Oh, sorry.
I don't speak French.
Oh, which one is your kid?
I don't have one.
I came to see
the merry-go-round.
Oh.
That's a mouthful.
Is-- is it okay?
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
I think you are the kid.
- Inside your heart, yeah?
- Yeah, maybe.
My guidebook says this is one
of the last ten cranked
merry-go-rounds in Europe.
You're kidding.
I'm in the book?
No, no, not you.
The merry-go-round.
- Salute. Cheers.
- Salute. Cheers.
- To us.
- To us.
Mm.
It's so good, this wine.
Thanks.
Why?
'Cause there's no way I would've
found this place on my own.
I need a guide...
to show me around.
I'll pay you.
Oh, I'm drunk.
Where are you from?
Where is the accent from?
- Oh. New Jersey.
- Oh, yeah?
Yeah.
That's nice.
Excuse me.
Are you Bailey Euler?
Yeah.
The brother of Susan Euler?
Susan? Yeah, why?
- Do you know where she is?
- Yes, monsieur, yes.
Well?
She died.
She what?
I'm sorry.
I didn't want to be the one
to tell you this, but...
I promised
to bring her back home.
What the hell is that?
It, um-- she wrote
you a letter, too.
Whoa, ho-- ho--
and how do you
know my sister?
She was my wife.
# Ain't no use in calling up
your friends #
# Ain't no use in hiding
in your bed #
# It ain't no use in standing
on your head #
# 'Cause no new sights
can fill your loneliness #
# Seven days of time
to fix your head #
# Seven days of time
you walk the ledge #
# And every time
you catch a sight #
# Of your reflection,
you can't decide #
# If you should cry
or if it's time to laugh #
# Can't count how many times
I've heard you say #
# You'd give up all you got
for just a day #
# There ain't no use
in cutting through #
# The darkness
that envelops you #
# You have to let
the light come in instead. #
You gotta throw it, Dad.
Okay, Marty, get ready.
- I'm gonna throw you a long one.
- Wiley!
What, Mary?
We're playing ball.
All right, stop, turn around,
here it comes.
Okay, I got it.
Oh, Marty, put
your hands up, not out!
"No, Marty.
You gotta put
your hands up, not out."
Why you gotta make it
so hard on him?
Why do you?
Look at him.
He can't move, Mary.
He's bundled up like
a pig in a blanket.
You know, he can do this.
He just needs to try harder, all right?
He does try. He's just never
good enough for you.
Yeah, well, I'm not
giving up on him.
I haven't given up on him.
No, you'd just settle
for anything he gives you.
I've made my peace with it.
Why can't you?
Because he's grown up.
Look at him.
He's not a little kid any more.
- I keep hoping--
- Don't.
Bailey.
Get up.
Bailey, are you dead?
Bailey's stupid.
Summer's over
but he slept on the beach.
Hey, Bailey.
Watch, I'll get him up.
Hey.
- Hey, come on. That's not funny.
- Come on.
What's up, Wiley?
Not you, that's for sure.
What should we do?
You and Marty go home.
I'll take care of it.
- You sure?
- Yeah.
Marty, you think you
can take Mom home?
- I don't know.
- Give it a shot for me, all right?
Dad's gotta take care of Bailey.
All right.
All right, let's go, come on.
Let's go, up.
So...
Susan's dead.
Hey, come on.
Stop, man.
Don't think that way, all right?
You don't wanna
do that, Bailey.
Bailey, what's going on with you?
A French guy showed up
at the park
with a-- an urn.
He showed up with an urn
with Susan's ashes in it.
My sister came back
in a fucking can.
Bailey, you sure?
Yeah, yeah.
He brought a letter from her.
Yeah, I'm sure.
I don't believe it.
Believe it.
She had cancer.
She--
she didn't tell nobody.
She went to Paris, she got married,
and, uh...
he brought her home.
I don't know what
to say, man.
Me neither.
You know something?
Helpin' the two of you is...
is, like, the one good thing
I've ever done in my life.
And she's gone, man.
I can't believe she's gone.
You know, my sister's dead
and all I keep thinking about...
is my old man.
He's never gonna
get out of my head.
Yeah, well...
we sure hit the jackpot when it
comes to fathers, didn't we?
Yep.
I still think mine
was the biggest prick of all.
Well, he got the worst of it.
- And how's that?
- He's dead, isn't he?
Hey.
They both got what
they deserved, all right?
Yeah.
But, uh...
we gotta pay for our sins.
Yeah, we do.
Yes, we do.
Mom, Bailey's up.
Hey, hey, hey,
sweetie, sweetie.
- Stop playing for a sec, okay?
- Okay.
Go downstairs.
I'll see you in a moment, okay?
Hey! Martin!
Okay, I'll play later.
How you feeling?
Like a harmonica
ran me over.
What time is it?
It's almost noon.
