



Scripts.com

# Broken Vows

By Jim Agnew

1

His ring...

I spent hours picking it out.

Not knowing...

I tried to ignore the signs, but...

I could smell her on his clothes.

Taste her on his lips.

He confessed. He cried.

I told him I forgave him, but...

I didn't.

I was broken.

But I guess...

none of us are perfect.

This is the hottest place in town.

Really?

This place is all kinds of wrong.

Yeah, exactly, and it's perfect for you.

Come on.

You should go talk to him.

I can talk to those boys any time.

This is our weekend.

You're right. We stick together.

You ladies need a round?

Not from you, Red. Thanks.

I'll get us cocktails.

No, I'll do it.

That waitress looked

just like the home-wrecker.

What are you looking for?

Something to make me forget.

If it were only that easy.

You're staring.

I'm sorry.

You remind me of someone.

I hope it's not a bad memory.

She was...

very special to me.

Thank you.

It's good.

Hey, barman,

can I talk to you for a minute?

My name's Patrick.

Tara.

Tara.

Hey, buddy?  
Can I talk to you?  
You should probably  
go take care of that guy.  
I don't want to look away.  
Why not?  
You might disappear.  
Nice ink.  
Christ, man, get over here!  
I'll be right back.  
Hey, what the fuck is this?  
I'm not paying \$40 for two fucking drinks.  
You don't have to drink it.  
- You can leave.  
- I'm gonna kick your ass.  
Let's go.  
What did you say to that guy?  
Nothing.  
I sent you all a round.  
Thank you.  
What do I owe you?  
It's on me.  
That was so cool!  
Where do we get a car?  
I gotta go.  
Hey, that bartender  
you were talking to earlier.  
He's standing over there.  
He's so hot.  
He's so cute. You should go talk to him.  
- Shut up.  
- You were already talking to him!  
I'm not going to talk to him.  
- You were flirting with him.  
- You totally were.  
Speak louder, that would be great.  
- Just talk to him.  
- I hate you.  
Hi.  
You again.  
Me again.  
I should be going.  
Thank you.  
Good night.

Shut up. So what?  
Who keeps calling?  
Man...  
No one.  
All right, ladies,  
it's time for Bloody Marys.  
I can't.  
You're awake.  
Where are my clothes?  
They smelled like a club.  
I washed them for you.  
You washed my clothes?  
When?  
Couldn't sleep, really.  
Don't worry, I handwashed your dress.  
They're in the bathroom.  
Would you like some coffee?  
I brewed some.  
Yeah, sure.  
Do you have a T-shirt or something?  
Yeah, in the wardrobe.  
What's mine is yours.  
You take sugar and cream?  
You know, I...  
I'm probably gonna skip  
the coffee, actually.  
Do you wanna grab breakfast?  
I know a place that serves great crepes.  
Best in New Orleans.  
So?  
I have to get going.  
- So soon?  
- Yeah.  
Well, wait. I want to show you something.  
You know, I have to catch a flight.  
- I'm sorry, I can't.  
- It's important.  
Okay. What is it?  
I meet a lot of girls, and...  
but you, you're...  
From the moment I met you...  
I knew you'd come back for me.  
Come back?  
Yeah.

You're the one who can save me.  
You don't like it?  
I did it for you.  
I'm sorry. This was a mistake.  
Don't say that. We have something special.  
No, I... I really should have never come.  
Don't leave.  
You know, I...  
I've got to catch my flight.  
Why? Stay.  
I can't.  
I really have to go.  
- It's just...  
- It's okay.  
I need to go now.  
Oh, my God. You do realize  
our plane leaves in an hour.  
Yes, I know.  
What the hell happened to you last night?  
I fucked up. I don't want to talk  
about it right now.  
Where's Justine?  
She left already.  
I can't find my phone.  
- Here, I'll call it.  
- Thanks.  
I don't hear it anywhere.  
Shit. My whole life is in that thing, man.  
Well, it's too bad.  
You're gonna have to buy a new one.  
Let's just go, I gotta get out of here.  
Hi.  
Welcome home, sweetheart.  
You're the best.  
So, how was the bachelorette weekend?  
You know, we did a bunch of girly stuff.  
You would have hated it.  
You're such a gentleman.  
He is.  
Look. It's a picture of your sister.  
I told you those dresses were gonna look  
great on everyone.  
Don't say anything.  
Don't say anything. It's not worth it.

