( fly buzzing )
( man and woman moaning )
You're okay?
Yeah. I lost my earring.

- Man:

Man:
I'm fond of them, 'cause my husband gave them to me.
- You should go. - Yeah.
I...
really enjoyed that.
Yes, I know.
( salsa music playing )
( mumbles )
Leon...
Leon...
this is about sex. It's about a man and a woman
joined groin to groin. Get it?
Come on.
No.
Like this.

Boy:
- I'm in here. - I don't have any clothes.
When I come home, I'll clean them, okay?

- Boy:
- What for? - I don't want to die.
- You are gonna die. - Not just yet.
Mom? Clothes?
- Then stop jogging. - Mom, clothes?
What am I gonna wear?
( exhales deeply )

Boy:
- See you, Dad. - See you, mate.
- See you, Dad. - Hey, hey, what about me?
- I'm 16 now. - You're telling me you're a man now?
No, but--
- Have a good day, Dad. - Yeah. You too.
Is there some point where a son stops kissing his father?
Apparently.
- Police! - Get out!
You weren't a bit hard?
The guy deals drugs. He's scum.

Woman:
What did you expect me to do?
Are you seeing anyone?
Not with the hours I keep.
What about somebody on the force?
Male cops are lousy in bed.
There is someone.
He eats in the same restaurant as I do.
Have you spoken to him yet?
We've exchanged glances.
Oooh...
It's a start.
- How's Sonja? - She's good.
Haven't seen her around for a while.
Yeah, well... she's busy, with the boys and work...
Tell her I said hi.
I will.

Woman:
I would have thought that he wouldn't need to be told.
That depends on how good an actor you are.
Well...
I guess I must be pretty good.
How do you want your marriage to be?
Passionate...
and challenging,
and-- and--
honest...
Isn't it honest?
Not emotionally.
Not emotionally it isn't. It just feels...
like we're--
like we're just...
going through the motions,
you know?
And I want more.
I want more than that.

Announcer:
please welcome Dr. Valerie Somers.
(audience claps)
Thank you.
We don't know what to feel anymore.
We don't know what's right or wrong anymore.
The confused cry of the modern age...
We ask, ''What can we believe in?
What should we believe in?''
Our politicians?
Hardly.
Our priests?
You'd be amazed at how many clients come to see me
because they once believed in a priest.
It's not supposed to be that way.
But it is.
What then? Our parents?
''Home is a sanctuary.'' For the privileged few.
For most, it's a battleground.
It's not meant to be like that.
But it is.
Love?
Can we believe in love?
Feel safe in it?
Loving someone means we have to relinquish power.
It's mutual surrender.
But how can this take place?
Trust.
Trust is as vital to human relationships
as breath is to life...
and just as elusive.
Two years ago, my 11-year-old daughter was murdered.
Her name was Eleanor.
This wasn't supposed to happen.
But it did.
It seemed to go well.
I was worried you weren't going to be there.
I said I would be.
Do you want a whiskey?
I've got an early client.
Why don't we take separate cars in the morning?
I've got a late meeting. That way, you wouldn't have to wait for me.
I've got plenty of work I can do.
You can pick me up after your meeting.
Sure.
Okay.
Man:
We went home and had sex.
As you do--
well, some of us do.
And he asked to see me again.
I wasn't expecting that.
And?
Against my better judgement, I said yes.
We've been seeing each other for awhile.
And you like him?
Yes, I do.
Very much.
So?
He comes encumbered...
with a wife.
Is he gay?
When he's with me, he seems to be.

Somers:
I assume so.
She would sense it, wouldn't she?
It depends on how good he is at deceiving her.
Or how good she is at deceiving herself.
( Latin music playing )
''V.'' Don't forget ''V.''
Hi, Nik.
Having a party, Jane?
Yeah. Did you want to join me?
Take this inside for Mommy.
Well?
Yeah.
Where?
In a motel.

