



Scripts.com

# Let's Kill Ward's Wife

By Scott Foley

Okay, everybody!  
Hello!  
Hi!  
Thanks for coming.  
Um, so this is  
a really big day for me.  
Uh, I guess. Well, duh.  
'Cause it's  
my only son's baptism.  
Yay. Ooh-ooh!  
Um...  
I love paper.  
I do. It's, like, my passion.  
And I've always wanted  
to own my own papiere.  
Not that you care,  
because I don't...  
I don't tell people that, because  
people steal ideas all the time.  
It's happened to me  
numerous occasions with... what?  
Huh? What did you say?  
You just said something. What?  
I didn't say anything.  
Yes, you did. You made, like,  
a noise or something. I...  
Whatever.  
Great.  
Um...  
- God, um...  
- You were saying?  
I know what I'm saying!  
I know what I'm saying.  
Just let me say it.  
I had this whole thing prepared  
about god and paper and love  
and godparents,  
and it was all tied in together.  
Now I can't do it now.  
I can't do it now.  
So, um...  
You know what?  
You can say something.  
Ward!

Say it. Okay. Okay.  
I'll just plate the cake.  
We would like to thank...  
no, not "we," ward.  
I wanted to say something,  
and you ruined it.  
You didn't let me say it,  
so now it's on you.  
You can fucking say something,  
you asshole.  
Thank you all for coming. Uh...  
I thought that we  
could be so much more  
we've got cake! Right.  
I just wanna smash  
her fucking face  
right in that fucking cake.  
I put my heart into that  
speech, and you ruined it.  
Honey, I didn't say...  
you gonna let her up?  
I wouldn't. Fuck her.  
Are you sure  
it's not in your bag?  
Yeah, honey, I'm sure. You said  
you saw it in the bathroom?  
I never said that.  
You're nervous.  
No, I'm not... I'm not  
nervous, I'm excited.  
I mean, it's robin peters,  
you know?  
I don't even remember  
the last thing she was in.  
How does she look these days?  
Well, here.  
Pretty good.  
Hmm.  
Do you think she has implants?  
Maybe I should get implants.  
Maybe her, not you.  
Well, it looks like it.  
See if you can tell,  
but don't be obvious.

Can you give me a break?  
Babe, I checked there.  
Huh.  
Well, thank you.  
All right.  
I love you.  
I will see you later.  
I love you too.  
Maybe we can do  
some loving tonight?  
Yeah. Okay.  
Lily, come on, honey.  
We gotta move.  
Hello? Y... oh.  
Sorry. Hey.  
Uh, yeah, yeah. I got it all.  
Got her lunch, her snack,  
got all her shit.  
What? She can't hear me. She's  
in the other room. Shh, shh.  
I'm right here.  
She just rounded the corner.  
We got it. We'll be there.  
Traitor. Potty mouth.  
Honey... again!  
Chicken wrap, all white,  
no tomato, salsa... extra salsa.  
On the side!  
Christ! On the side!  
On the side. I got it, babe.  
Morning. Morning, Stacy.  
Apparently I'm  
your number one neighbor.  
You got a tough one there, my friend.  
Well...  
Late start for you, huh?  
Nah, I just forgot my shades.  
Oh, there you go.  
You know, you got  
a brake light out there, ward.  
Really?  
Yep. Brake light is out.  
I'm gonna need to see  
you driver's license

and registration.  
Okay. I got...  
hold it. Give me a second.  
Ward. Yeah?  
I'm kidding. I'm your neighbor.  
You have a good day, my friend.  
Thanks, Bruce.  
Yeah!  
Hello.  
You know what the fucking problem is?  
Good morning.  
Every fucking morning,  
I spend nearly \$3  
for my iced coffee, mind you,  
which is the same as the drip,  
which is given to you at the  
counter, where you pay.  
But is my iced coffee  
given to me at the counter?  
I am guessing no.  
Do you know how long it takes  
to make a blended drink?  
Uh, seven hours.  
Fuck you. A long fucking time.  
These people move  
with the urgency of a glacier.  
Hold on. Hey, you need a hand?  
Oh, I got it. You sure?  
Mm-hmm. How's your iced coffee?  
It's the best one yet.  
You like it creamy?  
I'll see you tomorrow.  
Who was that? The chick  
that works the counter.  
Wow. You really let her know how you feel.  
Fuck you. She's cute.  
She sucks at her job,  
but she's fucking cute.  
Hey, are we still on for Sunday?  
Yeah, we better be.  
Good. A father's day golf  
is just what the doctor ordered.  
Of course, I'll spend my day  
hitting tour-quality shots

while pussy ward  
thins every iron  
and somehow manages  
to end up on the green.  
Oh, hey, I'm pulling up  
to robin peters.  
Oh, dude, that's today?  
Yeah. I'll fill you in later.  
W-w-wait. Tell her she  
sucked in prairie girl.  
Ms. Peters, I'm so sorry I'm late.  
Tom Bradford, ego magazine.  
Mr. Bradford,  
I've been doing interviews  
for over two decades now,  
and not once have I had  
to wait for the interviewer.  
I'm... I'm so sorry I'm late.  
Uh...  
You are seven minutes late.  
Relax.  
Sit down.  
Thank you.  
Hey.  
Sorry. We, uh... we were...  
we just got a muffin.  
We stopped, and the line was...  
I've actually never seen  
a line that long.  
Sure. Hey, tootsie. Sorry.  
Why don't you  
go into your classroom,  
and we'll be right there, okay?  
Go on inside, okay?  
Go on. Run, run.  
What does that mean, "sure"?  
Nothing.  
Can you take lily this weekend?  
You can't do this weekend?  
I was just hoping we could  
switch weekends is all.  
I mean, if it's a big deal,  
then...  
No. I can help you out.

Thanks. You're welcome.  
You got a hot date? Or... no?  
Nothing? You just... you  
just wanna be alone?  
Get some alone time?  
It's not like a Vegas girl's weekend...  
can you switch with me or not?  
Look, I'm just trying to have  
an adult conversation here.  
Is that what this is?  
You're being super defensive,  
so, uh...  
so I guess I'll take that  
as you have a new lover.  
I will hit you.  
Oh, my god! Oh, my god. Mom!  
Hi. I am so sorry.  
I don't mean to bother you.  
It's okay. Is it okay if I  
take a picture with you?  
Sure. You don't mind?  
No, not at all. Would you mind?  
I'm coming in. Okay.  
Thank you. Sure.  
Thank you so much. Uh-huh.  
I'm just such a huge fan  
of west end medical.  
Oh, yeah? I miss Bryce.  
Yeah. Me too.  
So what are you up to now?  
Eh, not ripe yet.  
Oh, yeah! Oh, shit.  
Oh, god.  
Oh, god.  
Ohh!  
Crabgrass?  
Robin peters.  
Hey! How'd it go?  
She is fantastic.  
Really? Fantastic.  
Huh.  
The interview, however... Why?  
A two-time academy award  
nominee, right? Mm-hmm.

