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The Loft

By Wesley Strick

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I swear to God, I had
nothing to do with this.
We would love
to believe you, Mr. Stevens.
But you have to admit, your version
of events does sound pretty bizarre.
Don't you think?
Look, it was a setup, okay?
The whole thing was staged.
So you were framed, that's
your claim, you were the victim?
Well, I mean, you know, not...
- Not like...
- Not like who?
Not like her?
Please, just talk
to the other guys.
Have you talked
to the others yet?
We're doing our jobs.
So, why don't you just
do yourself a favor and confess.
You'll save some time,
save some legal fees. Come on.
Why don't you take us
through the events of this morning?
Again?
Again, Mr. Stevens.
Where were you
this morning, Mr. Stevens?
I was at home. Alone. My
wife's taken the kids skiing.
Actually, your wife's on her
way back, as we speak.
And apparently, she has quite
a few questions of her own.
So the phone woke you
around what time this morning?
I don't know.

9:

It was Luke, in a panic.
He said I had to come.

Where were you supposed to go?

To the loft. He told
me to come to the loft.

Did he say why
he was panicking?

No.

But did you know
why he was panicking?

No. Not yet.

Luke?

Luke?

Oh, my God!

Oh, fuck!

What the hell happened?

I don't know.

What do you mean?

You just...

I walked in,
she was lying there and...

Oh, fuck.

Have you called the others?

Chris and Marty
are on their way.

I still haven't reached Philip.

Okay. Well, keep calling.

We need everybody here.

Do you know who she is?

Vincent. Do you know
who's lying there?

What?

No. Of course not.

Well, how the fuck
did they get in?

What, was it a window, a door?

Windows are sealed,
the door was locked,
and the alarm was turned off.

That's impossible.

I'm telling you.

The door was locked
and the alarm was turned off.

But, that'd mean that...

Someone got in
with one of our keys.

Do you know the loft building
at the corner of 2nd and
South Hope, Mr. Seacord?

No.

You know, the new residential
one, down by the sports arena,
designed, I believe, by your
good friend Vincent Stevens?
Vincent runs a very large firm.
He's done a lot of buildings.
There's a loft on the
ninth floor, Mr. Seacord.
Have you ever been there?

No.

Strange.

Because according
to our information,
you and four friends
are sharing this loft.
Secretly, without
your wives' knowledge.
That is ridiculous.
Don't the five of you
bring women up there?
Girlfriends, mistresses, one-night-stands?
Catch of the day?

Five pals just looking
for privacy and fun
without the hassle
of Visa statements
and hotel bills
the missus might find.

That is preposterous.

Maybe, Mr. Seacord.

But one of your friends already
made a full confession.

You wanna know who?

Listen.

I don't do things
like that, you know,
fool around with
other women. I...

You love your wife.

I love my wife, yes.

What happened
to your face, Mr. Seacord?
I walked into a door.
Or were you in a fight? I
said, I walked into a door.
Where were you this morning?
Out with Chris,
having breakfast.
There will be a lot of people in
the restaurant to verify that.
By Chris, you mean Dr. Chris
Vanowen, the psychiatrist?
That's right.
- One of your loft buddies.
- Chris is married.
He's got two kids
and, no, he's not a guy
who cheats on his wife, either.
We've got a serious
fuckin' problem, Chris.
Oh, shit...
Philip.
Philip?
What? You think your brother
has something to do with this?
No.
We gotta call the cops.
You realize what'll happen
if we call the cops?
Think about our wives.
There's a dead woman
here, Vincent.
Why do we think
Philip is involved?
Look, Chris. You know
what he's capable of.
Yeah, I know.
Maybe we can help him, okay?
If we can just figure out
what the fuck happened and...
And then what? We're gonna
dump the body somewhere?
Look, I don't fucking know, but
I'm not taking the fall for this!

Marty.
Son of a bitch...
Have you seen Phil? Do
you know where he is?
Was he here last night?
This can't be real.
No. Wait,
what are you doing?
I want to see her.
Put her back.
Oh, God damn it.
Who is she?
I don't know.
Look, none of us has anything
to do with this, right?
Right?
We're gonna find out what happened
here and we will figure a way out.
We're in this together, we'll
get out of it together. Okay?
'Cause we're friends.
Agreed?
Agreed?
Well, it looks like they'll
let anybody in, right?
Congratulations, Vin.
Thanks.
This one's really spectacular.
Very special.
I appreciate that.
Ally, it's been too long. You
look terrific. Thank you.
So, uh, what do you think?
Well, it's bold and focused.
As always. I like it.
Great! You made it. Hi. Hi.
Hi, Barbara.
How are you?
Want to buy yourselves
a little condo?
I think Vincent's little condos
are a little out of our league.
Right, you and your puny
psychiatrist's salary.

You guys grab a drink. And we'll
catch up with you later. All right?
All right.
Congrats, bud.
Thanks, man.
One hour tops,
and then we're out of here.
Oh, come on, hon.
We just got here.
Check out all these babes.
So hot!
It's like they're in violation
of the fuckin' fire code!
Marty, calm down.
I see them.
I can also see Mimi, your wife.
Okay, save me,
help me, protect me.
What's up, Tubs?
Having too much fun?
No. Just checkin' out the
hipster crowd with my pal Luke.
Mmm-hmm.
Yeah, if you embarrass me, I'll
leave you here all by yourself.
Oh, don't raise my hopes
only to dash them.
Hi, Luke.
Where's Ellie?
Oh, she was just feeling dizzy.
Ducked out to check
her blood sugar.
Hi, Elle.
Do you feel okay?
Oh, I, um, started to feel not-so-great
before, but I'm better now.
We can always go home, sweetie.
Did you hear that?
"Sweetie!"
After she just checked
her blood sugar.
That's funny.
That's really good.
I would love to see you deal with

something like that if that was me.

Oh, you know, baby, I'd love to stick you in the ass every day.

- How many times have I asked?

- Honey?

Lots.

Not now.

You're the shrink, aren't you?

Uh, yeah, that's right.

Chris Vanowen.

Ah, Dr. Vanowen, that's right.

Yes, I remember.

Do we know each other? Uh, no.

You knew my sister.

She was a patient of yours actually. Sophie?

Sophie Morris?

Oh.

I'm sorry.

I'm really sorry.

Some people

are just born unhappy.

I'm sorry. Are you

buying an apartment?

What? Um, no, no. I'm

friends with the architect.

Ah.

Are you?

No, I'm here with Joel Kotkin.

The city councilman.

I work for him as sort

of a personal assistant.

Oh.

I'm Anne. Anne Morris.

Very nice to meet you, Anne.

And listen,

about your sister...

It's okay.

You couldn't have saved her. Her mood disorder kind of runs in the family.

Unfortunately, so...

Well, you're not thinking of doing something stupid, are you, Anne?

Me?

