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# Ripley's Game

By Charles McKeown

Lovely!  
Beautiful.  
You're stoned and you're late.  
Quality is "numero uno".  
Is that everything?  
Is it everything?  
Everything is... You tell me.  
Everything is you.  
You are everything.  
Tommy, you are everything.  
Today I saw somebody  
who looked just like you...  
You're not planning on singing me  
through the door, are you?  
I've got a "Corregghio" in here.  
- You're not coming in.  
- I fucking am!  
No. Because it's not a Corregghio,  
it's Correggio.  
Just like  
it's not "tacco", but taco.  
Not "paster" but pasta.  
Your entire education comes  
from Classic Car Magazine.  
And it's not a Correggio,  
it's a fake Rembrandt.  
And until you know that,  
you're not coming in with me.  
Don't fuck me over here, prat.  
Don't threaten me, I'm not  
the one wearing an earring.  
Who is this?  
I'll be waiting over there.  
Yes, it's Tom Ripley.  
Welcome. I always wanted  
to meet the man behind the...  
- Scurrilous rumours?  
- Reputation.  
- I've heard so many things.  
- Some of them may even be true.  
- That's fabulous.  
- It's a Guercino.  
Fantastic.  
Look at the energy

in that line.

The two Parmigianino.

Really stunning.

This is extremely rare.

Okay.

1,2 million dollars.

That's what we agreed.

- What we agreed?

- Your partner called me.

- Reeves? - Yes.

- More a pet than a partner.

He was rather persuasive.

I wanted to pay 900,000.

Since you spoke with him I have perused them more carefully.

This Rembrandt fake is worthless, but I'm not discounting for that.

No, because you'll sell it as genuine for 800,000, the Guercino 400,000...

..the Parmigianinos, 650 for the pair.

Add the others and you'll clear 3 million dollars.

- I want two million.

- You must be kidding. We had a deal.

No, you had a deal with Reeves, not with me.

- 1.3.

- 2 million or forget it.

No. I wish you people wouldn't waste my time.

- You people?

- Terry, Mr Ripley is leaving.

Please don't touch those.

Leave them!

Terry!

- You've killed him.

- Shut up!

- Don't shoot me.

- Shut up!

Still! Here's the deal. I'll take your offer, 1.2 million dollars.

But due to the volatility of the market...

..I'll take several  
of the drawings with me.  
- Is that clear?  
- It's up to you.  
That's true.  
So perhaps I'll take all of them.  
Would you like to keep the folder?  
It's real leather.  
Don't follow me.  
That is a lovely Icarus.  
He flew too close to the sun, no?  
Sorry about your friend.  
- How did it go?  
- Very well.  
It takes a long time to count  
1.2 million dollars. It's yours.  
- You don't want your cut?  
- No. You made the deal.  
- What about yours?  
- I got the deal because of you.  
After you've paid for the drawings,  
you'll still have 400,000.  
Whoah! It's not that  
I don't trust you...  
But I don't fucking trust you.  
Fucking hell!  
It's a gift from Professor Ripley's  
finishing school. You did well.  
Ciao. You're a gentleman.  
You're an honest man.  
See you.  
Italy, three years later.  
Fantastico!  
It's beautiful!  
An incredibly rare piece.  
May I ask what you paid?  
Yes, you can. How long  
to get it ready?  
We need at least six weeks  
to make it play.  
You have 13 days.  
It's a surprise.  
- Morning.  
- I brought the picture.

Good. Thank you.

My wife and I are having  
a few people over for drinks.

- You'd be most welcome.

- That's very kind.

It's the third on the left  
past the restaurant.

Maybe we'll see you later.

- Delicious! - I mortgaged  
the house to buy these truffles.

- So leave a little bit for us.

- I will make risotto.

- The best you ever had.

- I'm sure.

- Is Jonathan here?

- He's in the kitchen.

- Hello.

- Do you know Jonathan?

I'd like to think if I were gate  
crashing, I'd be somewhere else.

- Have you met his wife?

- No. - Come.

Sarah, this is Tom Ripley.

Tom, this is Sarah.

- Hi, Tom. Nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

Amarone. The best!

- May I help?

- That'd be great.

- Where's Louisa?

- Preparing her concert for Vicenza.

- Louisa Harari, a very gifted  
harpsichordist. - How wonderful!

- Are you hungry?

- No, thanks.