What are we whispering about?

Well, if we told you,  
it wouldn't be a secret.

- I gotta go.

- Bye.

Bye, sweetheart.

- Debra.

- Bye.

- Hi.

- Hi.

So, I'm...

I'm not gonna really be seeing very much  
of you these next couple of weeks, am I?  
I just need to finish planning everything.  
Okay.

I just want one last night.

What's up with your phone?

I've been trying to call.

So, how we doing today?

Well...

I couldn't be better.

I'm in love.

That's great.

She's an angel.

Definitely not this.

- Not this...

- Okay.

You know, I like this for sure.

Okay.

This one, I'm not so sure about.

- Okay.

- I'm sorry, one sec.

Sure.

Excuse me. Hey, babe.

Just wanted to let you know  
that I picked up my tux,  
and I'm officially done.

I hate you.

Wait. Does that mean  
that the wedding is off?

That's such a bummer.

I am so swamped right now.

I have so much more to do.

You know what, babe,

can I call you back in a few?

No, wait.

I want to see you tonight.

Alone.

I don't know, Michael.

I have so many plans to get done.

- And I'm just...

- Babe?

- I'm feeling...

- Babe.

You need to relax, all right?

It's just... just one night.

Okay. When and where?

Where, when?

I'll be at your place at 6:00,

unless I can get out of the hotel earlier.

Okay, it's a date.

I got caught up in the moment, but...

I've missed this.

Me, too.

- What's wrong?

- What are you doing here?

- No, get out!

- Just calm down.

If you don't get out of here right now,

I am calling the cops.

- No...

- Whoa. Hey. Hey!

Oh, my God.

Hey, listen. I just wanted to see you.

That's all.

How did you find me?

You left your phone.

All right, I get it.

I understand. You're surprised to see me.

Maybe if you give me  
a chance to talk about it...

No. No.

I have nothing to say to you.

Michael's gonna be here any minute.

Michael?

Michael, your fianc?

You haven't told him  
about us yet, have you?

You know what? Look, I'm...  
I'm sorry if I misled you.  
But I want to make this perfectly clear.  
There is nothing between us.  
You don't believe that.  
I love you.  
I don't understand why  
you can't do me the courtesy...  
of just talking with me.  
Maybe if you open up,  
then maybe you'll see...  
Shit!  
You have to get out of here right now!  
- Get out!  
- Not out.  
Not until you talk to me.  
- You say you love me?  
- Yes.  
And you don't want to hurt me?  
Of course not.  
Then I need you to leave right now.  
- Please.  
- I won't go anywhere  
until you tell me you'll meet me.  
- Okay, yes, I'll meet you.  
- Where?  
There's a coffee shop on Lincoln,  
just south of Pico.  
I can meet you there at 10:00 tomorrow,  
but only if you leave now.  
- Please.  
- Ten.  
Yes.  
Babe?  
You all right?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I was...  
I was about to get in the shower,  
and I thought I heard a noise.  
Noise?  
What was the noise?  
It was nothing.  
Okay.  
All right, well, why don't you go get ready,



because we have an earlier reservation.

Okay.

Are you sure you're okay?

Yeah. Yes.

I'll go get dressed.

Okay.

So, everything's booked, set up  
at the hotel for all the wedding guests.

You know, I was also thinking that...

Hey?

What?

I can't help but feel like

I'm dining alone here.

I'm sorry.

I've just been really overwhelmed lately.

You know, it was...

only a one-time thing, right?

I hate that you found her card

before I could tell you.

It almost ruined us.

Every single day,

I am thankful for...

I mean, you gave me a second chance.

If you're having second thoughts

or doubts, just tell me.

No.

No, absolutely not.

There is no one in this world

that I love more than you.

And I'm so sorry

if I've been distracted this past week.

It's not you.

It's the wedding.

I mean, I don't know

how people go through this process

and still stay together, but...

I love you.

And I'm excited.

I love you.

All right, rise and shine.

You can't sleep the day away, babe.

So, you're gonna be like that, are you?

Are you all right?

Yeah.

I just... I had a bad dream.

Okay.

You expecting someone this early?

No.

No. You just go get dressed,  
and I'll get the door.

Well, whoever it is,  
they are awfully persistent.

All right, I'm coming.

Hello, Debra.

Hey. Tara! Tara!

Please, come on in.

Tara.

Hey, come on, girl, get dressed.

