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# Hostel: Part III

By Michael D. Weiss

Here's your key.

Hello.

-My bad. They gave me the wrong key.

-Not your bad. We stay a little long.

We're now leaving soon.

Okay.

-What the fuck, guy?

-It's okay, Viktor.

He's here for the room.

Yeah.

You're on vacation.

Yeah.

I've actually never been here before.

It's-- It's a pretty cool town.

Where are you guys from?

-Ukraine.

-Cool.

Now that he kidnapped me

I don't know where we're gonna end up.

You're so dirty.

Enough. You're gonna wear me out.

Come.

Have a drink with us.

It's vodka, man. Don't be shy.

Come on, man.

Yeah. You know, it's--

Well, actually I've got some beer.

Do you guys drink beer?

It's still cold.

Beer, huh?

Yeah.

I like this guy.

He brings party with him, huh?

Come.

There you go.

-There we go.

-We do a cheers now.

Sure.

Okay. I go take shower, then we go.

Oh, shit.

Fuck. I'm sorry, man.

I didn't mean to--

No. For what?

Never mind. It's human nature.

-I'm looking everything that moves.  
-Right.  
-Okay.  
-She's hot, right?  
-Yeah, she's pretty hot.  
-Yeah.  
Yeah.  
We were in this club, crazy chicks.  
You go there, you're gonna score.  
-I have club card for you.  
-Oh, no.  
No, no, no. You're gonna go  
in there, man. Connection.  
Anka, I need that club's card.  
-Oh, hold on. I lose it.  
-Okay.  
Baby, I need the club card.  
Anka!  
Shit. Something's fucking wrong?  
What the fuck? Anka!  
Hey, get in here!  
We got a problem, man.  
Anka.  
Talk. Talk.  
Hey, get in here, man. Come on!  
I think she's having a heart attack  
or something. Talk to me!  
What the fuck you doing, man?  
Get in here!  
Anka, talk to me.  
Come on, man.  
We gotta get her to a doctor.  
Help me, man. Call a fucking doctor!  
Hey! Come on, man!  
What the fuck? Help me!  
Call the fucking doctor!  
What the fuck you standing there?  
What the fuck you doing, man?  
Get in here!  
What--?  
What is going on?  
Anka.  
Yeah, we're good to go.  
Here.

Keep her dry. If she gets sick,  
we'll have to discount her.  
Come on.  
Save that shit for the honeymoon,  
please.  
The best man.  
You know, since I am the best man,  
which clearly I am...  
...you know,  
why is it that she's marrying you?  
You had your chance  
freshman year.  
-What ever happened?  
-I don't know.  
-You were a man-whore?  
-Not in front of her.  
Thanks for that.  
Come on, let's go.  
Again. More of this.  
You get to kiss this jackhole  
for the rest of your life.  
This weekend, he's mine.  
-Such a dick.  
-Don't let him bang any strippers.  
What?  
There are no strippers  
in Palm Springs.  
Well, there's no decent strippers  
in Palm Springs, all right.  
Once I get him out on the course...  
...the only thing he's gonna  
be banging is five irons, Ames.  
Okay.  
-I'll call you from the hotel.  
-Be safe.  
All right.  
-A little breakfast?  
-No. I'm good. It's a little early.  
-Even for you.  
-This is nothing, man.  
In a couple of hours,  
you are gonna be doing blow...  
...off some hot stripper's ass.  
You said there were no good strippers

in Palm Springs.  
There aren't.  
We're not going to Palm Springs,  
are we?  
Holy shit.  
What the fuck is this?  
Anka.  
Get up!  
Anka!  
Hey! Who the fuck are you guys?  
What the fuck you doing?  
What the fuck you want with us?  
Anka!  
Hey!  
Come to me!  
You motherfuckers, don't touch her!  
Don't touch her!  
Come to me!  
Come to me, motherfuckers!  
Who are you? Where--?  
Where the fuck are you taking her?  
I don't wanna die!  
Anka! I'm gonna come for you!  
Let go!  
No!  
Anka!  
Anka, I'm gonna come for you!  
All you motherfuckers  
are gonna die!  
No!  
-What's up?  
-How's the leg?  
-It's okay.  
-Carter.  
-How are you, Mike?  
-I'm glad you made it.  
Good to be here.  
-How you doing? Thanks for coming.  
-Wouldn't miss it.  
We're not here for you.  
We're here for this.  
Bounce it.  
Up and down, north to south.  
How great is this?