Oh, you mean like falling
for the wrong man? Well...
I do that all the time.
Everything's all right!
Come on, keep partying!
What are you doing?
Phil, I should've guessed.
Hey, Vince, what's up? Hey. How are ya?
Thanks for comin'.
I'm sorry about this.
She slipped, man.
No worries. As long as you're okay.
You all right?
I'm fine.
She's fine. Come on.
Let me introduce
you to a colleague
who works with
me at the office.
And this one works with
me down at the office.
Or is it the other way around?
Philip?
Oh, my big brother.
How ya doin', man?
Friends of Vicky's? Bridesmaids?
Oh...
Come on, man. I'm still single, you know?
What are you doing?
What? It's not like I don't
love my little Vicky.
I love her madly, you know that.
All right?
It's not like I hate all the
other women in the world.
All right.
All right. Relax.
There's something I want to show you.
Let's go get Marty and Luke.
Chris?
Gentlemen, welcome to the loft.
Wow!
This is impressive, Vince.
Check out the view.

Then imagine that this
is our own private oasis
right in the heart of downtown.
What do you mean?
A place where
no one hassles you.
A place you can escape
to any time you want.
So this is your loft?
No. It's ours.
- If you want it.
- What?
Ours?
Think about it.
No messy hotel bills. No
questionable credit card activity.
This would be our secret place to steal
away, discreetly and economically
in these challenging times.
A five-way split.
What do you think?
I don't know.
I'm not like that.
Come on, Chris. We're men.
We're all a little like that.
Yeah. Tell me about it.
Give me your key right now.
Bring your twins up here, give
'em a little private tour.
You know what they cost, Marty?
How much? I might have it
on me right now. Seriously.
Think about it.
It's a great investment.
A once-in-a-lifetime
golden opportunity.
I can't stay here.
- Where you going? Luke?
- Hey, hey!
You cannot freak out right now.
We have to stay
together like we said!
All right. Really, Luke, you
just need to calm the fuck down.

No! No! It's over, Vincent!
It's all gonna come out!
It's not over.
Listen, we're gonna find out
what happened here
and we're gonna fix it!
Okay?
Try Phil again.
This is Philip. Please leave
a message after the tone.
What if he doesn't show?
He could be out of
the country by now.
He'll show.
We can't cover for him,
Chris. Not this time.
Guys!
Look at this.
What's it mean?
What does it mean?
You know Latin, Doctor?
Excuse me?
Latin.
Do you know Latin?
I took it, pre-Med, yeah.
What's it say on
the wall there?
"Fatum nos iungebit."
Yeah, I know.
"Fatum nos iungebit. "
I can read that.
What's it mean?
I'm guessing you already
know what it means.
No. We would like
to hear you say it.
You'd like to hear me say it. Okay.
"Fatum nos iungebit. "
"Fate will unite us."
Now, all I can
possibly think is that
somebody who knows
Latin like you,
reached over with

this young lady's hand
and wrote, "Fatum nos
iungebit" on the wall.
"Fatum nos iungebit" is wrong.
How so, Doctor?
The future imperfect tense of the
verb unite, iungere, is not iungebit.
It's iunget. It should
say, "Fatum nos iunget. "
So the person you're looking for
made a classic Latin error.
But I'm guessing you knew that
already, too, didn't you?
You know the phrase "fuck you"?
Germanic origin.
Where's your brother?
I'm sorry, I can't
help you with that one.
Right. Well, actually, he's
your half-brother, isn't he?
Same mother, different fathers.
He spent some time in various
institutions with your half-sister, Zoe?
Yeah. That's right.
After our mother died, uh,
Philip wasn't as
lucky with his father.
Apparently not.
Alcoholic child beater.
Mmm-hmm.
You didn't spend much time with
Philip back then, did you?
No. But now you're best friends.
Well, we've had a lot
of catching up to do.
You really don't know
where we can find him?
"Fate will unite us"? Where the
hell's your brother, Chris?
I don't know.
What the hell is this?
Where the fuck is Philip?
I'm right here.
Now, what the hell's going on?

You did this.
You did this!
- Luke!
- Hey! Luke!
- What?
- Luke, come here! Hey!
- Hey!
- Hands off!
Come on! Bring it on! What is this?
Cool it, Philip.
Luke!
Holy shit.
Did you have anything
to do with this?
What the fuck are
you talkin' about?
Just answer the fucking question!
Did you do this?
- Of course not!
- Jesus!
Were you here last night?
No, man. I wasn't here last night.
I slept at my in-laws'.
If you don't
believe me, call Vicky.
What about this morning?
Were you here this morning?
I was at a project site,
all right?
With my father-in-law.
Oh, my God...
Where were you last night?
Where have you been?
- Philip! Take it easy.
- Wait a minute.
Before accusing everyone else,
where have you been?
'Cause I never got a text to
say the loft was taken. Never.
Last night I was at home.
Can you prove it?
No. I can't prove it. Because
Barbara's taken the kids skiing.
You'll have to

take my word for it.
Relax! Come on!
Your word?
There's a dead woman in our loft
that only us have access to.
Now, if anybody has
anything to do with this,
now's the time to say it.
Right now.
Thank you very much.
Well, Philip's
got a ball and chain now.
Who would've thunk it?
Who's the
father-in-law again?
His name's Hiram Fry. He's
a huge property developer.
His friends call him
the Man of Steel.
Worth millions.
Vicky's his only daughter.
So what's not to love?
I just hope
Philip will be happy.
Well, that's cozy.
Come on.
Ever since Councilman
Kotkin got elected,
the Man of Steel's been
busy rebuilding downtown.
Kotkin came to
your opening, right?
Yeah, he turned
up for a photo op.
When it comes to handing out
permits and contracts though,
the game's rigged.
Wait a minute. Tell me what
we're talking about again,
'cause I just saw
some mini cheesecakes.
Gorgeous, huh?
I mean, this whole setup.
Whoever said money can't buy happiness

sure hasn't lived this life.
Sorry, boys, you've lost
your bachelor mascot.
He's all mine now.
Good luck with breaking this bronco, Vicky.
God knows others have tried.
But I'm not others,
am I, Philip?
She told you.
And it's not just me.
Philip's married
into the Fry family now.
Oh. Soon as we're
back from Fiji...
Yeah. Well, gonna sell some
properties with Vicky's dad.
You know, see how it grabs me.
Wow. Grabs you!
Well, guys, thanks for coming.
Congratulations.
I'll be with you
in a second, baby.
Oh, man, I need a break
from all the ass-kissing.
Shit.
Where is Fiji?
I don't know.
You look beautiful.
Phil.
Your wedding present.
Are you for real?
Absolutely.
Don't lose it. There's only
five of these in existence.
Accepting a key to the loft means
you accept the rules to the loft.
Marty.
Oh.
Are you crazy?
Our wives are here.
Don't you think that's a bit cynical,
handing those things out here?
Cynical? It's just a key to a room.
You should check it out.

Oh, no, you're not like that.
Not now. Maybe later.
What about you, Luke?
Now or later?
Come on!
Atta boy.
Wow!
You just make sure this doesn't
blow up in your faces.
How's it gonna
blow up in our face?
It's just a room,
like Vince said.
Our room.
Now we keep it to ourselves.
All right? We tell nobody.
It just stays within our circle.
Marty?
Yeah?
Yeah!
Now you just need to find someone
willing to go with you, Marty.
Oh, yeah?
Yeah.
Yeah. I think there's plenty
of choices right here.
Some of these guys bring some
premium grade, high test pussy.
Like that dewy-eyed
vixen right there.
She looks underage.
No, she's 20.
And if one of you
guys messes with her,
I'm gonna crack
your head wide open.
Oh, what, do you got
dibs on Miss Curly Locks?
Listen, man, that's Zoe.
All right?
- Zoe?
- Yeah.
- Like as in skin-and-bones tomboy Zoe?
- Yeah.

