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On the Other Hand, Death

By Gillian Horvath

Police!
Hands up!
Get on the ground now.
Hold it
right there.
Albany PD.
You're under arrest.
I think there's
been a mistake.
There has been
a mistake,
Donald Strachey,
private investigator,
and you've
just made it.
What is it?
They're back.
What are you doing?
That is Carl Deems' kid.
I'm gonna scare
the living shit out of him.
Dorothy, wait. No.
Dorothy, d...
What are you doing?
Dorothy, don't go down...
Dor...
Wait. For God's sake.
Come back.
Stop. Don't do it.
Joey Deems?
Call the police.
You better run,
you son of a bitch!
You come back here,
I will kick your teeth
so far down your throat,
you'll bite your asshole
next time you take a shit!
No.
No.
He ran away.
Oh, my God. Shit.
It's okay.
It's gonna be okay.

We'll get him.
It's never gonna stop.
No.
It's never gonna stop.
It's gonna stop.
It's gonna stop.
All right, Strachey.
Let's go over this
one more time.
Who hired you?
Shall I try this in Russian,
or Swahili, maybe?
Because English for the last
six hours hasn't worked.
Your husband.
I'm not married.
Shocking.
You really don't
want to mess with me.
You may have just blown
an eight-month
undercover investigation.
Okay. A guy shows up
in my office.
He tells me
he's married to you
and wants me to follow you
because he's afraid
that you're having
an affair.
And how were you
supposed to contact him?
- Said he'd call me.
- What about the retainer?
Cash.
And you didn't think
that was a little suspicious?
Well, I never argue
with cash.
Morning, Strachey.
You're looking
lovely as usual.
Well, it's a nice hotel,
but the room service is lousy.

You know, you'd make my life
a hell of a lot easier
if you decided to move
someplace far, far away.
Come on, Bailey, you'd miss
these special moments
between us,
wouldn't you?
All right, ladies,
enough with the banter.
Here's what
you're gonna do.
The second your client
contacts you,
you're gonna get in touch
with Bailey here.
I want to know
who this guy is.
Well, me, too.
I don't like
to be lied to.
Oh, yeah, well,
you're gonna like it a lot less
if you screw
my investigation.
You know where
to find me.
She's a peach.
Ah, she's new.
You get used to her.
So, uh, how'd you get
involved in all this?
I don't know.
But I intend
to find out.
Yeah. I'm sorry, honey.
It's just I didn't
want to wake you,
so I figured I'd come
straight to the office.
Well, I forgive you.
As long as you're not late
for the school board meeting.
School board meeting?

Tell me you
didn't forget.
Andrew McWhirter
asked us
to come show
some support
for that librarian.
Andrew...
Andrew.
From college?
"First-time" Andrew.
The one who moved
to California
when you dumped him.
I didn't dump him.
We just...
We just... lost touch.
Anyway, he's been
visiting friends up here,
and I promised we'd
come to the meeting.
And besides, he really
wants to meet you.
Oh, you know, I... I...
I want to meet him.
I just...
You know, I just
got a new case.
I'm so busy.
Honey? Hello?
You are an evil,
manipulative man.
I love you, too.
So I'll pick you
up at 3?
Fine.
You're late.
For what?
For the staff meeting.
I hope I didn't
hold everybody up.
First order
of business.
I checked with the state

on getting my P.I. license.
So far, I'm five months
into my required year
of associative
investigator experience.
Who says you're
an associate investigator?
You promoted me.
Gave me
a little raise, too.
Well, aren't I
a good boss.
But I still need 30 hours
of field experience to qualify.
Well, I need the files filed
and the phones answered,
so...
Right.
'Cause we're simply
flooded with phone calls
for new cases.
You run the information on that guy
who hired us to follow the cop?
His name, address,
and phone number are all phony.
How is he gonna
get my report?
E-mail address?
He left
his e-mail address?
Hello. 21st century
calling Don Strachey.
All right.
This is good.
Then send him a message.
See if we can draw him out.
And what if
he doesn't respond?
He can't hide forever.
Oh, you take me
to all the nicest places.
One more complaint,
I swear I'll slap you.
Oh, that sounds

much more promising.
We're just here
to show our support.
Look, the other side's
out in full force.
I wonder if they have
an open bar at these things.
Donald!
And I have been
a guidance counselor
in this school
for over 30 years,
and I know
when a student
is in crisis.
This woman is promoting
homosexuality in the school.
She gave my son the number
for some gay recruiting place
and told him to call.
I gave him the number
for the Trevor Project,
which is a suicide
prevention hotline
for gay and
questioning youths!
In Haesemeyer
that's a decision
for the parent
to make,
not some lesbian.
- Please, can we...
- I've had this conversation
with this family
twice about my concerns
about Derek.
And we told you to mind your own
damn business, didn't we?
And it is my business.
I'm his guidance counselor.
I'll tell you, a little popcorn
and some Jujubes,
I could really start
enjoying myself.

This is serious.
Andrew said they've been looking
for any excuse at all
to... to fire her after
she came out publicly
a couple of years ago.
What's the matter with you?
All right.
Which one is he?
Where's the ex?
I don't know if I'd
even recognize him now.
He's probably...
bald and... and chubby.
Hey, just calm down, okay?
- What, are you one of them, too?
- Not bald.
- Yeah, I'm one of them.
- Figures.
We understand this
is a difficult issue,
and we'll be taking the matter
under consideration.
Until then,
we'll be placing
Miss Fisher
- on paid leave.
- No way.
What?
This meeting is adjourned.
I need a drink.
They can't do that.
This... This is
discrimination, isn't it?
Yeah, they can, at least
until the investigation's over.
Andrew.
Tim. Hey.
- Hey. Nice to see you.
- Hey.
- This must be Don Strachey.
- Hehe, must be.
It's great to meet you.
I've heard

