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Blood and Wine

By Nick Villiers

Henry!

- There he is!

- Shit.

- You got him?

- Let him eat.

Yeah. Let him eat it.

All right, let's go!

Got him on!

I got him!

Come on!

Come on back! Whoo!

- Yeah!

- Don't let it whip your ass!

He ain't goin' nowhere!

Whoo!

Look at this puppy go!

All right, hold up!

Hold up! He's running.

What is it?

I don't know. Feels like a bull.

Maybe a hammerhead.

- Oh, no, it's a bull.

- Yeah?

Okay, get ready.

He's turning.

I got him. I got him.

Fuck. Whoo! Whoo!

All right, here he is!

He's whupped! Let's do it!

- Watch the mouth!

- Hey, you the one with the scar, man!

Here we go!

- You got him! Come on!

- Henry!

Yeah!

Peaceful out here.

Ain't it, Henry?

Yeah.

Buenos das!

Good morning, Miami!

You are listening to 86.9, where the music is hotter than the weather!

- Got sand up my pants.

- I don't do laundry.

Hey. Here.

So, how much to get
your boat fixed, Henry?

New gasket, fuel pump,
paint job-

Forget the paint.

- Fix it.

- Tears in my eyes, man.

Tears.

I've had it with the beach.

This is the year

I get my own boat.

- Your toast burned.

- I like it dark.

You're not going to work like that.

Go put on a shirt.

This is a shirt.

No, this is a shirt.

It has a collar, sleeves, cuffs, buttons.

No rips, no tears, no slogans.

So fire me.

It's too early for this, guys.

- What's up?

- He wants me to change my shirt.

Oh.

Well... you should
go change your shirt.

Nice to have you home,
just for the novelty.

I told you I was gonna play poker.

Boys' night out.

- I won.

- Hey! Lightning strikes.

We need to skip this conversation.

I was at the market yesterday
buying some groceries.

There was an enormous line...

and I was waiting

for the card to go through.

And there was this old lady who started
actually rolling oranges down the counter...

like a bowling alley.

We were canceled.

I know.

I felt about as big as an ant.
It's the third time this year.
I'll get you a new one.
Things are gonna turn around.
That's your theme song.
Get her to go easy
on the codeine, will ya.
Makes her mean.
Well, maybe if you got home on time once
in a while, she could skip the chemical help.
All she did was break her ankle, Alex.
Did you never have
a fight with his father?
- No.
- Ah.
A saint.
I should have known.
Only the good die young.
Oh! Alex.
The Chateau Pichon-Longueville '85.
Stunning achievement.
Can I call it profound, Alex?
Yeah, that's the word for it,
all right.
Profound. Okay.
Todd!
Has Jason loaded my car yet?
A hundred seventy-seven yards
in the first half.
Fish.
Not bad.
Fuck off.
Third down, seven yards to go.
You know what I was doing
when I was your age, Jason?
Selling ties in Saks Fifth Avenue
in New York City.
Hundreds and hundreds of ties.
One time I got so hot,
I sold the tie right off my own neck.
I was pulling down 500 a week.
Lawyers made less,
and they went to college.
But you're broke.

They're not.
I'm talking to you, Jason.
I'm trying to teach you things.
And what do I get?
Prime-time shit, shit and more shit.
Then you're probably used to it by now.
You've been around half my life.
He's changing his play at the line.
This is Fryar in motion
to the right. Marino drops back.
- Go deep. Deep!
- He's under pressure. He's looking for Fryar!
Deep to Fryar!
Throw it!
We're back live. Just over
two minutes remaining in the half.
- Tie score, Mike. You're in trouble.
- Don't underestimate Kelly.
- Kelly's walking in his sleep.
- You're a bad influence on him.
- Good morning.
- How are you?
This is my stepson, Jason.
Gabriela, Jason. Jason, Gabriela.
Hi.
How do you do?
Is Frank around?
They are down at the boat, Mr. Gates.
- Where do you want this?
- These are for the voyage.
Show him to the boat.
I'm going to put this in the wine cellar.
Sure. Come on.
- You don't look like a maid.
- I'm not. I'm the nanny.
Do I look like a nanny?
Nope.
Good, Mr. Reese. Much better.
- Much better?
- You're swinging too fast.
- Try to rotate your wrist a little bit.
- What's wrong with my wrist?
I never see anybody
to fish in the grass before.

