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# **I Spit on Your Grave: Vengeance is Mine**

By Daniel Gilboy

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What's a pretty little thing like you  
doing out here all alone?

No, no, no.

Come here.

Angie.

I'm sorry, what?

Group therapy.

Have you thought any more about it?

I really think that it would help you  
to spend some time around people  
who share your experience.

No. No. no!

My experience?

Dreams again?

Do we have to do this today?

Yes.

Okay,

Prance, showhorse.

Sweetie!

Hey, Angie.

Hey, Angie, wait up.

Please don't call me that.

Come on, what is it?

I mean, do I smell?

I have bad breath?

I just don't like  
to be called Angie.

One minute.

What happened to you?

I'm just trying  
to be friends here.

- Why?

- What's wrong with being friendly?

- Jesus.

- Go make friends with Gloria.

- Or Saperstein.

- You're really tough.

Look, not everybody's trying  
to get into your pants.

No, not everyone. But you are.

Nice tits.

Great ass, too.

Damn, girl.

Where you running to  
all fast like that, huh, girl?  
Looking good.  
Take you to the back of Dingo's car.  
Ain't that right, Dingo?  
Yeah.  
Whoa, where you going?  
Name's Chief, baby.  
What's your name?  
Damn!  
Oh, you ain't got...  
you ain't got no name.  
Okay. That's cool, too, baby.  
If you're having dreams  
when you're awake,  
that means you're crazy,  
doesn't it?  
Not necessarily.  
Are you having dreams  
while you're awake?  
More like fantasies.  
What do you fantasize about?  
Justice.  
What about it?  
You don't feel that  
you've received justice?  
Justice isn't something  
you receive.  
It's something you dish out.  
Is that from a fortune cookie?  
Out there,  
it's all predators and prey.  
You're either one or the other.  
What about friends?  
Everybody's after something.  
Protection.  
Companionship. Whatever.  
But you're either getting or giving  
no matter what you call it.  
That may be a bit narrow.  
You don't believe in altruism?  
You mean the do-gooders?  
Can't stand the do-gooders.  
They're the ones who think

they really aren't after anything.  
They just want to be friends.  
Like that's some magical gift  
to the universe  
with no strings attached.  
Pretty bleak world view.  
There's always strings attached.  
- Need a lift?  
- No.  
Come on, Angie...  
Angela. Angela.  
You know,  
if you ask really nicely,  
I'm sure Saperstein will give you  
a handy in the supply closet.  
Look, not every guy  
is an asshole.  
But you'll never know that if you  
don't give somebody a chance.  
They say that rape  
is about power, not sex,  
but that's kind of bullshit.  
Of course it's about sex.  
It's very specifically  
about sex.  
To hurt you as deeply  
as possible.  
Complete devastation.  
Like when soldiers  
don't just defeat their enemy,  
they burn their villages  
and foul their water supply, you know?  
Don't just kill the natives,  
kill the buffalo.  
Kill what's sacred to them  
so the body is just a shell  
to be crushed  
beneath your boot.  
Thank you so much for sharing  
with us this night, Mallory.  
Your views are always...  
illuminating.  
I do want to take a moment  
to welcome a new member

to the group tonight.  
Everyone, this is Angela.  
Hi, Angela.  
Now, Angela,  
as this is a sacred space  
where it is safe to share, I do invite  
you to share with us tonight.  
I'd rather not.  
That's okay.  
There's no pressure here.  
Everybody participates  
at their own pace.  
Now might be a good time  
to take a quick potty break  
and let you caffeine drinkers  
get your fix of free coffee.  
Are you all right, dear?  
Hi.  
I'm Oscar Kosca.  
Spelled with a SCA  
but pronounced like a Z.  
Nobody gets it right.  
Angela Jitrenka.  
Ah, it's Czech, isn't it?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, Jitrenka.  
It means morning star.  
Like Lucifer.  
I'm sorry'!  
Lucifer was also called  
Morning Star.  
Venus is actually  
the morning star  
since it precedes the sun  
in the sky,  
but the Romans  
called it Lux Ferre.  
Lucifer.  
I thought he was the devil.  
And God's most beautiful angel  
before the fall.  
One of the avenging  
angels, actually.  
You know a lot about this.

Well, my daughter,  
she knew all the angels.  
She knew their names.  
She knew which one was for what.  
You know, all that stuff.  
Her room was just covered  
with angels.  
Just wings and...  
and I'm sorry. Excuse me.  
She's dead.  
His daughter, I mean.  
The guy who raped her  
got off on some technicality.  
She killed herself.  
Cops and lawyers, right?  
He's way fucked up.  
I need a smoke. Want one?  
First time?  
No, but it's been a while.  
First group.  
Yeah.  
Don't worry. I won't ask.  
I'm sure I'll hear all about it  
in one of our little weep sessions.  
How do you stand it?  
Ha, it's better than  
slitting my wrists.  
I think.  
Look, it's not...  
I mean, I keep coming back,  
you know?  
It must be doing something.  
But some days...  
some days  
I'd rather not think about it.  
You know?  
Of course, if I could do that,  
I wouldn't be here  
in the first place.  
Maybe I'll see you around.  
You're not going back in?  
I've had enough victims  
for one night.  
See you next time, maybe.

What's up, baby girl?  
I waited for you all night.  
What's the matter, sweetie?  
Got something special for you.  
Something special?  
I hope you've got a tennis bracelet  
down your pants,  
'cause there sure ain't nothing  
special about your cock.  
It is a cock, right?  
It's not just like  
a little puffy pussy?  
Back off, bitch.  
Oh, is that the best you got?  
You're never gonna get laid  
with game like that, Chief.  
Get a job and a nice car,  
not that piece of shit  
I see you driving around in.  
If you want pussy,  
you're gonna have to pay for it  
'cause I really can't see anybody  
fucking you for free.  
Dykes.  
It's a sad thing  
when a straight woman  
would rather eat pussy  
than fuck your sorry ass.  
Ooh! Shit!  
What the fuck was that, man?  
Don't mind them.  
Their cocks make them stupid.  
It's true.  
I saw it in a documentary.  
It sucks all the blood  
from their brains.  
The bigger their dicks,  
the dumber they get.  
He must be hung like a horse.  
Come on,  
you're buying me a drink.  
- I live right there.  
- Where?  
- On 14th.

