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# Cry of the Owl

By Jamie Thraves

Oh great. Thanks.

Oh, shit.

Robert. Perfect.

Can I grab you for one moment?

Let me introduce you

to the guys from Milton.

I'm just giving them a little tour.

This is Robert Forrester.

Robert used to be at Joseph Keys.

Joseph Keys? Wow. Really?

Why did you leave?

Hey...

Joseph's a great, great company, but

I really had to get out of the city.

The guns, the drugs, the prostitution...

It's a lot of fun, but after

a while it gets a little boring.

Okay. Sorry

to have interrupted you.

We should let you get

on with your work.

Gentlemen, if you'd follow me.

This way.

"The guns, the drugs,

the prostitution"?

Shit...

So, it's Sally's and

my anniversary tonight.

- Oh, congratulations, man.

- Thanks man, thanks.

- I am screwed though...

- Oh, you didn't forget did you?

Yeah, I gotta go get some flowers

and chocolates and all that stuff...

that gets one laid, you know.

But I left my wallet at home.

You need to borrow some cash, man?

Would that be alright?

I feel bad asking.

No. Don't feel bad.

How much do you need?

- That's great.

- Alright.

You're a good man.

I could fuck you right now.  
I could, in a friendly  
way though, not in a gay way.  
Man, I think I'll take a pass.  
Hey... Mister Wyncoop.  
Hey Rabbit.  
Sunflowers!  
Are those for me?  
- Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
- You hungry?  
- Always.  
I thought you were  
gonna kill me tonight.  
Why do you have  
a knife in your hand?  
I keep thinking that  
I hear somebody out there.  
- Where? Out there?  
- Yeah.  
Greg! No!  
Don't go outside please.  
No Greg,  
I didn't see anyone, Greg.  
If there's anybody out here  
I'm gonna cut your fucking head off!  
There's nobody out there.  
Would you please come inside?  
You got to get a dog Jenny.  
A Doberman, something mean and nasty.  
Oh, great. What?  
So it can attack me first?  
Fuck!  
Peace and quiet  
driving you crazy yet?  
This is rush hour here, you know.  
So, how are you finding the place?  
The house, it's great.  
Yeah? Well, you know, we thought  
of selling it at one point, but...  
it was my mother's old place  
just before she passed away, and...  
Yeah, you said, you said.  
We lived with her, you know...

the wife and I, just  
after we got married.

Yeah. Bet that  
wasn't much fun, huh?

No, no, no, no. We all got  
on great together.

That's why we bought the house across  
the way, so we could be closer to her.

Yeah well, if you need anything,  
just let me know.

Okay. Thank you.

Hi. I'm so sorry I'm late.

Traffic was just insane.

Can we proceed, counsellor?

Yes. We have filed documents with  
the state of New York for divorce.

I would like to state on behalf  
of my client...

Wait. I'd like to have a word  
with my husband before we start.

- Be careful...

- No, I know. It's okay.

Do you think I could talk  
to you outside?

No.

Okay.

This is awkward.

Look, Robert, I know I'm the one  
who wanted this divorce but...

I've...

I've changed my mind.

Well...

I'm joking.

I'm joking.

I'm joking.

I'm sorry, I thought it would  
be funny, but it wasn't really funny.

Can we move on please?

This is quite an expensive meeting.

- Good point.

- Yes, yes of course.

I got your memo, and here's the deal  
memo that your office drafted.

We just disagree on a few points...

Robert, Robert, hey...

Hi, Jack.

How are you doing? You got here alright yeah? Good, good.

Look, I wanted to introduce you to a friend of mine.

- This is Elaine.

- Hi.

She's 34, she's a doctor and she's single.

This is my friend Robert, he's 37, he's a designer...

he's soon to be divorced.

So you'll have a lot to talk about, I'm sure.

Jack, I need you for a moment.

Just... excuse me.

Asshole...

The truth is, I saw you standing alone and I thought, you know...

he's not mixing very well.

Well, I'm mixing my drinks, does that count?

Could I introduce you?

Would you like that?

Not really.

I know it's a little bit awkward meeting people, but...

you have to be brave.

There are some lovely people here.

Brave? Me? No way.

I'm a total coward.

I'm still afraid of the dark.

Do you sleep with the lights on?

Hey, Robert.

- This is Walt. Have you met?

- No... no.

Hey Walt,

this is Robert over there.

Walt, this is Robert.

Robert's nice.

You're kinda heavy...

Hey, Jack, I'm not feeling too great, I think I'm gonna get going.