I feel like I'm dreaming.
Why's that?
Seeing you...
in that window.
Like I'm 17 years old again.
You still have the ladder?
Yeah.
Want me to go get it?
You still think I could
make it across?
No way.
Yeah, probably not.
You could've broken
your neck, you know.
You were worth it.
Give me a sec, okay?
I'll come over,
I'll make you some coffee.
Bonjour.
Ciao.
Hey, it's my brother-in-law!
What can I do for you?
Well, a coffee would be nice.
Yeah?
Uh, but there's...
something that...
you know,
has been bugging me
that I want to
clear up first, okay?
What? What is?
When my sister left,
she had a shitload
of money with her.
You know where it is?
That's why--
the coffee is easier
to speak about
difficult things, you know?
Well, I know, but I've already
had a cup of coffee,
so you know
anything about it?
Okay, this.
Paper.
Here.
Okay, this is...
certificate of marriage.
- Wedding, you know?
- Oh.
It's nice.
And this...
this is the letter,
the testament.
I want you read.
- Basically--
- It's in French.
Yes.
It says, it says that I own
half of the house
on 3rd Street.
I think, yes.
- This house?
- Yes, yes.
She left you half
of this house.
Yes, her half of the house.
My house.
Our house.
I promised her to take
only the half...
was her, you know?
That's-- that's what it say.
Not right now, okay, sweetie?
What's your name?
I forgot.
- Jacques.
- Jacques.
- Yeah.
- Jacques.
- Jacques.
- Jacques.
You can call me Jack, yeah?
- Easy.
- Jack and Jill went up the hill.
Jack and Jill went up the hill.
- Marty, no.
- Jack and Jill went up--
Yeah.
You play the harmonica, Jack?
No, but you can teach me.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
Very good, yeah.
So what do you want?
Money?
No.
I'm here for work.
- Work?
- Yes, Susan say that...
uh, we can be
a good team.
- You and me.
- Yeah? Why's that.
Kids love me.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
What am I gonna do
about this guy?
Put him to work.
And I gotta live
with this asshole?
Why would she do this?
Hey.
Mommy likes Bailey a lot, huh?
Yeah.
They're best friends.
- You know why?
- Why?
They grew up together.
My mom lived in
that house next door...
when she was a little girl.
And now we come over
to make sure
the furnace doesn't explode.
Her name was Mary O'Connell.
And she lived with Grandpa O'Connell.
And he died.
He's gone already.
He owned the hot dog stand at the roller coaster.
I know it 'cause my dad owns it.
He owns everything in the amusement park.
He owns the roller coaster...
and the bumper cars...
and the Tilt-a-Whirl...
and the Tornado.
Your dad must be a rich man, eh?
Yeah.
We live in a...
mansion.
- Wow.
- Yeah.
But he doesn't like hot dogs.
I love hot dogs.
Me, too.
I can eat a hundred hot dogs.
Wow.
How many hot dogs can you eat?
Don't tell to anybody, but I can eat 101.
Maybe my mom will let us get some.
Oh, yeah.
- I'll ask her.
- Wait.
Mom?
Can Jack and I get a hot dog?
Uh, maybe later, sweetie.
Jack wants a hot dog!
I've had it with this French fuck.
- Come on.
- Wait, wait, wait.
Bailey, Bailey, Bailey.
Hold up.
What?
What if he's tellin'
the truth, huh?
What if this really is
what Susan wanted?
Come on, it's bullshit.
He's coning us.
I mean, look at him.
He could be in pain,
too, you know.
Yeah, poor him.
He's probably in there trying
to figure out how to get rid of me,
take the whole fucking house.
Fuck.
Be careful with it, okay?
Name it.
Did you-- okay,
you gotta name it.
That's a good idea.
- Bailey'll name it.
- Go on.
Aw, fuck!
You need help?
No.
Bailey, look what I got.
Oh, yeah?
Where'd you get that?
Jack won the ring toss.
Take that.
How'd he do that?
You know? Here.
I cut the ring so it could fit
the bottle, you know?
They cheat, we cheat.
Hey, Bailey, is it okay if I
leave Martin with you for a bit?
Yeah, sure.
I'll pick you up later, okay?
- Okay.
- Come on.
Hey, be careful
with that, you know?
I would not force so much
this mechanism, you know?
Is very delicate.
What, do you want me to give it
a little French kiss, huh?
Uh, I know this machine.
I can fix it Bailey,
but I need your help,
you know?
We have to, uh...
You know?
Is out of, um...
How you say, not in line?
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
So you need-- you wanna
do that, huh? Paisano?
What, are you Italian now?
Eh, a little bit of everything.
How about Vaffanculo?
Bravo, pow.
Forza.
Come on.
Okay? Uno...
- Fuck you.
- ...due...
- Rotten bastard.
- ...tre, come on.
God damn it.