Tits and ass at your table.  
I could get  
all the stripper action I want...  
...look my wife in the face and  
say I never went to the club. Genius.  
-Sit down. Let's do some damage.  
-Okay. Cool.  
Look at that. Spade and neutered.  
What's up?  
Yeah. Dude, some come  
for the free booze, I come not to lose.  
Pay me, motherfucker.  
Oh, yeah. Winner, winner,  
chicken dinner, bitches.  
This whole place  
is a lab experiment.  
Look. Look at it.  
There are no windows.  
There are no clocks on the walls.  
They pump oxygen in here  
to keep you awake.  
They give you free booze  
to keep you drunk.  
They parade women in front of you  
on top of that.  
It's all just to take your money.  
Man, this place is evil incarnate.  
Yeah, maybe so,  
but not when you're winning.  
Mikey, you're looking  
a little light over there.  
Oh, me? I'm golden.  
It's you I'm worried about.  
Oh, God. Don't start this shit.  
Wait, what shit?  
His "don't do it" speech.  
I've heard every version of it.  
You're gonna tell him not to get  
married. You don't want him to.  
-You're married, you know that, right?  
-Yeah. I know.  
And it's a living hell, Carter.  
Seriously.  
Marriage is nothing

but a three-ring circus.  
Engagement ring, wedding ring,  
suffering. You'll see.  
Yeah,  
but it's gonna be different for Scotty.  
Really? Interesting. How exactly?  
Because he's not marrying a bitch.  
Oh, see, there it is.  
He comes in with a:  
I am getting married in one week,  
and you and your lovely wife...  
-...are gonna be there.  
-My lovely fat wife. Yes, we will.  
-Okay, time to go.  
-What? What are you doing? I'm hot.  
That's why they sent over the cooler.  
Asians are bad luck.  
-You make good firecrackers, though.  
-That is just some racist bullshit.  
I'm sorry, man.  
He did not mean that.  
-All right. So, what now?  
-I have tickets to Cirque du Soleil.  
Oh, so you're not only disabled,  
you're also gay.  
-Sometimes.  
-But it's not gonna matter too much...  
...because Scotty is getting  
seriously eye fucked...  
...by the girls at the progressive slots.  
See them?  
Dude, they are hot.  
And I bet you they hate their fathers.  
-Yes.  
-What are you doing?  
-Don't start.  
-I'm not doing anything.  
-Justin, do your thing. Limp on over.  
-Nothing wets a pussy...  
-...like this hardware.  
-Pity fuck is still a fuck.  
That's true.  
Hey, guys.  
-I'm Kendra.

-I'm Nikki.  
Hi. I'm Scott.  
This is Carter, Mike and Justin.  
-Mike.  
-So you girls wanna join the party?  
Not much of a party.  
-We're just kind of getting started.  
-We have a Jacuzzi.  
It's in our room,  
if you guys wanted to head up there.  
Smooth.  
You guys have any better ideas?  
We know a place,  
but it's off the Strip.  
Yeah, it's way off the Strip.  
I don't know, it might be too much  
for some nice boys from the suburbs.  
It's a little freaky.  
Do you like freaky?  
We like freaky. We've always  
been into that sort of thing.  
What about you?  
Do you like freaky?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, sure.  
Hey, listen, on the radio here...  
...I love this guy.  
I have his records.  
But do you think you could turn  
it down a couple of notches...  
...so we can hear ourselves?  
Thank you.  
Yeah.  
Do you think that those girls are pros?  
-What, hookers?  
-No, tennis pros.  
Who cares? I wanna poke them  
in their vaginas with Justin's crutch.  
Go check their oil with my tongue.  
Know what I mean?  
A little low down there?  
You need a fill-up?  
Hey, you know your meter's  
not working, man.



