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Queen of Earth

By Alex Ross Perry

- Why are you doing this to me?
- I can't explain it.
You can't explain it.
You can't explain it...
You can't explain it...
You will explain it.
No, I can't. Really.
How could you do this,
so soon after the accident?
It wasn't an accident, Catherine.
It was on purpose.
And besides... this over-reliance
has been suffocating.
How soon after did you start seeing her?
- That's a ridiculous question.
- Well, answer it.
Before...
"Before..."
"Before"?
- Can we please just relax?
- No we can't "please just"...
I'm pleading with you here.
Well, you don't get any pleas,
you piece of shit.
- I hate you.
- So, this shouldn't be too painful.
No, it shouldn't. It's just one more thing
on top of everything else.
It's just one more thing.
You're being dramatic.
My father was my life,
and my family was my life.
And then you were a part of both,
and now...
Now I hate you.
Now I hate you, you dishonest sneak!
I'm not looking for you
to understand me here.
Well, good, because there's no chance
of that happening.
I just think that you've been misdirecting
a lot of anger towards me,
the past few months,
and I can't take it...

Oh, good for you. I'm glad
that you've figured that out. Good.
Feel better? Good.
Don't you think we've got to the place
where we rely on each other too much
for it to be healthy?
Do not try to...
justify this, as some sort of effort
to help me
or save me, like you're doing me
a fucking favour!
Like I should thank you!
It's not untrue.
No. It's not untrue.
Just go. Just go.
I don't want you seeing me like this.
Go. Please. Just leave me alone.
Please, just leave me alone.
Go!
Why are you walking?
I didn't feel like waiting.
It's, like, two miles to the house.
Catherine...
Hey...
Thanks for the exile.
That's what this place is here for.
What's happening with your apartment?
He's moving out while I'm here.
And that is it.
All right.
- Your regular room awaits.
- Oh...
Everything feels so close to me.
Like the good and the bad.
Well, things aren't so bad right now,
though.
No...
You're absolutely right, Virginia.
They're worse.
They're much, much worse.
Well, there's nothing
you can do about that now, so...
- You may as well...
- He must've really suffered, you know.

My father.
He was afflicted.
People say that depression is a sickness,
but I never thought of it that way.
I always just thought of it
as one of his problems.
Just like work or money are problems,
you know.
Now that's he's gone,
it's all I can think about.
Goddammit, you're gonna make me throw up.
Can't a guy fix a cup of java
for his special lady?
What would happen if you broke up?
She'd have to fix her own coffee.
I'm not joking.
You seem cripplingly codependent.
- No, we don't?
- "We"?
You just said...
Well, why did you say "we"?
I'm talking about you.
There's no "we" in this scenario.
You sound like Smagol.
Ginny... Why so negative?
Only my closest friends call me Ginny.
Virginia.
- Why so negative?
- I don't know, James.
Hey, you said, remember?
We were gonna have a nice morning.
You can't force anyone
to have a nice morning.
Yes, you can.
I wasn't speaking to you.
Well, now you're speaking to me.
- Hey.
- Hey.
I thought you were asleep. I went out.
- I couldn't sleep.
- It's so quiet here.
Exactly.
That looks good.
I'm rusty.

What?

I said I'm rusty.

Oh...

- Where'd you get these?

- I went to the store.

What, do you think

I brought all of that with me?

The store's, like, four miles.

Well, I just started walking
and then I was there.

Please don't say that.

Because I won't stand to be treated
by you that way, anymore. That's why.

I don't care about that!

And that is insulting to the both of us.

I have to go. She's watching me.

Don't ask.

Was that James?

Does "don't ask" mean something different
where you're from?

- We're from the same place.

- I'd really rather not.

I wasn't sure if you were still in here.

Where else would I be?

You want to go for a walk or something?

It's nice out.

My face hurts.

How do you mean?

Can you please not make me talk
right now? I'm sorry.

What are you doing in here?

What do you mean?

What are you doing?

Like... actually?

It's all dark in here.

I'm hiding.

From what?

It drives me crazy that places like this
are so close to the city.

- Places like this?

- Yeah, you know...

Where tranquillity isn't just a myth.

You can come here

any time my family isn't using it.

Any time, Ginny? Labor Day?

Memorial Day? Fourth of July?

