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# It 's Not My Fault and I Don 't Care Anyway

By Chris Craddock

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The lips, the teeth,  
the tip of the tongue.  
Tip of the-tip of the-  
tip of the tongue.

The lips, the teeth,  
the tip of the tongue.  
Tip of the-tip of the-  
tip of the...

Giantman.

How you doing.

Hold it

right there, big fella.

Five minutes, Mr. Spencer.

Okay.

Um...

Would you mind?

Yeah. Sure.

It's for my sister.

Okay. What's her name?

Daniel.

And there were

all these bikers, you know,  
they were all cumming, like  
all over me, and it was hot,  
and then I thought...

Who am I? Who are they?

So then I thought,

maybe I do have a problem.

So that's why I'm here.

That's it.

Okay.

That was very brave.

Thank you, Victoria.

Okay.

You're next.

Really?

You can do it.

Hi, I'm Diana.

Hi Diana.

I don't wanna say it.

The second part.

I'm not gonna say

"And I'm a sex addict".

I don't know if that's  
even really a thing, like  
it's controversial, medically.  
I think the real reason I'm here  
is 'cause I'm a girl. You know?  
I like sex and I'm a  
girl, so I must be sick.  
If I were a boy  
it would just be like,  
'ha, ha, ha, you know,  
teenage boys are so horny'.  
Can I smoke in here?  
No.  
In rehab, you could smoke.  
Excuse me,  
Detective Stone?  
What do you need?  
It's about the  
Spencer kidnapping.  
I hear you have a suspect.  
Is that him?  
Big fella.  
That's him, right?  
Who wants to know?  
The public.  
I'm a journalist.  
Oh. Well, then.  
No comment.  
Care to elaborate?  
Yeah.  
No, none, zero.  
Statements, things  
to say, comment.  
No comment.  
Can I quote you?  
So...  
Where should I start?  
Why not start at the beginning?  
Okay.  
We were a happy family,  
when I was young.  
Back before people  
started dying.  
Bernice?

Bernice!!  
And my Dad  
was never the same.  
He started drinking, and,  
well, he hated bullies.  
Hey! That's  
enough of that now!  
Hey fuck you!  
Don't you ever put your hands on  
a woman. Do you understand me?  
C'mon.  
I'm sorry.  
Fucking, come on!  
Dad?  
Are you okay?  
I am gonna call 911.  
Stay with me.  
I want you to-  
I wanna say it now-  
I'm your father,  
and you always gotta do right.  
Even when it's hard.  
Because I ain't always  
gonna be there to help you.  
You do right, you hear me?  
I'm gonna call 911, Ok?  
- Stay with me...  
- It's gonna be ok.  
Okay, son.  
Wait.  
You go, son.  
Go.  
Seems like  
pretty deep background.  
It's all related, sir.  
Cause it's how I came to be  
in this weakened condition,  
available to bad influence.  
Continue. Please.  
Well, I started doing drugs.  
I tried everything, you know.  
But heroin...  
Heroin was the one that stuck.  
And after I sold everything,

I was living in my  
Daddy's Lincoln.  
It's not that bad.  
Nothing's that bad,  
provided you're on heroin.  
You don't mind stuff that much.  
Comforts and morality and that.  
That's no excuse, I know, but...  
It's a reason.  
Showtime.  
Public Speaking.  
It is the Number One  
fear in the world.  
And why?  
Because it is the  
one time you know,  
everyone is looking at you.  
His palms sweat.  
His pulse quickens.  
And if you listen real closely,  
we can even hear his thoughts.  
Oh my God.  
Oh no, they're  
all looking at me.  
Oh! How's my hair?  
I hope there's  
nothing in my teeth?  
Oh no, I wish, I really  
wish they would stop.  
It's scary, when  
everyone looks at you.  
But it doesn't have to be.  
Hi.  
I'm Patrick Spencer.  
Of course, you can  
see the size of me.  
Sure.  
There's this gland in my  
head, the pituitary gland,  
and mine, it just  
keeps going and going.  
It's a medical condition.  
Symptoms include shortened  
life span, heart troubles,

benign tumors -  
Okay. When did you  
meet Johnny Adebayo?  
Is that his last name?  
We always call him  
Johnny Three-Fingers.  
Nobody knows how he  
lost those fingers.  
Some say he lost em in a bet.  
One guy told me  
he chewed them off to get  
out of a pair of handcuffs.  
I buy my medicine from Lil'  
Charles, but everybody knows  
that Johnny's the boss.  
Well, one day I was  
buying my medicine,  
and I was about 50 cents short.  
Yo, that's  
50 cents short, Giantman.  
Yeah. I think I got it.  
Yo. You ain't got it,  
you ain't got it.  
Move along, double-stuff.  
Oh my holy  
mudda of fuck.  
Is dis a mountain  
I see before me?  
Are you some kinda urban  
Sasquatch? You all seeing dis?  
You seeing the raw, magnificent  
size of dis here muthafucka?  
Yeah, boss. They call  
him the Giantman.  
Giantman!  
Now what's this, you say  
you fifty cents short?  
Yeah.  
Can you give me a break?  
I mean, it's only fifty cents.  
And I feel everyone  
stop and then I remember why.  
I said 'only' to Johnny.  
About money.

He once beat a man half to  
death for saying 'only'  
about five dollars.  
Only!  
Only you muthafuck...  
Only five dollars, you fuckwad!  
Fuck!  
And that's a famous  
story where I live.  
I really screwed up bad.  
Yeah, Giantman.  
I'ma give you a break.  
I'm give you a big break!  
So, I'm told that being  
a young person with absent  
parents, I need extra guidance  
or whatever, or else I risk  
being a super fucked up mega-  
bitch and I'll spend all  
my money on coke and be a freak.  
I don't want that, and  
neither do any of my agents.  
So here I am.  
But I also have to ask, are  
you sure that this the cure?  
Telling these stories?  
Because like, yours  
are all like super hot.  
It's seriously, I mean like,  
titillating, you know.  
You with the pool boy...  
And like you giving  
blowjobs at the airport...  
I never did any of that stuff,  
but now I kinda want to!  
This is like treating  
obesity with ice cream!  
You know?  
Because it's the opposite.  
And hey! You know, maybe I'm  
already cured, because right now  
I would love to get high and  
fuck some dangerous-looking  
guy that I don't know.

You know, it really takes  
your mind off stuff, you know,  
and I would love to,  
but I won't.

I promise.

Also, that first step, you know.

Admitting that I'm powerless.