You high rollers pay me 20 bucks,  
I call it even.  
-You sure this is right?  
-I think that's it back there.  
The GPS shows  
it should be right here.  
You see a club? I don't see a club.  
All I see is a bacon factory.  
What are you afraid of?  
Think I'm gonna drive you to the alley...  
...where my friends steal your money  
and cut your heads off?  
Okay, time to go.  
-All right.  
-Okay.  
That is way off the Strip, all right.  
-Are you sure this is it?  
-It's the address she gave us, man.  
Those girls were right.  
This place is pretty freaky.  
What you want?  
We're here for the party.  
You on the list?  
Yeah. Nikki and Kendra sent us?  
So you're that deal?  
What does that mean?  
It means  
you're gonna have a nice time.  
Come on in. Down the hall.  
Dude, this place feels fucked.  
I think we should go.  
-What, go check out Cirque du Soleil?  
-Sure.  
Your vagina's hanging out.  
-What?  
-Yeah.  
-How did that get out?  
-Second time.  
My goodness.  
Well, we're here.  
Might as well see what it's all about.  
"Might as well see what it's all about."  
Dude, we're not going anywhere.  
Oh, fuck. That's me.

-Fuck, dude.

-It's Amy.

You probably wanna take that.

-You're practically married.

-Guess what I do.

When I'm away from my wife, I turn off my phone. She can't call, can't text...

...can't make me send a photo of where I'm at because she's insecure.

-That's why your marriage sucks.

-She put on 30 pounds, so....

Amy, hey.

You said you would call when you got to the hotel.

I know, I'm sorry.

Look, we're just walking in somewhere, so I'm-- I gotta go.

So I'll call you when I get back to the hotel tonight?

-Scott.

-Yeah?

Should I be worried about you?

No.

Please don't do this.

You have nothing to worry about, okay?

I love you.

Okay.

I love you.

Guys?

Very funny.

Hello?

What the fuck?

What are you doing?

Stop it! I can't fucking breathe!

Where the fuck are you taking me?

Let me go!

What the fuck?

Now, that's a bachelor party.

You fuckers!

You assholes!

I'm gonna kill you.

I'm gonna kill you.

-Are you in on it?

-I had no idea.  
Scott! Scott! Scott!  
They won't put their clothes on.  
They just won't do it.  
Are you mad?  
Maybe.  
You guys set me up pretty good.  
Hey, it's what they paid us to do.  
So you're a--?  
What do they call you now?  
Oh, this week, "escorts."  
Are you disappointed?  
No.  
Good.  
Let's go.  
Where?  
The champagne room.  
You are gonna get me  
in so much trouble.  
Hey, I'm Angela.  
Hey.  
I'm-- I'm Justin.  
I'm sorry.  
-Gotta get back to my friend.  
-Sure.  
Just so you know, darling,  
this thing stays hard all night.  
Who lit the fuse on her tampon?  
Tampon.  
What is wrong with your friend?  
A lot.  
You're too sweet for her.  
So why don't you stay here?  
I want you to wait for me...  
...because I don't know how long  
your friend's gonna be, okay?  
You ready?  
I just came in my pants.  
That's not my wife.  
Don't tell anyone. Keep a secret.  
Yeah.  
No. No, no. Can we--?  
Can we just--?  
Slow down, slow down, slow down.

Slow is cool.  
-We've got the room for an hour.  
-Yeah.  
No, no.  
No. I'm just thinking  
maybe we could just talk.  
-Talk?  
-Yeah.  
Yeah. Yeah.  
Like, are you from Vegas?  
Is that what you wanna talk about?  
No, no. It's just that....  
No. It's just that....  
Is--? Is this your first time?  
No. I'm--  
I'm getting married.  
Not tonight.  
Not tonight. No, not tonight.  
-Please, Kendra. Kendra.  
-Wait.  
Just relax, okay?  
Nobody's gonna know anything.  
Yeah. I know, I know.  
No, but look-- Look. Look, I was--  
I was unfaithful last year.  
All right, my fiance found out  
and I almost lost her.  
All right, I realize how fucking lame  
this sounds, I do, but I just....  
I told myself that I wasn't gonna  
be that guy anymore.  
Hey, I get it.  
It's cool. Nothing has to happen.  
We can just hang out.  
At least, here.  
Have another drink.  
Scotty. I just found out who killed JFK.  
You wanna know?  
You still have your clothes on.  
You are slow, you little bitch.  
What's up?  
-Somebody threw up in our room so--  
-Somebody?  
Yeah.

