



Scripts.com

# The Deep End

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

[Door Buzzer Buzzing]  
[Buzzing Continues]  
I'm looking for Darby Reese.  
Does he know you're coming?  
No, he doesn't.  
[Chuckles]  
- [Door Closes]  
- Dd[Techno]  
Darby.  
Someone's mom's  
here to see you.  
Yeah, all right.  
All right, yeah.  
Who'd you say you are?  
Margaret Hall.  
He'll be right down.  
[Door Opens, Closes]  
How 'bout this?  
- Mother of Beau.  
- Mr. Reese?  
You're younger than I expected.  
Please, sit.  
I want you to stay away  
from my son.  
Does Beau know you're here?  
- Dyl, where are your sneakers?  
- Don't know.  
Please find them, sweetheart.  
You'll catch a cold.  
Oh, Jack!  
I'm sorry.  
Margaret, where on earth  
is that damned remote?  
L-l-I don't know.  
Um...  
Oh, broken, isn't it?  
Didn't Dylan step on it last night?  
Oh, for the love of Pete.  
Try the one in the study.  
I think it'll work.  
And where is Mr. Dylan?  
He's in the driveway.  
[Sighs]  
Dylan!

- Sweetheart, do you know

where your brother is?

- Um, in the driveway.

- I mean Beau.

- Oh.

He took off in the boat.

Mad about something. I don't know.

[Geese Honking]

[Police Radio, Indistinct]

[Door Opens]

Been gone a while, kiddo.

I went to Reno today.

I know. He called.

I'm goin' upstairs.

- May I come in?

- Dd[Trumpet]

May I come in?

- I need to talk to you.

- You need to talk to everybody lately.

- Please, don't be glib.

- Like I told you, he's my friend.

- That's all.

- Well, he may not be the friend

you think he is.

He's just a guy, all right?

It's just a place.

You have got to talk to me

about the drinking.

I shouldn't have been driving.

I'm sorry.

You shouldn't have been drinking

or visiting nightclubs.

- Are we through?

- No.

You could've been killed

in that accident.

I know you're

having difficulty.

- If you're having feelings...

- I don't know what it is...

you think I feel, but you're blowing

this whole thing out of proportion.

He offered to stay away

from you.

- What?  
- For money.  
He said if I paid him,  
he'd stay away.  
Five thousand dollars.  
- I don't believe you.  
- I'm sorry. It's true.  
- He said you'd tell me things.  
- Oh, Beau, stop.  
- Would I lie to you?  
- [Telephone Ringing]  
Was Darby with you  
Friday night?  
- Just let it go.  
- [Ringing Continues]  
I don't want you  
seeing him anymore.  
Do we have to  
talk about this now?  
I don't want you  
going into Reno.  
We can put the music lessons  
on hold for a while.  
[Jack]  
Margaret? It's Tom.  
Yes.  
Tom, it's Margaret.  
It's good to hear you too.  
Everything's fine.  
We're all fine. What?  
I can't hear you.  
Yeah, Dylan's helping me.  
He's making X's on the calendar.  
Don't you disappoint him.  
Beau...  
Well, hold on a sec.  
He's right here.  
Hi.  
I'm fine.  
Yeah, same stuff.  
Yeah, school, water polo,  
you know.  
No, no.  
No answers yet.

No, Wesleyan  
lost my transcripts.  
Yeah.  
I'm not playing as much as I'd like,  
but I'm enjoying the classes.  
No, the drive's been fine.  
Yeah, I miss you too.  
[Keyboard Keys Clacking]  
[Keyboard Keys Clacking]  
[Clattering]  
[Clattering Continues]  
- [Gravel Hitting Glass]  
- [Window Opening]  
Are you crazy?  
That's my mother's room!  
- It's me.  
- Yeah, I can see that.  
- What do you say?  
You wanna have some fun?  
- No!  
- Just go away.  
You're gonna wake everyone up.  
- Come on!  
Shh! Just go away.  
Someone's gonna see you.  
Hey, I came all the way  
from Reno.  
- Come on.  
- All right.  
Quiet.  
Just be quiet.  
I'll be right down.  
Don't move.  
You make a sound,  
I'm gonna drown you in the lake.  
Come on.  
Whatever you say, lover.  
[Darby]  
Light a match or something.  
Ah. Much better.  
- I'm sorry about my mother.  
- [Chuckles]  
I thought I was your little secret.  
Imagine my surprise.

No, she knew I was at the club  
Friday night. All right? That's all.

- She doesn't really know...
- She knows. Believe me.
- Why-Why are you saying that?
- Beau-Beau.

She's a mother, not a moron.