Woman:
- Did you get his number? Is that what you do?
I don't know.
If you like the guy.
But he's married.
Well, what? He's not happy.
He can't be, if he's... messing around.
You want to see him again?
Do you think I should?
You want me to be honest?
No. No.
When are you gonna take that thing off?
It's too tight. I've got to get it cut off.
Nik caught up with Pete the other day.
He wants to come back.
I don't love him, Paula.

**Leon:**
- What have you got to lose? - Just a little dignity.
It is not the issue here. He eats alone in a restaurant.
- So do I. - Exactly.
- Oh, hey. - Hi.
Uh...
Jane, this is Claudia.
- Claudia, Jane. - Hi.
Hi.
Jane's in the same dance class as Sonja and I.
I'll get going. Say hi to Sonja.
Sorry.
Is that really awkward?
No, it's fine.
- How are you? - I'm good.
Yeah.
Good.
I'd better go.
Jane.
Mmmm.
Where did you find it?

- **Nik:**
There's an unmarked police car in front of Jane's place.
She's seeing a cop now?
Don't be nosy, Nik.
What? Are her and Pete getting back together or what?
I don't know.
What if they are? What do I say then?
Nothing.
Well, he's-- he's a mate of mine.
Then do him a favor and stay out of it.
The baby's sick?
Yeah.
( Leon moaning ) Shit.
Oh fuck...
- Don't stop.|- Here.
- ( Leon groans )|- Leon?
- Oh fuck.|- You're all right?
What is it?|What is it?
It's nothing.
- Should I call--|- No, no.
- Just--|- Should I get a doctor?
I get this pain|in my chest sometimes.
You should have told me|you have a weak heart.
I don't.
I don't want to have|an affair with--
I don't have a weak heart,|all right?
This is not an affair, it's|a one-night stand that happened twice.
Oh shit.
Sorry.|I didn't mean that.
Do you worry that we don't|make love very often?
No.
I don't really think|about it that much.
- Why not?|- I love you.
Whether we make love three times|a week or once a month
does not|really change that.
Doesn't it?
- Is this a test?|- No.
It's just-- I want to know|what you're thinking.
Why do women always|want to know that?
You're up late.
Yeah, I'm trying|to finish this.
You want one?
I've got one.
What's wrong?
Nothing.
Just had a shit of a day.
Stopped off and had a drink|with Claudia.
Yeah, I know.|I phoned her.
I didn't know|if you were working late.
All right.
Fuck! Fuck!
You fucking stupid bastard!
What the fuck|is wrong with you?
Would you fucking look|where you're going?!
Fucking idiot!
Fuck!
Oh fuck.
Hey! Wait.

Leon:
Sorry.|Here's your bag.

Leon:
( man sobbing )
- Are you all right?|— It's nothing.
Let me look.
I'll be all right.|I said I'm all right!

Man:
Are you feeling guilty?
Do you think I should be?
It doesn't matter|what I think.
He feels manipulated by her.
How?
She's very needy.
Are you trying|to justify his deceit?
No, I'm trying|to understand it.
- It's complex.|— Mmm-hm.
But isn't it still|an act of deceit?
No marriage|can be based on that.
Most marriages|are based on that.
You think you know what goes on|in most marriages?
What? Because I'm gay,|I can't have an opinion...?
- It's not what I was--|— She's not the victim in this.
She chose to marry him.
Not knowing he was gay.
There's knowing,|and there's ''knowing.''
What do you mean?
I think some women|like to live the lie.
It's easier than dealing|with the truth.
Maybe she loves him.
But so do I.
Then he has|to make a choice.
Unless one of us withdraws|from the contest.
Is love a contest for you,|Patrick?
Patrick?
Yes.
Sometimes.
What happened to your head?
I bumped it on a clothes line.
Listen...
thanks for last night.
I'll lie for you|to anyone, except Sonja.
I don't want|to lie to her again.
Fair enough.
Why are you trying|so hard to fuck up your life?
You don't know how lucky you are|to have the marriage you've got.
And you're pissing|all over it.
     (salsa music playing)
It's great your husband|comes with you.
Yeah.
- What about yours?|- I'm separated.
Ah...
- Can you tell?|- No.
No, you just have this...
- kind of look.|- What? Desperate?
No.|Full of potential.
Sorry I'm late.
- Jane, this is my husband Leon.|- Hi.
Yeah...