And then this higher power  
will return me to sanity.

And that's God, right?

Okay well, I don't know much  
about God, but I do know  
that God doesn't make  
people not want sex.

That doesn't even work  
on Catholic priests,  
so how am I supposed to feel.

Like my Dad says;

'It's not my fault.

And I don't care anyway.'

It's not my fault,

and I don't care anyway.

Eh?

You've heard it before,  
you've seen the T-shirts.

The meaning is clear on the  
surface, but let's dig in.

It's not my fault.

Let's apply that to something  
big and disastrous, let's say,  
Climate Change. Climate  
Change is not your fault.

I mean, yeah, sure, we are North  
Americans, we are the leading  
consumers of carbon on  
earth, but we share that  
responsibility with hundreds  
of millions of people.

Responsibility  
sufficiently shared,  
is no responsibility at all.

And what if it is perhaps,  
maybe, somewhat, oh just a  
little your fault, well...



who are you. Are you not the  
product of your parents  
with their flawed genetics,  
their terrible habits.  
Are you not the person  
they made you to be?  
Yes, you are.  
You had no choice.  
Therefore, it is  
quite simply-  
Not.  
Your.  
Fault.  
And now the second part.  
I don't care anyway.  
This is a little trickier.  
Apply it once again  
to Climate Change, and oh,  
I can see you already  
all prickly in your seats.  
Of course you care!  
You care!  
Don't tell you that you  
don't care, because you do!  
You do care!  
Well. To that I ask;  
Do you? Really?  
Do you really?  
Really?  
Well, I think  
that you don't care.  
That society changed,  
at some point and we  
simply stopped caring.  
No one knows why.  
Was it the media, was it  
horror movies, was it violent  
video games that  
hardened all of our hearts?  
No one knows.  
But one thing is certain;  
It wasn't my fault!  
And I don't care anyway.  
And neither do you.

So say it. Everyone!  
Come on!  
All together now!  
It's not my fault,  
and I don't care anyway!  
- You got it.  
You understand this!  
Give yourself a break.  
Why not?  
It's not your fault.  
And you don't care anyway.  
And I was scared.  
Right this way Giantman.  
But it was  
nice in there, Girls. Drinks.  
His own pool table.  
He had everything.  
Yes, alright.  
You like it.  
I got some things for ya.  
But for Johnny,  
it was never enough.  
- Smoke a little of  
this so you hear me,  
but no much you  
can't listen, you know.  
Thank you, sir.  
Sir.  
Dis muthafucka polite!  
A muthafucking gentleman  
giant up in ma muthafucka!  
That's a big man.  
That's Moose.  
Dat's Bottlecap.  
Dis is -  
Who the fuck you?  
I'm Darla.  
Darla.  
What do you think  
of my new giant?  
Aw... He looks like a  
big old Teddy bear.  
Oh no.  
He a demon.

See Johnny,  
he was a crook of all trades.  
Lately he was trying  
to move into Chinatown.  
And that was what I was  
supposed to help with.  
You see there was this  
Chinese guy called Wing.  
Dis mutherfucka Wing!  
Got Chinatown wrapped  
around his pink shorties!  
And you, you be just de  
dimensions to whip it from  
his grip, you feel me?  
Got a plan. Mega brilliant.  
Megawatt like the sun  
is my mind, big friend.  
Because honestly,  
that's just how he talks.  
We're going to put a  
scare in him and scare the  
white from his rice, no time!  
Better den killin'  
him, you know.  
We gonna fear him  
something worse than death.  
A demon, to haunt his dreams.  
Ya do dis.  
Ya do it right, and you  
get high on de Johnny.  
All month.  
Ya do it right.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
He said he he wanted to  
scare the white from his rice?  
Yessir.  
Continue.  
Wing was the wisest of  
the old Chinese wise guys.  
Everybody in Chinatown  
did what he said.  
Johnny said that  
if Wing fell into line,  
the other shopkeepers would too.

- Like little yellow dominoes.  
- Because Johnny was kinda racist for a black guy.  
Anyway, the  
one thing about Wing,  
like his one weakness maybe-  
He was superstitious.  
He believed in demons.  
Not demons that  
hafta stay in hell,  
like Christians believe. But  
demons that infect your soul.  
Demons that will kill  
your whole family line,  
like in that  
movie about Bruce Lee.  
- Anyway, dis here.  
Dis will make ya voice even  
more deep and scary  
than it is right now.  
Hello.  
I sound like Darth Vader.  
No ya sound like a bad ass  
mudder focka, mudder focka.  
The force is strong  
with this one.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Luke! I am your father.  
Don't fuck around.  
Sorry.  
Dat's right.  
You're more than Darth Vader.  
You...  
You're something better.  
Something else.  
What am I?  
Are you a scary demon,  
head ass escaping monsta  
style, mudder focka!  
Yeah.  
Who's da scary monsta?  
I'm the scary monster!  
Der's one lass ting.  
What's that?

Ya gotta smell right.  
What do you mean?  
Demons are of death and decay.  
Yeah.  
Ya don't smell of roses,  
but you're not quite yet  
of death and decay neither.  
Okay.  
I've been keeping  
dees in the closet.  
Two months.  
Hmm.  
It stinks.  
Not enough.  
No, like that really stinks.  
Is this shit?  
Yeahh.  
Is this human shit?  
Yeah. It's Moose's.  
I ain't fuckin  
talking about that.  
You aren't going to  
put that on me, are you?  
Death and decay, mudder fucker.  
Ohhh, Ohh.  
Come on.  
Ouuu, shit.  
Let's go.  
Seriously?  
I don't want to be a demon.  
It was gross.  
And as a homeless person,  
I have a high tolerance  
for bodily functions.  
Morning mudder fucka.  
Wake up and smell your demon!  
And that's my cue.  
He slapped him and  
I'm supposed to roar.  
But I got the Darth Vader  
thing on my throat so  
I accidentally, I say,  
"Luke! I am your father!"  
Which I

figure was a dead give away,  
but I guess Wing wasn't  
a big Star Wars fan.  
Yeah, Yeah,  
I'm a voodoo, mutherfucka  
and I brought a  
demon to your dreams!  
I am Johnny of the Tree Fingas  
and you will respect me!  
- And I opened my mouth to roar  
and I can taste how I smell.  
Stand in my way and  
I'll eat your soul.  
That was the bombingest  
grenade you ever exploded,  
that throwing up like that,  
that was some real demon shit  
like from The Exorcist!  
What was that stuff that Moose  
was spraying on him in there?  
Concentrated LSD.  
You did good my giant friend.  
You and me we work together now.  
Permanent-like.  
- I should have  
been scared, but ah,  
but all I could see  
was that big bag of Heroin.  
You my demon, mofo!  
You my demon, forever.  
- That was like a lot of Heroin.  
A month's supply.  
And maybe I could ahead  
on my bottle collecting.  
Then I'd be a month  
ahead, possibly forever.  
To an addict like  
me that's a dream.  
It seemed harmless at first.  
The beef between Johnny and  
Wing, it wasn't my fault.  
And in a few minutes,  
I'd be so high...  
I wouldn'a cared anyway.