I hate to say it, Phil, but your
little sister's seriously hot.
She's not little anymore.
That is the finest
piece of ass...

- Yo, Marty, that's enough.

- I'm just sayin'.

I'd like to fuck
her like an animal.

Come on, Marty. That's enough!

Feel her from the inside.

I wanna fuck you
like an animal...

You don't sing,
you don't laugh,
you don't talk about my sister.

Got it? You got it?

Don't fuck with me...

You watch it.

You watch it.

I'll kick your ass
at your own fuckin' wedding.

Hi.

Hi.

We met at the,
uh, building opening.

That's right.

You're Anne Morris.

I'm glad you
remember me, Chris.

Mmm.

I see you work weekends.

What a dedicated
personal assistant.

What a lucky city councilman.

Screw him.

Do you?

Must get a bit boring walking around
all these parties by yourself.

He wants you close,
but not too close.

Not when there's
important people around.

I told you,

I fall for the wrong men.
Can you keep a secret?
Our city councilman likes
to keep my panties with him
at these events, in his pocket.
It's a turn-on for him, the thought
of me in a crowd, so naked.
Only he knows.
Why do you let him
use you like that?
Who says he's using me?
Maybe it turns me on.
Maybe me telling you about
it turns me on even more.
I hope you don't catch cold.
Chris!
Chris, I'm sorry.
I don't know,
maybe I was testing you.
I don't need to be tested.
Listen, do you want
maybe get a cup of coffee?
Some place quiet?
Private?
I'd like to use your key.
Just once.
It's not what you think.
Hey, it doesn't
matter what I think.
Have fun.
Does everyone still have a key?
'Course we do.
It's crucial we get this right.
Five keys were cut. To make a
sixth, you'd need the code.
Which is in my safe,
so we can rule that out.
But there was no break-in. So
does everyone still have a key?
What? You think we've
been givin' away our keys?
It's against your rules, Vince.
Then show me.
What are we trying

to prove here?
Look, I don't know. Maybe
someone's lost a key, okay?
Let's just rule that out.
Okay? Look, here's mine.
All right?
Chris?
You didn't use a key
to get in just now.
No. I didn't bring it.
Where is it?
I don't have it on me, okay.
It's not like I need it every
day, like some of you guys.
But you do still have it?
Vincent, whether or not I have my key on
me right now is really not important.
It's extremely
fuckin' important!
Someone got in using a key
and yours is missing!
Is that right, Vincent?
Then how do you account for the
fact that the alarm was shut off?
So, let's just
cut the bullshit,
'cause it definitely
had to be one of us five.
Unless...
Unless what?
Unless she let him in.
Oh, yeah. Then how'd
she get in, Vincent?
Any way you look at it, it
keeps coming back down to us.
And I for one would like to
know who's hiding something.
Where did you learn that?
I seriously don't believe it.
There's a word for that?
Yes, polyamory.
It's a philosophy,
some sort of belief system
about being

romantically involved
with more than one
person at the same time.
Uh-huh. And your
boss gets away with it?
Yes. He says that he's in love
with his wife and his girlfriend,
- so why should he have to choose?
Uh-huh.
And his wife is
amazingly cool with it.
Oh, really? Is she special needs?
Maybe oxygen-deprived? What?
Explain. I'd like to know.
That sounds like my kind
of philosophy, Barb.
What's it called again?
Polly and Marie?
Please. Spare us, Tubs. You
can barely handle one woman.
What would you do with two? Mmm.
Bury one.
I would make up something,
some sort of game that involves
two ladies and one guy.
Start a trapeze
act or somethin'.
Could you at least
fake some enthusiasm?
It's your party-
Anyway, I'm cooking.
If you absolutely have
to invite your friends over,
could you at least try
to make it home on time?
Look, they're never here, okay?
Will you just join us?
I just hope the pudgy clown
doesn't puke on the rug.
He's been chugging vodka
like it's Evian.
I mean,
doesn't his wife see that?
Actually,

she was just cool with it
long enough to
catch him in the act.
She hired a detective.
Cell phone records, credit card
receipts, audio, video, the works.
And in a heartbeat my poor boss
went from polyamory to alimony.
Oh.
Man, your boss
sounds mentally retarded.
So, what happened to him?
Oh. Uh...
He and his concubine are now cramped
in a tiny one-bedroom condo.
But I'm guessing he's happy.
She's blonde, 23, with a brand
new pair of fake breasts.
Ugh! How can men
stand fake breasts?
Why are women always
talking about "fake tits"
this "fake tits" that?
I mean, listen.
Girls, if it's a decent boob job,
who fuckin' cares, you know?
My mom, she's got,
uh, false teeth.
Okay? When she smiles, do
people give her shit and say,
"Oh, my God!
Look! Fake!"
No, they don't!
They say, "Wow!
You look way better now.
"It's an improvement."
You know, you women, you're
so catty, so competitive!
Calm down, Tubby dearest.
No. You know what? It's
nothin' to be calm about, Mimi.
I mean, a glorious big set of fuckin'
tits and a nice piece of ass,
it's thrilling!

It's thrilling!
This is
all a little too highbrow
for my teeny, tiny,
catty female mind.
Well, you know what? You
should have that enlarged.
Huh?
And while you're under,
you should have the comers
of your mouth lifted
so you can smile
every once in a while.
Sorry... Sorry, Chris.
Marty. Come on.
What? No.
No, you're a class act, Marty.
Mimi, would you like to get
your husband another drink,
or should I do the honors?
You should do it.
And I want it chilled.
And then you go with her and stir.
Honey?
The problem with
your boss, Barbara,
is he didn't have
his shit together.
I mean, apart...
Apart, I mean.
No. I mean, he didn't
compartmentalize.
You guys agree?
All right, Marty.
How would you compartmentalize?
How? Okay, well,
since you asked.
First thing first is I wouldn't have
a place that you could get caught.
Not a hotel,
not your girlfriend's crib.
That's key, right?
Am I right, Vinnie-boy?
Am I right?