-Yeah, you did.  
-Hey, you can't keep a secret.  
Close your mouth, open your legs.  
Close your mouth, open your legs.  
-Are you okay?  
-No.  
No. I need to get some air.  
Okay.  
Air is good. Air is good.  
Get some H2O.  
No, that's water.  
What are you doing?  
-Great.  
-You're hot, but I need you to leave.  
You're hotter. Hi, Nikki.  
Indy 500.  
One more, one more.  
Open up!  
Come on. Is anybody in there?  
Please!  
Open the fucking door.  
Bachelor boy finally woke up, huh?  
Yeah. I think the warm piss  
in his pants did it.  
We thought you were dead.  
Just dead drunk.  
God.  
You know,  
I would have carried you to bed...  
...but you're fucking huge  
and I've got a gimpy leg, so....  
Last thing I remember, I was throwing  
up and got locked out of the club.  
How did you get back here?  
You were here when we got in.  
The cabbie.  
The cabbie with the broken meter.  
-Did you at least get laid?  
-No. But she was a cutie.  
That pisses me off...  
...because I paid that whore good  
money to rock your world. In advance.  
Where's Mike? Did he pass out  
in the tub covered in his puke again?

Yeah, probably. But not here.  
He went home with that Nikki girl.  
He hasn't resurfaced.  
Did you try calling him?  
Dude, his phone's  
in the sex dead zone.  
He's miles from home. Remember?  
It's not gonna be on  
until we get back to Phoenix.  
-You've reached Mike.  
-Voice mail.  
-I'm in Vegas. Leave me alone!  
-Hey, Mikey, it's Scott.  
Turn your phone on, man.  
We're looking for you.  
I wouldn't worry too much about Mike.  
He knows what time our flight is.  
It's the spell of Vegas, man.  
Like I said, it is pure evil.  
Looks like Mikey was getting the  
bachelor party you were supposed to.  
Yeah.  
What the fuck is this?  
What the fuck did you guys put  
in that champagne?  
It's got a nasty aftertaste.  
I know I ate some fucking pussy.  
What is this?  
All right, I get it. I got you, Scott.  
Now you got me.  
Come on, guys. What the fuck?  
-Shit.  
-Yeah.  
-You are in the shit.  
-Who the fuck are you?  
-What are you doing?  
-What does it look like?  
-I'm not gonna die in here.  
-Who said anything about dying?  
-Come to me, motherfucker!  
-What is going on?  
Come on, you motherfucker.  
What is he doing to him?  
Oh, my God! Oh, my fucking God!

Get the fuck away from me!  
Scott! Justin!  
What the fuck is going on?  
There's our snaky motherfucker!  
Oh, my fucking God. Get the--  
-I like when they fight.  
-Yeah.  
Fucking son of a fucking bitch!  
Get the fuck off of me!  
Fucking piece of shit!  
Is this a fucking joke?  
What the fuck?  
Fuck you!  
Please. I didn't do anything.  
This is a mistake.  
Guys, please!  
My name is Mike Malloy  
from Arizona.  
-Let me go.  
-Shut your mouth. Take it like a man.  
-Fucking asshole.  
-Fucking Jes--  
Let me the fuck out of here.  
Who the fuck are you?  
Who the fuck are you?  
Get the fuck off of me!  
No, no!  
This is fucking bad.  
Please. Plea-- Fucking please.  
What the fuck?  
What the fuck are you doing?  
-Is this a fucking joke?  
-Oh, yeah.  
And the punch line is a killer.  
My friends have money.  
We have money. We can pay you.  
-We can pay you.  
-You've already been paid for.  
What the fuck is he talking about?  
What?  
What do you mean "paid for"?  
What the fuck is going on?  
Who the fuck are these people?  
No!

