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# Life of Crime

By Daniel Schechter

So you done heard it now.  
So, what do you think?  
What I don't see,  
I don't see a schedule of events.  
It's a little loose.  
But see, what we are right now is it  
be flexible. You see what I mean?  
And it can go down any time  
once the old man is gone.  
And now that we know  
that he's going away  
and she gonna be  
there all alone,  
that might be too good to wait.  
The guy's pulling about 50K  
a month out of Detroit.  
Not declaring it, not paying  
taxes, any of that shit.  
Okay, why isn't that enough?  
Hold that over his head.  
He pays you or you go to  
the Federal Building.  
Because I know he's doing it,  
but I can't prove it.  
I tell you, the man ain't dumb.  
It ain't like he got his name  
on no papers or nothing.  
We take this man's wife...  
Okay, he's so  
scared that he gotta pay.  
And it ain't like he can  
stall us out and tell us,  
"It's gonna take me a couple of  
weeks to get the money together."  
Not if he wanna  
see his wife again.  
Hey, listen, Louis,  
you done heard all about it.  
You with it or not?  
Guy come out behind me?  
No.  
Wait.  
Yeah, you mean this big  
dude with the Borsalino?

Um, yeah.  
I'm in the can, comes up, says,  
"Hey, loan me some money."  
I say, "Loan you some money?  
You want a buck for a drink, what?"  
He pulls a knife, says he wants to  
borrow whatever I got in my wallet.  
Mother took \$27.  
Talk some shit to him.  
Try to get him out in  
the middle of the street.  
Nah, I don't think it'd work.  
Try it.  
If it don't, then keep running.  
Hey, you!  
The fuck you want?  
You wanna take another \$30 leak?  
What?  
How about you quit hiding behind a knife  
and a bunch of women,  
you fat tub of shit and come out here?  
What the... That's right.  
Get your ass up. Come on!  
Damn!  
Dropped this. Yeah.  
How much this cost him?  
Couple hundred.  
I hope he learned something,  
but I doubt it.  
Eighteenth hole.  
The guy's standing over  
his tee shot for what  
seems like an eternity.  
Finally his partner says,  
"What is taking you so long?  
"Hit the damn ball!"  
The guys says, "Well, my wife is up  
there watching from the clubhouse,  
"and I wanna make  
this a perfect shot."  
His partner says,  
"Give me a break!"  
"There ain't a snowball's  
chance in hell

"you're gonna  
hit her from here!"  
Hi.  
Hi! Hi.  
How you doing, Marshall?  
I'm great.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dawson.  
Tally-ho, everyone.  
What happened,  
they couldn't find a bigger trophy?  
I'm gonna have to buy a  
bigger house to put it in.  
Have you met Mickey, my wife?  
No. Hi, Mickey.  
Ray Shelby. Nice to meet you.  
She's the other  
trophy in my life.  
Hello, Mickey. Hi.  
Frank.  
Hey, Frank.  
I'll drive. I'd really like to.  
You know what's funny?  
After 15 years, I still  
have to explain to you  
this is work,  
winning this thing.  
Frank...  
You make remarks like it's a piece of shit.  
I never said that!  
Frank. Watch the road!  
This here is like the Statue of  
Liberty with a golfer on top!  
Please watch the road.  
I did not say that.  
An innocent little voice,  
"Cute little Mickey Dawson."  
"Oh, my, isn't she precious.  
Such a skinny little thing."  
"I wonder, how does  
she keep her figure?"  
What she does is she watches  
her husband like a hawk!  
Pecking at him... Careful! Stop!  
Counting his drinks.

