

DEATH AND OTHER DETAILS - S01E01 - RARE | TRANSCRIPT

January 16, 2024

When a guest is murdered on a luxury ocean liner, Imogene Scott becomes the only suspect in an impossible crime. She didn't do it. So, who did?

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Season 1 Episode 1

Episode Title: Rare

Original release date: January 16, 2024 (Hulu)

Plot summary: When a guest is murdered on a luxury ocean liner, Imogene Scott becomes the only suspect in an impossible crime. She didn't do it. So, who did?

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[birds squawking]

[dogs barking]

YOUNG ANNA COLLIER: Tripp, give it back!

YOUNG TRIPP COLLIER: Aw, you're never gonna get this back.

NANNY: Tripp, leave your sister alone!

RUFUS COTESWORTH: Pay attention.

YOUNG ANNA: I'm gonna kill you!

RUFUS: Details matter.

YOUNG TRIPP: Good luck.

RUFUS: If you want to solve a crime, any crime, you must first learn to see through the illusion.

KATHERINE COLLIER: She got suspended from school.

Stole a rare book from the library, first edition.

She's been acting out since her mother died.

Which is completely understandable.

Maybe she'll talk to you.

LAWRENCE COLLIER: She's like a daughter to us.

All the resources of this family are at your disposal.

♪ Gentle, mysterious music playing ♪

[whistles] I'm Rufus.

Must be Imogene?

[sighs] Huh.

I'd wager they never even play with it.

So... you're the world's greatest detective.

[chuckles] Their words, not mine.

[Rufus grunts]

I'm here to help with your mother's case.

I understand you're the only eyewitness.

I don't remember.

[engine rumbles]

[explosion blasts]

But I wanna help.

You will.

You and me,

we're gonna help each other.

♪ Singers vocalizing ♪

RUFUS: I bet you think it's easy, reader.

You are wrong.

Illusions are everywhere.

[water sloshing]

♪ Quando c'è la luna piena by Cocki Mazzetti playing ♪

RUFUS: In my 30-year career, I have learned two key lessons.

One, do not attempt to bribe a national parks employee.

And this: what is real is precious... and rare.

[indistinct chatter]

Celia Chun is using this to fuck with the offer, but [sighs] she's just bluffing. I know she wants in.

Check these upper deck bars. These people got all your money.

Because I know.

She's on our ship drinking our booze.

She wants in, so just give me the numbers that I want.

Has she convinced 'em?

Who, the board?

No, the Chuns. Don't you work for her?

As an assistant in the marketing department, as you remind me constantly.

You know, I keep a screengrab of your adorable, little pay stub in my favorites folder.

Yeah, I know, Tripp.

You showed me at the holiday party.

Mm.

ANNA: for anything under eight.

You know that.

IMOGENE SCOTT: She's rattled.

TRIPP: My sister? Terrified.

Give me the revised spreadsheet.

She's gotta lock down this Chun money. Has to.

Mm! Olives. Thank you.

SERVER: Of course.

ANNA: And that's last night, but we'll see. Okay.

Hi, sorry. Work is just...

I'm being a bad friend.

No, it's fine.

Did you, uh, d'you fix things?

Close that funding round?

It's fine. Everything's fine.

Good. Well, don't worry about me. I'm happy just freeloading as per usual.

What? Imogene, please, you're family.

Really glad you say that

because my room service bill last night was hilarious.

Ha-ha.

Cheers.

Cheers.

[exhales] Mm.

♪

[glasses clattering]

GUEST: You gotta be fuckin' kidding me!

This watch is worth 50 grand! You hear me? That's 50,000 American.

More than you make in a fucking year!

I'm so sorry, sir.

I'm so sorry...

Your tip was in here. Was.

[Winnie breathing heavily, gasps]

Is that your friend, Tripp?

It's my investor... supposedly.

I hate that. Only a true asshole punches down.

Somebody has to say something.

Doesn't always have to be you, though.

But I'm so good at it.

♪

[indistinct chatter]

♪

We get it... you're a garbage person.

But what makes you think you have to broadcast it?

Excuse me?

You're here as a guest of the Collier family on a billion-dollar boat on a free vacation.

You should learn to say thank you and shut up about the rest.

And that watch? That is an abomination.

It's not enough that people like you need to own all the beautiful things.

Ya have to own the ugly things, too.

[scoffs]

Huh.

You know what I think?