- Are you leaving?  
- I've got a headache coming on, I...  
Is it bad? Coz I could like  
get you an aspirin or something?  
It's not too bad,  
it's probably just a tumour.  
- Are you okay to drive?  
- Yeah, I'll be fine.  
I could drive you home, if you want.  
No, that's fine, I'm okay.  
It's not too bad that I can't drive.  
I'm fine. Thank you.  
Okay. Well, thanks for coming.  
I'm glad you could come.  
- Listen, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...  
- Of course, of course. No problem.  
Alright.  
Bye, Robert.  
- I'll see you Monday.  
- Alright, will do. Take care man.  
Oh god...  
It's okay.  
No, no, no, no,  
please don't be afraid.  
I'm so, so sorry.  
I didn't mean to scare you.  
My name's Robert Forrester.  
Stand right there!  
Thanks.  
Are you going to call the police?  
You should call the police.  
You probably should, I think.  
Look, it's no excuse, but...  
I'm leaving.  
What?  
What?  
What were you gonna say?  
I was gonna say that...  
Look, can I be honest with you?  
I've been here a few times before, okay?  
I just watch you in the kitchen,  
doing stuff.  
Listening to music, cooking,  
cleaning... nothing else.

I know that sounds really bad,  
but it's innocent, I swear to you.  
You look so happy.  
You make me feel happy.  
Lately I've felt very lonely  
and depressed...  
I promise you, I will never  
come here ever again. Ever.  
Depression can crush you.  
You know about that?  
Do you want to come in?  
What?  
If we're gonna talk,  
I'd rather do it inside.  
I've made some coffee.  
Do you want some?  
Yeah.  
Sit down.  
It's okay.  
Thank you.  
Do you live around here?  
Yeah, over in Humbert.  
- Where do you work?  
- Lavigne Aeronautics.  
Where do you work?  
In a bank near Crystal Falls.  
Do you think things happen  
for a reason?  
What? You mean like fate?  
Yeah, meeting like this.  
I don't really, but...  
I don't know.  
When I was about fifteen,  
this man came to stay at our house.  
And I got it into my head  
that this man, my father's friend...  
represented death...  
Right after he left my little brother  
got really sick...  
and he died a week later.  
I'm sorry.  
Do you really think that your brother  
died because this man came to your house?  
If I said yes,

you'd think I was crazy, right?  
Well look, I'm in no position  
to call anyone crazy.  
We were meant to have  
this conversation, you and I.  
I think you should go now.  
You want a cookie?  
Alright. Thank you.  
- Good night.  
- Good night.  
I hope you feel better soon.  
My name's Jenny by the way.  
Jenny Thierolf.  
This is really good of you.  
Yeah, well, let's just get this  
over with as quickly as possible.  
Come on, Robert, don't tell me you've  
got somewhere better to be...  
on a Friday night  
than a storage unit?  
I keep meaning to ask you,  
why did you leave all your crap...  
sorry, your stuff... your stuff.  
Why did you leave all  
your stuff behind anyway?  
Don't you need it out  
there in Hicksville?  
Oh, I know! You're planning  
on coming back!  
You're planning on coming back  
to me aren't you?  
I knew it. I knew it, and who  
could blame you anyway, right?  
So, have you met anyone else  
since we broke up?  
I bet you have. Cos you do fall  
in love at the drop of a hat.  
Sorry.  
You know, I really don't think  
your passport's in here.  
I was very thorough when I packed.  
Twenty seven pens. Fourteen pencils.  
Two erasers.  
I forgot you were this anal.



This is a bit...  
special needs, don't you think?  
So, are you feeling  
any better these days?  
You heard about that guy from  
downtown who killed his family, right?  
They're blaming  
the medication he was taking.  
It was the same stuff you were on.  
Oh my God, that could have been me.  
What? It could have been.  
I found it!  
Told you.  
What?  
- You hear any more noises recently?  
- What?  
No. No.  
I hate you living out here,  
you're too cut off.  
I love living out here.  
This is my dream home.  
Dream home?  
If you pull on it,  
it's just going to get worse.  
Please, will you let  
me fix this for you?  
No. I like it like that.  
It reminds me of Jimmy Stewart's  
loose banister.  
What?  
- 'It's A Wonderful Life'?  
- It sure is.  
That's a nice shirt, I've not seen  
that one on you before.  
This? Sure you have.  
Greg, I have to get to the oven.  
Well, I am not going  
to let you go, Jenny.  
What? Ever?  
That's right.  
We are never gonna  
move from this spot.  
And what will we do for food?  
Well, we can eat each other.

