

Cape Fear Script

"My Reminiscence. "

I always thought that
for such a lovely river,

the name was mystifying:

"Cape Fear. "

When the only thing to fear on
those enchanted summer nights...

was that
the magic would end,

and real life
would come crashing in.

*Okay, Cady, the moment
you've been waiting for.*

*Any people comin'
for you, Cady?*

What about your books? Already read 'em.

Gracias.

! Hola!

Hi. How are you?

? Cómo está usted?

Bien, bien.

? Es ropa limpia?

No, no.

That means clean.

These are dirty.

The idea is to

resolve the tension.

I need to find a motif

that's about movement.

Not the most mind-blowing
concept for a travel agency,

but what the hey?

Like an arrow, maybe?

Yeah, like an arrow.

Maybe.

*But then the other
aspect is stability,*

a company that
you can trust.

If you can balance those ideas in

a way that's pleasing to the eye,

then you got a logo.

*Okay: Movement,
stability...*

and an arrow.

Okay,

I'll think of something
for that one.

Benjamin.

They switched babies on me
at the hospital, didn't they?

How'd you do
in there?

I got the judge to postpone
the alimony hearing for days.

Oh, great.

I've got till Monday to find out
which S&L, in which municipality...

my son-in-law stashed all
that money. Right, right.

But I thank you and my daughter
thanks you. You're welcome, Tom.

Here's... Daddy!

Good-bye,
junior!

! Adiós!
! Hasta luego!

Sayonara!

That's very creative,
junior!

He liked me.

*All this time,
he actually liked me.*

You can't go in!

*Your father's making a
TVappearance for his campaign!*

*Jack, let me
talk to you.*

What is this?

This smoke?

Excuse me...

Excuse me.

Let's move

our seats.

*All right, just get
the hell outta here.*

*I'm making
a goddamn campaign.*

*Okay, then I quit
as your son!*

Do you believe that
annoying, loser guy?

Dad, you should've
punched him out.

Punched him out? What
do you mean? You box.

You could've shoved him,
shut him up. Yeah, yeah.

I could take you.
That's who I could take.

You could've kicked him
in the face. Kicked him?

Yeah, you know how

to fight dirty.

*You do that for a
living. Real cute, Leigh.*

How much do I owe you?

It's taken care of.

Taken care of? Who? There.

Girls, girls.

Come on,
let's sit inside.

Whoa!

Mr. Perfect form!

No, no, I don't.

Look, you gotta snap
your wrist on the backhand.

Usually I like a little
music at this point.

*Sam, I want to play in this
lifetime. All right, all right.*

You gotta snap your wrist. Tag.

You know, we should stop
doing this for awhile.

Doing what?

We're not doing anything.

I know that.

Yet.

Okay, fine.

Maybe you're right.

Does your wife mind?

My wife doesn't even
know you exist,

which most certainly

is for the best.

Why's that?

Lori, you know why you have
to ask that question?

'Cause you've
never been married.

Is marriage synonymous
with deception? No, no, no.

It's just that
when two people...

When two people

get married...

and they live together
for a long time, it's uh...

I like hanging out
with you, so sue me.

You're funny
and you're cute,

and we talk
about the courts...

and which judge
is senile...

and which one wears
a gun under his robe.

You know, Lori,
another time, another place.

Who knows, you know?

Tomorrow? Yeah, it's a light docket.

No, no. I've won
two out of three.

Let's make it the
best out of five.

That's good, actually,
because today I let you win.

- Sure you did.

- See ya.

Hey!

Free as a bird, apparently. You go
everywhere you want with whomever.

That much freedom could
get a fella into trouble.

I'd like my keys. Could it
be you don't remember me?

Sure, I remember you.

You were at the movie house.

Oh, I'm disappointed.

I'm hurt.

I would like my keys.

Max Cady.

You look the same.

Maybe pounds heavier.

But they say the average man
gains a pound a year...

Oh, come on.

Gains a pound a year
till he's about .

Me, I dropped a pound
every year of my sentence.

Atlanta, ' . You got it. July.

Fourteen years since
I held a set of keys.

You look good, healthy. Thank you,

'cause it's a struggle to
stay healthy in the joint.

But you wouldn't know
about that, would ya?

If you were me, they'd stick
you with the white trash.

They don't strike
a lick of work all day.

This little ol' cigar
is my only vice.

I needed a vice in the joint
to remind me I was human.

What brings you
to New Essex?

Oh, the climate.

Boy, the south.

I'm thinkin' of settlin'
here in New Essex, Counselor.

Have you been following me?
It's a small town.

Everywhere you turn,
we're gonna run into each other.

Take care, Mr. Cady. You too.

You're gonna learn
about loss.

What?

Dad, could you...
hmm?

Sorry, Danny.

What're you working on? It's English.

We're supposed to read

Look Homeward, Angel,

which is a kind

of reminiscence,

and we have to attempt

something in the same style.

What's it about,

your reminiscence?

The houseboat.

Oh, the houseboat.

It's not even

July rd yet.

We ought to take two weeks off
and go up to Wilmington...

like the old times,
down to the houseboat.

I wanted to
in early June.

You said you didn't have
time. I probably don't.

Now I don't, either.

Danny's got summer
school till labor day.

She can't miss
two damn weeks?

You know, the alternative
was to expel her.

Maybe this drama teacher
from the college...

will get her excited
about something.

About him, probably.

Why'd they have to make
such a stink,

like she was on
heroin or something?

I mean,
what's marijuana?

You and I smoked
dope in our time.

In some cultures, it's
considered almost a sacrament.

I realize in ours
it's forbidden.

Right up there with incest and
necrophilia and bestiality...

Honey, honey,
honey.

Worship of idols,
cannibalism.

Do that again.
What?

Do that again.

Sam, somebody's out there! What?

Leave the light off.

Leave it off.

I saw him when the
fireworks went off.

What?

I think I talked to him
this afternoon. You know him?

I want you the hell
off my property!

He's gone.

*He said, "I'm gonna make
you think about loss, "*

or "I'm gonna make you
learn about loss. "

Something like that.

That's very poetic.

*Who is he, and where did
he come from? He's from...*

Leigh, get the dog off.

Ben, get down.

*He doesn't
mind me at all.*

*It's your dog.
Come on.*

He shouldn't be up
on the table.

*You're gonna have dog
hairs in your tea. Get down.*

*Where's he from? He's from the
hills, Pentecostal crackers.*

What was he
in prison for?

I think it was battery.

You think it was battery?

*Did he batter a man? Did he
batter a woman? I don't know.*

*It was years ago.
You know, it's kinda...*

*I really
don't remember.*

*What does he
want with you?*

He's just tryin'to bug us.

Just messin'around.

He's an ex-con,
so he's just...

You know, he's probably
upset at the lawyer.

Yeah, your clientele.

Yeah.

Bye, Dad.

Bye, Danny.

You look tired. Thanks. I needed that.

I don't want

to alarm her,

but I'd rather Danny
didn't wander alone...

on her soul-searching
walks in the woods,

at least till I've
started a few things.

What if she takes Benjamin
with her? Ben, our guard dog?

What's he gonna do,
lick him to death?

*Just tell her. I hardly
know anything about the man.*

I don't mean his biography,
just there's some creep around.

If you see him again, call
the cops and then call me.

What about a weapon?

In case things get
exciting around here.

Would you feel more secure with
a loaded gun in the house?

We'd end up using it on
each other. Or Danny would.