Just leave the car out here, please.  
Gets so wrapped in it,  
she burns calories.  
Okay, slow down! It's fine.  
I got this.  
What the hell!  
Why did you park in the  
middle of the driveway?  
I'm never driving  
drunk with you again!  
And now you're saying I'm drunk!  
This here, your Kentucky rifle.  
Black powder musket, flintlock.  
Winchester Mercury, 12 gauge,  
double barrel, short.  
Blow a hole in you the size  
of a basketball close in.  
M1 Garand, Army, World War II.  
That's beautiful.  
German standard issue.  
M1 carbine, standard issue.  
US Army, World War II.  
Lot of people  
think this is a Luger.  
This is not. It's a Walther P38.  
Your dad was in the war, right?  
Yeah, tank gunner.  
Yeah, but...  
Which side was he on?  
So, Richard, you're telling me all  
these herbs come from your own garden?  
Yeah, from the fall.  
They're dried now.  
Um, really good.  
You went and pee in this, did you?  
I just fucking with you.  
I know you ain't peed.  
I could tell if you did, though.  
What? What's the matter?  
Oh, that. That ain't...  
It's actually my favorite.  
But, you know, Richard don't think...  
Some niggas is all right,  
ain't they? Right?

Some.  
You like that Diahann Carroll,  
don't you?  
Don't get cute for company.  
You talk about her all the time.  
But the rest of them,  
and I tend to agree with him on this one,  
he said they need  
to go back to Africa.  
The ones on welfare.  
Right. Of course  
the ones on welfare.  
You know, they ain't doing shit.  
They ain't  
contributing to society.  
He said I could stay, though.  
At least until we finish the job, you know.  
We should get going.  
Yeah, you don't...  
You don't want nothing?  
You don't want me  
to follow her today?  
No.  
No, no. No, that's fine.  
We're good today.  
We'll get in touch  
with you, Richard.  
He's incredible. He's amazing.  
Listen, all I got to  
do was tell him,  
"Hey, Richard,  
this a rich, big Jew."  
And then it's like,  
"This is for the cause."  
Then he would do it even if he  
didn't need the money so bad.  
What's he need money for?  
Buy more guns? Hitler's underwear?  
No. His old lady left him.  
Ran off, took Richard  
Junior and everything.  
No kidding. Yeah.  
Now he think that  
they in California

'cause he got a  
postcard from Disneyland.  
Jesus.  
He so dumb, it's adorable.  
- That's her?  
- That's her.  
Hmm.  
I was expecting someone older.  
Oh, that's her.  
That's the one we want.  
That's Mickey.  
Why'd they have to choose  
us for this stupid article?  
Because you won that day.  
It's mostly about you.  
"Children's games  
become their career."  
"Proud mother  
Margaret 'Mickey' Dawson  
"watches her son  
Bo smash a volley."  
Bo, why don't we  
focus on today's game?  
You didn't wake me up.  
I didn't know you were playing today.  
You didn't say anything.  
I never play tennis on Sundays, huh?  
Well...  
Why would I play tennis on Sundays?  
I'm just...  
Hey, Bo, what do  
I do every Sunday?  
Tennis. Play tennis.  
Okay.  
Why do I have to wake up  
to that neighbor's dog?  
How many times have we told him?  
"Keep it locked up."  
Hey, Frank, your  
name's in the paper.  
For the Club Championship?  
No, it's actually  
about the kids.  
You know, the

kids playing tennis?  
Oh, oh, look at that!  
It's the two of you there.  
Yeah.  
That's a nice picture of Bo.  
You look stressed, honey.  
Listen, since I'm, uh, going down  
to Freeport the end of the week...  
I told you about that, right?  
I don't know. You might have.  
Yeah, I'm sure I did.  
Group of investors coming  
all the way from Japan.  
Can you believe it?  
So, I figured,  
why not fly down to South Beach.  
Tonight.  
With Bo? See your folks.  
Get him settled,  
then I'll hop on the shuttle to Freeport.  
What do you think, Bo?  
Sound like fun?  
I just don't see why  
all of a sudden he has to go.  
How many times?  
You don't say "he."  
You know who I mean.  
That's not the point, all right?  
He, your father,  
will be in Freeport,  
and he thought it would be nice  
for you guys to fly down together  
and spend some quality time.  
He'll probably  
check out the camp.  
You know, he loves  
watching you. So...  
He loves to tell me what  
to do. He doesn't know shit.  
Well, does he?  
Hello. This is the  
residence of Ordell Robbie.  
What you got?  
Okay.