- Well!
- See?
- Why can't you just buy bait and then fish?
- Fishing begins with bait.
Everything does.
- Where you off to?
- Me?
I'm not going.
They hire an American nurse for the trip.
They go to Jamaica,
Bermuda, St. Barts.
- What are you gonna do?
- I house-sit.
Anyway, he's fine.
Ay, but I miss the baby.
I like babies.
From the shoulder this time.
That one needs a pacifier.
Is that heavy?
You want to rest?
- You know how much a shark weighs?
- A shark? No.
- How much a shark weigh?
- About three times as much as you.
- You don't know that, because you don't know how much I weigh.
- Ah.
Where's the boss?
He's up in the house.
- He'd open a bottle for me.
- I don't have a corkscrew.
What was that?
The baby's kicking inside of the crib.
You don't know that.
She could have fallen out.
- She's not crying.
- That's because she's dead on the floor.
Go check her.
That's why we have a monitor.
She's smart, but she's got
that cubano temperament.
Good for her.
Whoa.
Frank ever come on to you?
He has a beautiful wife.

Oh.

She ever come on to you?

Alex.

Uh, you ready?

Yeah.

I can see you
tomorrow night after class.

Hope I didn't interrupt
your beauty sleep.

Well, I'm spared your type of day job.

Where are the photos?

The Reeses'll be gone three weeks.

A step down from your place
in London, Vic.

The interesting thing about rich people is,
they're so cheap.

They'll spend 1.3 million on a necklace...
with diamonds

the size of chocolates.

Then they'll lock it
in a tin box from Sears.

- So we got no problems?

- Not with the box.

Where does the alarm wire lead?

I don't know.

Into the wall, Vic. All right?

Oh. Lovely.

Our first complication.

Look, you wanted photographs.

I got you photographs.

And I asked an amateur.

Haven't exactly
been living in an ashram.

- You trust the girl?

- Yeah, I trust her. She doesn't know anything.

Don't take it personally, Alex.

I don't trust the jury system, the phone
company or the Israeli government.

Can we quit jerking off, Vic?

- Are we gonna be ready tomorrow?

- Mm-hmm.

This is for you.

My family want to know
when they are going to meet you...

this man that I see so much.
They have expectations, Alex.
That's all.

So do I.

Ahh. Come on.

- I'm gonna take you places, baby.

- Oh, yeah? Where?

How 'bout Paris?

We can stay at the Ritz...

eat our way through every
three-star restaurant in town.

- Uh-huh.

- Buy you a suit at Chanel.

But no pink, please.

I don't look good in pink.

Okay. No pink.

Which one?

Mmm.

- Both.

- I knew you'd say that.

You know, I could make a mistake
and believe you.

You know, it's a mistake
not to believe me.

Hi.

Go back to sleep.

I did this myself.

I think I look younger
with my hair like this. Don't you?

You look like a janitor.

Fine. I don't have an ego.

Just so long as I don't
match my mug shots.

Jesus!

Take it easy.

Ah, there you are, Mike.

- Don't flip the gate like that.

- We're running a little behind.

- I got some wine-

- Well, you missed 'em already.

- They sailed this morning.

- Yeah, I know. They arranged for the nanny to let us in.

The Cuban girl?

They fired her.

- What?

- Yeah, right before they left.

Guess it don't pay to have
that kind of ass in that kind of job, huh?
I have a schedule to keep, Mr. Gates.

- This'll have to be another day.

- This can't wait.

Mr. Reese will lose his entire wine collection
if we don't fix that humidifier.

- It'll cost him a fortune.

- What's your name?

Harold.

Freeman.

I'll have to go get the keys.

Dear God.

A cop on the job.

- This is where he can reach me.

- Okay.

Thank you.

- Tell him I said I'm sorry.

- For what?

Hi, Jason.