so much about you.
The lucky guy who made
an honest man out of Tim Callahan.
Oh, I'd like to think
it took a little bit of skill.
So, uh, this
is all horrible.
If it's
any consolation,
this...
this is just wrong.
Yeah, don't worry.
We've not yet begun to fight.
Andrew, I'm getting
awfully thirsty.
Dorothy, Edith,
this is Tim Callahan
and his partner
Don Strachey.
- Pleasure.
- Hi, Don. Good to meet you.
- Nice to meet you.
- Pleasure.
I wish it was under slightly
more pleasant circumstances.
Yeah.
I don't suppose
we're going to be particularly
delightful company
this evening,
but if you'd like
to come back to the house
with Andrew
for a drink...
Or ten.
I plan on having ten.
You guys game?
- Well...
- Yes.
I like what you've
done with the place.
It's sort of
urban chic.
Kind of a smart aleck,

aren't you?
A little bit.
Some of my best friends
are smart alecks.
Then we'll get along.
Cops catch
whoever did that?
Yeah.
Right.
You're in Hollis
right now, not Albany.
At least these days
we don't have to worry
that it was the police
that did it.
That's a waltz.
Oh, a martini should
always be shaken to a waltz.
You know, it's just
kids acting out.
Doesn't make it
any easier to read.
I can ask the senator
to look into it as well.
That'd be great.
I'm sure we can get
a letter of support
from the Trevor Project.
I'll even see
if Lambda Legal
wants to get involved.
Ooh, no, no.
Andrew, I really
appreciate it.
Thank you, but I can
fight my own battles.
You always have.
Make it easier, though,
if you weren't
always picking fights.
We don't pick
our fights, Edith.
They pick us.
And I have

no intention
of backing down
at all.
Well, if you weren't
so tough on me
when I was going
to school here,
I wouldn't be
half the man I am today.
You were Andrew's
guidance counselor.
Well, you...
you didn't really need
much guidance, did you?
Andrew always knew
exactly what he wanted.
You know,
Andrew was the one
who first got me
interested in politics.
After I left
the seminary
and went to college,
I had no idea
what I wanted to do.
So you were
a good boy, huh?
Not always
such a good boy.
Stop that.
Well. Here's
to bad boys then, huh?
And to bad girls.
I'll drink
to that.
Okay.
Down!
Wait!
Don!
Hey, asshole!
I see you, you son of a bitch!
Come here!
Come here!
Everybody all right?

Yeah, yeah.

Everybody's fine.

- Did... Did you see who it was?

- No.

But I tell you, it didn't look like
some kid's prank, though.

Oh, God.

It's okay.

Morning!

Hey,

we get anything
on this mystery
client of ours?

I don't know.

Does his picture count?

You got his picture?

I remembered
there's a security camera
in the parking lot,
so I contacted
the guard service,
and they got me this.

Kenny Kwon...

good job.

As if the face and body
weren't enough.

There's a mind
to go with it, too.

He wrote back.

"I am traveling
in Taiwan this week.

Please e-mail me
the report as arranged."

Okay. Send him back
a message.

Just say
everything's fine.

Nothing suspicious.

We can keep him
online that way.

But I thought you were
supposed to contact Bailey
the second this guy
contacted you.

I will. Eventually.
First, I'd like to figure out what
this undercover cop's been investigating.
If we can figure out
who's got the most to lose,
maybe that'll lead us
to our mystery man.
Why do you even care?
We got paid.
I don't like being
made a fool of.
You know, go over my notes
from when I was tailing the cop.
Maybe you can figure out
what she's been working off now.
You realize
this is only
asking for trouble.
We don't pick
our fights, Kenny.
They pick us.
Where you going?
I'm heading
out to Hollis,
see if I
can help those ladies
figure out
who's harassing 'em.
Aw, that's sweet...
Private Eye
Donald Strachey
taking time out of his
busy crime-fighting schedule
to save two helpless
little old ladies.
We should
just move!
Then they win!
So what?
So what?
Maybe we win, too!
Maybe... Maybe we could go
to Vermont like we always wanted to
and start that

bed and breakfast.
Or... Or we could
take a year off,
- or we could go to Italy, Spain!
- No!
I've already
told you,
when we do
any of those things,
we are going to do them
on our own terms
and not because
some f'ing jackass
has spooked us
into leaving.
Fine. Have it
your way.
Talk to her,
would you please?
You always
fold the cards!
You do it
every time.
Whatever happens,
I'm not leaving
till we get it
figured out.
Oh, Andrew,
you got a life.
You've got a job
in San Francisco.
You can't just
pack up and...
I already took
two weeks off.
I'm sleeping right here
every night
until I know the two
of you are safe.
Oh, I've missed you
so much.
Oh, and you're
so far away. God.
And Don's offered

to help us out with the case.
Yeah. If that's
all right with you,
I'd like to ask a few questions,
see if I can help.
Starting with,
uh, Jonas Baskin.
What can you
tell me about him?
Well, he...
he's a bigot.
He's an idiot.
I don't think
he has a clue
how close his son is
to harming himself seriously.
But, uh, God,
I don't think he's a petty vandal.
Well, I'm not sure
I'd call this "petty."
I'm... I'm
dead certain
that this
is Joey Deems.
I told
the police that.
He's called me
so many worse things to my face,
you wouldn't
believe it.
Okay. Where can I
find Joey Deems?
Can I help you?
Yeah. Does Joey Deems
live here?
And who wants to know?
Don Strachey.
I'm a private investigator.
What do you want
with my son?
You know Dorothy Fisher
and Edith Strong?
Uh, I know them to say hello,
not much more.

Well, they've been having
some problems at their place.
Vandalism, spray painting,
graffiti, ugly stuff.
And you're accusing Joey
of being involved?
Evidently,
there's been some words
exchanged between them.
Joey wouldn't have
anything to do with that.
We raised him to be
a good Christian boy.
Good. Then I can
talk to him.
I don't think so. I don't think he'd have
anything to say to you.
And if you're looking
for more people
with a grudge against
those two women,
there's plenty of them
that are more ticked off
at them than Joey.
Okay. Who's that?
Oh, any of the neighbors
up and down Moon Road.
They didn't tell you
that, did they?
How they pissed everybody off
by refusing to sell.
You all got offers
on your properties?
You see, that's
what homosexuals do.
They make it seem
like everything
is some kind of prejudice
or something.
When really,
it's nothing of the kind.
Let's talk about you.
How ticked off are you?
I don't let anger

enter my heart, Mr...