Ow, fuck.
Yeah.
We fix it.
Bravo.
- Where's Marty?
- Jesus.
You scared the shit
out of me.
- Sorry. - He's at the
kiddie park with Bailey.
You hungry?
Yeah, I'm hungry.
I'm sorry.
This stuff with Susan,
it's hard to deal with, you know?'
Yeah, it doesn't
change anything, you know?
I'm worried about Bailey.
Susan was his whole life.
Bailey's gonna be fine.
You just need
to leave him alone.
I can't leave him alone.
What, I have to put you
under lock and key?
That's not funny.
Uh, joking.
Come on.
Come on, Wiley.
Stop it.
No, come on.
- Come on, I said stop it.
- Come on.
Come on, I mean it.
No, come on,
not like this.
- I can fuck any way I want it.
- No!
What the fuck
is wrong with you?
I feel like I'm losing you, Mary.
# You got nobody #
# In the world... #
Shit.
Fucking lucky
son of a bitch.
Hey, Wiley.
You wanna shut the fuck up?
Hey, fuck you, asshole.
I got money on this.
Fuck you.
Why don't you relax, Vinnie?
Come on.
Hey, you wanna go
for a ride?
What, you're not
going home?
No, I'm in the dog house.
How come?
I fucked up, Bailey.
I don't now what
I'm doing anymore.
Who does?
Nah, it's different.
It's like I see it
in her eyes, man.
She just--
she's waiting for me
to screw up.
Hey.
Open the door.
God, I miss 'em, Bailey.
What?
Big rides.
They're so great when they're
lit up in the summer.
What are you doing?
Come on, cut the crap.
It's freezing out.
Shh, shh, shh.
She's listening.
Who?
Susan.
She loved these rides.
Remember the--
what was it, the Tornado?
What, did we take her on that thing,
like, a thousand times?
I can still hear her screaming.
God, I miss
those times, Bailey.
Get on the stupid ride.
All right, we got guns!
One for you...
one for you...
one for me.
Indians don't get guns.
Only cowboys do.
- Who says so?
- Yeah, only cowboys.
- Who says so?
- You're dumb.
Indians only get bows and arrows.
- Everyone knows that.
- Yeah, everyone knows that.
Well, I traded some wampum for some guns for us.
Can I have bows and arrows?
No, no, no. You gotta have a gun, Mart.
It's all we got.
Mom says I can't play with guns.
Yeah, well she's right.
Uh...
we're gonna say water pistols.
These are water pistols.
- They're not guns.
- Okay, water pistol.
- There.
- Exciting.
Get on the stupid ride.
We'll start the ride.
All right.
Hi-ho Silver, away!
All right,
circle the wagons!
Indians on the warpath!
There it goes.
Oh, God, no.
Circle the wagons,
Indians on the warpath!
This ride stinks.
Come on.
Hey, hey, give me
back the guns!
Gimme the guns!
- It broke.
- You guys were great.
- Ma, I need a hot dog.
- Okay.
Okay, if you stay
where I can see you, okay?
Okay.
No, I got it, I got it,
I got it. Here.
Hi-ho, Silver, away!
You made one kid pretty happy.
Can't run this ride on one kid.
Things'll pick up.
Oh, you think so?
Look at this place.
I mean, I...
I don't know what to do.
Without Susan, it's just--
it's not the same, you know?
Come on, Ma.
I know, just let me get my eyes open.
Come on.
No, you close your eyes.
- Oh, close my eyes.
- Yeah.
- Okay.
- Watch out.
I'm watching out.
- Sit down.
- Okay.
Sit.
Open your eyes!
Open, read it.
- Read it.
- "Wiley loves Mary."
Yeah, "Wiley loves Mary."
- How'd you do that?
- We did it together.
- Yeah.
- Right, Marty?
Yeah. You like it?
Mary, I'm sorry.
I know I screwed up, and I know sorry doesn't cut it.
But things are gonna be different, okay?
I'm gonna do better.
For you and for Marty.
I mean it.
Okay?
I promise.
Yeah, Mom.
Dad's really sorry.
Can I eat them now,
Dad, please?
Sure, go ahead, pal.
What are you doing?
I'm looking for Susan's diary,
you know?
She doesn't have a diary.
Yes, she had one.
Well, it's not here
'cause I tore this place apart
when she left,
and I didn't find a diary.
Listen, she told me
she had one and...
she had it in--
how you call it--
She call it Esmeralda.
Is a-- is a--
- A teddy bear.
- Yes, a teddy bear.
You know what
I'm talking about?
Yeah.
- Mm, yes.
- So?
She told me
that you won that
when she was
a little girl, right?
Yeah.
What else she tell you?
She told me...
to give you...
give you this.
Yes!
Yes, okay.
Go, get the ring.
Bravo, bravo.
One more, one more.
I want see more.
Bravo, bravo.