Please. Blow my feeble mind.

[lighter clicking]

I think you want it both ways.

I think you tell yourself you're some kinda crusader fightin' for the little guy from the inside.

But the truth is, you're not an insider.

You're not somebody. You're nobody.

You're a... a paid friend.

And that doesn't make you better than them.

Makes you a hypocrite.

Tell me I'm wrong.

[coughing]

No, you got me pegged.

♪ Mysterious, suspenseful music playing ♪

♪

[lock beeps, buzzes]

♪

[guest snoring]

[snoring continues]

[glass shatters]

♪

RUFUS: Here's a stupid thing people love to say: "The simplest explanation is always correct."

[tape rewinding]

RUFUS: Well... I never took those cases.

I took the impossible ones, and it made me rich...

Housekeeping.

RUFUS: for a while.

You want to know how I did it?

I already told you.

Pay attention... Details matter.

♪

[screams]

♪

[camera shutter clicks] [ship horn blares]

[seagulls calling] [church bell tolls]

[indistinct chatter]

♪ deep drum music playing ♪

I can't believe we're gonna be trapped on this thing for 10 days.

I'm so sorry I dragged you into this.

[birds calling]

♪ lively music playing ♪

It's okay.

Sir!

Hey, hey, it's okay. Hey, Larry, Larry, Larry!

Hey, man, nice digs!

[chuckles] I hope she floats.

I'm Tripp's friend, Keith Trubitsky.

I wanted to thank you for the invite. I mean... what a treat!

"The world is ugly and the people are sad."

Wallace Stevens wrote that, and he died in 1955, the lucky fuck.

Imagine if he saw the dumpster fire it is now.

But all that ugliness stays on shore.

When we sail these rolling waters, we leave the real world behind.

And let me tell you who paid for the privilege.

You all know Mr. Lawrence Collier by name and reputation.

He sails with his wife, Katherine, to celebrate his retirement.

Every guest aboard this vessel is important because every one of them is important to Mr. Lawrence Collier.

Their daughter, Anna, is expected to take over for her father as CEO of Collier Mills, but this is no simple case of nepotism.

Anna Collier is a shark.

They can't come back and want to renege on terms that we already signed to. Just tell them no.

TEDDY GOH: Her wife, Leila Collier, a retired clickbait journalist, requested a room on the south side of the ship to avoid 5G contamination.

Leila has certain peculiarities. [slight chuckle]

Anna's childhood friend, Imogene Scott, was taken in by the Collier family after her mother's grisly murder.

Anna's older brother, Lawrence the third, or Tripp, is a self-employed entrepreneur.

Hit me.

Goddammit! Motherfucker...

TEDDY: Tripp has launched many enterprises, all of which have failed.

What he has succeeded at is cocaine.

♪

NURSE: Here's your vitamin B12 IV drip.

TEDDY: Governor Alexandra Hochenberg of the state of Washington is up for reelection this fall.

She is a virtual shoo-in.

We've been working on this deal for over a year...

TEDDY: As might be expected, the Colliers always travel with their family lawyer.

After I got your dipshit son into Vassar?

TEDDY: The Collier entourage includes Father Toby Briggs, well-known political kingmaker.

Father Toby drags along his son, known to the world as That Derek.

Oh, yeah. These people rich.

TEDDY: That Derek is a rising TikTok star.

What up, baddies? It's your boy, That Derek.

Surely, in his celestial manse, Wallace Stevens weeps for us all.

The Chun family operate a global fast-fashion empire overseen by matriarch Celia Chun.

Rumor has it the Chuns will announce a sizable investment in Collier Mills while they sail with us.

You may recognize their personal security detail, Rufus Cotesworth.

Once heralded as the World's Greatest Detective, he has been brought low by circumstance.

[Rufus snoring]

TEDDY: And finally, rounding out our VIP guest list, is Mr. Keith Trubitsky of Indianapolis, Indiana.

Proof that money cannot buy taste, good looks, charm... or ability.

Fuck!

Our guests look to you... to transport them to a bygone era of beauty and style.

It is a spell we cast. Do not be the one to break it.

Dismissed.

[crew chatter indistinctly]

TEDDY: Winnie, do you know what the very best part of my job is?

Sunil lets me fire anyone I want.

You can't fire me.

Not if you don't want a lecture from Mum at New Year's.

I worry.

There are temptations when you spend so much time around these people.

You start to think like them, you start to act like them.