- I'm on Elm.  
No kidding?  
We should scissor each other.  
Shut up.  
So Chiefs dad  
owns some, like, electronics  
franchise or something.  
He's hardly an urban gangster.  
Well, if it's an act,  
it scared me.  
I mean, do they have  
mothers, sisters?  
How do they learn to speak  
to women like that?  
You know what? I don't give a shit  
how women are spoken to  
or objectified by rap music lyrics  
or whatever.  
I mean,  
people got raped in palaces  
where everybody spoke poetry.  
I'd rather he talked to me  
like that than pretend.  
At least it's honest.  
I mean, like, talking nice,  
it is just, like,  
dressed-up bullshit.  
Yeah.  
- Like the do-gooders.  
- Huh?  
Oh, nothing.  
There's this guy at my work  
who just wants to be friends.  
Oh, yeah, he wants you to say hello  
to his little friend.  
- His very little friend, most likely.  
- Yes.  
No chance  
he's one of the good ones?  
There are good ones?  
Yeah, sure. And unicorns, too.  
Haven't you heard?  
I'll tell you what.  
He does put a hand on you,



you really ought to shank the bastard.

I mean, it's an office, right?

Grab one of those letter openers,

jab it in his inner thigh,

watch him bleed out.

That's graphic.

I'm sorry. I just say whatever.

I don't give a shit.

I'm so sorry.

No, it's okay.

All that political correctness

is pretty irritating anyway.

Mm-hmm.

That group lady Lynne

is really hard to take.

She's a fucking idiot.

Everything with her

is healing and forgiveness.

I can't take that

turquoise Sedona bullshit.

You know, you want

to give these women hope?

Give them vengeance.

Yeah.

Well, I'm not sure

that fixes anything either.

It fixes them.

All these women

in abusive relationships,

they should be learning

how to poison soup.

Yes, but do you have

any extreme views?

Look, I'm no angel.

I've done some weird shit

in the bedroom.

But that was consenting,

you know?

When my ex

came at me with his...

that was it.

I'm done.

I'm not kidding.

I'm not gonna be handled again.

Not by anybody.  
I mean, you trust someone,  
you let them in,  
they fuck you up.  
Fuck that, you know?  
And the cops won't help you.  
Nobody will help you.  
You have to do it yourself.  
You have to walk out  
and never look back.  
And if that doesn't work,  
you take a paring knife  
and you fillet it like a fish.  
You pull the guts out  
and you cut the fucking head off.  
How you doing?  
- I'm so grateful for this group.  
- Thank you, Kensly.  
Want to get a beer after?  
- Cassie.  
- Sure.  
Are you ready to share?  
My parents got divorced  
when I was seven.  
My morn, she took it  
really hard.  
And, you know, really.  
Well, it was a big deal  
when she met Ron.  
You know, 'cause she'd been  
so unhappy for so long  
and now she was happy again  
and everybody was, like, relieved.  
And Ron was like this  
big hero to everyone,  
which I always thought was pretty shitty  
when you think about it, you know?  
So at first...  
at first I didn't say anything,  
like, when he started.  
And, you know,  
the weirdest thing about it  
is that I still sometimes  
think about it.

Like all twisted around  
and stuff.

Like I deserved it  
or something.

And because of that,  
because I didn't say  
something right away,  
like that meant that I liked  
it or something.

I don't know.

It's dumb or whatever.

But that's just the way  
I used to think about it.

- Are you kidding me?

- The guy still lives there.

How is that even possible?

Well, the stepdad Ron,  
he denied it.

And the mom

never really believed  
that anything happened  
in the first place, so...

So she just has to live  
with a guy who rapes her?

Mmm-hmm. And she's terrified...

terrified that her mom's  
gonna find out about group.

She thinks she's smoking pot  
with the neighbor.

How fucked up is that?

A teenager sneaking out  
of the house for rape counseling.

Shitty rape counseling.

It's just what I'm always saying,  
you know?

Give a woman a fish and she makes  
dinner for her piece-of-shit husband.

Teach the woman to kill  
the piece-of-shit husband,  
and she never has to make  
dinner again.

A message of hope.

It's beautiful, really.

It's like an epidemic

of browbeaten women  
too afraid to stand up  
against abusive men.  
I mean,  
that's family values for you.  
Wives and daughters  
trapped in little boxes  
stacked side by side  
in neat little rows  
with monsters in there  
torturing them year after year.  
That's the institution  
of marriage  
that everybody  
is so desperate to protect  
where women are slaves  
to pedophiles and wife-heaters.  
That's the way  
some of them want it.  
They get off on it.  
Can only come if they're  
getting the shit beat out of them.  
That's the way mine is.  
Yeah, we're gonna need  
some shots.  
- He's drunk.  
- Come on.  
Oh, my God.  
He's so drunk.  
Man moves fast.  
He's like the fastest drunk  
in the world.  
- What are you doing?  
- He's got his... I don't know.  
That how she likes it?  
You old fuck.  
Whoo-hoo!  
Whoo-hoo!  
Check it out.  
Adult circumcision.  
If you need a pole that long.  
Eh, this is more like it.  
This shit is just laying out.  
Not locked up or anything,

no background checks to buy one,  
and you can do some serious  
damage with some of this.  
See, I'm an old-fashioned girl  
with simpler tastes.  
Okay, okay, Madame Thor.  
Simplicity.  
Bare-knuckle simplicity.  
- Ow! Ow!  
- Oops.  
Hey!  
- A friend?  
- Isn't that what you wanted?  
It's not about what I want.  
Oh, can we skip  
the Freudian double-talk, please?  
No, I call bullshit.  
You make a friend and you say  
it's 'cause I wanted it?  
What do you want?  
Nobody out there is gonna  
ask you that question  
'cause they don't give a shit.  
Do you?  
- Do I what?  
- Give a shit.  
You're a pain in the ass.  
I believe that's Carl Jung  
you're quoting, isn't it?  
Do you trust her?  
Do you feel like you  
can trust a new person?  
What about strings? You said  
everybody has strings attached.  
You still believe that?  
Absolutely.  
Bye. Have a good day, Ron.  
Bye, honey.  
- Cassie, you're not gonna say bye?  
- Got a hug for Daddy?  
Why are we here?  
Bye.  
I was curious.  
Why?