Shut up.

She was bound to find out sooner or  
later. That's the way these things work.

Look, I just don't want you  
talking to her anymore, okay?

- Or to anyone else, for that matter.
- All right.
- No, no one. I'm serious.

It's my business.

- All right.
- If I choose to tell...
- Whatever you want, precious.

What did you  
talk to her about?

- What did you say to her?
- Nothing.

Well, not much.

You gotta relax, beauty.

Why? What'd she tell you?

Did she ask you  
to stay away from me?

- I believe she did.
- And?

And I...

All right, I...

I told her

I might be amenable...

to a little... negotiation.

Friendly to an offer.

Beau?

To stop seeing me?

- Of course I was lying. You know that.
- I know what?

That you tried to steal money  
from my mother?

- It's only money.

Don't take it so personally.

- Get off me.  
- Look, I need money.  
Haven't you noticed...  
- Get off me. Get off me.  
- I tend to overindulge?  
- I said, don't touch me!  
That hurt, you little fuck.  
Hey, come on.  
Come on.  
Look, I'm sorry, all right?  
- I'm sorry. Beau...  
- Get off my arm.  
[Laughing] Jesus, Beau,  
you're not being a very good host.  
Get out.  
Get out of here.  
Easy, tiger.  
- Get the fuck outta here.  
- [Laughing] That hurt.  
Hey, Beau. Beau.  
Beau, come on. Come on.  
Beau... Beau.  
Jesus, Beau.  
[Wood Snapping]  
Beau, what...  
Sweetheart, what happened?  
Beau?  
I thought I was  
the only one up.  
[Door Slams Shut]  
[Spitting]  
- You're sure I shouldn't go?  
- Yes. I'll be right back.  
- Problem?  
- No, just the wind.  
- Did I, uh, hear Beau earlier?  
- No, I don't think so.  
Why don't you get to bed?  
It's late.  
[Door Closes]  
Margaret, is that you?  
- You're up early.  
- Trouble sleeping.  
- Going for a swim?

- Too cold.  
Just a walk.  
Maybe I'll run a little.  
[Sobbing]  
[Horn Honking]  
Where have you been?  
I lost my mitt. I can't find it.  
- It's around. We'll find it.  
- Were you out on the boat?  
- Is Paige ready to go?  
- You've been AWOL quite a while, Maggie.  
- Did you enjoy the walk?  
- Did you look under your bed?  
- Why were you out in the boat?  
- Go look under your bed.  
Paige, the Lloyds are here!  
[Car Horn Honking]  
- Is Beau up?  
- Beau? No, I haven't seen him.  
So, you took a spin  
on the lake?  
Paige, slow down, please.  
- Hey, hey, gangplank.  
- Honey, the Lloyds are waiting.  
- [Door Closes]  
- [Paige] Where were you all morning?  
- Mom, I can't find it.  
- [Footsteps Ascending Stairs]  
Dylan, please,  
it's time to go, now.  
You'll just have to borrow from one  
of the other boys. It won't be so bad.  
- You can't just borrow  
another kid's mitt.  
- Of course you can.  
Who's gonna let me  
borrow their mitt?  
- Dad told me...  
- You'll work it out, Dyl.  
People like to share. Go on.  
- Running late?  
- Yeah. Sorry. Lost track of the time.  
Do you mind picking up? I have a  
tennis thing I can't get out of.



- Well, if you can't, then...  
- No, I'll manage.  
- It's not a problem.  
- Okay, great. Bye-bye.  
[Gasping, Coughing]  
[Car Alarm Chirps]  
- [Engine Starts]  
- Dd[Techno On Radio]  
[Shuts Radio Off]  
- What happened last night?  
- Wesleyan wants another music sample.  
I'm being considered  
for a grant.  
I need \$50  
for the session.  
All right.  
So, what happened last night?  
Can you give me a ride?  
'Cause I'm late for water polo already.  
Beau.  
Look, what do you  
want me to say?  
That you were right?  
Fine, you were right, okay?  
I just want to know  
what happened.  
- Look, I'm already late.  
- You're bruised and scraped.  
- Something happened,  
and you've got to tell me...  
- Oh!  
There you are.  
I thought we were gonna  
take that skiff out for a spin.  
I just got back.  
Beau needs a ride to school.  
- Will you be all right  
for a little while?  
- I was out on the dock.  
I couldn't see you there.  
Found this, anyway, on the beach  
in the sand, plain as day.  
I'm surprised you didn't see it  
this morning, Margaret, on your walk.