Marty, you've lost us all.
I doubt that.
I doubt that, Vinnie-boy!
Okay, first of all,
sorry, baby.
I would just get a little one-bedroom
condo, or something like that.
God damn it!
Wow. You all right?
Mimi, your husband tends
to talk out of his ass
when he's been drinking.
Yeah?
Come on. There we go.
Hon, would you give me a hand?
Sure.
Sorry. Didn't know
you were in here.
No problem. Ate too
much too fast, I guess.
Thai food, you know. Yeah. It gets
all up in your nose and shit.
Yeah.
It's a little spicy.
Yeah.
I'm out of here. Bye.
I need to pick
up some more insulin.
Luke? Is there something
you wanna tell me?
Are you keeping secrets?
What kind of secrets?
Is there someone else?
I don't know why you start
asking me silly questions,
but the answer is no.
I'm not cheating on you, Ellie.
That's not what
I'm asking, Luke.
I'm asking if
there's someone else.
Listen, sweetie.
Whatever I may be,
or may not be

and I know I'm not
as glamorous as some
but I'll always
be there for you.
And the children.
I don't know what
I'd do without you.
I want you to know there's
a lot I could put up with.
What are you doing?
We need to get her out of here.
How?
She is shackled to the bed!
Can't you guys
see what's going on?
Someone is trying to frame us!
Who?
Who wants to frame us?
I don't know.
But think about it.
The body's cuffed to the bed.
It's impossible to move.
The Latin, the knife. Someone
did this for a reason.
Hell, the cops could
be here any second.
But none of us
know who this girl is.
We don't even know
how she got in here.
Who else knew
about the arrangement?
Who else knows
about our arrangement?
Did anyone blab? Tell one of the
girls that have been up here?
Marty?
What? Why me?
Some night you
were hammered, maybe?
I've always followed
the rules, Vincent!
Did you give anyone your code?
Did you key in while

someone was watching?
Absolutely not!
I just told you.
All right. Wait. What's
your point, Vincent?
Where you going with this?
Someone is trying to set us up.
Like who?
I don't know.
A rejected girlfriend, a jealous
boyfriend, betrayed husband,
someone with a motive.
Look, is one of you guys
in some kind of trouble?
I think I may be
falling in love with you.
You don't have to say that.
No, but I mean it.
Why would you say that, Chris?
Why would you even feel it?
I've never
cheated on my wife before.
And I don't fall
in love easily.
Chris,
I don't want you to love me.
You don't even know me, apart
from these stolen moments.
I mean, they're
exciting, yeah, sure.
But they're just moments.
Let's change that.
I wanna see you more often.
Chris, please...
Not just for this.
No, stop it.
I don't want you to love me.
Well, I don't wanna
keep sneaking around.
I'm gonna tell Alison about us.
No, you're not.
Yes, I am.
Anne.
I'm gonna leave her. Stop it!

Why are you doing this?
The people you love,
they're the only
ones who can hurt you.
I would never hurt you, Anne.
Stop.
Stop what? I don't know what
you're talking about. Would you...
Stop it, okay? You don't know me.
Okay? That's the end of it.
Well, would you give
me a chance at least to...
I'm a whore.
All right?
What?
I'm a prostitute.
I fuck men for money.
Do you get it now?
Don't worry, Doctor.
I won't bill you for
the past few months.
Please, Anne, would you...
Chris...
Would you wait a minute?
Please. Stop it. You don't
know the half of it.
All right?
Just go home.
Go home to your
wife and your kids.
Is your friend Chris Vanowen
cheating on his wife, Mr. Landry?
Oh, I doubt that.
Chris is a very
devoted husband and a...
And a model dad, just like all
the rest of your pals, right?
Except for you.
You're not exactly squeaky
clean, are you, Marty?
Um, I don't know what you mean.
Why does your wife
want a divorce?
Divorce?

What we're going through, uh, separation.

It's a trial separation.

Why?

Um, because she
found out something
that she wasn't
too happy about.

You fucked around on her.
If you wanna be technical.

How'd she find out?

The woman with whom I...

Fucked around?

Yeah.

Well, apparently expected
something a little more
and she showed up
on our front porch.

The bitch started to...

The woman in question
started saying things.

And my only hope is that Mimi
will come around eventually
because I love her very much.

Did you go with
this woman to the loft?

What? No.

This happened in San Diego.

That's where you met the woman, right?

In San Diego?

Yeah.

Why were you there?

A commercial real
estate convention.

Vince had a couple of extra
tickets, a VIP thing.

You know, a couple nights
in a fancy hotel
and a chance to get
away for a couple days.

And nights.

Yeah. Nights, too.

Man, do you see that?

Jesus, Vince. Those girls
are drooling all over you.

Invite 'em over.
You got first dibs.
I'm happy with
second best, too.
- He's cute.
- See him?
I'll take
a rain-check on that.
What? Are you fucking crazy? Why
wouldn't you invite them over?
'Cause, Marty,
I'd rather dive for some
rare and exotic sea creature
than shoot fish in a barrel.
Does Barbara know about these
deep-sea expeditions of yours?
What, are you kidding me?
Yeah. What's your
problem, Seacord?
You got a key to the loft. What
do you do up there, your laundry?
Dishes?
Hey! Are you guys here
on business, or what?
I'm Dana.
My first time here.
It's a little overpriced for
what you get, don't you think?
Hi, Dana. I'm Vincent.
This is Marty, Luke.
Can we, uh, buy you a drink?
Hey, when I said overpriced, I
wasn't trolling for free booze.
No...
I mean, I didn't think...
Well, since you asked,
what are you drinking?
Ooh, champagne?
A girl can dream.
Champagne?
Please.
All right.
One champagne coming up.
What are you doing? The fat chick's

gonna scare off all the hot chicks.
Marty. Every fat chick
has a good-looking friend.
Hers is probably on her
way down right now.
Okay, yeah. Well, what if she
is the good-looking friend
and the really fat chick's
on her way down?
I think that's Philip's
father-in-law.
Oh. Yeah, it is.
I'll be.
That's the Man of Steel, all right.
But that ain't Mrs. Steel.
Think we should give him a key?
Maybe. Not mine.
I'd like a bottle of your finest
champagne and four glasses, please,
for the table in the corner.
You, uh, were at
my daughter's wedding.
Philip's friends.
You're the architect.
Vincent Stevens.
We should talk sometime,
Mr. Stevens.
Sure. What do you
got in mind, Mr. Fry?
We have a new
waterfront project.
It's massive,
it's cutting edge.
It might be
right up your alley.
Of course,
it's all preliminary.
We have to keep it under wraps.
I hope you can be discreet.
Sure.
Discretion, Mr. Stevens.
That's the main thing.
A word to the wise.
You are wise?

Yeah. Sure. Wise, uh...
Wise and discreet, Mr. Fry.
I'm in software. I can be
discreet myself, and wise.
I'll pick up their tab as well.
Well, have a nice
evening, gentlemen.
Sweetheart?
Sweetheart? Excuse me.
Hi, this is Anne.
Leave a message.
Who are you calling
at this hour?
No one, I was just
checking my voice-mail.
And what does
your voice-mail say?
That you're a lousy liar,
Chris Vanowen?
What are you talking...
Is something wrong?
You tell me, Chris.
Alison, I...
I'm going to bed.
Alison!
Excuse me.
That's not thinking.
It's called following
your dick around.
Okay, two kinds of articles
in Cosmo month after month.
One, men are pigs.
Two, how do I seduce
a pig to chop my wood?
- I don't read Cosmo month after month.
- Well, I do.
I don't...
Well, I do.
And I find it
strangely compelling.
You know what I find
strangely compelling? What?
Your eyebrows.
Lumberjack contest.

I can't leave you
alone for a minute.

Oh, Sarah.

It's been more like an hour. I mean,
thank God I've been subsidized.

Aren't you going to introduce
me to your new friends?