So, the builder man  
you sent us out to?  
Yeah. Shelby.  
Hmm, that's right,  
Mr. Ray Shelby.  
He told me Frank gonna be gone  
all this week starting tomorrow.  
Tomorrow? That fast?  
I asked him something like,  
"Hey, let's make it a party.  
Why don't you bring your friend Frank?"  
He told me, "Frank? Frank's leaving  
town tomorrow with his son."  
"We got a party right here, don't we?"  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
You saying that Frank is  
leaving town with his son?  
Listen, Bo.  
What?  
When you get back...  
Not now, 'cause we don't have enough time,  
but... Um...  
For what?  
A talk.  
You know, cut all the baloney  
and just tell each other  
how we really feel.  
Hmm?  
Okay.  
What are you thinking about?  
How are you?  
I'm fine. How are you?  
You know, I seem to recall saying  
something to you last night.  
You remember?  
What?  
I asked if you'd  
have lunch with me.  
Marshall, you were  
drunk. We all were.  
You say things...  
Mmm-hmm, and what if I meant it?  
Isn't Tyra waiting  
for you somewhere?

If she asks,  
we're just talking about  
the piece in the paper.  
Haven't read it yet.  
Don't.  
What I'm gonna do is cut out the  
picture and keep it in my wallet.  
Marshall, come on!  
There's nothing  
too bad about lunch.  
What is the point?  
I'd like to talk to you.  
We're talking right now.  
Do you remember any of the  
things I said last night?  
Marshall.  
How I've been  
thinking about you?  
Okay, I gotta go.  
Bo's match is in a moment,  
so I'm late for that.  
I hear Frank's  
off to the Bahamas.  
Just for a few days.  
I asked him if he  
wanted to play next Saturday  
and he said he'd be  
gone the whole week.  
When...  
Lunch tomorrow?

**Scalintella, 1:**

No, when did he...  
This is really not a good idea.  
You're right.  
Okay? You're right.  
I'll just come over.  
Oh, there's Frank.  
Hi.  
Okay. Frank is coming,  
so let's just...  
Okay, I'll see you.  
Hey, you keep your wife out here,  
someone's liable to steal her.

You promise? See you inside.  
You bet.  
You sent a waitress  
back to come get me?  
I asked her if she'd seen you.  
Having lunch with us today, sir?  
Tennis. Maybe tomorrow.  
Out!  
Okay, we send the  
guy a note, we call him?  
No, we call him. We call him.  
Game, Mithen.  
She never sees us  
or knows who we are.  
No. No.  
We got masks. She got a mask  
with tape covering the eye hole.  
And how do you know  
the money's still in Freeport?  
That's where my partner,  
Mr. Walker, comes in, see.  
He is connected to  
one Lisabeth Cooper,  
who happens to be the manager of  
the Providence Saving & Trust Bank,  
where Frank keeps his money.  
And she also happens to have the  
second biggest set of  
titties on the island.  
Who has the biggest set?  
Grace Brown. Older woman.  
Good friend of Mr. Walker, too.  
Let's say he  
don't see any choice.  
He's scared enough,  
doesn't call the cops  
and he goes through  
with it, he pays up.  
That's how  
it's supposed to work.  
And then we take that  
check and we deposit it  
in another numbered  
account in Nassau.

So you're thinking tonight?

No.

No, I gotta call Mr. Walker,  
make sure everything's straight.

I don't see nothing  
wrong with tomorrow.

Excuse me.

I'm so sorry. Thank you.

Mrs. Dawson?

Yes?

I think this is  
your son's racket.