- Sir.

- Thank you.

- You're working for idiots.

- But those idiots pay me.

They give me a roof.

Now I have to go stay with my cousins.

My cousin, her husband,
her four kids and six cats.

And I hate cats.

What's wrong with cats?

They leave hair all over the couch
where I have to sleep.

You'll find another job.

Like it's easy.

How old are you?

You're not that much older than me.

In this country everybody
thinks they're in politics.

You don't have papers,
they don't want to meet you.

Do you understand?

I'll give you a ride.

Oh, you wanna lose your job too?

Not even when I try.

- Henry. How's it goin'?

- Hello, man.

So, uh, you ain't

got to worry about it sinkin'.

- I been working on it every day.

- Cool.

What's the matter?

You nervous?

You okay?

- Good luck.

- Gabriela!

You gonna be able to fix the thing, Harold,
or do you need a replacement?

I'll tell you when I see

the condition of the pipes.

The coolant might be leaking.

Where's the attic access?

Damn fiberglass.

Either of you know how to kill
the water to the house?

Oh, yeah.

Sure, sure.

So, where are we going?

Ah, we got about four hours to Cuba.

Oh, really?

It took me a week.

Fifteen of us on a very small boat.

- I can turn around if you want.

- No, it's okay.

I like the water.

Even when we were coming over,
the sea was so beautiful.

I never wanted to sleep.

I was happy.

I was ashamed to be so happy.

People were dying.

- You still have family in Cuba?

- Oh, yes.

And I'm gonna bring them-
one by one, if I have to.

You don't think I can do that?

I think there's no stopping you.

You understand, Mike?
Television. Money.
Where's the sport?
Where is the honor in that?
Any honor in that? Huh?
Foreign products on it.
Ever been to Cleveland, Mike? What are
they gonna do with all them doggie masks?
What's going on, Mike?
I been waiting on you. My shift?
- What are you talking about?
- Come on. Remember? They changed the schedule.
Well, shit, nobody told me.
- What are you doing with that sprinkler valve?
- Sprinkler valve?
The fuck it's a sprinkler valve.
We got some kind of emergency.
- Who's he?
- Uh, Alex Gates.
Gates Wine?
Harold?
Harold?
- Huh. Wind?
- Keep goin'.
Well, I'll tell ya...
it ain't the pipes.
I've tightened a couple of valves in the attic.
- And I've taped some of the gaps.
- Yeah?
- But you're not supposed to be in the house unaccompanied.
- Well, is that our fault?
Sometimes, when we're waiting
for the fish to bite...
I sit right there...
look out, watch the horizon.
There's nothing to see.
I don't want to see anything.
Just that line- that line
where the water touches the sky.
No neighbors.
No barking dogs.
Nobody in your face.
No bullshit.
Except your own.

Yeah, well,
I can handle my own.
I like my bullshit.
It's not bad.
It probably even works.
You wanna be alone?
Now, this is
a thousand points of light.
- Reagan didn't know what he was talking about.
- Bush.
- What?
- Bush said that, not Reagan.
Bullshit. It was Reagan.
Bush was "Read my lips. "
- What did you just do?
- I like to take a photo of the goods.
Avoids any disagreement on the sale.
- You got me in the picture.
- Did I?
Give me the photograph.
We'll tear it up
when we have the money.
There's no such thing
as honor among thieves. It's a myth.
- What's this?
- I thought it over.
I can't move that. I'm on parole.
I'm known. You're not.
So you'll fly to New York, catch a cab,
take a walk, find an address.
Pas de problme,
as they say in Bordeaux.
In other words,
you're too chickenshit to do it yourself.
Maybe I am.
You're right. I am.
I don't fly economy.
Telephone.
- Hello.
- Hey, I got the note. Fuck the Reeses.
I'll pick you up in an hour.
We're booked on a 10:15 flight to New York.
Papi, tell me you love me.
Chica.

You'll see.

Where are you going to this time?

Napa. I got a problem with a supplier.

Goddamn California boutique wineries.

They're all owned by lawyers.

- Oh, I was looking for those.

- Tom and Lucy Garcia?