He's not gonna do anything.
He just got out of prison.

*He doesn't want
to go right back.*

Call Lee Heller.
Lee's a colorful character,

but he's still the best
criminal lawyer in the state.

Good.

Get me Lee Heller.

You defended this guy, right? Right.

So what makes you think
he wants to harm you?

Yesterday I was
getting in my car.

The guy comes up.
We have a conversation.

He says to me,
"You're gonna learn about loss. "

That'd hardly qualify under
the terrorist threat statutes.

Come on, Tom!

The guy's an ex-con!

You know as well as I do
what that means.

Last night, there he was
behind our house.

- Attempted b and E.

- No, not exactly.

He was sitting on a wall
that bounds our property.

*That's not even
trespassing, Sam.*

What can I say?
Get a restraining order.

I filed one this morning.
The hearing's in ten days.

*Good.
Anything I can do.*

Tom, years ago...

in this case,

I had a report on a

victim. It was a rape case.

That's right, rape and
aggravated sexual battery.

I had a report
on this victim,

and it came back that
she was promiscuous.

And, uh...
I buried it.

Whew.

Anybody else know? No, I buried it.

I didn't show it to the client,
to the prosecution.

But if you had seen what this
guy had done to this girl...

"In every criminal prosecution,
the accused shall have...

*the assistance of counsel for his
defense. " I know the th Amendment,*

but I believe in
the th Amendment.

That's why I left
the public defender's office.

Some folks just don't have
the right to the best defense?

*Of course they deserve
the best defense!*

*But if you had seen what he did
to this girl... Buried the report.*

If it was your
own daughter, Tom...

Buried the report.

Jesus, Sam.

Oh, God.

But I don't see
how he could know that.

He was illiterate.

I had to read everything to him:
The probable cause affidavit,

the arrest reports,
everything.

There's no way

he could know that.

Danny, it's so quiet out here
and the light's so perfect.

*Why don't you get your book
and come out here and read? Why?*

I told you why.

Well, is it because he's like
a flasher or just a peeper?

What do you know about that?

A flasher?

You don't think I've
been flashed before?

I didn't mean to insult you.
I'm sure you've been flashed.

If you want to come out,
come on out.

Do whatever you want.

Oh, but don't
go outside.

Afternoon,
Counselor.

What do you want,

Mr. Cady?

Mmm, mmm-mmm-mmm!

They're great at that age,

ain't they?

All those discoveries

ahead of them.

You're lucky,

Counselor.

My own daughter,

she don't even know me.

After I went inside,
her mama told her I was dead.

Which,
in a way, I was.

Look, Mr. Cady,
I realize that you suffered.

I understand your problem,
but I mean, why me?

I was your lawyer.
I defended you.

Why not badger the D.A.
Or the judge?

"Badger"?

Why not them?

Badger.

Why not?

Best I remember, they was just
doin' right by their jobs.

I didn't do my job?

Is that right?

I pleaded you out to
a lesser included offense.

You could've gotten rape

instead of battery.

*I'd have been up for parole either way
in seven years. Rape is a capital offense.*

You could've gotten life.

You could've done death.

You could be sittin' on
death row right now.

I learned to read
durin' my stretch.

First,

Spot Goes to The Farm,

*then Runaway Bunny,
then law books, mostly.*

Did you know that after
I discharged you,

I acted as my
own attorney?

Applied several times
for an appeal.

No, I didn't
know that.

Mm-hmm.

So, here we are...

two lawyers,

for all practical purposes,

talkin' shop.

How much do you want,

Mr. Cady?

How much do I want what?

How much money do you want?

Money? Counselor,

do I look destitute to you?

I'm open to discussion,

within reasonable limits.

You ever been a woman?

A what?

A woman.

Some fat, hairy,
ugly hillbilly's wet dream.

I realize that you suffered.
There's no question about that.

You don't know what
sufferin' is, Counselor.

Like it says
in Galatians :

"Have ye suffered
so many things in vain?"

I learned from the get-go
in the joint...

to get in touch with the soft
side of myself, the feminine side.

Well, I'm open to some
sort of discussion...

on compensation.

What shall be my
compensation, sir,

for being held down and
sodomized by four white guys?

Or four black guys?

Shall my compensation
be the same?

What is the formula
for compensation, sir?

How about
\$ in cash?

Do I...

Let's just
break that down.

That figure just came to the top
of my head. Let's break it down.

For argument's sake,
let's say \$ \$.

I'll tell you what,
let's say \$.

\$ into years.

Fourteen years
times days...

I'd say is about
days.

You divide that by \$
and that's like \$ a day.

That's not even
minimum wage!

To say nothing about the family
that I lost, the respect.

I don't think you really,
really understand...

what we're talkin'
about here.

Fourteen years.

Whoops!

Uh-oh!

Gotta git. I'm late
for another appointment.

Sam, my man,
I got some good news.

I got the bank,
the account number.

I'll call your
son-in-law's lawyer.

Mr. Bowden?

Your wife's on line one.

Ask her to hold.

I gotta make a call.

I wouldn't make that call.

The way I'd handle...

Mr. Bowden,

she says it's urgent.

Yeah?

*These kind of horrible,
high-pitched howls.*

They sounded like
he was screaming.

And then Danny came
running in, and...

I called the vet.

And then it was
so weird, because...

it was like he was
winding down,

just winding down
like an old clock.

And then all of a sudden
he just stopped.

He had this kind of...

his eyes just wide open,
and this kind of...

surprised look.

And then...

And then he died.

He just died, before
the vet even got here.

What'd the vet say?

That he was poisoned.

Poisoned?

What kind of a poison?

*I don't know what kind
of poison. Jesus, Leigh!*

I told you not
to let him out!

- I didn't let him out!

- Then how?

I've got an English Setter, so

I don't cotton to dog killers.

Trouble is, poisoning

a dog is just a fine.

But if he's unemployed,

he's gotta have money

or we'll bust him for vagrancy.

We'll give him

a full-body strip search.

Jerk a knot
in his tail.

All right.

*We got so many ways on the books
to lean on an undesirable.*

*He'll feel about as welcome around
here as a case of yellow fever.*

- *Hands against the wall.*
- *Spread 'em!*

That him?

One-way mirror.

He doesn't know you're
here. Yeah, that's him.

Get the shirt off.

*Come on,
hurry up.*

*Just pass it
over to him.*

Hand it to me.

Knock off

the shoes.

*Hand 'em to
the other officer.*

*Pass 'em to him.
Come on.*

*Let's put the arms out.
Put the arms out straight.*

*- Roll your palms.
- Do what he says.*

Turn around, slow.

Sheesh.

I don't know whether
to look at him or read him.

Stand still.

*One more step for you.
You know the routine.*

Against the wall.

We searched his apartment. His car
registration, everything's in order.

*There's no guns or any weapons,
but we found these.*

Cady's

savings account.

\$?

His mother died, the farm
got sold. He got the proceeds.

Well, he's got money.

Where does that leave us?

We nail him for the dog.

What happened?

You let the dog out.

Cady abducted him.

No, uh...

we didn't let the dog out.

Cady came

into your house?

That's illegal entry

with intent! No, no, no.

But he didn't come

into the house.

I don't know exactly

how he did it,

I just know
that he did it.

That's not good enough,
Mr. Bowden.

You're a lawyer.
You damn-well know that.

Get off the pants.

He's gonna screw up. The Sheriff
assured me that they always do.

He's gonna get the message
in no uncertain terms.