But you can't, because they have something that protects them everywhere they go.

And what is that?

Money.

CREW [over PA]: Buongiorno, ladies and gentlemen...

[elevator dings, chimes]

[announcement continues over PA]

♪ gentle music playing ♪

RUFUS: I'm Rufus.

I'm here to help with your mother's case.

♪

[heavy breaths]

[receptionist speaking French]

I'd like to leave a note for a guest. I'm just not sure what room he's in.

Rufus Cotesworth?

I'm sorry, but the itinerary of each passenger is private.

So, he's not a guest.

I didn't say that.

Who's he working for?

Oh.

Good afternoon, Ms. Scott.

What message would you like to leave Mr. Cotesworth?

Changed my mind.

I'd like to leave a message for whoever he's working for.

"You hired a fraud. Cut your losses."

Aren't you gonna get a pen?

I'll remember. [elevator dings, chimes]

TRIPP: Hey! Hey, hey, hey! Hey, bud. Hey.

Just got off the call with HSBC and they said they never received your wire.

Oh, yeah, my advisor wanted to take one last look, so...

Ah, uh-huh. Yeah, I'm not dickin' around, 'kay?

Deadline's a deadline. Midnight tonight or else get in a fuckin' lifeboat, get the fuck off the ship.

Okay, tiger. [chuckles] Give me the thing.

The prospectus.

Yeah, sure. I'll read it right now.

Okay.

'Kay?

All right.

Oh, is this you? [door lock beeps]

My, my sister's right across the hall.

Fancy that.

[moaning]

[Leila moaning]

[Anna moans]

[yelps]

[both laughing]

See, we can have fun on this trip. [laughs]

Yeah. [exhales]

[chuckles]

I know the plane was hard for you.

I'm just saying. Y... [Leila sighs]

You did it.

We're here now and we're safe.

Nowhere is safe, Anna.

W... You didn't find any listening devices.

We're on a ship in the middle of the ocean for a whole week. [Leila sighs]

Let's take advantage.

Swim... go dancing.

Close a three billion deal.

That too.

But I will make time for us.

♪

Will your father announce you tonight?

At the welcome party.

I'll come.

Really?

Maybe we can go dancing after.

[chuckling]

[knocks on door]

You're never gonna fucking guess who's on this ship.

Rufus Cotesworth is here, on the ship, and he's working for the Chuns.

Private security.

The man's at the deep end of a 20-year downslide.

The man's a fucking hack.

This is a message from Celia Chun.

Yes.

Corporate due diligence.

It doesn't mean anything.

You're missing the point. She's trying to intimidate us.

Well, then, Katherine, don't let her.

It's not me I'm worried about.

If he snoops around in the wrong place...

He's a fucking hack!

We have information that could bury him. It would be mutually assured destruction.

Still, it's bad form, and it shows the Chuns don't trust us.

I'm gonna talk to Eleanor.

LLEWELLYN MATHERS: No, no.

If we look nervous, it means we have a reason to be nervous.

We just keep it tight.

Do you even know how?

[slight chuckle]

Okay, then. We stay the course.

I will not blow this deal over Rufus fucking Cotesworth.

[takes deep breath]

RUFUS: I'm here to help with your mother's case.

I understand you're the only eyewitness.

[birds chirping]

It rained that day.

I don't know.

It rains a lot here.

It did.

There was a chill in the air.

[distant thunder rumbling]

Were you wearing that?

She let me borrow it.

She was always worried about the cold.

[distant rainfall]

RUFUS: [chuckles] My mum was the same.

♪ Somber music playing ♪

So... you were there in the car.

Yes.

♪

What do you have there?

Imogene... you stole this from Anna.

She doesn't even know what it is, Mom.

It has a secret compartment, and... she had no idea.

You mean this?

[chuckles]

It's a replica of the one in the study.

Yeah, I know, 'cause Mrs. Collier keeps her first engagement ring in there.

You know, the one she got from that polo player?

You see things.

Things other people don't even bother to notice.

Anyone can have a toy. You have a gift.

You're gonna make me put it back, aren't you?

I sure am.

♪

No.

N-No, I can't get out of the car.

♪ Ominous music plays ♪

[cries] Don't make me get out of the car!

No! Don't! Mom, don't!

♪

[explosion blasts]

[glass shatters]

[screams] No! Mom, no!

[cries] No!

[gasps]

No, Mom!

[sniffles] No!