**Instructor:**
There is a salsa band playing|tonight and tomorrow at The Latin.
Leon. Sonja.
Are you guys coming?
I thought we'd have|a nice dinner together.
Come on. You can go out|to eat anytime.
I'd like to go.
- I'm kind of tired.|- Okay.

**Sonja:**
Bye.
- What was that about?|- Hey, she needed a partner.
- And you happened to volunteer?|- She chose me.
I'd never say|anything, Leon.

**Nik:**
G'day, Nik.
How are you, mate?
Drove by to see Jane.|Doesn't look like she's in.
Did you see her tonight?
No.
You don't know|where she is then?
No, sorry.
How is she?
The last time I saw her, okay.
That's good.
- How are you going? - Good.
Good.
It's late. I thought she'd be home.
Sorry, I haven't seen her.
If there was something I should know, you'd tell me?
'Cause... if she's seeing someone, I'd want to know.
It'd be easier.
Of course.
I hate this.
- Thanks, man. See you later. - Take care.
So why did you and your husband split up?
I don't know. I just turned around one day and I realized I was living with a man I didn't love anymore.
- It was that simple? - No.
But you knew that much.
Maybe my expectations were too high.
You're a brave woman.
You are. Most people settle for less.
I really like you, Leon.
Maybe a little too much.
But I'm--
I'm starting to wonder just...
where this might go.
I'm still in love with my wife, Jane.
Right.

Leon:
So...
I'm wondering why--
why have you been seeing me if you're still in love with your wife?
I don't know.
It's not something that I planned.
Look, Jane, I--
This doesn't have to end badly.
Just go.

Jane:
It's twofold actually. He thinks he runs the faculty, but he hasn't published anything decent since 1985.
You seem preoccupied.
I'm having trouble with a client.
I'm not handling him very well.
Refer him on.
I find him a little threatening.
Why?
I don't like...
- what he's doing.
- You're judging him.
Darling, you have to refer him on.
I'll see you outside.
Excuse me.
I hate what's happening to us. I hate it.
We don't talk anymore.
We lost our daughter.
That could have brought us closer.
Do you think about her very much?
Of course I do.
I just don't need to write a book about it.
Do you think I did the wrong thing?
I just wanted the whole... world to know.
Look at me, John.
Look at me.
( bird chirping )

Nik:

Paula:
Come on. In you get.

- Nik:
( baby crying )
Hi.
Hi.
Are you okay?
Yeah.
I'll pop around after work.
Okay.

Claudia:
You want coffee?
Yeah, sure.
Pete was over last night.
How is he?
Not good.
How's the job hunting going?
Are you guys all right for money?
- Yeah. - Yeah?
'Cause if you need some money, I'll be more than happy to--
No.
I know Paula wouldn't take it.
She's doing extra shifts now.
You sure there's no bill you want to clear?
It's fine.
- The offer's there. - ( baby cooing )
- Thanks. - It's all right.
Why didn't you wake me up?
I thought you could do with the rest.
- I'll go have my shower. - Actually, I've got an early start.
- I'll only be 10 minutes. - Just take your own car.
- Come on, wait for me, please. - Jesus.
Sorry.
I have a lecture tonight anyway.
So, you'll be home late?
Yeah.
Bye.
I think he's having an affair.
He's distant, preoccupied,
like he's holding something back from me.
What would you do if he was?
I-- I think I'd leave.
Yeah.
And does that scare you?
Yeah.
I'm--
I'm middle-aged. I don't know what it's like out there.
You know?
And I have these two...
beautiful boys.
But I--
I would survive
if I had to.
I like being this age.
And I--
I like the lines around my eyes.
I don't know if he does, but...
I do.
It's not that he might have slept with another woman,
you know?
It's that he might not tell me.
That would be the betrayal.
Do you still love him?
( cell phone rings )