- I told you not to call me Ginny.

- He's joking.

Well, some jokes make me
feel uncomfortable.

- This is my fault.

- No. Not really.

Can we not do this, please?

I thought we came here to relax.

Or at least I did. I don't know...

about what you two are doing.

Well, relaxing or having a vacation would
imply that, at some point, it might end.

So, you can't really get away from it all,
if that's all you're doing, you know.

Then you're just... a bum.

Are you a bum, Ginny?

What a stupid, shitty thing to say.

I don't care at all about going back.

And in fact, now that I think about it,

I'd... just as soon not.

Right. B-U-M, bum.

Just mind your own business, Your Majesty.

OK, um...

- Where are you going?

- I'm just gonna, uh...

give you two a little space.

Not necessary. We're fine.

Still gonna just... excuse myself.

- Please don't.

- Yeah, please don't.

Thank you. That was very mature.

What's it like, having all the answers,
all the time, to everything?

- Must be such a luxury?

- It is. Immeasurably.

Please don't do this.

I mean...

It's not the end of the world,
but could you at least acknowledge
that you never stopped to think about
what I might have wanted from this trip?
Are you calling me a lousy friend?

Are you saying that you're a lousy friend?

I don't know what you want me to say.

I love you more than anything,
you stupid brat.

Well, we should trade places.

See how we feel then.

- Oh, sorry.

- It's OK.

Guys, this is Rich.

His parents have a place next door.

- Hey.

- Hey, Rich. I'm James. Nice to meet you.

- How was lunch?

- Fine.

- So, you live next door, Rich?

- Yeah.

- How long you had the place?

- Oh, a long time.

- Long time...

- Yeah. Before my folks...

- Do you want a beer?

- Sure. Thanks.

Well, no, we should...

We should go.

- No. Hang out. Seriously.

- Let's hang out.

Come on. Have a seat.

Let's have a drink.

I don't know when the last time
we took a vacation was.

Well, I travel a lot for work, so...

- What do you do, Catherine?

- I manage my father's business.

- That sounds, like, suspicious, right?

- Mm...

Catherine's father is a prominent
New York "artiste".

- Oh... Have I heard of him?

- I doubt it.

He built that giant sculpture
in Union Square.

Oh, The Perisphere?

- Mm...

- "Mm...", what? I know some shit.

- I didn't expect it.

- So, what do you do?

Do you monitor The Perisphere?

Polish The Perisphere?

- I manage his affairs.

- Clerical work.

No, it's not. I mean, it's not paperwork.

It's not? Why do you always

have those paper cuts?

It's responsible work.

It's dull.

See, Catherine is this great artist.

But... she's hiding in her father's shadow,

afraid to break out on her own.

Thank you, but it is responsible work

and I very much enjoy doing it.

She's, basically, his assistant.

Well, I don't see that there's

anything wrong with being an assistant

to one of our great living artists.

And how many people did you beat out

to win that great position?

I would tell you, but I don't think you would

understand the concept of a job interview.

You're killing me.

- Please, don't talk to me like that.

- Like what?

Like you're superior to me,

or to any of us.

Why not?

Um... because it's dull.

And it's uninteresting.

Well, we all can't live

in a magical fantasy land.

Uh...

I think if you use your imagination,

you can have a pretty good time.

I think that is an incredibly...

ignorant and childish thing to say.

OK...

Well, I don't know.

I just don't think I was built

for that kind of nonsense.

I think I was made to be a member

of the modern aristocracy.

- What does that mean?

- Mm...

Because I have this great house.

It's your parents' house,

which they let you use, occasionally.

You didn't earn it, so don't act like you're entitled to it.

- Why are you being so confrontational?

- I'm just being realistic.

I'm serious. I just want to have a nice time and relax.

As opposed to what?

Relaxing every other day of your life?

I don't relax every day.

I'm sorry. You have one bad thing happen to you, like, three months ago.

Don't pretend that this is some break from a tedious and stressful existence.

OK, you know what?

Don't worry about me.

- I'm not.

- Don't think about me. Forget it. Please.

Cat, come on...

Oh, look who has something to say.

Now you want to get involved?

- We're tired.

- "We" are not tired. Don't say "we".

I'm not tired. Just because you're tired, doesn't mean that I'm tired.