- Alex did it.

- Jacques:
Bravo, bravo.
Very good.
- We got a dropper.
- Okay.
- Ah-ah, you missed one.
- You dropped it.
Okay.
That turn is finished.
That's it.
Enter now.
Everybody home.
See you tomorrow.
Ciao.
Okay, let's go.
How many did you catch?
Five?
Oh, oh, hold on, hold on.
Give the ticket
to Marty, okay?
Very good.
And now we start again.
Kids, train's pulling out!
Last chance!
- Hey.
- Fuck.
- Come on, give me a ride.
- You gotta buy a ticket.
I'm the landlord,
remember?
Yeah, well, things
are tough all over.
Yeah.
You just gonna sit there,
or you gonna start the thing?
Got nothing else to do.
I can see it.
You missed out!
And, uh, give me
the spiel, too, okay?
- What spiel?
"What spiel"? The bullshit you say that makes this ridiculous thing fun.
You gotta pay for bullshit.
Come on, at least blow the whistle.
- 50 cents.
- 50 cents, huh?
You want 50 cents?
Here, keep the change.
Blow it twice.
Nice catch.
That's a pathetic whistle, you know that?
All right, boys and girls.
Atlantic Coastline going down the straightaway.
- Unbelievable.
- Here we go.
Bailey, there's your French buddy.
Feel the wind in your hair.
Yeah, maybe you should borrow his spiel.
No, seriously, man.
If he can bring in business like this in the winter,
we might actually make some money in the summer.
Well, the kids like a change.
It'll pass.
Go, quick, you got it!
He's got the look.
What's that, tight pants?
No, it's called success, Bailey.
I didn't think you'd recognize it.
It's one ride.
Yeah, well, lucky me that one ride's sittin' on my real estate.
You know, I've been really fair to you over the years.
Yeah, meaning what?
Meaning, if you're
making money now,
I think it's about time
I raise your rent a little bit.
Since when
do you need money?
Don't worry about
what I need.
I've always bailed you out,
no questions asked.
Now it's your turn, okay?
- Hi, Dad.
- It's your turn.
Hey, pal.
How are ya?
- Good.
- Listen, I got a great idea.
What do you say we blow this dump
and get a couple hot dogs, huh?
No, that's okay, Dad.
I have to stay and help Bailey.
- I'm his partner.
- Yeah.
I've gotta blow the whistle.
Okay, pal.
You blow the whistle.
Okay, you ready? Go.
Come catch it, okay?
Okay, I wanna see you
getting more rings.
# Long afloat #
# On shipless oceans #
# I did all my best #
# To smile #
# Till your singing #
# Eyes and fingers #
# Drew me loving #
#To your isle #
# And you sang #
# Sail to me #
# Sail to me,
let me enfold you #
# Here I am #
Waiting
To hold you
Did I dream
You dreamed about me?
Were you hare
When I was fox?
Now my foolish boat
Is leaning
Broken lovelorn
On your rocks
For you sing
Touch me not
Touch me not, come back tomorrow
Oh, my heart
Oh, my heart...
Shies from the sorrow
I'm as puzzled
As the newborn child
I'm as troubled
As the tide
Should I stand
Amid the breakers?
Or should I lie
With death my bride?
Hear me sing
Swim to me
Swim to me, let me unfold...
I've thought about it, and I'm just gonna take that money with me. I don't know where it came from, or why Bailey buried it out there. But I do know he's never been the same since. I care about him so much it hurts. Besides, it's not doing any good where it is. So what's the harm? Okay, can you
take this one, please?
Look, aren't they
beautiful, Bailey?
I love it.
We're gonna make
a fortune with this.
Ah, merde.
Lost one.
I wanna say hello
to Bailey and Jack!
No, no, no, Martin.
Not today!
Bailey!
Hey, Jack.
What are you doing?
Hey, where you been all week?
- Home with mom.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Marty come here.
- I have a job for you, come.
- Okay.
Hey, there,
how are you? Good?
- Where is your mom?
- Over there.
Look at this, huh?
You see?
You have to tie it up here.
And after, we put it
all over here, look.
Hey.
Come, give it to me. Give it to me.
- Wait, okay.
- You can have some.
Oh, thank you.
Where you been?
Around.
- Want a balloon?
- Try to tie it here.
Sure. Ha.
You shouldn't keep Martin
away from us all week.
- We need him.
- Yeah, Mom.
I gotta help Bailey
and Jack, see?
Yes, Jacques is...
...with the balloons, eh?
What's "Trey mal dwa"?
That is "two thumbs up,"
you know?
- "Two thumbs up."
- Yes.
Yeah, yeah.
Yeah, it's tough
when he's not around.
Hold it, hold it.
What's with the sunglasses?
Yeah?
I mean, you know...
Wait, come on.
No, don't. Give them--
Come on, give 'em back.