I'd still like
to kill him.

*Danny, how come you
didn't join up with them?*

You can tap.
You can do that.

You can tap.
Dance.

I wanted to once,
but I don't know.

Son-of-a-bitch!
What?

*He's staring at you. What
are you talking about?*

What the hell
are you doin'?

Mmm, hot as a firecracker
on the 4th of July.

*You're damn lucky
to have her, boy.*

Son-of-a-bitch!

- Where the hell did he go?
- Son-of-a-bitch!

Watch my arm.

It might be broke.

What's with you, buddy? You have
no right to be pushin' me around.

I was just watchin'
the parade.

*Son-of-a-bitch! What are
you gettin' so upset about?*

You're lucky
I don't sue you.

All right,

all right!

Settle down!

I'm settled down.

Sam, what are you doing? It's nothing.

Who was that?

Let's go.

The fellow with the tie.

His wife took him away.

I think he really

hurt his arm.

Mom.

*That's a strong drink you've
got there. You said it.*

Just put a goldfish in it
and you'll be fine.

You seem to be having
a good time.

*I've been practicing.
Practicing for what?*

*How to fall on the floor?
A life of debauchery.*

Debauch...

Debauchery.

It's a three-syllable word.

Making fun of me?

That's okay, no problem.

I made you blush.

Blush?

You're now the color
of your shirt: Scarlet.

I had no business getting
stuck on a guy who was married.

You certainly did not. I
don't know what I was thinking.

God only knows.

Aren't I the bozo
on this bus?

Lest you think that I slept
with this particular...

That's your business.
That's not mine.

I don't want it to sound

like I've been through...

*a bus load of'em. That's
the way it sounded to me.*

He was the first.

Oh, yeah.

He was, I swear.

Tell it to
the judge.

*Actually, the rat stood
me up today. Did he?*

What a shame.

I know.

Now it's my turn. Where are
you from? Where am I from?

You're gonna love this.

I'm from, uh... Georgia State
Correctional Facility.

You think I'm jokin'.
I just got released from prison.

Oh, my God.

This is the way my day's

been turning out.

*Actually, it reminds
me of a joke.*

Do you want to hear it? Tell me.

Liven up the night.

An unmarried woman, uh...

wait, that's not it.

Get the joke straight, darlin'. Shut up!

An unmarried woman,

she meets a guy,

and he tells her he just
got out of prison.

"What'd you do?"

She asks.

"I hacked my wife into
pieces with a chain saw. "

She says... She says,

"So, you're single?"

That's even funnier! Thank you.

*Could I ask you something? What did
you do? I knew you were gonna ask.*

I hacked my wife
into pieces.

I was afraid you were
gonna say that.

I'm a very small person,
so maybe...

Well, maybe I can hack you
into pieces.

What did you do,
really?

No, really,

but what did you do?

There was this protest march
on this nuclear power plant.

And so when they came
to arrest us,

this macho sheriff got rough with the
lady behind me, so I popped the bastard.

So they gave me
a little time for it.

I'm drinking
a Sea Breeze.

I hope you can afford
them. You gotta stay sober.

If you ain't sober,
you're takin' your chances.

'Cause I'm just
one hell of an animal.

Yeah?
Do tell.

Get you on this side, doll.
Let's do this.

Who is Loretta?

That's the love of my life.

She's no longer with us.

I thought I was the love of your
life. Chopped her into pieces.

*He hurt you like this,
that married guy? No.*

*He hurt you like this?
We never did anything.*

Like this? Oh, scandal!
He's a rough one.

How's this feel?

Oh, my God.

Am I under arrest?

Not quite, darlin'.

Officer, I swear,
it's all a mistake.

That married guy
hurt you like this?

'Cause what he did to me
hurt a lot worse than this!

No!

Ahhh!

I've got you now,
bitch!

Danny, when did this key
stop working?

What? Oh.
I don't know.

No wonder.
A wire's missing.

Piano wire
is missing.

Was somebody fooling

around with the piano? What?

Yeah?

Mr. Bowden,

I think we might could have a
little break here. Good, good.

I can be there in a half-hour.

All right, fine.

Who was that? Cady raped another girl.

Rape?

You said it was battery.

The case was a wobbler.

I got it reduced.

I remember those days,
"old slippery Sam. "

I just didn't want to
alarm you or Danny.

How old was that girl? Sixteen.

Sixteen?

What?

Well, my birthday
is coming up.

Neighbors heard screams
and called us.

When the perp drove off,
somebody made his plate.

Max Cady.

Great.

We got one bitty problem.

Girl's scared.

She's claiming

she fell down some stairs.

Sam...

don't...

don't look at me.

Oh, my God.

You two

know each other?

Um...

Yeah,

we work together.

I'll be outside.

I'm so stupid.

Oh, Lori, don't.

You stood me up
at the club the other day,

and then you didn't call.

And by last night
I was feeling...

pretty reckless.

I thought about what
you said, you know,

that your wife...

That she didn't know
I existed.

And I felt like...

I was gonna show you.

I guess I showed you,
all right, didn't I?

I guess I really
showed you!

Lori.

Lori, listen to me,
okay?

Now look.

This guy, Cady,

he's done this kind
of thing before.

Now, he's gonna do this
over and over again...

unless you testify...

and we take him to court... No.

And press charges and testify. No, no.

Sam, I know how it works.

I see it every day.

Only this time

I'm on the other side.

I don't want to explain

why I was in a bar,

and how much I had to drink,

and what I was wearing;

not by the people

I work with.

Not by the guys that

I see cross-examine...

other people on the stand.

Just crucify 'em.

They just laugh

about it later.

They'll even

ask about you.

Lori, listen to me.

I don't care about that.

Well,

I care about that.

I'm sure you do, too.

I'm... I'm...

I'm terribly sorry, Lori.

I'm just terribly sorry.

If this is something personal
between you and the girl and Cady...

Personal?

Come on,
lieutenant.

All right,
what are you implying?

Only that there are some things
that are better handled quietly,

not by the police.

Cady is planning to rape my
wife, but it's not your problem.

I can't bust someone for planning to
rape your wife. You know that damn-well!

Thanks all the same.

The way I'd handle it...

*File a restraining order? Just
think of this Cady as a tiger.*

Get him out of the brush.

How do we do that?

*Stake out a couple of your goats and
hide in a tree. What are you suggesting?*

That I use my family as bait?

And then what?

*Hope that this psychopath
attacks my wife and child?*

*And then blow his head
off? I'm a law officer.*

It would be unethical of me
to advise a citizen...

to take the law
into his own hands.

So, I suppose you
must've misunderstood me.

I guess I must've.

Well, pardon me
all over the place.

*And he's been
harassing my family.*

He's clever, cleverly so
that the law can't touch him.

I believe he's able to
slip into the house undetected.

Although, is he out?
I can't tell.

He's either out or in.

I'm not sure.

I can't see
through walls.

I'm not askin' you
to see through walls.

Why can't anybody
do anything for me?

What good are cops
and laws...

Sam, Sam, calm down.
Let me explain something.

The system is set up to handle
generalized problems...

like burglary
and robbery.

But if some lone creep targets
you for some obscure reason,

the system's slow
and skeptical.

It's pathetic, even.

*What's your connection
with this fellow?*

I was his lawyer,
his public defender.

But you shafted him
somehow.

Well, at least that's
the way he perceives it.

I don't care what you did.
What did he do?

He raped
a -year-old girl.