I found it there.

I was gonna hand it in at the desk.

Oh, it is. Thanks.

That's okay.

Okay.

No. They got in so late last night.

I was really so tired.

I'm so sorry, Mom.

Frank had a meeting at the  
club and he missed his flight.

I don't understand.

Why didn't you just come down with Bo?

Tidying up and doing the house.

It's nice to have  
a little break actually.

And Bo's so thin.

Doesn't he eat anything?

He's eating. You know,  
he's been playing a lot of tennis.

He's all set  
up in the guest room.

How is Bo?

Oh, he's fine.

He said something happened with your car.

Oh, nothing. Just,  
somebody crashed into it,  
but no one was in the car,  
so it's all good.

So, were Dad and Frank  
up all night talking?

Frank? No. He's not here.

We offered to drive

him to the airport  
in the morning,  
but he didn't want to.  
He said it was too much trouble.

**He was on the 7:**

shuttle to Freeport.  
He said we'd just get home  
and have to drive him back.  
So why bother?  
Yeah, well, you know Frank.  
He doesn't...  
Everything's fine.  
Okay.  
I don't understand.  
Why didn't you just come down with Bo?  
Why don't you ever call?  
I've always wondered.  
I have so much to do here.  
You never call Dad.  
Okay, I'm putting away some groceries,  
so I'm gonna go.  
I love you. Give my love to Bo.  
I will, dear.  
I'll talk to you later.  
Okay. Bye.  
It's okay.  
You're all right.  
- What happened?  
- Let's go.  
Aw, shit, she don't have  
any shoes on. She's bleeding.  
She don't  
need no shoes. Let's go.  
All right. Come on.  
If you want money,  
my purse is on the table. I have...  
Get down.  
Are you expecting somebody?  
My husband is coming  
home. He's...  
No. Ain't your husband.  
Come on, get up.

**Get up. MICKEY:**

Come on. Go upstairs. Let's go.

Ouch.

Last step. Here you go.

Keep moving.

Keep your mouth shut.

It's all right. Go. Ah.

Turn around. Sit.

Frank?

Frank?

You on your trip?

Fuck.

Shit.

Ouch.

Oh, God.

Hold still.

Ah! Ow!

Got it.

Shh! Not a peep.

Did somebody say they  
wanted an ice-cold martini?

What the heck?

Marshall?

Oh! Shit.

It's just him?

Just him.

Who the fuck is this?

Marshall.

Who the fuck is that?

Listen. He's gonna  
wake up at some point.

I know that.

So we call the husband,  
tell him not to call the cops.

It doesn't matter,  
this guy's already been here.

Correct.

Dawson comes home, finds him,  
he's gotta call the cops.

So, what are you saying?

We just quit? Just leave?

No.

We're this far.

We take her.

There, step up. Step up! Ah.  
Up. There you go.  
There you go. Step.  
Almost there.  
Keep going. Three more.  
Go on. Oh, God.  
Turn around. Sit.  
When you hear the door close,  
you can take the mask off.  
I'll come up later  
and bandage your foot.  
Excuse me. No talking.  
Need to use the bathroom,  
knock on the door  
and put your mask back on.  
Mickey?  
Giancarlo Giannini?  
Uh.  
Opera singer.  
Frank, incorrect.  
I don't know.  
Niki Lauda?  
- I don't know who that is.  
- You get a grape.  
Betty Bacall, or Lauren Bacall?  
I know her.  
Yeah, she's an actress.  
Oh. All right. You get a grape.  
Yves Saint Laurent?  
Yeah, he makes women's clothes.  
Very impressive.  
Alain Delon?  
Alain Delon.  
Uh.  
No?  
Georgia O'Keeffe?  
She's a stripper.  
Please, Frank!  
I'm giving you the easy ones.  
These are people  
with style, like you, baby.  
Jack Nicholson you know.  
Anyone with a brain cell knows him.  
Lelous Delafilace.

