



Scripts.com

I Spit on Your Grave 2

By Neil Elman

(HORNS HONKING)

WOMAN:

For two? Right this way.

- Is this okay?

- This is great. Thank you.

Your menus.

(SIGHS)

Thank you so much.

You must get asked

to do this all the time.

You know.

You've been there.

Yeah, it's my pleasure.

Well, I really appreciate it.

So...

what do you think?

Look, I wouldn't be helping you

if I didn't tell you the truth.

To get an agent here, you're gonna

need to get a new portfolio.

Your photos feel very...

Midwestern.

Yeah, of course.

Can you recommend

a good photographer?

Well, yeah, sure,

but they don't come cheap.

You're looking at a couple of grand

for one session.

Okay.

Listen, you have a look.

You have poise.

I noticed you the first day

that you started working here.

You just need to get that on film

with a little more style

than what's in here.

I get it.

MAN:

Look, I need to get back to work.

Keep me posted, yeah?

Definitely.

- Have a good evening.

- **MAN:**

- See you tomorrow, guys.

- **WOMAN:**

(HORNS HONKING)

(SIREN BLARING)

(MAN AND WOMAN ARGUING)

MAN:

Eh. Where'd you go, you little shit.

Come on.

Show yourself.

- (METAL CLANGING)

- Come on!

Show yourself!

(MAN GROANING)

Fuck!

Jesus!

Fuck!

Damn!

Ah!

- Hey, Jayson.

- Oh, hey.

How's it going?

I think he's long gone.

What?

How'd you know?

He nearly knocked me over
on the way in.

Probably hailed a cab
uptown by now.

(CHUCKLES)

You know,

some years are worse than others.

It's rats.

It's New York.

Sort of is what it is.

What are you doing?

Setting a trap that will work.

(SCREWDRIVER WHIRRING)

JAYSON:

Okay, a little hobby of yours?
I know how to catch me some vermin.
Vermin?
Yup. Learned a lot
down on the farms of Missouri.
- Are you aiming for my job, Katie?
- You betcha.
Well, I'm not gonna mess with you.
Hope not.
I got it.
I'll clean up the rest.
Let me know how it works out.
You know, if it works, you're gonna
have to teach me how to do it.
It'll work
and I accept cash, jewelry...
- How 'bout beer?
- Deal.
I still need to fix that dimmer.
Already took care of it.
(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)
(TOUCH-TONES BEEPING)
(PHONE RINGING)

MAN:

You are calling for photo shoot, yes?
Yeah, I was just, um...
You are model?
Hello?
Um, yeah.
Great.
Text picture to us now, please.
Excuse me?
You want free photos,
we need certain look
for our portfolio.
You know, for promotion.
This is how it works.
Oh. Who am I talking to?
I'm Ivan.
Your name is Katie,
I see here on my phone.
Yes, that's right. Katie.
Nice to meet you, Katie.

Now, please, text picture.

- Thank you.

- (PHONE CLICKS)

Okay.

(SHUTTER CLICKS)

(PHONE CHIMES)

(CHUCKLES)

KATIE:

Just drop me by the door.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

Hello?

(CHATTER)

Great.

That's beautiful.

And smile.

Okay.

Turn around.

Can I help you?

Katie.

I have an appointment at 10 a.m.

Miss Katie, of course.

Ivan.

- Ivan.

- What?

Miss Katie's here.

My next appointment's here.

We're done.

Katie.

- Yeah.

- We spoke on the phone.

- You are much prettier than picture.

- Thank you.

Guess that's why I'm here.

IVAN:

You brought some clothes?

Yeah. Uh...

Okay.

Nah.

No. No.

Ah. This one.

Georgy. Georgy.

Yeah. It's cool.

Great.

Where do I get changed?

Right here.

We are all professionals, no?

(GIGGLES)

I'm joking. In the back.

Georgy will show you.

Where is other girl?

Nicky, go back to sleep.