**Assistant:**

Give me a minute, okay?
- You don't like me, do you?- Is it important to you?
Would it make a difference if I were straight?
I don't have a problem with your sexuality.
But it is a problem that I'm having an affair with a married man.
You must stop trying to make me the subject.
It's just another form of defense.
I'm curious about your role in this triangle.
My role?
I'm a respite from a marriage that's gotten too hard.
How?
He takes refuge in me.
- In what I offer him.- What do you offer him?
Sex unencumbered by need.
Why doesn't he leave her?
Good men don't know how to leave their wives.
Good men or cowardly men?
He told me that making love to her was like trying to fill an empty well.
What did you say?
What?
- You said something to me.- No, I didn't.
- Yes, you did!- I didn't say anything.
- You heard him, didn't you?- This is bullshit--
- Bullshit?- Yeah.
I want your name. Give me your name!
I want your name!
A bourbon, please.
A double bourbon with ice. Thanks.
You all right?
Yeah.
You sure? You don't look all right.
What? Are you a cop?
Yeah.
Really?
Really.
Sorry, I just--
something weird really happened.
I was walking and this woman started yelling at me. She thought I said something to her.
- What for? - I don't know.
I was walking down the street and she went nuts.
- Did you? - No.
I didn't do anything. I don't do stuff like that.
Take it easy. I believe you.
Sorry. It was just really weird and--
now you're a cop, so that's really weird. Sorry.
You want another drink?
Yeah. Thanks.
Same again.

Paula:

Nik:
- Hannah! - Yeah?
Grab Dad's wallet from the kitchen.

Hannah:
Hey.
- She asked me for coffee this morning. - Who?
- Jane. - What for?
- I don't know. - Hannah: I can't find it!
It's near the fridge.
I don't know.
She's trying to come on to me.
What?
She's lonely, Nik.
And you're bored. That's a lethal combination.
Stay away from her.
What's the matter?
You're a bit jealous, huh?
Huh?
You ever fuck with our marriage, and I cut your balls off.
I'll hang them on the lawn, between your socks and your jocks.
Got it?
Sure, babe.
Wake me up when you get home. Huh?
I'm running down this hill, and I go around this corner.
And suddenly, there's this guy, and bam!
Right into him. Right away, I'm going after him...
"You fucking prick! Look where you're going."

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- But it was your fault. - Well, yeah. I don't know why I went at him. It was just-- my buttons got pushed or something. Anyway, so I look down, and there he is, on the ground, cowering. - Huh? - He's got blood on his face... - and he broke his fucking nose. - Oh no. And he gets up and he starts to role-play. - And that's when it happens. - What? - He starts to cry. - What for? I don't know. What makes a man cry like that? Yeah, a lot of things. So what did you do? I just held him. I just stood there and I held him. But the whole time I was thinking, ''You fucking weak prick, pull yourself together.''
Sam!
Sam? Sam! Sam!
What the fuck is going on? For Christ's sake, I'm a cop!
- All right, you get the good stuff. - Don't you smart-mouth me.
- What's going on? - Your brother is being an idiot.
- So what's new? - Did you know about this? Have you tried it?
If you ever give your brother that shit-- - As if I'd give-- - Shut up!
- No-- - Shut up! Give your brother this stuff, I'll give you a thumping you won't forget. I don't care how big you get! Give me the rest.

_**Sam:**_

Get downstairs.
- You're grounded, mate. - What?
( engine stalling )
Oh shit.
Oh God.
( Latin music playing )
You're a very beautiful woman, Sonja.
I'd like to fuck with you.
Can I have a whiskey, dry please?
Excuse me.
Hello.
You look like you're enjoying yourself.
Yeah, I am.
It's good you're having fun, while our son's at home smoking pot.
I know.
I told him if he's gonna do it, he should do it at home
so we can control it. Why didn't you tell me?
Because you haven't been around much lately.
I'm not having drugs in the house.
What are you gonna do? Banning it won't solve the problem.
What are you doing here? What?
What are you doing here?
Most of the guys here aren't much older than our son.
I thought we'd go back to your place. We can't. My mother.
Wait. Slow down.
Stop. Get off.