How'd you get that?
Cabinet door in the kitchen.
Really stupid.
Didn't see it was open
till I-- pfft--
smacked right into it.
Gotta be more careful.
I say it to Martin all the time,
but, uh, I don't take
my own advice.
Marty, you a big boy, right?
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
So you have to be careful.
Look at Mommy.
You have to close
the cabinet door when you open.
It wasn't me.
All right, that's it, that's it.
Let's go home.
No, no, no, we will-- let--
wait and see what's happening.
No, don't wait and see.
Just take the balloons...
and put them in the ticket thing
and I'll cover the rides.
- Okay, okay.
- Come on, come on.
- We're gonna go home.
- Come here, Marty.
- Go say good-bye to Bailey and Jack.
- Well, where are they going?
- Marty.
- Home.
- Can we go with them?
- No, no, sweetie. Not today.
No, why don't you
come on over?
No. No, Bailey.
I wanna go
with Bailey and Jack!
Do you wanna
go see a movie?
- Yeah.
- Okay. Then say good-bye.
Okay.
Good-bye, Mr. Mouse.
See ya soon, Mr. Flea.
- Okay, that sounds good.
- I know.
Be careful, okay?
Take it easy.
- Okay.
- Ciao.
Ciao.
Somebody beat her up.
What?
Mary.
She lie about the cabinet.
You know?
Mary doesn't lie to me.
Come on.
So you lie to yourself.
Shut up, okay?
Hey, if something that I know,
it's the face of a woman
when a man beat her up.
Why's that?
What, do you hit women?
Huh?
Come on, are you crazy,
or what?
You hit my sister?
I'm talking about Mary.
No, I don't hit your sister.
I didn't hit her, okay?
They're afraid.
Mary and the boy,
look at them.
Can you see?
And look at you.
Big, strong, and everything
and you cannot help them
in any way.
This must be something
I don't understand.
Yeah, that's right.
So just mind
your fucking business.
What?
The door
to Mary's old house is open.
- Who lives there?
- Nobody.
Strange.
Hey, Wiley,
what are you doing here?
Fuck.
You still crashing the party,
huh, Bailey?
What are you doing?
I'm living the high life,
asshole.
How 'bout you?
Look who's here,
the fucking "French Connection."
What the hell is happening to you?
I got demons, Bailey.
You got demons.
Yeah.
You got a wife and a kid,
that's what you got.
Get up.
Come on.
Hey, I'm messing
with your head.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
You selfish idiot.
Come on, let's go.
You don't know shit,
you sorry fuck.
Come on, come on,
come on, come on.
I'm sorry.
You know...
about Susan.
I really loved her.
Pretty Susan.
Pretty Black-Eyed Susan.
You know, Wiley...
I never see
Black-Eyed Susan.
Never.
Fuck you.
You know
what I see? Huh?
I see Black-Eyed Mary.
Yeah? Do you like
Black-Eyed Mary?
- Shut up.
- Do you like Black-Eyed Mary?
That's enough.
That's enough.
- That's enough.
- What do you think?
What do you think?
I think you've been warned.
Who the fuck do you think
you're talking to?
I don't know, man.
I don't know you anymore.
You know me, Bailey.
My father was Cabott Reed.
And I'm never gonna let you
forget that.
- I want a coke.
- Please?
Please. Thank you.
Straw?
Hey.
What-- what are you
doing here?
I gotta talk to you,
all right?
Martin, Jack's gonna go in
and watch the movie with you.
Your mom will be back
in a minute, okay?
Okay.
What the hell's going on?
Oh, nothing.
Did Wiley hit you?
Why you doin' this?
'Cause I wanna know
the truth.
You wanna know
the truth.
I married Wiley,
I had his kid, okay?
For better or worse,
it's what I wanted.
What about now?
- I don't think about it now.
- You don't think about it now.
No.
I mean,
what the fuck happened?
We were together,
you know?
And then, one day
I wake up, and...
you're married
to my best friend.
You were the best thing
in my life,
and then gone.
I love you.
Please don't do this.
I always have.
I always will.
I can't.
I can't.
- Yeah, we can.
- No, we can't.
- We can find a way.
- There is no way out.
No.
Why not?
He's doing crack,
you know that?
You and Martin shouldn't even
be around him.
There's no protection
from life, Bailey.
You know that
better than anyone.
Fresh popcorn for everybody!
Wow, beautiful.
Okay, bambini,
popcorn for everybody.
Oh, this is for Thomas.
Come on, take this one to Thomas.
Come.
You like it?
Mm.
See you tomorrow, ciao.
- Okay, next one.
- Jamie's got four.
He's the winner.
Good job, good job.
Who's gonna challenge him?
I am!
I am!
I can't hear you?
- I am!
- I can't hear you!
- I am!
- I am!
- Come on, get off.
- What?
Get off.