And that was
the first time you met her?

Yeah. That was, uh...

- That was the first time.

- Sarah?

Yeah, her name was Sarah.

Mr. Stevens, what
else happened in San Diego?

What do you want to know?

Everything.

I got another one!

No!

Shh. Keep it down.

Keep it down.

This is insane, Sarah.

You should never
dare a crazy woman.

Vincent, we should
probably go back.

Luke, lighten up.

It's okay.

Mmm.

Hmm.

So I got you the pool...

Now you have to keep
your end of the bargain.

Come over here.

Let's sit.

Yeah.

Whoa!

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Come on. Don't keep us
waiting. Take it off.

Think I'm gonna be sick.

What? Vince's body's
not that bad.

Not Vince, the shrimp cocktail!

What? Dana!
Dana! Come back here!
Your turn.
No.
Take it all off.
Not bad.
Whoa!
Is this still
too scary for you, Luke?
Are you gonna join us?
I'm...
I'm fine right here.
But I need you, 'cause Vincent's gonna
try and make a move on me soon.
And if you're here,
maybe he won't dare.
Well, maybe
Vincent's not interested.
Maybe Vincent'd rather do laps.
That would explain
the last few hours
of casual but
meaningful glances
that each lasted
a second too long.
You like to play games, huh?
I do.
And I'll tell
you something else.
I'm better at it than you.
Can you feel me?
Most definitely.
Marty?
Marty, I need my room key.
Dude, I'm kind of busy here!
Don't stop!
Go!
Just do it!
You're scared, is what it is.
You're running away
from your feelings.
I don't want to say goodbye.
Do you have any idea what it's
like to really love someone?

I'm sorry.
What are you doing?
Throwing it away.
It's empty.
You were here yesterday,
weren't you?
Guys?
We gotta go to the cops. We're
not getting anywhere with this.
First, I think Vincent
has something to tell you.
All right, let's hear it.
What the hell?
Hello?
Who is it?
Who is it?
It's a realtor
who wants to come up.
Somebody listed
the loft for sale?
What?
Oh, Jesus fucking...
Listed the loft?
She said she has an
appointment with a Deakins...
Sarah Deakins.
Who's Sarah Deakins?
Wait. Who the hell is
trying to sell our loft?
You know her, Marty.
What?
You know her, and so does Luke.
Sarah Deakins is
lying on the bed.
You guys, I promise, I've
never seen a Sarah Deakins.
That's not true.
You know her.
Why do you keep saying that?
You met her in San Diego,
the last night, in the bar.
Remember? Dana's friend.
The last night? I was
wasted out of my mind.

The whole night's a blur.
Jesus!
Luke, you remember
her, don't you?
That's Sarah?
You remember Sarah.
You remember her, right?
Yes.
I remember Sarah.
But how was I supposed
to know that's Sarah?
Come on, guys!
What the hell's going on?
You guys turned her over and
looked at her face. I did not.
Yeah. I think
there's been a mistake.
We don't know anyone
named Sarah Deakins.
Marty, come on!
Who is it? Do we know her?
I don't know.
Fuck!
So, is that all you
wanted to tell us, Vince?
Or is there more?
I had a thing with her.
I brought her up
here a couple times.
But I swear on my kids,
I had nothing to do with this.
Would you just fuckin' tell me?
Were you here
with her last night?
Were you the one
who let her in?
I broke up with her last night.
I swear she was
alive when I left.
It still doesn't explain
why someone listed the loft!
Something special
or just browsing?
Why don't you return my phone calls?

If you're dumping me,
at least have the decency...
Chris, how can I dump you?
There's nothing between us.
So that's what I mean
to you? Nothing?
Did you forget what I told you already?
Who I am, what I do?
No. I haven't.
It doesn't change
how I feel about you.
How many women have you
taken to that fuck-pad
you share with your
four little buddies?
What?
Please, Chris.
Save it for some girl who'll
actually buy your bullshit.
Anne... No.
Wait! Wait.
You know I'm not like that.
Here.
I only need this
if I'm with you.
So you keep it.
If you wanna see me again,
you let me know.
Chris?
Um, what are you doing here?
Shopping for Alison?
Uh, no... No, um, I was
just here with a colleague.
Does your wife know you've been
sharing the loft with your pals?
I already told you, I'm not
sharing a loft with any pals.
I was there just once,
at a party,
when the building first opened.
Then you have been there?
A minute ago, you didn't even
know where the building was.
I never took anyone up there. I

thought that's what you meant.
Well, did you know the girl?
We met once in San Diego.
Are you aware that Mr. Stevens began a
relationship with her in San Diego?
That would
surprise me, frankly.
You didn't know? Isn't Vincent
Stevens your best friend?
It's so obvious what
you're trying to do here,
trying to turn us
against each other.
But guess what? I'm not about
to start trashing my friend.
Is it possible, Mr. Seacord, that you
were jealous of your best friend?
When he's nailing all
these beautiful women?
I am a married man. I'm not
interested in nailing women.
I'm not jealous of Vincent.
Oh, no.
I didn't mean jealous
of him, Mr. Seacord.
I meant jealous of the women.
Where do you get off
with an innuendo like that?
Fucking bastards.
Why are you so angry,
Mr. Seacord?
Vincent is my closest friend.
And he has been for years.
Yeah. Fine.
But your best friend
is selling you out as
we speak, Mr. Seacord.
You and the rest of your gang.
No.
Vincent would never sell out his friends.
You're full of shit.
Asshole.
What'd you call me?
You heard me,

you lying piece of shit!
I broke up with her
and I left! That's it!
Yeah?
After you cut her up with this, right?
Put the knife down.
Philip!
I didn't kill her.
Back off.
Why?
Hey, put the knife...
Put the knife down!
Hey, hey!
Back off.
The loft was listed in her name.
That's not a coincidence.
Someone's trying
to pin this on us.
On you, you mean.
Jesus!
Get a fuckin' grip!
Fuck!
Guys, we cannot
keep doing this.
What do you wanna do, Marty?
Huh? Just leave me hanging?
Hey, Vince?
Vince? Are you in there?
If you're in there, hey, man, I need
to talk to you for just a second.
Christ, Marty, I've got company.
Didn't you get my text?
Mimi's gone!
She's gone!
Fucking gone!
What do you mean gone?
Gone where?
She left me.
She found out about San Diego.
That dumpy chick, she showed up.
She told her everything.
Fuck!
Wait a minute. You didn't
tell Mimi about the loft?

What? It's not about the
goddamn loft, Vince!
It's about my wife!
I don't know what
I'm gonna do without her!
Did you confess?
Never confess, Marty.
Never confess.
Would you go to her? Just
tell her that I love her.
You know? And that Dana's lying?
She'll believe you.
Marty, I will straighten
this out for you.
I promise you,
I will straighten this out.
Okay.
Hey, come here.
It's okay.
Thanks.
Okay, so what's the plan?
What do we do now?
We get her out of here.
What? We can't just
make a body disappear.
Well, that's too bad.
It's our only hope.
You had
a relationship with her.
Now she's some inconvenient
piece of evidence?
What kind of man are you?
That's a laugh,
coming from you.
And how do you plan
to get her off the bed?
Cut off her hand?
Or do you have
the key to those cuffs?
You know what?
I thought handcuffs
were more your thing
than mine, Phil.
Meaning what?