Man:
What's wrong?
I'm sorry.
This was a bad idea. Sorry.
Fucking uptight bitch!
Hello?

Recording:
tone.
( beep )

Valerie:
Okay, I've had an accident.
I'm okay. I can't get the car started.
I'm on the backroad and--
I just wanted to get home.
I'll try your mobile. Bye.
I called road services. There'll be a 90-minute wait.
Where are you? You didn't say you'd be late.
I can't stand this!
Please...
Please, I need you.
- (beep)- John?
There is a man.
Patrick.
He's a client and he's--
he's gay.
I don't understand this. I don't understand...
us...
any more.
I don't want this to be happening to us.
Oh...
There are lights.
There's a car coming. I'll wave it down.
Wait for me. We'll talk when I get home, okay?
Bye.
I love you.
- You need sleep.- You wish.
- What have we got?- Locals got a call, about 1 2:30 AM
from the husband. He gets home late, his wife's not there.
She's left messages on the answering machine, saying she ran off the road,
she's making a call from a phone box, about 2kms down the road.
Last call says she saw a car coming, she's gonna wave it down.
But she never makes it.
$50 says it's the husband.
You're on.
Mr. Somers?
Knox. My wife's name's Somers.
I'm Detective Zat.
This is my colleague, Detective Weis.
We've located your wife's car, Mr. Knox.
Do you mind if we come in?
Mr. Knox, it appears that your wife ran off the road.
There's a telephone box several kilometers further along.
- Should I go there?- We're conducting a search, but...
if she accepted a lift from somebody, it's unlikely she'll be there.
Would you mind answering a few questions?
I've been through all this with the police.
I know, but would you mind telling me what happened last night?
I got home around midnight.
Her car wasn't here.
I came in, I checked the machine.
There were a couple of calls.
The last message said there was a car coming
and she was going to wave it down.
- That's when you called the police? - No, I waited about 20 minutes.
- That's how long it would have-- - So you called at about 1 2:20?
Yes, more or less.
Do you have a photo of your wife we could have, please?
Thank you.
How was your wife yesterday?
- Fine. - Nothing troubling her?
No.
I am trying to find out about your wife's emotional state.
Right now, I'd say it's pretty bad, wouldn't you?
None of this is particularly pleasant.
- I can imagine. - Imagine what? You're married?
Yeah.
If your wife got into a stranger's car--
a man, let's assume-- and didn't come home,
what would you imagine?
Right now, I'd be going mad.
Yeah.
Mr. Knox, we need the tape.
She-- this is private.
- In what sense? - She's upset.
She wasn't expecting anyone to listen to it.
I'll make sure this is returned to you.
- You didn't wake me up last night. - I got in late.
What's with the face?
- I fell over. - You were pissed?
A little.
Come on, kids.
You packed your bag, Hannah?
- Quickly. Come on. - Hi!
- Hi. - Hi.
Seatbelts on, quickly.
- Nik got in late last night. - Got nothing better to do than spying?

Jane:
- What? - You know,
don't invite Nik in for coffee when I'm not here.
All right?
Paula?! Hey.
That's the appointment book.
All her notes and session tapes are kept in a filing cabinet.
- Do you mind? - No.
- How was she yesterday? - All right.
Is she the kind of person that would get into a stranger's car? No.
Not after what happened to her daughter.
Sarah, I'd like you to print me a list of her current clients, addresses and phone numbers too. Is that ethical? Probably not.
( baby crying )

Sonja, on tape:
slept with another woman...
it's that he might not tell me.
That would be the betrayal.