What the fuck is going--?  
Who the fuck are you people?  
What are you doing?  
Oh, my God.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
No, no. Get the fuck away from me.  
Get the fuck--  
No, stop.  
Stop. What the fuck are you doing?  
Stop.  
Oh, fuck.  
No. What the fuck are you doing?  
Please, don't let me--  
Please.  
Please, stop.  
Stop! Stop!  
Stop.  
What is wrong with you?  
This is a fucking mistake!  
Please, stop. Please don't. Please.  
What are you doing?  
Please. Please.  
I have a wife. I have a daughter, a son.  
They're 6 and 4.  
Begging for family.  
One minute, 58 seconds.  
The over-under was two minutes.  
Congratulations  
to players two, five and seven.  
What the fuck is she talking about?  
What the fuck is going on?  
I don't understand!  
What the fuck is this?  
This has to be a fucking joke. No!  
No, please, don't.  
Help me, please.  
Hey, Mike,  
we're still looking for you.  
We're starting to freak out a little bit.  
Call us back.  
-Maybe we should call his wife.  
-That sounds like a very good idea.  
"Have you seen Mike?  
We left him at a party last night...



...with a professional escort  
and he disappeared." Good idea.  
-What do you suggest?  
-He was probably up all night...  
...dicking that girl.  
Give him a couple of hours.  
-We're just worried about him.  
-Well, I'm not.  
I mean, look around, huh?  
Everywhere you look,  
there are coeds and milfs...  
...and cougars, you know?  
What are we gonna do?  
-Look for him? Where?  
-Where did you find those girls?  
It's Vegas. It's not hard.  
Was it some kind of service  
you called?  
Yeah, it was 1 -800-WHORES, man.  
I know how to find him.  
How?  
I totally forgot.  
That girl, Nikki, she gave me her card.  
-That's her e-mail address.  
-We need a street address.  
Yeah. No, it's called cyber stalking.  
I'm pretty good at it.  
Hey, Nikki, it's Justin...  
...the guy with the crutch  
from last night.  
We're looking for our friend. We're  
wondering if you know where he is.  
Please call me back. Thank you.  
She definitely lives in a trailer park.  
This is a classic  
Vegas fucking fairy tale.  
-What number is it?  
-W1 7.  
-And where is that?  
-You know, I don't know, Carter.  
I don't have a white-trash locator  
on my phone.  
Where is it? Is it one of these?  
I think it's further up.

Are we getting warmer?  
-Is this the one?  
-Yeah.  
Look, I don't think anybody's here.  
Hello?  
Nikki? Mike?  
No.  
Your show, man.  
This is definitely a bad idea.  
Okay.  
-Are you coming?  
-No.  
I'll stay out here and keep watch,  
I guess.  
God, it fucking reeks in here.  
Mike?  
Hello?  
Jesus.  
Does it look like he's been here?  
I don't know.  
I guess it would explain  
all these strap-ons, though.  
He's obviously not here anymore.  
Let's get the fuck out of here.  
What the hell was that?  
Justin.  
Motherfuckers, get down!  
-All of you, on your fucking knees now!  
-It's me, Scott.  
I know who you are.  
What are you doing here?  
-We need to talk to Nikki.  
-So you broke into her house.  
I think this is actually a trailer.  
Shut up!  
Okay, okay! Chill, chill!  
Don't fuck with us.  
Why are you looking for Nikki?  
Our friend Mike  
never came home last night.  
She was the last one  
we saw him with.  
And you think  
that he just shacked up with her.