So, like I say, my sex life was getting dicey. I was getting into some stuff with some questionable dudes. I'm sorry. This is confidential, right? Cause like, I signed exclusivity on life rights for a book and a movie and also I'm getting a reality show. But that's also a secret. This is all confidential and anonymous. And I mean, who even are you anyway, right?

- Yeah.

- Big fan.

Okay, so...

Here's what happened. After that I was Johnny's boy. Johnny would let me park my car at his warehouse. And he let me use the shower. He took me to the big and large and got me this suit. He said I was bad ass.

- You bad ass.

I thought so too.

I also got these fight'n lessons.

Alright, alright.

The ting about ya giant man fry pan hands is that you gotta lay em on em, you know? Charles. Git here.

Me?

Who the fuck else is Charles. You, stand here.

Alright, now pretend he's a resistant-ass shop keeper and we gotta take him to school.

Okay.

Alright, now you say something resistant.

I ain't paying you shit. Get the fuck up outta my shop, nigga!

- Oh, ohhhh. That

Chinese man said the N word!

Now you, you can get very angry.

Put your hand around his neck.

Okay.

Yeah, now lift

him up on da wall.

Yeah.

You wanna pay now?

Yes please.

That's what I thought you'd say.

Sorry.

We cool. We cool.

Shouldn't I learned

how to punch him?

Naw, naw. That is the

only move you'll ever need.

Trust me.

He was right.

So it was Johnny's idea that

I wear these Halloween fangs

and give them em a little peek.

So that everybody wondered

if Johnny really had

a demon after all.

You gonna pay now?

Okay! Okay! Okay.

I felt pretty bad

about it, but whenever I did

I'd just get high some more.

At this point I realized

that I was turning into an

actual criminal. And

I wasn't proud of it at all.

But I also knew it was one of

the only class of people that

could get high all the time.

Pretty soon after that,

we heard about Diana.

So, I started seeing this I

guy who I bought coke from.

Now, how do I know you're not



just using me for my cocaine?  
Well, how do I know you  
are just using me for my body?  
I guess mainly cause  
I ain't used your body yet.  
Well then, mister.  
We are behind schedule.  
His name was Lil Charles.  
It was one of those  
ironic nicknames.  
And like he was beautiful.  
He has this scar on his chin.  
And that's the adventure  
scar and I know cause  
Indiana Jones has one.  
And like everything  
would have been fine,  
except I wanted  
to go to his place.  
He liked it at my dad's place,  
but I specifically wanted  
to fuck at his place in  
the hood cause I thought  
it'd be hotter.  
So, you know.  
But also, I was right,  
it was stupid good.  
Fuck yes!  
- We'd fuck like we  
were in the Olympics.  
If there was an  
Olympics for fucking.  
Which would probably be  
pretty good for the ratings.  
And uhm,  
he bragged about me, and like,  
that's why people knew  
about it, but he  
wasn't in on it.  
Like he's questionable,  
sure but, he's good at heart.  
So, I was over at  
Johnny's place making banana  
pancakes for me and Charles,

Moose and Johnny  
and some girls were there.  
And I can't really cook, but  
I can make banana pancakes and  
spaghetti sauce and chili  
which is just spaghetti sauce  
with beans and chili powder.  
And,  
uhhh, sorry.  
Anyway, Lil Charles is  
bragging about Diana.  
She is white, rich, sweet,  
she generates her own heat,  
you know what'm sayin'?  
And she knows she  
ain't 'sposed to be fucking with  
no kid from the block, but  
that's what she likes about it.  
You feel me? It's like it  
flips the freak-switch,  
makes her pistol-hot,  
like a preacher's daughter  
or a Mormon or some shit.  
Goddamn, goddamn!  
You say she rich?  
Yeah man.  
Why she rich?  
Her Daddy is some big  
ass self-help guy, right?  
It's almost like  
a church he's got.  
People worship the motherfucka.  
Patrick Spencer.  
Wait. Patrick Spencer. Da guy  
from da TV all fuckin hours.  
The infomercials.  
That's him.  
Da guy with the books and  
everything and da sold out  
shows at the convention centre?  
Cocaine bring people together  
from all walks of life, J.  
True that, dog.  
Okay.

We gonna boost her.  
What?  
Dis little rich girl  
o' yours. We gone boost her.  
For da ransom.  
Nay. We ain't gotta  
do all that, J.  
Bottlecap.  
Google me dis.  
How much dis Spencer  
man worth in Dollars?  
Eighty six million.  
Okay we can't afford to  
not boost dis little girl.  
Dats money on da  
fucking table, G.  
But she's a good customer man.  
Her and her friends...  
Is she ten million Dollars good?  
Nah, Lil one.  
Let's make a plan.  
Nah. I'm outta this one.  
You ain't out on shit.  
You're, you da bait.  
What is dis.  
Fuckin art?  
I love you too, Giantman.  
And then they got into it.  
You know, like it  
was a staff meeting.  
We need some shit  
to knock her out.  
What's dat stuff  
from the old movies?  
Chloroform.  
Does dat even exist?  
I'll look it up.  
But I guess it was  
like anything else we did.  
We did terrible illegal  
stuff all the time.  
We were criminals.  
It was our job.  
And sometimes it's part

of your job not to care  
about things, right?  
So we boost Diana.  
We burst into the  
room and they were...  
They were making sex in there.  
Ha, ha, haaa! Goddamn,  
crime is so fock'n easy.  
I don't know why everyone  
not do it, ya know.  
I felt bad.  
Not only to interrupt,  
but she was naked.  
The only thing worse  
than getting kidnapped  
is to get kidnapped naked.  
Why do you have to hit her, man?  
Chloroform only  
work in da movies.  
You said you wouldn't hurt her.  
I say a lotta tings.  
Giantman, take her away.  
You, you not playing.  
I wrapped her up in the sheet.  
That way she was kinda dressed.  
Then I wouldn't be touching  
a naked girl, which you  
can't do without permission.  
She looks so small.  
Charlie said her father  
was the king of self help.  
I guess that made  
her a princess.  
The princess of  
helping yourself.  
That was, I think, like,  
ironic because she couldn't  
help herself at all.  
All knocked out and  
kidnapped by a giant.  
So. I know it's a clich in  
therapy to blame your parents  
for everything, but I  
do think it's significant that