- That's the spirit.

- Well, I'm... pretty tired.

- So...

- Rich is tired.

Yeah, Rich is tired.

- I wanna go.

- Don't go, Rich.

Yeah, don't go, Rich.

- I should get going. I'll see you.

- It's great to meet you, Rich.

Nice to meet you too.

Nice to meet you, K. Take it easy.

I'm sorry about that. I thought they were gonna be gone all night.

- That's fine. I'm interested.

- How so?

Uh... to meet her.

After hearing you talk about her.

Do you think I'm a horrible friend?

Ah... I don't know

that I can really answer that.

You're always very sweet to me.

Well, you ask so little of me.

Uh...

Sure you don't want to come in?

I should get back.

All right, well...

door's always open.

- Just leave them.

- I don't wanna leave them!

Why?

Because no one else

is gonna clean this up but me.

Will you leave me alone?

It was autumn, October,

and we would just take long walks and...

get takeout

and watch videos at my apartment.

I had that...

basement apartment, at the time, so once

you were inside, no light could get in.

So you could just... never even see

when the sun came up.

I loved that apartment.

But then, after...

a few...

six weeks, him and his girlfriend

started to get back together, and...

he just shut me out.

We had class together,

so we were polite, but...

you know, it was really shitty.

It really broke my heart,

'cause it felt like he didn't...

choose me, you know?

Um... so, then, a couple years go by,

maybe longer, maybe it was more like

two and a half, and...

All of a sudden, out of the blue,
I get this letter.
Like, an actual letter, written on paper.
With a pen...
and it was so sweet and...
It was sort of apologetic, but...
not overtly, or in an annoying way.
Anyways, I agreed to meet him, after work.
Late one night. It was December.
It was, like, 20 degrees out, and...
I was standing outside.
I had that white knit cap on
that I used to wear all the time.
And he came out and he just looked...
exactly the same, and...
He said that I looked the same too,
but that can't be true
because I had really short blond hair,
at the time.
And, um...
We went to a bar
and we had a few drinks
and he told me about how...
Of course, his relationship
inevitably ended, as...
it was meant to, and...
And he just couldn't stop
thinking about me, and...
Before I even knew it,
I was forgiving him.
For... two years of resentment.
For not choosing me, I was forgiving him.
And...
his apartment was nearby, so...
we were walking there and I...
asked if I could use the bathroom,
which I know sounds like
a really cheap move,
but I really did have to go, and...
I really did think I was just gonna
go in there and then leave, and...
But then it was really warm inside
and so cold outside,
and so we just, like...

ended up talking, and...
and then kissing, and, you know...
We just fell asleep for a while, and...
So, we were together, then,
through the holidays, and...
he came to my house
and I met his parents, and...
it was going really well, and...
It just felt like we were finally getting
what we didn't get in the first place.
You know? And...
Something that was so real and...
It felt so important.
Then a few more months passed and...
Um... he started to get distant again, and...
I was planning weekend trips and...
introducing him to my friends and just trying
to really integrate him into my life.
Then I realised... you know,
two or three days were passing,
where I wasn't hearing from him.
And it hit me that he was...
doing it again.
He was just...
He was doing the exact same thing
that he did before, and...
And I was too stupid to realise it,
before it was too late.
And I knew that my problem...
this problem that I have,
this issue that just keeps
landing me in the same place...
Almost three years later, here I was,
in the exact same place.
Was because I was...
more impressed with this note,
with this handwritten note,
than I was with his...
supposed changes in personality.
You know? I saw this...
this effort, this...
This textile representation of his feelings,
and I...
I thought it was something real

when it wasn't.
It was just trite and cliché and fatuous.
But, I mean, it was real.
It was this real piece of paper...
which, I'm ashamed to admit,
I carried around, like, three apartments,
after that.
But it wasn't real, it...
it just was something
that was completely empty.
And hollow.
And it just made me realise that I'm just in
this self-perpetuating cycle of defeat,
where I can't get out of it,
because I can't get out of it,
because I can't get out of it...
I need some time...
It's one of the worst tendencies
of human nature,
to assume the best of others.
You remember Chad?
- So, we were friends, right?
- Mm.
Whatever that means in middle school,
and...
He was my first kiss.
Over the years,
we were in the same friend group, and...
I don't think he ever...
knew he was my first kiss, anyway.
We never talked about it.
But I'd say...
throughout high school, graduation,
college, he was like...
top-20, all-time good friends.
And, then, after college,
for whatever reason,
we started seeing a lot of one another.
And... we'd hang out, like,
a couple times a week.
Go to concerts, have dinner.
And, then, we were
just... suddenly... together,
hooking up and...