Somers:
The police are inquiring into the disappearance of a woman in Bushland, north of the city. Psychiatrist Valerie Somers was last seen on Friday night. Her car was found abandoned along the Lower Ridge Road. She might have accepted a lift from a passing motorist. Ms. Somers has recently completed a book about the murder of her own daughter. The body of 11-year-old Eleanor Knox was found dumped in a city laneway 18 months ago. Police are appealing to the public for information regarding Ms. Somers' disappearance.
Why do you think she turned off the freeway? Some people say it's shorter.
Who's Patrick?
I don't know.
She mentioned she was having some trouble with a client. What kind of trouble?
She didn't go into it. She doesn't talk about her clients. Why not? It's unprofessional. Even between husband and wife? Yes. I tell my wife everything. That surprises me. Why?
Most men hold something back.
You're some kind of academic, aren't you?
I'm Dean of Law.
I studied at Harvard. That's where Valerie and I met. I don't understand why she'd get into a car with a stranger. Maybe she didn't. Maybe she knew him.
- How's your marriage been lately? - Fine. How's yours?
Up and down. Where were you Friday night?
Am I a suspect in my wife's disappearance?
Where were you Friday night?
I was at work.
Can anybody verify that?
No, I was alone.
Nobody saw me.
Nine times out of 10 when a wife goes missing, the husband knows something about it.
You're a prick.
The young constable will give you a ride.
Patrick, on tape: Anyway, we've been seeing each other for a while.

**Somers:**

**Patrick:**

Very much.

**Somers:**

**Patrick:**

with a wife.

- Don't you have a home to go to? - Yes. Do you?
Did you find anything?
She dedicated the book to John.
"For teaching me to trust again."
- Did you listen to Phelan's tapes? - Yeah.
- What did you think? - She didn't like the man.
Go home. You got an early start.
- What about you? - Soon.
Okay.
You really look like shit. Go home.
Thank you.
Talked to mystery man yet?
He never came back.
Silly bugger.
( door opens )
I'm not asleep.
Did you watch the news?
Yeah.
Will you find her?
It's not looking good.
I saw her client list, Sonja.
Why didn't you tell me?
Because it was private.
It was just something I had to do.
There was a time when there was no private between you and me.
That is because I had somebody I could talk to.
- I have to tell you something--
I had an affair.
I slept with her twice.
I know it hurts you.
It hurts her...
Why?
Because I'm numb.
I can't feel anything anymore.
Just totally fucking numb.
Why did you sleep on the couch?
I came in late last night. I didn't want to wake your mama.
Are you fighting?
- Yeah, a bit. - Boy: Why?
There's something we've got to sort out.
- You all right, Mom? - Yeah.
I'll be in the car.
Can you grab something to eat? We're running late.
Are we gonna talk about this?
Or you just going to punish me? This is how you're gonna punish me?
I fucked up.
- People fuck up. - Really? I don't.
You know what's so easy? It's easy to go and find somebody.
You know what's hard? What's hard is not to.
Sonja, listen. I just want--
Get off me.
God.
We'll talk about this tonight, all right?
Oh... get fucked!
I don't even know if I'll be here later.
Hi.
Did you know?
You're ready?
Pete?
It's me.
Can you come over?
- What number is it? - 406.
You sure you're up to this?
Mr. Phelan.
We're investigating the disappearance of Valerie Somers. We were hoping you could help us. It's not a good time. (clears his throat)

- **Patrick:**
  Mr. Phelan, the woman's missing.
  - You know what's happened to her? - Not yet.
  You had an appointment with her? Can you tell us how she was?
  She seemed all right. I don't know.
  You don't know?
  She's the therapist. I wasn't focused on how she was.
  How do you get along with her?

- **Fine.**
- **Leon:**
  Fine?
  We didn't end our last session on very good terms.

**Leon:**
- We disagreed about something. - What was that?
What? That guy you've been fucking?

- **Leon:**
  - She records all her sessions. - That's private--
  - Yes, but under the circumstances - That's my life!
  Is there somebody in that room?
  Who is it? Your boyfriend?
  - Could you ask him to come out? - He has nothing--
  - Leon! - What's the matter with you?
  - You don't have the right -- Who are you?!
  You have no fucking right!
  Finished?
  That went well.
  Your marriage is falling apart and so are you.
  - It's none of your business. - It is if you can't do your job!
If you don't like the way I'm handling things, take it up at the station.
Push.
- (dialing) - (ringing)
( phone ringing )

- **Hello?**
- **Leon:**
  Hi, Dad.
  Could I speak to your mom?
  No, she's still pissed off at you.
All right.
Tell her--
- tell her I'll be home soon.|- All right. See you, Dad.