my Mom was suicidally depressed,  
and my Dad doesn't care  
about me, on purpose.  
So, imagine me, 14,  
with this depressed Mom.  
Daddy's home.  
And I hope, are  
you feeling better.  
My dad still cared,  
but also he was a drunk.  
And how was your day?  
It was okay.  
- Honestly, it wasn't  
even that bad.  
My drunk dad at least tried.  
But then one day, bam!  
Just like that, a whole new guy.  
- Hey dear.  
Move over and watch this.  
What are you doing?  
I am about to write  
a great book and I  
cannot stop until it's done.  
Sometimes people  
ask me, how did I become me?  
What happened?  
I'll tell you what happened.  
I looked into the abyss, and  
the abyss looked back into me.  
See, I was a drunk,  
throwing my life away  
with the city's trash.  
My marriage was a disaster.  
My wife was an anchor.  
My daughter was livid.  
My headcastle stuffed  
with my demons.  
And my only comfort  
was a steady supply  
of my drug of choice.  
On the fateful morning I  
had awakened from a terrible  
bender and my self-loathing  
was at it's peak.

I was thinking,  
"Why can't I stop drinking?  
For my family."  
Was I a terrible person?  
Or are these  
the wrong questions?  
Was my responsibility to  
them a reason not to drink,  
or was it the very reason  
I drank in the first place?  
And the lights went on!  
I finally knew why I drank.  
I drank because I was  
not living for myself.  
The tension of living in  
servitude of other people,  
it tore at my soul, and my only  
comfort was that anesthetic.  
I mumbled it at first,  
the phrase that would  
become famous. I repeated  
it to myself, until I was  
shouting it to the heavens.  
It's not my fault and  
I don't care anyway!  
Good bye.  
Well, I brought these  
ideas into my practice as  
a public speaking instructor.  
And this was when  
I became more than that.  
This was when I became,  
as some say,  
dangerous.  
Yes, to this I say,  
Yes I am dangerous!  
Dangerous to the stale,  
middle-of-the-road,  
that is modern human life. Why?  
Why?  
Why are we flushing our lives  
down some corporate toilet,  
not even reaping the rewards!  
Instead, it all goes to wives

and husbands and children  
and taxes and charities  
and other such parasites.  
They will pull you under!  
It is you or them.  
Choose you.  
God knows, I chose me.  
Hello?!  
Hello!!  
Hello!!!  
Is anyone there?  
I'm here.  
Hi?  
Hi.  
You're Diana, right?  
Yeah. What's your name?  
Johnny says we're  
not suppose to say.  
That's not very sociable.  
Well, they call me Giantman.  
You're the one that carried me.  
Yeah. Sorry.  
So, I'm kidnapped, right?  
Like this isn't a game  
or a prank or anything.  
I'm actually  
seriously kidnapped?  
Yeah, I think so.  
So what kind of ransom  
are you hoping for?  
I don't know. Lots maybe.  
Your dad's the king  
of self help, right?  
He cheats money out  
of stupid people.  
You don't like your dad?  
It's complicated.  
You're lucky to have a dad.  
Yeah, you're right. Sorry.  
I'm sorry. Sorry.  
So what happens now?  
I need your dad's phone number.  
Who's Johnny?  
How do you know... Shit!

I said his name.  
Stupid, stupid, stupid.  
I won't say anything.  
Really?  
Sure.  
Cause, I'm, I'm kinda  
new to all this and  
I really don't  
want to get fired.  
I, I won't say  
anything, I promise.  
Thank you.  
Sure.  
But I need you to  
do something for me.  
Okay?  
That's fair, right?  
Uhhh, I guess.  
Okay well, being a  
kidnapped person is a pretty  
dicey situation, right?  
People get killed right?  
It happens all the time.  
You'll be fine.  
No. It happens all the time.  
I just, I want you  
to look out for me.  
A little bit.  
Okay?  
If you get me through this  
I have money in of my own to  
make it worth your while.  
You do this for me, I'll pay  
you like tons, I promise.  
So, would you look  
out for me little bit,  
Giantman?  
Yeah. Yeah, I would have anyway.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Yeah, for sure.  
Love.  
Compassion.  
Duty.



These supposed virtues are  
the very rocks that we put in  
our pockets to drown  
ourselves with!

Those who don't care,  
are the ones who go furthest,  
they do the most,  
because they are free!

And I know that this is true.  
Not only because I feel it  
to be true in my very bones,  
but because I was tested.

My time in the desert  
started with a phone call.  
Hello.

**It's 09:**

know where your daughter is?

Excuse me?

No ya don't,  
cause she her with me.

Who is this?

I'm the guy that done boost her.

I'm not giving  
her back for gratis.

- I'm sorry, I honestly  
can barely understand you.

Daddy?

- Diana! What's going on?

Where are you?

I'm kidnapped. Daddy, they  
got me here they want money.

Kidnapped!

Come on, now come on!

Come on sweetheart.

What's happening?

- Daddy look, I know  
I've lied to you before,  
but this is no lie, Daddy!

They have me.

They're serious and  
they want money!

How much money?

Ten million dollars, Daddy.