Greg, the chicken pie's gonna get...

it's gonna get burnt.

- What?

- She's hot.

- Well, you seem to think so.

- You don't think so?

What are you, blind?

She was all over you last week.

I'll set you up with her if you want.

I don't know, Jack.

What with the divorce and everything...

I'm just not interested

at the moment, I guess.

Robert!

Oh, hi.

Jack, this is...

this is...

- Jenny.

- Jenny.

Jenny Thireolf.

Nice to meet you.

Well, it's getting late.

I'm gonna be late for... something.

I can't think of what, but

I shouldn't be late for it?

I hope you don't mind me

coming by like this.

No. No. Not at all.

You look a little surprised.

Well, I'm a little surprised, yeah...

You came to see if I really work

here or not, right?

No. No, I believed you.

I knew you were telling the truth.

I was just hoping we could

talk some more, that's all.

Why did you pick me?

My house?

I'm curious.

I'd really like to know.

Well, I was just driving

around in my car and...

I saw you on your porch,

you were beating a rug I think.

And then you, you went inside.  
And I just felt I had to come back  
to see you again.  
You know, I have been thinking  
a lot about the other night.  
I think you wanted me to catch you.  
What?  
I think you did.  
Why would I want you to do that?  
I don't know.  
Cry for help, maybe?  
So does your boyfriend know  
you're out with me tonight?  
We've... we've broken up, actually.  
Well, it's sort of a trial  
separation for a month or so.  
Oh, right.  
He asked me to marry him.  
And it's weird, but I instantly  
knew that I didn't want to.  
And then I thought...  
if I don't want to marry him,  
why am I still with him?  
Well, you'll probably feel better  
after some time apart.  
You'll get back together again,  
I'm sure.  
No. I decided it's over.  
Hello?  
Could we make our appointment  
Tuesday instead of Monday?  
Do I have a choice?  
What do you think?  
Tuesday it is.  
Good night.  
I've just had the worst day ever.  
Look Nickie... I don't mean  
to be funny or anything, but...  
it's actually three in the morning.  
Hello?  
I really wish I'd never met you.  
Oh, fuck.  
- Hi.  
- Hey.

- We are going for a walk in the woods.

- Who is we?

Me and some friends of mine.

And you.

I don't know about that.

Why? You have

some place better to be?

No. It looks like it's gonna rain.

No, I heard, it's gonna clear up.

Are you gonna tread

on my happiness, Robert?

- Are you okay?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah I'm fine.

If you don't mind, we're gonna keep going, we don't want to keep stopping.

Oh, sure.

You guys go ahead.

I don't think your friend likes me.

Who Susie? No.

Well, you just broke up with Greg...

and then you bring along

this total stranger to meet them?

Can't you see how that looks?

I don't care how it looks.

We're friends now, right?

Hey, Jenny, Bill,

I'm just gonna take a breather!

Jenny's pretty fit.

Yeah, well, she's

a lot younger than you, isn't she?

- I love Jenny, she's a great girl.

- Yeah, she is.

I just wish she wasn't

such a dumb romantic.

What's so bad about that?

Well...

Romantics believe in love at first

sight and all that bullshit?

I think people who lose their hearts too easily are never very happy in life.

- Do you know Greg? Her Ex?

- I don't, no.

He's such a nice guy.

I saw him the other day

and he's a mess.  
Has no idea why Jenny dumped him.  
And she hasn't told us very much  
about you.  
I don't even know how you two met.  
You guys! The sun's going down!  
It's beautiful!  
Well, we should get going,  
I guess.  
God it's like heaven up here.  
Isn't it great?  
Since I've broken up with Greg,  
things seem different somehow...  
more colourful, more real.  
Do you know what I mean?  
Do you?  
No? Ah, what am I saying...  
No, I know what you mean.  
It sounds nice.  
I'm the opposite.  
I'm just sorry, I...  
I walk around in a daze sometimes,  
you know, like I'm still asleep.  
It's like I'm in a bubble  
or something.  
Be nice to get back  
to the real world.  
Well, bubbles can burst.  
Look, I haven't been totally  
honest with you.  
I'm kind of married.  
Kind of?  
Yeah, I'm...  
I'm getting a divorce.  
Oh. So it's okay then.  
I really don't think  
it's a good idea.  
I think it is.  
Hey, how are you guys  
doing tonight, huh?  
What is wrong with you?  
- Hey, Robert Forrester?  
- Oh, Jesus Christ...  
Is that right?