What did he say?
He said that he's sorry,|that he loves you,
and he wants you to stop|being angry with him.

You look bereft, Leon.
The other question is,|why don't you?
Don't be deceived|by appearances.

Want a whiskey?

Leon:
- I need to know if it was you.|- I didn't hurt her.
- She was upset on the phone.|- She was afraid.
- Of what?|- Of being alone.

Of me not being|there for her.

Why weren't you|there for her?
While your wife|was in some phone box,
calling for your help,|where were you?

Are you seeing someone else?
- Is it an affair?|- No.

With a man?|Is that what's going on?

I believe that's what|Valerie thought was going on.

What are you|talking about?

For some reason, she believe|you were involved with Patrick Phelan.

Is that it?|Were you seeing men on the side?
- I don't have to listen to this?|- Yes, you do.

My wife's out there somewhere.|What are you doing about it?

I'm trying to find her.

But I need to know|what's inside her head.

I don't know.

I don't know.

Have you ever|cheated on your wife?

No.
- Never desired another woman?|- Yes, of course.
- But you never acted on it?|- No.

Well, you're|a better man than I am.

So there is someone else?

No.
There was someone once.

A woman.

Once that's happened, you're never|entirely believed again.
Something gets broken,
permanently.|Trust, I suppose.
When that happens, anything's possible, it would seem. You don't lose a daughter, like we lost Eleanor, without some damage. So where were you? I left work late. I stopped at the place where my daughter was killed. I go there... a lot. - Valerie didn't know that. - You didn't tell her? Why not, John? What holds your marriage together, Leon? Loyalty? Love? Maybe habits sometimes, passion, our kids. Ours was held together by grief. There wasn't much else left. You didn't love her anymore? I'm saying that sometimes, love isn't enough.

**Claudia:** Where the hell have you been? We got a call from a man, saying his wife saw a neighbor throw a shoe into a vacant lot on the night Valerie disappeared. She's got the shoe. Black leather. Where are we going? - This could be tricky. - Why? I know the woman. Oh Jesus! (knocking on door) - Detective Claudia Weis. - Leon! - We had a drink the other night. - How are you? Good. You'd better come in. My wife's pretty upset.

**Pete:** - This is Leon and-- - Claudia. - and Claudia. Jane. - Is that the shoe? Yeah. You shouldn't have touched the shoe, - Mrs...? - O'May. It's Jane O'May. Right, Mrs. O'May, you shouldn't have touched it. Well, I did. Yeah, but you shouldn't have. Well, I did, didn't I?
It's on the table.
- Could we have some coffee? - Yeah.
It's out in the back here. Thanks.
I'll give you a hand.
(whispering) Are you all right?
- Have you got a light? - Yeah.
How do you want to handle this?
You're a policeman, aren't you?
Why don't you just do your job?
I've never seen you before.

Nik:

Can you tell her to call me as soon as she can?
Yes, as soon as she can, please.
( Knocking on door )
Leave it! Go get your brother.
Nik D'Amato? Detective Claudia Weis, City Central.
My kids. I need someone to watch my kids.
Right. I'll give you a couple of minutes.

Jane:

at about 1 1 :
I go to the window, and he's chucking that.
and he threw it over there,
and he was looking like he was...
really guilty.
( Knocking on door )
Nik.

Nik:
Only sort of.
- How are you? - Good. And you?
I'm in a bit of trouble.
Can you take the kids?
Just till Paula gets back.