I wish I could play something  
or paint or do anything creative.

- Who knitted your sweater?

- I did.

- That's very...

- What?

- Creative.

- Mummy.

- This is Matthew.

- Hello, Matthew.

- Is it your birthday?

- No.

- It's Jonathan's.

- Oh, I see.

Have you seen Ripley's place?

Bloody philistine American!

He's ruined that Palladian villa.

Restored the heat  
and soul out of it.

That's the trouble with Ripley.

Too much money and no taste.

Oh, hi. You're here then.

We were hoping you'd come.

- Why?

- Well...

To add spice to the evening.

Meaning?

You're a bit of a local personality.

Meaning?

People have heard about you.

Meaning?

Nothing. Just...

Nothing.

What happened to the coffee?

It's coming.

- Is everything okay?

- Yeah.

Great.

It's what the ltaliano  
and English have in common.

Plain simple food.

Eggs in butter, sunny side up.

Mr Ripley!

The lord of the manor himself!

- What a pleasant surprise!

- Come here.

You beautiful man.

I've missed you.

What's the matter with your face?

He doesn't want you to know  
he's glad to see me.

Ripley's a Yank, but a Yank  
with class. He's got culture.

More than you can say for me.

- But he's overjoyed to see me, eh?

- Absolutely.

Maria, you can go home.

No. She can... Some eggs.

I'm just showing her

some culinary tips.

- She's the best cook in the Veneto.

- I bet, but eggs is eggs!

- Didn't I ask you to never  
come near me? - Yes, you did.

Ever.

But I forgive you, Tom.

I trust you were not followed,  
my liege?

- I told her to light a fire  
in the library. - Lovely!

Remember those drawings in Berlin?

I made 400 grand  
and you made several millions.

And here you are.

Professor Ripley's finishing school  
nicely tucked away.

I like it.

Please.

Thank you.

You spent the money well.

Always.

There's a lot of wood.

Very flammable!

Oh shit! Bit of greaseproof  
and a hot iron should do that.

I'll sort it out for you later.

"Squisito"!

I like your wife, she hates me, so  
she's a good woman, you're lucky.

I don't know what I dislike more,  
your admiration or your envy.

- It's not envy, I'm doing all right.

- Great!

- I've three clubs and  
a restaurant in Berlin. - Great.

Business is good and I don't pay  
one penny for protection.

Tell me what you want or a truffling pig will find you dead somewhere in a month or two.

Let me tell you something, Tom.

I've got some problem neighbours, business competitors that need deregulating.

But I can't be seen to be involved.

Everyone knows everyone in Berlin.

Who died, who did it.

Who's next.

If I want to play it safe, I need someone who's not connected.

- And you want me to do it?

- Yes.

- Why me?

- Somebody's got to do it.

An outsider ideally, but someone who knows how to play the game.

Even somebody who's been on the sidelines for a while.

Why not someone who's never played?

- 50 grand's a lot for an amateur.

- Innocence is expensive.

Once you've digested, avail yourself of one of our lovely local hotels.

You're an arrogant bastard.

Always was, always will be.

- Why was he here?

- He wants me to kill someone.

- Why did he ask you?

- Because I can.

I know you can, silly.

You can sew too.

- Why does he want this person killed? - I assume he's desperate.

His restaurants are failing, his nightclub's in freefall.

He's involved in some squalid turf war.

You can't do that. Run off to Berlin to assassinate people.

He's a fantasist,

I'm not as assassin.

- How was the party?

- Smashing.

I knew you'd hate it.

Isn't it sad about him?

- Who? - The picture framer.

He's got leukaemia.

- Is drunken pomposity a symptom?

- No.

He's just English.

He's very ill, Tom, he's dying.

It's a shame.

Is it?

Reeves?

I've been reflecting on your problem.

Your talent search.

I might have come up  
with someone.

He's as innocent  
as a newborn lamb.

I think under all that soft,  
white fleece, he might be capable.

- Jonathan Trevanny.

- My name's Peter Wister.

I work for a European  
head-hunting agency.

We offer highly lucrative  
short-term contracts.

I'm terribly sorry,  
you've made a mistake. I'm a...

I'm a picture framer.

I have a small shop.

- No. No mistake. I can assure you.

- How did you get my name?

Can we meet for coffee at  
the Cipriani about twelve noon?

I promise you it will be to your  
considerable financial advantage.