Is that right?

Yeah, we've not met.

I'm Greg. Greg Wyncoop.

- Stop it, Greg.

- Shake my hand, asshole.

- Shake my fucking hand.

- Are you out of your mind?

Who the fuck is this guy? Huh?

Jenny, I think I'm,

I'm gonna... leave, okay?

- No, Robert, you don't have to go.

- No, Robert, you don't have to go.

Hey! Stop it! I mean it!

I will never speak to you again.

I'm gonna go, okay?

I want to go, Jenny.

It was nice meeting you, Robert.

What is going on, huh?

Oh, yeah!

Sorry man.

So you're getting that promotion?

That's good news.

Are you gonna take it?

I mean, you gotta take it.

I don't know, man.

Philadelphia?

- Philly's a fun town.

- You been there?

No.

I know it feels like you just got here  
and then you're taking off again...

but it's good news.

I'm jealous.

Yeah. I don't like

moving around too much, you know.

It makes me feel like a hobo.

- Makes you feel like a homo?

- Yeah, like a homo.

Goddammit. Did you see that?

That was a hell of a strike, Chris!

Bastard.

the fucker does that.

He's got such a stupid way  
of throwing the ball, too.

How did you know I was here?  
Oh, well, I called your office and  
I'd just missed you.  
Somebody told  
me that you'd be here.  
- I hope you don't mind.  
- No.  
It's just...  
Greg's been saying some things  
about you to some of our friends.  
Like what?  
Like... like you won't leave me alone.  
Like you're dangerous...  
and that you've been stalking me.  
And that we met because you were  
hanging outside of my house.  
You told him?  
No. I didn't tell him anything.  
I swear.  
That's a pretty big fucking  
coincidence, don't you think?  
I always had this feeling that somebody  
was hanging outside of my house...  
and so did he.  
That's all that he's going on.  
I didn't tell him,  
I wouldn't tell anyone.  
Great.  
That's just fucking great.  
I'm just gonna see if he's free yet.  
I'm going to put you on hold, alright?  
Just hang on a second.  
Hello?  
Oh shit. Sorry.  
Hello?  
It's her again.  
Oh, shit.  
Just tell her I'm  
in a meeting, would you Jack?  
- Again?  
- Come on, man.  
Okay.  
Hello? Miss Thierolf?  
Yeah, he's in another meeting

I'm afraid.  
Yeah, it's really busy here today.  
Back to back.  
I'll tell him you called.  
Alright. Bye-bye.  
I'm sorry, man.  
You got locked out, huh?  
Come on.  
Hey there, Sam!  
Real friendly guy, huh?  
'Course, his wife died last year,  
so he turned real sour, you know?  
You don't have to be rude about  
it though. It's not my fault she died.  
So, "Under the tree, there's the key".  
I make these little rhymes up  
to remember things, you know?  
Like my wife's birthday.  
Could never remember it...  
but I got this one.  
"I see a bird and I remember,  
it's gotta be the third of September".  
I made that up, so.  
"Remember" also rhymes  
with November and December.  
Yeah, it does.  
But her birthday's September,  
so that doesn't work, so...  
- Okay, so you're in.  
- Thanks, Mr Kolbe.  
I don't think we should really  
see each other anymore.  
I'm not somebody that you want  
to be around.  
I had a very bad breakdown last year,  
and I guess...  
I understand.  
I thought that I was...  
gonna kill my wife.  
But you didn't.  
Look, you're not listening to me.  
Right? I'm terrified.  
I'm terrified one day I'm gonna  
wake up...



and I'm gonna look in the mirror,  
and I'm not gonna know who I am anymore.  
Nothing you say will frighten  
me, Robert. I can help you.  
This was meant to be. It was.  
The way that we met.  
I know it was.  
Come on.  
"This was meant to be".  
I mean, it's bullshit!  
Do you really believe that crap?  
Look, I'm leaving anyway.  
I just got a promotion,  
so I'm moving to Philadelphia.  
- I love you Robert.  
- What?  
I know that you feel something for me.  
The way that you look at me, I...  
I can see it in your eyes.  
I came by your house because  
I enjoyed watching you happy...  
with someone else.  
Someone else, okay?  
Not me.  
I... yeah.  
Shit.  
Hey, no look.  
No, wait, hey, no wait...  
You dirty son of a bitch!  
God.  
Come here you...  
I'm sorry, I know that I...  
Oh my God!  
What happened to your face?  
Nothing. Greg just  
tried to kill me, that's all.  
What? What happened?  
What happened? I was  
driving along in my car...  
he comes by me in his truck,  
nearly runs me off the road.  
Then I get out, I try to talk to him,  
he tries to take my fucking head off.  
I mean we're fighting like something