They're agents. They're going to

New York to see a wholesaler.

First class?

Yes. Sometimes you gotta

keep up relationships.

Apparently not with me.

Don't you have physical therapy tonight?

Oh, you didn't notice.

The bandage is off.

Did I come home too early?

Look, I got an idea.

Sit down at your desk and write out

all your complaints.

Then when I get back, we can have one

of those nice, long fights you like so much.

But right now

I gotta catch a plane.

So give me the goddamn tickets!

- That is my suitcase!

- I'll FedEx it to ya.

- You're gonna talk to me!

- You already broke your leg on these stairs once, Suzanne.

- I don't want it to happen again.

- I tripped on one of your damn golf balls!

- I wasn't drunk!

- You were plastered!

I put Terry's life insurance into that store,

and you spent it on your girlfriends...

while my checks bounced!

I let you mortgage my house!

Eight years I worked my cock off in that

store for you- 12-hour days, one-day weekends!

Don't you tell me I didn't try!

All right, give me the keys.

- You are gonna talk to me.

- Give me the keys.

Wasting my life!

I don't wanna hurt you!

No! No!

No! Aaah!

You bastard!

What's going on?

- What happened?

- We're leaving.

- Mom-Jesus Christ!

- No! Don't go in there!

- Mom?

- Don't go in there!

I'm gonna fucking kill him.

- I won't wait for you!

- Wait for me!

- Is he dead?

- Not enough.

- My wallet!

- What?

- Oh, my God, my wallet.

- Where is it?

- Look in my bag!

- Just pull over!

- I can drive! I taught you to drive!

- No, I'm gonna drive.

Oh, God.

I've gotta calm down.

- But you don't even know where we're going.

- All right, all right.

- Where?

- Okay, can you get to Key Largo?

A friend of mine has a houseboat.

We can use it for a while.

Mom, relax.

We'll be there in an hour.

How'd she find this place?

Linda has a weakness for bartenders.

Well, it's a short walk for a beer.

- Where's the key, Mom?

- Here, I think.

Mugged by your own wife, eh?

How ironic.

You should have let me do it.

I darned my own socks in prison.

Lovely.

They won't be hard to find.
I never understand your optimism.
It lacks foundation.
I know 'em.
I know how they think.
"Director of catering.
Island concierge. "
Sounds great.
"Landscape.
Housekeeping manager. "
Oh, I see some definite possibilities here.
You don't need to take a job you don't like.
I've got enough money.
You don't.
Believe me.
Your name Henry?
I'm Jason's father, Alex.
His father is dead.
Well, stepfather.
Yeah, so, uh-
so, where is he?
- He didn't show up last night.
- Oh, yeah?
Well, he didn't come home either.
His mother's worried about him.
Well, maybe he's at
his girlfriend's house, you know.
You know where she is?
Uh... no.
I just- I just figured
there has to be one.
- Give us a hint.
- Hey! How am I supposed to know?
- Oh, shit!
- Hey!
Goddamn it!
You're not helping!
- Aaah!
- Damn it!
- God!
- Christ.
You all right? You all right?
- Yeah.
- Let me see.

- God!

- Oh, yeah. Okay. You're all right.
Look, Henry. We got
a serious business problem.
Can you tell him?

- Yeah. Yeah.

- Thanks.

- You sure you're all right?

- Yes.

Did he hurt ya?
Don't ever do that to me again.
That's 356 round stones-
Either the whole piece or individual stones.
Put the word out, Marty.
The central stone weighs 32 carats.
They're all perfectly matched.
No, I'm consulting for the insurance
company now. Life's strange, isn't it?
Kid never goes far from water.
Call Sarasota,
Fort Meyers, Key West.

- You find your visor?

- No.

Well, it's in there.
Look in the pocket.
This was in the suitcase.
Goddamn son of a bitch.
You know what paste costs?
Good paste?

- It's yours now.

- I don't want anything of his.

- Send it back. Throw it away. Get rid of the damn thing.

- Okay.

- How much do you think it's worth?

- Seventy-five dollars.

- Seventy-five dollars?