Organized crime wrecks the lives  
of millions of innocent people  
and we need to do something about it.

- What exactly are you after?

- The job will take two days.

Then we pay you 50 grand.

- How much?  
- 50,000 dollars. Guaranteed.  
For two days?  
What's the work?  
To kill an extremely evil man.  
To kill? What?  
There's absolutely no risk.  
Wait a minute,  
this is some sort of a joke.  
You think this is a fuckin' joke?  
This ain't "Candid Camera".  
I'm being straight with you.  
A fucking joke!  
I'm sorry. But you've definitely  
got the wrong person.  
- I don't think so.  
- Where did you get my name?  
We done a search.  
If this isn't a joke, it's a mistake.  
Please forget you ever met me  
and I promise I won't say anything  
about this to anyone. All right?  
50,000 dollars is a lot of money.  
You have a beautiful son.  
And you're fuckin' dying  
of chronic myeloid leukaemia.  
- What?  
- It's like I said before.  
We do our homework.  
If you change your mind,  
I'll be here for a couple of days.  
- Hello.  
- Tom, he's a wanker.  
You wanted an innocent,  
they come together.  
- So he's going to deliver?  
- Of course.  
- What did you offer him?  
- 50,000 dollars like a wanker.  
- Double it. I'll pay the difference.  
- You have 50,000 dollars?  
Are you okay?  
- You look pale.  
- Just a bit shaky.

What's wrong?

I bumped into a total stranger  
who knew I had leukaemia.

- The whole world knows.
- It's a small town.

Yes, I know.

- You shouldn't be ashamed of it.
- I didn't say I was.

Don't be so hard on yourself.

- Oh God, I'm sorry.
- It's okay.

It's okay.

- I'm scared.
- I know.

I just wish

everything were different.

I wish you didn't have that job.

We need the money.

Look... please.

- I apologize for upsetting you.
- Then please leave.

When you come to Berlin, I can get  
you to see a top specialist,  
absolutely no obligation!

I don't need

another second opinion!

Twice in my life doctors have said  
I was dying. But I'm still here.

Look at me.

I'm still here.

I've been authorized

to increase the original offer.

100,000 dollars.

Look... I'm sorry.

Thank you very much for your time.

Please call me.

- Hi. Can I give you a ride?
- No, thanks.
- I'll drive.
- I like to walk.

Indulge me.

- Thanks for the party. How are you?
- Fine.

It's none of my business,

but I know you're not.

I'm sure it can't be easy

to talk about it.

No, it's not

as a matter of fact.

- I did just want to say...

- Thanks. There's not much to say.

- Do you have a specialist?

- Yes. Dr Gianni.

- Where is he?

- Here.

- Here in the clinic?

- Yes.

Oh, I see.

- They're a competent team.

- I'm sure.

- He's a beautiful little boy.

- Thank you.

If I had a little boy like that,  
I'd do anything for him. Anything.

- It's what I'm trying to do.

- I'm sure you are.

- Thanks for the lift.

- Cheers.

I didn't realise

the occasion the other night.

Happy birthday. They're a mixture.

Who knows what will come up.

That's the beauty of planting things.

Thank you.

Take care.

I've been thinking of something  
someone at the clinic said to me.

I might go and see this man.

I think you should.

Daddy, are you going away for ever?

- Not quite yet.

- But Mummy said you will.

Mummies may be right.

But not this time.

All finished?

"Closed until Monday"

- Is Jonathan away for long?

- No, not long.

- Where did you say he'd gone?

- To Berlin.

I don't know how much you...

How much l... drink?

Bathe? Work out?

- How much you know of his condition?

- Nothing, I'm an innocent.

He has chronic myeloid leukaemia.

My God, I'm so sorry.

Thank you. This opportunity for him

to get a second opinion

came up at

this research foundation.

He doesn't talk about it,

but I know he's angry.

He's angry because he'll probably die

soon, while we go on living.

He's angry to be so young.

He's angry that he might not see

Matthew grow up.

And you? Are you angry?

Sometimes.

I love him completely but...

there's a part of me that will be

glad when it's all over with.

And that's a terrible thing to say.

I don't think you could even say

anything that terrible. Or think it.

What you feel isn't terrible at all.

Jonathan is fortunate to have someone

like you, and I imagine he knows it.

- How was it?

- The exam? Thorough.

- When do you get the results?