[heavy breathing]

[exhales]

♪ light piano music playing ♪

[indistinct chatter]

[exhales]

[lock beeping]

I see you.

Hm?

Have you been following me?

In Sydney?

In New York last month?

Hold on there. This is the first time this Hoosier has left the great state of Indiana.

Did you switch rooms to spy on me and my wife?

Switch rooms? Oh, I moved 'cause [inhales] last one was next to a buncha screaming kids.

Who are you working for?

Lady, I think, maybe, you're a little mixed up.

[lock beeps]

[door opens, closes]

♪ mysterious music playing ♪

[lock beeps]

♪ light piano music playing ♪

[indistinct chatter]

Pretty... isn't it?

[bartender pours drink]

Yeah, it's a Gilbert Bayes.

He only made a few of these.

They must've paid a fortune to have it installed here.

Yeah, it took three cranes.

Sunil.

I'm the, um...

Oh, there's gotta be a better word for it, but the mind disappoints.

You own the boat.

I do.

Mm.

You Americans never parse words.

Yeah, well, we're number one in adult-onset diabetes, so good with the bad.

It's incredible.

And it's real.

Down to every splinter. Yeah.

She's as real as we can make her and still float.

You know, our rule was, "If you can see it, should've been made prior to 1955."

So, the glassware?

Curated from antique shops across Ireland and Wales.

You know what was tricky?

Hm?

The towels.

Literally no one would know the difference.

You did.

♪

Yeah, but they?

They don't care.

You wasted your money, friend.

GUEST: And where is your lovely bride tonight?

Sadly, she is down with a migraine.

She sends her apologies.

She had an accident a few months ago.

I begged her to quit her job.

Now she's all alone in our house while I'm working, and I...

I don't know why I'm telling you any of this. [chuckles]

Mm.

Hey... is tonight the night?

Dad does like to keep people on their toes.

I swear to God, Anna, if he fucks you over on this.

He's already teed it up with the board.

I'm next in line, it's just a matter of when.

TRIPP [on microphone]: Hey, everyone. Hey, hi, yeah, thanks.

Uh, just wanna say thanks so much for comin' out.

Thanks for being here to honor my old man, Papa Bear. [chuckles]

My dad... [sniffs] a man with such high standards, he wouldn't even hire his own son.
[chuckling]

[guests murmur]

Ah, anyway.

Ah, give it up for Lawrence Collier, the second.

[guests applauding]

I've always been a man of few words.

[guests laughing, applauding]

Mrs. Chun would be especially grateful if you took the time to get to know her granddaughter, Eleanor.

She's the pretty one.

SUNIL: Yes, but sadly, I believe Eleanor prefers the company of the fairer sex.

And a stroll around the deck would go a long way with the grandmother.

Whose pockets, may I remind you, deep as the Mariana Trench.

LLEWELLYN: Imogene Scott.

You look just like your mother did at that age.

Twenty-eight... the best age.

Best age of all.

I'm looking forward to my 60s, actually.

Are you enjoying them?

Llewellyn, aren't you late for work?

The Hong Kong office opened an hour ago.

Every time with this guy.

It's embarrassing.

RUFUS: Everyone thought that Contessa's jade necklace had been lost forever.

There's just one thing separates a detective like me from the rest.

I don't stop 'til I find the truth.

Motherfucker.

I swear, I never met a case I couldn't close.

I am... I'm a braggart. I am. [all laughing]

Hey!

Stop me, stop me if I...

Tell me, how much is the Chun family paying you to taste their food?

Who are you?

Who am I?

Have we met?

[huffs]

Oh! God!

[guests gasping]

[Rufus groaning]

IMOGENE: No, no! Get off me!

No, no! Stop! [groans]

I swear I never met her before in my entire life. [laughs]

[grunts] Stop!

Hey, hey, hey!

No. Don't touch me.

Please, Ms. Scott,

will you go back to your room?

Or what?

Huh, you're gonna throw me overboard?

[Imogene sighs]

Just so you know, he deserved it.

[speaks French] Évidemment.

What's your name?

Jules.

Or, uh, Jules, if you prefer.

Fine.

I won't go back in there, but I can't call it a night.

Wouldn't be fair to the dress.

Where's the real party on this dinghy?

I'm on duty... clearly.

Clearly.