He's such an all-star lay,  
she had to take him home.  
Kendra, look, he wouldn't call us back.  
We don't know what's going on.  
This is obviously a scam  
to get more money out of us.  
How much do you want?  
What about you, meth mouth?  
Carter, shut up!  
Look, we're sorry that we broke in.  
We just wanna talk to her...  
-...see what she knows about Mike.  
-You don't get it, do you?  
I can't ask her.  
Nikki didn't come home last night.  
Tacky hooker.  
Too on the nose.  
Much better.  
What do you think?  
Shut the fuck up.  
Get it done.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
What are you doing?  
Nice and sweet, like you.  
Wh--?  
Help.  
Help!  
Come, mama.  
Help me!  
What are you doing with that?  
No!  
Please. Help!  
No. No.  
What are you gonna do with that?  
What are you doing?  
What are you gonna do?  
Stop it!  
How do I know  
your friend didn't hurt her?  
Because I know Mike.  
He wouldn't hurt anybody.  
You know what this town  
taught me?  
Nobody knows anybody.

What happens in Vegas  
stays in Vegas, right?  
There's always  
that one son of a bitch...  
...who doesn't realize  
that this is all for show.  
It's not real.  
I've been saying that all along.  
How are we gonna find them?  
We're gonna go back to the club. Start  
at the beginning, retrace their steps.  
-No. I think we should call the cops.  
-No.  
People disappear  
off the Strip every night.  
Police don't consider it a missing  
person till they've been gone a week.  
Look, we're gonna find them.  
There's no "we" here.  
I just wanna find my friend.  
You're still fucking hot.  
You are dead fucking sexy.  
Oh, shit.  
Nasty little bitch.  
Say "deep throat."  
That's good.  
That's really good, babe.  
That's nice work.  
What do you think?  
Don't you think? Yeah, me too.  
I'll see you.  
Guys, guys. Hey.  
-I got a text from Mike.  
-What is he saying?  
He says, "Sorry to disappear on you.  
Crashed all day."  
-Where is he?  
-Where's Nikki?  
Hold on, I'm asking.  
Where are you?  
"I'm with Nikki. She's sleeping.  
Battery dying."  
Check it out.  
God, Nikki, what did you do?

Hey, wait.

"Meet me here. Room 9, ASAP."

-Do you know where that is?

-Fremont district.

Okay, well, let's go kick his ass.

I'm gonna fucking kill him.

Are you coming, gimpy?

I think I'm gonna save myself  
for the Special Olympics.

My leg's killing me.

Go get that asshole

and let's get out of here.

Hey, Mikey.

Mike, are you in there or what?

Mikey?

Nikki?

Well, at least we know they were here.

This is Nikki's purse.

What the hell is he up to?

Here's his phone.

And a note.

"Guys, we stepped out.

Have a beer and chill."

At least we know

he hasn't lost his manners.

Hey, Mikey?

-So should we just wait here for them?

-What if they don't come back?

I'm sorry this all got so fucked up.

As much as I'd love to have a moment,

I'm just--

Oh, fuck.

What the fuck? Go, go.

No!

-Hey.

-What the fuck?

I'm sorry, man. I....

-You Justin?

-You scared the shit out of me.

I know. I'm really sorry about that,

but Mike is looking for you.

-He's not in there?

-He's at a bar right down the street.

Too drunk to walk.

He asked me to come get you.  
Okay. He did?  
Yeah. Yeah.  
-Okay, well, let me call him.  
-Cool.  
-Oh, one more thing.  
-What--? Oh, fuck!  
Bet you thought that was  
fucking hilarious, didn't you?  
Look, you motherfuckers  
are making a mistake!  
You're making a fucking mistake!  
You know that, don't you?  
You have no fucking idea  
what you're doing!  
Big fucking mistake!  
-That's what they all say.  
-Suck my dick, you faggot.  
Where the fuck are we?  
Who's doing this to us?  
You're gonna meet them  
soon enough.  
When it's your turn,  
they'll come for you.  
Come here, you motherfuckers!  
Hey! Hey!  
Fucking tough guys!  
Come over here!  
Where is Anka?  
I don't know what's going on.  
I don't-- Hey, no! No!  
-No.  
-Shit! Justin, Justin!  
-Justin!  
-Why are they doing this to me?  
What is going on here?  
Where are you taking him?  
That was your friend?  
That was my friend. Who are you?  
You should've said  
goodbye to him, then.  
Hey! Hey!  
Hey, you motherfucker, stop.  
Stop. Come here.