Do not hurt yourself.

And, please, um...

- do not forget photo release form.

- Sure.

- This way.

- Go.

Okay.

- Nicky.

- What, man?

Off the box.

Hey, will you help me with this?

Of course.

Thanks.

How do I look?

Like dream.

Let's hope the pictures
say the same.

Um... look at me.

Good.

Tilt down a bit.

Yes, yes.

To me, to me.

Now down the lens.

On the model, Georgy.

Hmm.

(SIGHS)

(MUSIC LOWERS)

Is everything okay?

Yeah, it's perfection, yeah.

Maybe something different, huh?

The long lens, please.

Do you want me to try
a different dress?

Maybe. Maybe, um...

maybe try more...

skin.
You know,
something sexy and sensual.
Something a little more lower cut.
Yeah, maybe, but, please,
maybe try take this one down a bit.
This one doesn't come down.
It's either on or off.
Oh.
Maybe off, then?
You know...
No.
I don't know.

IVAN:

No? It's nothing. Listen.
A lot of girls
to get different jobs, they...
they show a little more.
Especially in Europe.
It's normal.
(LAUGHS)
I'm sorry.
I didn't...
that's not what I was expecting.
Oh, she wasn't expecting.

IVAN:

And what is it you were expecting?
You are a model.
You are professional.
I'm not gonna take my clothes off
so you can sell the photos
on the Internet.
If that's what you guys want,
we have a real misunderstanding.
She's fucking prude.
Shut up, Nicky.
But, um...
you want free photos, yes?
Not that bad.
Sorry.
I'm outta here.
Waste of time.

(HORNS HONKING)

MAN:

Listen to me for a second.

WOMAN:

I don't wanna listen to you!
I'm tired of listening
to you every day!

MAN:

at 4:

You were still lying
right here asleep.

WOMAN:

a thousand violins to play for you.
I didn't do anything all day long,
what's wrong with you...
- (SIRENS BLARING)

- **MAN:**

it's a fucking disaster!
(KATIE LAUGHING)

MAN:

Don't you start with me!
I work all fucking day,
I gotta put up with all this stuff!
When I come home,
I want a fucking hot meal.
Is that so difficult
for you to understand?
- (KATIE SIGHS)

- **WOMAN:**

MAN:

You are what is wrong with me!
No wonder we live
in a fucking pigsty!
- (KNOCKS ON DOOR)
- (TOUCH-TONES BEEPING)

Who is it?
Hello, Miss Katie.
What are you doing here?
I come bring your pictures.
I don't want those.
I told you that.
I know...
because you were very upset.
But I do this favor for you.
I'm not bad guy.
And I'm not upset.
Now, please.
The pictures are great.
You can use them.
Okay, okay.
I got them.
Really, I appreciate it, I do.
Now, I have work to do.
What is with attitude?
Look,
I know you're trying to do something
nice... make up for your brother,
- but I assure you, it's okay.
- Okay, then.
And I wiped all the pictures
off the drives for your privacy.
Thank you.
That was really nice.
I appreciate it.
Thanks, Georgy.
I hope this helps.
- Have a nice day.
- Okay, bye.
Miss Katie.
(SIREN BLARING)
(MOUSE CLICKING)
(WATER RUNNING)
- (MAN AND WOMAN ARGUING)
- (SIREN BLARING)
(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING)
(SCREAMS)
What are you doing?!
You're so nice.
So beautiful.

Come, sit down.
We'll talk.
In three seconds,
I'm gonna scream so loud.
Why are you doing this
after all I did for you?
Leave now.
Please, come, sit down.
We'll talk.
- (ELECTRICITY BUZZING)
- (GROANING)
Help!
(SCREAMS)
- Ah!
- (GROANS)
- (ARGUING CONTINUES)
- (BANGING)
(SCREAMING)
Shut up.
Shut up.
Shut up.
- (LAMP CRASHES)
- (GLASS SHATTERS)
Don't move.
(MUFFLED SCREAMING)
Stop moving.
Stop moving.
Stop moving!
Stop moving.
Shut up and don't move.
Stop moving.
Stop moving.
- (BANGING ON DOOR)

- JAYSON:

Are you okay?
I'm coming in.
I'm coming in!
Katie?
Oh, my God, Katie.
Tell me that you like me.
Tell me that you like me.
Say I like you, Georgy.
Hmm?