You know exactly what I mean.
Shut up! Shut up! Just keep
your fuckin' mouth shut! All right?
Please!
Help me! Please help me!
Keep your fucking mouth shut!
He's crazy!
This fucking whore
started to rip me off!
Please help me! He raped me!
Shut up!
Hey... Easy!
All right!
All right!
We mean it.
It's gonna be okay.
He's crazy!
Shit! Okay.
Philip, give me the keys.
The bitch is gonna
go to the cops, man.
Gimme the keys
to the handcuffs.
She's gonna go to the cops!
The keys!
You want the key?
He made me do things
that I didn't want to do.
Shut up! Shut up!
Easy.
What? You want more money?
That's it, right?
It's all about the money, huh?
It's all about the fucking money!
Here's your fucking money!
It's right there!
Jesus Christ! What the fuck
is the matter with you?
Have you lost
your fucking mind?
She's a whore, Chris!
Do you know what a whore is?
Shut up!
You can't rape a whore!

You can't rape a whore!
You can't rape...
Shut the fuck...
You don't treat a woman
like that! You got it?
Not any woman!
Don't fuckin' touch me, all right?
Cool it!
What the fuck's the matter with you, man?
You're putting us all at risk!
I want police.
He hit me.
Shut up.
He rape me!
Shut up!
Stop screaming! I'm gonna rip
your goddamn throat out!
I've had it with you!
You're no better
than your father!
I'm what?
You heard me.
All right, Chris.
That's a nice one.
Chris had a better deal
with his daddy, right?
The great guy who
wants to save everyone.
Where were you, when Zoe and
I were getting beat up?
And Mom in the next room,
pretending not to hear.
Where were you?
In your cozy college dorm
getting laid and wasted,
'cause you didn't give a fuck!
I didn't know
anything about it.
You didn't give a crap!
All those years we
didn't exist for you!
I didn't know
anything about it!
If you would've told me, if

you would've said something!
Then what, you phony?
Then what?
Then I would've gotten you out of there!
God damn it! Both of you!
Listen.
I'm really, really sorry,
but we can't go to the cops.
Here's what I'm gonna do.
No, listen.
I have a friend, he's a doctor.
No...
Yes.
I'm gonna drive you to him.
He's gonna take
care of you. Okay?
No...
No, here. Listen.
Take it.
I know it's not enough
for what happened tonight.
He's an animal.
He should be locked up!
Okay. And we're gonna
deal with him, I promise you.
Come on. Now, get your clothes and
I'm gonna take you to the doctor.
- No!
- Easy. Here we go.
No!
I'll never forgive
you for this. Never!
What's your problem?
Jesus Christ!
Why don't I know anything about this?
And when did it happen?
A couple of weeks ago.
We decided to
keep it to ourselves,
'cause that's the kind
of friends we are.
Don't lecture me, all right?
Especially about friendship.
Oh, right. Sorry. I meant to give

you the cokehead rapist lecture.

Fuck you.

Well, you could see how I think
you'd be involved in this.

I need to say something.

Oh, shit.

- You had that coming!

- Hey! Take it easy.

Relax. Take it easy.

Get up!

You son of a bitch.

You recorded everything
that went on here.

Every woman...

Not every.

Not always, just sometimes.

At least I don't
cheat on my wife.

No, you just watch us
and beat off.

You sick fuck.

You're a sick fuck!

Luke, did you record
last night?

No.

You didn't say you were coming.

Which is against your rules.

And that wasn't the first time
you broke your own
rules, by the way.

Now you're scared, aren't you?

Now you know I've
documented pretty much
everything you've been
up to here.

No worries, Vincent.

I'll keep my mouth shut,
like I always do.

Did you see anything
that can help us out here?

Anything at all?

If all the people
who've been hurt
and cheated on

find out the truth,
what do you
think'll happen, Vincent?
What's the matter?
I just don't feel like
leaving tomorrow.
Serious? You love skiing.
Yes. I love to ski.
But just not by myself.
Are you sure you can't come?
Babe, you know I can't come.
I can't just take off
right now.
Hey. I'll call you
every day.
I love you.
I know the drill.
One hour, right?
Wrong. Have a blast,
don't mind me.
Why should tonight be any different
from the past few months?
Look, Alison, if it's all right with
you, I'd rather not spoil tonight.
I'm sure it must be tempting
to grab something
shiny and new.
But do you ever think about
what you might
stand to lose, Chris?
You could ruin a lot more
than just this evening.
Tell me,
are you so happy, Alison?
Well, what do you know?
If it's for charity,
my mother-in-law
is allowed to join the
party for a little while.
You heard anything about
the waterfront project?
No. He's gonna call
once he gets his permits.
As far as I know,

everything's approved.

Really?

Yeah.

Good evening, gentlemen.

Ladies, you look absolutely ravishing tonight.

Thank you.

This is Vincent Stevens.

He's the architect who designed the new loft building near the sports arena.

Oh, wonderful.

I love that building.

Why, thank you, Mrs. Kotkin.

I really appreciate that.

As I was saying to your husband in San Diego, gentlemen in our business can't afford to be exposed to the negative consequences of bad design.

Speaking of San Diego, how's that waterfront project coming along?

Oh, yes. We're still working on it.

We've applied for all our permits and now we're waiting.

Standing in line like everyone else.

You don't strike me as the type of man that stands in line, Mr. Fry.

What about you, Mr. Kotkin?

Are you a gambling man?

And you, Mr. Stevens?

You like to take chances?

As a matter of fact, I do.

Especially when I'm holding a handful of hearts.

Anyway, I don't mean to interrupt.

Ladies, if you're as lucky on the tables tonight as you are in love, then I am sure you'll hit your jackpots.

Gentlemen, always a pleasure.
Blackjack!
WOW!
Ooh! Set aside enough
for the ali-money.
Mimi, what are you doin' here?
Just 'cause I booted you out
doesn't mean I'm stuck at home.
Pumpkin, I want to come back.
I know I
screwed up once. Once.
I was drunk off my ass. I swear
it didn't mean a damn thing.
Something I don't understand
about men.
If it doesn't mean anything,
why bother?
I promise I'll change.
Into what, a frog?
Certainly not a prince. How
'bout the ass you already are?
What if I told you I wanted
to fuck around tonight?
Sorry.
It would
hurt like hell, wouldn't it?
Hey, maybe I already got even.
Maybe with one of your pals.
Maybe Chris, he's cute.
Or how about Vincent,
the night you sent him over
for that tragic
heart-to-heart? Aw.
"Marty's really suffering.
"Mimi, you've gotta
talk to him."
Blackjack!
Oh! Well,
look at that, Tubs,
your first-ever
winning streak.
Just remember, dear heart,
half of it is mine.
You gave Zoe a ticket for tonight?