- For the appraisal.

- Oh.

- If you want it in writing-
Just approximately. I mean-
No one is gonna pay
a million dollars around here.

- Maybe in Miami.

- A million dollars?

More in New York.
I have some private contacts.
Why don't you give me your number.
Um...
I'm gonna come back and see ya.
You staying around here?
Thanks.
I- Is this-
I want to speak to a Mr. Victor.
I'm calling from Largo.
We could sign on to a charter.
That's what you and Dad
were gonna do.
I'll crew, you cook.
- Why? It's pretty here.
- Mom, it's next to a bar.
- True.
- Come on.
The Mediterranean, huh?
The Turkish coast?
It's great fishing there.
Okay. Freedom.
It's obvious she love you.
What is that, some kind of Latin concept?
Kill the one you love?
Well, I could do the same to keep you.
- You don't say.
- Uh-huh.
Then my cousins would come...
put you on a spit
and roast you like a pig.
Do me a favor.
Don't love me.
You, uh-
You okay for cash
while I'm gone?
Alex, I thought
I was coming with you.
You are, when I get back.
This is just a couple of days.
Dull, boring days.
Hey!
Thanks, boss.
Hi.

Voy! Voy! Ya vengo!
What are you doing here?
Came to see the cats.
- Well, I am moving soon anyway.
- Moving? Where?
Uh-
With who?
Someone I care about.
Good.
Are you happy?
Yeah.
You don't look so happy.
Well, I guess you are going to
have to take my word for it.
Yeah, I guess so.
Bueno.
You can reach me there for a while.
Take care of yourself.
Yeah. You too.
I had no idea packing
was such an art form, Alex.
The way you fold your shirts,
we'd have been there already.
Come here.
Hold still.
That's been irritating me all day.
Did it hurt you?
Jesus.
Fuck if it hurt me.
Henry!
Henry?
- Henry! You in the head?
- Hey!
Hey, yo.
- Get off my boat.
- What?
- Get off my boat!
- What's going on, man?
Goddamn Miami!
Nothing but gangsters and hustlers, man!
I thought you were smarter than that!
Hey. Henry!
What happened to your head, man?
Part of my courtesy call

from one of your associates.

- What?

- That big old motherfucker? Thinks he's Queen of England?

- Who? - Six foot. Spray-painted

black hair, weird mustache.

I don't know what you're talking about!

Your stepfather saved my ass.

Alex was here?

I'm ready to retire, man.

Open a bar in Bequia.

The only fish I wanna see

is on a plate with a piece of lemon.

Henry.

How much for your boat?

I gotta get out of here.

You moving contraband?

Just moving.

How far is it to Largo?

Uh, 20 minutes.

Suzanne knew a girl that

used to come down here.

Uh... Linda. Linda.

Last name?

Why don't you just drop it

in the gas tank, Vic? Why waste time?

That way, you don't have to wait around

till you fucking choke to death.

Hey. "Jason, gone

for a drink. Love, Mom. "

This is a very considerate woman.

I'll go keep her happy

while you look for the piece.

No rough stuff, Vic.

All right.

Would you like to dance?

Yes. I was beginning to think

nobody knew how to around here.

Hey, Jason.

Here you go.

Thanks.

- Mom.

- Jason, hi.

- Let's get out of here.

- The song isn't over.

- We gotta go, Mom!
- Get outta here.
- Come on. Let's go.
- I was only dancing.
You don't know who that is!
I said, the song isn't over!
Back off! Get your hands off me, man!
That's my mother!
Get outta here!
Get off me!
Are you all right, sir?
- Get outta here!
- Get him a glass of water, Mark.
Come on, folks. Mosey inside.
Let's go. The party's over.
What are you doing?
Why didn't you tell me, Jason?
You'd have given it back to Alex.
Is the guy behind us?
It's in the car.
If it's not in the houseboat,
it's in the car.
Yeah, sure.
Jason?
Yeah.
I would have kept
the thing too. I would.
Maybe it isn't him.
Maybe.
Watch it, Mom!
Will you, for Christ's sake,
take it easy!
Seat belts!
Damn!
Damn!
I have to pass.
Ma, you're not gonna make it!
Turn back!
Shit! Shit.
Jesus.
I gotta go.
- Oh, God.
- We don't have much time.
Jesus Christ!