Some people deserve  
a dirty trick.  
Like a real dirty trick.  
And some people  
aren't strong enough  
to deliver it themselves.  
What is wrong with you?  
What is the matter?  
I don't understand.  
Sweetheart.  
These are my favorite.  
- Damn it, Ron.  
- What?  
How long have you  
been doing this?  
Uh, a couple days.  
How'd you find him?  
I followed Cassie.  
Hey, my mom told me  
that a good person does the right  
thing even when no one is looking.  
He's a real peach, ain't he?  
Can we be done playing spy now?  
Almost.  
He goes home every day  
for lunch.  
Come on.  
- Here, put this on.  
- What is it?  
Pardon me.  
Oh, God!  
Stop!  
Here, take it.  
It's all I've got.  
- Take it. Take it.  
- Whoo!  
Oh, God.  
Whoa, this is you, Ron?  
God.  
- Please, just take what...  
- No. No.  
No, Ron. I'm talking now.  
You are listening.  
Oh, this isn't your address,

but we already knew that.  
You see,  
we've been watching you  
and we're gonna  
keep watching you.  
And if we see anything  
we don't like,  
we're gonna pay you a visit.  
Do you understand, Ron?  
- Please, just...  
- Do you understand, Ron?!  
Just say it. I can't talk.  
Just say it.  
I understand.  
Please, just don't...  
Shh, shh, shh, shh.  
Listening again.  
Go to the cops, we'll find you.  
Harass anyone, eyeball anyone,  
so much as make one woman  
feel slightly uncomfortable,  
and we're gonna  
make you regret it.  
You are a piece of shit, Ron.  
Quit being a piece of shit.  
And if you don't, you will pay.  
Ow.  
You believe me, don't you, Ron?  
Yeah.  
Good. Now, last thing,  
since I can't  
have you following me.  
Whoops. Wink.  
Whoo-hoo.  
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.  
Can you believe that shit?  
Whoo!  
What did you do,  
you crazy bitch?  
Holy crap. Holy crap.  
Holy crap, I'm shaking.  
My God! Why didn't you tell me  
what you were doing.  
I was afraid

you'd talk me out of it.  
I would have. What the hell?  
Holy crap!  
I can't believe we actually did it.  
You conked him  
on the head. A lot.  
- You could have killed him.  
- I was trying to knock him out.  
Yeah, but you just kept  
whacking him on the head.  
He's probably got a concussion.  
I'm sorry, this isn't funny.  
This is not funny.  
Screw that piece of shit.  
Score one for Cassie.  
Let's go.  
Ron's buying lunch.  
It's not like he admitted anything,  
but I don't know.  
It is different.  
It meant a lot when he said it,  
you know?  
Even not saying  
what he's sorry for.  
Then he's been,  
I don't know, different.  
Nicer.  
I don't know  
what happened to him,  
but I hope he doesn't  
bump his head again  
and go back to how things were.  
At least now you know.  
He gets out of line again,  
you just whack him in the head.  
I think we're all here  
to get away from violence,  
don't you think, Marla?  
No, Lynny-Lynne-Lynne.  
No, I don't think that.  
In fact, I think the exact  
opposite of that.  
Maybe it's time this group of bitches  
started getting a little of their own.



Hell, Where you going?

- I got to meet somebody.

- I thought we'd celebrate.

Can you believe it?

What?

Cassie and Ron.

I mean, it actually worked.

Yeah. I got to go.

Are you okay?

Yeah, I'm fine.

Just ex-boyfriend shit.

- What's going on?

- Nothing.

He's just got some stuff  
of mine I've been trying to get back.

I should go with you.

No, it's complicated.

There's a restraining  
order involved,

so I kind of have to go  
through channels, you know?

Look, I'll meet you Thursday  
before group.

- For coffee?

- Yeah, sure.

See you at Monty's.

Hey there. Hey.

Sorry to intrude.

I'm going down to Pits  
with Gloria and Saperstein  
for some drinks  
if you'd like to come.

It's not a date.

It's just coworkers  
going out for a beer.

Actually, I tried  
to get Gloria to ask you,  
but she's...

she's kind of scared of you.

- Scared of me?

- She's sensitive, you know?

- And I'm a bitch.

- Oh, no, no. I didn't say that.

No, I've been mean. I'm sorry.

Look, I'm meeting  
a friend tonight.  
I completely get it. No.  
But, hey,  
ask me again sometime.  
I will. I will.  
Or have Gloria do it.  
I'll try not to be  
so terrifying.  
Sure. Have a good night.  
Hey!

- How you doing?  
- Over here. Come over here.  
- Thanks.  
- Sure.

Angela, I'm so sorry.  
Oh, it's just terrible.  
I'm so sorry.  
What's going on?  
You... you don't know?  
I'm afraid that I don't  
have good tidings.  
The worst, in fact.  
And I want you  
to prepare yourself.  
What?

It's Marla.  
I don't know how else  
to say this.  
Our dear friend Marla Finch  
has passed.

Has passed?  
I know. I know it's hard.  
She's passed on.  
She's... she's crossed over.  
What the fuck

are you talking about?  
Anger is a very normal reaction.  
A normal reaction to what?  
What are you telling me, Lynne?