The ride's for kids. Get off.
I'm a kid. Give me a stick.
Come on.
All right, here we go!
You ready?
Okay, kids.
I'm getting 'em all.
Get ready,
I'm gettin' em all.
Let's go!
- No!
- Aha!
All right, kids.
Bring me all your sticks.
You did good.
I know, the big, bad man
took all the rings.
Next time.
Did you have fun?
Good.
Here you go.
All right, thank you, thank you.
All right, come back.
- That was fun.
- Huh?
That was fun.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
It's 'cause I won.
Come on,
give me the stick.
What do you want?
I want my prize.
Yeah?
- You want a balloon?
- No, no, no.
- You wish.
- What? What do you want?
Cash.
How much?
I can't do that.
It's too much.
Really?
Find it.
- Hi.
- Ciao.
- How'd it go today?
- All right.
What's this,
no hot dog today?
No, I ate a whole pizza.
Mom made me
save you some.
- Thanks.
- It's good.
Marty, look at here.
I have a surprise for you.
Hey, Marty.
Look.
- What's that?
- It's a football.
Football ball.
Come on, play with me.
Come.
Yeah, we play football, huh?
- Yeah.
- Soccer.
We call it soccer here, Jacko.
Get it, get it.
Can we go?
Can we go to the beach, Ma?
No, sweetie.
Maybe some other time, okay?
- I wanna go!
- Throw the ball. Throw the ball.
- Hey, come here.
- Come on, it's gonna get dark soon!
Yeah, but I saw some kids
on the beach.
They lighted up some fire
and it looks like fun.
It is.
We used to make 'em all the time
when we were in high school, remember?
- Bailey's were the best.
- Oh, yeah?
Okay, Bailey.
Come on.
Come. Allez, allez.
Bailey, come on.
Let's go to the beach, everybody.
Let's go, everybody.
We go to play on the beach.
We go to play on the beach.
Kick the ball.
I'll show you, I'll show you.
Hold on, okay.
Play with this, your feet, like this.
- You see? Very good.
- Okay.
- Very nice, okay?
- Okay.
- Hold on.
- Not gonna work.
Wood's too wet.
You'll get it.
- Move your feet!
- No!
Yeah, you know something
I don't? Try it and see.
Take a lesson from Jack.
You know,
you play like this, you see?
- I got it. I know.
- Okay?
All right, I got it.
I'll throw it.
Hold on, look at that--
look at this trick.
Look at-- no, here.
Oh!
- Hold on, hold on.
- Go, Jack!
See?
It takes patience.
Yeah, yeah.
That water looks really cold.
Yeah.
Gotta get way under.
Yeah.
Wrong season.
Never used to stop us.
Remember?
Yeah, I remember.
I will if you will.
What?
- You're crazy.
- Come on.
Be crazy with me.
- You're kidding, right?
- No.
Come on.
I make a goal.
This is a goal.
Put it down.
Put it down, Marty, right there.
And you kick it very slow.
You have to make a goal.
- A boot. Okay?
- Okay.
Yes, goal.
Very good.
Hold on, I go.
Don't run!
Don't run, Marty!
Don't run, come here!
Come here, Marty.
Come here,
come here, Marty.
Come here. I'm here.
Come on, Marty.
Come, come, come. I'm here.
- It's okay, it's okay.
- It's okay.
Hey, hey, sweetie.
I'm here. It's okay.
Look at your mommy.
Look at your mommy.
- Open your eyes.
- Martin, I'm right here, look.
You just swallowed
some seawater, that's all.
You swallowed
some yucky seawater.
It tastes salty.
Does it taste salty?
Taste it.
Like a bad pretzel, right?
Yeah, it's yucky seawater,
that's all.
- Aw, it's okay.
- It's salty and it sticks and burns.
Look at me.
Look at me, look at me.
Okay, it burns
and it stings, right?
But you're okay.
You're okay.
Okay, okay.
- Come on, come on.
- It's okay, sweetie. I'm right here.
You okay now?
Mommy's right here, okay?
You okay? You feel better now?
You better?
Yes.
It hurts.
It was icky seawater.
Yeah, I know.
You sure did.
- I got a boot.
- You got a what?
A boot.
It's called--
it's called a goal.
- He did it.
- Put that on.
I'm sorry about Marty, okay?
It was an accident.
I knew we shouldn't have
come down here.
Come on, Bailey.
He's a kid.
He should have fun.
Why don't you go the fuck home
before you ruin everything
in my life, okay?
Hey, listen.
I came here, your life was shit.
You understand that?
I make it better, remember.
- You made it better?
- Yes!
How'd you make it better?
Huh?
I lost half my fuckin' house,
Mary's got a black eye,
Wiley's a fucking crack head
and he wants more money,
and my sister's buried
in a fucking ash can
down the beach.
How the fuck did you make it better,
motherfucker?