We gotta get some help!
It's already on its way, I'm afraid.
What's going on out there?
Jesus!
Oh, God.
Oh, Jesus Christ.
Oh, Christ, baby.
Oh. Oh.
- Jason.
- Oh, God.
Jason.
Oh. Oh, God.
Oh!
Hey, I think he's all right.
Come on, Alex. Get outta there.
She's dying, you maniac!
Hear the sirens? Help's coming, baby.
Just tell me where it is.
Just tell me where it is
so I can get out of your life.
What? What?
Fuck you.
We're out of time, Alex.
You can stay if you want, but I'm leaving.
I thought it went well.
Very organized.
Quick. Cremation
is the civilized choice.
Ashes straight to ashes.
Skip the whole business
of decay and worms.
I worry enough about worms as it is.
Shut up, Victor.
Hey, yo, Larry!
There's no place to sit.
- Hey, hey, hey, hey.
- How's that?
Fine.
We'll see her right now.
This is a hospital, not a prison.
We don't lock the patients in their rooms.
- You told me he was sedated.
- He asked me about her. I had to tell him.
No. You did not.

Wake up, Alex.

I wanna see your face!

Oh, Jesus.

- He's not here.

- Where is he?

- He said he was going to get you.

- Well, his car's here.

- It's been here. He was in Napa when he found out.

- You don't know where he was.

He called me.

So this is the guy?

The man you cared
so much about-Alex!

What was I supposed to say, Jason?

When? How?

You didn't waste any time, did you?

You moved right on in.

Put away the knife.

You told him how to find us.

You had the number.

No, I threw that away.

You told him how to find us.

He didn't care, okay?

He was glad she left!

Yeah, so were you.

Yes.

But not about what happened.

Her loss, your gain.

Her house.

Her bed.

Her life.

Oh, Jason.

Hey, get another key at the front desk.

Okay. I'll get it.

Newscaster] And now that the high
pressure system has moved through the area...

- we can expect blue skies
over the entire central region.

Announcer Continues, Indistinct]

Vic?

What's the matter?

This is not an oceanfront suite in Marbella.

Did you notice that?

There are no flowers

and champagne from the management.
I don't- I don't see
a Swiss chocolate on my pillow.
My masseuse is not at the door.
And I am fucking dying, Alex.
I do not intend to suffocate
in a county hospital...
because you are fucking sentimental.
Take it easy, Vic.
So, assuming
that we ever find the kid...
we'll use a blowtorch on him...
until he cooperates.
For example.
Don't worry, Vic.
We'll find him.
We got a week.
Hi. He made it home without you.
How, uh, resourceful.
I've been touring every marina and dock
for 50 miles lookin' for you.
- You should've called home.
- You don't just walk out of a hospital with a head injury.
My head's fine.
Isn't it?
Are you hungry?
Tell him.
Tell him.
He seemed fine.
Did you eat lunch?
I don't think you've even
said hello to her, Alex.
Hello, Gabby.
"Did you miss me, honey?"
What are you doing?
No wonder you never
got home on time.
We've got to ignore
the personal history here, Jason...
and do some business.
- Who's your English pal?
- These are dangerous people.
You don't steal
from dangerous people.

Do you know he ran us
off the fucking road?
Be comin' after you too.
You figured that out yet?
I'm countin' on it.
Do the smart thing
once in your life.
Return the jewels.
I'll split the commission he owes me with you.
It'll set you up.
- I can't bring her back, Jason.
- You don't give a fuck!
- You're wrong!
- Yeah?
If you two didn't get ambitious...
she'd be on the front porch sippin'
white wine right now!
It wasn't her!
It was me!
Then you killed her yourself.
You cannot expect him
to act normal, Alex.
What about you?
What can I expect from you?
Don't look at me like that.
Did you try to make him feel better?
- Yes, of course.
- Show me.
What?
Show me exactly what you did
to try and make him feel better.
Stop it, okay? We talked.
I make him breakfast. That's all.
- You slept with him.
- No, I did not.
Yeah, you did.
You fucked him!
- You're crazy.
- Where? On the bed?
On the floor?
Up against the wall?
No place, okay?
No place!
At least clean my goddamn sheets!

