not his wife. Finally  
he looks at Bob who is now in tears.

BOB

I'm sorry Mitch. It's them tillers.  
I didn't see him there. I swear to  
you. It got him. I'm so sorry.

Mitch's mouth opens in shock, then he shuts it with both  
hands. Now he's crying too.

Jean is trying to control herself but couldn't. First it's her shoulder's that start to shake, then her whole body.

TILDA

Oh my God. My baby. My baby.

Jean abruptly stands and calmly walks over to Tilda's side. Extending her hands to touch Tilda on the shoulders, she stops, the mere shuddering of the space between her hands and Tilda's clothes shakes Jean to the core. She just simply cannot console that loss, immediately, she runs outside.

Mitch stood up and left the room.

Bob has never felt such anguish. He watches Tilda now. Still sobbing.

Jerry take Mitch's seat and brushes Tilda's back, hoping that will make her stop. It doesn't.

With nothing left to say. Bob walks out of the room.

Jerry and Tuck simply look at each other.

EXT. MILLER'S HOME - DAY

The sun's light almost blinds Bob. The moment he regains clear sight of his environs, he see's Jean crying inside the truck. He follows her there.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Shutting the door behind him, he waits until Jean relaxes a bit. It took a few moments, but she does.

BOB

I saw Matty earlier while on the way to the field.

INT. TILLER / EXT. CORN FIELD - EARLIER THAT DAY

Bob is driving his rotative tractor tiller down an unpaved road, between two uncropped corn rows. A few distance from him, he see's Matty playing with his basketball.

BOB

Darn it. Doesn't Tilda know we're tilling? Jesus.

The moment he reaches Matty. He steps out of the tiller to shoo the kid off.



EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

MATTY, 23 is all smiles the moment he see's Bob. His mental state is clearly seen now. His forehead slightly protruding, his teeth crooked, also protruding out of his mouth. He is wearing a simple long shirt, khaki shorts, and converse shoes.

MATTY

Bobby. Bobby. Bob. Bob.

BOB

What are you doing here boy? We're harvesting and tilling for a good week or two. Your Mama knows that. You shouldn't be playing round here during these times.

(he waves Matty off)

Go on now. Back to Mama. Go.

MATTY

No. Bobby. Bob. No.

BOB

Jesus forgive me.

(he grabs the ball from him)

You want to catch this?

Matty screams. Excited.

Bob throws the ball so far, it bounces all the way back to where Bob came from.

Matty screams in an elated manner. Running after the ball as if it's a toy he's never seen before.

Bob walks back to his tiller. Before alighting, he checks on Matty first. Matty have already caught up with the ball, but now he is trying to go back to Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

No, boy. I said go home. Go on home.

BOB (CONT'D)

No. Bobby. Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

Yes. Throw 'em ball like I did. And try to catch it. Now go on.

Matty contemplates this. Then he copies just as Bob did. Positioning himself just like Bob, legs apart, ball to his side, arms ready to swing. He is now ready to throw the ball, but it's towards Bob's direction.

BOB (CONT'D)

No. The other way, boy. The other way.

Matty stops. He turns to the other direction and repeats the position. Then with the full might of whatever little power he has he throws it. It flies far enough, not as far as Bob's. That got Matty excited. He turns back to Bob and shows him what he just did.

BOB (CONT'D)

Good job. Now continue doing that until you get home.

MATTY

(nods vigorously)

Ba-bye Bobby. Bob. Ba-bye.

BOB

Ok. Ba-bye.

MATTY

Ba-bye.

Bob waits until he can't see Matty from his view no more. He gets up the tiller.

INT. TILLER - DAY

Inside the tiller, Bob somewhat hesitates. He turns around, but he doesn't see Matty.

Hand on the keys, he waits before he turns it on. Hesitates still and turns around. Still no Matty.

Bob gets off his tiller once more.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Bob walks away from his tiller then hesitates. He looks at the empty unpaved road ahead. He rests both of his arms on his hips, thinking. As soon as he's done contemplating, he walks right back to his tiller.

INT. TILLER / EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Bob have tilled a good few hectares already. In front of him are parts of the soil that still looks unkempt.

He stops the tiller but kept the engine running, he removes his headgear, stretches his back a bit, then he gets off the humongous machine.

He limps as he walks, supporting his back the whole time.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Bob takes a few steps forward from the tiller and unzips his pants. He relieves himself for what seems like a while.

Unbeknownst to him. Matty shows up from within an uncropped section of the corn field. Matty see's the tiller and throws the ball to it, it lands in between the blades.

Bob is still at it. He doesn't hear anything else, only the sound of the engine humming.

Matty now stands behind the tiller, starring at his ball. He looks at it, stuck under the big machine. He calls to Bob. We can see Matty screaming. Bob doesn't hear him though. The sound of the tiller engine fills the air.

It seems there is no choice left for him and so Matty stoops and crawls towards the ball. The tight space makes it difficult but he manages somehow.

Bob is done with his business and climbs back to his machine with some difficulty.

INT. TILLER / EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Bob puts his headgear back on and moves the machine forward.

THUD. A loud sound prevents the machine from moving. Bob, adjust the gear and he looks backwards, the machine moves backwards then, THUD.

BOB

God damn it. Including you. Jesus.  
These are new one's how can we be  
having problems with y'all.

He changes the gear forward this time. It moves then, THUD. We see blood splatter in the back windshield.

BOB (CONT'D)

Common.

He doesn't turn around this time. He adjust the gear backwards. It runs smoother, but we see more splatter on the window, then THUD.

Bob changes the gear one more time and it moves forward but still not as smooth as earlier. Then again, THUD.

He stops the engine this time.

The moment he turns to his side, ready to get off the machine, he see's it. Blood splattered all over the back of the machine.

Worried, he immediately gets off the thing.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Scattered all around him are parts of a body. His shock is not palpable yet, he seems detached from what he is seeing.

A hand --

Some fingers --

A leg --

A few feet forward and he see's the back of a head. All of them covered in soil.

He turns his attention to check inside the blades. There he see's a ball, stuck in between the sharp objects. That's what caused his shock.

His eyes threaten to water. He starts to scream but only faint noise come out of his mouth, then vomit.

BOB

Oh my God. Please. No. No.

He picks up the body pieces one by one. First the hand, then a leg, an arm, a few fingers, finally the head.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Jean is intractably crying now.

JEAN

Stop. Please stop.

Bod stops and brings his hands forward, as if he is still holding Matty's head.

BOB

It was an accident. Only an accident.

THE END.