No, no, I didn't.  
What happened to your face?  
You're-You're not gonna  
say anything...  
t-to Dad, you know,  
about-about last night?  
No.  
All right.  
I'll find a ride back. Bye.  
[Coughing]  
[Car Horn Honking]  
[Paige] I think that boy ballerinas  
just don't look right.  
They look so funny.  
- I perfectly agree with you. You know,  
- [Siren Wailing]  
He put on his tights  
the wrong way.  
I think...  
I think he's very funny.  
- I don't know.  
- Hey!  
Are you sure  
you're not getting a crush?  
Oh, yeah?  
Hey, look.  
What's going on?  
Did somebody drown?  
Something like that, kid.  
Keep moving.  
Yes, I'm trying to get through  
to Captain Thomas Hall.  
The U.S.S. Constellation.  
His wife, Margaret.  
Please don't put me  
on hold again.  
- [Horn Blaring]  
- I need to speak to him today.  
Right now.  
Yes, I realize they left port.  
I told you, I'm his wife.  
Well, no, it's not exactly  
an emergency.  
His wife, Margaret.

All right.

No, no message.

Thank you.

[Beau]

He's dead.

Darby's dead.

He was killed Monday night.

- The night he was here.

It's in the paper. Look.

- Beau...

Did he know

other people in Tahoe?

How should I know?

He knew everybody.

The police are saying...

They're saying

someone murdered him.

Did anybody else know

he was coming?

Did anybody know

you were friends?

Does it matter?

Mom, he's dead.

I don't know. Do you think the police  
will want to speak with you?

I don't know.

I don't know.

Must be a real relief to you, though,  
huh? I mean, him being dead and all.

- Oh, Beau, please. No.

- That's gotta have some appeal.

- I mean, can't bother you,  
can't bother me.

- Stop it, for Christ's sake!

You know, you were right, Mom. He was  
a loser. Now, it's just in the paper.

Mom? Oh.

There's some man downstairs. He wanted  
to talk to Dad, but I told him that...

- Who'd he say he is?

- He didn't.

All right, I'm coming.

- Can I help you?

- Yeah.

- I came to see Tom Hall.  
- He isn't in.  
I can wait.  
I told that to the girl.  
I'm his wife.  
- When will he be back?  
- He won't be.  
Not today.  
What exactly is it you want?  
I came to talk  
about Darby Reese...  
and your son.  
[Beeping, Whirring]  
- [Margaret] Dylan?  
- What, Mom?  
- I need you to play somewhere else.  
- What?  
I need to speak  
with this man.  
- Promise you won't touch the computer?  
- Yes, I promise.  
I think you know  
Darby Reese.  
So, uh,  
you must know he's dead.  
Murdered.  
Your son's been spending  
a lot of time with Mr. Reese.  
- Like, special time. Sort of intimate.  
- [Door Opens]  
I forgot my fish book.  
Dyl? Dyl?  
No more interruptions.  
- You understand? Okay.  
- Mm-hmm. Sorry.  
We know Darby was coming here  
Monday night to see Beau,  
the night he was killed.  
- "We"?  
- Yeah, I have a partner.  
- A partner?  
- Yes.  
- Well, Beau's done nothing wrong.  
I said, he's done nothing wrong.

- Maybe.

So why haven't you gone  
to the police?

- Why don't they know that  
your son and Darby were...

- Is there a point to this?  
We think your son is mixed up  
in a murder. That's the point.

- I think you should go now.

- Have you been listening to me?

No, l-I really...

I think you should go.

Will you just shut up?

What... What's wrong with you?

You think this is a game?

That I've come to chat?

To offer advice? What... to warn you?

Does it work,  
your video machine?

- Put this in.

- L-l...

I said,

put it in the machine!

It belonged to Darby.

He owed us money.

We thought it worthless,  
but not now.

Now it has value.

Now we are sure

it has value.

- So, play it.

- It's playing.

[Moaning]

Like movies?

- Please shut it off. Please.

- Forty minutes...

of budding sexuality.

\$50,000 by tomorrow,

or there'll be a copy

with the Tahoe police.

Where do you expect me to get

\$50,000 in 24 hours?

- That's not our problem.

- And how do I know that's the only copy?

You don't.  
That's the position you're in.  
Come up with the money,  
you'll own the tape.  
You don't want the police...  
involved any more than they are now.  
Margaret?  
For the love of God, you gotta talk  
to those cleaners about these stains.  
Oh, sorry.  
I didn't realize...  
- Jack Hall.  
- Alek Spera.  
Jack, Mr. Spera...  
has, uh... he's helped Tom  
with some things.  
Spera?  
From the air station?  
Please don't come back here.  
I'll meet you in town, anywhere,  
- just not here, not around my family.  
- All right.  
- The post office?  
- Yes, okay, that's fine.  
Okay. Tomorrow, 5:00.  
And remember, Mrs. Hall,  
\$50,000.  
I have the kids.