Do you have a daughter
around ?

She's .

*I'll do a background check,
follow him for a week,*

and write you up
a risk assessment.

Great, great. Now the
cops... I can find him.

Just take it easy, stay calm. All right.

Danny, you can just
relax because...

your daddy has a private
investigator on the payroll.

Isn't that right?

What's your feeling about him?

What, Sam Spade?

Mickey Spillane? Peter

Gunn? Dirty Harry?

Perry Mason? No, Perry

Mason was for lawyers.

The minute I walked in this
guy's office, I felt relaxed.

This guy's
totally in charge.

Kersek deals with
these types for a living.

He looked like
he was gonna enjoy...

- Yes?

- It's me.

After you left, I had this conversation
with a C.O. At Statesboro Prison.

Seems our man Cady had a

job in the kitchen. Right.

*There was this other inmate
working there with him. Right.*

Hated Cady's cigar smoke,
and was always moanin' about it.

They found him with his neck
broke and his tongue bit off.

- Oh, Jesus.

- Yeah.

*They never could place Cady near
the scene of the "accident,"*

*if you want
to call it that.*

*But the parole board, they kept
him in for another seven years.*

*Uh-oh, subject's on the move.
Get a good night's sleep.*

*Who was that?
Our private eye.*

*I thought we were
relaxed now.*

*New essex county Hospital.
Room please.*

One minute, please. All right.

Hello? Hi, Lori. It's me, Sam.

*Lori, I just feel god-awful you got
dragged into this. It's not your fault.*

*If I had any idea that Cady
would hurt you to get at me,*

I would've warned you.

Yeah, I know.

I'm glad you called.

Yep, yep.

I'm so sorry about this.

I feel the same way.

*Well, are you really
determined about...*

*movin'back
to Connecticut?*

*I've thought
about it a lot.*

*I think it's probably
the best thing.*

*I thought that maybe
I could go back to school.*

*I'm really gonna miss you,
though. Excuse me, Lori.*

That sounds real good. Yeah?

That's gonna work out fine.
I'll get back to ya.

All right, bye.

Well, I just don't know
what I hate more,

that insipid tone
or your stupid,

sophomoric
infidelities.

Who was that, huh?
The girl that got beat up?

Yes, Lori Davis.
I already told you.

She works at
the County Courthouse.

And what?
You're fucking her?

Oh, no.

Interesting choice, Sam.

Calling from our bedroom phone.

Why is it

that whenever...

I have a private

phone conversation,

you assume that I'm

fucking someone?

That's why that psychopath

chose her, right?

Yes, that's why

he chose her.

But I'm not fucking
her in any way. Uh-huh.

You sleazy
son-of-a-bitch!

You son-of-a-bitch!
Damn it!

You son-of-a-bitch!
Stop it! Leigh!

*Danny's right
downstairs.*

Oh, honey,
there's nothing the matter.

Yeah, I can see, Dad.

*You promised to leave
that shit in Atlanta.*

What shit?

Christ, what a waste.

The humiliation we went through
confessing our dirty secrets...

in those horrible sessions

with Dr. Hackett.

*We talked that one damn incident
to death. Why did you bother?*

*Because you asked me... I mean, why
did you bother? Why did you bother!*

Why did you bother
with you and me?

With the marriage?

Uprooting me and Danny,
moving?

That's what we decided to do!

You said you wanted to get out!

You don't get it.

What is it I don't get?

- *What don't I get?*

- *Why put us through that!*

Nadine?

It's Danny.

Nothing.

I'm just losing

my mind here.

You don't have the balls
to walk out,

if that's what
you wanted.

Like I was gonna split
with you acting the way you act.

Acting?
You did some acting.

I don't remember
doing any acting.

You don't remember?
Let me refresh your memory.

Do you remember not taking
any work? Not fixing any meals?

I'm not on
fucking trial here!

Do you remember crying
every morning and evening?

Do you remember that?

I scared you, huh?

What did
you think, Sam?

You thought maybe

I was gonna kill myself?

Over you?

Well, who else?

You pompous ass!

You wouldn't leave
the bedroom!

I wish you could
say the same.

Isn't this what

Dr. Hackett talked about?

Diggin' up the past.

The relevant issue is whether
I've been messin' around,

and I have not been.

*As far as this girl goes,
she's just a kid.*

That shouldn't
stop you.

She's a baby! You gravitate to
people in the same profession.

You gravitate to women.

I'm a lawyer, she's a clerk.

She looks up to me!

She's just infatuated.

I can't help that!

Look, Leigh.

I'm scared.

This whole
thing has...

I keep feeling that there's some
animal out there, stalking us.

I think he wants to
hurt us in the worst way.

And that's got me
frightened to death.

You really are scared,
aren't you? Oh, yeah.

Somebody finally
got to you.

Look, Leigh,

I think that this guy
beat and raped her...

because he knew that
she wouldn't testify,

that she wouldn't
press charges.

Because she knows
the system.

I mean,
she works in it.

She knows
that she'd be on trial.

And then, because she

wouldn't testify,

you would assume that there was
something going on between us...

and it would
cause a rift.

And that we'd be much more
vulnerable to him.

I'm glad we talked about this,
because we can work together.

We can beat that
son-of-a-bitch,

the two of us, together,
working as a team.

Oh, boy!

Jesus.

Oh, yeah,
this is great.

This is somethin' else.

Oh... shit!

And here you go. I'm sorry.

I haven't ordered yet.

That fellow over there
sent this over, paid for.

Which one? That guy that's just leaving.

Excuse me.

Hey, Cady!

Come here.

Wait a second.

I've been in a real
bad mood lately.

You know what you can do
to brighten my mood?

- No.

- Get the hell outta here.

I don't mean this town.

I mean the whole state.

*I don't wanna see ya, hear ya,
and i don't wanna smell ya.*

Are you my friend?

No, I'm not
your friend.

I thought maybe

you were my friend,

because I like to plan my
comin's and goin's with friends.

But if you're not my friend,
I'd call that presumptuous.

I'd call it downright rude,
'cause I ain't your porch-baby.

Well, gee-golly-gosh.

I sure am sorry I offended you,
you white-trash piece of shit.

Ooh, I got the all-over

fidgets on that one!

You've really shaken me up.

I'm shiverin' all over.

*It's not necessary to lay
a foul tongue on me, my friend.*

I could get upset.

Things could get outta hand.

And then

in self-defense,

I could do somethin' to you

that you would not like.

You feel squirrely.

You just jump.

You threatenin' me?

- You threatenin' me?

- You catch on fast.

'Cause I'm well within
my rights to be here.

And if I stay here,
what you gonna do?

I don't give a rat's ass
about your rights.

You watch your step.

What you gonna do,
arrest me?

You a cop, or were you not good
enough to remain on the force?

That's the feelin'
I'm gettin' here.

Hope you enjoyed
your breakfast.

Ma'am,
this belong to you?

Can I help you? I just found it.

Thought you might need it back.

If a dogcatcher comes across
a dog without a license,

he's liable to think
it's a stray...

and do

God-knows-what to it.

You know, um...

Our dog is...

He passed away.

What a shame.

Yeah.

A man's best friend.

A woman's, too.

Even without closin' my eyes,

I can picture him...

Big, friendly, shaggy,

asleep at your feet.

Keepin' you company while

you're tryin' to finish up...

those pesky,

little sketches.

Oh, you're Max Cady,
aren't you?

*Get the hell outta here
before I call the police!*

I'm not doin'nothin'.

