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Days and Nights

By Christian Camargo

Obsessions sometimes
grab hold of a man.
He may think, for example,
days and nights of nothing
else but the moon.
I have such a moon.
Days and nights, I'm held
in the grip of a memory.
It consumes me.
An idea for a story...
Why, this country is a
shining city on a hill.
The strong... the strong,
they tell us...
will inherit the land.
And I ask you now,
ladies and gentlemen,
brothers and sisters,
for the good of all of us,
the love of this great nation,
for the family of America
for the love of God, please make
this nation remember how futures
are built.
Thank you and God bless you.

DAYS AND NIGHTS:

sync, fix:

Last call for Harlem...
Fordham, Woodlawn, Wakefield,
Mt. Vernon, Fleetwood,
Rossville, White Plains,
Valhalla, Mt. Pleasant,
- Concord, Pleasantville,
Mt. Kisco... - We're late.
- You're late. - ... Bedford Hills.
- Apologies.
- Please, can't we drive?
- We already fought about this.
- You're too old for trains.
- I like trains.
I'll buy you one.
Peter.

Peter!

This is ridiculous.

Did you know that, in Korea,
jilted lovers commit suicide
by sealing themselves in
a room filled with lilies?

Apparently,
the perfume is toxic.

I wonder how many you'd need
to kill everyone on this train.

He liked trains because, on them,
couples rarely feel the need to speak.

He might not have to hear the
reasons why her show got canceled,
or defend himself for not
casting her in his next film.

He wouldn't have to endure the endless
questions about her brother's illness.

What could her doctor friend tell her
that she didn't already suspect?

He might not have to discuss
her son's artistic anarchy,
or gossip about the
caretaker's daughter,
and her marriage
of necessity.

He'd meet all of them,
soon enough.

They were off to her country house
to celebrate her brother's birthday.

It was Memorial Day
weekend, 1984.

I feel like Meryl in
"Silkwood. "

Where is she?

- Oh, God. Brace yourself.

- Where is she?

No one here.

Oh, oh.

No one here.

Oh, my God!

I didn't recognize you.

Stop.

- Johan, Peter. Peter, Johan.

- Okay, Johan. Hi.

Mass transit. The witch's
tit must have froze over.

- It's hell. - What?

- Hell must... n-never mind.

- What? And? - And everything's
coming up cats and dogs.

- Here. Smell these.

- Oh. - Breathe deep.

Mm.

Oh, the hell froze over.

Thinks he owns the place.

- Where's the wagon?

- I had things to do.

- Why is there a gun in the car?

- It's a rifle.

I tagged a bull on the way in.

You know, it shoots darts.

- Johan!

- What? Sorry.

That's how we medicate
now these days.

- Gentle.

- Like foot rot, blackleg,
cancer eye, foot and mouth,
lumpy jaw, warts, wood tongue...

- ... it's what's for dinner. - Don't think
about it. - Sorry. - Johan!

- This is very expensive luggage.

- Pain in the neck. Get it?

- I pay him.

- Well, hardly.

- After you. - I don't know
how Mary puts up with him.

- Ohh, it stinks in here.

- Sorry.

Imagine you're attacking
the audience.

I'm attacking the audience,
but without emotion?

- Just like you're reading it.

- That doesn't make any sense.

Come on.

"All experience hath shown that

mankind are more disposed to suffer... "

- That's great. That's better.

- Really? - Mm-hmm.

- One more time.

- Herb is gonna hate this.

No, he's not.

Come on, just read.

Just...

Why couldn't you get him a tie or
a goldfish, like any normal person?

- I'm not a normal person.

- Your mom is gonna hate it.

Of course she's gonna hate it,
she's not in it.

Is she really bringing
Peter this time?

No idea.

- I love his movies.

- Just read the lines.

I could get discovered.

- He's blind. Did you know that?

- He could put me in a movie.

- And deaf. - I could be a star.

- Good luck.

- I got to go.

- What?

- You won't come back in time.

- My Dad doesn't even know I'm here.

I got to go.

Hey!

- Don't be late.

- I won't.

Promise.

- You're late.

- Oh, hello, Mary!

- Here.

- Oh, beautiful!

- Peter.

- Mary, Peter. Peter, Mary.

Oh, we have heard

so much about you.

- Hi. Nice to meet you.

- Your husband is an imbecile.

- He's a stupid, stupid jerk.