For Christ's sake.  
Jean Renoir?  
I don't wanna play anymore.  
Meanie.  
Okay. What do you wanna do?  
You wanna fuck?  
The mouth on you!  
Since we're going to bed, yeah.  
You wanna do the  
Florentine thing again?  
Which one is that?  
Whoo!  
News 4 Detroit,  
with John Blunt and Jennifer Moore.  
Don Shane with sports,  
and Larry Shannon with the weather.  
Good evening.  
Americans are beginning to understand...  
I'll leave you  
a couple of smokes.  
...we are disliked  
by much of the Muslim world.  
Thank you.  
Phones have been  
ringing off the hook...  
Why is it so loud?  
...all night tonight  
here in our newsroom.  
- People asking about a recall...  
- Yoo-hoo, Marsh?  
You call Mickey to see  
when Frank will be back?  
I told you no one answered.  
So, this is the Lucy Anne.  
Which one do you like?  
That one.  
I thought you liked the green.  
Can I please go to the mall?  
The mall? It's 8:30 at night.  
- No. Nothing's open.  
- How many rings?

**What? GIRL:**

How many rings did you



give it when you called?  
Oh, my God,  
what is the matter with you?  
Did that car accident turn my  
husband into a crazy person?  
So this is the same  
girl you're talking about?  
See her every day.  
She's not an island girl?  
American girl.  
Long hair, very good-looking.  
No, I hear you.  
I hear you, bro. I hear you.  
Sexy. I think  
she's connected to the guy.  
There are 14  
hospitals in the Detroit area  
which are prime candidates  
on the commission's list.  
Most of the hospitals on the  
list are smaller hospitals,  
among them  
Dearborn Medical Center.  
Center Administrator  
William Harris  
claims having fewer hospitals...  
You done playing doctor?  
You gonna tell me or  
keep it to yourself?  
So Walker said he's staying at  
his place by the golf course.  
What else?  
And he's got a lady with him.  
You said you seen  
him with women before.  
See, I knew he liked the ladies,  
but I didn't know he  
was going down there  
to see the same lady every time.  
I'm thinking he got,  
you know, couple of friends,  
couple of birds around town,  
but no.  
No. Walker says

the same one all the time.  
Melanie.  
I don't see the problem.  
So he's got something on the side.  
I didn't say it was a problem.  
I just like to  
know this man's shit.  
Like, you know, what he up to,  
what he doing down there. Like...  
Who's this Melanie?  
So let's call and ask him.  
Not yet.  
I filed.  
You have?  
Why didn't you tell me?  
Talked to the lawyer on Friday.  
He said the papers would be  
delivered to the house on Tuesday.  
So you came down here early.  
Give her some time  
to think about it.  
And what's she gonna do?  
Oh, she'll probably  
go along with it.  
She'll say things to her friends,  
suck around for sympathy.  
"Poor little thing."  
"The prick."  
What's she like?  
What's she interested in?  
Do you mind me asking?  
No, I don't mind.  
Uh, my drinking, that's a popular subject.  
"How many drinks have you had, Frank?"  
Or, "Where's Bo? It's late.  
He's not home yet."  
Bo, that's something I'm gonna have  
to deal with in the settlement.  
She is his mother.  
I'm not gonna argue that.  
But it's all right.  
He and I'll see each other.  
I'd like to meet your son.  
Well, someday you will,