We gotta go.

What are you talking about?

Our spa day, remember?

- Shit.

- Yeah.

No, I can't. I've got  
an appointment this morning.

With who?

No one. I just, I have...

Okay, well, you're gonna have to cancel.

Well, that does not sound like  
anything I want to be a part of,  
but have fun, love you.

- Debra.

- Bye.

What are you doing? Get dressed.

All right, just...

- Five minutes.

- Okay.

You came.

Of course I did.

Before you say anything...

I've thought a lot about what you said.

And you're right.

I'm right?

We belong together.

I want to hear you say something.

Anything.

Tell me you love me.

With all my soul.

More coffee?  
What?  
More coffee?  
Wait. Who were you supposed  
to be meeting with this morning?  
I don't want to talk about it.  
Listen, I get it, girl.  
Weddings are really stressful.  
Do you want a Valium?  
No, no. It's not that.  
It's him.  
Who's him?  
Patrick.  
He showed up at my house.  
Wait. That guy you hooked up with  
two weeks ago?  
Christ. And you were gonna meet with him?  
Yeah, to tell him to stay away.  
I can't have him showing up  
at my house, Deb.  
No... Absolutely not.  
You don't go meet with him, okay?  
You have to cut him off completely.  
He'll just keep coming around.  
Trust me.  
Yeah, you're probably right.  
Yeah, of course I'm right.  
And if he comes around again, call me,  
and I will take care of the little prick.  
Okay?  
Hey, come on.  
Forget about weirdo stalkers.  
It's gonna be fine.  
Hey, after the fitting, remind me to check  
the flower arrangements and the cake.  
Yeah, I'm on it.  
Hi.  
Miss Bloom?  
I am so sorry.  
I just heard.  
Just heard what?  
Your fianc or your ex,  
he called to let us know  
that the wedding had been canceled.

- We should...  
- No, no, no.  
Michael called?  
You didn't know?  
I'm so sorry.  
He said there was a change of plans.  
No, no. That's... That's a mistake.  
This doesn't make any sense.  
- This is...  
- No.  
Men do get cold feet.  
No. That's... That's really not helping.  
Seriously.  
This makes no sense.  
No, Michael wouldn't do this.  
Yes, I understand  
we will have to forfeit the deposit.  
Yes, I guess some things  
just weren't meant to be.  
Thank you.  
Don't take any other orders  
from anyone but me, please.  
No, I just told you,  
the wedding is not canceled.  
Hold on. No, that wasn't my fianc.  
No, that wasn't my fianc.  
Yes, I understand that you're confused.  
I have another call.  
Yes, I understand that your time  
is valuable. I'm paying for it, aren't I?  
I understand that,  
but the wedding is not canceled.  
I understand that, just, can you just  
please keep on with the cake?  
And I will make it worth your while.  
No, the wedding's not canceled, okay?  
Just give us the flowers, please?  
Shit, that was the gardens.  
It's busy.  
I guess there's just no stopping  
the hand of fate, is there?  
Well, thank you for being so kind.  
Thank you, bye.  
Hi. I need to cancel

a service for a limousine.

Nice shot.

You're proud, aren't you?

Shit, it's Michael.

Well, answer the phone.

- Hey, babe.

- Hey.

What's up?

You sound stressed.

I've just been on the phone all day.

Well, don't you worry

because, in a couple of days,

we're going to be a million miles away.

Thank God.

So...

Where are you?

I'm just... I'm with Deb.

We're actually on our way

over to the gardens right now.

Why is that?

Just wanna make sure everything's perfect.

Well, I cannot wait to get you

all alone on an island.

Mikey! You're up!

Right. All right, so, couple of hours,

I'm gonna stop by the hotel,

make sure everything at the suite is

perfect for when your folks arrive.

Okay. I love you.

I love you too. I'll see you tonight.

It's okay, we can play in the dark.

No big deal.

- I brought the glow-in-the-dark balls.

- You brought the glowing balls?

All right.

You all right?

Hi.

Miss Bloom.

I've been trying to reach you

for the last, like, hour.

Are you fucking kidding me?

- Did I?

- Yeah.

I hope I didn't cause you any distress.

The garden... you didn't give it away,  
did you?

No. I was just getting ready  
to call you back.

Great.

The man on the phone...  
sounded a bit... peculiar.

Anything else I can get you?

No.

Hey, give me one of those.

You quit.

Just give me one.