Couldn't get arrested after pole dance.  
She claws her way back.  
Bit part here,  
supporting part there.  
Oh, man, but her tits in brick layer.  
I know.  
I know. Real, I think.  
That reminds me.  
I gotta call Geena. Hey, remind me  
to call Geena. All right, boss.  
Okay, so she claws her way back.  
Yes. Right.  
And so, this movie now  
is getting some real traction.  
So I show up and ask her  
what the readers of our magazine  
really wanna know.  
You are cute  
and easy to talk to.  
Oh, thank you.  
You must be good at your job.  
Oh, please.  
Well, you can put me at ease.  
Well, you're easy. Am I?  
Okay, on that note, I do have  
some questions for you.  
We have some business. There's some  
business we have to attend to.  
Business. Business, yes.  
Very serious stuff here.  
Um, all right.  
Well, the readers  
of the magazine  
would like to know, uh...  
What would your readers  
like to know?  
They wanna know about your dog.  
About Sloopy.  
It's a puggle, right?  
Her dog? It's a pug?  
You know who it is. Just  
give me a second, all right?  
Hey, babe.



**Around 5:**

So how... how... how's the baby?  
Oh, really. So, look,  
what I think you should...  
yeah, you do whatever you think.  
At the end of the day, you're the mommy.  
Whatever you wanna do.  
I love you. Hello?  
Hello?  
Everything okay?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
She's, uh...  
she's just a little upset  
'cause the baby's cranky,  
and I'm not around.  
Because you're working. Yeah.  
But I'm not there  
for her and the baby either.  
Because you're at work.  
I know.  
Just a really tough time  
right now.  
Maybe you can  
have Stacy call Geena.  
Maybe they can go  
to the park or something,  
get the kids out of the house  
for a little while. Really?  
That'd be okay with Geena?  
Are you kidding?  
Oh, she'd love that.  
Maybe, um... maybe Sunday  
while we're at golf.  
You didn't tell her about golf?  
I'm gonna. I promise. I am.  
Look, it's really rough  
right now with the kid.  
You know I have a baby, too, right?  
Yeah.  
David... he's got a kid.  
I'll tell her tonight.  
For our champion, bunny!  
Uh, do these go with your pants,  
or are they workout gear?

So pants? That's what they are.  
Hey, honey? Honey?  
What?  
So the guys are going golfing  
for father's day,  
and I was wondering  
if I could go with them?  
If you don't wanna spend father's day  
with your son, that's up to you.  
No, I always wanna  
spend time with him.  
Obviously you don't, ward.  
You just told me  
you wanna spend it  
with the guys playing golf.  
I'm stuck here every day, but...  
I'm sure tom wants to spend it  
with his wife and child.  
No, babe. Tom's going.  
Yeah, it was his idea.  
He's playing golf.  
Don't pass the blame.  
You're responsible for your own actions.  
All right?  
Not tom or Ronnie or any of  
your other idiot friends.  
How's he doing?  
Yeah. He's such a good boy.  
Uh-huh.  
Man, if I'm exhausted,  
you've just gotta be beat, huh?  
He's a full-time job.  
I'm okay.  
I'm almost back  
to my pre-baby weight.  
I know, and you look great.  
You want a piece of this?  
Yeah. Yeah, you know I do.  
I'm just so tired, babe.  
Oh... Come on. I'm so tired.  
Okay? Yeah.  
Night. Night.  
Uh, you don't have  
a cappuccino machine, do you?

Big D! What'd you get?  
Wow. You look like a fool.  
Hey, can I get a, uh,  
breakfast sandy, no mayo?  
Reminds me of cum.  
You know, uh, make that  
two, and a froot loops.  
Lily!  
Brought your kid? Yeah.  
Amanda needed, uh...  
I don't know. Something.  
Whatever. You know, I'm  
not pulling my punches.  
She's heard it all before.  
Oh, I've got some new shit.  
I doubt that.  
Yeah. Where you at?  
Hey, man, how's it going?  
You here?  
No.  
Look, I'm not gonna  
make it today.  
What are you talking about?  
It's fucking father's day.  
That's the thing.  
What a pussy. Aagh!  
Sorry. Christ. Hit another.  
She says her relationship  
with her father is strained.  
You're hitting three. Shut up.  
Dad.  
Sorry, honey.  
Fuck!  
Dad!  
Sorry. You know what?  
I'm just gonna go ahead  
and talk in your back swing from now  
on if it doesn't make any difference.  
I mean, do they even talk?  
What's that mean, "strained"?  
I don't know. It means  
he's a fucking pussy.  
Tour quality.  
She says that father's day

reminds her of how bad  
her relationship is with her  
father, and that she needs him.

Needs him? Yep.

She hates him.

She spends her whole day  
terrorizing and berating  
that pussy.

I mean, not that he doesn't  
deserve some of it, but fuck.  
Not bad. You'll be okay. Yeah.  
At least he's laying one.

Shh!

Did you tell her she sucked  
in prairie girl?

Yeah, Ronnie, I did. I told robin  
peters that she sucked in prairie girl.  
You know what?

She's top three for me.

You just put me in a room with her,  
I would close that deal so fast.

I met her a couple times. We  
used to have the same publicist.

I think last time I saw her  
was in a gifting suite.

What the fuck is that?

That's my point, Ron.

You will never close  
with somebody like that  
because you need a connection,  
an introduction.

Tom, buddy? No way. Never.

All right. How about this?

If I sink this putt,  
it'll happen.

You sink this putt,  
I will shit in the cup.

Na na na na na na...

Oh, god.

Oh!

Hey, I think you  
owe me some poo.

Is that good?