I like you, Georgy.
- Say that you like me.
- (WHEEZING)
I like you, Georgy.
I like you, Georgy.
(MUFFLED)
I like you, Georgy.
(MUFFLED SCREAMING CONTINUES)
That's not necessary.
You will like this.
I'm sure...
I'm sure you'll like this.
Be cool... be cool.
You will like this.
I knew you'd like it.
Tell me that you like me.
You like it, I know.
I know that you like it.
You like it!
Say that you like it.
Say it. Say it.
Yeah, you like it.
(GROANING, PANTING)
(MUFFLED CRYING)
Bro, I fucked up again.
Yeah.
I fucked up.
(MUFFLED CRYING CONTINUES)
(PHONE VIBRATING)
Yeah.
On the sixth, yeah.
(KNOCKS ON DOOR)

NICK:

Holy shit, bro.
- She hit me with the Taser gun.
- (GROANS)
Put these on.
Here. Take.
- Nice job.
- He just came in.
- He was not supposed to be here.
- And you were?
You know what this means, right?

Do you know what this means?

I know.

I'm sorry.

- Shh.

- We can clean this place up.

It goes away. It goes away.

IVAN:

We have calls from her to the studio.

We have dead lover boy

on the floor here.

You have your prints

all over this place.

Do you have your junk inside her?

- Yeah.

- There is no cleaning this up.

Do you have your ketamine?

Yes.

Good.

Give it to me.

Now give me the knife.

The knife. Knife!

Hey! Hands.

Touch it. Touch it.

Touch it.

Good girl.

Get paper towel and cleaner

and wipe down

everything you have touched.

You know,

you are one sick fuck.

You know that?

You are one sick fuck.

And you're so perfect?

We are never cleaning up after me,

though, are we?

Father is going to love this one.

Please, don't tell him.

Please, bro.

Father doesn't need to know.

Please...

forgive my brother.

He cannot help himself.

But we all have our vices, eh?

Open.

Open.

Come here, come here.

Open. Open!

(MUFFLED GROANING CONTINUES)

Open.

(CHOKING)

Yes.

Shut up.

Swallow it.

Good night, Katie.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

IVAN:

(LAUGHING)

Now, Nicky, go get the box.

- (SIRENS BLARING)

- (HORNS HONKING)

(MUFFLED YELLING)

(MAN PANTING)

(WHIMPERING)

Stop. Stop!

Stop!

Come on, come on!

You junkie!

- What the fuck, man?!

- (KATIE CRYING)

She doesn't even know

what's happening. She's wasted.

All right.

You still in the K-hole, darling?

Do you know your name?

It's just a dream, see.

One bad fucking dream.

Water.

She speaks, man.

I'm thirsty, please.

- I'm thirsty.

- You're thirsty?

Yeah.

(SCREAMING)

Drink up, baby.

It's refreshing, isn't it?

Hey, bro!

(SPEAKING NATIVE LANGUAGE)

Stop it!

The both of you.

He was pissing on her!

Is that so?

What's the difference?

She's a piece of trash.

Upstairs!

Now!

(SCREAMING)

You might want

to get some sleep, yeah?

You're going to need it.

Help! Help!

Help!

Somebody help me!

Help!

Somebody help me!

Somebody...

(CRYING)

(WATER SLOSHING)

(COUGHING)

Wash yourself.

Unless you want me to.

What do you want from me?!

I want you to wash yourself.

Fuck you!

(LAUGHS)

GEORGY:

Let me do this, bro.