What do you know about this guy?

He's psychotic.

Yeah, but...

Do you know his last name  
or where he's from or anything?

No. We didn't exactly do a lot of talking.

Well, what do you remember?

Why?

I know a private eye.

He's an ex-cop.

I think you should look into this guy.

Look, I know he's crazy,  
but do you really think that's necessary?

Yeah.

You don't know how crazy he is.

I mean...

Is he violent? Is he dangerous?

Has he done this kind of shit before?

You know?

All right.

But I don't want anybody  
to know about this,  
and I don't want Patrick to find out  
because he'll probably take it  
as some kind of encouragement.

No, you don't have to worry.

Clay is completely discreet.

Hey. Hey, it's Deb.

I've got somebody I want you to look into.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- How you doing?

- How you doing?

Good.

Clay, Tara. Tara, Clay.

Miss Bloom. It's a pleasure.

Hi.

You sure know how to pick them.

His name is Patrick Flynn, a real loon.

Did a little digging,

pulled up quite a file on him.

Been in and out of state custody

most of his life.

Shrink said he was obsessive-compulsive,  
with paranoid delusions and rage issues.

It's a total blueprint

for a psycho stalker.

And get this...

it seems young Patrick had quite  
the crush on his babysitter.

Or maybe it was

a little more than a crush.

Hey, Patrick.

Thank you.

Oddly enough, the babysitter

didn't feel the same way,

and the little psycho

didn't exactly take it well.

Come on, Patrick!

Get out! Patrick, get out!

Go!

The babysitter saved his life but

died a few days later from the burns.

Jesus.

I'd say he has a type, wouldn't you?

He's got a half-dozen

restraining orders against him.

Spent a couple stints in rehab,

and most recently,

the Louisiana State Correctional System.

What did he do?

He stalked a nurse at the rehab because

he thought she was some kind of angel

or some shit, thought she'd save him.

Somebody, please help!

Someone, help me!

Help me! Help me!  
Someone!  
Help me!  
He set the car on fire with her in it?  
They let him walk.  
Didn't have enough to build a case.  
Now, you can file a restraining order.  
Won't really help.  
Most stalkers are long gone  
by the time the police arrive.  
A creep like this won't stop  
unless... you make him stop.  
You know he's going to show up again.  
What are we going to do when he does?  
You aren't going to do anything.  
Let me handle this prick.  
Yeah.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Let's do it.  
Okay.  
Whoa... I'm sorry.  
- Sorry.  
- I'm sorry.  
- I didn't see you there.  
- Yeah.  
Are you okay? I'm sorry.  
- Yeah, I think so.  
- I didn't see you either.  
It's fascinating.  
Do you mind if I walk with you?  
Yeah, sure.  
Do you ride?  
No, not yet.  
I've been waiting for the right time.  
Maybe that's now.  
Could you point me in the right direction?  
You just book a riding lesson,  
go for a ride.  
He's a beauty.  
Is he yours?  
Yeah.  
You think I could...  
take a picture?



Sure, I guess.  
- Both of you?  
- Yeah.  
Good.  
Perfect.  
I'm Patrick.  
Emily.  
So, have you been riding a long time?  
Yeah, since I was little.  
Does anyone else in your family ride?  
No, just me.  
You have siblings?  
Yeah, I have two sisters.  
What's their names?  
Annie and Tara.  
They don't ride though.  
Tara...  
that's a...  
That's a beautiful name.  
I know a Tara.  
What's she like?  
You ask a lot of questions.  
I do, don't I?  
Let me take him from here.  
Thank you.  
You know, I have to get going.  
I'm meeting my parents.  
Well, I don't want to keep you.  
It was nice to meet you.  
You too.  
I'm sure we'll talk again.  
Soon.  
Excuse me?  
Could I have a notepad?  
Sure.  
Can I have two?  
Yes, sir.  
Why don't you take three?  
Thank you.  
Are you a member of the wedding party?  
You don't have to wait for Michael.  
I can book you into your room if you like.  
No, thanks. I'll wait.  
Hi.