- When grandma farts, we hit the dog.
- You got it? - Yeah.
- Did the wig work at all?
- Not a soul.
- Wonderful. - Oh, sorry.

How do I look?

Well, fair to middling.

- Not bad, huh?
- No.

Yeah.

Put me in a movie.

- Yeah, okay.
- Just put me in a movie, you know?

Shut up, Johan.

There is a bear
in the woods.

For some people,
the bear is easy to see.
Others don't see it at all.

Some people say
the bear is tame.

Others say it's
vicious and dangerous.

Since no one can
really be sure who's right,
isn't it smart to be
as strong as the bear...
if there is a bear?

96.3.

100.5.

Move.

99.8.

99.5.

Huh.

- Very much... retrovirus.
- I understand.
- Thank you. Okay.
- Take care. - I will. - Bye.
- Oh, Mary, I love the plantings.

They're gorgeous. - Thanks.

- Herb behave himself?
- You know your brother.
- It's locked.
- Well, it can't be.

- It's never locked.
- Knock.
Hello?
- Oh, I just heard something.
- It's not opening.
- Well, it's probably stuck.
- Use your shoulder.
- You. - Step aside.
Step aside. Step aside.
Everything is a production.
- Ow!
- Ohh. Herb.
- Herb!
- Herb!
- Ohh!
- Oh, my God.
- Ohh!
- Honey. Where's Louis?
I'll... I'll get him.
Louis!
- Oho! - Peter?
- Yes.
- How wonderful to meet you!
- You, too.
- Welcome.
- Happy birthday.
- Sorry again.
- Johan! - Sorry.
Oh, Herb. Come on.
Let's go sit down.
Come on. He's getting
blood everywhere.
- Ohh! Impossible.
- What happened?
- He hid and sought.
- Ow!
- Come sit down.
- Once my brother, now my son.
What did we say about
acting your age?
- That it's pointless.
- Come. Have a seat.
- Here, tilt your head back.
- I can't stand the taste of blood.

- Keep pressure on it.
- It's like I'm eating somebody.
- Does he need the hospital?
- He'll be fine. - Oh, thank God.
Steaks. Wonderful.
Peter, Doctor. Doctor, Peter.
- Oh, Louis. Nice to meet you.
- You, too.
- Excuse me. Sit tight.
- Like a lion with fresh kill.
Oh, Alex.
Sorry.
- Hi.
- Hi.
Stephen.
Oh, whoa,
you look lost.
- She... she has me in a relative pin.
- Well, that... that sounds painful.
- Hello. - Oh, Stephen,
Peter. Peter, Stephen. - Hi.
Alex, Peter.
Peter, Alex.
- Oh, there's that...
- Keep still.
- ... beautiful baby of yours...
- Ah! - ... piece of sunshine.
Aww. I understand you're expecting
another one. - We are?
Oh, Stephen is single-handedly saving
mother nature one bird at a time.
He's taken over the
entire waterfront...
...even got the county
restricting our land use.
- The neighbors love us.
- My God, what are you doing?
Keep still.
- I'm starving. Where's my son?
- Stop.
- He's up in his room.
- He's getting his movie ready.
- Movie? - Installation thing.
Whatever. - Tonight?

- You were warned.
- Supper is almost ready.
- For fuck's sake! - I need to wash.
- Oh, you got plenty of time.
- Johan. - What?
- Sort out the luggage.
- No, thank you.
- That wasn't so bad, was it?

Oh!

Sorry.

Of course, the more money they throw
at you, the less interesting it all is.

It's supposed to be a love story,
but where's the happy ending?

I love it.

- Got it? - I don't get it.
- It's okay. - Ignore him.
- What are you doing?
- I'm pouring a glass of wine.
- Can he drink? - It's fine.
- Well, what about his medicine?
- What... what medicine?
- He can have some wine.
- Not like I have to ask for
permission. - I thought...

Don't.

Don't think.

So, Stephen, what exactly
is it that you do?

- Nothing.
- Dad.

I'm an ornithologist.

I've been tracking a family
of eagles who migrated
to the south side of the
property two years ago.

- That's not all that he
was tracking. - Mom.

The male abandoned,
leaving the female and her egg,
so, I've had to be
a little more involved.

- Is anyone cold? - It's a little
touch and go, actually.

- Abe would never abandon.

- Abe?

That's what he calls him...

old Abe.

- How much are they paying you?