Philip, let go.
I keep her away from
bullshit like this,
and then behind my back...
Christ, Phil, she's almost
20 years old.
What are you, her father?
Did you see her?
She looks like a whore.
I thought you like whores.
Yeah. Let her have some fun.
If you'll excuse me, I'm
about to have some fun, too.
I'm kind of on a roll.
Yeah?
Yeah. Yeah.
I hope you win big time.
You'll need it with all the shit
you've been packin' up your nostrils.
So you noticed a tiny
fraction of your stash went missing?
Yeah. If you don't like it,
file for divorce.
I haven't ruled that out. Don't
forget about our pre-nup, loser.
While you're at it,
go play some blackjack.
Could be your last best
chance at paying the rent.
Can I get some dice over here?
Hands-off.
Excuse me.
Anne?
Anne?
We need to talk.
Yeah? About what?
Your pal, the architect.
He's playing with fire.
I'd actually rather talk about Anne.
I'll pass along your
message to Vincent,
but I'd like something, too,
Mr. Kotkin.
I'd like for you to

stop seeing Anne.
And Why would I do that?
Because I love her.
Then we have more
in common than we thought.
I'd like you to stop paying her.
I want you to let her go.
That's really not up to me.
Fact is,
it's totally her choice.
Except I never paid for her.
Well, that's true.
You never paid.
Stop it, Joel.
I'm going.
What did he mean by that,
"You never paid"?
I don't want to
love you, Chris.
Is he saying someone's
paying you to be with me?
You're the only one
who can hurt me.
Anne?
Tell me it's a lie.
The first time,
it was paid for.
Every other time, that
was real, that was me.
But who paid?
I can't...
Excuse me.
Come on, Zoe, let's go.
I'm fine here.
I'm asking you to
come with me. Come on.
And I'm asking you to stop.
Did you not hear the lady?
Mind your business.
Stop!
What, are you deaf
or just a dick, huh?
I don't know, man.
What does it say up here?

"Deaf" or "dick"?

Help me out.

Philip! Stop! Don't!

Fuck!

Excuse me.

Thank you.

You're just like Dad!

Shut up!

You are just like him!

Somebody get this guy an ambulance.

I never want to see you again,
not in my home and not near my daughter.

Do you got that?

Get him the hell out of here.

Okay, folks! Let's get back to
the gaming tables, shall we?

Hey, it's okay.

I'm sorry.

Hey, it's okay.

Let's go.

Let's get out of here.

It's not what you're thinking.

And what am I thinking?

She's my friend's sister, okay?

Are there more? Besides
me, her, and your wife?

What's the grand total?

Look, I can't have
this conversation here.

Barbara's standing
right over there.

Do you love me?

Of course I love you.

I'm crazy about you.

But would you choose me?

If you could?

You know it's not that simple.

Come meet me at the loft tomorrow, okay?

We'll talk it through.

You're right.

It's not that simple.

But maybe I can make it simple.

What do you mean?

Maybe I can help you

make that choice.
Sarah...
Sarah.
Sarah!
Sarah!
I'm sorry.
Are you all right?
Don't do it, Sarah.
You'll regret it.
They found out.
They set us up.
They set us up.
Our wives, they...
They set us up.
Why, Vincent?
They.
They found out. They found
out about the loft.
Why would you do it, Vincent?
We're your friends.
No...
Why did you do it?
No... It was our wives.
They found out.
No, it's your friends.
We found out.
What's going on?
You still don't get it.
All right, strip him.
What are you doing?
You are a total
fucking psychopath.
I did what you told me.
I didn't tell you to
fucking cut her open!
That wasn't a part of the plan.
And the Latin on the bed?
Like the cops are gonna
believe that bullshit.
Then you should've
done it yourself.
Come on. Let's do this.
What'd you give me?
What you deserve.

You killed Sarah?
No. We just found her.
What?
We were here this morning, Vincent.
Before you arrived.
Jesus Christ.
At first I thought
she was sleeping.
Vincent knows her?
She left him this.
"See you in the next life."
Why did she have to do it here?
We gotta call the cops.
They investigate suicides.
This is all gonna come out.
Guys, wait.
Can't we find out where she
lives and leave her there?
Jesus!
Philip!
Come on, we have to
help out Vince!
Yeah. Speaking of which,
where the fuck is Vince?
Isn't this his problem?
Hmm...
Vincent isn't here because.
- Because I didn't call him.
- You didn't call him?
Why didn't you call him?
There's something
I have to show you.
You've been taping us?
You fucking pervert!
You can beat the crap
out of me later.
We don't have much time,
and you need to watch this.
Maybe you'll get a new perspective
on what happened upstairs.
Maybe you'll agree, we shouldn't
take the hit for Vincent's fuckup!
You see, Vincent...
Vincent hasn't always been

a good friend.
No.
God!
Hey, maybe I already got even.
Or maybe Vincent,
the night you sent him over for
that tragic heart-to-heart.
It's okay.
They got here late, the night
he went to talk to her.
She was drunk, Marty.
He took advantage.
Wow! Your little sister's
seriously hot.
Hey...
How long has it...
It doesn't matter.
How long?
He started seeing her
right after your wedding.
They met here
on a regular basis.
If I'm not mistaken,
he was her first.
Fuck!
Gorgeous, huh?
The people you love,
they're the only ones
who can hurt you.
He paid Anne
to let you seduce her,
put the hook in, so you'd want
a share of the loft.
The first time,
it was paid for.
Have fun.
Chris, please. You don't
know the half of it.
All right? Just go home.
He used her, Chris.
Just like he used everyone.
Everyone.
I'm gonna kill that
son of a bitch.

Vincent can't sense anything
is up when he walks in.
We have to try and remain calm.
We're gonna get
questioned by the cops.
That's why we can never admit
we're sharing this loft.
Or they'll try to turn us
against each other.
Okay. I think this can work.
As long as we follow the plan.
Chris?
Okay. I'm in.
But only if we know for sure that
Vincent was here last night.
I wanna hear him say it. And if
he does, I'll go through with it.
I'll give a signal...
Break something, a glass.
But nothing happens
until we know for sure.
Understood?
We've got just under two hours
to set everything up
and establish alibis.
I'll take care of it.
You guys get out of here.
Make sure people see you.
You have the
suicide note, right?
I've got it.
You knew what that prick was up
to and you never said anything.
You're just as sick as Vincent.
They met here
on a regular basis.
Vincent hasn't
always been a good friend.
He started seeing her
right after your wedding.
If I'm not mistaken,
he was her first.
You are a total
fucking psychopath.

I did what you told me.
I didn't tell you to
fucking cut her open!
That wasn't a part of the plan.
And the Latin on the bed?
Like the cops are gonna
believe that bullshit.
What happened here?
You're framing me!
Oh, fuck!
Jesus, swallow it.
My own friends.
My own friends!
Am I gonna die?
No, Vincent,
you're not gonna die.
Sarah lured you here
and drugged you.
Then she killed herself,
with you by her side.
"Fate will unite us."
But you're gonna survive.
'Cause we're friends,
aren't we?
So, you see, it was a setup.
Sarah and I were set up.
The whole thing was staged.
Still sounds a little
unbelievable, don't you think?
Unbelievable.
But it's the truth.
Yeah. My line of work,
you gotta prove the truth.
And you prove it
with facts and findings.
Fact is, we only found your prints
and those of Sarah Deakins.
Yeah, because they
wiped the place clean.
And we have the DVDs
of all your sexual exploits,
with your prints all over them.
Luke made those DVDs. I never even
saw 'em, let alone touched 'em.