- Strachey?

- Don's fine.

Don. Well, Don...

let me tell you
something.

God must've wanted me
to stay here for a reason,
and I am content to do
whatever he thinks is best.

Now, if you'll excuse me,
I have work to do.

- It's been nice talking to you.

- Thank you for your time.

Have a nice day.

You talk to Joey?

No.

Couldn't get
past papa bear.

You didn't tell me you had
an offer on your house.

Yeah.

Well, that was
a few months ago.

Sounds like you two
pissed off quite a few
of your neighbors.

Not "you two."

Dorothy.

She wouldn't even
consider the offer.

You wanted
to sell?

Well, it was
a lot of money.

And, yeah,

I'd love to move,
see some new sights.

Honestly, I was always
more of a city girl.

Then Dorothy got
offered the job,
and we had to find
a place to live,

and we've been here
ever since.
You don't seem
so happy about that.
Dorothy loves this house.
I love Dorothy.
But it hasn't been easy,
you know?
When we first got here, the neighbors
didn't even talk to us.
We were so isolated.
Lonely, huh?
Yeah. "Lonely"
is a good word.
"Invisible,"
that's another one.
But we've always had each other.
And things have gotten better
over the years.
I suppose they have.
Uh, so, the...
the trouble
with the school board,
that didn't start
till after
what happened
with the house, huh?
You think
they're connected?
I don't know.
Coincidental timing.
I'm not a big fan
of coincidence.
Who was it made
the offer on the house?
Some realtor.
I'd like
to talk to them.
All right. I ha...
I've got his card
upstairs.
She thinks I've quit.
If we don't demand equality,
we won't get it.

Nobody's just going
to offer it to us.
I'm just saying,
every step of progress
has been achieved
through incremental gains,
not grand,
sweeping gestures.
In the meantime,
we're supposed to be satisfied
just being
second-class citizens.
Don, what
do you think?
Oh, I try not to.
I wasn't expecting you home so early.
Well, the bad guys
weren't home.
Something
smells good.
Yeah, I picked it up
on the way over.
I know this great little place
near the bridge.
- They make the most incredible biryani.
- Yeah?
Don's not a big fan
of Indian food.
Well, got company.
I can make an exception.
So, honestly, Don,
don't you think
the best way
to affect change in the community
is through gradual growth?
Don agrees
with me.
Any real lasting change
is sudden and abrupt.
Oh, actually, I agree
with both of you.
I mean, yeah,
I think sometimes
a slow approach

is definitely
the most effective way to change,
but other times,
a more dramatic,
big-bang kind of a thing
is what's necessary.
But you're right,
the biryani is great.
Oh, Andrew, didn't you say
you were staying
with Dorothy
and Edith tonight?
Yeah. I can't believe
we've been talking for three hours.
Well, you know how time just
melts away when you're
talking social politics.
So, Don, any leads
on who's been threatening Dorothy?
No, not yet.
These things
take time.
- We still on for lunch on Monday?
- Absolutely.
I'll take you around
the Center Building.
We've just installed
a new cross-referencing
database
in the economics
science laboratory.
It's a date.
Andy, it's
good to see you.
Thanks for the food.
That really hit the spot.
My pleasure.
Next time, Thai.
I know this great place.
They deliver.
See you guys later.
Bye!
He's a good guy.
I like him.

Yep. Yep, yep,
yep, yep, yep.
I know what
you're doing.
This whole agreeing
with him thing?
This whole suddenly,
"I like biryani"?
You're jealous.
Jealous?
Using reverse psychology.
Making
a preemptive strike
on any old spark
lighting up.
Honey, you're crazy.
I love you,
but you're crazy.
I'm not jealous.
- Why not?
- What?
Why aren't you
jealous?
I mean, if I came home
and I found you
having a tte--tte
with an ex-boyfriend
over a plate
of Indian food,
you know
what I would do?
Yeah. You would
grab a plate
and join in,
just like I did.
You're right.
I would.
Rather depressing,
isn't it?
No, it is not
depressing.
Andrew McWhirter
is just like you.
He's a smart,

successful, beautiful,
good-hearted man.

Probably even likes
that weird chanty monk music
you listen to.

No. Andrew
introduced me to it.

Yeah.

See? You're
too much alike.

That's probably why you broke up
I don't want to come home
to somebody just like me every night,
and neither do you.

No. That's why
we're perfect together.

Mm-hmm. Exactly.

Still, it'd be nice if you were
just a little jealous.

Oh, I am.

You are?

Yeah.

Of him kissing you
on the hand like that.

Yeah?

I'm green with envy.

I'm... I'm seething
with jealousy.

Seething?

And there's only one way
that you can
make it up to me.

My mother wouldn't
have liked that.

Are you
out of your mind?

You should
try it.

Uh, nah.

Unfortunately, I seem to be
without a bathing suit.

Oh, that's okay.

I didn't bring one, either.

Thanks.

I was hoping we'd get
a second to be alone.

Uh, I don't know.

That's...

- No.

- It's okay.

- No one can see us out here.

- No.

It's not okay.

Oh, God. So you guys
are monogamous, huh?

Yeah.

Yeah, we are.

Yeah? That's a shame.

It would've been fun.

Make a habit on hitting
on married guys?

Guess you could
call it a bad habit.

You do that
with Timothy?

You don't need
to worry about that.

Tim and I
messed around in college,
and that was
a lifetime ago.

Besides, he's
always been more
like a best friend
to me, anyway.

- Help!

- Edie!

- Help!

- What?

Turn on the hose,
Dorothy!

...the goddamn hose!

Keep that clear!

Stay back!

Do you have
a fire extinguisher?

There's someone in there! Hurry!

What is this?