- Dad. - What? Nothing, zero, zilch.

I built a perimeter fence,

developed a manual

- hydration system, food regimen.

- Like a prison.

Technically, I work for 'The Department
of Environment Conservation'.

He's a forensic...

wildlife pathologist.

What?

Sorry.

Come on. Really... really,

I'm an... I'm an aviculturist.

- What's so funny?

- Oh, Mary!

Manners, please!

Ohh!

- They look delicious.

- Thank you.

It's perfect. There's no

stress in the meat.

You can always taste,

and you can feel

- if the animal had a stressful end.

- Please stop talking.

No, well, it goes tasteless.

It goes bland, but this is perfect.

- Alex, does your father

listen to anyone? - No.

A man walked

into his house...

with a sheep under his arm.

He says to his wife,

"I just want you to see the pig that I've
been fucking while you've been away. "

And she says, "That's not a pig,
darling... that's a sheep. "

And he says,

"I wasn't talking to you!"

You got it?

- She wasn't a sheep.

- Eagles, brisket, and sheep.

Oh, my.

Welcome home, baby.

If music be the
food of love, play on.

Give me excess of it,
that surfeiting, the appetite
may sicken, and so die.

Newton's third
law of motion...

To every action, there is
an equal and opposite reaction.

Eva?

You said come
and get you...

...when it's ready.

- Have you seen Eva?

- No.

- Is Mom here?

- Yeah.

- Where are they?

- Feeding.

It's called

"Thermal convection. "

Eagles generally soar on
thermal convection currents,
which means that we could
generally predict their flight paths.

Look at me,
flapping my wings.

Uh, but r - recently, thermal
currents have been expanding.

It's... it's like an oven,
and we're just... we're just,

- frying ourselves.

- Whatever that means.

So predicting flight paths
has become near impossible.

- He could be lost in
nondirectional winds. - Thank you.

But, uh, personally, I...

I think it's toxicosis.

- English. - Mercury,
lead poison, pesticides.
- Green giants. - Buck shot, poaching...
the list goes on and on.
Meanwhile, the whole
place is in quarantine.
Well, eagles are bioindicators.
So we need to protect them...
- Nerd. - ... like canaries in a gold mine.
- Grow a beard. - Read a book.
He won't let me fix the dock,
maintain the riding trails... nothing.
- I repaired the dock.
- I wouldn't want to be on that dock.
Sweetie.
Hey.
Come here.
Oh!
Mm.
- You hungry?
- Uh, I ate already.
- What's going on, crazy?
- Not much. You?
Come on.
We better get ready.
- Ohh. - Want this?
- Yeah.
- What just happened?
- Nothing. He's fine.
- Fine... fucked up,
insecure... - Dad.
He's fine.
You always say that when
nothing is. What was it?
Excuse me.
Boredom.
You get cooped up in
the country long enough,
you start doing things
to make life interesting.
I mean, look at me.
I got married and had a kid.
The show is gonna
be ready in 30 minutes.

Gobble gobble.
Ohh, my foot is asleep.
Tea?
Yes.
Excuse me.
Give me a kiss.
What are you doing?
I'm shaving.
We did this once in Oman.
We had no soap.
We used mashed potatoes.
You're making me nervous.
Eva was supposed

to be here at 7:

Been calling,
but it's busy...
- Probably her parents.
- Yeah, they're tyrants.
When I was young,
seemed that life was so wonderful
A miracle
oh, it was beautiful, magical #
- Stop it. - I know.
I have a horrible voice.
Ow!
Mm, like rats from
a sinking ship.
Where's your sweaters?
- Have you seen any
of Peter's films? - Yes.
Come on.
Sweater.
Closet. They hang.
Is he talented?
No.
He's quiet. He looks. He listens.
I think he's talented.
Well, you're wrong.
- Ask anyone.
- I'm right.
- You're sick. - What difference
does that make?
Arm.

I'm sorry.

Well, I didn't mean to...

Whoops.

That's my nightgown.

It's for Eric's show.

You are wearing my
trousseau nightgown.

Excuse me.

Eric's muse.

Lives downstream.

Doesn't do anything,
but she's sweet.

I have to pee.

She's wearing
my nightgown.

He gave her
my nightgown.

Oh, yeah.

- He's a fraud.

- No.

Pick any magazine.

- It'll tell you. Any of them,
any month. - Oh!

Eva?

- Where the hell have you been?