(SCREAMS)

IVAN:

You're gonna give her more shit.

I cannot have her kicking

and screaming all over the place

when Valko gets here.

Just hold her down for me.

No. No.

NICK:

Please.

- No, no.

- Will make you very happy.

Open your mouth.

Open your mouth.

Open your mouth.

NICK:

Now swallow like a good girl, all right?

You know how to swallow, don't ya?

(GROANS, SWALLOWS)

- (GASPING)

- IVAN:

Good girl.

She's be very happy

in 15 minutes.

(WHIMPERING)

- Shh.

- Get away!

Be cool.

Be cool, be cool.

It's better, huh?

So I'll go get some clothes.

I'll make you real pretty.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

(GAGGING)

Hey.

I told you I will make you pretty.

Yeah.

So...

Yeah.

- You're tired.

- (GROANS)

Yeah.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Now it's shoes time.

Stop! Stop! Stop!

Stop! Stop!

Stop!

Stop! Stop! Stop!

- Stop!

- (HORN HONKING)

Stop!

Stop!

(CRYING)

Please, help me!

Please, help me!

- Please! Help me!

- Whoa, whoa, whoa.

(SPEAKING NATIVE LANGUAGE)

Please! Help me!

- Please!

- (SPEAKING NATIVE LANGUAGE)

I don't understand!

Help me.

(GROANS)

Where am I? Where am I?

(SIREN BLARING)

(SPEAKING NATIVE LANGUAGE)

Where am I? Where am I?

I've been attacked.

I've been raped!

I've been raped!

I've been attacked!

Please, help me!

I've been attacked!

Speak English!

Are you okay?

Come with me.

- Everything will be fine.

- Please, help me.

- Come with me.

- I've been attacked. I've been raped.

- Everything will be fine.

- Please...

I've been kidnapped.

I've been attacked.

MAN:

Watch your head.

What's happening, what's happening,

what's happening?

Are you American?

Yes.

I've been raped.

- Okay. Okay.

- I've been attacked.

Where am I?

You don't know where you are?

No.

You're in Bulgaria.

(WHINING)

No! No! No!

Now you remember?

No!

I was in New York!

I was raped in New York!

I don't know how I got here!

- Okay, okay.

- No!

- Everything will be fine.

- (SIREN BLARING)

Georgy, you finished playing house
with your girlfriend?

Fuck, man.

Ivan! Ivan!

(BELL TOLLING)

POLICE OFFICER:

you need to see doctor.

I'll take you to clinic.

No one's going to touch me.

I just wanna go home.

Yeah, first, I finish report.

So three men

broke into your apartment
in New York.

I've told you already.

Forgive me,

this is a strange story.

Story?

These men, you knew them?

No.

I've told you already.

You should be looking for them.

You're hurt,

but you won't see doctor.

I think you take drugs.

That's why you refuse doctor

because drugs show up in test.

I wanna go to

the American Embassy now.

I'm not gonna answer
anymore of your questions
unless you're gonna
charge me with something.

(KNOCKS ON DOOR)

- (SPEAKING BULGARIAN)

- (DOOR OPENS)

Hello.

Please, let's speak English.

Okay.

This is Katie.

Katie Carter.

She refuses to see doctor.

Detective,

please, get me a coffee.

Two coffees.

Oh. Sure.

I'll be back in a minute

- with two coffees.

- (SIREN BLARING)

My dear, dear, girl.

My name is Ana.

You are Katie?

I run a shelter.

I help women

who have been hurt.

I know what you

have been through,

believe me.

Will you take me to the...

to the Embassy?

Yes.

Of course.

Are you hungry?

I'm not hungry.

I wanna go to the Embassy now.

I understand.

I have same experience.

I know.

We get you some clothes.

Maybe you want shower.

Then we go to Embassy.

But first,

we get you out of here.