out of a fucking cowboy movie.  
I throw one lucky punch, I knock him  
out, he ends up face down in the river.  
Don't ask me why I went in to get him,  
because I was fucking furious.  
I wanted to drown the bastard.  
Oh my God, Robert, I'm so sorry.  
I feel like it's my fault.  
But I...  
I should have known that  
this was going to happen.  
God, I hate him.  
Don't hate him.  
He's just thinks that  
he's protecting you.  
Yeah, well, I hope I never  
see him again.  
I've been thinking about Philadelphia.  
I'm gonna come with you.  
Well I...  
You do know that's not gonna happen,  
don't you? I'm going on my own.  
Could I sleep here tonight?  
Please, I...  
Just for tonight.  
It's just that... Greg has been coming  
by my place and I just...  
I've been feeling  
so miserable at home.  
Okay, you can.  
I mean, I sleep on the couch.  
You can take my bed,  
I sleep on the couch.  
No, I wanna sleep on the couch.  
Okay, if you want.  
I'll go get you some blankets.  
I won't bother you any more after  
this Robert. I mean it.  
Jenny, what are you doing?  
- No, no, Jenny...  
- Please don't push me away.  
No, no, Jenny, no.  
It's not gonna happen.  
Jenny, please don't cry.

I'm sorry.  
Good morning!  
Are you hungry?  
I'm making blueberry pancakes.  
- Lf I were on Death Row...  
- Death Row?  
Yeah, if I were on Death Row, I'd want  
my last meal to be blueberry pancakes.  
What would yours be?  
I don't know. I haven't really thought  
about it that much, strangely enough.  
Oh, come on, it's easy. You just  
say what your favorite food is.  
I'd probably have Chinese.  
Yeah, Chinese.  
But I don't think there'd  
be much point...  
in breaking the fortune  
cookie on Death Row, huh?  
You know, I was thinking  
the other day that...  
there's gonna come a point when we  
experience everything for the last time.  
I mean, I wonder what my last meal  
is gonna be...  
the last book I'll ever read,  
the last song I'll ever hear.  
You never think about these things?  
I mean, I'm just saying it would be  
quite nice to choose.  
Because people on death row choose  
their last meal, you think that's nice?  
If you could choose,  
what would your last song be?  
Mine would be 'A Kiss To Build  
A Dream On' by Louis Armstrong.  
You?  
I don't know.  
Come on, you're not playing.  
"Real Life",  
Joan as Police Woman.  
I gotta go, I'm very late.  
I'm sorry.  
Okay.

Sign here.  
Well, that's that.  
We're done.  
I can't believe  
I'm single again, can you?  
Do you want to go  
on a date with me?  
Hey, Jenny.  
Yeah, I just got out.  
I'm a free man!  
I can't believe it.  
Why?  
What's the problem?  
What?  
When you left him on the bank,  
you say he was quite out of it?  
How far away from the river was he?  
Think around,  
I'd say about four feet.  
It was very dark,  
so I can't say precisely...  
Do you think he could  
have fallen back in?  
In the river?  
No, I don't think so. No.  
He started groaning, he was  
coming back round...  
that's why I ran, I was frightened that  
he was going to come after me again.  
But I, I don't think there is no way  
he could have fallen back in the river.  
Now. You say you just broke  
up with Greg?  
Well, clearly he was upset  
about that, right?  
It's just that, if he didn't  
fall back in...  
then the only other  
thing I can think of is...  
well, Crystal River is pretty  
notorious for suicides.  
Suicide? Greg?  
No. No. There's no way.  
We used to have arguments about

that all the time. I'm sorry.  
He used to say that people who killed themselves are weak...  
but I think it takes guts.  
No. There's no way  
that Greg would do that.  
Have you called around everyone  
that he knows?  
Has anyone heard from him?  
Yeah, we've talked to his friends  
and his family, his work colleagues...  
no one's heard or seen him...  
Well, Just so you know, we start  
to drag the river as of today.  
Susie.  
Hey, Jenny.  
I haven't forgotten your birthday.  
I'm sorry that I haven't been able  
to buy anything for you yet, I...  
It's okay, don't worry, it's fine.  
I know you've got a lot on your plate.  
So have you picked a date  
for your party yet?  
Well, it's tonight actually.  
You should come along.  
Oh. Tonight?  
We can't.  
We're going away to...  
a cottage in North Bay.  
I'm sorry you can't come.  
Are you okay?  
They've got nothing against you.  
It's me.  
Robert, don't pretend you're not  
there.  
Pick up. Pick up.  
You're not fooling me.  
I can see you sitting there,  
screening your calls, it's so rude.  
Okay.  
You're not there.  
- Hey, good morning, Mr. Jaffe.  
- Robert.  
Listen, there are two

detectives who are here to see you.