**Okay, 4:**

[Beau]  
Mom?  
I'm not going to practice today.  
I just can't.  
Can you call the school...  
and let them know?  
L- I don't wanna talk to anyone.  
Not now.  
Well, my-my husband is,  
as I explained to you,  
he's in the navy,  
he's on a boat.  
He's somewhere in the middle  
of the North Atlantic.

It's just not possible for me to,  
uh, to get a signature from him.  
I mean, what can I say?  
Well, you cosigned  
the mortgage,  
so you and your husband will both  
have to sign on any future encumbrance.  
Now, if it isn't possible to reach  
your husband by fax, perhaps we can...  
I need the money tomorrow.  
I'm sorry.

Hello?

[Dylan, Beau Chattering]

[Water Splashing]

- Here you go, bud.

- Thank you, Beau.

You're the best.

[Margaret]

Yes. I'm sorry. No, of course  
I'm talking about a current balance.

No, no, 3-0-1-5-5.

Account number 4-8-7-4-3-9...

No, I'm trying to determine  
my credit limit.

The available credit, please.

No, no, 3-3-0-1-5-5...

Jack, I didn't know you... Can you  
hold on a minute? Your laundry, Jack.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, these damn tweezers.

- I thought I might have  
my lunch early today.

- All right, I'll bring it up.

Well, can we do it  
on the phone as an advance?

All right, good-bye.

- I'm sorry.

- You okay, Beau?

- Can we start it again?

- Relax, kiddo. They're gonna love ya.

[Paige Chuckling]

- Oh, my God. It's so ugly.

- [Horn Honking]

[Margaret] No, I have to

have it immediately. Today.

1- 9-7-7-3-4...

- [Margaret's Voice Overlapping]

- I just wanna know how quickly  
we can have the cash.

H- A-L-L.

I'll hold.

Yes? Hall.

No, the cash, not credit.

Please don't transfer me. Please.

I'm not interested in  
a personal limit.

Lonergan. Mary Lonergan.

Can you say that again?

Thank you.

Hall. H-A-double-L.

No, I have to have it  
immediately.

Mine?

November 5, 1960.

- Margaret.

- I can't reach him.

- Account number 6-0-1-1...

- 3-1-6-3.

- Yes, that means

I can't get his signature.

- 0-0-9-7...

My mailing address is...

7087 Lakeshore,

Tahoe City, California,

96145.

[Margaret]

No, don't bother calling back.

Because we won't need it  
at Christmas.

Thank you.

Jack? Leave that for Beau.

He'll be home soon.

Oh, don't be silly.

It's just a bottle of water.

- Well, thanks.

- It's good for the back.

- [Panting] Ooh, I think.

- Jack,



can I talk with you  
about something?

Surely.

I have a problem.

I need some money.

- Oh?

- I know this is awkward.

Don't be silly.

How much?

- Uh, no, that isn't...

- Well?

The thing is...

Well, come on, Maggie. Spit it out.

My back's tightening up.

The thing is,

I'm not really sure.

- Why don't I go

and check my purse again?

- Here.

Take...

Take 80.

And if you need any more,  
let me know.

[Chuckling]

All right, Jack.

[Panting]

This is the last one.

Jack, I really don't think  
you should...

- Jack? Jack!

- Margaret...

Jack?

Jack? Jack?

- Can you hear me, Jack?

- [Doorbell Rings]

[Continues Ringing]

Wanna see my mom again?

Yeah, I do.

You could come in.

Mom!

[Margaret Panting]

... two, three, four.

[Blowing]

Dylan, call 9-1-1.

Go. Tell them  
we need an ambulance.  
Two, three, four, five.  
- Jack?  
- Use more strength.  
- Press harder.  
- Do you know how to do this?  
Can you do this?  
Tilt his head back.  
One breath when I hit five.  
One, two, three, four, five.  
One, two, three, four, five.  
- One, two, three, four, five.  
- Mommy, they said they're  
coming in five minutes.  
- One, two, three,  
- Dylan, I need your help.  
- Four, five.  
- Can you go upstairs  
and get me a pillow?  
- Dylan, please?  
- Five! Go!  
One, two, three, four, five.  
One, two, three, four, five.  
- Jack? Jack?  
- [Wheezing]  
Jack, can you hear me?  
Jack?  
[Wheezing, Moaning]  
- Oh, Margaret. Oh...  
- Just lie still.  
Everything's fine.  
[Footsteps Descending Stairs]  
- Everything's fine.  
- [Dylan] Mom?  
- It's okay, Dyl. Everything's fine.  
- [Siren Approaching]  
[Siren Blares]  
[Phone Ringing]  
[Ringing Continues]  
[Ringing Continues]  
[Ringing Continues, Stops]  
[Answering Machine Clicks On]  
[Paige Over Machine] Mom? Mom,

are you there? Pick up if you're there.