Hello. My name is Ana Patov.
I have a young woman.
She needs help.
Yes, she's American.
Her name is Katie Carter.
May I bring her to you?
Yes, okay.
Okay.
- Thank you.
- (PHONE BEEPS)
I must warn you,
you don't just go on plane.
They make report,
ask questions,
make sure who you are.
It takes time.
I can give you clothes and money.
Money is what you need most.
My house is near Embassy.
Very close.
We can stop for clothes,
bandages.
Just a few minutes.
Yes, please.
Good.
Please.
It's okay.
Here.
Come.
This way.
Come.
I keep extra clothes downstairs.
Storage.
Something will fit you.
Please, down here.
(PANTING)
Welcome back.
You tried to hurt my family.
(SCREAMS)
No! No!
(CRYING)
You almost got away, yes?
Almost.
No!

No more running for you.

(SCREAMING)

You think this hurts?

You just wait.

Just wait.

(FAINT SCREAMING, CRYING)

(OPERA MUSIC PLAYING)

KATIE:

Please, don't hurt me.

Hold still.

- (ELECTRICITY BUZZING)

- (SCREAMING)

You want to move, yes?

Come, I make you...

(ELECTRICITY BUZZING)

Pain is good, yes?

You like this, yes?

Open or I shock your face.

(ELECTRICITY BUZZING)

Pain wakes the body.

Makes everything feel better.

You understand my English?

Now you move.

Move or I shock you.

KATIE:

(ELECTRICITY BUZZING)

(KATIE SCREAMING)

(GROANS)

I'm done.

You all right, bro?

- (FOOTSTEPS)

' (DOOR OPENS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

(SIGHS)

Hey.

Hey.

Hey.

Don't worry.

I wouldn't fuck you

with Nicky's dick right now.

You're disgusting.

You should see yourself, Katie.

You're not so pretty.
You're not so proud.
You want to touch me?
(LAUGHS)
Good. Good.
I will touch you, too.
It's deep enough.
You could put a truck down here.
Shut up.
Keep digging.
(PICKAXE THUDDING)
(PICKAXE CLINKING)

NICKY:

I've hit rock.
Solid rock.
I can't dig anymore, man.

GEORGY:

It's deep enough.

IVAN:

Let's get her in.
Katie.
The box is ready for you now.
You remember it, yes?
(GROANING)
(CHUCKLES)
You're a sick fuck.
No, Georgy is a sick fuck.
I'm not.
He's a crazy, sick fuck.
Nicolai is just sick.
Me?
I'm just fuck.
And you think that if you take
your clothes off for me...
in New York...
none of this would happen.
Maybe, yes?
Go.
(SCREAMING)
Here you go, bro.
A present.

Let's go.
(GROANING)
There.

GEORGY:

Goodbye, Miss Katie.
If you want,
we put you in the box, too.
- You can be together.
- Fuck off.
Hold on. Hold on.
(RUMBLING, DIRT THUDDING)
No, no, no, no, no, no.
Please, God,
don't do this to me.
(WHIMPERING)
(COUGHS)
Now, put it.
Help me.
Please.
God, help me.
Don't let me die, please.
Not down here.
Not like this.
Not down here
and not like this.
Not down here and
not like this.
Not down here
and not like this.
Not down here
and not like this!
- (BANGING)
- (SCREAMING)
(BOX CRASHES)
(WATER DRIPPING)

GEORGY:

So maybe we go out tonight, huh?
Celebrate.
Come on, Ivan.
It's finish. We have some fun
before we go back, huh?
We're never going back.