♪ Alors On Danse by Stromae playing ♪

[indistinct chatter]

♪ artist singing in French ♪

Show me where you work. [panting]

♪

♪ Ominous music plays ♪

♪ Alors On Danse by Stromae continues ♪

[items clattering]

How was the party?

It was amazing.

Everyone asked where you were, and my dad didn't announce me as CEO.

And Imogene decided to make a scene and chuck a glass at Rufus Cotesworth's head.

Probably three stitches, maybe four.

So, I screamed at the ocean for a while, and drank grappa with that Italian couple.

I tried.

I know you did.

Ya just looked so fucking hot in that dress, I wanted to show you off.

Anna, the man across the hall.

Keith Trubitsky?

I am telling you, there is no Keith Trubitsky.

[chuckles]

♪ tense music playing ♪

[lock beeps, clicks]

[glass shatters]

[screaming]

♪

A bit gruesome, and yet... somehow poetic.

[sighs] I will take care of it, of course.

Wait. This is too much.

Oh, please. I'm not paying.

The guy who is... he's not paying either.

Corporate expense.

Well, you're fortunate to have such friends.

Everything has a price.

What was yours?

Mm... I don't know.

Watching my mom's car blow up in their driveway.

A joke.

I lost my parents, too.

Hm... looks like we're both alone.

Jesus, I'm an asshole.

Um... I'm sorry.

No... you don't wanna hear a sad story right now.

Mm, it's actually the only kind I like.

Can I tell you a secret?

What?

I don't like champagne. [Imogene chuckles]

[speaks French] C'est dégueulasse. [knocks on door]

[rapid knocking on door]

Okay!

Jules.

JULES: What is it, Nnamdi?

Dead? Are you sure?

NNAMDI: We are, sir.

JULES: Room 534. This is Mr. Trubitsky.

[glass shatters]

[whispers] Fuck.

♪ Suspenseful music playing ♪

[number pad beeping]

[beeping]

[exhales]

TEDDY: Last night, Mr. Keith Trubitsky was murdered in his suite.

But we have taken all the necessary precautions, and are briefing the staff in shifts.

Our team has increased security throughout the ship to keep all of you and our guests safe from further harm.

We're fortunate to have a world-renowned detective on board,

Mr. Rufus Cotesworth.

He's been asked by Interpol to lead the investigation until we've docked in Palermo.

As such, none of our guests need yet to be apprised of the situation.

Right.

Go on about your business, shan't notice me.

[tape rewinding]

♪

[monitor beeps]

[tape rewinding]

[monitor beeps]

♪

[water running]

Jules?

[faucet squeaks]

Jules?

Do you realize they sourced vintage hand towels for every room on this ship?

Madness, that.

Get out of my room.

I wouldn't do that, Ms. Scott.

Ah, so, you do remember my name.

[chuckles] Came back to me.

Seven minutes, 23 seconds.

That's how long you were in Mr. Trubitsky's suite.

♪

[hangs up receiver]

I didn't kill him.

[inhales] Interpol gets their hands on this footage, they will think differently.

What do you want?

I want to help you, Ms. Scott.

That's bullshit.

Fine.

I want the truth.

Oh, the truth?

Since when do you care about that?

Never gave up on the truth.

Truth gave up on me.

[snickering]

That's so sad.

You know what?

You wanna show 'em the footage?

[Rufus exhales]

Show them.

I can handle it.

Hm... will your friend, Anna, be so eager to grease the wheels of justice when she finds out you've been skimming from the family firm?

♪

In 24 hours, Interpol lands on this ship, and you will be their prime...

No.

Their only suspect.

Let me help.

YOUNG IMOGENE: I can't.

I'm trying to. It's just...

[sighs] I can't remember. I can't do this.

RUFUS: All right, then.

We don't have to.

[Rufus grunting]

[exhales sharply]

What are you writing?

Just a story. A little story about a purple rabbit who only likes to eat rose petals.

No, you're not. That's gibberish.

Is it?

[chuckles]

"Once upon a time, there was a purple rabbit who ate rose petals day and night."

It's a code.

That it is.

And no one can read it. Not without the primer.

What's a primer?

It's like a lock.

A keyword... known only to me.

And whoever else I trust with my thoughts.

First coded word of every message, always the same.

Your primer.

That very thing.

See?

If you knew the primer was, say, cat.

C-A-T.

Then you get a code.

A big, um, D, Q, I.

Now you know the D becomes C, Q becomes A, I becomes T.

From there, you can get to work decoding the whole mess.