spending the night at his place
and mine, you know...
And it was summer.
It was great.
It was absolutely
one of those summer things, where...
All my memories of that time are...
intricately connected to him.
But he was going to grad school,
or law school or something...
So, around July, I start telling him,
you know, this is going where it's going.
It's not going to grad school
with him, and...
He says he gets it, but then,
things start to get more serious,
and it becomes clear to me that
he hasn't been in a serious relationship
in a long time.
So, I keep reminding him that...
we're headed for a dead end,
and he says,
"Yeah, I get it. It's fine. I get it."
And I believe him.
And then, suddenly, it's August,
and before he's even gone, he's already...
talking about me coming to visit him
and a trip he has planned
to come back and...
in October...
So...
I say no.
That's not gonna happen.
None of that is real.
And he thinks I'm joking.
He basically ignores it all.
So, then he's gone, and within...
a week or two,
I'm seeing somebody else, and...
he's still calling, all the time, and...
one night, some Saturday night, I'm...
out in a bar and...
he calls and he's giving me the business
about being out

at two or three in the morning, and I just snapped and was screaming at him.

Telling him he was a delusional bastard, and I can't believe what I'm hearing, and I want to have nothing to do with him. So, that's that.

It's September now, and...

I don't hear from him or anything, until Christmas, when he's back... around, obviously.

And, so, we're all at a bar.

I don't know where you were during all of this.

Maybe you were away that year, for whatever reason.

Anyway, we see each other, and...

It's as if nothing has ever happened.

He's civil, but I can tell he's seething, and just seeing him pisses me off so much, because I can see now what he is.

Just this... delusional, desperate man, and goddamn, that is so unattractive.

So, my point is...

You can get out someone else's cycle, but you can't get out of your own.

You were victimised by his handwritten note and I was... victimised by his inability to face reality.

And yet...

here we both are.

Where the fuck are they?

Who the hell are you?

Me? Rich.

From last year.

- Sorry, I'm not good with faces or names.

- So...

you mean, like, people?

Yeah, them too.

Heard about your dad.

- I'm really sorry.

- Don't be. You didn't know him.

Still...

- Why are you here?

- Well, I had to say "hey" to my girls.
I'm sure you can't be referring to me
when you say that.
Just wanted to see what was up.
- I saw Ginny's car outside.
- Don't call her Ginny.
- What was that?
- I didn't hear anything.
Why is that guy here?
Who, Rich?
Yeah. "Rich".
He likes to hang out, sometimes.
I don't know. Who cares?
What are you up to, next week?
I haven't a clue.
That must be nice.
What?
To choose to just...
hang out and do nothing.
I didn't choose to be here. Nobody would
choose to be in this situation.
I was thrust into this situation,
against my will.
Yeah, I know how that feels...
Because it can't possibly be
that complicated.
Just tell him everything is fine.
I left everything in order.
Yes, I told him it would be there
by the end of the month.
I just told him that
there were extraordinary circumstances.
I didn't feel the need to explain it.
It's a family matter.
It's absolutely none of their business.
Tell them what it is. It's nobody's business.
Well, you're gonna have to say it
in the way that I'm saying it.
You have to speak to him in a certain way,
with a certain tone.
Otherwise, he won't listen.
...then, the newcomer,
who's all freaked out,
she has to cut the baby out of me.