You weren't supposed
to go in there when...
Oh, my God!
Listen!
God.
Get out.
Get out.
Is he dead?
Yeah, he's dead.
Looks like he was using
some kind of chemical accelerant
to start the fire.
Probably got overwhelmed
by the fumes and passed out.
You think this is the guy
responsible for all the vandalism?
Hard to tell who he was
till the autopsy.
And exactly who
are you again?
Oh, he's a friend
of the family, Reg. Hi.
Right. All right,
now, listen.
We're gonna need formal
statements from all of you,
and then once
we I.D. this guy,
there'll be more questions,
all right?
Now,
in the meantime,
looks like
we've solved
your little
graffiti problem.
I told you
we should've just gone.
I don't want
to stay here.
Edith.
Edith.
I have lived in this house
for 35 years,

and I'm not about
to get run off now.
When did I
hear that before?
- Oh, yeah.
- Edith, not now!
Yesterday.
Edith. Edith, just wait.
This isn't
fresh paint, is it?
No, that's
from the first time.
I washed
all the others off.
I just didn't get
around to that one.
Why are you here?
It's my office.
Yeah!
The office that
you're never in before 10.
What
are you doing?
I've been here
all night...
scouring databases.
Find anything
interesting?
It's what I'm not finding
that's more interesting.
Well...
I got some good stuff
on that undercover cop of yours.
She's been planted
at a development company
owned by a guy
named Crane Sturgis.
Wait.
I tailed her for a week.
I got nothing.
How'd you get this?
Oh, I've got my sources
in the police department.
Sources?

Actually, I used to
date a guy in vice.
Sex was great,
but he kept losing
the key
to the handcuffs.
All right. Two things.
First, see
if you can find out
what projects
they're working on.
Second, stake
their office out a little bit.
Maybe you
can follow her.
Me?
I finally get to do
some fieldwork?
Well, she knows my face,
so it's up to you.
Can you handle this?
Please.
I've been stalking
this hot bartender
at the Waterworks Club
for three months.
I'm a pro.
Okay, Kenny, do not
get too close. Okay?
I just need to know what she's up to,
who she's meeting with.
Catch up with you later.
I got a few people
to piss off today.
Well, at least that's something
you're really good at.
So, do you think this is the guy
that's been harassing them?
That's what
the sheriff thinks.
I'm going to go by
the coroner's office later
and see what they found out.
Thank Goodness

no one was hurt.

Yeah.

Tim, I've got
Andrew McWhirter
on line two.

Thanks.

I got it.

That's Andrew
calling about
lunch today.

You want
to join us?

Yeah, uh, honey,
Andrew, um...

Sorry. No, I don't.

Tell him...

Tell him I said hi.

I will.

I love you.

Yeah. Love you, too.

Oh, right in the middle of...

Are we supposed to wait here?

That was kind of nice.

Strachey?

I got a page
to come down here.

- Was that you?

- Well...

I was afraid
you might not take my call.

- You're absolutely right about that.

- I'm willing to trade.

- Come on.

- Tr...

What have you got
that I want?

E-mail address
for that guy
that hired me

to follow your officer.

You were supposed to get in touch
with me when he called you.

I am. This is me
getting in touch.

Strachey, this is
not a negotiation.
You have information
vital to an ongoing investigation,
you give it
to me now.
I'm planning on it.
Just need
an autopsy report.
- Ge... Strachey!
- Come on!
A John Doe was killed
out in a fire in Hollis last night.
Here's your
e-mail address.
Use it to ID the guy.
We're on the same team.
No, we're not.
Come on.
Here you go.
Oh, I'm so sorry.
My dad getting them to suspend you...
it's all my fault.
Listen to me.
You're not to blame.
Do you understand that?
Now, what is happening with me
is not important.
Really, what's important
is that we get you help.
I can't handle it
anymore, Ms. Fisher.
They're talking about
sending me away.
Well, uh...
- I'll talk to them.
- You already did.
Well, uh, I will
try again.
And I'll keep on trying
until they listen.
How's that?
I promise.
- Jonas.

- What the hell you doing with my son?

Oh, we're just...

we're just talking.

Maybe if you come
and talk with us...

No, I don't want to hear
anything you got to say.

Derek, get in the truck.

- Now!

- Derek.

I... I really
get how difficult

- this is to deal with.

- There's nothing to deal with.

You just got him
all confused, that's all.

You're right.

He is confused.

He's very,
very confused.

And if he doesn't get
the help he needs...

He's gonna get help,
just not your kind.

Jonas,
he is your son.

Can't you put his needs first,
for Christ's sake?

I love my son.

I raised him by myself,
and I'll be damned

if I'm gonna stand by
while anybody tells me
what's best for my kid!

Get your hands
off of her!

Don't touch me.

Stop it!

Stop it,

both of you,

for Christ's sake!

Well, at least one good thing's
come out of all this.

You just got your ass

fired for good!
Maybe it'll finally
get through to you
nobody wants you
here in Hollis!
Oh, God.
You all right?
Well, I tell you,
these parent-teacher conferences
are a little different
- than when I was a kid.
- Oh, God.
I'm so sorry.
- Are you okay?
- I'm used to it.
Come on,
let's get you
- some ice.
- Yeah.
Here you go.
I got you
some ice.
You know, I tried everything
I could think of
to get... ooh...
Derek's father to listen,
but I couldn't do it.
Can't save all of them,
right?
Listen, it is
not in my nature
to give up.
I know what you mean.
And speaking of,
I was looking
at the title records
database
for the residents
here on Moon Road,
and I noticed that
Edith's not on your title.
She never has been.
When I met her,
she didn't have any money,

and the bank insisted mine
be the only name on the deed.
You never changed that.
Edith is in my will.
She's taken care of.
Is there some reason
that this is important?
Well, I was just curious.
Tell me about,
uh...
coming out last year
at the school.
That must've been rough.
Uh, well...
yeah.
It was certainly
a firestorm at the time,
but we got through it.
Seems like
a big decision
so late in life.
Late in life?
Is that a euphemism for
"You're too damn old
to come out
of the closet"?
Is that what that is?
No. I just figured something
must've happened.
Well, uh...
...let's just say
that I spent
too many years being what other people
wanted me to be,
and I'd finally
just had enough.
And I went, "To hell
with what they think!
I can only be
who I am."
Uh, the guy in the barn.
Did you ever
identify him?
No. No. They haven't

identified him yet.
Something interesting
did come up on the autopsy report...
a blunt-force trauma
to the back of the head.
They think a timber
fell and hit him.
And you don't
agree with that?
I didn't see any timbers
anywhere near him,
and an injury like that
could've been from anything.
It could've happened
right before the fire.
You think this
was a murder?
I think there's
a very good chance
that this isn't over yet,
and I want
you and Edith
to be very,
very careful.
I'm sorry.
I gotta take this.
Yeah, Kenny.
You need to get
over here.
You're on that cop,
right?
She's at a coffee house
on the corner
of Cambridge and Shiloh.
And she's not alone.
Who's she with?
You're not going
to believe this.
The guy she's having a grande
nonfat Frappuccino with
right this second
is the same guy
that hired us
to follow her.