- This is Mary's nightgown?!

Hi, Herb.

- How are you?

- I'm perfect.

- I can't believe you. - Hey.

- You said you bought this.

- I didn't.

- I love this room.

I said I brought it.

- You've been to so many places.

- And look at me...

- I haven't been anywhere.

- ... landlocked.

- We're late.

- I walked right into dinner.

So embarrassing...

you have no idea.

And Peter's here!

You said he wasn't coming.

- No, I said I didn't know.
- I've never been more
- embarrassed in all my life.
- What happened? You all right?
- I fell. There used to be a trail.
- We got to go.

Ladies and gentlemen,
the show's about to begin.

- It's so humiliating.
- I think you look beautiful.
- Meet you there.
- You'll get lost.

It's easy from here.

She's like a deer.

I think I'm going to ask her to
marry me. Someone should.

You can't leave a good
grape on the vine too long.

I've got it covered.

Oh?

Yeah, I've made
up my mind.

Has she?

Watch your step.

All we need now are a few German
Shepherds and a machine gun.

Johan, turn it off.

"All experience
hath shown...

- that mankind are more disposed
to suffer... " - Suffer.

"... than to right themselves...

by abolishing the forms to
which they are accustomed. "

- What is she talking about? - It's the
declaration of independence. - Ah.

"But when a long train of
abuses and usurpations

"evinces a design to reduce
them under absolute despotism

"it is their right,

it is their duty,

- to throw off... "

- Throw off.

- It's going to be a bumpy ride.

- Shut up!

Let facts be submitted,
to a candid world.

- Here. Johan, pass this to Louis.

- Stop talking!

- Louis.

- Mm.

Blanket.

- "He has forbidden... "

- Forbidden.

"He has resolved...

- He has endeavored to
prevent... " - Prevent.

"He has obstructed the
administration of justice. "

Justice!

"He has kept among us, in times
of peace, standing armies. "

"He has plundered
our seas.

"He has ravaged our coasts,
burned our towns... "

- What am i sitting on? - "... and
destroyed the lives of our people!

"He is transporting
large armies of death...
desolation...

- tyranny!"

- Tyranny!

"... scarcely paralleled in
the most barbarous ages
and totally unworthy the
head of a civilized nation. "

"And the unhappy moon
lights her lamp in vain... "

Oh, my God.

"A prince,
whose character is marked by
every act which defines a tyrant... "

- Cool. - "... is unfit... "

- This is horrible.

- "... to be the ruler of a
free people. " -This is sick.

- It's really dangerous.
- Oh, my god. - Will you stop talking?
All right, all right.
Just stop it. Stop it!
The stage is all yours.
Oh, my God.
What was that?
- Disturbing. - You can
say that again. - What?
Disturbing.
- All right, show's over.
- Art has spoken.
Peter, Eva.
Eva, Peter.
- Wonderful.
- Was it?
- Somebody find him.
Come back and have some cake.
- I got to go. - No, come on.
- Herb, come on.
- You could have kept your
mouth shut. - We're not lab rats.
What a mess.
Eric is such a mess.
I can't stop thinking...
can I take something for that?
No.
Useless.
You coming?
In a bit.
What's for lunch?
The usual...
cheese, fruit, beans.
Caviar.
Dreams.
What's happening
in the world?
Nothing worth repeating.
Louis... how's the time?
Stopped.
Boring, boring,
and more boring.
It's all so beautifully boring,
and then there's that.

Where's Eric?

- Johan, why do you have
to do that? - Do what?

Appear.

Have you seen Alex?

Not for a while.

We were gonna
check the nest.

What are you doing?

- What does it look like? - There's
no firing of guns on the property.

- Talk to Johan.

- I'm talking to you.

Ohh, brother.

Okay, if you see Alex,
tell her I waited.

You look ridiculous...
you know that?

- I do?

- Yeah.

Thank you.

Don't even think about it.

Think about what?

He's not like you.

What are you
talking about?

He'll eat you alive.

You're not making
any sense.

Well, you'll see.

Charge!

Light brigade.

Little horses.

Go.

Let me see that.

Wait. Hey, careful... it's loaded!

Oh, that is not okay!

- There... something happened.

- Yeah, you blew my ears out.

If you see Eric,
I'm at the blind.

That is not okay.

No firing guns
on the property!

What are you doing?!

Who are those children?

- Hey, kids, be careful.