And then my water broke. It was, um...
You know, I had to see it,
before I felt it,
because I couldn't feel between my legs.
But the water was ice cold, so, you know,
I sort of tried not to jolt,
and then it would come out and then...
I turned to her and I was, like,
"They baby's coming.
You have to cut it out of me."
- And I had rotted-out teeth.
- Really?
It was... A real winner.
I just wanted to finally...
purge all of that from my life.
I'd already cut out so many
worthless and negative people
who brought me nothing but annoyance
or distraction, so...
I figured, why should she be any different?
Because family is different.
No, they aren't.
Nobody gets a free pass.
- That's a horrible thing to say.
- It's horrible to feel.
I wish I didn't feel it.
I wish I could have relationships
with some people I can't.
But once they become just cyphers,
or...
you know, energy drains
or, or they become...
Someone who distracts or depresses me,
I have to have nothing to do with them.
I can't help it.
You can help it.
No, I can't. I've tried. I just...
hate them, and I hate being around them.
And I hate talking to them, and...
I love eliminating those enemies
from every aspect of my life.
I don't think I've ever heard an adult
use the word 'enemy'.
Oh, don't be naive. It's the only word.

I don't know...
I think I'm taking the high road.
I do!
That's just not very adult.
Well, you made the cut. I love you.
Let's celebrate that.
Lucky me...
- Yeah, watch your step.
- I don't want to be an enemy...
I made a salad for you.
It's good. You should eat it.
Thank you.
Sorry, I kind of, uh... spread out.
It was our only collaboration.
We wanted to do something together.
It was a beautiful portrait.
It just turned into
something else completely.
- Yeah.
- It became the image of his death.
So, I didn't want
anything to do with it anymore.
It was a morbid image.
We thought it was really funny.
Did you like working with him?
Yeah, he was a genius.
Is that a yes?
Well, he taught me everything.
And I know that everyone said that
everything I got was from nepotism,
but I didn't really care. I don't care.
I just thought he was not only my father,
but I admired him for being
a great artist.
Clichd, tortured...
suicidal...
I think Rich is coming by later.
What?
I, literally, didn't say anything.
Exactly...
Does he have to come by?
- What's the problem?
- I need you to... stay still.
I just thought

we were going to be alone together.
Yeah, that's what I thought last summer.
OK.
I... I love Rich.
- He's fascinating.
- C'mon.
Well... I just don't think
he's good enough for you. So...
I think he's just like everybody else.
How do you mean?
Just prying into people's business...
You know, last year he didn't ask me
two questions about myself
and now he just wants to know everything.
I wonder why. That's all.
- He just knows you better.
- He doesn't know me at all.
- He's curious.
- Well, curiosity killed my father.
Depression killed your father.
I'm sorry, I really can't do this,
if you're not gonna sit still.
Frank and Sylvie's house?
- I'm their niece's guest.
- Virginia?
Yeah.
Been here before?
Just once, last year.
They're terrible people.
Well, they're not here right now.
I know.
That kind of money
rubs people the wrong way.
When were you here last?
About the same time last year.
Nice season, last year.
Yes. Seemed OK.
You be careful now. You never know.
Never know what?
Exactly.
- Hey...
- Why are you in the bushes?
Where am I?
- I'm suck.

- I think you mean you're sick.

Mm-hm...

Come on.

Oh, hold on...

- Here's your hot water.

- Thanks.

Nice place.

Thanks. It's not mine.

- I think I came to a party here, once.

- Oh.

Did you throw that...

that "Dressed to Get Sexed" party
on Labor Day, last year?

How many times do I have to
fucking tell you this is not my house?
But I've seen you here, though, right?

Maybe. I was here last year.

I knew it.

I thought you said
you'd never been here before.

No, now I think about it,
that party was at some other place.

- You want to go for a walk?

- No.

Why not?

I could murder you right now
and no one would ever know.

Hm...?

What, do you live here now?

I heard you walking around
super-late last night.

It sounded like you were...
talking to yourself.

Yeah, I was... I was talking to myself.

Why would I be doing that?

- Can you please get out of my way?

- Yeah, here!

No, I'm good. I'm just going to get my own.

What the fuck... What are you doing?

I don't understand why you're here.

You don't live here.

What's your problem?

My problem is that I'm trying to have
a nice time with my best friend,

and you're just... here all the fucking time.

- Ginny invited me here, you know.

- Don't call her Ginny.

- Take it.

- I don't want it.

- I made you a cup of coffee.

- No, I don't want it.

Are you... fucking serious?

Jesus fucking Christ...

You're a real fucking spoilt bitch,
you know that?

You ain't shit, just 'cause of
who your father was.

How much of that did you see?

Oh, well...

- What?

- Nothing. I was just thinking.

About what?

Just about us.

I feel sick.

I feel messed up.

I'm sorry.