Huh, motherfucker?
I love her, too.
She was my wife.
She was my fucking wife.
And you're lucky or I'd fucking
kill you, motherfucker.
What did you say?
He want more money?
Huh?
Yeah, he wants more money.
He wants $500
every fucking weekend.
How's that grab ya?
# Will put me right down
in a hole #
# Ooh, yeah #
# Wild ride... #
Ciao, Jaquimo.
"Come este?"
"Como estai," Terri.
"Como estai."
Right. Como estai?
Gimme the same, please.
You got it, Jacquimo.
I wish I had a cigarette.
So get one.
I can't.
Susan made me quit.
You surprise me.
You know?
You're not afraid to beat
the shit out of me,
but you don't
do nothing to Wiley.
Nothing.
You know, Wiley and me,
we had this competition.
We'd...
drink.
And whoever's left standing
at the end of the night
would make sure
the other one got home.
Wanna try?
Salud.
Terri!
Two more.
Wanna know how we met,
Wiley and me?
Hmm?
In a cop car.
We were the big--
biggest juvenile delinquents
in the town,
and we both got arrested
on the same night.
We ended up in the back
of the same car.
We had nothing in common.
We just--
just think that we both hated
our fuckin' fathers so much.
Susan ever tell you
about Daddy?
No.
Mm.
Billy Euler.
Everybody called him Rooster,
and he was...
he was a tough fucker, man.
I was no joke
when I was 18 years old,
and he threw me around
like I was nothing.
He used to come home...
you know...
smack my mother around
the kitchen a little bit,
give me a few pops
in the face,
go up to bed whistlin'.'
What about...
Wiley's father?
Oh, he was
a fucking reptile.
He'd look at you
with those eyes, man,
you feel like you did something wrong.
You didn't even do anything.
Cold, man.
All he gave a shit about
was money.
And making Wiley
feel like shit.
He fucking hated Wiley, man.
At least the competition...
between the two fathers
was equal? Huh?
Yeah, maybe.
Until my mother died...
and Rooster started making
his little trips
into Susan's bedroom at night.
Man, I'd hear 'em
through the door.
Oh, she didn't tell you
about that, huh?
Huh.
Well, I guess she wanted
to take that one to the grave.
She told me
her father was dead.
No, Wiley's father's dead.
Hey.
Want some company
in there?
Not tonight.
Hey, Wiley, stop it.
You gonna leave me, Mary?
Is that what you're planning?
You ungrateful bitch.
What are you doing,
fucking the French guy, too?
- Huh?
- Wiley, I don't fucking--
You fucking cunt!
You're making
a fucking jerk outta me.
You son of a bitch!
You bastard!
You motherfucking bastard!
I was playing.
It was a game!
I swear, Mary.
You know what?
I'm gonna kill this fucking Rooster.
You gotta find him first.
You know, I did have a plan
to protect my sister.
I wasn't just doing nothing,
you know.
It just got fucked up,
that's all.
Yeah, a little fucked up.
We were just kids,
you know?
Just kids.
Wiley's old man
bragged to Wiley
how he had all this money
in his desk.
That he could
fuck around with
more than Wiley'd
ever make in his life.
And Wiley
knew where the key was.
So I got this great idea.
We'd rob the fucker.
It was a way for Wiley
to get back at his old man.
And me?
I'd help Susan, I'd go to Rooster, I'd say, "Here, take the money. Just get the hell outta here. Leave us alone."
I said to Wiley, I said, "Come on. Let's do this."
He said, "No."
And then I told him.
I told him what Rooster was doing to Sus'.
And he just...
gave me the key.
Then he told me--
told me-- he said, "I'll call you when my old man isn't home," you know?
And he called me and I went over and the key unlocked the drawer and I had the money and...
and I look up and there's fucking Cabot Reed... standing there with a gun, looking at me.
He was heading toward the desk, "I'm gonna call the police," so I just charged at him.
I went at him. Boom-- he went like this. Bang, the fucking gun went off, he went down...
and I saw blood and I, uh... just got the hell outta there.
I didn't even remember taking the money.
So I buried it...
and I just waited for them to come get me.
You killed Wiley's father?
Yeah.
I did.
But they thought, uh... they thought Rooster did it.
- Why?
- Ah, there was an eyewitness.
Who was it?
Wiley.
He told 'em that he saw Rooster running out of the back...
after he heard the shot.
That was a lie, but who the fuck they gonna believe?
Why Wiley lie to the policeman?
Why?
'Cause he's smart,
I don't know.
We don't, uh--
we don't talk about that night.
Aw, Jack, I'm sorry.
Mom, I wanna go to sleep.
I know, sweetie.
- Jack, please.
- I'm sorry, come in.
Come in.
Come, Marty, come in.
Come on.
Right down here.
You'll get warm in a second, okay?
Oh, God.