- You're the one firing guns!

- Kids, get away from that cart!

- Don't worry...

these fillies are under
full disciplined control.

- Oh, my God. - Herb, stop!

- Stop that cart! - Whoa!

- Oh, God.

- Herb!

Oh, Herb!

Oh!

Are you all right?

Herb! Oh, it's not funny!

- It must be the water...

makes us all mad
as a box of frogs.

I love you.

You need to move.

- You could've killed this man!

- Oh, stop it, Mary. I'm all right.

- Where did you come from?

- They just showed up.

- Let's get you inside. - I'd like
to stay. - No. - Vetoed.

- Where did they come from?

- Who cares?

Demons.

Peter.

Peter, Peter, Peter.

How's the fishing?

Fine, I guess.

There's rods up
there in the shed.

I've always wanted
to learn how to fish.

It's dull...

Like everything
else around here...

Really, really dull.

She's spying on us.

Is she?

Why is that?
I don't think
she trusts us.
- What do you mean? - When you're
with someone long enough,
you begin to hear their
thoughts like your very own.
- We're just sitting here.
- Talking.
- And what's wrong with that?
- Oh, everything.
For example?
We could say things.
- Like what? - I could say
how attractive you are.
You could say
how famous I am.
Her imagination is vast.
Boring, boring.
I should get her inside.
Did I make you
uncomfortable?
No.
She does.
Gross.
If you don't put your dick down darling,
you'll run into something.
It's tempting, I know. You just want
to crawl inside that young vagina
and hide from the world,
but you'll be disappointed.
She has no experience,
no endurance,
no training, no muscle.
- You'll hate it.
- Mm.
- You will. - Mm-hmm.
Stop.
- No, come on.
- I said stop it. Stop it.
Sto...
Everything all right?
- Didn't see you.
- It happens.

- You okay?

- I'm fine. Thank you.

- This bother you?

- Nope.

How's Herb?

Wet.

He's the only one around
here who ever enjoys himself.

Can I tell you something?

- I'm leaving.

- Oh?

I'm getting old.

- Where are you going?

- Anywhere.

Then, by all means...

Do me a favor and
make sure Eric gets this.

We're leaving today!

I just have to

talk to Louis!

Are you deaf?!

You're scaring the fish.

Eva, would you go
down and help Peter?

He doesn't know what to
do with that rod of his.

- You don't mind, do you?

- Of course not.

I didn't think so.

- See you, Louis.

- Bon voyage.

You take a man
from the city,
put him in the country suddenly,
he's not so attractive anymore.

- You're playing with fire.

- I know what I'm doing.

Help him catch
something!

It would be lovely if the day
weren't a complete waste!

Little twit.

Herb... how is he?

I've known you for centuries. We

are incapable of lying to one another.

Doesn't mean

that we stop trying.

I need the truth.

It is a burnout.

His immune system

is crashing.

It fits the pattern.

It is not good.

But he doesn't want to talk about it,

not until after the weekend.

How much time do I have?

He has a year...

a few months...

- Month. No one knows.

- Less than a...

Oh. Oh, my God.

Oh, my God.

When I was young, it seemed

that life was so wonderful,

a miracle

Oh, it was

beautiful, magical#

And all the birds in the trees,

well, they'd be singing so happily

Oh, joyfully,

oh, playfully,

watching me

- Where are you taking me?

- Be patient.

Not my strong suit.

- If you could have anything in the world,

what would it be? - Sleep. - Weirdo.

- All right. A ride.

- I'm serious. - I'm serious.

I would have a ride

to the station.

- So call a cab. - Not so simple.

- It is that simple.

- What about you?

- What about me?

- What do you want?

- I want to get out of here.

- What's keeping you?

- No money and a sick aunt.
See?
Simple.
You seem pretty sure
of yourself. I'm not.
I guess I'm, uh... I don't know...
distracted, I lack discipline.
I'm lazy.
I don't... I worry.
Maybe others...
Maybe Elizabeth
knows what to do with me better
than I know what to do with myself.
I think too much.
That's why I can't call a cab...
- Not so simple.
- You're lonely.
I'm gonna do something.
Stop me if you want.
Thank you.
If you find your way out,
take me with you.
Deal.
- Promise?
- I promise.
Piece of advice...
don't hatch.
Ohh!
Aah!
Damn it.
Eric!
Damn it!
Don't fire without me!
Where are you?!
Where are you?!
Eric.
Oh, no.
Oh. Oh, fuck.
Are you all right?
Are you hurt?
Ohh.
It was an accident.
- It attacked me.
- Attacked you?