Ward. He wants to know

who's ahead.  
Radio silence. Yeah, no way.  
No sac, no scores.  
Daddy, what's a sack?  
It's a bag of doughnuts.  
Uh, ward didn't show up  
with the bag of doughnuts, so...  
I mean, seriously, tom, you know,  
there's not rocking the boat,  
and then there's sacrificing  
your entire fucking...  
sorry. Your entire existence.  
I get it. Which sometimes has  
to occur when you have a kid.  
Yeah. Little bit.  
Christ, we haven't seen him  
since the christening.  
What? Me neither.  
Yeah. He won't let us  
come over. Germs.  
I miss that pussy.  
Daddy. I know.  
I know, honey. Um, just, uh...  
can you go get us some M&M's?  
Terrible.  
I mean, come on.  
We joke about it, right?  
We joke about it, but ward's  
always been easy to be bullied.  
She's a fucking bully!  
I mean, ever since she got  
pregnant, she's got him.  
He's fucking trapped. He called  
me before the baby was born.  
She was, like, four or  
five months pregnant.  
He was in tears.  
"I'm a horrible husband.  
I can't make her happy.  
I treat her badly."  
What? Yeah. Oh, yeah.  
She's got him believing that all  
of her problems stem from him.  
How his parents hate her

and all this fucking bullshit.  
We should just kill her.  
Sure. Wife.  
But you gotta think about the kid  
growing up without a mother.  
I wouldn't do that to a kid.  
It's better than  
growing up with that  
troll as your mother.  
That's so true. That's true.  
Or we could kill him. Ramone?  
What? Dude.  
No, war... you don't kill  
a fucking baby.  
Ward. I'd do that for him.  
I'd do that for him.  
It's a mercy killing.  
Mm-mm. Fuck that, because then the  
kid's gotta grow up with her.  
I wouldn't do that to the kid. Not  
even one I'm not allowed to see.  
Besides, if ward's not here,  
who am I gonna wreck  
on the golf course, huh?  
David. Mm-mm. It's too easy.  
Oh, yeah?  
How's being separated?  
Go fuck yourself.  
Point made.  
There's a theory  
that everybody gets one.  
One what? One murder.  
Okay. How do you do it  
and not get caught?  
Well, she's got no friends.  
Mom died. Dad doesn't  
seem to care, I'm sure.  
It's true...  
no one would miss her.  
What'd you do,  
eat me for breakfast?  
You should think of murder  
at every address.  
Daddy!

So what's the distance?  
I don't know. 180, 190.  
I should go pro.  
Do you hear that?  
Do you hear it?  
Now that you woke our baby up,  
you're gonna get me  
a foot-long sub.  
Double meat, double cheese.  
Or are you gonna keep doing  
nothing for your family  
because it's father's day?  
Jesus! Are you sick?  
Good times today, boys. It was.  
Definitely. Lovely.  
I miss our black friend.  
We could kill her, you know?  
Sure, buddy.  
You know what?  
That sounds like a plan.  
Now that you've been killed off  
your last three TV shows  
and your wife moved out, you got all  
the time in the world to plan it out.  
All right. A...  
that's just a trial separation.  
We're just trying to work things out.  
Okay. Sure, sure.  
What's B?  
Nobody loves you.  
Hey, there he is.  
Hi, Bruce. How are ya?  
Good. How are you?  
Good. How was golf?  
Oh, I didn't make it today.  
It's father's day, so I'm gonna  
spend it with my family.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
My kids called me earlier.  
They're in Arizona, right?  
Very good. Scottsdale.  
With their mother.  
Hey, I was thinking, next time  
you guys go hit the links,

maybe I could dust off my clubs  
and, uh, play a round with you?  
I'll let you know. All righty.  
You know, I got a badge.  
I flash that thing,  
we're gonna get  
a hell of a discount.  
Okay. All right.  
I will see you later.  
Good times, man. I know.  
It's okay to have  
a life, you know.  
I mean, have something  
outside of your family.  
That balance is important.  
I know. I just wish...  
I wish Stacy had  
something else to focus on  
other than just Ramone.  
Like a hobby or a friend.  
Just something.  
Please. She's a dick.  
Yes, I know. I know she is.  
I'll need backup.  
Okay. Great idea.  
Hey!  
Oh, my god. You look great.  
Who picked this place?  
The parking sucks!  
Really? I found  
a spot right away.  
Huh? It doesn't seem that full.  
Yeah, well, it was full for me,  
and he hates elevators,  
and the stairs  
smell like piss, and...  
Where's Larry?  
Your kid.  
Charlie.  
I-I thought you said you didn't  
want us to bring the kids.  
Yeah, like a girls' lunch.  
Should we go home now? No.  
- No!



- Yes.

And just know, it does  
get better every day.

I know everybody says that,  
but it's true.

And when they start to talk,  
it's so cute.

Yeah, but when they start to  
talk, they don't shut up, right?

I... I know for me,  
once Charlie started  
sleeping in his own room,  
things got a little better.

Oh, Ramone doesn't sleep  
in his own room.

No, the only place he can  
fall asleep is here, on me.

Yeah, but then you put him in his  
bed after he's asleep, right?

Yeah, so he can wake up  
and cry? No.

You're not afraid you're gonna roll  
over on him in his sleep or something?

Some days I wish I would.

I'm kidding.

God.

No. Years ago, I trained myself  
to be a back sleeper, you know?

'Cause ward's a spooner, and...

I can't even stand the  
thought of him touching me.

I miss spooning.

I'm sorry you guys  
are having such a tough time.

It's just hard for me to be with  
someone who has no direction  
or no passion.

We don't connect, and...  
whatever.

It's tough. On me, on lily.

I know how you feel.

I mean, it's different.

We connect. We just...

We don't, um,

have that spark, you know?  
What's that smell?  
Do we smell that?  
Mm. I think it's, uh...  
Yeah, it's not me who took  
the big dump in his pants,  
it's Ramone.  
Do you wanna go change him?  
Yeah.  
He doesn't mind a dirty diaper.  
Unless you do?  
What's up? Hey.  
So I've been looking into it.  
Into what?  
What's up, ken? What's up, Ron?  
What we were talking about  
with ward's wife.  
Uh, I don't know. You know.  
No, I don't know. If I knew,  
I would've said,  
"oh, yeah, right. I know."  
What the fuck you talking about?  
About killing her.  
Hey, Ashley. Hi, Ronnie.  
Do you have a fucking wire loose?  
We were kidding.  
I'm just saying that... that, uh,  
the conversation inspired me.  
That kind of shit  
fascinates me, you know?  
The mind of a serial killer.  
Bro, she's an asshole, right?  
Yeah.  
Yeah. And when people are assholes,  
we talk about wanting them dead,  
but we don't actually  
want them fucking dead.  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Hey, Tina. Hi, Ron.  
Do you know everyone here?  
Is that...  
How do you think  
I make a living?  
I train all these people.

I'm at work right now, bro.  
You train all these people?  
Not yet.  
That's how it starts.  
I do a couple push-ups,  
I sit here in a beater.  
They're like, "oh, hey, hi.  
You're a trainer?  
Oh, my god, I'm so fat.  
I totally needed a trainer."  
Next thing you know, they're  
paying me two hundo an hour  
to, uh, basically teabag them  
while they bench press.  
And there's something wrong  
with me?  
Hey, man, I'm a pervert. I'm not talking  
about trying to fucking kill somebody.  
Oh, shit.  
It's not like I'd do it.  
It just...  
it's just interesting to think  
about how you'd get away with it.  
That's all.  
I could love you  
you could love me  
don't forget my dreams  
dreams  
hi, daddy.  
Hello. Hello.  
Can you believe it? Like,  
it's been a year. It's crazy.  
I know. It's crazy, right?  
It's like he was born last week.  
Time flies when you're  
not stuck at home  
every day for the baby.  
Yeah, but... but it's fun.  
Sure. We have fun  
when daddy abandons us.  
Right? We have fun.  
What's wrong with you?  
Are you sick?  
No, I'm fine.