How?

I use something called frequency analysis.

Some letters are more common than others.

Vowels, for instance.

You know what the most common vowel in the English language is?

"Truth."

It's E.

No. "Truth."

That's your primer.

It's at the front of every one of your messages.

The same letter in the first and fourth place.

Not a vowel, a consonant.

T... it's "truth."

Hm.

Perhaps I should be working for you.

[Rufus chuckles]

[retches, coughing]

What am I doing here again?

RUFUS: I always work with an assistant.

Read my book. [Imogene sighs]

RUFUS: It's a classic locked-room murder.

No way in... or out.

Yeah, well, I got in.

Aside from the door, windows are hermetically sealed, the floor is... It's a floor.

We have surveillance that shows no one came in or out of the place all night, present company excluded.

He's been dead four, maybe five hours, based on the way the blood is pooled in his extremities.

Wait, so... it couldn't have been me.

I was here at, like, 2 a.m.

Let me show you.

Dead, dead, dead, dead, dead.

2:16.

I was here at 2:16. I can prove it.

We can show this to Interpol.

It's a start... but it's not enough.

The real question is, who would want Mr. Keith Trubitsky dead?

♪

Wait, do you smell that?

[sniffs] Two, maybe three Mai Tais.

Smoked salmon chaser.

No, not...

It's disinfectant.

Housekeeping was in here working before they found Trubitsky.

Trampling my crime scene, no doubt.

Who knows what else she saw.

We must speak to the housekeeper.

[speaking Cantonese]

She didn't see anything.

Hm.

No, she said a lot more than that.

What? He always works with an assistant. Read his book.

And that's you?

If she remembers anything of consequence, I'll be sure to inform you immediately.

Thank you.

Are you serious?

You're just gonna let her push you around like that?

Housekeeper doesn't know anything.

And Ms. Goh is simply being protective of her aunt.

In fact... a not insignificant amount of the crew are her relations.

And you speak Cantonese.

[softly] I dabble.

[softly] Dabble elsewhere.

Very well... but the truth will come out sooner or later.

And I prefer sooner... as I like a nap.

♪

Hey, hey! What was that?

Huh? Why didn't you press the housekeeper?

She didn't say anything. She doesn't know anything.

No, that's bullshit. They're hiding something.

Everyone on this ship is hiding something.

Doesn't mean it's the thing you're looking for.

Okay, but wait. No, hey, wait, wait.

You don't think it's a bit weird?

You and me, separated for 20 years.

All of a sudden, we're floating around on some preposterous vacation in the middle of nowhere, and some asshole gets himself murdered.

You don't like coincidences.

Coincidences are just dressed-up clues.

Hm. Read my autobiography.

Yeah, I skimmed your stupid book.

♪

Oh, you know something bigger is going on.

That's why you don't wanna ask too many questions in front of the staff.

That's why you cut out that footage? That's why you came to me?

We can rely only on ourselves.

We have no idea... who could be a part of whatever this is.

[sighs] Okay.

So, what now?

Now we get to the fun part.

Get to figure out who's messin' with us. Let's go.

What next?

I close the door... put the key card down.

No, no, no. No, I put it on the table.

Uh, the room is a wreck.

Uh, there's ketchup stains on the carpet.

Shirt was on a chair, pink guayabera.

No, no.

[whoosh]

IMOGENE: No, it was green. It's a green guayabera.

Mm... I don't know. I don't know. I...

Oh! Why can't I think?

Bog standard.

Memory is malleable.

Most witnesses distort the truth... without even realizing it.

Trust nothing. [whispers] No one.

Especially yourself.

♪

[glasses rattle on cart]

Wait.

No, I'm, I'm right, it was green, but it wasn't on a chair.

There was a bar cart in the room and it's not up there anymore.

[exhales]

Holy shit, that-that's how they got in and out.

Possibly.

No, definitively.

Then the killer knows something about you, too.

They were hiding in Trubitsky's suite.

They saw you make a hash of his timepiece, nick 600 quid.

If you see this through, it is possible that you will be in danger, that you already are.

Okay, so, so, if... No, if they rode out in the cart, where'd, where'd they go? Where'd they get off? Who saw them?

I can talk to the staff.

No, you don't trust the staff.

♪

I know what to do.

[employee whistling]

♪

♪

Enjoy the ride, did ya?

IMOGENE: Cart stopped four times. Twice on deck four.