Nik:
We'll take them.
Thanks.
Here you go.
Nik:
There's pajamas, toothbrush...
there's a video and some other stuff in there as well.
Thanks very much, okay?
It's time to go.
No, Daddy, don't go. Don't go!
Come on. I'll be back soon.
- Come on. - No! No!
How did you get the scratches on your face?
- I want to see my wife. - She's on her way.
Can you tell us where you were Friday night?
I want to see Paula.
You are in deep shit, mate.
Your wife can't help you.
- Do I know you? - I doubt it.
- I've seen you before. - Shut up! Shut up!
- You were next door at Jane's place. - I told you to shut up!
Where are my kids?
- Where are my bloody kids?! - With your neighbor.
- Who are you? - Calm down.
- I don't want to be calm. - Can I get you something?
Yes, you can get me my husband.
- And get me out of here! - Can you just step in here?
Mrs. D'Amato.
I'm Detective Sergeant Zat.
I believe you met Detective Constable Weis.
I want to see Nik.
Your husband is helping us with our inquiries.
Bullshit.
He was seen throwing a shoe into a vacant lot.
Who saw him?
A search was conducted in the block opposite your house.
Mmm?
Another one?
My kids play there. Every kid on the street plays there.
They found the shoe.
It was identified as belonging to Ms. Valerie Somers.
She's been missing since last Friday night.
Paula!

- Jane:
Hi.

Paula:
Your kids are fine.
- You know? - Maybe I could talk to Hannah.

Jane:

- Paula:
Sorry about this, Janey.
Nik's in trouble.
They won't let me see him. | I don't know what to do.
You know what? | It's okay.
Everything's okay.

Jane:
I'm sorry.
I'll get there as soon as I can.

- Okay. | - Paula:
Bye, Janey.
Does she know | you rang the police?
No.
They say you've...
hurt some woman, Nik.
I didn't, babe.
I didn't touch her.
Don't. Not yet.
- What is it, Hannah? | - The baby's sick.
What is it?
What is it?
He's burning up.
- Get us a flannel. A wet one. | - Panadol.
- What? | - He needs Panadol.
Panadol.
- Poor little thing. | - It's all right for babies?
- I don't know. Only get half. | - Baby Panadol.
- You'll have to go to the chemist's. | - There's some at our house.
I'd met some mates for a drink.
We used to work together. | It's something we keep up.
We drank more than we should have, | so I took the backroad.
The police don't patrol it.
It must have been about...
a quarter to 1 2:00...
and I see this woman standing | at the side of the road.
I don't want to stop.

Nik:
There's a string of houses along there. It's out of my way. It's in the opposite direction. She doesn't say much. I can tell she doesn't want to talk, so I just... leave it. But I know this shortcut and I just don't -- I just don't think. And before I can say, 'This is the short way,' she's gone. What do you mean, she's gone? Hey! Wait!

Nik:
Trust me! (gasp)
You know...
I thought that...
if I'd leave her alone...
she'd stop being afraid of me.
I just--
I just left her there.
When I got home, I saw her--
I saw her shoe on the floor of my car.
And I--
Jesus, I just wanted to help the woman--
Why didn't you report it, Nik? Because I thought she'd be all right. I thought she'd find her way out of there. Then when I--
and when I saw her on the news... that she was missing, I--
By then who was going to believe me?
Thank you...
for letting me know.
Bye.
Paula? Come in.
Hi.
Hey, sweetie.

- Paula:
- They've been so good for me.|- No, I don't think so.
Paula.
He didn't do it, Jane.
How do you know?
He told me.
Paula?

Jane:
All right.
Go inside and put your bags in your rooms.
Stupid--
You've got no right, Jane!
You hear me?!
You have no fucking right!
I don't want to see you anywhere near my kids again.
I was home, Leon.
I didn't pick up the phone.

Valerie on tape:
Patrick.
He's a client and he's--
he's gay.
I don't understand this.| I don't understand...
us...
anymore.
I don't want this| to be happening to us.
Oh... there are lights.
There's a car coming.| I'll wave it down.
Wait for me.| We'll talk when I get home, okay?
Bye.
I love you.
( machine beeps )
I thought she would come home.

Sonja, on tape:
slept with another woman.
It's...
that he might not tell me.
That would be the betrayal.

Valerie:

Sonja:
I still love him.
I don't want to lose you.
What?
I don't want to lose you. I couldn't bear it.
(Spanish ballad playing)
(music continues)