You make my baby sick, and...  
I'm not sick.  
It's cake time, ward.  
Wrap it up.  
It's cake time, guys, so...  
Dude, what the hell? What?  
She's crazy. She's just  
worried about the baby,  
that's all.  
Howdy, neighbor.  
Hey, Bruce, how's it going?  
Good. Thank you for coming.  
Thank you for having me. Yeah.  
I'm sorry. Tom.  
Good to see you, man.  
Hey, guys. How are you? Ronnie.  
You met Geena, right? Yes, yes.  
Good to see you.  
You too. Ward keeps threatening  
to take me golfing with you guys.  
Next time you go out,  
you gotta let me know.  
Yeah. We'll do that.  
I play from the tips.  
Okay.  
Oh.  
Yeah, yeah. Cake time.  
Stop it. It's half a Benadryl.  
He'll be fine.  
I understand that. I've done it before.  
He'll be fine.  
I just don't think  
it's really...  
Tom?  
- Hello?  
- Is this tom?  
Speaking. Hey.  
Hey.  
You don't know who this is.  
No, I'm sorry. I don't.  
Well, we had  
a really nice meal together  
a little while ago,  
the result of which was

a fairly bland article  
in your magazine.  
Yeah, of course. Um...  
It's work.  
Robin? Robin peters?  
Am I interrupting something?  
No, you're not interrupting anything.  
Hi. How are you?  
A little out of  
my comfort zone, actually.  
I was waiting  
for you to call me,  
and when the call never came...  
Uh, well, I-I, uh...  
I thought that we had  
a really nice time together.  
We did have a nice time.  
Yeah, I enjoyed it.  
You enjoyed it?  
I really liked it, actually.  
Did you think  
about it afterwards?  
Of course. Yeah. I mean, uh...  
I thought that we made  
a real connection.  
Yeah. I felt it.  
Uh, the connection.  
Well, I think we should  
see each other again.  
I'd like that...  
to see you again, yeah.  
Maybe for a more  
in-depth interview?  
Definitely. Something deeper.  
This is my cell.  
Call me on Tuesday.  
Okay. I will.  
I'll... I'll call you Tuesday.  
Good-bye, tom. Good-bye.  
You got a hot date, tom?  
You scared the shit out of me.  
Oh! I'm sorry. What'd you say?  
A hot date. Tuesday, was it?  
I don't know

what you're talking about.  
I wouldn't blame you.  
I never thought you and Geena  
would make it, you know.  
She's too, uh,  
boring and desperate.  
Not that those  
are bad qualities, but...  
Okay. Time out. That was work.  
You're just different.  
Not good different.  
Not like me and ward.  
We're good different.  
We make it work. But, you know,  
maybe that's because  
he's not a cheater.  
Ward's too much of a pussy  
to be a cheater.  
But what do I know?  
I never thought you were  
a cheater either.  
Okay.  
Listen. Come here.  
Look...  
I thought about cheating too.  
And you know what?  
Maybe I've already done it.  
It's fun, right?  
Secret phone calls...  
"I'll see you Tuesday"...  
We're a lot alike. Mm-mm.  
You and me, tom...  
we could do it now.  
We could cheat now.  
Maybe... maybe there's  
some advantages  
to being with people  
as naive, stupid  
as Geena and my little ward.  
I wonder what Geena  
would think of that phone call.  
Oh!  
What the fuck?  
Fuck.

Oh, fuck.  
Oh...  
Okay.  
Oh, shit.  
Oh, shit.  
Okay. Okay.  
Oh, shit.  
Okay. Okay.  
Let me ask you a question...  
That was quite a call. Yeah.  
Your wife says  
you're almost out of diapers.  
Really? Yeah.  
Okay. Um, you guys will be  
here when I get back, right?  
You know I will be.  
We should probably get going.  
Yeah. We'll be here.  
We'll be here.  
All right. See you in a sec.  
Yep.  
Is everything okay?  
Yeah.  
You're lying. Big-time.  
I just wanted to mash her face  
in the cake, you know?  
But then she slipped, and...  
I don't know.  
Tom! Holy shit, dude.  
Yeah, I know. She's dead?  
Yeah.  
But... but it was  
an accident, right?  
I mean... wait.  
Is that icing on her neck?  
Well, yeah.  
She was bleeding all over,  
and she still had a pulse,  
so I... so you strangled her?  
I don't know.  
Maybe. Yeah. Yeah.  
I think she's probably put on six or  
seven pounds since I saw her last.  
No, I think that's just the cake.

No, I...  
on her face.  
I thought that earlier.  
So what do we do?  
Well, we could've called 911  
and said she slipped or something,  
but now that you strangled her, I...  
no. I couldn't risk her waking up and  
saying I smashed her face in the cake.  
No, I know. I know that. They'd  
know that she was strangled?  
Yeah. Look at her neck.  
That'll tell everything.  
I'm an idiot. Fuck! Hey.  
So I'm sorry... can we just  
focus for a second, please?  
My best friend's dead wife  
is lying in a pool of blood,  
covered with cake  
on his kitchen floor!  
I got diapers!  
Got the last pack. Whew!  
Hey, man.  
You?  
No.  
Yeah.  
Dude, we didn't need diapers.  
Where's Ramone? Fuck!  
You killed my wife, and  
you left my baby outside?  
I did not leave your kid outside.  
Oh, my god!  
I'll take a look.  
I know what to do.  
Hmm.  
We're in the kitchen!  
What? Holy shit!  
I know. Jesus!  
Right?  
She dead? Yeah. Oh, yeah.  
Your hair looks great!  
You like it? I'm not sure.  
Yeah! Really great.  
All right, we need your help.