- In the morning.

Dr Wentzel's one of the best.

I don't like doctors myself.

This is what we're going to do.

Get your results in the morning,

then you can tell me what you want.

**A:**

**Or B:**

The other thing.

Yeah.

Meet me here at 9 o'clock.

Then you can get

a plane home 100 grand richer.

It's your decision.

I'll see you tomorrow.

So?

How was your evening?

Not without interest.

- And how did you play it?

- By ear.

Well I hope.

A nice...

steady rhythm?

I didn't play the whole piece.

No.

Why not?

Turn over and I'll tell you.

No way!

I want to know now.

Turn over and I'll tell you.

Was she too easy?

Turn over and I'll tell you.

Now tell me.

I have your test results. They don't appear to tell us anything new.

After the bone marrow transplant, you went into a partial remission.

And then lapsed to the chronic phase.

These latest tests only show what I think you already know.

Your situation remains grave. So...

..what do you want of me?

- A future.

- I can't give you that.

It is, I fear, not in my brief.

- How long will you stay in Berlin?

- Not long.

- I wish you luck.

- I may need it.

- How much have you given me?

- 50 grand up front, 50 grand later.

If you weren't so polite,  
you'd count it.

- So how do you use this thing?

- You screw that into the barrel.

- What, like this...

- Yes, just screw it.

- And where do I shoot him?

- Just point it and pull the trigger.

It's him. He usually wears those  
horrible gold-rimmed glasses  
and a great big Russian furry hat.

They killed three bears for that.

His name is Leopold Belinsky,  
a fucking Russian.

He left Moscow a year ago.

Running prostitutes and drugs  
out of his clubs.

The prostitutes keep getting younger  
and the drugs keep getting harder.

This scumbag is totally  
out of order.

You take him out and decent people  
will call you a fucking saint.

Once a week, regular as clockwork,  
he visits the zoo.

He always ends up in the insect room,  
where his real friends are:

bugs, creepy crawlies, slimy things  
just like himself.

That's where you'll find him.

There's no one else  
there at that time.

Kids are all at school.

- Excuse me, sir.

- I just came to get my things.

No, stay. I'm just going.

Hello?

Hi, Tommy! Guess what.

Your wanker, he did the business.

Jonathan?

Hello.

- I expected you in the morning.

- It is morning.

It's so great to be back.

It's beautiful.

We can't afford this.

So what did he say?

- What did who say?

- The specialist.

Oh, him...

Well... he said...

Nothing's changed.

It's no worse!

Hello!

- How are you?

- Very well, thanks. You?

I've found something to go  
in the downstairs powder room.

- Sarah said you called round.

- Yeah, we missed you.

- You went to Berlin.

- Yeah.

- Productive trip?

- Interesting.

What do you make of these?

For a hallway?

Nice!

- Very nice!

- I thought so.

Matthew, have you finished?

I have to get ready for work.

Big boys eat their cereal.

- Okay.

- Who was that?

- Wrong number.

- Again?

No, no. More.

How are you doing? No, more.

- Want something to eat?

- No, thanks. - More!

How do you feel?

- All I want is what you owe me.

- This is fucking fantastic!

Please may

I have the rest of my money?

- Thank you.

- Want some more?

- More what?

- More of what you fancy.  
You can turn money into all sorts.  
Listen, I couldn't...  
What I did, I wouldn't...  
I couldn't do it again.  
Shame! There's another 50 grand...  
And so much easier.  
I'd rather we didn't meet again.  
In matters like this, the trouble  
starts when the job is half done.  
Even bastards have friends.  
Even dead bastards.

- What are you talking about?  
- You can't shoot people...  
..without tidying things up.  
Not if you value your life.  
My life?  
I wouldn't go on any family picnics  
if I was you.

- Where were you?  
- I took the car to the garage.  
But it isn't worth repairing.  
Great.  
So what do we do?  
We...  
buy a new one.

- With what?  
- There's something...  
..I've been keeping from you.  
- I know.  
This medical research foundation  
gave me a few thousand dollars.  
But I have to go back.

- What for?  
- They're doing a clinical trial...  
..with a new drug.  
- Why didn't you tell me?  
- I didn't want you to worry.  
- Because it's dangerous?  
- No.  
It just might not work.  
But at least we'd have a car.  
They're paying you because  
there's a risk.