I'm just givin' you back
your dog collar.

You want to
look around?

Go ahead, Mr. Cady,

take a good look.

Nice house.

Yeah, it is a nice house.

You satisfied now?

Or is there more,

huh?

Is that it?

There is gonna be more,

isn't there?

You won't stop

until you're happy.

How can I be happy, Leigh,
when you're not happy?

You don't know
anything about me.

I know what I see, ma'am. Yeah?

Mm-hmm.

I wanted to know
what you looked like.

I've been waitin'
to see your face,

but now that I see you,
you are just repulsive.

I understand.
I'm not your type.

No. All that prison time made me coarse.

Guess I'm covered in
too many tattoos.

There's not a whole
lot to do in prison...

but desecrate your flesh.

*It didn't have to be that way
for either of us...*

*if your husband hadn't
betrayed us both.*

Who knows? We might've
been different people.

We might've been happy,
Leigh.

- Mom, someone's on the phone!
- Danny, don't come out here!

Hey, Sam!

Yo, Sam!

I thought I'd
catch you here.

Well, that little smart
aleck made me. He what?

It wasn't my fault.
He was lookin' to be covered.

There is a lot of cutsie-cutsie
in that little prick. I told ya.

You know where he was?

At the public library reading
Thus Spake Zarathustra,

by Friedrich Nietzsche.

He's this German philosopher.
Said that God is dead.

We can keep goin' this way,
but it's gonna get expensive.

I'm not so concerned about days.
Stay on him a few more nights.

Do you really want
to resolve this situation?

I'd love to resolve it.

Then I've got a suggestion.

There's men that can
be hired, by me,

to do a little
hospital job on Cady.

What are we talkin'
about here?

Two pieces of pipe,
a bicycle chain.

Sam, he won't be
so scary after that.

Are we agreed that

I'm a lawyer?

*Maybe years ago we'd have taken
this guy and stoned him to death.*

*I can't operate outside the law.
The law's my business.*

I'm home! Where is everybody? In here.

Evenin', ladies.

Oh, chicken.

How is everything?

Is everything okay?

Yeah.

Good, good.

He was here today.

Hello?

Hello, Danielle?

Is this Miss Danielle Bowden? Yeah.

This is your new

teacher callin'.

From English or drama? Drama.

How ya doin'?

Fine.

*I'm just goin'down the list,
greetin'my summer students.*

You sound kinda down. No...

*Um, there's just been stuff
going on around here.*

Anything I can do? I doubt it.

*Shit happens, you know,
like the T-shirt says.*

Yeah.

*You know, Danielle... all that
negativity, you can use that.*

What do you mean?

*I'm the kind of teacher that takes
a personal interest in his kids.*

*Everything you're
going through, it's okay.*

*The awkwardness you feel when
you're walkin' down the street...*

*and some leerin'fool's
makin'fun of your sexuality.*

The turmoil you feel...

*when that time
of month comes around.*

*The anger that you feel
that your mom and dad...*

*won't let you just
grow up and be a woman.*

*Don't suppress
or deny it.*

Use it in your life
and your work.

Okay.

I mean, uh...

*That's... I'll have to
think about all that.*

So, class is tomorrow
in room right?

No, it's been changed
to the theater.

*What better place for
drama, right? Yeah.*

And remember, Danielle,

you can use all those fears
to draw upon and learn.

You know this
little tune?

If you wanna do right

All day...

Woman

Woman,
you gotta be A... #

Do-right man

All-night man

You can trust in me,
'cause I'm the do-right man.

Okay?

'Night now.

Okay.

Good night.

Honey, I think maybe

I should walk you in.

No, it's okay, Mom.

There's a lot of people here.

I'll be right here at

: to pick you up. Okay.

Bye...

Hi!

I didn't think summer session

was gonna be so crowded.

They're just having a meeting
about next fall's chorus program.

I have to go downstairs
for drama.

Okay.

Bye.

Hello?

Nadine?

I'm here for
the drama class.

Hi.

Oops.

Am I busted?

No.

I hope not.

You can't smoke grass
in school.

Privilege of
the professional.

Eases inhibitions.
You down here for drama?

Yeah. Are you
the drama teacher?

And you're...
let me guess.

Cecile James?

No. I'm, uh...
Danielle Bowden.

Danielle? Oh,
we spoke last night.

Yeah.

Oh, I'm sorry.

How rude.

It's okay.

Um...

I think we're
alone now #

Okay.

Hmm.

Thanks.

Here.

I'm gonna
give this to you.

Ow.

Little trick I learned.
Take it.

*You know, when we spoke on
the phone last night? Mm-hmm.*

Um... you really made sense
to me and...

I thought a lot.

Those are human truths, darlin'.

That's what it's all about.

That's what
we deal with here.

*See the book you have,
Thomas Wolfe?*

It's all about self-discovery,
the inner voyage.

I like the end where, um...

Eugene's journey...

It was really, uh,
mystical, you know.

And it was almost like
a pilgrimage?

Almost like a cop-out,
if you ask me.

Those were the facts
of Wolfe's life.

The novel is what you would call
a "roman a clef. "

*You know what
that is?*

*I'm not sure.
Nonetheless,*

*you can't escape your demons
just by leaving home.*

*Although writers do find new
freedom when they relocate abroad.*

*Take Henry Miller. Have you read his
trilogy? "Plexus, Nexus, and Sexus. "*

No. You haven't read that?

You're missin'
something.

*Well, you know what?
I did read Tropic of Cancer.*

Just parts of it though,
'cause, uh...

I had to sneak it off
my parents' shelf, you know?

*But, his descriptions are
pretty vivid, I would say. Yeah.*

In one of the novels,

I don't recall which,

he describes an erection as a
piece of lead with wings on it.

I didn't read
that part.

Of course not.

You're not allowed.

Your parents don't want you to
achieve adulthood. That's natural.

They know the pitfalls
of adulthood, all that freedom.

They know it
only too well.

*Temptation to stray, deflecting
their guilt and anger onto you...*

for a crime that's not even
a crime... for smokin' grass.

Wh...

Wait a second.

Um... where are you from?

Where am I from?

Yeah.

Where do you think

I'm from?

I don't know, but...

If I told you,

you gonna get mad at me?

No.

I'm from a black forest.

That's funny.

You're not the

drama teacher, are you?

Maybe I'm the
big, bad wolf.

Um...

So, you're that guy that's
been hanging around the house?

You're the one that
killed my mom's dog?

Your mom's dog was killed?

Yeah.

I didn't even know
anything about that.

That's a shame.

That's a damn shame.

Yes, it was.

What kind of dog was it? Um...

I don't know.

He was just...

He was fluffy and...

Fluffy?

Mm-hmm.

So you didn't do that?

Of course

I didn't do that.

Okay. I wouldn't do that.

So, what are you
doing here then?

Well, I came to meet you,

to be honest with you.

Why?

'Cause...

I wanted to meet you,
see what you were like.

I see you're a nice person.
That's all.

You're not gonna hurt me,
are you?

No, I'm not gonna
hurt you at all.

There's no hurting here,
Danielle.

*'Tween us there's
no anger... nothin'.*

Just a search for truth.

I mean, did you judge me,
did you get angry at me...

when you caught me
smokin' the grass?

Hmm?

No.

*But your parents,
they judged you.*

*They got plenty angry at you,
didn't they?*

Yeah.

Mm-hmm.

*They punished you
for their sins.*

What did they do?