They're in the board room.

Right.

Thanks Mr. Jaffe.

Hello, Mr. Forrester, I'm Detective Anderson, this is Detective Lippenholtz.

You haven't a found a body yet, have you?

Well... No.

Surely if there was a body, it would have turned up by now.

Well, we've been informed that Crystal River is a very deep river... with lots of pockets in the rocks... so a body could be trapped underneath there for a very long time.

This is what we think:

Greg came after you.

You got in there with a lucky punch, like you said.

He fell in the water and you ran off.

No. I dragged him out of the water and I helped him.

If it was self defense, it's involuntary manslaughter.

You got a pretty good chance you're just gonna walk right out of court... especially if you admit it right now. But when we find a body, and you haven't told us everything...

You have to see the bigger picture, Robert.

- Hi.

- Hi.

How are you?

I'm fine. How are you?

Good.

What do you want Susie?

I'm really busy.

- I'm worried about you.

- Well, you don't have to worry.

I am worried though, really worried.

Robert scares me.

Do you really know this guy?  
I know you don't like him, but I do.  
So I'd be really careful  
about what you say next.  
Jenny. He's a creep.  
I'm sorry, but he is.  
Don't be so dramatic.  
Jenny...  
Are you awake?  
What?  
Did you say something?  
I think I just heard an owl.  
It kind of scared me.  
Why did it scare you?  
Owls are a symbol of death,  
aren't they?  
You know that you sleep with  
your eyes half open? Did you know that?  
Yeah, I've been told.  
There's nothing much that  
I can do about it though.  
It's attractive, huh?  
Well, before Mr Wyncoop disappeared  
he told a few friends that...  
you were stalking Miss Thierolf,  
and that's how you met. Is that true?  
No. That's not true.  
We were speaking with  
your ex-wife, Nickie.  
She told us that you had treatment  
for some kind of mental disorder.  
A mental disorder?  
I was depressed.  
I saw a therapist.  
I took some pills, I got better.  
I wasn't locked up anywhere.  
I don't know what else my wife  
told you but we just got divorced...  
so we're not on the best of terms.  
She said you tried to kill her once.  
Woke up one night and you were  
standing at the end of the bed...  
knife in hand.  
She's been telling that lie

for the past year now.  
We were having an argument because  
she was drunk again.  
I was preparing dinner,  
I was chopping food.  
I walked into the bedroom, I'm still  
holding the chopping knife in my hand.  
She's drunk, she screams.  
That's me trying to kill my wife.  
Okay?  
I didn't try to kill her Jenny.  
I just told you that to scare you off.  
I know.  
There's something that I haven't  
told you.  
Greg called your wife the day  
he attacked you.  
Hello?  
I've just been informed that you  
spoke to Greg Wyncoop.  
What the fuck did you say to him?  
"Hello Nickie, how are you?"  
What are you talking about?  
You told him the same lies  
you told the police didn't you?  
No wonder the guy tried  
to fucking take my head off.  
Do you know how much  
fucking trouble you've got me into?  
You got yourself into this  
trouble Robert. Not me.  
- You want to come in?  
- Yeah. Yes, sure.  
Look, you said you were  
planning on moving out, right?  
Yeah, that's right.  
In a few months, I hope.  
Any chance you could make it  
any sooner than that?  
Why? Do you have  
someone else moving in?  
No.  
I just want you out.  
- Nickie Grace?



- Yeah?

I'm Jenny.

Jenny Thierolf.

Oh...

Hello.

- You want something to drink?

- I'll have a water.

- I ran out of bottled water.

- Tap is fine.

Of course.

So, you've come a long way.

Just to see me?

No. Yes.

No, yes?

Why do you hate Robert so much?

I don't hate him.

You know Robert, he wants  
to be everyone's friend...

but to be honest with you,  
I don't really think he likes anybody.  
I don't think that's true.

The man's cursed, if you ask me.

I've come to realize that some people  
are poison for you in this life.

It's not always clear who they are,  
but when you find out who it is...  
you have to cut them out.

Okay. Thanks.