There is no risk.  
And it wouldn't be for long.  
Don't go.  
We don't need a car.  
Hello.  
I need to talk to you. Outside.  
Fuck!  
"Scusi".  
Please, it's a beautiful song.  
Hello. I know,  
I'll call you later. Later!  
Here you are.  
It's a garrotte.  
- I know what it is.  
- Signature of old Belinsky.  
When they find it round the neck  
of his business rival,  
it'll start a war between them,  
then I'll have the field clear.  
So you want Trevanny to strangle  
a Ukrainian Mob boss  
on the Berlin to Dusseldorf express  
with a piece of dental floss?  
Yeah. Well, more or less.  
I think we can talk him into it.  
He's not going to do it.  
- No?  
- He did it once.  
- And very well.  
- Once is enough.  
I won't let him.  
- No?  
- No, game over.  
Game over.  
Who the fuck are you?  
This ain't a game,  
it's my fuckin' livelihood!  
I said no!  
All right.  
Hello?  
"Please leave a message,  
I'll call you back."  
You said it was easier.  
You didn't mention

strangling anybody.  
I couldn't strangle anybody  
even if I wanted to. Look at me!  
It's not a matter of brute strength.  
You apply the right pressure  
to the right point. You can do it.  
Jonathan... Oh, fuck!  
Where the fuck is he?  
Fuck!  
Just fucking do it.  
Otherwise your family's  
going to die before you do.  
Don't fuck with me!  
They're coming.  
He takes the train twice  
a week for business.  
He has prostate problems so he spends  
half the trip in the toilet.  
You have a master key to it.  
That's where you'll do him.  
You've got a garrotte  
but you've also got a gun. But...  
This is very important,  
listen to me. It's very important.  
You have to use the garrotte.  
Let's be optimistic and say  
we won't need that.  
The noose, please.  
Stick around,  
I'll need your help.  
Has he come back yet?  
Jesus!  
This is a non-smoking car.  
How rude!  
If he doesn't come back soon, we have  
to wait till after Dusseldorf.  
Keep my watch. If it breaks,  
I'll kill everyone on this train.  
I'm going to take him inside.  
You wait outside,  
say your wife is in there very ill.  
Go into the corridor. When he comes  
toward you, turn and look at me.  
Wait right through these doors

and stop there.

I'll take care of the rest.

I'm sorry... my wife's in there,  
she's being sick.

Mr Guleghin?

Is everything all right?

Tom!

- Jesus! Is he dead?

- I don't know.

Get his legs in.

Tom!

The other guy's coming now.

- Are you sure?

- Yes.

Sorry, I don't speak German.

I'm waiting.

Mr Guleghin, are you in there?

It never used to be  
so crowded in first-class.

Can I have some more?

I don't want to rush you, but the  
flight to Milan leaves in an hour.

Please, I've had over 20 minutes  
to adjust to becoming

one of Europe's most wanted.

I know I must look ludicrous to you  
with my heaving, and shaking  
and my shockingly awful normalness.

I do hope that you will forgive me.

I can't look at my son!

I can't look at my son!

I can't explain how I made  
100,000 dollars.

And I really fear I am in fact ill.

I'm not well...

I'm from the Immigration Authority.

Could you go outside, please?

- All right.

- Thanks.

I should thank you, I wouldn't be  
alive if you hadn't helped me.

But I can't say thank you.

I don't know anything about you.

Who are you?

I'm a creation. A gifted improviser.  
I lack your conscience.  
When I was young that troubled me.  
It no longer does.  
I don't worry about being caught as  
I don't believe anyone is watching.  
The world is not a poorer place  
because those people are dead.  
It's one less car on the road,  
a little less noise and menace.  
You were brave today. You put  
some money away for your family.  
That's all.  
If you lack my conscience, then  
why did you help me on the train?  
I don't know,  
but it doesn't surprise me.  
The one thing I know is  
that we're constantly being born.  
But why me?  
Why did you pick me?  
Partly because you could.  
Partly because you insulted me.  
But mostly  
because that's the game.  
We have to get this flight.  
Shall we?  
What's going on?  
Where did this come from?  
- You... you wouldn't believe me.  
- Try me.  
- I won it.  
- You won it?  
Yes, roulette.  
Since when did you play roulette?  
- In Berlin.  
- Don't lie to me.  
Dr Wentzel took us to a casino...  
- Is that some kind of therapy?  
- We had a few thousand marks...  
- It's true.  
- You won a small fortune...  
..and decided to hide it.  
- I wanted it to be a surprise.