They, uh...

My dad...

They just yelled a whole lot
and, um...

My mom cried...

and my dad said I couldn't
drive the Cherokee.

I'd say they punished you
for their sins,

and you resent that,
and you should resent it.

But Professor "Do-Right"
has a little advice for you.

You shouldn't

damn 'em.

Don't judge 'em.

Just forgive 'em,

for they know not what they do.

Well, um, why do you

hate my father?

I don't hate him at all.

Oh, no, I pray for him.

I'm here to help him.

I mean, we all make mistakes,
Danielle.

You and I have.
At least we try to admit it.

Don't we?

Yeah.
Mm-hmm.

But your daddy, he don't.

Every man Carries a circle of
hell around his head like a halo.

Your daddy too.

Every man... Every man...

has to go through hell

to reach his paradise.

You know what paradise is? No.

Salvation.

'Cause your daddy's

not happy.

Your mommy's not happy.

And you know what?

You're not happy.

Are you?

No, I'm not.

You thought about me
last night, didn't you?

Um, yes, I did.

I know.

You know, I think
I might have found a companion,

a companion for that
long walk to the light.

Do you mind if
I put my arm around you?

Um...

Um...

It's okay.

No, I don't mind.

Okay.

Kersek, where have you been? He
came at my daughter at school.

You asked me to watch him nights,
I'm watching. What happened?

My wife, Leigh, found marijuana
in one of Danny's schoolbooks.

*We don't know if Cady
gave it to her or what,*

*'cause she's scared
and won't talk.*

This has gone far enough.

It's gotta stop.

Did you phone the cops?

No, I didn't

phone the cops.

What'd you call them?

Slow, skeptical, pathetic.

Danny. Leigh, that's all right.

Hold on a minute.

Uh, Kersek,

I want to hire those three guys.

Remember the hospital job?

Consider it done,
the sooner the better.

Three men's gonna
cost you a grand.

I know that's not chicken feed, but you
don't want to go with less than three.

- It's better to overdo it.
- You'll have money by morning.

We'll be on for

tomorrow night. And, Sam,

you feel good about this.

Uh... all right.

You notice
these young people?

They don't look
very happy.

They're committed to their professions
and ambitions, but not to each other.

*Cady, shut up
and listen.*

If you don't leave,

if you don't leave my family
alone and get out of here,

you're gonna be hurtin'
like you never dreamed.

Could you repeat that?

I said, if you
don't get out of here,

you're gonna be hurtin'
like you never dreamed.

A threat?

Yeah.

You bet your ass that's a threat.

I have thought of relocatin'...

*somewhere where I'd be more
appreciated... California perhaps.*

*I could teach
earthquake preparedness.*

But then it hits me.

I love New Essex, Counselor.

I mean, where else could I casually

confer with an old colleague?

We're not colleagues. Do you
understand that? We're not colleagues.

You think
you're better than me.

I don't think I'm better than
you. That's not the point.

Good. 'Cause if you're not better
than me then I can have what you have.

- And what do I have?
- A wife, a daughter.

I'm gonna teach you
the meaning of commitment.

Fourteen years ago, I was forced
to make a commitment...

to an eight-by-nine cell.

Now you're gonna be forced
to make a commitment.

You could say
I'm here to save you.

Fine.

*Check out the Bible,
Counselor...*

The book between
"Esther" and "psalms. "

Danny?

Danny!

You all right?

What?

Is everything all right? Yeah.

This isn't gonna work,

you know.

What isn't gonna work?

Locking us in,
hiding us from the world.

Don't be
so dramatic, Danny.

- Making me stay out of school.
- You're going back tomorrow.

Put some clothes on.
You're not a little kid anymore.

Why am I going back to school

tomorrow? What are you gonna do?

That's none
of your concern, Danny.

Dad,

he didn't force himself
on me, you know.

I know you'd like
to think that he did.

*But I think
he was...*

I think he was just trying
to make a connection with me.

Now, Danny, I want you
to listen to me, all right?

No. You understand?

No.

There will never be
any connection...

between you and Max Cady.

You understand that?

Huh?

Did he touch you?

What?

What are you laughing about?

Why are you smilin'?

I'm asking you a question.

Did he touch you?

Wipe that smile
off your face!

Did he touch you?

C'mon.

Oh, wait, Danny. I'm sorry. No.

No, I'm sorry.

Wait, honey.

I'm sorry.

Get out of here!

Get out of here!

Oh, Max.

C'mon. C'mon.

Counselor?

Counselor?

Is that you?

Counselor?

Come out, come out,
wherever you are.

I ain't no white-trash
piece of shit.

I'm better than
you all!

I can outlearn you.

I can out-read you.

I can outthink you.

And I can
out-philosophize you.

And I'm gonna
outlast you.

You think a couple whacks to

my guts is gonna get me down?

It's gonna take a hell of a
lot more than that, Counselor,

to prove
you're better than me!

"I am like God
and God like me.

"I am as large as God!

"He is as small as I!

He cannot above me

nor I beneath him be. "

Silesius, th century.

Counselor?

Counselor?

Could you be there?

Could you be there?

Counselor?

I wonder

if you're here?

Ah, fuck it.

If you're here,
what the fuck's the difference.

Fuck it!

*I've got Mr. Kersek on one.
Good, I'll take it.*

Tom.

Sam, you look tired.

You get that writ? No,

we've got to get into that.

Let me just
grab this.

*I'm sorry
about last night.*

*That son-of-a-bitch could survive
a nuclear strike. Hang on a second.*

Tom, I'm not doin' it.
I pulled a fast one.

It's come back and bit me
on the ass in a major way.

What you did was dumb. What I'm asking
is no big deal. This is my daughter!

It's perjury. It's bullshit
and I'm not doin' it.

Now, excuse me. I'll be in my office.

Who was that
top criminal lawyer?

Lee Heller. We need to talk. Kersek?

*Word gets out how Cady
bushwhacked those bastards,*

*it's gonna be a bitch to line up
new guys. No more guys, hear me?*

Mr. Heller, it's Sam Bowden
from Broadbent and Denmeyer.

Tom speaks highly of you. He says you're
the best and the best is what I need.

*We froze our butts together
in Korea. How can I help you?*

It's a simple petition for a restraining
order, but there's complications.

This is short notice,
but I need this injunction.

There's an ex-convict, Max Cady.

He's been harassing my family.

*I'm sorry, Mr. Bowden. I can't
continue this conversation.*

Is there a more
convenient time?

*The damn thing is, I have a
conflict. What would that be?*

*Mr. Cady retained my services
as of yesterday. He what?*

*In fact, I see on my phone sheet
Mr. Cady called this morning.*

*So, I'm sure he'll... Wait, Lee,
look. This man is a psychotic.*

*It appears I'll be seein'ya
at that hearing after all.*

Could you repeat that?

I said, if you don't leave,

*if you don't leave my family
alone and get out of here,*

*you're gonna be hurtin'
like you never dreamed.*

A threat?

*Yeah, you bet your ass
that's a threat.*

*You need only glance
at my client...*

to know that Mr. Bowden
made good on his...

heinous and cowardly threat.

Just as God arose to judgment
to save the meek of the earth,

I hope and pray
you will do the same, sir.

Your honor,

Mr. Cady wouldn't have
surreptitiously taped our meeting...

unless he knew that...

This court
does not condone...

feuds, vendettas,
or vigilantism.

*Let me quote our great
Negro educator,*

Mr. Booker T. Washington.