F...

Oh, damn it.

Damn it!

Did you hear that?

They're shooting guns.

I heard one.

Oh, man.

They're not allowed.

What difference

does it make?

I'm gonna call the police.

I don't care.

Are you sure?

I wanted a baby.

You have a baby.

I was in... um, went to the

forest, and... and... and I

- heard something, and I was...

- Just get to the point. - So,

I don't know how to say this, so...

well, other than to just say it.

- So say it.

Well, the... the... the

- ... bird is dead.

- What bird?

- He killed a bird.

- It was Stephen's bird.

- What?!

- Yes.

- Well, Eric shot Stephen's bird.

- Oh, no!

Stephen.

- Hi, sweetheart.

- What happened?

- He was right here.

- Can you take her?

Stephen!

Stephen!

Stephen!

Oh.

Shit.

Stephen!

I'm sorry.

I thought we'd have

a nice big salad.

- Of course, there are other things.

- Like a chicken.

Like a half-wit.

Pick up your
stones and throw!

Excuse me.

Something I said?

Go away.

Why?

Just go.

- What's the charge?

- Leave the table.

- It was an accident.

- Go to your room.

It was an accident,
and I have the right
to a fair trial.

Herb... judge.

- Only if I can wear the wig.

- Deal.

Herb, what are you doing?

This is a democracy...

weird things happen.

- Johan, council for the defense.

- Eric, stop this!

Please rise.

Court is now in session!

Chief justice Abe presiding.

- We will start with opening statements.

- You're all insane.

Succinct.

The defendant is charged with
unlawful discharge of a weapon,
and first-degree murder,
of our national bird,
the symbol of freedom and justice.

This carries a federal offense punishable
by 2,000 years of banishment,
and surrender of all courtly riches
to the motherland... sieg heil!

- Louis, stop this!

- Not my farm.

- ... flocks, harems...

- Motion to dismiss!

Overruled.

There is reasonable doubt that
my client acted in self-defense!

- Strike that from the record.

- Objection!

- Herb, please, stop this!

- We're in court! - Stop!

Herb.

All right, enough now.

So what?

I'm guilty?

And it was an accident.

- Eric, let's go outside.

- So I'm banished?

Yes, you little shit!

- Now get out! - Wait.

- Get out of this house, now!

I haven't ruled yet.

- Aah!

- Herb! - Oh!

- Herb.

- Oh, my God!

- Herb! Herb!

- Oh!

What's happening?!

A seizure.

- Herb?

- He'll be all right. - Herb.

Get her to a chair.

Judge?

Bailiff.

Go easy.

I'm trying.

He's your son.

Try harder.

No more beating
around the bush.

- Louis told me. - He told you nothing.

- He told me everything.

That's impossible. No one
can know everything.

- Ohh, what is it with you?

- I beat bushes.

- Shades?
- Open.
I like to watch stars...
simple...
and beautiful...
just like you.
- Go to sleep.
- You're a star.
I used to be.
Once a star,
always a star.
Save your sermons.
Get some rest.
Repeat after me...
"I love you,
and I'm with you. "
"I love you,
and I'm with you. "
I...
I love you,
and I'm with you.
That's all I ever
want to hear.
Good night.
I can't sleep with
you doing that.
Sorry.
- Good night.
- Good night.
You shouldn't be in here.
i'm going for a swim.
i brought you a towel.
- It's too late.
- Oh, you'll love it.
It's like floating in space.
We'll leave tomorrow.
I look...
You really would love it.
Oh, my God.
Stephen!
Open the door!
Get your camera.
There...
The scraping.

- It's called the egg tooth.

- The what?

It's a...

Well, it's a tooth grown
just for breaking the shell.

This thing is on, right?

Uh-huh. Yup, yup.

It's blinking.

I thought it was all lost.

Dad can be

useful sometimes.

Well...

it's gonna be a while
before he breaks through.

Or her.

Or her... yeah.

Get out here!

You want this one...

Or this one?

Virus.

God!

No firing guns on the
property, you asshole!

- Wow.

- What's going on?

That was a shot.

- What did you do?!

- What?

- You shot Stephen!

- Well, no. No, I didn't.

- You fucking shot my husband!