I knew we'd see each other again.  
Honestly, you did not have to go  
out of your way for us.  
Yeah. You are going to let me pay  
for all this, right?  
Nonsense, the least I could do  
is spoil my family.  
Family to be.  
Family to be.  
It's really nice to see you again,  
but we were actually just leaving  
because my parents are checking in, so.  
Maybe I'll see you around.  
Who is that?  
I met him at the stables.  
- He's sexy.  
- I know, right?  
Will you make sure their luggage makes it  
to the rooftop suite, please?  
Oh, my God! The rooftop suite?  
This place is awesome.  
I am totally going to live  
in a place like this...  
Where is my eldest?  
Has Tara gotten here yet?  
No, so...  
Michael?  
It's nice to finally meet you.  
I'm sorry. I'm afraid  
you have me at a disadvantage.  
Patrick. Patrick Flynn.  
- Right.  
- Tara hasn't mentioned me?  
Michael, would you mind if we head up?  
Sure. Let's make sure they get  
to their room and everything's good.  
- Great, thanks.  
- All right.  
I'll see you guys in a little bit.  
One second.  
Thank you.  
Now, I'm sorry. What was this about Tara?  
The wedding, it's still going on?  
Of course it is. Why wouldn't it be?

There's no problems?

Why don't we go talk in private?

All right.

What exactly is this about?

I don't think you know your fianc  
as well as you think you do.

And why is that?

You should ask Tara about me.

I get it.

You're some douchebag ex-boyfriend  
here to rile me up.

But guess what?

Nothing is going to upset me  
before my wedding.

- Nothing?

- Nothing.

Nothing is going to upset you.

Nothing.

Well, you should ask Tara about me.

Fuck you.

Michael!

I cannot believe you are  
going to marry our Tara!

Justine, I...

Give me one second, okay?

Hey.

- Hey.

- Wow.

You're a sight for sore eyes.

Did you have a long day?

You have no idea.

Well, your folks are in the suite,  
and your crazy girlfriend just showed up,  
so we should not keep them waiting.

Is it too late to run away together?

Yeah, let's go join the party.

- Come on. Come on.

- Okay. All right.

So...

Why this rush job, huh?

I have a very big day tomorrow.

You are trying to impress a lady, no?

Is it that obvious?

Well, in my business, one sees

a lot of that sort of thing, no?  
You're done.  
She must be quite some lady.  
You have no idea.  
Come on, guys. Can we get the picture?  
Yes.  
What is this?  
Wait. How did you get that picture?  
You have to stay away from him.  
- Why?  
- Because I said so.  
Oh, my God. I get it.  
You're the Tara that Patrick knows.  
That's why he's here.  
- What?  
- He's here.  
He's here at the hotel.  
Emily, listen to me.  
I need you to stay away from him, okay?  
Really? You're the one getting married,  
and I can't talk to a cute older guy?  
- You don't understand.  
- Oh, yeah, I understand.  
You want all the attention for yourself.  
Emily, please. Not now.  
Okay, fine.  
Is that for me?  
Who else would it be for?  
Can I read it?  
When I'm done.  
I wanna read it now.  
When I'm done,  
you'll know how much I love you.  
You're so lucky.  
Yeah, Michael's awesome.  
And hot.  
Excuse me, everyone.  
I know we're supposed to be...  
saving the toast for the reception,  
but I want to take this moment to  
officially welcome Michael into the family.  
I'm sorry that your own parents  
can't be with us.  
But I know they'd be really proud of you

and all your accomplishments.

Thank you, Jack.

To Michael.

No one could love our daughter  
any more than you.

Cheers.

All right.

Thank you so much for taking care  
of my parents like that.

Well, they are my parents, too.

This is the last time I'm going to see you  
before the wedding.

I know, gosh.

That reminds me, I need to write my vows.

You haven't done that yet?

Well, I've been thinking about it a lot.

Come here.

Good night.

Babe?

Yeah?

Nothing.

Don't worry about it. It's nothing.

Forget it.

- Done.

- Okay.

I love you.

Love you too.

There you go.

Thank you so much.

It's so beautiful.

I can't wait.

You are going to look fantastic in it.

Thank you.

Make sure you send me a photo,  
so I can put it up at the shop.

I will, I promise.

See you later.

- Hey.

- Hi.

What are you doing here?

Well, there was just...  
something that I wanted  
to talk to you about.

Okay?