Oh.  
Okay.  
Oh, this is crazy.  
Ah, anyway, uh... When I was researching  
how to dispose of her body,  
I came up with a bunch  
of possible solutions.  
When? What?  
When were you researching  
how to dispose of her body?  
Just when Ron called. No. No.  
You didn't know she was  
dead when he called.  
I-I knew that... I knew that...  
Uh, not her... body.  
Not your lovely wife.  
I, uh... that's what was  
so crazy about all this,  
is I... have been doing  
all this research  
about how to get away  
with murder.  
For a role  
that I'm preparing for.  
You guys planned this.  
No, I never intended  
to kill your wife.  
I did not.  
We had talked... not seriously...  
about Stacy dying,  
about killing her.  
You serious? Gross!  
Fuck, dude, shut up! Well, we had.  
We had talked about it.  
What the fuck? Look, I...  
no, it's... I'm sor...  
we were passing time on  
the golf course, okay?  
It wasn't serious!  
It was guys talking.  
Obviously, it was serious.  
Because fucking  
Harvey Keitel here...  
Thank you. Has researched and

compiled what... what is this?  
Three pages of copious notes  
on how to kill my wife?  
Not how to kill your wife.  
How to dispose of her body.  
That's completely different!  
Thank you very much.  
Thank you very much.  
I'm sorry that we... we talked  
about killing your wife.  
Even as a joke, it's not cool.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, me too. Right.  
Okay, let's get started.  
I got a few options.  
A few different ways  
of doing this.  
Of course I have my favorite,  
but I think ultimately  
this is a decision that we  
should come to as a group.  
Agreed. If it's cool with ward?  
Sure.  
Why not? Fuck it. Beautiful!  
There is the basic  
burial method.  
Either whole or dismembered.  
We take the body  
to a remote location,  
dig a hole, or holes,  
and bury this bitch.  
I'm sorry.  
Um, if we do choose this way,  
it is better to dismember  
the body into six pieces.  
We want to go head,  
torso, four limbs,  
put each in a garbage bag,  
fill them with bleach.  
Now, the bleach not  
only disguises  
any scent for any  
wandering animals, or uh,  
or search parties... but it also

begins the breakdown  
process of the flesh.

Wow. Uh!

Okay, then we just... we just  
go to different locations,  
and we just bury her there.

That makes sense.

I think so.

Yeah, that sounds about right.

But... what about DNA?

What about...

what about dental records?

What about fingerprints?

Good question! Thank you.

Regardless of any method,

and I got a few more,

we want to cut off and burn

the tips of her fingers,

pull out her teeth...

if we can't pull them out,

grind them all the way down.

We just want to get rid

of any easy identifiers.

What about her face? That too. We got  
to make it totally unrecognizable.

All right.

I'm gonna need some more wine.

Mm-hmm.

Will you get wine? Yeah.

I'm just gonna keep going. Here's  
the guy Ritchie method. Now.

I looked this up,

and I couldn't really find

any concrete documentation

on it,

but it sounds really cool.

Having her eaten by pigs.

Ooh! Oh!

Now we'd have to get

her weight right

so that I can get the

appropriate number of swine.

Well, did you know

what she weighed?

Um... between 133 and 134.  
Oh, that is way low!  
Yeah, way low.  
Women are brutal.  
We don't have any fucking pigs.  
I know. That's why  
there's the ocean.  
We weigh her down,  
take her out to sea.  
Now, you do run the risk  
of her washing ashore  
unless you just jam her into an oil  
drum and just pack it with concrete.  
Yeah, but we don't have a boat.  
We can always rent a boat.  
I'd love to go on a boat.  
Me, too. A cruise. Really?  
Yeah. What, and then at some  
point we just tell the captain,  
"hey, uh, can you stop for a second while  
we just drop some shit overboard?"  
Whoa. What we could do is  
chop her up into tiny pieces,  
and throw her over bit by bit.  
He'd never see that.  
What, like chum?  
Yeah. It'd be like Shawshank, when Andy  
would take pieces from his cell wall  
and sprinkle 'em in the yard.  
I love that movie.  
There's no women in that movie.  
Isn't that weird?  
We could go big  
and do a wood chipper.  
Fargo!  
Oh, I love that movie, too.  
I mean, you shove her  
right into the teeth,  
it's almost impossible to trace.  
Yeah, but well, no. You could  
trace the wood chipper  
through the rental, though. Yeah.  
You would have to use cash,  
um, use a fake name

or a disguise.  
That's a pain in the ass.  
It is.  
Oh! This is good. All right.  
Now, depending on what type of equipment  
you've got here in the house,  
we could grind her  
almost completely down.  
Like just, send her on down the sewer.  
Right down into the drain.  
It's gonna take a little longer.  
You do run the risk of alerting  
the neighbors to the noise,  
uh, of the machinery,  
or the smell...  
but, we would keep it  
all in the house.  
You don't like that one. No.  
He doesn't like that.  
All right.  
Is that it? I mean, unless  
anybody knows anyone with access  
to an incinerator. No, I don't.  
I... no.  
Well, then, that's it. I am partial  
to dismembering and burying.  
I think it's the easiest, especially  
if we separate the pieces.  
It will just be  
the hardest to trace.  
I agree. I agree. Ladies?  
Go with the first choice.  
Oh, good.  
Ward? Yeah. Totally agree.  
Okay. We should chop  
her up and bury her.  
Great. That's what  
I wanted to hear. Okay.  
So tomorrow we're gonna  
reconvene here before golf...  
wait.  
You're playing golf tomorrow?

**We have a 3:**

Everything needs to appear  
completely normal  
so that when we alert the police  
to the fact that  
Stacy's disappeared,  
we'll have no questions.  
I can't remember the last time  
I played golf with these guys.  
It is gonna be fun. Cool.  
Right, now tom,  
you go buy some bleach.  
The more the better. Pay with  
cash and throw away the receipt.  
We'll move Stacy  
into the bathtub,  
bleed her out,  
then clean this place up.  
Tomorrow we'll cut her up  
and bag her before golf.  
You ladies will do...  
Whatever it is that you  
do while we're at golf.  
We'll each take a bag.  
Fuck!  
Get me out! Fuck!  
Get me up! Oh!  
Fuck, man!  
I'm out of shape.  
I'll rinse these. Okay.  
Uh, kitchen.  
Got to make sure there's no  
trace of anything in there.  
Got to get on our knees,  
scrub-a-dub-dub.  
No blood, no anything that could  
point a finger in our direction.  
Just keep your eyes  
on the task at hand...  
and you should be golden.  
Looks pretty great!  
Definitely doesn't look like  
somebody was killed in here,  
that's for sure.  
Hey, man. I'm really sorry

I killed your wife.  
I know. I know you are.  
You guys are like family to me.  
We always have been.  
Ramone, too.  
We love you guys.  
I haven't seen your kid  
in months, man!  
There he is.  
Yeah.  
He's beautiful. So beautiful.  
- Thanks.  
- So peaceful. So innocent.  
Fuck! What?  
We forgot to bleed her out.  
Oh, shh. Come on, come on.  
Shh!  
Okay. Umm... Ch-ch-ch-ch...  
Oh. Honey, could you go in the  
kitchen and grab me a knife?  
Okay, guys, we have to remember that  
we need to bury all our clothes  
in a bag.  
What? I love these shoes.  
This good? That's perfect.  
Thank you.  
Uh, yeah. Tom.  
Take it. So what  
I need you to do is, uh,  
"cut the thigh diagonally...?"  
Uh, now make sure you get deep  
enough to hit the femoral artery,  
so you gotta go in pretty good.  
Give it a good whack.  
You can do it, honey.  
Come on. You strangled her with your bare  
hands, you can cut her fuckin' thigh.  
I thought you said  
she hit her head.  
She did hit her head.  
Yes. And then...  
I did. I strangled her. Yes.  
What the fuck? I know. I  
know, I'm so sorry. I am.