if you don't take  
that big canvas bag  
of yours and take off somewhere.  
I'm not gonna take off. Hmm.  
Yeah?  
I wanna go to the bathroom.  
You got the mask?  
Oh, yeah. Hold on.  
You think that dude  
is still in the closet?  
You hit him.  
I didn't hit him that hard.  
You hope you didn't.  
Oh.  
Okay.  
All right. Oh, God.  
Okay. Now, when you get in  
here and the door's closing,  
you can take off the mask  
and do your business.  
There you go.  
What in the hell are you doing?  
Jesus Christ.  
It's my house, ain't it?  
What's the matter with you?  
Don't like it?  
You two can go  
somewhere else for all I care.  
Let's hurry up  
in there. You done?  
No, not yet. My mask is off.  
Hey, Richard. Come here, man.  
We gonna need you to  
get back in the uniform  
and get back out in the field  
and do some reconnaissance work.  
Go to the lady's house,  
gain access to the premises.  
Just go to Dawson's house and make  
sure the guy Marshall's not dead.  
Basically.  
Okay.  
He was upstairs, in the closet.  
Oh, this is unbelievable.

Yeah, I know.  
It's a little strange.  
You watch the news?  
Yes.  
There's nothing about you

**on the 7:**

Why you think?  
What are you asking me for?  
You got something  
going with that guy?  
He's a friend of the family.  
Well, he must be the godfather,  
bringing you martinis to your  
bedroom while your husband's away.  
How come he  
didn't call the police?  
I don't know! He could  
be dead or in a coma.  
You hit him with  
something, right?  
We checked.  
He let himself out.  
So now,  
we waiting on the 11:00 news.  
What we mean is  
we don't know Marshall,  
or what he's got to lose,  
but is he the kind of guy who'd  
stick his neck out for you?  
Honestly, guys, I don't know.  
I don't know.  
Are you gonna get that?  
I don't know.  
Did you want me to get it?  
No, I got it. I'll get it.  
You stay in bed.  
Go back to sleep.  
Yeah.  
Good evening, Frank.  
Hope I'm not disturbing  
your lovely evening.  
Who is this?  
Hold the line.

Your wife would like to speak with you.  
My wife?  
No, he's got it. Go ahead.  
Frank? Frank.  
Who was that?  
I don't know!  
Where are you?  
I don't know, Frank.  
Is this some kind of joke?  
No. They want you...  
Are you all right?  
No, I'm...  
Who was I just talking to?  
Shh! Frank, stop.  
Would you just please listen to me?  
Are you all right?  
They want you to hear my voice,  
that's all that I know.  
Who's they? What's going on?  
Good.  
- You're okay. You're okay.  
- You did good.  
Hello? Hello? What... Hello?  
Who the fuck is this?  
Hello? Mickey?  
Mr. Dawson, how you doing?  
What the fuck is going on?  
And how's Melanie?  
We understand she's got a great bod.  
Who the fuck is this?  
Who am I?  
Well, I'm not allowed to tell you that,  
Mr. Dawson.  
But I can tell you this.  
Tomorrow morning, you're gonna go  
to the Providence Bank & Trust  
and draw \$1 million  
out of your account.  
You know what I can tell you?  
You're out of your fucking mind.  
Dawson,  
I think you better quit talking and listen  
'cause you're in deep shit, man.  
Are you listening?

You draw the one million  
in a cashier's check  
and deposit it at  
the same bank...  
Are you kidding me?  
Are you listening?  
To account number 8950039.  
Hello? You write it down?  
No. I don't have a pen.  
What are you gonna do about that?  
Jesus Christ!  
Get a fucking pen, Frank!  
Put my wife back on the goddamn phone.  
How hard can it be? Shut up!  
Who the fuck do you  
think you're talking to?  
Shut up and listen!  
I'm gonna call the cops!  
If you go to the police,  
listen to me,  
you will never  
see your wife again!  
You do anything but put  
the money in that account,  
you'll never see  
her alive again!  
She's gone! Plus,  
we know about the money!  
We know about  
Dynamic, Ray Shelby,  
the whores on Webster  
Avenue! Everything!  
I need a pen.  
We know about Melanie.  
We know everything you do!  
Don't fuck with us!  
Write it down!  
Who is it?  
89500...  
Slow down!  
What am I, a stenographer?  
8950039!  
Repeat it back to me!  
Correct.

How did it sound?  
Shit!  
Shit, yeah!  
Who was that?  
I don't know.  
Only thing that...  
What?  
What's he tell this Melanie?  
How tight you think he is with her?  
She ain't nothing but some ass.  
Just some ass.  
Don't worry about that.  
You fucking bitch!  
I'm gonna kill you!  
What's going on up there?  
Hey, hey, hey!

**Richard! LOUIS:**

Richard!  
The fuck are you doing!  
Put my eye out with a cigarette.  
Shit.  
How'd she... You peep through the walls.  
What did you expect?  
He thinks he's in the fucking Gestapo.  
Who gave her those cigarettes?  
I did. Just relax.  
Let me take a look.  
I'm blind! I can't see!  
No, you're good.  
Blind? You got the other eye.  
Shut up! Shut up.  
I'm cool. I'm cool.  
I'll take a look at it.  
Oh, shut up!  
Get you some ice. Just cool out.  
Whoa.  
Mickey, you okay?  
Uh-huh.  
Shut up.  
So, Richard, I got a joke for you.  
You might like this one.  
You too, Louis.  
Dude goes to the doctor, right?

Doctor says, "Sir,  
you have to stop masturbating."  
Patient goes, "Why?"  
Doctor goes,  
"Because I'm  
trying to examine you."  
Oh, what's the matter?  
What, that too close to home?  
All right, how about this one?  
A nigger, a Jew and a Nazi  
get in a Volkswagen...  
I got some food for you.  
I got chicken and noodles  
cooked in chicken soup  
with onions and some other things.  
Looks pretty good.  
You got your mask on?  
Can't tell. Yes.  
Yes.  
Okay.  
You can turn around.  
It doesn't matter.  
Oh, come on!  
No! Take it off!  
Don't look.  
I used that tape to cover  
up the hole in the wall.  
You guys are gonna have to get  
your kicks another way, okay.  
You don't have to worry about that.  
We'll cover the holes.  
What is wrong with that guy?  
He's disgusting. He stinks.  
Yeah. Well, he's got a few problems,  
but who hasn't, right?  
Shit.  
What are you gonna do to me?  
Your son, he didn't  
go with him, did he?  
No, he went to Florida.  
Yeah.  
You know your husband has a  
girl with him down there.  
No.



You never suspected it?

No.

You guys get along all right?

Why? I'm just asking.

Most men, they go away,  
they pick up something.

It isn't unusual.

How do you know that?

I can't tell you.

You know about his personal  
bank account in Freeport?

Hey.

Face forward.

I know he does business down there.

I would assume that...

With over a million in it?

How do you know that?

We know.

Maybe that's...

It's 50 grand a month  
he's been taking  
out of his apartments  
in Detroit and putting it away.

So the building  
cost me 100 grand.

I put about 40 grand worth of  
materials and appliances in it  
and have it  
reappraised for 200 grand.

Wow.

Okay. Now, I've only  
put 10% down, right?

And the 40 grand of  
materials actually only  
really cost me about  
four or five grand.

But I'm writing off  
depreciation on...

Two hundred grand. Right.

And on the rentals,  
I only declare 60% occupancy.  
And that's all paid in cash.

Jeez.

You're a genius, baby.

Somehow, though, these guys that called,  
they know about this.

What's fucked up here,  
besides the obvious,  
is here you are filing for divorce,  
and then this happens.

Not wanting to be married,  
but, I mean, gosh, don't want anything  
awful to happen to her, either.

Yeah. Yeah, right.

I mean, you may pay the million bucks,  
and they still might...

I mean, let me rephrase that.

You still might not see her again, honey.

Or if I couldn't get to  
the bank for some reason  
and didn't make the payment on time,  
then what?

Do you know what?

We don't even know if she's alive or dead.

We know she's alive.

I talked to her on the phone.

But was that really her?

That was her.

It was definitely her.

Gosh, I don't know.