Huh?
Baby, did I hurt you?
Baby, are you all right?
I didn't mean to hurt you, baby.
I didn't mean to hurt you.
He's only a kid.
He's a thief.
Him and his mother.
What are you talking about?
Chica, you gotta help me.
Hey, get off my ass.
What? You afraid
I'm gonna use this on you?
I'm sorry that you and your mother-
Don't offer me
your fucking condolences!
I was never the mastermind
behind this venture, Jason.
- When we were following you-
- "We"?
Oh.
You and Alex.
I already gave the goddamn thing
back to Alex.
Just like that?
Why don't I believe you?
I don't give a shit
what you believe.
With everything that's happened,
you can have it.
You can choke on it.
Yeah. You assholes
deserve each other.
Alex?
Time to pack.
- Vic.
- Where is it?
What?
The necklace, Alex.
He'll make a move soon, Vic.
He told me he already did.
You talked to Jason?
You think you can cut me out?
Try a little family endeavor,

you and Miss Burrito?
What did he say, Vic?
Let me improve your concentration.
This is an acupuncture point.
- Where is it?
- I swear to God, Vic-
I refuse to die
in a fucking prison clinic!
God, Vic, you've lost your mind.
You're not getting enough oxygen
to think good.
This is pitiful.
Now just get down here.
What a mess.
Lift up. Lift up.
Just lift up.
Oh, Jesus.
Yeah. Yeah.
Well, Vic, at least you
got to die in your own clothes.
That's somethin'.
- Any calls?
- Yeah.
Somebody from the police department.
It's on your desk.
Uh, parking tickets.
No. Somethin' about the Reeses.
Thank you for calling Air France.
For information and reservations
on our next flight...

at 8:

from New York's Kennedy Airport...
please press "2."
For recorded information,
press "3."
Jason.
Wait. I need to talk to you.
We did that already.
He stole it from Mrs. Reese.
I used to help her put it on.
She couldn't do the hook
with her nails.
I always wanted to see what

it would feel like around my neck.
I never did.
Now they're going to blame me.
Move your hair.
It's heavy.
They're beautiful.
My mother always say,
"Enough money make any woman beautiful. "
Your mother's wrong.
Jason. Jason, let's just go.
I'm not keeping it.
I'm turning him in...
when I'm ready.
What's this?
There's a stone missing.
I bought the boat.
Then don't pretend
you're better than me.
I'm not.
I've gotta pick up some supplies.
I'll be back at the boat
at the end of the day.
- Okay.
- Maybe I'll see you.
It's not so easy for me.
I know that.
- Uh-huh.
- I found it.
Good news, baby.
Come quickly.
Are you sure he's not here?
I told you.
He has things to do.
Yeah, right.
It's in here.
- It's not here.
- What?
- I said it's not here.
- Look on the other side.
Hello, Alex.
- You set me up!
- What?
He knew I'd call you.
- You had the choice.

- No, I didn't.

You want it so bad?

Take it.

Get outta here.

The key's in the truck.

Take the fucking thing!

Go. Go!

- He's gonna blow a hole in my guts!

- Don't move!

- Don't do this.

- You did.

No. Not like this.

This is an execution.

Gabby?

Gabby!

Why don't you just

get on the boat and head out.

Let me take my chances.

You've taken enough chances already.

You need a doctor.

Oh, my God.

What happened? Alex!

- Help me up.

- No.

- Help me up!

- Please, Alex, don't.

- Please, we can make it to the car, baby.

- Alex, no.

Baby, I knew-

I knew you would- I knew you-

- Take it.

- Huh?

I thought I wanted it, but I don't.

You're not that stupid.

Yes, I am.

You cant just leave him like that.

There's an ambulance on the way.

I'm not waiting.

Neither should you.

You need to hurry.