My face hurts. All the time.

Like a headache?

No, it's like...

the bones are grinding, beneath my skin.

I don't think that's a thing.

It just makes it really hard to concentrate.

You haven't been sleeping. Have you?

I could do without the attitude...

The whole "Catherine is crazy" attitude.

I didn't say you were crazy.

You thought it.

Don't tell me what I think.

It's just... I know that...

you bring Rich round

so that you can talk to him about me.

Not everything is about you.

I know.

It's fascinating...

I feel like I'm...

seeing you for the first time.

What do you mean?

I always thought you were so perfect.

I thought you had it all figured out.
But you were just
surrounding yourself with men.
With James, with your father...
They took care of you.
Without them...
here you are.
Hm...
I think the best hope for me now is...
to not end up like my father.
How's that going?
Mm...
Touch and go.
I just don't really feel
like I exist anymore.
And the only two people
that really cared about me
abandoned me.
- In one form or another.
- I care about you.
No, you don't.
You have to hold very still
because I have to do the features now.
Dudes. Question.
You drive a car...
fly a plane...
ride a bike...
What's the analogy for a boat?
- You drive it, as well.
- I don't know, Catherine.
Can you drive a canoe?
- Can you steer a boat?
- Can you steer a canoe?
Enough with the canoe.
Can't you find a counterpoint
besides a goddamned canoe?
It's a valid question,
is all's I'm saying, K.
Make sure you put that on. I don't
want you falling in and drowning. Or...
something horrible like that.
- Ready?
- Hold on. I'm not buttoned yet.
- Ready, I guess...

- No, I'm not snapped in.
Ready.
Hey, K.
K...
Hey, K.
My name starts with a C.
- Are you for real?
- Mm-hm.
I've been calling you K for a whole year.
That's awesome.
It's not that awesome.
Well, thanks for coming out
on the lake today.
Thank you very much for inviting me.
OK.
You know, I figured you'd probably just
want to be some place where...
people weren't talking to you about...
how you're doing, and all that stuff.
And look what you're doing now...
You don't know what I'm doing.
You're a real mystery, Rich.
Face thing?
Yes.
Hurts to talk.
All of a sudden?
It comes and goes.
You realise how fake this sounds?
Do you realise how insulting that is?
Just trying to understand.
No. You're trying to judge.
I don't feel like myself.
She's good, but... you know...
She has this guy hanging around
and he's super-creepy.
I just get a bad feeling.
'I don't feel safe.
'Yeah, well they took me out
on a boat, today,
'which was really weird.
'It was just dumb...'
And I miss you too.
Yeah?
I'm sorry, can I call you back?

OK.
OK, fine.
Who were you talking to?
It's none of your business.
I'm just... curious.
Well, I'm serious.
It's none of your business.
- Was that James?
- No.
Catherine...
I know.
Hey, do you stay around here?
- Um... I'm a guest.
- Where?
- Here.
- Here where, though?
Here, in this house.
What do you think I mean?
Wait, wait. I recognise you.
I'm sorry. From TV.
I remember. Yeah. It was your dad
that tried to rip off all those people.
That's not how it happened.
No, but then you had people thinking
you knew where the money was.
No, that's not what happened.
You obviously don't know me.
So, have you known Frank and Sylvie long?
I've known them for...
Oh, God. Since I was a kid.
Yeah.
It's 20 years. No, like... 18 years.
You would never believe anything
that anyone said about him.
Even after people came forward
and testified,
I was always, like, "No. Absolutely not."
Nothing weird. Nothing strange.
Are you OK?
Oh, my, Jesus Christ!
What the fuck is wrong with you?
You all right?
Catherine.
This is Warlock.

And Dragon.
No! No! No!
Leave me alone! Leave me alone!
Well, that's not how
I was taught to leave a party.
- ...to express my opinions.
- Of course you are.
But could you also take it down a notch?
Oh, I hate it when you say that!
So, what's on the agenda for today?
A walk?
I was thinking a swim.
- You wanna go for a swim, sweetheart?
- What?
Swim?
You wanna go for a swim?
Swim?
Oh, I don't know... Maybe another time.
Take your time.
My time...
I'll take my time.
I didn't expect anybody to be up.
Yeah, me neither.
I just wanted to tell you that I wasn't
interested in you
or anything about you, last night.
- OK...
- I don't even really know these people.
My friends are renting a house nearby.
I don't really know them either.
How'd you end up here?
Oh, I guess... um...
Well, I'm friends with the niece.
Small world.
Increasingly...
So, your father was friends
with Ginny's father?
I thought you didn't want to ask.
- I'm just talking here.
- Are we?
What the fuck...?
Catherine... shit...
Fuck, fuck, fuck!
- Is your face OK?