What you doing around so late?
Come here.
You warm up, okay?
I need to speak to Bailey.
- Is he here?
- Yes, Bailey's here, yes.
Sleeping.
I went out all night drinking.
I can try to wake him up, you know?
- No, no, no.
- No? Okay.
Well, come.
Come, I make you tea, coffee, something.
Come.
Come here.
Wiley's out of control.
He's so full
of hate and drugs.
I feel responsible,
in some awful way.
And it hurts, you know?
Wiley was a man
I was proud of.
Now he scares me
to death.
You'll be safe here.
No.
No, if I stay here,
it won't be safe for Bailey.
Why, what about
Bailey now?
It's complicated.
Bailey did something terrible
when we were all kids.
Wiley covered for him.
Bailey was trying
to protect Susan.
You know, he couldn't.
So, Wiley was the hero, huh?
Yeah.
And the hero
gets the girl, right?
I thought it'd be okay,
you know?
I told myself
I loved Wiley, but...
the truth is...
Go.
Go to Bailey.
I will be here.
Don't worry.
How you say?
The dog who...
wa...
Watch dog.
Thank you.
Good night.
Okay.
- Where are they?
- I don't know.
Yeah, bullshit.
Where are they?
Whoa, what are you doing?
What the fuck are you doing?
I have your money.
What money?
Okay...
$500 for this week,
and $500 in advance.
Is okay?
Huh?
Yeah, okay.
Bailey's not here.
We had a fight.
He's probably ran away
in some bar, drinking
and...
this moment probably is, like,
how you say, plastered?
Yeah.
Yeah, Bailey's shit-faced
in his beer again, huh?
Yeah.
What'd you fight about?
Money.
He didn't want to pay you.
I know how business works.
- You do?
- Mm-hmm.
How does it work,
Napoleon?
You do what you have to do.
Yeah, I like that.
What do you say
we go find your friend Bailey?
I have a better idea.
You're awake.
Am I?
Why are you guys here?
Wiley went crazy tonight.
Are you all right?
He can still hurt you.
What are you talking about?
I know about Rooster
and Susan and Cabot Reed.
Wiley told me everything.
When?
Right after it happened.
I'm sorry.
I fucked up so bad.
Nice house.
Yeah, Cabott really
knew how to live, didn't he?
Whew.
Your father
liked to read, huh?
You know, you're lucky.
- I'm lucky?
- Yeah.
He left you...
all these beautiful books.
You know what
my father left me?
Insults and abuse.
That's all he ever gave me,
and my mother.
Till he made her
drink herself to death.
And she left me alone
in this fucking house.
So Bailey did you a favor, huh?
What are you talking about?
He told me.
He killed your father.
Yes?
Fucking Bailey.
He was so scared
when the gun went off,
he pissed his pants
running for his life.
He only grazed him.
I heard the gunshot
from upstairs.
When I came down,
I found him here.
He was holding
his handkerchief to his head.
I tried to help him,
you know?
And he just shoved me away.
You know
what he said to me?
He said, "You think
I wouldn't figure it out?
You can't do anything
on your own.
You can't even
steal my money.
You had to send your friend Bailey in
to do a man's job.
Pathetic loser."
I told him I just--
I told him
to shut the fuck up,
but he kept it up.
He said he was--
he was gonna call the police,
he was gonna have us both locked up.
I grabbed the gun.
I just-- I just--
I just wanted him to stop.
Fucking prick.
He said, "How are you
gonna shoot a goddamn gun?
A sorry fuck like you
with no balls?
How you gonna stand up
and take what's yours?"
I told him...
"By squeezing
the trigger, Dad.
That's how."
You killed your father?
Yeah.
The meek shall
inherit the Earth, right?
And Cabott Reed's fortune. The only trouble is, I...
kinda run it into
the ground, you know?
Maybe you need a partner.
To run the business.
Wake up, come on.
Are you listening
to me, Bailey?
Yep, what's going on?
Will you be able to drive?
Yes.
- What's going on?
- You are leaving.
Oh, I'm leaving.
It's not that simple.
You sit behind the wheels,
and you just drive away.
Simple.
Oh, "just drive away."
Yes.
And what do I do for money?
Okay.
Take that.
It's for you.
I don't know if you're a good guy
or a fuckin' con artist.
I don't get you.
You're free.
You can go.
And what about Wiley?
Don't worry about Wiley.
I will take care of him.
Trust me, you can go.
Dear Bailey...
I'm so sorry
for not saying good-bye.
You've been such
a good brother.
How could I tell you
I was dying?
I got this skin cancer.
I think all those summers
we spent on that crummy beach
are to blame. 
But... 
I didn't want to stay home 
and cry about it. 
I needed to get away 
and see some of this world. 
I'm in Paris. 
I'm in love, 
and I'm living for both of us. 
Please be happy, Bailey.