Where are you?

Um, well, I'm at Amber's.

She needs a ride tomorrow night  
to ballet. I hope that's okay.

Oh, and I'm gonna stay here  
for dinner, okay?

Um, all right. Bye.

[Machine Clicks Off]

Hello?

Where's my mother?

She's, uh...

Your grandfather,  
he had a...

You should call  
the hospital.

And who are you?

I'm, uh...

I know your father.

I'm a friend of your father's,  
and I was, uh...

leaving.

[Electronic Beeping, Chiming]

[Electronic Beeping, Chiming]

[Man] I've been tryin'  
your cell phone all day.

- Why haven't I heard from you?

- [Beeping, Chiming Continue]

I had nothing to say.

Right.

You should have called.

Where's the money?

Why?

- I'll go back tomorrow.

- Why tomorrow?

- Why is tomorrow different?

- Because it is. I couldn't get it today.

Of course you could.

You could have, but you didn't.

- Look, I want that money.

- Yeah.

And so do you.

You do understand me?

- I said I'd take care of it.

- All right. Fine.  
I trust you, Alek,  
like I trust myself.  
You say you're gonna get the money,  
you get the money.  
But, goddamn it, you better get  
that son-of-a-bitch fuckin' money,  
'cause this is a good piece of business,  
and I'm not gonna walk away from it.  
I don't know what the fuck's  
goin' on with you.  
All right. Tomorrow, Alek, right?  
I'm trusting you.  
And if you can't  
carry through, I will.  
[Margaret] Yes, Jack Hall.  
I'm his daughter-in-law.  
- No, we just came from the hospital.  
- Dd[Trumpet]  
He said sometime  
in the next two days.  
[Engine Idling]  
[Engine Stops]  
- [Indistinct]  
- All right. Will someone call?  
- Please. Tonight. Thank you.  
- [Phone Beeps Off]  
Mom?  
- Did you talk with the hospital?  
- Yes.  
- How is he?  
- I don't know. I'll be right back.  
There's someone...  
I have to speak  
with someone outside.  
[Indistinct]  
[Indistinct]  
- I did mean to come yesterday.  
- I waited almost an hour  
at the post office.  
- I'm sorry about that.  
- You were not coming, Mrs. Hall.  
- You were here. You saw what happened.  
- You were not coming.

- Did you get the money?  
- No.  
- I'm not sure you understand  
the situation.  
- We don't have the money.  
You have to get the money.  
Is that not clear enough?  
It's \$50,000.  
It is not the kind of thing that  
everyone can just go out and get.  
- Have you spoken with your husband?  
- He can't be reached.  
He's on a carrier  
somewhere in the nor...  
This is truly  
none of your business.  
What about... the old man?  
Well, you have to try harder.  
- "Try harder"?  
- I don't think you're really trying.  
- Really?  
- Yes.  
Well, maybe you should explain  
"really trying" to me, Mr. Spera.  
Tell me, how would you be  
"really trying" if you were me?  
But you're not me,  
are you?  
You don't have my petty concerns  
to clutter your life  
and keep you from trying.  
You don't have  
three kids to feed,  
or worry about the future  
of a 17-year-old boy...  
who nearly  
got himself killed...  
driving back from some kind  
of a nightclub...  
with his 30-year-old friend  
sitting drunk in the seat beside him.  
No, these are not your concerns.  
I see that.  
But perhaps you're right,

Mr. Spera. Perhaps I could be  
trying a little harder.  
Maybe sometime tomorrow between  
dropping Dylan at baseball practice...  
and picking up my father-in-law  
from the hospital,  
I might find a way  
to try a little harder.  
Maybe I should  
take a page from your book:  
Go to the track,  
find a card game.  
Maybe I should  
blackmail someone.  
Or maybe you have  
another idea.  
I mean, maybe you have  
a better idea...  
of how I might  
try a little harder...  
to find this \$50,000 you've  
come here to steal from me.  
You're right.  
I'm not you.  
I don't...  
This is only a business opportunity.  
That's all.  
What kind of  
a heartless man are you?  
Do you ever get away from your family,  
Mrs. Hall?  
I'll talk to Nagle  
about the time.  
- Maybe he'll listen.  
- [Beau] Mom!  
I'm sorry. You don't know  
what kind of a man Nagle is.  
[Whispering] Please, just go.  
Leave my family out of this.  
- It's getting late. Paige needs to go.  
- Thank you, sweetheart.  
- Is everything okay?  
- Yes. Yeah.  
Dd["Swan Lake"]

[Phone Ringing]

- I'll get it!