Housekeeper dropped empty plates, but the doors were open into those suites, so, killer could've slipped into a room, maybe.

More likely, they got off here... [whispering] 'cause there's no cameras.

Bit addictive, isn't it?

That feeling... rushing through you.

[Rufus chuckles]

You know, I think we should go back to the security room.

There's gotta be footage of...

Wait, you've already been to the security room.

You already saw the cart get wheeled out.

You already knew everything that I have just quote, unquote "figured out."

I had a hunch.

What the fuck, man?

It's more fun when you unravel it yourself.

I'm out.

Wait, I'm sorry. I tr... I tried...

[sighs] Imogene.

You're good at this.

You've always been good at this.

Even when you were 10 years old, I could see you had a gift.

Was that before or after you spent all the Colliers' money and then dropped my mom's case?

You think that's what happened?

Soon as they stopped paying, you quit.

It's more complicated than that.

I was a kid, and you made me believe you were on my side.

I was.

I am.

And you were right.

There is a reason that you and I are on this ship together.

What reason is that?

I'm still trying to put the final piece in place.

You know, I think I've played your games long enough.

Then go.

Sleepwalk your way into the grave.

You will not leave a mark on this world if you do.

♪ Solemn music playing ♪

I have a name... Viktor Sams.

Does that mean anything to you?

LAWRENCE: No... Should it?

I traced components of the device that blew in your driveway.

Various parts purchased by a Viktor Sams.

Likely an alias.

Three months on this case and all you have is a fake name?

Not a fake, sir. An alias. [Lawrence sighs]

RUFUS: Question now is whose.

Well, I don't have a goddamn clue, do I?

[footsteps retreating]

RUFUS: I know you're in there.

Viktor Sams? That's who killed my mom?

Now we just need to unmask him.

I'll see this through... no matter what.

I promise.

Jules?

[sighs]

SUNIL: He's workin' the Gallipoli event.

Um... thanks.

I know that look.

You wanna punch somethin' or... someone?

What are you even doing here?

It'd bore you. [chuckles]

Uh, it's numbers-matching Chris Craft engine.

Right nightmare to maintain, but it sounds good.

Right, so this is why you're single.

You're in love with your toys.

Who said I was single?

Well, you cut your hair, day before we left?

Lost 10 pounds, recently.

Hopin' to meet someone.

Or... she broke your heart.

She liked me better as a banker.

Oh.

She was a bitch. [both chuckling]

No, I... I wasn't any fun.

And I was... angry.

I hated the whole ugly world.

Yeah, well, it's perfectly hate-able.

It is.

So, I quit... and I put everything I own into making that ship, into making somethin' perfect, somethin' real.

Are you happy now?

[inhales] I have a purpose.

I know, it's... it's a bit odd. It's hard to explain, but I, I think it all found me.

I just had to... step onto the path.

And leave your mark.

Yeah, exactly.

♪ Gentle music playing ♪

♪ gentle, suspenseful music playing ♪

RUFUS: Pay attention. Details matter.

If you want to solve a crime, any crime, you must first learn to see through the illusion.

But you'll never succeed with just one pair of eyes.

That's why I always work with an assistant.

To dig out the truth behind every lie.

To wake you from a week-long drunk, if need be.

To sort the run-of-the-mill liar from the prime suspect.

Murdered in his stateroom... via harpoon gun, apparently.

Wait, Keith Trubitsky. Are ya sure?

LLEWELLYN: What I was told.

[speaking Mandarin]

[footsteps]

TEDDY: I've gathered all of the guests, save one.

Lawrence Collier?

His exact words were, "Fucking hack."

We have a history.

I intuited that from context.

Would you like to begin questioning?

♪ Suspenseful music playing ♪

[glass clinking]

As you all know... a man has been murdered on this ship.

Killer is among us.

I've been studying each of you, and have learned... devastating facts.

RUFUS: I'm sorry.

YOUNG IMOGENE: You haven't found Viktor Sams yet.

You aren't finished!

But I am.

What about my mom?

You promised!

I should not have done that.

YOUNG IMOGENE: Don't go. Please don't go!

Please!

[crying]

RUFUS: I don't like coincidences.

Trust nothing. No one.

I always work with an assistant. Read my book.

There is a reason that you and I are on this ship together.

Keith Trubitsky was your assistant?

That's why you were on the Varuna? You were working a case?

Rufus!

What case?

I think you know.