-Wait your turn, se.  
-Yeah, it's my fucking turn right now.  
What is that?  
Shit, why didn't you say something?  
Come on. Hurry up, let's go.  
-Back up.  
-No.  
Carter, what the fuck is going on?  
What is that all about?  
It's Elite Hunting Club.  
What the fuck does that mean?  
It means members only.  
What are you talking about?  
Where are you going?  
Where the fuck are you going?  
You can't leave me in here!  
Carter!  
Get Mr. McMullin  
his Jack and Coke.  
You can hold the Coke.  
Accept my apologies  
for any inconvenience.  
Inconvenience?  
That's what you call that?  
Those guys were gonna drag me away  
like a piece of meat.  
It must have been a unique sensation  
for you.  
I'm glad to see you're enjoying this.  
We are professionals.  
There's a reason we kidnap people  
who won't be missed.  
Your special request has caused  
more than a few inconveniences.  
That was never my intention.  
You know that. I'm a good client.  
Top-tier client.  
Which is why I entertained the idea  
in the first place.  
Well, let's just agree that mistakes  
were made on both sides.  
How do we move on?  
The females will make up  
for the added expense.

And the others?  
Your friends?  
Collateral damage.  
Do you have a problem with that?  
If you do,  
I could call the home office.  
They don't like to hear  
about problems.  
They were always more his friends  
than mine.  
So are we good?  
Drink up.  
It's okay. It's okay.  
It's okay.  
That was a total of nine arrows  
until termination.  
Congratulations  
to players five and 1 1 .  
Showtime.  
I have big surprise  
for that cattle prod motherfucker.  
What the fuck they doing to her?  
They took my woman.  
They took my Anka.  
These fucking people.  
Who knows  
what they're doing to her?  
She was my life.  
She was my everything.  
I'm getting married next week.  
Well, at least you didn't get married  
last week.  
And why is that?  
Because your woman  
would be a widow now.  
Let's go, pretty boy.  
Fuck you.  
Oh, that wasn't a request.  
Okay!  
Scott!  
Okay, okay!  
Where the fuck are you taking him?  
Fuck.  
Come on, pretty boy.



It's just a fucking jacket.  
All right, all right, all right.  
That's a nice tux.  
Don't bother returning it.  
Enjoy your honeymoon.  
Welcome, members...  
...to the Elite Hunting Club's  
main event, a very special kill.  
Enjoy the show.  
-Don't get up. It's fine.  
-What?  
What is this?  
What is this, Carter?  
This? This is actually  
a really fucking cheap tuxedo.  
I have this very special custom job  
I was gonna wear to the wedding.  
Okay.  
I guess now  
I'll wear it to your funeral.  
What are you saying?  
I didn't think they'd be able to find it,  
but they did. Recognize these?  
This is really great.  
Do you know what these are?  
Those are the very expensive  
German kitchen knives...  
...that Amy registered  
for at Bloomie's.  
I'm glad they're here...  
...because I actually used a knife  
very much like this one...  
...to kill a girl at the club in Macau.  
I skinned her alive.  
It took me six hours.  
-What kind of sick fuck are you?  
-But the problem I keep running into...  
...is that the rush  
just isn't there anymore.  
I needed to up the ante a bit. I needed  
to kill someone who mattered.  
How are you gonna get away with it?  
You can't just make me disappear!  
-That's what I pay these people for.

-What?  
What, to kill your fucking friends?  
Where are Mike and Justin?  
-What did you do with them?  
-That was actually a mistake.  
That was a legitimate mistake.  
That Mike was in the wrong place  
at exactly the right time.  
And Justin....  
The poor bastard.  
He didn't deserve it.  
What, I deserve this?  
Why do I deserve this?  
Because you got what I want.  
Amy.  
This is all about Amy?  
I thought when she found out  
that you cheated on her...  
...she would leave you right away.  
You told her.  
You told her. You fucking....  
Oh, she is going to be devastated  
when she finds out.  
You sick fuck.  
But that's okay, I will be right there  
next to her to console her.  
You sick fuck.  
-You sick fuck!  
-And how long do you think it'll be...  
-...before I'm fucking her.  
-You sick fuck!  
In your own goddamn bed.  
Don't you touch her! I'll fucking  
kill you! I will fucking kill you.  
What kind of man are you, huh?  
You do this to your fucking friends?  
When it comes to pussy...  
...I have no friends.  
You motherfuckers want a show?  
-I'll give you a fucking show.  
-Go ahead.  
Yeah!  
Let him go.  
Yeah!