- Mm. Fine.
- Is it acting up again?
- Mm-mm.
Does... drinking make it better or worse?
- Better... usually.
- Hm...
Have you seen a doctor?
Mm-hm. I've seen a bunch of them.
I've seen dermatologists,
I've seen a dentist,
and I've seen an ENT.
I've had X-rays and MRIs.
And?
Nothing.
Sounds psychosomatic to me.
- Excuse me?
- I'm just saying, like...
half a dozen doctors tell you that...
A dozen, at least.
If a fuckload of doctors tells you that
there's nothing wrong with you,
then what other conclusion
can you possibly reach.
I don't know, Rich.
Maybe that they're wrong.
You know more than the doctors.
- How's Virginia's portrait coming along?
- Rich, cut it out.
What? I'm curious.
You say you've been working on it.
I can't wait to see it.
What's your fucking problem?
Just think of all the press you're gonna get.
Emerging from tragedy
with such an accomplished canvas.
It's really gonna be quite an event.
How dare you.
Who the hell are you to come in
and speak to me that way?
I don't even know you.
How dare you speak to me like that.
You fucking animal.
You unrepentant piece of shit.
You click your tongue, and you revel

in the affairs of others.
You are worthless.
You don't know anything about me.
You show up to fuck my best friend.
And you pry into the lives of others.
To conceal how worthless and boring
your own life is.
I don't deserve this.
I just want to be left alone.
I want to be left alone with
the few people who are left in this world,
who are decent.
You are weak... and greedy.
And selfish.
And you are the root of every problem.
You...
are why people betray one another.
You are why there is nowhere safe
or happy, anymore.
You...
are why depression exists.
You are why there is no escape
from indecency and gossip.
And lies.
You...
Rich...
You are why my father had to die.
Because he couldn't live
in a world like this.
I was wondering if, or when,
you'd be back here.
This was supposed to be my vacation.
Ah... Sorry if I ruined that.
Why don't you like me?
You know, I mean...
I mean, really.
You're a rich, spoiled brat.
You grew up in a bubble,
and when that bubble popped,
you expected everybody to be around
and feel sorry for you.
- I thought I just wanted to be left alone.
- No.
You didn't.

You wanted to make
a spectacle of yourself.
- Yeah...?
- Yeah.
But you don't really know me.
Don't I?
You were a stuck-up brat last year.
And...
you're a stuck-up brat this year too.
So...
You will never be your father.
You know that?
You were never going to be.
In fact, I'm convinced
that if you weren't related to him,
you probably wouldn't have gotten
close to him.
Cat?
What are you doing?
Stop. Stop it.
OK. All right. Cat, stop it.
What are you doing?
Rich, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry, Rich.
Ginny?
Ginny, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Ginny, I'm sorry.
I'm really sorry.
Oh, I made a mess.
Really, I made a mess. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. Please...
Please don't be mad with me.
Just don't leave me, OK?
Ginny...
I promise I'll get better.
I promise.
I promise I will.
You're not gonna leave me...
Ready to go?
Not at all...
wish I never had to...
I'm glad that I got to... make it up here.
And I'm sorry if, uh...

I ruined it by bringing, you know...

- What's his name?

- Can't remember.

- Same time next year?

- No question.

You're gonna be OK.

Thanks.

You too.

I know you've been going through
a hard time, and...

I just wanted to apologise
if I really wasn't there for you.

Well...

Maybe someday you'll be going through
this shit, and I won't be there for you,
and then we'll be even.

God, I hope so.

- No.

- Yes...

Time has come.

Come here.

- OK, you gotta let me go now.

- Mm-mm. Not gonna let you go.

- Gotta do it.

- I don't want to.

Come on. I feel uncomfortable.

- OK. Bye.

- Bye.

- See you soon.

- Mm-hm.