Ten million dollars! Wow!  
It's a lot of money.  
But it was also  
an amount that I had.  
The ostentatious fact was that  
I kept 12 million dollars in a  
pair of duffel bags in the safe.  
I could have gone downstairs  
right then and gotten it.  
Daddy I know we don't  
get along right now.  
I know I haven't  
been the best daughter,  
but I'm still your  
daughter, aren't I?  
Your little girl.  
I'm still your  
little girl, aren't I?  
I'm still your little girl,  
aren't I?  
She said this.  
And oh did my prehistoric  
brain kick up a fuss.  
Now, what to do.  
I took a breath and  
divorced myself from my  
prehistoric mind.  
I sat in my head-castle's  
favorite chair  
and I applied my credo.  
Was this my fault?  
No, surely no.  
This was the fault of  
the man on the phone.  
Also the fault of my daughter  
who I knew to be doing  
drugs and having  
relations with um...  
Anyway back to me.  
Due to my training and  
clear thinking I saw in this  
an opportunity. You see, there  
are lots of people like me.  
People who claim to have wisdom,

to claim to follow that wisdom  
themselves. But how many of  
them get the chance to prove it?  
To prove that even  
in extreme cases,  
they can stick to their guns.  
I was being given  
that chance, folks.  
To prove that I was real.  
And nothing beats real.  
Let me talk to the  
gentleman you're with.  
Yeah, mudderfocka.  
Ya understand now, okay?  
I want dee money in a  
black suitcase with wheels.  
In the trunk of a  
Lincoln Navigator...  
- Hey fella. Let me  
stop you right there, okay?  
My daughter does copious  
amounts of cocaine and she  
spends time with the  
very worst sort of people.  
I imagine that's  
where she met you.  
What?  
I will call the police,  
because that is what a  
concerned citizen does  
when there's been a crime,  
however I will not pay.  
Is that clear? I will not pay.  
No police or the girl dies.  
Oh yes, yes, of course,  
because that's kidnappers say.  
Let me repeat.  
There will be no money.  
Is that clear?  
No money.  
I don't think you understand  
what is happening here.  
Daddy please! They're  
going to fucking kill me.

She's absolutely correct!  
Be that as it may, my daughter  
and I are not close, so any  
threats against her safety  
will not have the usual effect.  
And I called the police.  
So...  
I got the call early  
on Tuesday the 27th,  
it was just after nine.  
It was the father of the  
victim, one Patrick Spencer.  
Ahh, had you heard  
of him at that time?  
Sure I heard of him. We all of  
us at the station heard of him.  
He's the Tony Robbins of  
Canada, right? World famous  
for selling all those  
books on how to be an asshole.  
So you had heard of him,  
but you didn't like him.  
No I didn't.  
But at the same time,  
I felt for the guy.  
I mean, I got two girls in  
college, and the thought of  
them being abducted, well,  
I felt for him right away.  
So, I grab Smitty and we headed  
over to the Spencer house.  
His fucking mansion,  
I should say.  
Fuck, I should swear less.  
My daughters say.  
But, fuck it.  
It was a fucking mansion.  
I mean, I knew you could  
get rich doing this shit he did,  
but I had no idea.  
We're in the wrong  
fucking business.  
No shit.  
Yes, yes, hello.

Please come in.  
Hey, I got food.  
Are the clothes okay?  
Yeah, No I was uncomfortable  
before, but now that I have  
on a high end sweat suit this  
whole situation is just fine!  
Well, it's all I can do.  
He's not gonna pay!  
He's not.  
Because of his philosophy.  
This just isn't his fault,  
and so he just, he doesn't care.  
Come on...  
No, he doesn't care, on purpose.  
But I... I always thought that  
he'd look out for me in the end,  
you know, when the chips were  
down, he'd take an interest.  
I mean he has the money.  
He has eleven and a half  
million dollars in the safe!  
But now that the chips are down,  
like they are down right now,  
I am in mortal fucking danger  
and he just doesn't...  
He doesn't care!  
He never cares.  
Well maybe...  
Maybe he's got a secret plan.  
There's this Mel Gibson  
movie called Ransom  
where they did  
something kind of similar.  
Here.  
Maybe he's using his big  
rich person brain to find a  
new way to save you. Just...  
Just...  
Hey.  
I don't know how into...  
sex...  
you might be...  
But... I think you're

really cute, so...  
if it would maybe like help...  
What? Oh no! No no.  
Ehm...  
That would not be right at all.  
Sorry! Thank you, though.  
Uhh...  
Let's just be friends.  
Okay...  
'Bye buddy!  
I hadn't been turned down in -  
I thought I knew men, you know...  
This guy,  
Mr. Spencer, he was calm.  
He was cool as a  
cucumber margarita,  
and he lays it all out.  
- I got the call

**about 9:**

They demanded ten  
million in ransom.  
I refused to pay, and I informed  
these criminals that I  
would be calling the police.  
- Right there, that's weird.  
I mean, sure, you call the  
cops, but you don't tell the  
fucking kidnapppers  
you called the cops.  
You tell the kidnapppers that  
you would never call any cops,  
and you'll pay right away, yes  
sir, no sir, three bags full.  
And he says to me;  
It's not the money.  
I have the money.  
I keep twelve million  
in cash right here in  
the house in the safe.  
- And the way he's telling me  
this, I feel like he's proud.  
Like he's somehow proud  
of himself for being calm,

for screwing up the procedure,  
for having the money and not  
even trying to offer it.

So I say to him, I say;  
Sir...

- And I wouldn't normally  
tell a vic this, but, I say;  
Your daughter might die because  
of the way you handled things.  
And you know what he  
says to me? He says;  
It's not my fault.  
And I don't care anyway.

- So yeah, I read the books  
later, so I know where it  
comes from now. But at  
the time, it blew my mind.  
I thought of my girls and  
all my sympathy for this rich  
motherfucker went  
right out the window.  
I was thinking, fuck him.  
I'm in this for the girl.  
So we're friends, right?  
Mh-mm.

But not really, because  
we don't know each other.  
Okay.

So, we need to get  
to know each other.

It's easy.

It only takes three questions.

Like a game?

Yeah.

It was a game I played as a kid.

Three questions,  
to know anybody.

I figured he was gonna  
tell me shut the fuck up.

Okay.

Okay. First question.

What's the best thing  
that ever happened to you?

Jeez, I dunno.

There must be something.

Um, well,

there was this one

time when I was young.

My folks and I were driving

around and we splurged on a

day at the amusement park.

You know, with

rides and all that.

Yeah.

Well, I was only 6 at the time,

but I was tall enough that

I could ride any ride I wanted.

The other kids my age,

they couldn't ride anything

because they would come up to

the signs that said you had

to be this tall to ride, and

they weren't tall enough.

For me it was easy.

That sounds nice.

Yeah it was.

It was a nice day.

My folks were always

trying to give me nice days,

you know,

giants don't live too long.

Oh. I didn't know that.

Yeah.

And you, what's yours?

You'll laugh.

I will not.

Charles.

I was in love with him.

Oh.

Stupid, right?

Nah. No. Ehm...

He didn't wanna do it. Okay?

Johnny made him.

If that helps.

It helps.

It helps a lot.

Okay, next question.