You motherfuckers  
want a show, huh?  
I'll give you a fucking show!  
The house always wins.  
The honeymoon isn't quite over yet,  
Elite Hunting Club members.  
Now, who wants to bid  
on killing the groom?  
Get me the fuck out of here,  
you motherfuckers!  
You sick fucks!  
Come on!  
Come to me, you motherfucker.  
-Shut your mouth or I'll fuck you up!  
-Come to me.  
-My turn now!  
-You motherfucker!  
Give me that!  
Oh, I'm so fucking happy.  
You die, tough guy. It's your turn.  
Die, motherfucker!  
Die, you piece of shit!  
You motherfucker!  
You fucking die.  
Now I fuck your mother, okay?  
Fuck!  
No!  
Die, motherfucker!  
Take that, you fucking bitch!  
Come on, motherfuckers!  
I repeat, we have two escaped  
prisoners on the loose.  
Okay.  
Sir. Sir, we have two on the loose.  
-Have security round them up.  
-Yes, sir.  
Sound the alarm.  
Oh, my God.  
Jesus Christ.  
Oh, God.  
Oh, please. Please, please, please.  
Come on. Come on.  
Come on, come on, come on.  
Fuck!

-That mother--  
-Fucking shit!  
Shit!  
Come on.  
Come on. Come on.  
Oh, yes. Yes. Oh, God, please.  
Oh, God. Oh, God.  
Please, please, please.  
Oh, God, please.  
what is your emergency?  
Yes, I need help.  
They're killing people.  
What is your location, sir?  
Look, I don't know where I am.  
-That's okay, sir.  
-Oh, wait, wait.  
-Please wait.  
-Stay on the line. Stay calm.  
-They've killed my friends.  
-Killed your friends.  
Hurry. They're gonna kill me.  
Remain calm, sir. Stay on the line.  
I see dead people.  
We've got a point of location.  
The police are on their way.  
Fuck!  
My friends, please, keep your seats.  
We are experiencing  
a temporary power interruption.  
As a safety precaution...  
...you will be escorted  
to your vehicles.  
Yeah.  
Tennessee tuxedo called the cops.  
We've been compromised.  
That's it, we're shutting down.  
Kill the prisoners?  
Kill them all.  
No witnesses.  
Help me, please. Please, help.  
Please, don't! Please!  
Oh, God.  
-Scott. Scott.  
-Keys.

-Oh, God. Okay.  
-Get me out.  
-Hurry.  
-Fuck!  
Come on, come on, come on.  
Come on, come on.  
-Fuck!  
-Shit!  
Only one way out of here,  
motherfucker.  
Why the hurry, huh?  
-The place is gonna blow.  
-Yeah?  
Fuck.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Fuck.  
Okay.  
Fuck you!  
Die!  
Fuck you.  
No! Wait!  
You motherfucker!  
You motherfucker, come here!  
Come-- Wa--  
No!  
Fuck!  
I can't believe he's gone.  
I just-- I feel like none of this  
would have happened...  
...if I hadn't take him to Vegas.  
Don't talk like that.  
Hell, at least, you survived.  
It's okay.  
You can cry.  
Carter?  
Yeah?  
I don't wanna be alone tonight.  
You don't have to be, Amy.  
I'm right here.  
I'm not going anywhere.  
I need a drink.  
-Would you like a drink?  
-Yeah.  
I would love a drink. Yeah.

Okay.

-Oh, can I help you with that?

-Oh, no.

I got it.

Problem is...

...he's alive.

What do you say

we finish that bachelor party?

Amy, please help me.

The house always wins.