So much for Taiwan.
All right, Kenny,
I'm on my way.
Just do not lose her.
All right?
Please. I'm like
a chameleon.
I got to go.
Um...
I do need to speak
with Edith, though.
Oh, yeah. She'll...
She'll be back soon.
I'll, uh, call later.
Maybe I'll even come by.
Yeah, great. Thanks.
Thank you.
Good work.
You cover the lady cop.
I got him.
How come I don't
get the hot guy?
Just go.
Hey, buddy, can you move
your damn car, please?
Strachey, you parasite!
Thanks to the damn
pictures you took
of me outside
that strip club,
Daddy's cut off
my trust fund!
I'm going to go broke!
I ought to sue you,
Strachey!
By the time
I'm done with you,
you won't have
a pot to piss in!
Kenny. Yeah.
Tell me you still
have the cop.
Yeah.
I'm still on her.

Okay, good. W-Where?
She's at
Sturgis Development.
I'm on my way.
It's me.
One word about me
hanging out in bathrooms
and I'll quit.
Too easy.
You try finding
someplace inconspicuous
in a building
like this.
You wanted
to do fieldwork.
Where is she?
She's in the office.
She works
under the same name
that guy gave us...
Elizabeth Gaston.
But I still haven't been able to figure out
what she's doing exactly.
Well, there's one trick that works
when all else fails.
Walk in and ask her.
Hello.
- Good afternoon. Can I help you?
- Yeah.
I'm looking for Elizabeth.
- Elizabeth Gaston?
- That's the one.
And you are?
I'm Berne Gaston,
her ex-husband.
Ms. Gaston,
Berne is here to see you.
What are you doing here?
Hi, sweetheart.
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean
to bust in here like this,
but you didn't pay the child support
again this month,

- and I didn't know what to do.

- You know what?

Why don't you come
back to my office,
and we'll
discuss this, Berne.

Okay.

Thank you.

Wow! We're gonna have to
talk about increasing
those alimony
payments.

You know, I could get
your license suspended
for interfering
with a criminal investigation.

I actually came by
to tell you I found the guy
that hired me
to follow you.

You just had coffee
with him an hour ago.

- Are you sure?

- Oh, I'm sure.

I think he may also be involved
in another case that I'm working.

Look, whatever
you've got going here,
I think someone may
have been killed over it.

Killed? Who?

Why don't we trade
a little information, huh?

- What are you working on?

- How about I call downtown right now
and have you dragged back
to that interrogation room
the minute you step foot
outside this building?

Look, you don't want
to answer my questions,
I'll just wander
around here,
see if I can find

someone who will!
It's a fraud
investigation.
We had an informant
come forward a year ago
who told us
Crane Sturgis
was buying off
zoning commissioners.
He'd acquire a lot
of residences cheaply,
knowing that he was
short of getting them
re-zoned to commercial use
whenever he wanted.
Doesn't sound like a good enough reason
to kill someone.
Are you kidding me?
It's about 40 million
good reasons
to kill somebody,
per project.
Sturgis currently has three projects
in the planning stages.
All right, who was
your coffee date?
His name
is Peter Garritty.
He's a real estate broker.
He puts together properties
for commercial development.
What were you meeting
with him about?
He's been after me
to see if Sturgis
might still
be interested
in the Hollis
SuperCenter project.
It got derailed
a couple of months ago.
'Cause one of the homeowners
didn't want to sell.
Okay, your turn.

Who got killed?
They haven't
ID'd the guy.
Look, ask Bailey.
He'll tell you.
Someone got burnt up
in Hollis last night.
Someone's definitely trying
to make sure that this thing...
- Elizabeth.
- Mr. Sturgis.
Oh, baby, I missed you!
Don't you understand that?
Why you gonna hold that
against me?
I want you back.
Gimme another chance.
Berne... You love
doing this to me, don't you?
- Seeing me beg like this?
- I think you need to leave.
That woman is
the best damn thing
that ever
happened to me.
He's my ex.
He's kind of
an asshole.
That's crazy.
You're the only
connection I have
to what's going on
in Hollis.
You asked Timothy
to invite me to that hearing.
For support.
What is going on
here, Don?
You don't think
that Andrew had
- something to do with this?
- I'm not buying it.
You know who
Peter Garritty is, don't you?

I'm sorry. I don't.
He's a real estate broker.
Same one that tried to get Dorothy
and Edith to sell their place.
He also hired me
to follow someone.
So if you didn't give him
my name, how'd he find me?
I have no idea.
Maybe you should ask him.
Andrew, listen.
If you are involved in this thing
in any way,
you need to tell me.
Right now.
A man got killed.
Dorothy and Edith could be next.
Look, Don, if this is about me
kissing you last night...
You kissed him?
I was gonna
tell you about that.
You kissed him.
He kissed me.
There's a difference.
G...
Timothy, come on.
Hey.
Hey.
I stopped it
immediately.
And I made it very clear
I was not interested.
You did?
Yes.
Why didn't
you tell me?
I wanted to.
Th...
The fire happened.
There wasn't...
No. You know what
the problem was, Don?
He's your friend.