What's the worst thing



that ever happened to you?  
The worst that has  
ever happened to me  
has got to be when my Mom died.  
She had a stroke and  
she was in the hospital,  
and they were keeping  
her alive on machines.  
I'm sorry.  
Yeah.  
She was signed up to be an  
organ donor. And the doctors  
knew this, and they started  
in on my Dad about when they  
could get some of her organs  
for their other patients.  
My Dad had this flashlight,  
that he would shine into  
her eyes. Because if her  
pupils reacted to the light,  
then maybe she wouldn't  
have to die after all.  
So my Dad would shine  
the light into her eyes  
every so often, just  
to check for himself.  
And we had been down  
to the cafeteria to talk,  
man to man you know, about  
letting Mom go to Heaven,  
even though we'd miss her.  
And then we went back  
to the room, and my Mom,  
she had the prettiest eyes.  
And so my Dad went to  
check her eyes with the  
light one more time, and...  
they had already taken her eyes.  
The look on my Dad's  
face when he saw that!  
That's got to be the worst thing  
that's ever happened to me.  
That's awful.  
I lost my Mom too.

She killed herself.

Really?

Yeah.

But she was always sad.

The ironic part was that things had just gotten a whole lot better.

Yeah?

Yeah. My Dad had left a while back, but suddenly his book became a big deal, so I suggested maybe it was a good time to settle the divorce.

We got a bundle.

That's nice.

Yeah. Well...

I think my Mom was sticking around for me.

But now we had money and I was okay, so she was free to go.

So she went, and that's the worst thing that ever happened to me.

It's okay. I cry for my Mom sometimes too.

My Dad said it's okay to cry.

I agree.

There you go.

Okay. Last question.

What's your dream?

My dream? Come on!

There must be something.

Heroin.

Something else!

Um... Oh no!

You can do it.

Okay well...

I went to the library recently, to check on the internet, about Holland.

Holland?

Yeah Holland. It's a country.

You heard of it?

Yeah.

Yeah well, the people in  
Holland are really tall.  
Even taller than the Germans,  
who are tall as well.  
They're so tall in fact that  
they recently changed the  
rules of construction so that,  
you know, doorways are bigger,  
and buildings are made bigger,  
and you know for taller  
people, in general.  
That's cool.  
Yeah. And ehm, if I had a dream,  
it would be to go there,  
and you know, maybe live there.  
I'd still be tall,  
but at least I'd fit in.  
I think that's a great dream.  
You think?  
Yeah.  
Well what's yours?  
It used to be  
to you know, be famous.  
Like an actress or something.  
But now, it's just...  
To live.  
To live through this,  
and to live some more.  
Hey hey hey.  
Come here!  
Everything's gonna be okay.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
I promise.  
- So, I guess right there  
is when we became friends.  
He promised me.  
And then Johnny came in.  
Your father a real hard  
ass for a rich man.  
Is that my sweatsuit?  
Sorry, Johnny,  
she was naked and...  
Did you just

say my fucking name?  
Sorry Johnny-  
Sor-Sorry!  
Shut de fuck up!  
And you little girl.  
You tink about your least-  
favorite-  
finger.  
Now, I do not know if you have  
ever been involved in a high  
profile kidnapping case,  
but it is extraordinary.  
So drugs...  
Yeah well, all the  
rich kids buy their dope in  
this area, but why should...  
So many dedicated  
professionals standing ready,  
it's a wonder criminals  
have any chance at all.  
We're gonna do the  
trace on on the phone from here.  
Yeah, I know,  
I'm gonna go downtown about...  
I cooperated utterly,  
even as I stayed cocooned in my  
philosophy. Anytime worry  
would get the better of me,  
I would use the Ten  
Selfish Thoughts technique  
and the - Breaths of Me-ness.  
At this point, I was still me.  
But all that was  
about to change.  
Johnny was mad!  
This muthafucka won't pay!  
What kinda muthafucka  
turns his back on his  
own little girl dis way.  
Maybe we should just  
quit while we're ahead.  
What?  
Yeah, maybe, just. Let her go.  
What?

It's just an idea.  
You gone soft, giantman.  
I didn't go soft.  
No. You been  
soft dis whole time.  
Well, that changes today.  
That morning I received  
an envelope via courier.  
And inside was a severed finger,  
and the nail polish  
matched my daughter's.  
He made me put a  
bag over Diana's head,  
I think to help  
me be mean to her.  
Moose was with us.  
Dis for you.  
A tool for the trade.  
What this for?  
It's for cutting off the  
little fingers of rich girls,  
to get money.  
Ah. I understand.  
You forgot.  
You forgot you who  
you are, my giant.  
You are in my family now,  
and we are a different breed.  
You gonna cut her  
and get the money.  
That's who you are.  
Maybe one day a long time ago  
you were someone else,  
but dat's all over now.  
There's no more Brian.  
There's only Giantman.  
There's only my demon.  
Please Brian!  
Shut her da fuck up!  
You came to me with nuthin.  
I care for you Giantman.  
I'm more than your boss.  
More than your commander.  
I'm your father,

and as your father,  
I'm telling you boy, you  
gonna cut off her little finger!  
Everything mighta gone a  
little different if Johnny  
hadn't said that last part.  
Johnny was a lot of things,  
but he was not my father.  
My father was good,  
my father was kind  
and my father was smart.  
So I said-  
Back the fuck off!  
Blood's gonna spurt  
from this bitch and I don't  
wanna get it on my coat.  
Nooo!!!  
- And Johnny relaxed.  
And Moose heard what  
I said about spurting so-  
he had on his rare  
Simpson practice jersey,  
so he backed up a bit too.  
No please, I beg you  
please! Stop Stop! No please!  
But then, at the last second...  
I cut off Moose's  
finger instead.  
A coupla fingers actually.  
Then I used the only  
fight move I had.  
Diana sorta freaked out.  
And pretty soon, Moose was dead.  
Yeah. Moose was dead.  
Like-for sure dead.  
It's just me.  
Come on.  
Where's Johnny, Brian.  
Where's Johnny?  
It's okay, I knocked him out.  
He's over...  
- But Johnny was gone.  
- Shit!  
- Diana was losing it a little.

So I figured I'd take  
charge of stuff for a bit.  
So I said;  
- We gotta go.  
- Yeah.  
Johnny's Rover was gone.  
We took the phone  
and gun off of Moose.  
But his car was  
tiny, like a clown's.  
But then I remembered  
my Lincoln!  
Where are we going, Brian?  
To the police.  
I thought this was a pretty  
nice, unselfish thing for  
me to do, being the  
criminal in the car.  
But Diana said;  
No.  
What?  
No police, no!  
Well, we gotta go somewhere.  
I have an apartment.  
We can go there. It's on Queen.  
Johnny will be  
watching your place.  
No, it's like a  
secret apartment.  
It's in my roommate's name  
but she's in Thailand.  
But what if Charles...  
Charles doesn't  
know about it, okay?  
Nobody does.  
We'll be safe there.  
What's that for?  
Then she tried to  
hide it, but I saw.  
It was one of Moose's fingers.  
And then the courier guy  
shows up, and I'm thinking  
"Here we go".  
Hey, I got a package.