- No, I didn't.

He finally does something worthwhile,
and you shoot him?

- Is anyone hurt?

- Well, define "hurt. "

Eric?

Eric!

- Mary.

- Oh, my God! Oh, God!

Okay, on the count of 3.

1... 3!

- Oh, no. Let's just drag him.

- There's a 2.

- Mom, you're pointing the gun
at my head. - Oh, I'm so sorry.
- Elizabeth, what happened?
- Help me.
- We need to get inside.
- Oh.
- What happened?
- He's bleeding.
- He'll be okay.
Help Stephen, please. - Stephen?
- Yes. Go, go.
- Okay.
- Ohh! Dad! - Well, his body
wasn't straight. Come on.
- Oh, for Christ's sake!
- Oh!
- Push! Alex!
- I'm trying. - Mary.
- Oh, careful.
- Ohh!
- Oh, it looks so painful.
- He's really gone.
- Look at that.
- There you are.
- You hear him breathing.
- Oh.
- He's really gone.
- Anyone want any tea?
Yeah. That would be great.
And lots of ice.
- Hey! Stop it!
- He has to wake up.
- Stop it. - He has... no,
has has to wake up. - Idiot.
- Okay.
- Johan!
- What did you use?
- That's a bull's load.
6 CC of rompun... should be 4,
so I use that next time.
Do you have, uh,
alcohol or peroxide?
- Uh, uh, in the back bathroom.
- Keep his head elevated.

Okay.
Sorry.
Oh, my God!
Alex, the egg!
- What's wrong?
- It's breaking!
Oh, my heavens.
I can see something.
Oh, it's... it's... oh, my! An eye!
I can... I can see an eyelid.
Well, it's as ugly
as a mud fence.
Oh, Alex, you have to see this.
It is amazing!
How do I know
this is on?
The light blinks.
Oh, you look exhausted.
Maybe you'd like
a little water?
No water.
- No water.
- No.
No water.
There... there... there's
something in the fridge.
It's... it's...
it's marked.
He got you good.
You're gonna wake
up a raccoon.
Her parents called.
She never went home.
Have you seen her?
They're calling the police.
- Ow! - You could
have killed someone.
- It was salt. Ow!
- Not funny.
It was rock salt.
Stop it.
"So full of artless jealousy. "
- Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!
- Eric!

You have no idea.
You have no idea.
Calm down.
It's okay.
He's leaving tomorrow.
I'm taking him away,
and then she'll come back
tail between legs...
you'll see.
You'll both... laugh about it
with your grandchildren.
I'd, uh, like to
borrow your truck.
The keys are in it.
Just pretend you're water...
downhill to town.
Station's on the right.
There's a train every
hour on the half-hour.
Leave keys
under the mat.
Today, thus, represents a
moment of hope.
But I believe there's
something deeper.
Something that involves
Berlin's whole look and feel
and way of life...
not mere sentiment...
Something instead
that has seen the
difficulties of life in Berlin,
but chose to accept them,
that refuses to release
human energies or aspirations.
Something that speaks with
a powerful voice of affirmation.
That says "Yes"
to this city,
"Yes" to the future,
"Yes" to freedom.
In a word,
I would submit that what
keeps you in Berlin is love...

...love both profound
and abiding.

As I looked out a moment
ago from the Reichstag,
that embodiment
of German unity,
I noticed words crudely,
spray-painted upon the wall...
Quote... "This wall will fall.
Beliefs become reality. "

Ooh!

That wind.

- Watch your step... it's slippery.

- There you are!

Hello, Peter.

- How was the drive? - It was fine.

Thanks. Nice to see you again.

Hope you're not too hungry.

We're running near empty.

She makes the

best soup.

- It's almost done.

- When does Eric get in?

He's been here

a few days.

Ahh, that was the longest drive

I've ever had in my entire life.

Last time I'm doing

that with those two.

I had to wait in the car just now
to remember what silence felt like.

"Man delights not me. "

"Nor woman neither. "

Nor woman.

Yes, yes.

- Mm. Anyway... where are they?

- Um, they're in the kitchen, I think.

- Oh. Herb in his room?

- Mm-hmm.

I'll make my rounds.

He's a miracle, isn't he?

Who isn't?

And I open the flyer from the
performance art next wave

whatever, and there
was you... full page.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Bravo.

Apparently, it's the talk
of the town, literally.

The New Yorker just
published a piece...