You clearly
look up to him.
You admire him.
I can see that.
And up until a couple
of hours ago,
I didn't want that
to change.
You did it for me?
Yeah.
You have
that thing...
...that thing
I love
where you see people
as basically good.
It's one of the things
I love the most about you.
I don't have it.
And, Tim, I hope
that I'm wrong.
But it doesn't feel right.
I don't trust him.
The only thing
I am sure of... I love you.
Okay?
Okay.
I'll call you.
Bye.
Back to work.
Back to work.
There's nothing
to see here.
Kenny, you're sure?
You checked both state
and federal records?
Yeah, I don't know.
But I'm about
to find out.
Thanks, Kenny.
It said, "Our love
is our home forever."
We carved it
into the wood

when we rebuilt the old barn,
put our initials on it.
This is close to a wedding vow
as we've ever had.
Maybe, but these
aren't your initials.
Are they?
I've checked every database
known to man.
You didn't exist
before 1972.
Which would explain
the photos in your house.
Dorothy's go back
to the beginning.
Yours start
when you two met.
Now, how about being
honest with me?
"You can't hide"?
That wasn't written by somebody
who was threatening Dorothy.
They were harassing
someone with a secret.
We all have secrets,
don't we?
Who are you?
Really.
Laura Whitaker.
I haven't said
that name in years.
That's who I was...
Laura Whitaker.
Okay, what happened
to Laura Whitaker?
She...
Sh-She...
killed a man.
I killed a man...
a good man
who was my friend.
His name was Michael.
We were
young activists

when I was living
in Manhattan,
back when I thought fighting
actually made a difference.
We both lost brothers
in the Vietnam War.
You can't know
what it was like
to know how wrong that war was
and have nobody listening.
You wanted to make
someone listen.
We decided to bomb
a courthouse.
A blow against authority.
We knew the courthouse
was empty.
We planted
the explosives.
Everything was
going perfectly.
But then,
at the very last moment...
...we found out that there was
a janitorial crew inside.
We both ran back.
I got them out.
All of them, but...
But Michael.
The explosion
was in the news for weeks.
I went into hiding.
Changed your identity.
By the time
I got to Albany,
I was already
Edith Strong, and...
...Laura Whitaker
was just a memory.
Dorothy knows
nothing about this?
No. Are you going
to tell her?
Please.

You can't.
It... It will
break her heart.
Which part,
the truth or the fact
that you didn't trust her
enough to share it with her?
Now, somebody
found out.
Do you have
any idea who?
No. This man
called me at home
when Dorothy
was at work.
He warned me
that he would go to the police
and tell them
who I really was.
What did he want?
For us to sell
the house.
I tried to get her
to sell,
but she wouldn't
even think about it.
You're behind
the vandalism?
No. Not all of it.
Look. Look,
all the craziness
at the school
was happening,
and so
I just thought...
- I just... I just wanted us...
- Who?
to get away
from here, to...
for everything to go back
the way it was.
Who? Who'd you
get to do it?
Joey. Joey Deems.

But I never wanted him to go this far...
all the vandalism, the...
the brick through the window,
the... the fire.
That... That poor man.
You think Joey Deems
is still behind all this?
I don't know.
I hope not.
Edie!
Edie!
We're coming!
Andrew! They're
hurting him!
This came
in my e-mail.
Please! Stop!
Dear God.
They wouldn't kill him, would they?
No. We're gonna
get him back.
But I don't have
\$500,000.
Yeah, but
you have the house.
This house isn't
worth \$500,000!
It's not the house.
It's about the property.
I'm willing to bet that developer
who tried to get you
to sell a few months ago would give you
anything in exchange for the title.
That's what this
whole thing's about.
He would do that
for a house?
It's a \$40 million deal.
Somebody wants to make sure
it happens.
They can't get
away with this.
I can't risk them
hurting Andrew, so...

...if it's the house
he wants,
then we will
sign over the house.
Dot.

No. We have to
call the police.

No!

No. You saw
the message here.

They know how to deal
with kidnapppers.

Well, so do you,
don't you?

Please. Help us.

Okay.

But if we do this,
we do it my way.

Hang on.

- Hey.

- How badly is Andrew hurt?

Uh, just beat up
from the looks of it.

Are you gonna be
able to give them the ransom?

Maybe, if I hurry.

But they've already killed one person.

- I doubt they're going to let Andrew go.

- So, what do you do?

Whoever burned down the barn has to be
the same person that took Andrew.

If I can figure out
who that is
by midnight tonight...

You two, stay here and keep
Dorothy and Edith safe.

- All right?

- You're the one that I'm worried about.

Don't do
anything crazy.

Do I ever?

Yes.

Frequently.

Kenny, I need you to do

one other thing, quietly.
You really expect me
to go along with this?
Think Sturgis
can get access
to a half a million
dollars cash tonight?
That's not a problem
for him.
But I'm gonna have to convince him
that this is legit.
Dorothy Fisher
signed a contract.
She turned over the title
to her property
to Crane Sturgis
in exchange for \$500,000.
That's a copy.
You can get the original with the money.
I don't know.
We've both got something
to gain here.
If Crane Sturgis
can be involved in this thing,
he's certainly got
the most to gain.
You can make a much
bigger case here than fraud.
Okay. I'll have to
hurry, though.
I only have half an hour
to get someone
at the bank working on this
before they close.
Okay. Call me on my cell phone
when you got it worked out.
- It'll take me a few hours.
- That's okay.
I got a few
stops to make.
- Strachey.
- Yeah, it's Bailey.
Look, they ID'd
that guy from the barn.

Thought we'd see if it rang
any bells for you.
Let me take a guess.
Leo Colter,
private investigator.
How the hell
did you know that?
Colter's been working with a guy
named Peter Garritty.
He's a real estate broker.
Garritty's the same guy that hired me
to follow your undercover cop.
So, what is this
all about?
What else? Money.
My guess is Colter's dead
because someone got greedy.
So you think this
Garritty person killed him?
I don't know yet.
But I think I may have just uncovered
one hell of a motive.
Uh, okay.
You need to get
a hold of the sheriff
and tell him
everything you know.
Because they have been
so helpful so far.
Sorry, detective.
I got to go.
Where is he?
Sh... Sh... Don't shoot me!
Please don't shoot me!
Where's
Andrew McWhirter?
Who?
Don't play games
with me.
Honest to God, I don't know
who you're talking about.
I saw you at Dorothy Fisher
and Edith Strong's house.
Oh, all right, all right.