What were you doing with Tom Ripley?

I met him at the airport.

He offered to give me a lift.

Dr Wentzel has this system.

You bet on the red

and if you lose...

Don't lie to me,

whatever it is you're doing!

- You don't believe me?

- No.

I go through all that

exhausting crap with doctors,

hoping against hope,

looking for some glimmer.

Then I get

an incredible stroke of luck

for the first time in my life,

and then you accuse me of lying

to you. You accuse me of lying!

Look!

I have some money.

Money for you

and for me and for Matthew.

And money is what's important,

isn't it? Isn't it?

- Where did you find it?

- In a chicken coop, outside Pisa.

They completely rebuilt the legs

and stripped all the emulsion off.

I can't...

I just can't. Give me a moment.

Stop it!

Never touch her again.

She's too good for you.

I know.

- What's wrong?

- One of them's still alive.

- How do you know?

- I heard it on the World News.

Jesus! I always figured you

for a Talk Radio man.

I guess I didn't

strangle him long enough.

It's not likely a garrotte

comes with a manual.  
One of them got  
a very good look at me.  
The first rule is don't ever worry  
about anything you can't control.  
I don't think they can trace us here.  
And if they do, I'll let you know.  
What about my family? I'm  
just worried about my family.  
If they come for anyone,  
they'll come for me.  
These Balkan types tend to take  
strangling quite personally.  
Shit, it's not Reeves!  
Where is he?  
He was here.  
There's another exit.  
You get him.  
Let the man live.  
Let us take this time to pay  
a well-deserved homage  
to the ever and ever  
rising souffle' of Tom Ripley.  
Look at that.  
- You are the perfect housewife.  
- That's true.  
I should marry you.  
It's okay, leave it.  
I already had  
three wrong calls today.  
Oh yeah?  
Hello?  
Reeves!  
Yeah? How long...  
Oh, my!  
- Come on.  
- What are you doing here?  
Don't get arsey, Tom.  
So they located you in Berlin?  
- I don't know how they found out.  
- Now you lead them to my house.  
There's something of the mudslide  
about you. You bring everything down.  
Fuck you!

Fuck you!

- Are you gonna let me in?
- Let you in? No, I don't think so.
- You're on your own again.
- You bastard.

You fucking bastard!

You fucking bastard!

I'll lead them straight to you,  
you fucking bastard!

You fucking bastard!

Fuck you!

Fuck you!

How is it? A masterpiece?

Maria, would you like to take  
the weekend to visit your sister?

I would like it very much.

Thank you.

My love, maybe you'd like  
to go to Vicenza today.

You can rehearse in the theatre.

Such lovely acustics.

Yeah.

Fine.

- So you'll stay here by yourself?
- Actually I'm expecting company.
- Will they come to the concert?
- No.

They're not music lovers.

- Will I see you there?

- Absolutely.

I want you to get rid of anything  
that might have my name  
or phone number on it.

And do the same with Reeves.

Why?

Are we in trouble?

Yes. Don't phone me

and don't come to the house.

- If you're in trouble, I'll help.
- Stay away. Stay safe.

Did you have a nice day in school?

I've got to go away

for a few days.

I have some business to settle.

I want to fix up something  
for after I've...

I don't want to go into it yet.

What thing? Don't you think  
we should talk about it?

Yes, when I get back,  
in a couple of days.

Is it to do with Tom Ripley?

- No.

- Jonathan!

I'll be back in a couple of days.

Look, we should talk about this.

- When I get back.

- Great! With another fat envelope.

Shut up!

- What are you doing here?

- I thought you might need help.

Go home. When they come, there  
might be quite a few of them.

I'm staying.

- What did you tell Sarah?

- An assortment of lies.

- Did she believe any?

- I don't think so.

Watch your step.

- What are these?

- Man traps.

- Would you like some tea?

- Yes, please.

- Do they work?

- They work.

Yeah, I think so.

Shouldn't we close the gates?

No, they'll come in anyway.

I don't want

to spend my life like this.

- Are you scared?

- No.

I'm fucking terrified.

Come on.

I didn't even think to ask.

With your condition,

can you eat meat?

- Yes, I'm just not very hungry.