- Are you telling me that Maria's dead?  
- I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.  
Stop fucking saying that  
and tell me what happened.

Angela, I am sorry.

I don't know.

I was contacted

by a police detective this afternoon.

He told me that Marla

had been found dead

and that he needed to come here

to speak to the group tonight.

- How did she die?

- I don't know.

I'm sorry, I don't know.

I know it's a terrible shock.

I think that we need

to be here for each other.

This is a safe place

where we can feel and react

and start the mourning

process together.

You bitch.

I'm sorry, Angela.

Oh.

I think that's him.

Sweetheart,

can I get you anything?

Something to vomit in.

Everyone.

This is Detective McDylan.

He's here from

the police department.

Please sit down.

Ahem. Should I...

Yes, please.

Ahem. Uh, hi, everyone.

First of all,

I really appreciate you

letting me come and talk

to the group tonight.

As most of you are already aware,

early this morning we did discover

the body of Miss Finch.

Now this is a homicide

investigation.

I myself,

I'm actually with SVU.

A special victims unit  
often assists...

I thought SVU  
dealt with rape crimes.

Well, we do deal  
with assaults, yes.

But SVU also assists  
in homicide investigations  
when there's issues of abuse.

Was she raped?

Oscar.

You're Oscar Kosca, right?

"My name is Koza." Mr. Kosca.

Now, I don't mean to offend  
you, Officer McDylan.

- It's Detective.

- Okay, Detective.

This is a sacred circle.

It's a place of trust

and I don't think

it's an appropriate venue

for you to be doing

your... your...

whatever the hell

it is that you're doing right now.

Oscar, Detective McDylan

is an invited guest.

Well, I most certainly

did not invite him here, Lynne.

And I would not

have invited him here.

And I think it was a big mistake

for you to do so.

- Okay...

- I have the floor, sir.

- I have the floor.

- Okay, okay.

See? This is...

this is exactly what I was afraid of.

The police,

they don't care about us.

They don't care

about the victims.

These guys

with their investigations.  
All they want to do  
is document things.  
They want to dot their Is  
and cross their Ts.  
You know, our friend  
is dead, sir.  
And while you're doing  
your stupid paperwork,  
- a beautiful girl is dead.  
- Oscar!  
Oh, my goodness.  
That's okay. That's okay.  
It's okay. Um, look, guys,  
all I'm trying to do here  
is just figure out her whereabouts  
in the past 48 hours.  
So anything you can think of  
that might be helpful,  
I'd really appreciate it.  
Just anything at all.  
Okay, tell you what.  
I'm gonna go get  
a cup of coffee  
and I'm gonna hang around  
for a little bit,  
and if you can think of anything,  
please don't hesitate.  
I'll be right over there, okay?  
Thank you for your time.  
Sorry about Oscar.  
He's a bit high-strung.  
Yeah, he seems that way.  
His daughter was raped.  
Then the guy who did it  
got off on a technicality.  
She killed herself.  
So he's earned his distrust  
of the police.  
Jesus.  
Can you tell me  
what happened to Marla?  
- Urn...  
- She was a friend of mine.

I'm sorry for your loss.

- Maybe I can help you.

- Yes, absolutely.

If you can think  
of anything suspicious  
or anybody who maybe had  
any kind of problem with her.

- Anything at all.

- So she was definitely murdered?

Unfortunately, yeah.

Yeah, she was.

Was she assaulted?

I can't really discuss  
specifics of the case.

It was her ex-boyfriend,  
wasn't it?

Would you let me buy you  
a decent cup of coffee somewhere?

Sure, yeah.

I know a place.

Great.

Well, it doesn't make sense.

She knew better  
than to put herself at risk.

People do stupid shit.

You know, even the smart ones.

I can't tell you how many times  
strong-seeming women  
refuse to press charges  
when their boyfriend or husband  
smacked them around or worse.

And you're right,  
it doesn't make sense.

She was smarter than that,  
I'm telling you.

She would not have put herself  
in some kind of a situation  
with somebody who could hurt...

What?

Hey, what is it?

If you know something,  
you should tell me.

Uh, it's nothing.

No, no, hey.

You should tell me.  
I think you want  
to tell me, so...  
She was a strong girl. Hard.  
You think maybe  
she was into weird shit,  
like, I don't know, rough sex?  
No, that's not what I'm saying.  
Okay-  
- You guys were close?  
- Yeah.  
I mean, I don't know.  
I liked her.  
But I only knew her  
a few weeks.  
We used to come here.  
She made me feel strong.  
- What?  
- Nothing, I just...  
I see this stuff all the time.  
You know,  
it's the strongest-seeming people,  
the rock everyone leans on,  
but at home...  
No, she was strong.  
She did not take any shit.  
Except from  
her ex-boyfriend, right?  
No, he attacked her  
and she left.  
Yeah, the last time.  
But there are a ton  
of domestic abuse calls on her file.  
And again,  
I didn't know your friend,  
but, like I said,  
I see it all the time.  
These guys, they have a way  
of getting under a girl's skin  
and they can't shake 'em.  
This guy is a real  
piece of shit, though.  
And I'll tell you something,  
I'd be very surprised if it wasn't him.

I'm sorry, I'm... I shouldn't...  
I can't really discuss any details.  
You understand?  
Listen, thank you so much  
for taking the time to talk to me.  
I appreciate it, and I'm really  
sorry about your friend, I am.  
I will do everything I can  
to bring her some justice.  
I promise you.  
Thanks.  
McDylan.  
You don't bring her justice.  
You bring it to him.  
It's sweet, yo.  
That's how it's gonna be.  
Well, if it isn't my favorite  
damsel in distress.  
Where's your dyke  
in shining armor tonight?  
What's the matter, sweetie?  
She leave you for a real man?  
Don't worry,  
I got what you need.  
Chief will take care of you.  
You don't need that dyke bitch.  
What? Thinking about it, baby?  
We got her all scared.  
I don't know if she was weak  
and just very good at hiding it  
or if she was outmaneuvered.  
That's an interesting  
choice of word.  
What do you mean by that?  
Just that maybe things  
didn't go as she planned.  
Well, what do you think  
she had planned?  
I don't know.  
Not being dead.  
She wasn't weak.  
A history of abuse doesn't mean  
she was some fucking loser  
who brought it on herself.