- Dylan... Mom.

Hall residence,

Dylan speaking.

One minute, please.

It's for you... Mr. "Sparrow"?

I'll take it upstairs.

Okay, Dylan.

Hang up, please.

[Line Clicks]

- Why are you calling me here?

- [Spera] I need to speak with you.

I'm sorry. Please, listen.

You only need to raise 25,000.

I told Nagle I won't take my share.

I don't want it now.

If I could make him go away,

stop bothering you, I would.

I wish I could... go back,

but I... but I can't.

He wants that money,

and he'll make things ugly for you

if he doesn't get it, I promise.

Do you hear me?

It's not so much now.

- Why are you doing this?

- Please just do as I say.

Just get the money.

Are you there?

- Do you understand?

- Yes, I think so.

Meet me in Reno tomorrow,

Harrah's, outside.

- All right.

- Can you find it?

- Harrah's Casino?

- Yes.

Tomorrow.

It's not much time, I know.

No.

[Engine Cranking]

[Engine Cranking]

If you keep giving it gas,

you're gonna flood it.

- Paige, can you do something?

- Where are you going?

- The car, sweetheart. I'm late.

- Okay. Pop it.

Problem?

It's nothing.

My daughter'll fix it.

- Make somebody

a great husband someday, huh?

- [Chuckles Nervously]

- Can I help you?

- Hope so.

Talkin' to the residents around the lake  
about the murder at Buck's Cove.

- You heard about that?

- Okay, try it, and don't...

- I know.

- [Engine Cranks, Stops]

Okay!

Yes, we heard about it.

It seems the victim was killed  
with an anchor. Pierced his lungs.

And we were thinkin'

that anchor could have come from  
one of these houses around here.

Well, our dinghy doesn't have an anchor.

We tie it to the dock.

- Always?

- Yes.

All right.

Like I said, just checkin'.

If you think of anything,  
give us a call.

Okay.

I'm stumped.

What did he want?

- You can't fix it?

- I don't know.

No, I guess not.

You probably clogged the fuel lines.

- You know, Beau's car...

- So I'll call a taxi.

- Where are you going anyway?



- Just some errands.  
- I'll be back before dinner.  
- Well, how am I supposed  
to get to ballet?  
Sue's stopping by.  
- Tahoe City.  
- [Door Bursts Open]  
Yes. I'll wait outside.  
Thank you.  
- [Phone Beeps Off]  
- You look nice.  
- What's going on?  
- Nothing, just some errands in town.  
- You're taking a taxi?  
- Yeah. TheJeep won't start.  
- You know, I could drive you.  
- [Water Running]  
No, I prefer to be alone.  
[Siren Blaring]  
[Man]  
You sure you wanna hock this stuff?  
[Margaret]  
Yes. How much do you think?  
Uh, I could go at 8,500,  
maybe 8,600.  
Well, I w... I was hoping  
that you could give me more.  
[Horn Blaring]  
[Horn Blaring]  
- Margaret, stop!  
- [Brakes Screech]  
[Horn Honks]  
- Where's your car?  
- It wouldn't start.  
I don't have all the money. I could only  
raise 12,000, a little more than 12,000.  
Here.  
Please say it's enough.  
- I need to talk to you.  
Just for a minute.  
- I've gotta go.  
- Jack's waiting to be picked up.  
I'm already late.  
- I'll drive you back to Tahoe.

No, thank you.

Could you help me find a cab?

I need to talk to you, please.

Things have changed.

The seat belt is

above the door.

- The hospital, not the house?

- Yes.

No, thank you.

I took you for a smoker.

They, uh, arrested someone

for Darby's murder.

- That's impossible.

- It's more than possible.

- Who is it?

- It doesn't matter.

Who is it?

- His name is Donnelly, Martin Donnelly.

- He didn't do it.

Like I said, it doesn't matter.

Nagle's lost the advantage,

but he'll make a deal, with you.

- He'll want to make a deal.

- Donnelly didn't kill Darby.

- What?

- I know that.

- You don't.

- I do.

- How? How?

- It's not important.

Darby...

Darby came to our house

that night, to see Beau.

I'd gone to his nightclub

earlier in the day.

Beau had been

in a car accident.

He'd been drinking with Darby.

You see,

my husband...

he won't understand as it is,

his son being...

I don't know how

to talk to him about it.

He's away at sea so often.  
It's not that...  
I must sound  
very silly to you.  
I just wanted him  
to stay away from Beau,  
but I failed.  
He came to the house  
that night.  
They fought in the boathouse.  
I don't know why.  
I heard these noises,  
and I came down.  
Beau had run back in.  
I met Darby on the dock.  
We argued.  
I pushed him,  
and he fell through the railing.  
- You pushed him?  
- Yes.  
- And?  
- And the railing...  
it just gave way, and he fell...  
onto the anchor.  
- And I moved the body.  
- You?  
Yes. In the boat,  
in the morning.  
- Alone?  
- Of course, alone.  
- Stop this. I don't believe you.  
- I don't care what you believe.  
It is what happened.  
- And I have to tell them.  
- Tell them what...  
- that you killed a man?  
- Yes!  
This is crazy. Whatever happened  
that night is over, done.  
- It can't be undone.  
- Not "undone,"but...  
I can put an end to this,  
to Nagle's threats, to all this!  
Listen, stop it!

J- Just stop it!  
It's too late for that.  
Whatever happened, it's too late.  
Listen to me.  
You have your family to think about...  
the life of your family,  
not Donnelly.  
Forget all of this.  
Forget Donnelly, forget Nagle... and me.  
Go home.  
Put all this behind you  
as if it never happened.  
Do you hear me, Margaret?  
Margaret.  
[Touch Tones Dialing]  
[Line Ringing]  
[Margaret's Voice On Machine]  
Hello, you've reached the Halls.  
Leave us your name and number, and we'll  
get back to you. Thanks for calling.  
- [Machine Beeps]  
- Hi, it's Mom. I'm running late.  
If the hospital calls,  
just...  
Never mind. I'll be home...  
I'll be home soon.  
- Hi. Um, I got a call that  
my grandfather was waiting?  
- Mm-hmm?  
- To be picked up.  
- Name?  
Jack Hall. I think my mother was  
supposed to come and get him. Is he...  
Great, thanks.  
- Are you sure you don't want  
to keep the wheelchair?  
- Don't be ridiculous.  
It's bad enough  
they saddled me with this.  
This thing's a wreck.  
- Want me to take your cane?  
I can put it in the back or something.  
- No.  
- How will you get home?

- I'll get a taxi.  
You know, I never thanked you  
for your help with Jack.  
I was there. That's all.  
His heart had stopped.  
It happens.  
[Sighs]  
[Line Ringing]  
Nagle, it's Alek.  
I don't know when I'll hear.  
Columbia sent back my tapes,  
and Wesleyan asked for  
another one, so...  
- What about Annapolis?  
- I didn't apply to Annapolis.  
[Breathing Hard]  
Shame. It's a fine schoo...  
Why don't we go...  
Let's lie down.  
I think he was in 3-1-3.  
You already told me that.  
Well, he can't have  
disappeared.  
Take a breath, huh?  
He was checked out  
to a Beau Hall.  
[Spera]  
It's time to stop this, that's all.  
She came up with 12,000.  
There is no more.  
No, the husband's on a boat somewhere.  
It won't happen through him.  
We got what we could.  
Let it go now.  
Battleships.  
I never liked carriers.  
Who was the guy who used to give us  
those helicopter rides?  
- You know, in Virginia.  
- No one ever gave you helicopter rides.  
- Yeah, don't you remember?  
You know, the tall guy?  
- [Phone Ringing]  
- That's hogwash!

- I'll be right back, all right?  
- [Ringing Continues]  
- And no helo rides!  
Not on my watch.  
[Nagle] So, explain it to me again.  
Maybe I'm stupid.  
Yeah, well, I already told you.  
Donnelly will be out by tomorrow,  
in which case we have  
what we had all along.  
You've got most of what you wanted.  
It's over. It's enough.  
I don't want most.  
I want all.  
Why is it so hard for you  
to understand that?  
I'm warning you, Carlie,  
don't be greedy.  
It's not your place to warn me.  
You should know that.  
It's not your place.  
Jesus. What the hell is  
she doing in a taxi in Tahoe?  
I asked you to handle this.  
You did not.  
I don't know why.  
I'm confused.  
- But I'm gonna do this now.  
- [Line Disconnects]  
- Who are you?  
- I think you know my partner.  
Please go.  
I can't talk to you... not here.  
You'll talk to me.  
[Teakettle Whistling]  
- What do you want?  
- Just the money. I just want the money.  
- I gave it to Alek.  
- Part. You gave him part.  
I don't want part.  
- He said that Donnelly...  
- Donnelly didn't kill Darby.  
It's idiotic.  
- The police will know soon enough.

- Just get out of my house!  
This is a problem,  
and I would like to resolve it now.  
I'll try and be clear.  
I think you've been lying to Al.  
I think you've put ideas in his head.  
I think you have the money.  
I think you haven't been  
altogether straightforward with us,  
[Cries Out]  
If you want to know the truth.  
What kind of a fool  
do you think I am, hmm?  
- Would I risk anything  
if I had the money?  
- Maybe.  
Where's your husband?  
I'd like to talk with him, because  
I don't want this going on any longer,  
- and I can't seem to get any kind  
of straight answer from you.  
- [Door Creaks Open]  
Carlie.  
Alek, go away.  
- Are you all right?  
- Yes.  
- I told you not to come here.  
- That was not your right.  
- You lost control.  
- That's not important.  
Al, please.  
Please, go. Go away.  
- This woman's made a fool of you.  
- Think what you want.  
Yes, a stupid, stupid fool.  
- A weakling... you've behaved  
like a stupid weakling.  
- Shut up.  
Are you fucking her?  
Is that what's going on?  
- Is that it? You're fucking her?  
- I said, shut up.  
Don't talk to me that way!  
Get out of here.

- Don't push this, Al.  
- Get out.  
[Blow Landing]  
Alek.  
[Tool Clatters To Floor]  
Alek, l...  
[Choking]  
Alek, please...  
l...  
- Alek...  
- [Whispering] Be quiet.  
- No!  
- Alek, please, I beg you, don't.  
[Muffled Grunting]  
[Panting]  
I'll go to the police.  
I'll tell them about Darby. I'll tell  
them you killed Nagle in self-defense.  
- [Panting] Oh, Margaret.  
- I'll go to the police, Alek.  
I'm sorry.  
It shouldn't have  
come to this.  
[Grunting]  
- [Grunting]  
- Alek.  
Alek.  
- [Gasping]  
- We have no choice now.  
Please.  
You gotta let me tell 'em.  
- Please.  
- [Panting]  
Listen to me.  
Go inside.  
No one can be near the windows.  
Think of something... anything.  
Just keep your family away.  
Meet me in the driveway.  
We'll go together. Take my car keys.  
In my coat. On the right, in the pocket.  
I'll drive Nagle's car.  
You follow in mine.  
But you must go inside.



I'll wait in the driveway.

- Do you understand?

- Yes.

- [Engine Starting]

- No.

No.

- [Door Creaks Open, Closes]

- [Beau] Mom?

What's going on?

- Your lip. Jesus...

- Beau, I need you to help me.

- Where are you going?

- I can't drive this. The shift...

- Mom. Mom...

- I need you to drive the car, please.

Please, we need to leave now. Can you help me? Just... Please, just help me.

It's a gray car.

Did you see it in the driveway?

No.

There. Is that it?

He shouldn't have left like that.

He should have waited.

- It's not what you think.

- How do you know what I think?

- He's a friend.

- Yeah.

That's all.

He's just a friend.

Did you see that?

[Tires Screeching]

Beau! Beau, please,  
call for help!

Alek! Alek!

- You shouldn't have followed me.

- Alek, Jesus!

- Why did you follow me?

- You didn't wait! Why didn't you wait?

I lost... control

of the car, Margaret.

My arm.

Margaret, stop. Stop!

Margaret, stop.

Stop!

- I'm gonna get you out of here.

- No. Don't! Just leave.

Someone will come.

Oh, Alek.

They'll think he died

here in the crash.

- Please go.

- I can't leave you.

But you must.

They can't find you here. Think!

[Sobbing]

Please, no.

Margaret, the tape...

and the money...

look for them.

They were on the seat.

Can you see them?

Get them out.

- I can't see where...

- Just try.

[Coughing]

- Now go.

- No, Alek.

[Coughing Continues]

I can't.

Please go.

I'm sorry, Margaret.

I'm sorry for all of this.

Margaret?

[Whispering]

Yes?

I think I'm...

I'm not...

Alek?

[Weeping]

[Sobbing]

[Margaret Sobbing]

[Sobbing Continues]

Mom?

Do you want me

to call somebody?

No.

Could you just

be here with me?

All right.

I'm here.

[Continues Sobbing]

I don't know how...

I don't know what to say.

[Whispering]

So, don't.

I don't need to know.

It's not important.

I love you, Beau.

Yeah.

Me too.

[Phone Ringing]

[Ringing Continues]

[Paige]

Mom, it's Dad. Can you pick up?