- You should eat something.  
You may need your strength.  
The meat is fantastic.  
It's from the little butcher's  
just by the war memorial.  
Our cook Maria was once  
quite intimate with the butcher.  
She got some very nice cuts.  
- Think we'll get away with it?  
- Why not?  
I'm not the sort of person  
to get away with things.  
At school other kids did,  
but not me, I always got caught.  
You got caught because you didn't  
think of just killing your teachers.  
I can't stand this waiting.  
When I was a little boy  
I waited on the beach for hours  
for my parents to come back  
from a boat ride. They drowned.  
I could wait for ever.  
Hello?  
Tom, this is Sarah.  
Is Jonathan there?  
- No. Why?  
- Do you know where he is?  
Why should I?  
- Because I think you do.  
- Sorry, I don't understand.  
- There's something going on.  
- I wouldn't worry.  
- Don't tell me not to worry.  
- Can I call you back?  
No, don't hang up.  
I'm just in the middle of something.  
I'll make some calls and ring back.  
- Please wait!  
- Bye.  
Fuck!  
Never give  
financial advice to friends.  
What if they catch Reeves?  
They'll never catch Reeves.

Unfortunately.

He'd tell them about me, wouldn't he?

Probably.

But he's already in South America  
making life miserable for  
some unfortunate plastic surgeon.

Check if he's there.

Sorry.

It's your breakfast.

- They didn't come?

- Not yet.

Stay in here.

Keep still!

Keep your mouth shut.

- I told you to stay inside.

- Is he dead?

I don't know and as we know,  
I'm no expert.

Jesus Christ!

It's the guy I shot!

You should have stayed dead  
the first time!

- Shut up!

- Do you want it off?

I wish he'd stop bleeding.

Do you have a portable phone?

- Yes.

- On you or in the car?

- It's in my pocket.

- Get it out.

Call the man who sent you here  
and tell him you got a good look,  
and we were not  
the people on the train.

If you do that convincingly  
you walk out of here, we give you  
half a million dollars.

If you don't do it convincingly,  
I take you out back  
and I run my fucking tractor  
over your head. Okay?

Do you get that?

Call them.

Calm down.

It's Gregor.  
I was wrong.  
It wasn't them.  
I got a good look.  
We'll keep looking.  
Nicely done.  
Listen, if we let him go, then...  
Yeah, you're right.  
Jesus Christ!  
Sarah!  
Sarah, it's not what you think.  
We killed him because he was going  
to kill us. It was self defence!  
Don't touch me!  
I'm taking Matthew  
and we're leaving.  
Sarah.  
- Have you got him?  
- Yes.  
Grab the trunk,  
I'll get the other guy.  
I guess you were wrong  
about South America.  
Jesus!  
Poor Reeves, he won't be getting  
plastic surgery after all.  
Will you help me?  
You take his feet.  
One, two, three...  
Put his feet way down.  
Come on.  
Hey, Luigi, it's Tom Ripley.  
How are you?  
Do you happen to have any Chinese  
tree peonies in the shop?  
Lovely. Pink or red?  
Terrific, I like the red.  
Listen, Louisa's concert tonight  
is at Teatro Olimpico.  
Could we send over four, five dozen  
if you have it? I'll drive.  
Lovely. Thank you much.  
Ah, yeah? How is he?  
Give him my best.

Thanks again. Bye.

Know the most interesting thing  
about doing something terrible?

What?

Often after a few days  
you can't even remember it.

That makes me feel  
really, really good.

- The rest of your money.

- No...

As per my arrangement with Reeves.

It's yours.

I'm not sure all this  
was about the money.

You know what, I doubt it. After  
all we're two civilised people.

Now you're officially off  
Europe's active hit list.

- Thank you.

- Okay?

- Good luck with the wife.

- Thanks.

- Take care of yourself.

- You too.

- Jonathan.

- Quiet or I'll kill you.

Where's your friend Ripley?

Let her go!

Don't hurt her!

- It was me!

- Who brought you here?

I did it on my own.

..kill her!

Don't hurt her!

- Jonathan!

- Why did you do that?

No, please.

Sarah, in a few minutes  
we'll have to call the police.

Tell them there was a burglary.

Your husband came home, there was  
a struggle and there were shots.

You're in shock,

that's all you remember.

Listen...

..take this.

It's the balance of his payment.

He earned it.

If you need...

It's okay.

I didn't expect thanks.