

You ever heard of the White Cliffs of Dover? When Steven was around 6 years old we stayed out there for a summer. David's mother was British. Dover is this sad little seaside town. It used to be a vacation spot but with all the cheap air travel the industry left. Only the old and junkies are left. Otherwise it's pretty desolate. Those cliff's though about 5 miles away? They're beautiful. Beautiful but deadly. The edges are steep and the sea lies about 100 feet below.

Steven was like rubber then. Nothing can harness them at that age. He joked that he wanted to swim in the sea and he was going to jump in. So he just tore off sprinting towards the cliff edge. I let him go at first. I figured he'd stop in time. But he kept going. I just started screaming. I screamed so hard I couldn't swallow for a week. The wind was swallowing my voice. For a minute there I thought he would be gone.

FATHER LUKE

But he wasn't.

MARGRET

No. What would people have said? What was the mother doing? Why wasn't she watching him? Shit, I would have said that! It was then that I realized.

A beat.

MARGRET (CONT'D)

We're just throwing dice. All of us. Paula, Me, even you. No one can control it. Chaos and cruelty take us all. Why did I bring a person into this? That was cruel.