I didn't wanna bring it up  
last night, but...  
What is it?  
That the wedding dress, huh?  
Yeah.  
You know what? It's nothing.  
Really, I mean, I shouldn't...  
Michael, wait.  
There's something you should know.  
And... I don't know how to...  
Don't.  
Just don't.  
I've done some things  
that I'm not proud of,  
and if you have too,  
it doesn't matter.  
This matters.  
Tomorrow...  
Tomorrow's a new day  
and a clean slate, all right?  
Okay.  
Come here.  
I love you.  
I love you.  
All right.  
Tomorrow's the big day.  
Champagne?  
How do I look?  
- Gorgeous.  
- You look beautiful.  
Are you ready?  
Yes.  
Okay, I'm gonna let everybody know.  
Okay.  
Hello.  
You two are just as beautiful  
as the bride.  
I was surprised to see you  
the other night in the lobby.  
I'm just 14.  
Well, I won't tell if you won't.  
So, how do you know Tara?  
We're close.  
That's really weird because she's

never mentioned you until last night.

Hey, we're gonna start soon.

- Okay.

- Okay.

- You look so beautiful.

- Thank you.

Hey, everybody, we're gonna start soon,  
if you guys want to go ahead  
and take your seats.

We're gonna start if you guys  
want to head over to your seats.

So, how did you meet Tara?

Well, it's funny you should ask.

- I'd like to just...

- Patrick, hey!

I'm so glad you could make it.

You guys don't mind if I borrow him  
for a second, do you?

Tara wants to talk to you.

So you know? About us?

Yeah, she told me everything.

So she's finally accepting.

- Well, we're meant to be.

- Yeah.

You know, I know something else, too.

Your babysitter's  
not gonna save you this time.

Fuck him up.

Friends and family,  
we are gathered here today  
not to witness a beginning  
of what will be,  
because it already is.

Just help celebrate  
with Tara and Michael...  
the wondrous and joyful feelings  
that they have in their hearts  
for one another.

You may now kiss the bride.

Easy there, cutie. Here.

- I can carry you. Whoa. You okay?

- I'm fine. Keep your paws to yourself.

I'm going to bed.

Okay, have a good night.

You too.

I have a few questions for you.

No!

Thanks, Deb.

For letting me use your place.

I got everything I need.

You want a chip?

So, how is everything?

It's wonderful.

Everything is fantastic.

That's good.

Is there anything else I can get for you?

No, I think...

I think we should be good for the night.

Good, good.

We've had a few cancellations,  
so I'll send the rest of the staff  
home for the night.

Besides me,

you have the entire place to yourselves.

- All right.

- You two enjoy your evening.

We will have some fresh food  
set out for you after sunrise.

Thank you.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Alone.

This is Monica Lady Ace.

Here are details for broadcast times  
for our marine weather forecast bulletin.

Not again.

What the fuck?

So, can you finally relax?

Yes.

Good.

I'm thinking that we just stay here.

- Forever?

- Forever.

- And ever.

- And ever.

And ever.

Oh, no.

No.



That's not good.  
All right.  
I'm gonna grab some wine.  
- Okay.  
- Do you need anything from the...  
Can you bring my sweater?  
Yes.  
All right.  
You!  
Oh, God!  
It fits.  
Thank you.  
Isn't it just so beautiful here?  
Let's never leave.  
Michael! Michael!  
Hey...  
Where's my husband?  
I'm right here.  
You're fucking crazy.  
Don't be like that.  
Come on.  
You're sick.  
You... hurt me.  
Michael's gone.  
You should have saved me.  
That's all I needed.  
Please, Patrick.  
Don't.  
Please.  
Please.  
Please.  
- You brought this on yourself.  
- No!  
Oh, my God.  
Michael.  
It was... him.  
Oh, my God.  
Come here. Come here.  
Give me your hand. Give me your hand.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Honey, I need you to get up.  
Get up. Michael, get up.  
Please.

No, no! No!

I've got... I've got you.

Come on. Come on.

Come on.

No.

Michael.

You have to go get help.

No, I'm not leaving you.

You have to. You have to go.

No. If I leave, he'll kill you.

He's gonna kill us both.

Please, I can't let you die.

- So just... go.

- No.

Go.

Tara?

Sweetheart?

Come on, honey.

Let's talk.

I almost feel sorry for you.

But you can't stop the hand of fate.

Where's our girl now?

Till death do you part, huh?

- You ready?

- Are you?

I'm so sorry.

I was just looking for you.

You really should be in bed, resting.

I'm fine.

How is he?

Your husband's coming along.

He lost a lot of blood, but...

he should be just fine.

The two of you are really very lucky.

And in your condition...

Condition?

You don't know?

You're pregnant.

Congratulations.