Then what do you  
think it means?  
Hey!  
Why the fuck are you  
always lurking out here?  
I'm just walking to my desk.  
What's the matter?  
Nothing.  
Wow.  
He walked?  
How is it that he walked?  
He's fucking guilty.  
You said so yourself.  
Okay, okay, listen.  
I'm really sorry, okay?  
These things are complicated  
and unfortunately the good guys  
don't always get to win.  
Who are the good guys? You?  
I'm not a lawyer.  
I'm not the DA.  
So it's her own fault  
she was killed  
because she was weak  
or scared or stupid?  
I don't know what happened.  
I don't.  
I am truly sorry, okay?  
I know there's nothing I can say  
to make that any better.  
I don't want you to say something.  
I want you to do something.  
Look, what can I do, Angela?  
There is a system  
in place, okay?  
And most of the time  
it actually works.  
For who? Not for rape victims.  
Not for my dead friend Marla.  
Listen, you think he did it.  
I think he did it.  
But there is a burden  
of proof here.  
And you want that,

do you understand?

Otherwise someone could just  
point their finger at you  
and send you to jail  
because they feel like it.

- He's guilty.

- What do you want me to say?

- They didn't fucking prove it.

- You didn't fucking prove it.

Okay, I didn't prove it.

He rapes and murders my friend  
and you just let him walk away.

Not wearing a cape  
and a utility belt.

I'm a cop. I did my job.

It's not all up to me.

Yeah?

Well, keep up the good work.

Angela.

Angela!

Deep!

Deep, deep, deep, deep!

Where's all the hot girls  
up in this joint, man?

There's a handful.

Hey.

Where you going?

Hey, come on. Slow down.

What do you want?

I saw you looking at me.

So? I look at a lot of people.

I know you're interested.

I'm not interested.

I want to be very clear with you.

I don't want your attention.

I want you to walk away  
and leave me alone.

Hey, come on.

Yeah.

No.

I said no.

Come on.

You know you want to feel it.

What, your pathetic little

excuse for a cock?  
I thought that  
was your clitoris.  
Is that all you got, pussy?  
- You hit like a girl.  
- Yeah?  
You think you're funny,  
you prick-tease cunt?  
Come on now, smart mouth,  
do something useful with it.  
You know you like it rough.  
No teeth, showhorse.  
No teeth.  
That's it.  
Not just the tip, sweetie.  
Just the tip, sweetie.  
This is for Marla, showhorse.  
It's like a switch gets thrown.  
It just comes out in a rush.  
And what is it that makes  
you so angry?  
Because it just keeps happening.  
People are such animals.  
Only they're even worse  
because an animal doesn't relish  
in the pain it causes.  
An animal doesn't get sadistic  
pleasure from torturing others.  
- Only humans are that cruel.  
- You're human.  
Do you get sadistic pleasure  
from committing acts of cruelty?  
Fuck yeah, I do.  
Sometimes.  
Yo, Angela. Angela.  
There's a detective  
here to see you.  
- Is everything okay?  
- No.  
I've really got a lot of work to do.  
Can we play cops and robbers later?  
Where were you  
on Tuesday night?  
Is this official police business

or are you stalking me?

Marla's ex-boyfriend

was murdered on Tuesday.

Somebody beat him to death

with a crowbar,

amongst other things.

So what are you saying?

You think I did it?

No, no.

But Bolton's definitely

gonna want to talk to you.

- Who's Bolton?

- Lead homicide.

- It's her investigation.

- What do I have to do with anything?

Well, you did come on pretty strong

when he got out, right? So...

So now I'm a murder suspect?

She's gonna want to talk

to all Marla's friends.

I barely knew her.

Well, she didn't have very many

friends outside of group, so...

She didn't have

any friends in group.

- She hated everybody.

- Except you.

Look, you said yourself

that this guy is a scumbag.

I mean, maybe it has nothing

to do with Marla at all.

No, the nature of the crime

suggests otherwise.

So what?

I mean, he was murdered.

So was my friend.

And if there's no justice for her,

then why should there

be any for him?

He was a piece of shit.

And to be honest,

I'm glad that somebody killed him.

Well, that's exactly what you don't

want to say in this situation, okay?

God damn it, you're more interested  
in catching his killer  
than you are in punishing hers.  
Listen, you have  
to calm down, okay?  
Or Bolton is gonna have  
a field day with you, trust me.  
Okay?  
Thank you for telling me.  
I appreciate it.  
But, you know,  
if I'm not under arrest,  
then I really need to get back  
to my shitty job.  
Hey, Angela, look.  
For what it's worth, I am sorry  
you're mixed up in all of this, okay?  
You should really leave  
the murder investigations  
to the homicide detectives.  
I can't go back there.  
I don't know where to go.  
I don't know what to do, but...  
I can't take it anymore.  
You know, she pretends  
like she can't hear it, but...  
it hurts.  
He really hurts me.  
And...  
I think he likes it.  
Enough, enough, stop.  
Cassie, I'm sorry.  
I just... I can't listen to this anymore.  
It's too awful.  
It's got to stop!  
Somebody...  
somebody needs  
to stop this horrific man.  
He must be stopped  
and he must be punished.  
Truly punished.  
No. No, Lynne, no.  
Someone should hurt him.  
He should hurt.