Go ahead. Cut her up.  
You can do it.  
Sorry. Sorry.  
Mm.  
Oh, fuck! Yeah.  
Yeah, that's not  
a really sharp knife.  
- We don't have a sharpener.  
- That's really dangerous,  
you know? Dull knives? The number one  
cause of injuries in the kitchen.  
Okay, be careful, honey.  
Okay... okay, I just...  
Oh, no!  
I think you got to go deeper.  
That's a big fucking thigh.  
Maybe try... try the other one.  
Pretty fuckin' deep here, man!  
Wife! I'm an idiot!  
I'm a total idiot.  
We got to pump it out.  
Do chest compressions.  
Apply suction to the atria using  
the spring from the ribcage.  
Oh.  
Okay. Yeah.  
Like CPR?  
I think so.  
Harder.  
I'm pushing pretty hard here.  
You got to do it harder.  
I'm pushing pretty hard here, man. If you  
want to give it a shot, be my guest.  
Fuck it.  
Jesus! That's it.  
Eww! Oh!  
Yeah! Yeah.  
Yah! Eww!  
Okay, okay!  
That's enough, that's enough!  
And that's how  
you bleed a body out!  
All right. Tomorrow mo...  
what? Who the fuck is that?



Hide. Hide!  
Come on.  
Now! Hide, hide!  
They can see the fireplace.  
Hey, ward, it's Bruce!  
Ward! What?  
Get the door.  
Deal with it. Yeah.  
Hey, ward! Hey, Bruce.  
Hey, buddy. How are you?  
I'm great.  
Umm... What's goin' on?  
Oh, I was getting ready for bed.  
Oh. Okay.  
Um, I believe that I left my  
shades in your backyard earlier.  
I was gonna go around myself  
and, uh, check it out,  
but uh, trespassing is illegal, so...  
Yeah, it is.  
I thought I'd knock. Okay.  
All right? So if  
you wouldn't mind...  
You want to go  
through the house?  
Well, that's how you  
get to the back yard.  
Right. Um... What's goin' on?  
You okay?  
Everything's fine. Look...  
What was that? Uh...  
Nothing. Okay.  
You should probably go around  
the side of the house.  
Outside? What's  
going on? You okay?  
Everything's fine. It's just that  
Ramone is sleeping right now.  
And Stacy gets really weird when I  
have company while he's asleep.  
She doesn't want anybody to come  
in the house. Ah, the baby.  
I get that. Right.  
I understand.

We're playing golf tomorrow.  
Yeah? I was wondering  
if you were interested.  
Yes. Yes! I would  
love to join you.  
Absolutely! Are you kidding me?  
I could dust off the old clubs.  
That would be great!  
Okay? So, uh, tee time is 3:00.

**3:**

Right. So you could come  
back tomorrow. Great.

**Okay. 3:**

And I didn't see your shades around back,  
but you're more than welcome to look.  
I just need you to go around.  
Okay.  
I'll do that. Hey, you  
know, from the tips.  
That's wonderful.  
From the tips!  
Okay.  
You have a good night.  
Oh, shit. Blinds.  
Holy shit!  
Dude, what the fuck? What?  
You invited him to play golf?  
What was I supposed to do? I'm sorry.  
I panicked. I panicked!  
It's fine. We'll deal  
with him tomorrow.

**Be here, 9:**

the job, we play golf.  
See you guys tomorrow. Yeah.  
I got it.  
I don't blame you, you know.  
No? Mm-mm.  
I wanted to just mush her fucking  
face in that cake all day long.  
What did it feel like?  
I don't know.

I mean, I was nervous. But...  
Did it feel good?  
I watched you today.  
What do you mean? When?  
You were cleaning  
in the kitchen.  
With your hands on your knees.  
And your jeans were  
pulling around your...  
around my pussy?  
Yeah.  
That's hot. It was hot.  
You talked about putting  
your hands around her neck.  
I got jealous...  
And wet. Really?  
Really?  
You said pussy, and I  
went hard in a second.  
Oh, god!  
Squeeze...  
I was impressed. You took  
control of that situation,  
and things could have  
gotten really hysterical,  
but they didn't, and it just...  
You did good.  
Lily asleep?  
She's right here, next to me.  
Bad dream.  
You don't mind taking her  
while I golf tomorrow?  
Of course.  
And maybe afterwards,  
uh, we could take lily  
to a mini-golf.  
With all of us.  
Maybe.  
I should get to bed.  
Good job today.  
Thanks. Good night.  
Good night.  
Mothers will cry  
And teardrops will fly

Little man, take care  
it's grown  
What you need  
Do what you need  
Hey. Hey.  
You look like shit. You okay?  
I hated her as much as anybody, okay?  
But this is way fucked up, you know?  
Yeah. Morning!  
Morning.  
- What's up?  
- This is fucked up.  
This is way fucked up.  
It is. It's totally fucked up.  
And hey, it's all my fault.  
Yeah, no shit.  
But look. After today, it's done.  
Right? Right?  
Right. Right! Done.  
And I feel horrible. I mean,  
look, I never wanted...  
well, I wanted to, but...  
he feels really bad.  
You do?  
I do. Yeah.  
Me too.  
I feel really bad.  
I know you do.  
Let's go cut her up.  
Come on!  
Hello?  
Hey, we're in here, guys.  
Good morning.  
How was the night?  
Slept till seven!  
Pretty impressive. Wow! Wow.  
Yeah.  
Just finished  
our first egg, and...  
Where's Amanda?  
Uh, she's with lily.  
She didn't want to  
bring her. You know.  
She sends her love,

wishes us all the best.  
Listen. We were  
talking outside.  
Umm... Yeah, I just...  
this is really fucked up,  
man, you know? It's...  
Really fucked up!  
It is. I mean...  
- I killed your wife.  
- I know.  
And you guys have all been  
great, and especially you, ward.  
Thanks. No, thank you.  
Oh, hey. Stacy and I  
hooked up, and...  
She got pregnant, but thank god.  
Although I hate his name.  
Ramone's the best thing  
that's ever happened to me.  
That name is awful.  
It's like a busboy pimp.  
Yeah, it's really bad.  
But it's just a name.  
At the end of the day,  
it's just a name.  
And... she was  
a not-nice person  
whose only happiness came  
from her being not-nice.  
She was a bad mom, too.  
Yeah. She was selfish,  
and she was mean.  
I'm gonna be honest  
with you guys. I'm...  
I'm glad she's, uh...  
I just want to be happy.  
Power tools in the garage?  
Ah!  
Really? What, what, what?  
I snapped a blade.  
Right. I got another one  
in the garage. Be right back.  
You ready? Here we go.  
Hey, man.