"The Hope of Media Village. "

Very cool.

They called me a
veteran actress,

- which means I'm... I don't know.

- Food for worms.

Oh, you never pass up an opportunity
for an entrance, do you?

- Missed a calling, I'm sure.

- Among other things. - Mm-hmm.

- Hello, Stephen.

- Good evening.

- Hi, Daddy.

- Hi, sweetheart.

- Hey, Peter.

- Peter, Abe. Abe, Peter.

- Found him in the closet.

- He's beautiful.

He's mine.

- Hi, Doctor.

- Captain.

A dozen times,

he's tried to escape.

- Maybe we should let him.

- Just close the cage.

- I didn't open it.

- Sure, you didn't.

He almost flew out the back door,
which you also left open.

I can't even get out of this damn chair...

how can I open a cage?

- He's not ready yet. - So you say,

but look at the kid... he wants out.

- Soon.

- Well, now.

I'm sorry.

Excuse me.

He said he had
to see the lake.

He's had a horrible time.

- He needed to come back.

- Herb, do we have to?

- Abe is so much happier eating
in his cage. - Well, I insist.

- Well, of course you do.

- Mmm.

- Is Peter okay?

- Everything's fine.

I'll leave him a bowl
in the kitchen.

I like your uniform.

It's mi... it's missing
a few patches.

Did you see the new
truck out there?

- So proud of my boy.

- Thanks, pop.

- Don't call me that.

- Yes, Dad. - I'm not your dad.

Nothing changes.

Will you be taking Abe
to live with you?

Yeah, the reservation has
an education center,
so I'll take him there until
he's ready to be released.

When you don't
need him anymore.

Is that coriander?

- Cumin. - That's what
I thought. It's lovely.

Not enough salt.

Excuse me.

Parsley.

Oh, I love parsley.

Can you pass me
some bread, please?

Oh, thank you.

You need to send

me the recipe.
I will.
I shouldn't be here.
It's so cold, isn't it?
- My face is like an icicle.
- Come inside.
- No, thank you.
- R-really, I'm fine. - Please.
You look freezing.
Just for a minute...
and then I have to go.
Isn't it funny?
They all come back
when it's time to go.
Even Peter... he's here.
I should have known.
I've been looking
all over for him.
He just disappeared.
I couldn't find him. I couldn't
find anyone. You have no idea.
My family left, too.
Did you know that?
Yes.
Someone's buying
up the whole lake.
That's what I heard.
Winner takes all.
I still remember that night.
"The most barbarous ages... "
It's not true, is it?
- How does it feel to be famous?
- I'm not.
You are...
And it makes me happy.
That bird...
Incredible, isn't she?
So beautiful.
I wish I could hold her.
It was a disaster.
I can't stay.
I just...
wanted to tell you...
Everything's okay.

And that I miss you.

Eva?!

Eva!

Eva!

Eva!

Eva!

For the city,

it's a very nice place...

Large dining room, study,

decent kitchen,

plenty of room for three

or four comfortably.

- It'll be good for Herb.

- Mommy, I have to tinkle.

Why doesn't

Daddy take you?

What do you say,

tinkle toes?

- How much do I love you?

- Past the stars.

- Aww!

- Aww.

Well, I think it's wonderful,

it worked out... such a relief.

I can't believe how...

hard it's been sorting everything,

all the paperwork. We've killed a forest.

The new owners seem like nice people.

You'll get along just fine.

- Developers... apparently,
there's a boom coming. - Yeah.

Well, then, there's hope.

I'll take the bowls.

I'm afraid there's...

- there's not much in the way
of dessert. - Past the stars.

I have kept out enough...

enough tea and coffee to

get us through to Sunday.

What was that?

Just a hunter.

I'll tell them to shoo.

I'll be back.

Excuse me.

Something I said?
We should have
eaten outside.
I love you...
...and I'm with you.
I'm supposed to
say that to you.
I think I'll...
go see what's going on.
Eric.
No!
- Johan!
- No!
No!
No!
"He clasps the crag
with crooked hands... "
No!
"... close to the Sun
in lonely lands... "
"... ring'd... with the azure world,
he stands.
"The wrinkled sea...
"beneath him crawls;
He watches... "
No!
"... from his
mountain walls... "
"... and like a
thunderbolt he falls. "
Let's open the window...
...and get some
breeze through.
It's cool.

sync, fix: