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Diabolique

By Don Roos

Guy...

Hey! What the hell are you doing here?

The bathroom, something's wrong.

A real peeping Tom, aren't you?

Go back to your room.

She fell! She's hurt! Mrs. Baran!

- Something's wrong!

- Get back to your room. Go.

Nicole.

Is she dead?

I don't know, I didn't check.

Jesus, Guy!

Get her pills. She's still alive.

Call 911. She needs a doctor.

Go get another teacher.

Move it!

I'm alive?

No, you're dead, this is heaven

and I'm the Virgin Mary.

Can you swallow?

Here you go.

I don't want them to see me like this.

Did they say how long?

Erik! What happened?

It's her heart again. Get the boy out.

Failure, despair, passivity...

...rebelliousness, defeat.

Why?

Well-meaning people may offer
dozens of theories.

All boiling down

to blaming you, the parent.

You won't find those theories at

St. Anselm School for Boys.

Poor little losers. Aren't you glad
you never did drugs?

You never did, right?

We'll open with the room searches.

Parents eat that shit up.

You have to be at the end

of your rope to be here.

We're here, dickhead.

Front steps in 10 minutes

for the video shoot.

Take your books home over the weekend.
There'll be a test on Tuesday.
I'll be in a better mood on Tuesday.
Don't let Guy catch you.
He's occupied.
He didn't resist the urge to
assist another mother.
What happened to your eyes?
I don't know what you did to him,
but your husband was in a mood.
Thank you very much.
You shouldn't be seen with him.
They all know. It's better if we act
normal. It won't look bad after.
I only went there because the wife
chooses to sedate herself.
What if she notices they're gone?
Please, that woman has enough drugs
to relax China.
Good morning, ladies.
- Oh, God.
- Are we ready for our close-up?
I can't wait for this to be
done. Everyone gets overexcited.
How your husband expects us
to handle more students...
Lovely seeing you last night.
Anytime we can
assist you two star-crossed...
Is something wrong with your eye?
Allergies.
I'm not surprised.
If you don't quit for yourself, think
of us. Secondhand smoke kills too.
Not reliably.
Then we thought we'd cut to you.
"Consequences, a system kids can
believe in, blah, blah, blah. "
Talk with some of the kids:
"I once was lost, but now I'm found. "
Success stories are
our specialty. I have a boy...
We want shots of the pool
once it's clean.

As much as I'd like to, I
can't afford to maintain the pool.
But it's just...
...boys frolicking, sound minds and
bodies, clean mountain air...
That type of thing.
Skip it. We really want to
shoot the kitchen crew.
Take a number. Hopkins,
take this away. I'm not hungry.
Our chef's skill isn't presentation.
It tastes better than it looks.
It would have to.
Peas mushy. Pepper.
You promised.
It's a sin to waste.
Aren't you the expert on sin?
No, you are.
Mia...
No one's eating.
Don't encourage them. Use your great
moral force on my behalf. Eat.
It's perfectly edible. See?
Pick up your fork.
Just pick up your fork. Pick it up.
Put some food in your mouth.
That didn't kill you.
Now swallow.
Swallow it.
For God's sake, Guy.
Swallow it, for once in your life.
Actually, I'm quite hungry, so if
you won't be finishing it...
Mr. Katzman.
No student will be allowed to leave
until every plate is clean.
Thank you.
A child bride, gentlemen.
That's what I married.
Each year she grows younger. She's
worse than the boys she teaches.
You're not finished yet. Eat.
Again.
You know, I think this might help.

Look what I did.
Could you take this away please?
Excuse me.
Wasn't that fun?
Don't you wish you'd taped that?
I bet you're
kicking yourselves now.
Excuse me.
I'm sure Miss Horner
will keep something hot for you.
Why do you make me do that to you?
Why?
You always do it.
And you always will.
No, no, no, no. Only when you
misbehave.
Like that stunt you pulled on Sunday.
When you do things like that...
...do you know how bad
it makes me feel?
You should think about me sometimes.
I just don't know you.
You know me, Mia.
The problem is, you
don't understand me.
Isn't that right?
I know what my little nun likes.
I thought you weren't coming.
Go ahead, get in. Let's go.
They'll see.
We want them to.
They're our alibis.
You take my bedroom.
It's by the bathroom.
And stay here till she sees you.
My, what a surprise!
Irving, it's Nicole.
Miss Horner, I should say,
now that you're the landlady.
I think about your
poor mother every day.
Bijou!
Well, come in.
We're just here for the weekend.

This is my principal, Mrs. Baran.
How nice.
Welcome to Pittsburgh, Mrs. Baran,
and the entire Three Rivers area.
Oh, can you manage?
Irving!
It must be the post office.
Half the people that work there
aren't American anyway.
I'll send another check tomorrow.
I'll drop by for it tomorrow night.
You can bring your houseguest
if you like.
She'll be busy.
You look so much like your mother.
From behind you can really see it.
I saw a lawyer and he tells me...
...a divorce would be simple.
I could keep the school.
I don't want to talk about it
on the phone, Guy.
I'm at Nicole's house.
Fine.
Tomorrow night is best.
We'll be out tomorrow.
All right, after 8.
Fine. Goodbye.
Good for you.
It's good to get it over with.
I should take him off speed dial.
One good drink ought to do it.
I can't do this.
He's never gonna leave you alone.
Does he leave me alone?
- If I give him the school...
- He'll just sell it.
Where will the future
Lee Harvey Oswalds come from?
Anyway, he's not
the one that won't let go.
What do you mean?
I mean, you still want him...
...or you wouldn't keep
sleeping with him.

It's not love. You don't love people
who treat you this way.
Where'd you get that, off a talk show?
I'm not surprised he likes to come
to me after he sleeps with you.
I don't care. I hate him.
I don't feel anything.
"I don't feel anything. "
You don't feel anything?
How about when he does this?
Do you feel anything...
...when he does this?
You don't feel anything?
He doesn't do that to me.
Don't lie to me. We won't
get anywhere if you start lying.
I know it's me. It's my fault.
- It's not your fault.
- I know.
Snap out of it! It's not your
fault, it's his. He is who he is.
He'll keep being who he is and doing
what he does and do it and do it...
We'll never be free until he's dead.
He's my husband, Nicole.
Well, last week he was happy
to stand by and watch you die.
Pull yourself together.
You'll scare him away.
He parks there
so the neighbors won't see him.
- He'll come in the back.
- You're going?
I'm going to keep the neighbors busy.
I need 10 minutes.
Okay?
Okay?
Courage.
Make yourself one.
I want you to hear what I'm saying.
I'm serious.
Mia's serious.
Give me the goddamn drink.
It's for your own good.

I'm easier to handle with
this in me, right?

Right.

It's a little cloudy.

Whatever.

Do you want to talk or just stare?

The lawyer says I can divorce you
and keep the school.

- I inherited it before we married.

- You put me on the title.

You need me to sign a quitclaim deed.

He didn't mention that?

What's the matter?

Are you all right?

What?

What were we talking about?

The title.

- I'm on the title.

- I'll buy you out.

I could get a loan.

You give me the school,
and I'll give you a divorce.

I didn't have to get married
to have lousy sex.

No, I did.

Come on.

Have a drink with me.

What did I ever do to you?

What did I do wrong?

Try living with an angel.

It's easier living with a dog.

I'm not your dog.

Did you do something to your hair?

You did something to your hair.

Let me make you feel good.

Isn't that nice?

- You don't want to split up.

- You don't love me.

But you can't let go.

- What was that?

- Something on TV.

Oh, you're so good, Bijou!

That was her alarm bark.

It's like her stranger bark,

only a little bit higher.
That doesn't sound very good,
that kind of noise.
Why don't I just turn up
the TV a bit?
We just heard from Tim and Tracy...
...married less than a year...
...but separated five times.
Will they reconcile?
Don't you run away from me!
When is she coming back?
You feel that? You feel it?
What did you do for feelings
before I came along?
You shouldn't get me mad.
It won't happen again.
Come here, Mia.
Have another drink, Guy.
You deserve it.
What're you doing to me?
Listen!
I don't know you,
but I'm glad you got us here.
Don't ever come back
to Tennessee again!
I hope that was empty.
You can't afford to waste good liquor.
I'm waiting until this is in color.
Bitch, you trying to kill me?
Help me.
Say you're sorry.
I love you.
How is he?
- Wasn't quick like you said.
- Or quiet.
It's attempted murder now
if he does wake up.
We have no choice. Come on.
Get out his wallet.
Your fingerprints can be on it.
See if there's any
gas station receipts.
- There's nothing.
- Put it back.

Put it back.
Go turn on the radio
in case there's more noise.
Get the water bottle!
- Is it over?
- It's over.
Are you all right?
You're blaming yourself.
Don't.
For wanting him, I mean.
I was the same way.
Oh, my God!
He moved! He was alive!
Let Irv help.
Look at them. It's too heavy.
This is Irv.
- He's good at this kind of thing.
- Allow me.
- It's fine.
- Please.
Bend your knees.
Ready?
- Shall we?
- One, two, three.
Your end in first.
- What's in here?
- Books.
- Thanks, Irv.
- Wait!
I made a coffeecake for your trip!
- Let's go.
- Right.
Nice shape on that principal.
Nicole's always been a cold fish.
Bad dog.
You take mine, I'll take his.
Let's stay together.
Oh, Jesus.
All units, accident on
the Pennsylvania Turnpike.
Exit 12 is closed. Units responding
give me your ETA.
We'll get you out
of this mess in no time.

- Excuse me, sir.
- Yes?
Can I help, officer?
Everything is fine.
Can I give her a lift?
I'm okay. It's drivable.
- No, you have a flat.
- Oh.
Give me a hand here.
Sorry it's so heavy.
Books, you know.
Let me help you.
Look, return to your car.
There's nothing for you to do.
Thanks a lot.
Push.
Come on.
Go get the lights.
Go.
Oh, my God.
Shit.
Bastard.
It's over. We better get
the hell out of here.
He'll never hurt us again.
What do we do now?
Wait for the body to surface.
They'll do an autopsy.
He was drunk, he fell in.
When will it come up?
Tomorrow, maybe.
Come on, you can't pull that off.
- Why hasn't he risen yet?
- It'll happen.
Be patient.
I won't be able to do this.
I suggest you try.
It isn't like you burnt the toast.
Killing your husband
is off the chart, demerit-wise.
Understand?
You're so calm.
Look at you.
Your hair is done.

You have makeup on.
It's a day like any other day.
We did what we had to do,
and it's done.
It was self-defense.
You've taken it for too long.
You finally said, "Fuck off. "
Good for you. Fuck him.
Fuck them.
Everything but fuck you.
Roughly. Come on.
Places.
I desire.
They desire.
They desire. Feminine.
- While the cat's away, the mice shall...
- Apparently.
Not at all. Guy and I talked
to a new supplier Friday.
- Portions are smaller.
- Is Guy here?
His car's here.
It was gone all weekend.
- Excuse me.
- If he is, could you ask him...
...if he's going to take his classes
tomorrow? I can't...
Mrs. Baran?
You idiot.
It's obvious she doesn't
know where he is.
Miss Horner, please. The students.
He could make an effort
for your sakes.
For her sake.
You're drawing attention to yourself.
I'm allowed to brood.
My husband's disappeared.
You'll feel better when he surfaces.
It always perks me up.
What do your saints say?
I'm brooding. I'm not praying.
Lost your faith?
I never had any to begin with.

Never believed in any of it.
God, the Virgin Mary,
that life begins at 40...
...and that people
are all basically good.
Pretty soon, we'll be the same person.
See how nice things turned out?
I'm going inside.
It wasn't too smart,
changing the food.
- He never would've done that.
- What's the point in killing him?
I like making it better for the boys.
Still, I'd rather not hang
for fried chicken.
Why did you kill him?
You could've left him.
You could've left here.
I was underestimated.
Stop looking at it.
People are watching us.
Can't stand it much longer.
Finally.
We need the net from the shed!
Who wants to go?
Desantis.
Now we'll have to drain the pool.
I'll get it.
No!
- Why not?
- He's a child.
See if you can find it.
There's something there.
A lighter.
Hey, that's Dr. Baran's.
He had it
in the office close-up.
See anything else?
That's enough.
Go inside and change.
Take that up to
Dr. Baran's office.
We must drain the pool.
- And refill it?

- That's Guy's decision.
Okay, that's enough. Go inside and get
ready for class. Go on.
Mr. Gannon, will you drain the pool?
I've got orders not to.
My keys are in there.
Please?
Right away, please.
Here's the penis...
...and the scrotum...
...that holds the testicles
or testes inside.
Now, when you're around 14, maybe
sooner, maybe later...
...the testes make a chemical
called a hormone.
This hormone causes
the changes.
It starts hair growing here...
...and under your arms
and on your face.
- What is it?!
- Something blocking the drain!
Since you want it done now,
I can't help the noise.
Go on, Mr. Nuez.
Atlantic...
...Pacific...
...Indian...
Arctic?
Arctic.
Class...
Atlantic...
...Pacific...
...Indian...
...Arctic...
...Mediterranean...
...Gulf of Mexico...
...and Caribbean, Australasian...
...Hudson Bay...
...Baltic Sea...
...North Sea...
...English Channel...
...Irish Sea...

...Bering Sea.
Mrs. Baran fainted! Let's go.
- Get a doctor!
- I'll go!
The doctor's worried about you.
He thinks it's serious.
Where's the body?
Someone moved it, that's apparent.
Someone saw us put it in?
Well, I don't know. Maybe.
We must find him.
No, Mia.
Stick to our story. It's better
this way. We don't know where he is.
He'll turn up.
If he doesn't, all the better.
Okay? Did you take your
heart medicine? No.
We must act naturally.
You must ask about Guy.
Be concerned, like you would be
if he was really missing.
- What?
- His suit.
Oh, my God.
4 x 6 color prints.
Can I have those in 20 minutes?
Ask her.
Tell her if she sees anything,
to call us.
He's disappeared.
Let's just get these
and get out of here.
Someone's watching us.
Someone with Guy's camera.
- You need to eat, honey.
- I'm not hungry, thank you.
He is dead, Mia.
He is dead. We killed him.
You saw him die.
What about the pictures?
Someone took them before he was killed.
- Right?
- Who?

We'll know when they start
blackmailing us.
He's dead.
This is another thing.
I didn't tell you something.
Open it.
It's the school accounts.
That's why there's no money.
It was for Guy and me. He told me
someone stole it, but I found it.
You killed him for money.
Believe me, it wasn't the only reason.
There's \$50,000 there, Mia.
We'll split it.
Use it to pay for your damn
fried chicken.
I can go to the police.
I can tell them what we did.
What you did.
We both did it.
They won't see that as
beneficial to me.
They'll say the wife gets the
school, the money, her freedom.
What does the other woman get?
Nothing.
That's how they'll look at it.
I'll say we were lovers.
You can take the girl
out of the convent...
I thought we had the same reason.
We did have the same reason.
I just had an extra one.
I'm sorry I lied to you.
I couldn't do it now.
If you hadn't found this...
...you killed the person who
could tell you where it was.
He said we were partners...
...and then he acted alone.
- Where're you going?
- I must go.
What are you talking about?
This was under my door this morning.

It's over. He's been found.
It's Sunbury, 20 miles from here.
How would he get there?
Someone took him from the pool
to the river.
We should call the police and
file a missing persons report.
I must go. It's him.
I'll go too.
No, I'll wait. Fine.
- Wait in there.
- No, I'll be fine.
Just don't let him forget me.
You're not gonna light that?
You can light these in America?
I'm quitting. Nicorette.
Excuse me...
...my husband is missing.
I think this might be him.
- How long?
- Four days.
- You file a missing persons report?
- No.
He has left before
without telling you?
The description fits.
- John Doe, 180 pounds, six foot even?
- Right.
- Describe his clothes.
- It says the body was naked.
We don't tell the press everything.
I didn't see him the day
he disappeared.
Any jewelry?
A wedding ring, that's all.
He doesn't always wear that.
Can I see the body?
- Appendectomy scar?
- No.
I see. No.
Hold on.
Howie, I think Mrs. Doe is here.
Prepare yourself.
The sand does a lot of damage.

Oh, my God.
Is that your husband, ma'am?
No.
Poor kid.
Wasn't her husband.
Never saw him before.
Excuse me?
Mrs. Baran?
- Who are you?
- Forgive me for intruding.
Sit down.
Coffee, please.
I saw you at the sheriff's.
I got your name off the view request.
Shirley Vogel.
You're the police?
Cagney and Lacey
kind of thing.
They met with me once.
Research stuff. Nice girls.
I say "girls," is that okay?
Anyway, flash forward 10 years.
I'm on medical leave. The big C.
Air.
I'm sorry.
Whatever. I knew it was coming.
With my family, never two boobs
in a coffin.
I'm sorry, but why are you here?
Remember your husband?
Could I get some coffee, please?
You mean...
I'm sure he'll turn up.
Wrapped around a pier.
You drove all the way here...
That's kind of you.
Who the hell am I, right?
I don't blame you.
Look, I know an officer in Hazelton.
- I could call him, he'll get details.
- I don't want to make it official.
Suppose it's just intentional.
- Here's your coffee.
- I know what you mean.

Men.
How do they sleep at night?
They have sex, that's how
they sleep at night.
He might be home already.
This place. Jesus.
It's no Sizzler, is it?
He'll be mad if I go to the police.
That's it. Keep it private.
Once they get your hooks in you...
I couldn't afford you.
We run a school.
A school? Then forget the police.
You can't afford the publicity.
Two, three days, I chase him down
to a girlfriend's...
...and scare him.
That wouldn't be easy.
Look...
...I don't want money.
Look at me. I'm chasing all
over for lunch dates...
...with guys I couldn't stand
10 years ago.
It'd give me something to do.
You ever smoke?
Look at this security system.
What's this? A piece of the Cross?
Aren't you hungry?
I thought I should eat, but...
You know what your problem is?
You're feeling guilty.
No...
...I'm not.
It's not your fault. It's men.
Testosterone.
They should put it in bombs.
Want that?
Mrs. Baran would like me to help
informally.
Well, Miss Vogel... or is it Detective?
Detective.
Detective, I don't think we need to
overreact. We've seen this before.

We have?

We, we, we. What is she,
the school nurse?

When did you last see your husband?

Last Saturday.

He was asleep when we left at 7.

Nicole and I drove out to her duplex.

Look!

This must be nice when it's full.

Isn't it dangerous, empty like this?

We lost some keys in there.

We should get back to our
students, they're on work crew.

I noticed. Must save money having
the kids work.

These older buildings.

His friends don't know where he is?

We haven't asked them.

It's kind of awkward.

"My husband's disappeared.

Have you seen him?"

Her husband.

It wouldn't be awkward for me.

If it's okay with you,
could I look at his address book?

We needn't make a
mountain out of a molehill.

Exactly. This place
crawling with police?

Wouldn't be something
to write home about. We'll tiptoe.

- Will you show me his things?

- Of course.

Nice meeting you.

This is lucky. The phone bill.

It came this morning.

May I?

This must be Miss Horner.

Pittsburgh. Earlier this month.

I call her there when she goes
there on weekends.

53 minutes.

72 minutes. Girl talk.

This is through Monday.

He didn't call you over the weekend?
- What kind of car does he drive?
- We have one car, the blue Cherokee.
- How'd you break the taillight?
- I don't know. It's old.
What was he wearing when he left?
His blue suit.
Can I see his closet?
Yes.
It's missing. His blue suit...
...and his belt with
the silver buckle.
You just have to look and you know.
Good for you.
A place for everything
and everything in its place.
I hope we're not too late.
There's video cameras out there.
- The news?
- No, it's some PR for the school.
- Is that all? I'm very tired.
- Of course.
The address book?
It's in his office.
I'll find it.
Just one more thing.
That isn't the suit there, is it?
You need to take Vawze's classes...
Oh, you're still here.
I was wondering if this is the suit
Dr. Baran was wearing on Sunday.
But close. He had two.
I'll go speak with
some other teachers now.
Why bring her here?
I'm supposed to act concerned.
Anyway, it keeps the police away.
Fine.
That woman should wear a prosthesis.
I hate all that survivor crap.
I'm really tired, Nicole.
It's okay. You did fine.
I heard you.
Just don't see her alone anymore.

Promise?

Can I get a printout of that?

You can get a dub too.

This is really cool stuff.

Inside Edition material.

The Magic Hour tape.

This guy gives "prick" a bad name.

What doesn't?

I want this one too.

Okay, if X equals four,
then X minus 2 is?

- Two.

- Great.

Ten plus X, when X equals 3 is?

I'm talking to you.

- Thirteen.

- Thank you.

Mrs. Baran needs you.

Review these equations.

Continue to work them until I return.

And stay in your seats.

This is Miss Horner.

Nicole, this is Lisa Campos.

Miss Campos is looking for Guy.

I'm sure Mrs. Baran told you that

Dr. Baran is away on business.

You said you didn't know where he was.

Well, someone has to pay.

He said he would.

I thought it over.

I don't want to wait until next month.

Excuse me?

Miss Campos is expecting.

Unto her, a child will be born.

- How is Dr. Baran involved?

- What do you think?

What makes you think it's Guy's?

That's what he said.

But, come on, I would know.

I don't sleep around.

He said he'd pay.

I'm not putting it on my card.

I'm maxed out.

So you're absolutely certain

this is Dr. Baran's?

- What does she have to say?

- Abortion is murder.

I'm gonna have an anesthetic.

How much will this cost?

They want 650, and that's a clinic.

I'm not holding anybody up here.

I want what he promised. Besides...

...it's your husband.

You don't want me to have his baby.

I wouldn't have come, only he said you knew about his girlfriends.

Thank you.

And tell him not to call when he does get back.

It's boundary time.

Incidentally...

...when did you last see Dr. Baran?

Sunday afternoon.

I dropped by. He was real wired up about something.

Figured you two had a fight.

Make him pay you back.

Anyway...

...goodbye.

- You knew about her?

- Yeah.

Since last fall.

Right after you came.

You should've told me about her.

Why would I want you to be hurt like I was?

Somebody knows.

They got a license plate.

They could've gotten a number wrong.

It looks like his car was there.

But we don't know if he was driving.

I told Mrs. Baran I ran Dr. Baran's license plate through the DMV.

That pileup Monday on the I-80, he was in it.

The report doesn't say much, but his car's on the printout.

- You said that was an old dent?

- Did I?

Let's say he left Sunday,
wearing a blue suit.

Maybe to Pittsburgh?

He stopped for gas Sunday
in Williamsport.

Yes, Mrs. Baran gave me his credit
card numbers.

Anyway, it seems he was trying
to see you.

Pittsburgh is a big town.

You're sure you didn't hear from him
after Saturday?

That's not something we'd forget.

- Aren't you on room checks?

- Excuse me.

I'll be in touch.

I'm glad she didn't ask.

The cards weren't charged from
Sunday on. What are room checks?

Drug searches.

Kids here used to use.

My son had a habit years ago.

My husband and I looked for places.

He's dead.

- Your husband?

- Son.

IV drug users.

You know what happens.

But my ex is alive.

- Isn't God quirky? You got an ex?

- Nothing official.

Mine felt he was God's gift,
like that was on my list.

God, please send me someone who
wears black nylon socks to bed.

My heaven is where
they screw you barefoot.

- You make me want to pass the hat.

- Don't feel sorry for me.

He left. Every cloud has a silver
lining. He was too dull to kill.

- Did she want to kill her husband?

- Why would she?

Maybe she found out about you and him.
That's clever. Did you ask
the faculty or the students?
I know. You read it in the brochure.
- She knew?
- Of course she knew. Ask her.
Come on, she's not a murderer.
She's an ex-nun.
Remember them?
They disappeared overnight,
like dial phones.
And you?
What if he wouldn't leave her?
If I couldn't get a man to leave her,
I'd kill myself.
He has left her...
...apparently.
One way or another.
- Unless there's anything else...
- Just one more thing.
Guy did it barefoot.
"Did"?
Don't you mean, "does"?
Mrs. Baran?
It's dinnertime, Erik.
You should go inside with the others.
Are you okay?
You know the rules, Erik.
Your table can't eat without you.
It's so much nicer here since he left.
I hope he never comes back.
- Where'd you find those?
- I found them yesterday.
Give them to me.
- They're good, just a little rusty.
- Give them to me!
It means nothing.
The pool was empty and maybe he
saw them at the bottom.
I didn't. Did you?
If they were so plain to see...
See what it means?
It means we overlooked them.
It means Guy's watching us.

He's alive.
He's dead. And I'm not sorry.
And neither are you, if you're honest
with yourself.
Killing him is a good thing,
like planting a tree.
- Maybe there is a God.
- What're you talking about?
I haven't believed for so long.
When the pool was empty,
I thought...
...maybe there is a God.
And he knows what we did.
And he's coming for us.
It's not God, honey. That's a lady
detective with one breast.
You're always laughing at me.
So was Guy.
He must be laughing now.
I'm not laughing at you, Mia.
You are, a little...
...inside.
It's lonely without God, isn't it?
It's just lonely...
...period.
They're filling the pool!
- When will it be done?
- Soon! It's great!
We should have canceled this.
Everything's fine. Just calm down.
20 bucks they killed him.
- Dykes.
- That's why they're not all over you.
Thanks.
We could use Dr. Baran in this.
He's still away on business.
I don't want to be in it.
It's Parents' Day and these are
your parents.
Boys, you're happy,
but try not to look relieved, okay?
"I'm glad to see you, but boy,
is this school great!"
Moms, some of you can look

misty-eyed.

- Who wants to be misty?

- Here!

All right, you and you.

Don't overdo it.

Everyone have their numbers?

Number one.

Is that Dr. Baran?

What?

Up there, second floor.

Wait, I'll play it back.

It's someone, that's for sure.

It's Guy.

It's Guy.

What're you doing?

I'm fasting and praying for our sins.

I want you to stop that.

Come inside.

You're not well.

Each time I go to sleep,

I have to kill him over and over.

No, Mia, someone's playing

a game with us.

Come inside. You're ill.

It's holy water.

Come on.

What are you looking at? Go inside!

- Let's go.

- Go in!

Go!

- Where's your medicine?

- I'm sure it's there.

No, I think you're out.

I'll go get it refilled.

You should take these.

Here, go on.

- You'll be out before I return.

- I want you to go.

- Okay!

- No, I mean, away.

Leave the school, for good.

I'm sick of you.

- If they only knew.

- They will if you act like this.

The church can't save you,
no matter how much you pay them.
I know you gave
that priest my money.
Money shouldn't go to people
who love you.
It should go to people you love.
They don't love you, they used you.
You're scared so you're using them.
Like you used me? You were a good
teacher. We should've paid you more.
- You like playing the victim.
- Get out!
Leave me alone!
Fine, if that's what you want.
But from one saint to another:
Keep praying. Wear your knees out
that way for a change.
Hello?
Hello?!
Who's there?
Who's there?
Get the water bottle.
He's dead.
He's dead. He's dead.
God forgive you.
He's dead.
You're a lot tougher than I thought,
you little bitch.
Jesus, Guy.
Sucking on that douche bag hose
for 8 hours.
And that ride in the back...
...I've still got a cold.
I don't care what doctors say.
That fucking heart was made of iron.
I tried to reach you to call it off.
Call it off? What for?
I wish I could've seen her face.
The gags were great.
What will we do with
that detective?
Snooping around. She got hers.
You were supposed to call me.

You should find the body.
I'll show up tomorrow
and you break the news to me.
I'll be grief-stricken.
I think you should go.
Go?
Why? Haven't you missed me?
That's better. It's over.
So let's celebrate.
I don't want you to get caught.
You bet...
Is this natural?
I mean, the tub was full.
- Shouldn't she be undressed?
- Yeah, okay.
I thought she was dead!
I thought she was. I did.
It's over.
- She won't do anything.
- Lying bitch!
- Just let her go!
- You're with her!
- You are.
- No, I'm not! Mia, go!
Bitch!
Just you wait!
Don't you run away!
I said stop!
Come here!
Let me see your face!
Was it lonely, or did she
keep you company?
How's it feel, after years of
sainthood, to find us a perfect match?
You're just like me. Soul mates.
Bitch!
Want to confess before you die?
Say, "I'm sorry, Guy. "
I'll forgive you, even if God won't.
Fuck you!
You son of a bitch.
This is a week late, asshole.
Oh, Jesus.
Mia, come on.

This way it'll be easier to claim
self-defense.

You know, paramedics
can work miracles.

One of us should go get one.

I'm sorry.

Goodbye.