How's it goin' in there?  
We snapped a blade,  
but we're almost done.  
How's it goin' here? It's good.  
All right.  
I haven't had a cigarette  
in seven years.  
I started again last week.  
It's my first one. Ever?  
I feel like Denzel Washington.  
All right, okay, all right...  
ah, that tastes so good.  
Tastes so good.  
You guys know what  
that shit does to your body?  
Ah, fuck it, give me one.  
Assholes.  
So Amanda and I were  
talking last night.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
Good for you guys.  
Yeah.  
Okay!

**Tee time is 3:**

that gives us...  
A little over two hours  
to find a place,  
bury the body,  
get to the course.  
Right? We don't tell  
each other where we're going.  
The less each of us knows, the better.  
Geena's going to stay with the kids.  
Thank you very much.  
Ward, when you get home,  
call the cops. Say that you came home  
to find the baby, but Stacy was gone.  
Say that she's been gone a day or two  
before, but never without Ramone.  
Can't file a missing persons  
report for 48 hours. So.  
You guys think

this is gonna work?  
Yeah. They'll just... they'll just think  
that she's left for a little bit.  
She doesn't come back, you file it,  
police won't make any mention of it.  
Hey buddy, I can watch  
Ramone whenever you need.  
Yeah. Me-me too.  
Appreciate it. Well, well, well.  
Howdy, howdy.  
Nosey fucker.  
You guys are already  
dressed for golf.  
Interesting.  
I thought we weren't leaving

**till 3:**

**Yeah, 3:**

we came by to help clean up  
after the party.  
Oh, that's right.  
Yeah, I saw that.  
So I was thinking maybe, uh,  
I'd grab my clubs,  
throw 'em in your trunk, ward.  
The two of us drive together.  
Why take two cars?  
That makes perfect sense, what  
with you guys being neighbors.  
That's what I was thinking.  
Yeah. Sure.  
Um, I got a couple errands I  
need to run, but absolutely.

**2:**

All right. I'll be here.  
See you there.  
See you then. Okay.  
From the tip! Yeah!  
What the fuck?  
Don't worry about it.  
All it means is you gotta double  
back and pick him up. It's fine.

Listen to me.  
Hey, you'll be fine.  
Come here.  
Let's do this.  
You wanna fuck? Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Fuck.  
Fuck!  
Stupid...  
Piece of shit.  
Mm, I like the new you.  
All it took was a murder.  
So where are you  
gonna bury them?  
Mm...  
I was thinking along the ridge?  
Mm, good idea.  
Hey.  
See you later. Yo.  
Did you do yours yet?  
Uh, almost. I, uh...  
I just remembered.  
Do you have the head?  
What? The head. Do you  
have the beast's head?  
We forgot to disfigure it.  
Ah, hold on.  
No. I got a torso and an arm.  
Uh, left arm.  
Shit. All right. Damn it.  
I gotta call Ronnie.  
Get it done.  
What?  
Yo, do have the head? What?  
The head. Do you have the head?  
I don't fucking know.  
Well, check, all right?  
We gotta disfigure the face  
in case anybody finds it.  
What? What's the problem?  
Are you crying?  
This isn't my responsibility,  
David.  
This is not my responsibility.



Okay, look, all right, Ronnie?  
Nobody likes this, okay?  
But there was a situation here. There was  
an accident, kind of, but we can help.  
We can help everybody out here.  
We can help tom.  
We can help ward.  
We can help Ramone, all right?  
Just check the bag.  
Check the fucking bag. Okay.  
Okay, okay. Okay.  
Please, please, David,  
don't make me do this.  
Look... Jesus fucking Christ.  
Check the fucking bag.  
All right. Fuck!  
Oh!  
Fuck.  
Yeah, I have it.  
Okay. All right. Well, you  
got to, uh, you know.  
What?  
You gotta cut her face off  
or something, man.  
Fuck you!  
What do you mean?  
You have to do this, Ronnie.  
No. No, please!  
You have to do this.  
No fucking way, man.  
All right. Where are you?  
God! Fuck!  
I'm not supposed to say.  
No. If you did what you were  
supposed to do, then you don't say.  
If I have to come finish your  
fucking job, then you have to say!  
Now, where are you?  
I'm at the ridge.  
Great. I'm coming.  
The ridge.  
You're going under  
what seems to be real  
to a man or to me

no way. I thought for sure  
I'd be the only one here.  
This is crazy.  
You okay? What happened?  
I can't fucking do this.  
What are you talking about?  
What am I talking about?  
You killed her.  
We cut her up  
into little fucking pieces.  
What... what do you mean,  
what am I talking about?  
Yeah. Look, I know this sucks, right?  
But we gotta do this.  
We have to do this now, okay?  
You know what? Look, it's all right.  
I'll take yours.  
You already dug a hole. I'll  
just put her in and cover it up.  
No, you can't. Yeah, I can.  
No. It's... it's...  
it's the head.  
All right. Well,  
whatever it is, I'll just...  
David said you gotta cut the  
fucking face off or something.  
Aw, shit. Right. Right.  
Uh, okay, okay.  
Um... okay.  
You know what, man?  
This is fucking bullshit.  
This is all my fault.  
I shouldn't have called David  
in the first place.  
You should've taken it.  
For all of us.  
I didn't do this.  
I didn't...  
I-I didn't fucking do this.  
I have a kid, Ron.  
She had a fucking kid, tom!  
Hey, she wasn't  
doing the right things.  
That kid would be a lot

further along developmentally  
if she had been a better mother.  
All right. You don't understand this  
because you don't have a kid yet.  
But Ramone is almost one,  
and he's barely crawling.  
What? Yeah.  
She was still breast-feeding.  
Exclusively, Ronnie.  
It's a huge thing.  
What does that even mean?  
It means she was a shitty  
mom, not to mention  
the kind of wife she  
was, all right?  
You said it yourself,  
probably more than anyone.  
But you don't do that  
to somebody, tom.  
You don't fucking kill somebody  
because they're a fucking bitch.  
I mean, that doesn't make  
any fucking sense.  
Fuck.  
Is that why you killed her?  
'Cause she's a bitch?  
No, I didn't...  
I didn't kill her because...  
That's not it. No.  
Really? You're both here?  
Why'd you kill her?  
Who gives a shit  
why you killed her?  
Everybody wanted her dead.  
Ward most of all.  
What's fucking done  
is fucking done.  
This it? Yeah.  
All right.  
Oh, here we go.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Wait for what, dude?