Smitty!  
Just a second.  
What's up?  
Look, this has gotta  
be the finger, right?  
Could be an ear.  
Ears are getting more  
popular these days.  
But it's probably something.  
Yeah. So, what, you wanna shield  
Dad from the terrible carnage?  
Take it downtown?  
What, Fonzie over there  
with the icicles up his ass?  
Fuck him.  
Yeah, he is a piece of work.  
It's weird, right?  
Maybe he's just in shock.  
Maybe he's dirty.  
Shit.  
Let's shake his cage a little.  
See what bubbles up.  
Well, you are the  
senior detective.  
Watch your mouth, Junior.  
Uh...  
I'm gonna need a  
signature on this.  
Here.  
Yeah sure.  
Oh!!  
We're gonna need you to  
identify this finger.  
And both me and Smitty can  
see right then and there that  
something is off.  
As kidnapper police,  
we see more than our fair  
share of severed fingers.  
But unless this guy's daughter  
is 200 pounds, Aboriginal and  
male, there is no fucking  
way that this is her finger.  
But we don't say shit.



We wanna see what  
this does to the guy.  
That day, I learned something  
about myself. I have a limit.  
I was in a haze.  
I admit this now.  
I was so far in, you see.  
I had said those terrible  
things to the kidnappers  
and they cut off a  
part of my daughter.  
And as I started my usual mantra  
"I am all that matters,  
I am all that matters"  
scenes of horror  
were creeping in.  
Her finger, her tiny finger.  
What sort of tool did  
they use to take it off?  
How clean was it?  
Is there an infection  
building, right now? God!  
Was she already dead?  
It's ironic, isn't it?  
The combination was her  
birthday.  
And it finally works.  
He comes back upstairs  
with these duffel bags,  
and he dumps the  
money at our feet.  
- What they asked for.  
It's more than what they  
asked for, but is it enough?  
I don't know, is anything ever  
enough with people like that?  
The guy looked just wrecked.  
Here it is, this is my house.  
Make yourself at home.  
Cool.  
Why do you have that?  
I just-I need it.  
As a criminal I know  
that it's not smart to keep

physical evidence like that.  
It's like, a test.  
Are you okay?  
I'm just missing my medicine.  
Shit. Right.  
I get sick without it.  
Uhhh...  
I think I have some valium.  
Yeah. Okay.  
It was the first  
time I had gone without for  
weeks and weeks. I wanted  
some for sure, but where could  
I go to score that Johnny  
wouldn't hear about it?  
I know it sounds sounds crazy,  
but this is how I got clean.  
I stayed at Diana's place  
and she took care of me  
the whole time.  
I screamed, I moaned  
and I threw up a lot  
and sweated even more.  
But she was always there with a  
cool cloth and a fresh bucket.  
Brian no!  
No! Stay Brian!  
No I can't. I...  
Yes you can.  
I need my medicine.  
No, you're doing so well.  
You don't need it, you don't.  
Sources close  
to the investigation say that a  
ransom has been demanded,  
but Spencer so far has refused  
to pay, stating that he is  
simply adhering to his own  
philosophy of  
perfect selfishness.  
This controversial ethos is  
the foundation of Spencer's  
motivational speaking career.  
After three days my

head felt clear for  
the first time in years.  
I started to really think,  
you know?  
And what I thought was,  
we were fucked.  
How fucked?  
Pretty fucked.  
Johnny gets very emotional  
about disappointment.  
We'll think of something.  
So there I was. A wreck of a  
man. I was praying that there  
would be another phone call,  
just give me another chance.  
And then the phone rang.  
What de fuck?  
It's me, Johnny.  
Ooooh! Dis is a  
spooky ting for me,  
talking on da phone  
to a dead man.  
I'm scared, Johnny, nothing  
about this is right at all.  
Wrong is wrong.  
You killed Moose for  
that tiny piece of ass.  
Your priorities  
is a summersault.  
Look, if you meet me at  
the warehouse tonight,  
I can bring Diana back to you,  
and everything can go  
back the way it was.  
I just...  
I just really need  
my medicine, Johnny.  
Alright, Giantman.

**10:**

Don't be fucking late.  
So public opinion is pretty  
split on what I did, right?  
Like some people think

that my Dad had it coming,  
and others think that  
I'm a terrible bitch  
for putting him through it.  
It's controversial,  
which is I guess why I got  
so much for my life story.

- Hello?

- Daddy?

Diana! Thank God!

Listen, you tell the man  
that I'm doing everything  
that he says! Alright?

I've got the money!

They say it's too late, Daddy!

They say they're  
going to kill me!

No listen! You tell him

I have the money here!

The money is here. And the car,  
the Lincoln Navigator,

I've got it,

I've got everything he wants.

They say it's not about  
the money anymore, daddy.

It's the principle.

It's the principle of the thing!

No! It is the money, it's the  
money, and the money is here.

You tell him that.

They just want

you to listen Daddy.

No! My God no!

Diana, Diana!

Who's there?

Talk to me, somebody.

Diana!

- And...

My daughter was dead.

I thought long and hard about  
what to do about Johnny.

Hi.

I was left alone.

I was left with my...

my culpability.  
So I dressed as  
if for a funeral.  
And for the first  
time in a decade,  
I had a drink.  
I waited for him to leave,  
and I let myself in.  
I went for the safe.  
The combination was my birthday.  
I had been helping myself to a  
bundle here and a bundle there  
for years, so I took the rest.  
And at the time,  
I didn't feel bad at all.  
I was just thinking,  
fuck you, Dad.  
Fuck you.  
So you all  
assumed Diana was dead.  
Yeah. Officially  
the case goes to Homicide.  
But you kept investigating.  
Well, I felt for the guy.  
He cared about his  
daughter in the end.  
But also, it was fishy.  
That was not her finger.  
So who's fucking finger was it?  
He sold us coke.  
Super cute black guy.  
She mentioned him a  
coupla times. Which is rare.  
She musta really liked him.  
He got a name?  
Well, everybody  
has a name, right?  
Do you know his name?  
Shit. It was like,  
one of the princes.  
William, maybe.  
Or Harry.  
It was a prince name.  
For sure.