He should...  
he should be anally violated  
with a metal pipe.  
No, somebody  
should do something.  
Somebody should do something!  
Sorry, we're closed  
for the night.  
Very sorry.  
I hate to bother you,  
but I've been back and forth  
like three times  
and I just can't  
find this address.  
The buildings  
don't have numbers.  
Yeah, yeah,  
it's tricky around here.  
Sweetie, this is...  
this is close.  
It's just a few blocks that way.  
That's what I thought,  
but I just keep going back and forth.  
You know, this isn't  
the best neighborhood  
and this isn't far.  
What if I walk you?  
That would be great.  
Okay? Okay.  
Let's go.  
Well, this is the address.  
I don't like the looks of it.  
Me neither.  
Maybe I should  
come in with you.  
Hello.  
Weird place.  
- I like it.  
- Yeah?  
Want to play?  
What's the matter?  
You don't like me, Daddy?  
Oh, no, I like you just fine.  
I'm not too grown up,

am I, Daddy?  
I'm a bad little girl.  
Daddy.  
Sure you can get it up  
for someone over 17?  
We told you we'd be watching.  
What?  
Help. Help!  
Please, somebody help me!  
God! Help!  
You're awake.  
Who are you?  
What are you...  
what are you doing?  
Come on, let me out of this chair,  
you fucking bitch.  
God damn it,  
get me out of this chair.  
What... what is that?  
What are you...  
what are you gonna do with that?  
I'm gonna educate you with it.  
You should know  
how it feels to be raped  
over and over again.  
I didn't do anything to Cassie.  
Cassie?  
I didn't say a name.  
Is there something  
you want to tell me?  
She...  
We had trouble,  
she and I, but it...  
it's better now.  
Did you pose for Cassie?  
Please.  
Do what you made Cassie do.  
Come on.  
Pucker up.  
You suck at oral, Ron.  
Oh, God.  
Oh, God.  
Please.  
Please, I need a doctor.

Not for very much longer.  
I'm sorry.  
I have a...  
God, I have a family.  
Don't you dare try  
and use that.  
Please.  
I'm begging you.  
I'm... I'm sorry!  
Yes, you will be.  
You don't deserve  
the lubricant,  
but it just won't  
go in otherwise.  
Oh, God, please don't. Please.  
Please don't. Please, please.  
I'll do anything you want.  
Please, just tell me what  
you want me to do.  
That's a tough one, Ron.  
'Cause what I want  
you to do is suffer.  
Oh, no! I'm begging you.  
I'm... oh! Oh! Oh, God!  
Oh, God!  
Oh, take it out! Take it out!  
Take it out, please!  
Please, please take it...  
Out? It's barely even in there.  
We have a long ways to go.  
No! No!  
- Oh, God!  
- Hold still.  
Oh, fuck.  
It's hard to hit  
when it's wiggling like that.  
No, no, no, no!  
Forgive me, Father,  
for I don't give a shit.  
Do you even want forgiveness?  
Only people who are sorry  
can be forgiven.  
Are you sorry?  
Don't you think that if you



get even with somebody,  
then they have to get even with you  
and the problem perpetuates itself?  
Not always.  
Like when?  
Do you have any remorse  
for what you've done?  
Why should I?  
Have you considered that  
forgiveness might be a way  
for you to release some of the anger  
that you've been carrying around?  
So am I forgiven?  
Do you forgive yourself?  
You're not responsible  
for what happened to you.  
Some people do bad things.  
They make bad decisions.  
Maybe somebody  
did bad things to them.  
But the only way out  
is forgiveness.  
I'll never forgive them.  
They deserved to be punished.  
But does that really help  
you heal?  
Maybe not, but at least they got  
what they deserved.  
Do you think you  
deserve to be punished?  
Should we wait for Lynne  
or just start without her?  
Everyone, I'm sorry  
for the intrusion,  
but this is the police.  
You don't say.  
I'm Detective Glenn Bolton.  
This is Homer,  
and McDylan I guess  
you've already all met.  
We'd like to ask you  
all some questions.  
Jesus.  
You must be Mr. Kosca.

It's pronounced "Koza."  
Why don't we start with you?  
Can we get a couple chairs?  
Just set them aside  
so we can speak to Mr. Kosca.  
"Koza."  
And if this has anything  
to do with Marla Finch,  
I hardly knew the woman, okay?  
So why don't you just leave  
me out of this?  
- You know Ron Merrick?  
- I most certainly do not.  
Oh, I think you do.  
You threatened him the other night.  
- I did no such thing.  
- Right here in group.  
Something about a pipe.  
Mmm, does that ring any bells,  
Mr. Kosca?  
"Koza!" it's "Koza." Oscar.  
Hey, remember me?  
I'm Detective McDylan.  
I'm not delusional, Detective.  
I know who you are.  
- You don't have to handle me.  
- Okay, what about Cassie?  
You remember Cassie  
from group here?  
Huh? Cassie's stepfather  
Ron Merrick was murdered.  
Now that's three murders  
with ties to this group.  
Marla, her ex-boyfriend,  
and now Cassie's step...  
I didn't...  
come... guys, come on.  
I come to group because it's supposed  
to be a safe place to share things.  
Hey, listen, all we're asking  
is that you consider us  
just new members of the group.  
Just for tonight, okay?  
Maybe we can find out something

that might be helpful.  
We might not find anything,  
but we'll never know if we don't ask.  
All right?  
Now that's three murders, guys.  
We have to be here.  
We have to talk to everybody.  
You understand that, right?  
I mean, you'd want that.  
You don't want us  
to make any mistakes.  
Right?  
You prick. How dare you?  
Now? Now you're supposed  
to be all caring for us?  
You know what?  
I think we'll have a little more  
privacy down at the station.  
You can share with all of us  
downtown, Mr. Kosca.  
Get your hands off.  
Get your hands off of me.  
Get your hands off me!  
Well, that was real subtle.  
You handled that very well.  
- Bring 'em all in.  
- What?  
Front desk, please hold.  
Hey, what's going on with Oscar?  
Oscar is spending  
the night with us.  
You don't really think  
he killed Cassie's stepdad.  
He's not capable  
of something like that.  
Well, maybe you don't know  
people as well as you think you do.  
He's got a history of making threats,  
did you know that?  
The accused in his daughter's case,  
the DA, the lead investigator.  
These are the kinds of threats  
people remember, too.  
Did he actually do any of it?