*"I will let no man
drag me down so low...*

as to make me hate him. "

Yes.

*I will grant
the restraining order,*

not to validate
the malice between you,

but in the interest
of Christian harmony.

You may not come...

within yards of...

Mr. Maximilian Cady...

*until such time
as the court...*

*may lift
the injunction.*

King Solomon could not have
adjudicated more wisely, Your Honor.

I am so offended...

*by the Philistine tactics
of Mr. Bowden,*

I petitioned the A.B.A.
For his disbarment...

*on the grounds of
moral turpitude.*

Now, if you will

excuse us,

my client...

C'mon, son...

is due back
at the hospital...

for the results of
his numerous X-rays.

Kersek, I want a gun.

I need a gun.

I want a gun.

You want a gun?

Yeah.

You know anything about guns? No.

I don't believe in 'em. I
never had them around the house.

I'll get you a gun. What
kind you want? Now, calm down.

Something simple,
something I can handle.

Let me see what fits you.

Forty-five...

Let me see your hands. Okay.

A. snub-nosed

special. All right, good.

I can teach you how to use it. Great.

The first lesson is: Don't think of it
as shooting a man or trying to kill him.

Think of it as an
extension of your fist,

reaching out and knocking a
man down. Boom! Boom! All right.

Later, we'll go out

and shoot some trees.

That'd be great. Good. Uh...

What is it?

What?

Sam, I give you a gun,
you pull it on Cady,

it's gonna dawn on you that shootin' a man
is different than blowing holes in trees.

Next thing, you don't have
my gun. Cady does. No, no.

I'd know how to handle a gun.
He won't take it away from me.

Best-case scenario:
You kill Cady dog-dead.

Fifteen years to life,
do you realize that?

Oh, Jesus!
It's all fucked up, Kersek!

The law considers me more of
a loose cannon than Max Cady!

*Some big-shit attorney's whipped the
A.B.A. Ethics Committee into a frenzy.*

There's an emergency session
in Raleigh over the assault.

How'd they link that
to you?

I went to warn Cady.

I thought it was
the decent thing to do.

Maybe I'd scare him.
He was wired.

Goddamn fools!

This hearing,
it's real important?

Only if I want to continue
to practice law. Yeah.

- Cady isn't expected there?
- No, no, no, no.

Mr. Cady,
he's beyond reproach.

But you're required to be there? Yeah.

When is this hearing?
Thursday morning, nine o'clock.

The torture begins
and lasts for two days.

Mmm. You have to fly up
the night before?

Right.

Cady's an opportunist.

If he thinks you're gonna be
outta town for two days,

that's gonna be as tempting
to him as shit is to a fly.

*If Cady breaks into
your home...*

he can be killed...
justifiably.

But he won't show unless he's real
sure you're not gonna be there.

Have a good trip. All right. Bye-bye.

Call us tonight.

All right.

*I didn't miss the
: to Raleigh?*

I'm afraid you did.

But there's a : .

Oh, it's not that. I have
important papers for Samuel Bowden.

Was he on the : ?

We can't give out
that information, sir.

I just...

I guess I could send it
to him overnight...

but he might be back, for
all I know, tomorrow morning.

And I...
See, my...

My wife and I have been in an
accident and he's our lawyer.

If I don't get in touch with
him, we could lose this case.

We've already lost
our daughter, Danny.

Is...

Is there any way I can find out if he was
on that flight and when he's comin' back?

*It'd really,
really help us.*

He'll be back
the day after tomorrow, sir.

Bless your heart.

Go on.

Go on in.

Get down, Sam.

Leigh,

give me a cigarette.

You better slow down. You're outpacing
me -to- since you started smoking again.

Just keep track of
how many I owe you.

*How'd it go at the
airport? We did our thing.*

But we don't know if he saw us.

We don't know if he was there.

Well, we'll set the trap
and we'll see.

- What if we don't wanna see?

- Danny!

What? Maybe he
poisoned the dog.

Sam, watch out
for the windows!

You're not allowed to
stand up, Dad. Remember?

*Didn't Cady go after
her? You don't know Danny.*

If she finds a palmetto bug

in her bedroom,

she takes it outside.

She could never
kill anything.

*Even a six-foot
palmetto bug?*

Oh, God!

What is that?

It's monofilament line.

Got it from Sam's fishing gear.

What I do is stretch it
across the windows and doors,

and tie it to
Danny's teddy bear.

If the bear moves a quarter of an inch,
I know if the holy ghost is sneakin' in.

What are you
reading?

Why, did Kersek quit? No.

It's just that
Cady said...

You want some answers.

Me too.

I'd like to know
just how strong we are...

or how weak.

But I guess the only way
we're gonna find that out...

is just by
going through this.

Cady said to read the book
between Esther and Psalms.

Which is which one?

The book of Job.

Job was a good man.

He believed in God.

And God tested his faith.

He took away
everything he had,

even his children.

It's hideous, this plan.

I mean, barbaric.

They're crazy.

My dad's turned into some
kind of... I don't know what.

Barbaric.

Vamos, Danny.

*Ocúpate de tus propios
asuntos, eh?*

Listen to your father.

Do what they say.

What else you can do? Leave.

*We could go to the houseboat
and get lost in any inlet.*

Danny, come on.

Don't stay outside.

You wanna know...

what really disturbs me?

Is killing this guy.

I mean,

taking a man's life.

*I don't know if I can live
with that. You may have to.*

*Sam, just remember the
plan. I know the plan.*

Damn, it's premeditated.

It's, uh...

It makes me an accomplice,
an accessory, an abettor.

It's also excessive force.

The only thing excessive
we could do to Cady...

would be to gut him
and eat his liver.

Well, that
might be excessive.

Jesus Christ, Kersek.
I'm serious.

No, you're scared.

But that's okay.

I want you
to savor that fear.

The South evolved
in fear;;

fear of the Indian,
fear of the slave,

fear of the damn Union.

The South has a fine tradition
of savoring fear.

What's the matter?

Don't look!

Don't look.

She's making me nervous.

What would she
normally do...

if Sam wasn't around
to run her home?

- She'd stay over.
- Then she stays over.

What?

Leigh?

I know how the dog died.

- Sam, are you dreaming?

- No.

I just had the weirdest feeling

he was already in the house.

Can't sleep,

huh, Miss Graciela?

Yeah, it's hot.

I think it's the humidity.

That's what makes us so thirsty.

Excuse me.

You know, my pop
was a cop... years.

This was his favorite drink
when he was on stakeout.

I learnt that in prison.
You like?

White-trash piece of shit!

Stay here, Leigh.

Kersek?

Kersek?

Danny!

Danny, go back to your room.

Go back to your room.

Lock the door.

Kersek?

Don't go down there,

Sam. It's all right.

Kersek?

Sam!

Don't look.

Danny, don't look.

Oh, my God, Graciela!

Don't look. Don't look.

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

It's the piano wire.

Sam!

Oh!

I'm gonna get
this son-of-a-bitch!

Sam, no!

No!

No! No, Sam!

Son-of-a-bitch!

Tell him to stop!

Sam, he might be out here!

He might be out here!

I've got

Kersek's gun with me...

*and you're gonna find the piano
wire that Cady used in the house.*

Yeah, I know how this looks.

I know it.

You're not supposed
to flee a murder scene.

Listen, Lieutenant, you may
know this and you may not.

In the law there's a thing
called force majeure.

*It means an
unforeseeable act of God.*

It cancels all promises
and obligations.