Yeah. But we got no DVDs
of your friends.
No DVDs of Marty's wife.
No DVDs of Philip's sister.
No DVDs of Chris' girlfriend.
All right?
Facts and findings,
Mr. Stevens.
And we got no evidence
that you were being set up.
All right. Is there anything
we've forgotten?
Yeah. To follow
the fuckin' plan.
Why didn't you just
handcuff her?
She was already dead.
That's still no reason
to mutilate her.
She killed herself!
I just made it more dramatic.
Yeah. Well, you better hope your
dramatics don't put us in jail.
Look. Just lean on 'em
a little bit.
Marty will break.
Maybe Luke, too.
Look. Don't tell me how to
do my work. All right?
We've questioned them all.
I got no reason
to believe they've been lying.
Plus, all your friends
have alibis.
Alibis? Not for this morning,
they don't.
We got Luke Seacord and
Chris Vanowen together at breakfast.
We got Marty Landry
at his office. All right?
At his office?
Look, for at least an hour this
morning, we were all in the loft.
So was Phil.

What about Phil?

Actually, he's downstairs right now with his father-in-law.

Fry?

What the fuck's Fry doing here?

He just gave a statement, saying that he was with his son-in-law all day.

That is bullshit!

That is a false statement!

And why would he lie?

Hiram Fry brings a lot of credibility.

"Credibility"? I saw Fry in San Diego with some bimbo!

Okay? Phil knew that.

He knew I pressured Fry into giving me a waterfront contract.

So you tried to blackmail Hiram Fry?

Mr. Stevens, enough of this crap.

We got your prints all over the DVDs, we got 'em all over the knife.

We got you chained next to the dead girl on the bed. All right?

Call your lawyer, make a confession and save your ass!

You're free to go.

I want to thank you for your cooperation.

You understand we had to check out your friend's story.

Of course. It's your job.

There's just...

There's one thing that's bothering me.

Why does Vincent Stevens keep accusing his best friends?

I don't know.

It bothers me, too.

Hmm.

Could it be, I just wonder,

do you think he's trying
to hide something else?
What would he be hiding?
Sarah Deakins' murder.
Murder?
The detective in the interrogation
called it a suicide.
Well, that's what
it looked like.
But the autopsy report revealed that
sleeping pills didn't kill her.
And her wrist was cut,
but not by Sarah.
Hesitation marks,
those tentative attempts...
The first ones before a suicide
actually slashes through an artery.
The coroner didn't find
those on her.
But Vincent, he would never...
His prints are on the knife.
We didn't find a suicide note.
Is there something wrong?
We didn't find a suicide note.
You have the
suicide note, right?
I got it.
Luke.
Chris. You scared me.
Sure it's smart, meeting here?
I think we have
a problem, Luke.
How so?
Where's Sarah's suicide note?
You put it in your pocket.
Yeah, I could've sworn I did,
but it's not there anymore.
So when did you steal it
from my coat?
When the doorbell rang
this morning?
Surprise visit
from the realtor?
Chris, it's...

It's unfortunate that you
lost Sarah's suicide note,
but I had nothing
to do with that.
I called the agency to ask
who put our loft up for sale.
All they could give me
was a number.
I did call them. I wanted...
I thought maybe that...
It's over, Chris.
We pulled it off.
We got nothing
to worry about now.
But Why'd that note disappear?
The only real proof
of her suicide.
Hello?
Says she's got an appointment
with someone named Sarah Deakins.
Who's Sarah Deakins?
Is it because maybe
she didn't write it?
Maybe it's your handwriting.
Vincent fucked us all.
You saw...
Yeah, I saw.
All the DVDs that
made everybody crazy
went right along with your
grand plan, didn't it?
But why, Luke?
What did you do to that girl?
Did she get in your way,
between you and Vincent?
Actually, it was Vincent
standing between us.
Is there someone else?
I'm not cheating on you, Ellie.
Sarah, wait!
Forget Vincent. He is
better at games than you.
Always was, always will be.
He's hurting you, using you.

Why are you telling me this?
I'm telling you,
because I'd never hurt you.
If you'd just give me
the chance.
To show I'd never hurt you.
That's right,
you'd never hurt me.
Because I feel
nothing for you, Luke.
I'm sorry.
Maybe in another life.
You were here last night.
Barbara was off skiing.
So I figured I'd find
Vincent here, with Sarah.
I'm sorry.
I waited till he left.
She said I was right about Vincent.
Consoling.
I've gotten so good at it.
I gave her an insulin OD.
It's quick. Painless.
Leaves no trace.
Jesus, Luke.
I did it out of love.
I swear.
And Vincent taking
the fall for this?
That's okay with you?
Vincent used
everyone and anyone!
It's about time
we turned the tables!
Well, he's being charged
with murder.
Yeah.
Sarah wasn't dead
when we left her with Philip.
No.
No. You're lying.
No.
That's not possible.
What Philip did to her

was sick!
You're sick, Luke.
But, if I'm hearing you right,
it was your brother
who killed Sarah.
Okay, Chris.
Go home.
I'll clean up.
Like always.
No.
No more cleaning up, Luke.
Step outside.
Luke.
Now.
Jesus. Let me help you, Luke.
Please!
You're gonna kill me, too?
It's your own fault.
What do you want me to do?
Jump?
Yes. If you don't mind.
Luke, you don't
need to do this.
Jesus Christ, Luke!
Will you stop it?
I don't want to
hurt you, Chris.
I really don't.
So just do it.
Now!
I called the cops
before I came.
I told them everything.
Bullshit. I know you better.
I thought I knew you.
What about the note, huh?
You want this to
go down with me, too?
Give me that note, Chris.
Give it to me!
It's over, Luke.
You're right.
It is over.
Tell Ellie and the kids

I'm sorry.
Would you do that
for me, Chris?
No.
Come on, Chris.
Be a friend.
Luke? Luke!
Luke! Luke!
They're married. Honey, no.
They're having an affair.
Because she's
laughing at his jokes?
No. I'm telling you
they're having an affair.
Since when are you
the big expert on affairs?
Really?
Thanks for taking
me back, Meems.
What was my alternative?
To leave you wailing
at the front door,
with snot pouring out of your nose?
Sorry. Didn't mean
to scare you off.
I have the kids early
tomorrow, so I gotta go.
You're gonna leave me here
alone with my wife?
Yes. We could at least
have one more drink.
There'll be plenty more drinks.
Good night, Meems.
Good night, Chris.
Chris?
Anne.
Hi.
Hi.
You look good.
Thank you. You, too.
Listen. I still have a key.
Do you want it back?
It wouldn't work anymore.
Vincent's living there

alone now.

It's the only thing
his wife let him keep.

And Philip?

He's awaiting trial.

We'll see.

And you?

Are you doing okay?

Yeah. Most of the time.

And the rest of the time?

I heard you ditched
the city councilman.

That's not all I've given up.

Uh, do you wanna grab
a cup of coffee?