Has Oscar actually hurt anybody?  
I don't know. That's what  
we're trying to figure out, okay?  
So if you'll excuse me,  
I'm gonna get back to my shitty job.  
Hey.  
You all right?  
Do you want to talk about it?  
Well, if you change your mind,  
I'm a good listener.  
Thanks. It's all right.  
Okay-  
Oscar.  
What are you doing here?  
I just wanted to make sure  
you were okay.  
Do you have a few minutes?  
I read about  
your daughter's case.  
They really botched it.  
It's bureaucracy.  
All these functionaries  
who only know how  
to push paper around.  
When the facts don't match up  
with the paperwork,  
they discount the facts.  
They "lost" his DNA,  
so he didn't rape my daughter.  
Yeah.  
I bet his high-priced lawyer  
paid someone to lose it.  
They couldn't move  
forward without it?  
No, without physical evidence,  
it's her word against his.  
And they made her out to...  
to look like a slut.  
And it devastated her.  
It just ruined her.  
And all this time, knowing this guy  
Watson is still out there.  
Why are you suddenly  
so interested?

Because I know  
how your daughter felt.  
Hopeless.  
One of the guys who raped me  
was a cop.  
You never talk in group.  
You never say anything.  
There were five of them.  
I thought the sheriff  
would protect me.  
I was wrong.  
Were they caught?  
They weren't arrested,  
if that's what you mean.  
You know, you tell your kids  
to trust the authorities, right?  
Call 911, call the cops.  
Emma didn't want to do it.  
I had to convince her to do it.  
I told her,  
"You've got to do this.  
You've got to report this guy.  
He's just gonna do it to somebody else."  
But the day that this guy walked,  
I'll never forget the expression  
on her face,  
the disappointment  
that she had in me.  
Not in the cops,  
not in the lawyers, but in me.  
Because I told her to do it.  
I let her down.  
I think justice has a way  
of finding people.  
Yeah, well,  
I've given up on justice.  
How did her rapist get  
a restraining order against you?  
I thought if he saw my face  
that he wouldn't forget her.  
That maybe he would confess.  
He owned this gym.  
That's where it happened.  
So I went there every day

and I talked to everybody  
who went in and out of that place  
and I wanted them to know  
what he did.  
So what does he do?  
He turns around  
and he sues me for libel  
and gets a restraining  
order against me.  
He sold that gym,  
but he's still a fucking trainer.  
Some sleazy place  
on 17th Street.  
They made it sound  
like you were dangerous.  
Come on, look at me.  
Compared to Watson,  
that creature.  
But I should have  
done something.  
I should have done something  
to make things right.  
Even if it meant me going  
to jail for the rest of my life,  
I should have done something.  
But you're not talking  
about punishment,  
you're talking about vengeance.  
Taking the law  
into your own hands.  
I'd rather that  
than leave it in nobody's,  
which is where it is now.  
You believe that?  
Don't you?  
Set aside for a moment  
the countless rapists  
who go unpunished,  
what about people  
like Cassie's mom?  
Sewing her daughter  
up to a monster.  
She gets a big pass.  
She's not even in the system.

Who's gonna make her pay  
for what she did?  
That's not your job.  
Don't you think she's been affected  
by her decisions?  
No. That's bullshit.  
I saw her  
and she looked fine to me.  
Everybody has their own problems,  
their own destiny.  
You need to worry about  
your choices and actions.  
I thought that was your job.  
You know what I'm hearing?  
Is that after everything  
you've been through,  
you have essentially  
learned nothing.  
No.  
I've learned a lot.  
Why are you following me?  
Who hired you?  
Fuck you.  
You fucked with the wrong guy.  
You're not gonna like this.  
You fucked up, you stupid cunt.  
This is gonna hurt a lot.  
Police!  
What the fuck is this?  
Get your hands on  
your fucking head right now.  
You following me?  
Hands on your head,  
get on the ground now.  
Is this cooze bait, is that it?  
Entrapment.  
Put your hands on your head  
and get on the fucking ground now.  
Fuck you, pis-  
Hey, hey, hey.  
Okay, okay.  
Angela, can you hear me?  
Okay, okay. You're okay.  
You're okay.

Call a fucking ambulance.

You all right? Yeah?

- You up for a few questions?

- Sure.

Great.

Okay-

Let's see.

- The knife was yours, right?

- Yes.

The Taser I'm not sure about  
because it had your fingerprints  
on it as well as his.

It's mine. I was raped.

Of course I don't go out  
without defensive weapons.

Naturally.

And now, why were you  
in that part of town?

I was looking at a gym on 17th.

On 17th.

So you were eight blocks  
north of there.

I got lost going home.

Thought someone  
was following me.

Guess I panicked.

Why not a gym  
in your own neighborhood?

Can't afford it.

All right, well, the gym explains  
the change of clothes.

You found my bag, good.

But not the lighter fluid.

I was returning it.

- To whom?

- The store.

- It was the wrong kind.

- For what?

A lighter.

Started smoking again.

It was used.

I opened it before I realized.

What store?

Pharmacy on 15th.