I threw a brick, okay?
And I painted the barn,
but that's all.
I was just trying
to scare them!
Why'd you hire me to follow
Elizabeth Gaston?
Because she's the one that fixed
all the deals for Crane Sturgis.
I was just trying to see if there's
anything, you know, I could find.
Why? So you could blackmail her
like you did Edith Strong?
Just wanted
some insurance.
Got to make sure
she pushed Sturgis for the deal.
Who told you
to hire me?
Nobody! All right?
I just found you the way
I found Leo Colter.
How stupid
do you think I am?
All right.
All right.
I saw you on the cover
of that magazine,
you know, the...
the gay one.
I figured
because you were gay,
you could get into places without
that Gaston broad getting suspicious.
You know?
Because...
Because women trust
you gay guys.
Do you know where
your buddy Colter is right now?
I swear to God I don't.
I've... I've been trying to call him.
It's like he disappeared.
He's dead. If you don't start

giving me some answers...

Yeah, Bailey.

So, did you get
the money?

Good. Well, I'll just
head over there now, then,
and I'll trade it
for Andrew McWhirter.

Good. I've got
one more stop to make.

So I'll meet you
at Dorothy Fisher's house
on Moon Road in an hour,
and I'll have the title.

Good.

What do you want?

You been here
all night, Mr. Deems?

- What business is that of yours?

- I need to talk to Joey.

Look, I already
told you.

We don't know anything about
what happened to those women.

Well, you're wrong, because
I happen to know for a fact
that Joey did break into their house
and vandalize it.

- No. He wouldn't.

- Now I'm trying to figure out
whether he may have committed
an arson, possibly a murder,
and may have taken
a couple of shots at me.

Who do you think
you are,

coming here,
accusing my family?

Hey, I'm just a guy
looking for the truth, okay?

So either I can
talk to your son,
or the cops can
come here and do it.

Yeah, well,
he's not here,
and he doesn't know
anything about that.
You know what?
Let's figure out how deeply
you're involved, okay?
Because I happen
to know for a fact
that the contract you signed
on your house has a 90-day window,
which means in two days
the whole shot you may have had
at selling your property
goes down the drain.
Sounds like a hell
of a motive to me.
You know what?
I'll tell you what I think.
I think those two ladies deserve
whatever's happening to them.
This is our one chance
to sell this dump
and lead decent lives
for a change.
I thought God
wanted you here.
Well, maybe he did
for a time.
But we have been
sent deliverance
from the good people
at the Millpond Company.
And those two have
almost ruined it for all of us.
Good night.
Hey!
Holy shit.
Hey, guys.
Sorry about that.
Nice place you got here.
Kind of romantic.
What the fuck
are you doing here?

Hey, Derek.

I'm Don.

We didn't get to meet
the other night
when I was introduced
to your dad.

Hell of a guy.

You can't... You
can't tell anyone.

Hey, look,

take it easy, okay?

I don't really give a damn
what you guys are doing together.

Joey, you got to tell me
the truth about something.

Did you have anything
to do with that fire
over at Dorothy
and Edith's barn?

No. I didn't
do anything.

But you did
do something.

Broke into their place,
spray painted
on their walls, right?

Only because
she told me to.

- You did that?

- She asked me to. I swear.

You didn't have anything
to do with that fire?

No.

Why did you do that
to Ms. Fisher's house?

The other old lady
wanted me to.

I understand you may
have gotten a little
carried away,
huh?

Or just a little more violent
than what she asked?

I want them

to leave, okay?
Joey!
Everything was
great between us
before you started
talking to her.
Ms. Fisher's
been helping me.
But we were fine.
Nobody knew.
We were careful to make sure
nobody knew.
Yeah, we were.
And it's been making me crazy,
you know?
Sneaking around
all the time,
lying to everybody?
I've been trying
to tell you how fucked up
it makes me feel,
but...
you never want
to hear about it.
Well, guess what. You don't have to worry
about that anymore.
You and me, it's going
to have to stop.
What?
I told you to tell her
to shut up,
but she just kept pushing
and pushing, and I just...
I want her to go away.
Hey, Joe,
I got to tell you.
It's because of
people like her
that in
a lot of places
you two wouldn't
have to hide.
You don't know
Hollis, mister.

Maybe I don't,
but I know
a lot of places
like it.
I get it, okay?
It sucks.
But I promise you,
if you guys hang in there,
maybe take care
of each other a little bit,
I promise you, you'll always
have someone you can count on.
Okay? No matter
where you wind up.
All right?
Hey.
Put the cars around back,
like you said.
Yeah. Did you find
what I asked you for?
Yeah.
I felt kind of icky,
though,
sneaking around
in their personal papers.
Yeah, well, that is the job,
so get used to it.
So, what are you
going to do?
Couples counseling.
There you are.
This is all very
strange, you know,
sitting around
in the dark like this.
We need the house
to look empty.
Kenny, keep
an eye on them.
We've got
another e-mail.
They want Dorothy
to bring the money
to the old Hampton Bridge

at midnight.

I don't think we're
going to be making
that appointment.

Why?

- Did you find Andrew?

- No.

What I am finding out
is making my job
a hell of a lot more difficult,
and I'll tell you,
I've had about enough
of you two lying to me.
Especially you,
Dorothy.

What are you talking about?

Talking about
the mortgage on the house.

Or should I say
"mortgages"?

Three of them.

You had no right to go
through my things.

What?

That can't be right.

Don, what's going on?

She's been taking out
\$10,000 a month in cash
for almost
a year and a half.

You're being blackmailed,
aren't you?

But why?

So you... Edith,

Dorothy knows.

She knows who
you really are.

Mmhh.

An envelope was delivered
to the school,
and it was
full of clippings...
...about the bombing
in New York City.