Legally speaking,
all bets are off.

You find Max Cady...

and we'll come back.

What did he say?

He said we're fugitives.

What does that mean?

*That means we're
doing something right.*

Where's that old mongrel dog

of yours, Mrs. Bowden?

Tomorrow I'll
catch some fish.

You don't have to. I've got
enough food to last us a week.

Well...

But it'd be nice.

Good.

It's only rain...
a sheet of rain.

What was that?

Just a squall.

I'll go check the anchor.

Wait, Dad.

Don't go out.

Danielle, look. Everything is
okay. We're on the river now.

*It's just a
squall kickin'.*

Graciela has a brother.

I mean, she had...

had a brother.

Oh, sweetie.

We'll get in touch with him

right away.

Sam?

We're making some tea.

Sam!

Dad?

Can't hear you.

It's windy out.

What's that?

Are we moving?

Sam!

Good evenin', ladies.

My husband

has a gun.

- Not this gun. Is it this gun?

- Where is he?

Restin' up.

Had a long, difficult day.

Danielle, I told you,

*you can't escape your demons
just by leaving home.*

I didn't.

My parents brought me here. Of course.

Where's Sexus?

Back at the house.

Shame.

I had hoped we could
read aloud from it together.

Well...

*I, um... I memorized
some for you. Did you?*

Yeah.

Did you?

Yeah.

Well, I'm impressed.

Which part?

The part...

You know what part.

You know. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

I don't think
you did your homework.

I did.

What parts was that?

The good parts?

Yeah, they were... Were you a good girl?

I was. I knew
you'd follow me here.

*You know me pretty well,
don't you, darlin'? Yeah, I do.*

You gonna get to know me
a lot better too.

No!

Are you offering me
somethin' hot?

Let's get
somethin' straight here.

I spent years
in an eight-by-nine cell,

surrounded by people
who were less than human.

*My mission at that time
was to become more than human.*

You see?

Granddaddy used to handle
snakes in church.

Granny drank strychnine.

I guess you could say I had
a leg up, genetically speakin'.

I'm gonna forgive you,
Danielle, honey.

But I know that wasn't
the real you, the true you.

But I would like you
to wait in the hold.

*Danielle? Danielle,
get in the hold!*

Danielle.

Stop!

No!

Oh, no!

Ready to be born again,

Mrs. Bowden?

A few minutes alone with me,

darlin'...

and you'll be

speakin' in tongues.

Excuse me, Mrs. B.

*Please don't take umbrage, but
in the plan I have formulated,*

there's much more to it
than just you and I makin' love.

I mean, that's just so
commonplace and dreary.

You will now
have an opportunity.

"What is that opportunity?"

You ask.

*Why, here and now,
we have an opportunity...*

to depict and dramatize...

Oh, no!

Both the heights
and the depths...

of a mama's true love of her
daughter, if y'all get my meaning.

C'mon out, babe.

Let's go.

Get out!

Get up here.

This is between you and me.

Leave them out of it.

This is my night, Counselor.

Don't you step on my lines.

Stop! Stop!

Yes, Leigh?

Listen to me, Max.

Listen to me.

You know, Max,
since all this started,

I've thought about you
all the time.

I've tried to imagine what it
must have been like for you...

all those years
locked up in jail.

I've tried to imagine you,

and even your crimes,

*and how you must have felt in
those moments that you did them.*

See...

I know about laws, Max.

I know about losing time,
even losing years.

*And I know it
doesn't compare to jail,*

but I can understand...

and I could share this
with you.

Because of that, whatever it is
that you've got planned,

I want you to do it
just with me,

not with her.

Because...

we have this connection.

What do you think,
Counselor?

No!

That was real eloquent,
Leigh.

Brave too.

I wanna thank you for conveying to
me your very powerfulest emotions.

'Cause...

I'm gonna enjoy this
all the more.

Oh, my God!

The people call
Samuel G. Bowden!

*Do you swear to tell the truth,
so help you God?*

*Somebody's got to man
the boat. Did you swear?*

- I'll do it.
- Sit, Danielle.

Don't make light of your
duty. You're the jury.

I swear to tell the truth.

What do you want to know?

Was a prior sexual history ever
prepared in connection with my defense?

Was a prior sexual history ever
prepared in connection with my defense?

It's...

I'm sorry, Your Honor. I agree.

That was argumentative.

*An investigator did prepare
a prior sexual history...*

on the alleged victim,
true?

I can ask leading questions.
He is a hostile witness.

*Would you care to tell the court
what the gist was of this report?*

It was years ago.
I can't remember that.

How can he answer
when you're hitting him!

'Cause he's perjuring himself.
He knows exactly what it said!

Don't you? It said that
she was promiscuous.

It said that she had
three lovers in one month.

At least three! And did you
show this report to the D.A.?

- No.

- No, I had to.

I only discovered it after I

petitioned to represent myself.

Six years into my sentence!

There it was in the court file!

But back in '
you buried it!

Would you care to
tell the jury why?

Would you care to
tell the court why?

Because I know he
brutally raped her and beat her.

Talk to me!

I'm standing here!

Just because she was promiscuous
didn't give you the right to rape her.

*You bragged to me that you beat two
prior aggravated rapes! You were a menace!*

You were my lawyer!

That report could have
saved me years!

- You're probably right.
- You self-righteous fuck!

I'm Vergil and I'm guiding you
through the gates of hell.

We are now in the 8th Circle,
the Circle of Traitors.

Traitors to country!
Traitors to fellow man!

Traitors to God!
You, sir...

are charged with betrayin'
the principles of all three!

Quote for me the American
Bar Association's Rules...

of Professional Conduct,
Canon Seven.

"A lawyer should represent
his client... "

"Should zealously represent his
client within the bounds of the law. "

I find you guilty,
Counselor!

Guilty of betraying
your fellow man!

Guilty of betraying your country

and abrogatin' your oath!

Guilty of judging me

and selling me out!

With the power vested in me

by the kingdom of God,

I sentence you to

the 7th Circle of hell!

Now you will learn

about loss!

Loss of freedom!

Loss of humanity!

Now you and I will
truly be the same.

*Get down on your knees. Both
of you, take off your clothes.*

- *Down on your knees now!*

- *No, no, no!*

Take off your clothes!

Down on you knees!

No!

Don't!

*Now... take off
your clothes!*

*You, Leigh.
Take off your clothes.*

*Now! Now!
No, no, no.*

*C'mon.
Get it, get it!*

*You're gonna learn to be an animal!
To live like one and die like one.*

Give me your hand!

No, Dad!

Go! Go!

Ahhh!

Aaah!

Forget about that
restrainin' order, Counselor?

You're well within
yards!

Well, here we are, Counselor.
Just two lawyers...

workin'it out!

I'm gonna kill you!

You already sacrificed me,

Counselor!

Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!

Glory be to God.

Hallelujah!

On Jordan's stormy banks

I stand #

Oh, who will
come with me #

I'm bound for the
promised land I... #

I'm bound for
the promis... #

Land, I am

I'm bound for
the promised land #

*We never spoke about
what happened.*

*At least,
not to each other.*

*Fear, I suppose...
that to remember his name,*

*or what he did, would mean
letting him into our dreams.*

*And me, I hardly
dream about him anymore.*

*Still, things won't ever be the
way they were before he came.*

But that's all right.

*Because if you
hang on to the past,*

you die a little every day.

And for myself,

I know I'd rather live.

The end.