- Where was the receipt?  
- In the bag.  
And the man? Who was he to you?  
The man who attacked me.  
Hmm.  
So who's the little girl  
in the picture?  
It's just a girl.  
Just a girl whose picture  
you wear around your neck?  
It reminds me of something.  
Oh? What?  
Innocence.  
You need to be  
reminded of that?  
I know who she is.  
Chastity Starch.  
Her father  
was a Louisiana sheriff.  
Killed in a murder-suicide  
with some inbred  
redneck buddies of his.  
You know,  
there was one missing piece.  
Someone the police  
wanted to talk to.  
Jennifer Hills.  
Why'd you change your name?  
I didn't want to be  
Jennifer Hills anymore.  
All right,  
let's just cut the shit, okay?  
We've got you, you understand?  
Do you understand?  
See, this, all this,  
it's just a process.  
You know, the system.  
But it's done.  
We're not idiots, Ms. Hills.  
And, you know, it's actually  
a very easy storyline to follow.  
You become buddy-buddy  
with Marla Finch from group  
and, you know, yes,

that was a terrible,  
terrible thing  
that happened to her.  
Then the boyfriend walks  
and you snap.  
I understand that.  
I honestly do.  
And there are some days, whew,  
I want to do the exact same thing.  
And then that girl,  
what was her name?  
Cassie. Jesus.  
I can't imagine  
what it was like sitting there  
listening to that little girl  
talk about being raped  
by her stepfather and not wanting  
to shove a pipe up that guy's ass.  
That's actually what your buddy  
Oscar suggested doing, right?  
That exact same thing, huh?  
- You know what?  
- Hmm?  
Now that I think about it...  
Lynne seemed especially  
upset about it all.  
Have you looked into  
her whereabouts?  
Yeah, well,  
we didn't find Lynne  
in a fight to the death  
with Cole Watson.  
Who's Cole Watson?  
Man, don't kid yourself,  
Jennifer.  
We're looking at full-blown  
premeditated murder.  
That guy attacked me.  
And if you hadn't shot him dead,  
he would have killed me.  
I'm guessing they're not gonna  
charge you because you're cops.  
That's funny.  
You should hold on

to your sense of humor.  
You're gonna need it.  
Do I get a lawyer?  
Or is that just for people who you  
haven't already decided are guilty?  
She wants to make  
her phone call.  
Detective McDylan...  
Detective McDylan!  
I did it.  
- Oh, my God!  
- Everybody get back.  
- I killed them all.  
- Jesus Christ.  
- No!  
- I killed them all.  
- I did it.  
- Call an ambulance.  
Call an ambulance now!  
I murdered them.  
I murdered them.  
I murdered them.  
Hey, Angela.  
I'll give you a ride.  
Go fuck yourself.  
- I'm sorry about Oscar, okay?  
- I'm sure you are.  
Just let me give you a ride.  
I'm trying to help you out here.  
Like you care!  
You fuckers are no better  
than the rapists.  
Let me ask you something.  
Did you spend this much time  
investigating Maria's ex?  
Or were you saving  
that all for me?  
Honestly, if I had any idea  
how incompetent the police were,  
I would have spent my life  
hiding in fear.  
Angela, don't leave town.  
I'm serious.  
You skip bail, you're fucked.

I'm fucked already.  
So are we gonna talk about it?  
What's there to talk about?  
Are you gonna tell me  
that you ran into a door  
or fell down the stairs?  
Yeah.  
Like you want to hear  
the truth.  
Try me.  
The truth is you want justice,  
you take it for yourself.  
No one can give it to you.  
Is that how that happened?  
You're damn right it is.  
Maybe you were able  
to exact some justice,  
but it doesn't seem to have  
brought you any peace.  
I'm not finished yet.  
Angela.  
Man, is that you?  
Buy me a drink.  
I think you've already  
had a few.  
Let me give you a ride home.  
I'll bet you want  
to give me a ride.  
I'm sorry, excuse me?  
You can drop the polite act.  
Come on, Angela. Man, let me...  
let me just take you home.  
I thought you wanted  
to fuck me.  
Whoa, hey, I don't...  
I don't know... what is this?  
What do you want it to be?  
Angela, come on, you are completely  
freaking me out right now, okay?  
Look, I'm gonna go.  
You gonna be okay if I go?  
Do you think I need a cock  
to protect me?  
Yo, is that a knife?

What, this?  
Yo.  
No, what the...?  
Angela, what is wrong with you?  
Hey, honey.  
Showing it off, huh?  
That's real nice.  
Let me see  
what you're working with.  
Mm, such a sweet ass.  
Though if you're gonna  
show it off like that,  
you ought to let me have some.  
Is that how it works?  
Do I have to wear a sheet  
to keep you from raping me?  
What the fuck?  
Nobody raping anybody.  
Hey, what happened  
to your face?  
I fell in love.  
What?  
What's the matter?  
Don't you like me anymore?  
Bitch, you better  
back the fuck up.  
Come on, Chief.  
I thought you had something  
you wanted to show me.  
Come on, you gonna  
turn down a little blow job?  
What? What the... come on.  
You serious?  
Why don't you come over here?  
Find out for yourself,  
tough guy.  
Wait, what?  
Right here in the middle  
of the park?  
It's not gonna take that long.  
Shit, I mean...  
Oh, shit.  
Oh, your foreplay needs work.  
Hey!

- Hey, hey.

- Stop right there.

Okay. Okay.

Take one step and I'll slit  
his fucking throat.

Hey, Angela, put the knife down  
and get off him, okay?

You gonna read me my rights?

You're okay.

Just put the knife down, okay?

I have the right  
to remain silent.

Angela.

- Anything I say...

- Put the weapon down.

- ...can and will be...

- Angela, don't!

Mused against me.

Time's up.

So soon?

Feels like we were  
just getting started.

And yet it's been two years.

You're out of here Friday.

How about you try  
to keep out of trouble?

You think you can go  
three days without fighting?

Maybe.

But if somebody steps up...

Well, you have a choice  
in how you react.

You don't always  
have to retaliate.

Predators and prey, Doc.

All right, a condition  
of your probation  
is that you continue therapy,  
and I hope that you will try  
finding a new group.

I know you had  
a bad experience,  
but can you just set down  
the attitude for an hour

and try to stay open?

Yeah.

All right. I will.

Really? That's great.

You know, you can make  
better choices for yourself.

I worry about you.

I know you do.

And I appreciate it.

Okay, then.

You can wait  
for me outside, please.

Wait for me outside.

Back up, bitch.

Stop it!