No, I have to thank you. Good.

Fuck.

Hey man. You ok?

Yeah, I'm fucking great.

- The promotion?

- It's gone.

No. No way.

And I just got  
suspended from Lavigne.

What?

Fuck man, I'm so sorry.

I pulled that guy out of the water.

I fucking saved his life!

I wished I had drowned the bastard.

I need a beer.

You want to go get a beer?

I can't really tonight. I can't.

I wish I could, but...

I got to look after the kid.

He's got a touch of croup.

Croup?

Yeah.

Sorry, man.

- I'm just going to go to the bathroom.

- Okay, sure.

Hi, can I help you?

Oh, hi, I'm just a little ahead  
of my colleagues...

I've got a reservation, "Wyncoop".

Jed Wyncoop.

You gotta have it there.

- Are you Greg Wyncoop's father?

- I am.

I'm so sorry to hear about Greg.

Is there any more news?

No, there isn't.

- What's the matter?

- Nothing.

- You okay?

- Yeah, I'm fine. Let's go.

Forrester!

Robert Forrester?

That's you, right? Yeah.

Just want to talk.

I just need some answers.

Look Mr Wync...

- What did you do to my kid?

- I didn't do anything!

What did you do to my kid,  
d'you hear me?

I'm innocent!

You fuckin'...

Get me the fuck off!

Robert!

Robert, no!

Robert, stop it!

Stop it!

Are you okay?

Fuck off!

- Hello.

- Mr Forrester here?

Robert?

We have some news. A body's  
been found in the river.

Is it Greg?

It could be Mr Wyncoop.

It could be? Haven't  
you identified the body yet?

The body was found naked,  
no I. D, no jewellery, nothing.

The face was badly smashed in  
and just that so you understand...

a body that's been in the water  
that long is very bloated.

Hair, layers of skin have fallen away  
along with any distinguishing marks.

Even if someone could identify the body,  
we couldn't just go along with that...

tests will still have  
to be carried out, regardless.

So you need to do some tests?

How long's that going to take?

We just need to get hold  
of his dental records...

that's the quickest way  
to identify the body.

It's not him.

It can't be.

We'll let you know.

Jenny?

I didn't kill him.

I know. I believe you.

Body was found a few yards away  
from the house, under a tree.

Before she killed herself  
she called her friend Susie Escham.

Jenny told her

how you two first met.

Bit creepy, don't you think?

Spying on a girl alone at night.

If you lied about that.

What else have you been lying about?

This is for you.

From Miss Thierolf.

"Dear Robert.  
I've always had this feeling about  
you ever since we first met.  
I know you represented  
something for me...  
like my father's friend  
did for my brother...  
I just couldn't work out what it was.  
The signs have been all over the place,  
it was impossible to ignore them...  
and now I know  
what I'm supposed to do.  
I hope you find your way back  
to the real world...  
If that's where you wanna be."  
Are you going to let me in,  
or what?  
This should keep you going for now.  
Thanks.  
I'm really worried about Jenny.  
She's gonna dump him really soon,  
she'll see what he's about.  
Robert's in a lot of trouble now.  
Good.  
So what do we do next?  
Yeah. Hello.  
Detective Lippenholtz please.  
Yeah.  
Hi there, this is Robert Forrester.  
Yeah, somebody just shot at me.  
There was this car waiting...  
a gun went off and the car sped  
away really fast.  
You don't believe me, do you?  
No! The car did not backfire!  
Look, I need protection!  
Okay, that's great,  
thank you very much, okay? Great.  
Jesus fucking Christ.  
Oh, God.  
You're in a lot of trouble, huh?  
How did your dog lose its leg?  
Previous owner took a bat  
to him and shot him.

It's a wonder he still loves people.  
You were shot at?  
Aren't the police doing anything?  
They don't believe me.  
Look, you can spend the night here,  
if it'd make you feel safer.  
You'll notice my wife's taste ran  
to the extreme floral.  
That's nice.  
Ah, it's a comfortable room.  
I'm sorry to hear  
about your girlfriend.  
Oh, she wasn't really  
my girlf... Thank you.  
You know, when my wife died...  
I had this romantic notion  
that I'd go soon after.  
You know, the way they say that some  
old couples do.  
Here I am... a year later.  
Tell you one thing, though.  
I'm not afraid of dying anymore.  
No. When you're young,  
that's not the time to die, is it?  
No.  
And she killed herself.  
I feel so responsible.  
I feel like I botched something,  
a person.  
I think you need some rest.  
Try to get some sleep.  
Ah, you're up finally.  
That was some sleep you had there.  
- What time is it?  
- Two in the afternoon.  
Oh my God. I haven't slept  
in that late since college.  
- You hungry?  
- Yeah.  
- Sit down.  
- Thank you.  
Oh, sh...  
I'm so sorry.  
Don't worry.