And they had photographs of you
from the newspaper.
Your hair was different
and you were younger,
but, uh...
Oh, I'd know
that face anywhere.
Oh, Dot.
And they, uh,
they said that
they would go to the police
and tell them everything
if I didn't
pay up.
Why didn't you
tell me?
Because I was pulling all that money
out of the house,
and I thought
you would say no,
and I thought you would
prefer to go to jail than...
than risk our home.
I couldn't lose you.
I wouldn't.
I wouldn't
lose you.
Dorothy...
I am so sorry.
I should've told you
years ago.
I wish I had.
I thought that you
would hate me.
Hate you?
How could I hate you?
You're the love
of my life.
I'd... I'd do
anything for you.
Edie, I am so tired
of all these secrets.
There's somebody
out there.

Okay, uh,
that is a woman
with a half
a million dollars.
Next step... no matter
what happens out there,
you all stay inside
and out of sight.
- Got it?
- Yes.
Timothy.
Inside.
A lot of trouble
for this old place.
Well, home is where
the heart is, you know.
Where are
the women?
Oh, they're safe
at my place.
Did you get it?
Half a million
dollars.
You got
the title deed?
So Sturgis went
for it, huh?
To help secure
a \$40 million deal?
He jumped at it.
Garritty's here watching us.
Play along.
Uh, in fact, you've been
working with Peter Garritty
on putting together the, uh,
Moon Road options, huh?
Uh, we talked
about it.
I also understand that the title
to the Fisher house
is the last piece
of the puzzle.
- Is that right?
- Right.

Okay. So, I got
a proposition for you.
Since all the rest of the options
are expiring
in less than two days,
what if you and I were
to hang onto this title?
We could pick up the rest
of the options for ourselves, swoop in,
sell the whole thing
to Sturgis.
We get to be millionaires.
What do you think?
So we cut out Garritty.
Yeah.
No!
You can't do that.
This was my deal!
Oh, my God.
What's happening?
Kenny, call
the sheriff's office.
Do you have any idea how hard
I worked to put this thing together?
Peter, I'd put the gun down
if I were you.
Give me
the land title now!
Albany PD. Put the gun down.
Put it down now!
I got some more bad news
for you, Peter.
Not only is she
Albany PD,
she also killed
your buddy Colter,
and she tried
to kill you
tonight
at your office.
Me?
Yeah. See,
the whole thing
about swooping in

and picking up the other options?

Officer Santer here

thought of that before I did.

She almost got away

with it, too.

- Isn't that right?

- You're crazy.

Must've been irresistible to you,

living on a cop's salary.

Garritty shows up

with this fat deal.

How much were you going to sell

the whole project for?

Five, ten

million dollars?

Give me the title deed.

Garritty and Colter

are crooks.

You're the only one

willing to commit murder.

Oh, you never should've

gotten involved in this.

I had to be involved.

Who else was going

to take care of the ransom?

Andrew knew that.

That's why you got

my boyfriend

to bring me

that teacher thing.

Isn't that right,

Andrew?

This could've been

so easy.

Yeah, but you shouldn't have

gotten me involved.

See, at first,

I couldn't figure out why

are Dorothy and Edith

both getting blackmailed.

And then I realized

I got two problems.

You wanted

the money, Andrew.

You wanted to pick up
all the options
and sell them all
to Sturgis.
It was inevitable your two paths
were going to cross.
Why not get together,
fake a little kidnapping?
Everybody gets
what they want, huh?
Till this little one wants
the whole damn thing for herself.
You know what?
You're all fucking guilty.
I'm just gonna take my money
and let the two of you fight over the title.
- Like hell you are!
- No!
Kenny, shots fired!
Get in here!
Let it go, Andrew!
Why couldn't you just deliver the ransom
like you were supposed to?
What, the \$10,000 a month
you've been scamming from Dorothy
is not enough, huh?
How'd you find out
about Edith's past?
She talks a lot
when she drinks.
One night,
she just broke down.
Said she did
some terrible things.
You son of a bitch.
They trusted you.
Yeah, it's a gift of mine.
People just naturally like me.
Yeah, well, I don't.
Not anymore.
Good.
Women's Softball League
finally paid off.
Hey...

Okay. You ready?
Coming through.
Coming through.
Oh, it was part
of the sting, Bailey.
Save it for the jury.
This is gonna be
a shitload of paperwork.
Yeah, he does that.
Welcome to my world.
The only thing
I haven't been able to figure out
is why did he have Garritty
hire us to follow her?
Guess it really was
a coincidence.
Well, like you said,
a good detective...
Kenny!
Hey, Edie,
it's gonna be okay.
I'm gonna be by your side
the whole time.
Don't you worry.
Someday, when I'm old
like all you guys,
I hope I have an amazing
relationship, too.
Yeah.
What's your E.T.A?
What?
It was a compliment!
That's a roger, Dispatch.
I got nothing
to say to you.
Look, we got started
on the wrong foot.
Well, why don't we
just keep it that way?
What the hell are these?
They're
autopsy photos.
Teen suicides.
Hey, your son

is begging for your help.
He's my little boy.
Yeah, I know.
What's this?
Called
the Trevor Project.
Sometimes parents need
about as much help
as their kids dealing
with this stuff.
What did
he want, Dad?
My son.
Naked?
Well, you wanted
to hear the whole story.
Well!
I don't want to anymore.
Well, that is
your prerogative,
but I'm not keeping
any secrets from you.
Never again.
I guess Andrew and I
aren't as much alike as I thought.
No. Thank God.
I like you
much better.
Do you think Edith
will be okay?
I do.
My bet is,
with a plea bargain,
she'll probably
do six months,
maybe a year or two
of house arrest after that.
She'll be all right.
- With Dorothy by her side?
- Mm-hmm.
- And Dorothy got her job back.
- She did.
These kids need her.
And she needs them.

Do you think
we'll still be together
Oh, yes.
We will.
You'll still be carping
about our second date.
Well, you were flirting
with that wannabe
outlaw biker.
I was not flirting.
We were having
a conversation.
With your back to me.
For, like,
Maybe.
It was not
more than that.
- How would you know?
- How do I know that?
You... You had
How would you know anything?
And you were taking notes.
I was terrified.
What do you want me to do?
Nothing.