Thanks for your time.  
So she's dead now?  
Seems so.  
Shit!  
You seem real broke up about it.  
I just always thought I'd get  
my shot with her, you know.  
I mean, she was  
fucking everybody.  
Now, kinda sucks is all.  
Anything you can  
tell us would help.  
She was sort of dating  
this Charles guy she  
used to buy coke from.  
Sort of.  
What's 'sort of'?  
Well, she was fucking him.  
But you know -  
Let me guess.  
She was fucking everybody.  
You don't have to  
say it like that.  
Lil Charles,  
AKA Charles Washington,  
dealer for Johnny Abedayo,  
known as Johnny Three-fingers.  
Johnny Three-fingers.  
The streets are so colorful.  
Where is Johnny?  
You a big  
disappointment, Giantman.  
You let me down.  
Where da fuck you  
get a conscience from?  
You're too poor  
to have a conscience!  
All of this, all of  
this life is just a war  
between the rich, and the poor.  
I mean, if you don't know that  
by now, then you just standing  
in line, waiting to get fucked.  
You know?

I guess that's one  
way you can look at it.  
Where da girl?  
No, please, please, please.  
Fuck you, Johnny!  
I guess you're not  
so stupid after all.  
I left,  
that was the deal.  
He gets Johnny,  
and I go free for  
pretending to be a demon.  
Giantman!  
Brian!  
Brian!  
Brian!  
Brian!!!  
What a fucking mess.  
What about known associates?  
Now, that's a funny thing.  
His number two guy,  
Leo "The Moose" Tootoosis,  
killed maybe three days ago.  
Killed here.  
Right here.  
What's with his hand?  
Cut up to shit.  
Might be a sicko, though.  
Yeah?  
Yeah. The finger's missing.  
By the way, the morgue boys  
say that the corpse weighs in  
about 200 pounds, and he  
ain't a Tootoosis by marriage.  
Do I know my fucking  
severed pinkies or what?  
What about other  
known associates?  
Well, I don't know, but word  
in Chinatown was that Johnny  
was breaking in some  
impossibly big black guy.  
Impossibly big?  
Yeah. Black guys

call him giantman.  
Chinese guys call  
him 'The Demon'.  
Huh.  
Like I said.  
Colorful.  
Okay.  
We leave that there a second.  
And, we take another  
look at the girl,  
this supposedly dead daughter.  
Turns out there was a little  
something we were missing.  
She has a secret apartment.  
It's leased in her  
friend's name, but she  
gets a magazine sent there.  
Erotica Weekly.  
Erotica Weekly.  
Kids today.  
- So we stake it out.  
Now that is an  
impossibly big black guy.  
Giant, even.  
He weren't no real crook.  
He told us everything.  
So I think that's everything.  
That's exactly what happened.  
I didn't even  
try and gloss it over  
to make me look  
better or anything.  
How do we know  
Diana's still alive?  
Well, you can call her.  
But you'll have to use my  
phone or she won't answer.  
Smitty.  
Brian? Where are you?  
Are you okay?  
Okay.  
You said you  
had new information.  
Yeah. I do.



What do you think?  
I dunno.  
I believe him.  
Yeah. Me too.  
So. The girl's alive.  
Yep.  
The kidnapppers are dead.  
Yeah.  
All we got is this poor jerk.  
I kinda like him.  
Me too.  
He'll die inside,  
he goes down for this.  
No doubt.  
Yeah, well. Too bad  
there's nothing we can do.  
There's things we can do.  
Come on.  
We got no cover on this.  
He's a nobody and the vic...  
The vic has got a daughter  
alive today because of that man  
in there. He was in a bad  
situation and he saved the day.  
We're gonna lock him up  
for that? For life?  
Oof.  
My lunch is not  
agreeing with me.  
You don't look so good.  
Must be food poisoning.  
I left an hour ago.  
Get well, buddy.  
We're gonna want you to write  
down everything you've told us.  
Take your time, be thorough.  
Okay.  
Is this your  
first time in Amsterdam?  
Yes, it is.  
And how long  
will you be staying?  
Forever.  
Well then.

Happily ever after.  
You're tall.  
You too, sir.  
Here you go.  
Enjoy your, well,  
enjoy your forever.  
I will. Thanks.  
And then  
you found him dead?  
Heart attack, poor guy.  
I saved this.  
Isn't that illegal?  
Big guy's a hero,  
as far as I'm concerned.  
I want people to know that.  
And then, there's me.  
I'm a happy ending.  
What does that have to do with  
you trying to spring the giant?  
The big guy, he inspired me.  
He showed me.  
You make your mark, and  
then you take your reward.  
You sound like  
Patrick Spencer now.  
Yeah well, whatever else  
Mr. Spencer was, you know,  
he talked his talk and  
he walked his walk.  
I mean, you gotta respect  
that a little, right?  
I'm not saying that  
I'm like Mr. Spencer,  
but I seen a lot  
of shit on the force.  
But I understand now.  
A lot of that stuff,  
it just wasn't my fault.  
And if I were to be a  
thousand percent honest with  
you, I don't care anyway.  
Thanks.  
Hey, got any rum  
in South America?

The rum's the best part.  
What about the men?  
The men are the other best part.  
So I got my revenge, I guess,  
but I knew I might  
never see my Dad again,  
and I miss him.  
Is that weird?  
And there I was. I had gone back  
on everything I ever believed.  
I grieved for her.  
I drank for her.  
And for what?  
My daughter was alive.  
It wasn't even her  
fucking finger!  
I cared.  
Oh I cared. I cared.  
And it cost me dearly.  
And when I had nothing,  
who was there for me-I was.  
My lost money?  
She can keep it, because  
that's the last she'll get.  
I consider that to be a small  
price to pay for my certainty.  
Because now, more than ever,  
it is not my fault,  
and I don't care anyway!  
It is not my  
fault, and I don't care anyway!  
I gave Brian his reward.  
For all the good it did him.  
I mean, sure, a deal's a  
deal, but he didn't do it  
for the money. He did it  
because he cared about me.  
He cared about me when  
he wasn't supposed to,  
and my Dad was supposed  
to care about me and didn't.  
It just goes to show,  
things aren't fair.  
But some people try

to make things better,  
and some people try  
to make them worse.  
So, which one are you gonna be?  
I mean, at the end of the day,  
it's the only choice we got.