It's just beer.

Can I go and get  
a cloth or something?

What's wrong?

Oh, hello...

- Elaine.

- Elaine. Sorry.

I'm just going to take a look at  
your arm. The bullet missed the bone.  
You're incredibly lucky. I'm just  
going to take a look at your arm.

- Does that hurt?

- No.

Could you raise your arm, please?

You can put it down.

Thank you.

Oh hey, look.

Another car backfired.

You have 24 hour protection.

You know who did this?

We're talking to some people, friends  
of Greg's, members of his family.

I've got an idea, who did this.

It's Greg Wyncoop.

Look, I understand you hanging on to  
this notion that Greg is still alive...

but come on, wake up!

Why haven't you identified  
the body yet?

We've had a little trouble tracking  
down Greg's dental records.

DNA tests are going to have  
to be conducted now.

But like I said, Mr Forrester,  
you've been assigned protection.

Drop the gun!

Drop the gun now!

No, no, no, he's getting away!

Shut up! Turn around!

Put your hands behind your back!

It's Greg Wyncoop!

He's getting away!

Put the gun down!

Put it down!

Turn around!

Shit! Fuck!

- Danny, what are you doing?

- What?

That's our guy.

- Oh yeah?

- Yeah.

Shit!

Come in. Haven't you  
heard of knocking?

Do you know you sleep  
with your eyes half open?

What is it?

What do you want?

I think you just got lucky.

- I don't fucking believe it.

- Neither do we.

Where did you find him?

We caught him trying to get  
on a bus to the city.

He made a call from the diner  
before we picked him up.

Mr Wyncoop, you say that Mr Forrester  
tried to kill you?

Yep. That's right.

He tried to bash my head in with a rock  
and then he tried to drown me.

He's fucking crazy, he's...

he's a psychopath, you know?

This is fucking bullshit, man.

I'm not the one that should  
be sitting here...

it should be Robert, not me.

We know you shot that guy, it's just  
a matter of time till we can prove it.

Hey Bob!

Hey Bob. I just uh heard the news.

They caught Greg Wyncoop.

Yeah.

- Really happy for you.

- Thank you.

Mr Jaffe he says he can't wait  
till you come back.

That's great, huh?

Well actually Jack,  
I'm leaving tonight.  
I'm driving back to the city.  
- Like, for good?  
- Yeah.  
Oh...  
That's too bad.  
Well you'll stay in touch,  
won't you?  
Sure.  
What?  
Do you know what I had to go through  
to get you out of there?  
There's gotta be five people present.  
You gotta have the prosecuting  
attorney, the district attorney...  
You got me out didn't you?  
I don't need to hear about it.  
I'm sorry, dad.  
I don't think sorry's  
gonna cut it.  
What the fuck are you doing here?  
You come to jerk off?  
Did you follow me here?  
Robert, we just want to talk to you.  
Great.  
That's just fucking great.  
What?  
Don't look at me like that.  
Robert, this is crazy.  
This is bad!  
Look, he's drunk  
and he's really angry.  
So we have to be careful here, okay.  
Robert, you have to help me.  
You have to convince the police  
that I had nothing to do with this.  
But you did have something  
to do with it.  
No, no, I...  
You're probably not gonna believe this,  
but I still love you.  
I do.  
You know, the first time I saw you,



Nickie...

I fell for you straight away.

You were standing so still in that gallery, you looked like a statue...

Looking at that awful painting.

And then you moved, and I guess it was fucking downhill from then on.

I can't help you.

I won't help you.

Now? What is he saying?

Whose is that?

Is that me?

It's not a good time, dad.

What? What is it?

No... no.

Greg, what is it?

What happened?

That guy I shot...

he just died!

I'm fucked.

This is all your fault.

Everybody just calm down!

Calm down!

Watch it you idiots!

What's wrong?

I think I hurt my neck.

Come here. Show me.

It's alright, it's alright, take your hand away.

Okay, let me see.

Oh Jesus.

Ok... ok... ok...

Okay. Take this.

Alright, press this towel on your neck really, really hard.

Very good.

I call an ambulance. Ok?

Hello? Could I get an ambulance please straight away?

What? Look, it's my wife.

I think she...

Damned...