- What?
- We can't go back, ever.
Is too risky.
Thank Georgy.
Need to lie low.
Split up.
Go stay one of your bitches, huh?
Why?
She talked to the police.
Is all of your brain gone, Nicolai?
Where is he, anyway?
Crying over girlfriend?
I'll make him cry.
Fucking asshole.
(WATER DRIPPING)
(MOANING)
(CRYING)
(WHIMPERING)
(SCREAMING, CRYING)

KATIE:

Hello?
(CRYING)
(SNORING)
Help!
Can anyone hear me?
(GROANING)
(WATER DRIPPING)
(WHIMPERING)
(WINGS FLAPPING)
(DISTANT CHOIR SINGING)
(METAL CLANKS)
(CERAMIC SHATTERS)
(CHATTER)
Stay away from me.
Oh, are you American?
Don't come near me.
You have no need to fear me.
You're English is good.
Oh, I study philosophy in London.
Your English is better.
(CHUCKLES)
A young American girl
scurrying around

underneath of here...

why?

This I would like to hear.

Please, come and sit. Eat.

No, thank you.

Don't be foolish.

I want to help you.

I don't need help.

Okay.

Take the clothes,

take the shoes, and the food.

You do not need to steal.

(DOOR SHUTS)

(WINGS FLAPPING)

(PIGEON COOING)

(HORNS HONKING)

(HORNS HONKING)

(WIND WHISTLING)

FATHER DIMOV:

Little mouse.

I'm pleased to find you here.

No closer.

Someone did very bad things to you,

I know.

I can call the police.

Don't.

You can't run from this forever.

I'm not running.

(WATER DRIPPING)

- (BRAKES SCREECH)

- (HORNS HONKING)

(SPEAKING BULGARIAN)

(DANCE MUSIC PLAYING)

(BELL TOLLING)

(DOORBELL JINGLES)

Merci, merci.

Hello?

Katie?

Katie?

Katie?

(KATIE SCREAMING)

KIRIL:

what could not wait?

There is a woman.

A vagrant.

I think she needs help.

She's American.

- American?

- Mm.

I believe she has come into
the worst kind of abuse.

- Like what?

- I don't even want to imagine.

I gave her some food,
some clothes, and...

What can I do?

I'm worried.

I'm afraid she's about
to do something terrible.

- Terrible?

- Yes.

This is the Bible I gave to her.

She left it open.

"Vengeance is mine;

I will repay, saith the Lord."

This American,

what does she look like?

In her early 20s.

About this high.

She weighs about as much
as a leaf dripping wet.

She has long brown hair and...

she's beautiful.

Father, what do you think
this woman is capable of?

I've been asking myself
the same question.

Please, Katie, release me.

Please.

It's okay.

It's okay, Georgy.

I'm going to take
good care of you.

(GASPS)

No. No.

You like me now, yes?

Yes.
- This feels good, yes?
- (YELLING)
Shh.
I could castrate you.
No, no, please.
(FLESH SQUELCHING)
Or I could slit your throat.
But you are a sick
and diseased bag of flesh
and that is how you deserve to die.
Rotting like you left me.
(FLESH SQUELCHING)
If I were you,
I'd get some antibiotics.
Wouldn't want infection to set in,
would we?
Why are you doing this?
Please, don't do this.
Please, Katie.
No, no.
No, please.
I'm making you look pretty.
Real...
pretty.
(GROANING)
No, please.
Katie! Katie!
(PHONE RINGING)
(WOMAN SPEAKING BULGARIAN)
American Embassy, please.
Thank you.
(DANCE MUSIC PLAYING)
(PANTING)
- (GAGGING)
- (DOOR SHUTS, LOCKS)
Still in the K-hole, darling?
You don't even know
what's happening, do you?
We killed you.
Yeah.
See, this is all a dream!
One... bad...
fucking...