**We got a 3:**

I gotta tell the  
starter that we're gonna  
play as a five-some.  
I know. What...  
No fucking way, man.  
I am not fucking doing this!  
No, no.  
We don't have time for this shit.  
No, he's doing it.  
No, just give me the club  
and let me beat the bag.  
No. I killed her.  
You cut her up. You came up with the plan.  
He hasn't done anything.  
Are you crazy?  
I cleaned up blood and fucking cake  
for three fucking hours last night!  
I'm as much of an accomplice  
in this as he is.  
He's right, man.  
You gotta do it, Ronnie.  
I don't know if I can trust you  
to keep your mouth shut.  
I got a family, Ron. Me too.  
We've been friends for 20 years.  
You really think that I'm...  
Wow.  
Fine. Give it to me. Mm-hmm.  
You might wanna turn it over  
so you get the...  
he knows how to hit a 7 iron.  
Fuck!  
Oh, no. You gotta...  
you gotta hit the bag.  
Come on. You can do it.  
Okay?  
Again, dude. We really  
gotta fuck her face up.  
Ohh! Oh, god.  
I think it got caught  
in her mouth.  
Just pull it out  
and do it again.  
That's good, Ronnie.

Yeah, that's good. You got it.  
Ronnie! Ronnie, whoa!  
Aahh! You're good.  
Ronnie, you got it.  
Ronnie? No! Fuck!  
Oh, that's good.  
You owe me.  
I owe you.  
That was dramatic.  
Yeah. All right. Let's bury  
the rest of this shit.  
Yeah. I'll go get  
the bags from my car.  
You know what?  
Give me a couple gloves.  
I don't have any gloves.  
Golf gloves.  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Hey.  
Not a word, you hear me?  
Not a word.  
We got a real problem  
here, ward.  
This is not smart, ward.  
You are all over this.  
Do you understand me?  
Aah!  
Aah!  
Look, I get it, right?  
You had a party.  
Your trash was overflowing.  
Right? The trash trucks  
don't come for three days.  
I get that. But, hey, if  
somebody wants to look in here,  
your name is all over this.  
Is that smart?  
It's against the law, ward.  
Aw, ward, if you need to use  
some cans, you can use my cans.  
You and your kinky friends.  
Lesson learned, huh?  
Huh?  
Lesson learned.

All right. That's good cake.  
Oh, yeah. That was...  
Money. Yeah.  
I'm gonna take a leak.  
Hey, ward. Huh?  
Come here.  
The fucker followed me!  
He followed me! I know, I know, I know.  
I saw him.  
He pulled the bags... it's okay.  
It's okay. Relax. Relax.  
He was watching us last night  
when we left your house.  
I think he's a pervert.  
I thought he might...  
I don't know. But I got to  
your place early this morning,  
and just in case, I took a  
couple of bags from your trash.  
I switched them out.  
I put them in your trunk.  
I figured if he tried something,  
if he followed one of us,  
it'd most likely be you.  
Where's your phone? It's in the cart.  
I'll go get it.  
D-d-d-d... that's perfect.  
Hey, it's me. Yeah. Thanks.  
Hey. I'll see you later.  
Who the hell was that?  
That's Stacy's ringer.  
Ward! Your phone's ringing!  
It's your wife!  
Tell him to answer it.  
Uh, could you answer that for me?  
I'll be right out!  
Good.  
Much better.  
I told her you'd be right out.  
She hung up on me.  
Really? Yeah.  
She sounded pissed too.  
Ah, you got your hands full  
with that one.

I snapped a blade.  
There you go.  
Thanks for doing this.  
Mommy!  
You ready to go eat?  
My ball's back there.  
Sorry.  
Ron hasn't said  
one word all day.  
He'll be fine. He'll be great.  
Take a little time. Yeah.  
Nice.  
That's tour quality.  
Second best 7 iron  
he's hit all day.  
Wow.  
- Come on.  
- Still hitting!  
Great shot, buddy. Great shot.  
Thanks for waiting. Mm-hmm.  
I don't think I'm gonna  
play from my tips next time.  
When did you, uh,  
speak to her last?  
Um, earlier today.  
I think I was actually probably the  
last person to speak with her.  
I picked up his phone when we were  
on the golf course earlier today.  
Uh, a little after 3:00.  
So you spoke to her  
this afternoon?  
I did.  
Time can pass  
like a stranger  
if you don't stop and see  
ohh!  
Ohh!  
I want a cigarette.  
Me too.  
I'll go get 'em.  
Ohh.  
There are changes  
you can make

you look fucking great.  
Ohh...  
Okay, just keep  
your shoulders...  
move your shoulders back.  
Hit is straight. Go.  
Hit it. Hit it. Hard. Go.  
Yeah!  
Yeah! That was awesome.  
See? Wait.  
Give me five. Give me ten.  
You're not gonna  
give me a lesson?  
Sure.  
Yeah.  
You need to keep  
your body still.  
Yeah.  
You guys! Mom, just hit.  
Okay, okay. I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
Just hit, just hit.  
Yes! Did you see that?  
No, we missed it. I did it.  
I don't believe you.  
You came up with forgiveness  
it's getting in the way  
where there's luck  
there is danger  
don't be afraid to say  
I hope there's  
somebody out there  
there you go.  
Thank you.  
But even if  
it takes us a long time  
I'm gonna wait  
for something that's real  
miss peters?  
This is who I wanna be  
hi.  
May I? Please.  
Thank you.  
How I feel  
I hope there's



somebody out there  
who understands  
the way that I feel  
and even if  
it takes us a long time  
I'm gonna wait  
for something that's real  
now I see  
this is who I wanna be  
I know there's  
somebody out there  
who understands  
the way that I feel  
and even if  
it takes us a long time  
I'm gonna wait  
for something that's real  
below a ways  
I'm passing time  
days pass quick and  
cows tow the line and  
see how clear  
the ocean appears  
from this point of view  
the same should be true  
in the light  
if you peek through the veil  
see that you're only  
biding your time  
between struggling  
and fine in a moment  
you are only  
watershed  
the sunlight breaks through  
time's a cruel mistress  
and she's not done with you  
try as you might  
or fight as you may  
the fates will just laugh  
moving in as they say  
with a grin  
once again  
if you peek through the veil  
see that you're only