- dream!
- (WATER BUBBLING)
Are you thirsty?
Take a big drink.
Second course.
No, no!
Put it in your mouth and swallow.
You know how to swallow,
don't you, darling?!
Don't you?!
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
(BANGING ON DOOR)
(SCREAMING)
(MOANING)
Fucking whore.
Katie, you fucking whore.
Help!
Help! Help!
Help!
Help!
No one can hear you down here.
Scream all you want.
It ain't gonna work.
Trust me, I tried.
You like me now, don't you?
I'm sorry, Miss Katie.
- Answer me.
- (SCREAMING)
Tell me you like me.
Tell me! Tell me!
(SCREAMING)
- Tell me you like me.
- I like you.
I like you. I like you.
I like you, Katie.
(SCREAMING)
I like... I like you, Katie.
I like you, Katie.
I like you...
(METAL CLANGS)
Suck on that.
(MUFFLED CRYING)
(CHOIR SINGING)
(WHEEZING)

(GRUNTS)
(SPEAKS BULGARIAN)
You.
Please...
don't do this.
- (ELECTRICITY BUZZING)
- (SCREAMING)
Now...
you move or I shock you.
(SCREAMING)
You like electricity, don't you?
What are you doing?
Please...
I beg of you.
No more!
No more?
I haven't even gotten started.
Open.
(GROANING)
(ELECTRICITY BUZZING)
A little foreplay.
Right?
- (ELECTRICITY BUZZING)
- (SCREAMING)
Is the pain
waking your body up yet?
(GAGGING)
They used to use shock therapy
to help the mentally ill.
Since you are so sick,
you, Valko,
need a great deal of therapy.
- (ELECTRICITY BUZZING)
- (SCREAMING)
(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING)
(GROANING)
(GASPS)
No.
(OPERA MUSIC PLAYING)
- Boo.
- (GASPS)
(SCREAMS)
My dear girl.
Believe me,

I know what you're going through.

No!

No! Oh, no!

Please!

No!

Please!

No!

(SCREAMING)

No!

Please!

(SCREAMING)

Ana, I must talk to you.

Ana.

No. No.

Ana?

What the fuck?

Ana?

I must talk to her.

The American.

How do I find her?

Do you know her?

Who is she?

Katie. Her name is Katie.

She came to me for help
not too long ago.

And did you help her?

I thought so.

Now I'm not so sure.

So she's down there.

Help her.

This time,

you must help her, Kiril.

IVAN:

My God.

Georgy. Georgy.

(GROANS)

Welcome to the party.

You said it best, didn't you?

What was it exactly?

Oh, yeah.

"We all have our vices."

Take a look at mine.

Oh, fuck me!

Oh!

(GROANING)

(MUFFLED SCREAMING)

- **KATIE:**

- **ANA:**

...Mother's calling.

ANA:

Get me out!

Oh, shut up, Ana.

- Please!

- Ana, shut up.

Now, Ivan, you shouldn't talk
to your mother that way.

(LAUGHING)

What's so funny?

She's not my mother.

Father didn't stop raping her
until after Nicky was born.

I told you she was a sick fuck.

(MUFFLED CRIES)

You're the sickest of them all.

How many others did you sell
to animals like Valko?

How many more like me?

How many?!

(GAGGING)

No. No.

No.

No, please!

(CRYING)

Baby!

Georgy!

No!

Georgy!

Killing you would be too easy.

Georgy.

I want you to have
the same experience as me!

(CRYING)

(MUFFLED SCREAMING)

He's not a sick fuck anymore.

You're fucking dead.
You're fucking dead.
Yeah, that's what I thought.
For the first few days,
I wished I was dead.
Now...
I don't know.
(GRUNTS)
No. No. No.
No, no, no.
No!
(SCREAMING)

KATIE:

You think that hurts?!
You just wait!
Is that too tight?
Yes. Yes.
Let me loosen it for you.
(SCREAMING)
Whoops.
Wrong way.
Fucking whore.
You fucking whore.
Want some more?
(SCREAMING)
You let me know
when it's tight enough.
Guys like it tight, right?
Please!
You should see yourself.
Not so proud now, Ivan.
And to think...
all of this could have been avoided
if you weren't such...
an asshole
piece of shit!
Katie.
Don't move.
Please.
Hey! Let her go!
(GAGGING)
I said let her go!
Let her go!

Stop it, God damn it!

(COUGHING)

I'm sorry.

(MUFFLED WHIMPERING)

(MUSIC PLAYING)