I mean, we could call their  
bluff and see what happens.

No, I can't do that.

No, we can't do that.

It's too risky. Yeah.

Huh?

I mean, they might be bluffing.

Although, let's put  
ourselves in their place.

Where would you be  
if she were dead?

Where would I be  
if she was dead?

Where would you be if she were dead?

Where would I be?

Not you, sweetie.

I mean, where would they  
be if she were dead?

You mean if I were them? Yeah.  
Where would you be  
if she were dead?  
Hello, Mr. Taylor. Welcome back.  
Rodney, have you seen Mr. or  
Mrs. Dawson the last few days?  
Frank and Mickey?  
Not since Sunday night.  
Mickey either? No, sir.  
Detroit Police Department.  
Please state your emergency.  
I think perhaps  
a woman's been taken.  
May I have your name, sir?  
She's a family friend.  
Her name is Mickey.  
Marsh!  
Just a minute, please.  
Marshmallow,  
what are you doing here?  
Just making a phone call.  
Dad, why aren't you at work?  
Would you stop that?  
Your father's on the phone.  
Hello? Are you there?  
Why? What am I doing?  
Just be clear about what you  
want so I can understand you.  
I would like you to  
stop bouncing your ball  
against the door so  
I can talk to Daddy.  
Please.  
Hey, man, are you  
there? Are you there?  
Okay, that'd be great.  
Hello? Sir...  
Please. You, too. Bye now.  
You almost finished in there?  
Where'd you learn  
to bandage like this?  
The Navy.  
You were a doctor?  
No,

I was the one getting bandaged.  
Oh.  
Now this is what you  
do? Kidnap people?  
No, you're my first.  
Ow.  
All right.  
Hey! Hey! Put the mask on!  
Jesus!  
I've already... I've already seen you.  
With both of my eyes.  
At the country club.  
Okay?  
Come on.  
Oh, my...  
Oh, my gosh. Wow. Oh, my God.  
What, you don't like history?  
I hear this stuff's worth a lot of money,  
what I'm told.  
When am I going home?  
He hasn't paid yet.  
Can I ask how much  
are you asking for?  
A million.  
A million dollars?  
He's got it.  
I told you that. Unless you can  
think of a reason he won't pay.  
God.  
Oh, gosh, a million dollars.  
It's just not gonna happen.  
What do you mean?  
He's got it. I told you that.  
Oh, God.  
Tell me more about  
those apartments.  
Should I get it?  
Should we get it?  
Do you want me to get it?  
Maybe you should get it.  
I can get it.  
I got it.  
Mr. Dawson's residence.  
How can I help you?

Put the man on.  
I'm afraid Mr. Dawson  
isn't here right now.  
Would you care to  
leave a message?  
You tell the man  
get on the phone  
if he wants to  
speak to his wife.  
Actually, Mr. Dawson left the  
island this morning on a boat  
and didn't mention  
when he'd be back.  
Have a good day.  
I used to be a receptionist  
for this PR guy in LA.  
The guy was a real  
asshole, but actually  
I made a lot of  
interesting friends.  
So it was a good experience overall,  
I mean.  
What did he say?  
He didn't really say anything.  
He just asked for you,  
and then he said he knew you were here.  
How would he know that?  
He's just guessing.  
He doesn't know shit.  
Motherfucker.  
Call again.  
Well, what happen when I call  
and she don't put him on again?  
How the fuck we look then?  
I'll call him.  
Don't get cute.  
This shit is not a game.  
Then I'll call.  
I got it! I got it!  
Shit is not a game, ma'am.  
I'll get it. I'll get it!  
I'm getting it!  
Sit down, Frank! Sit!  
Hello. Yeah, put the man on.

I can't very well put him on if  
he's not here, now, can I, sport?  
Who this? This Melanie  
with the big titties?  
Well, yes, it is,  
and who am I speaking to?  
You tell Frank that if he want  
to speak to his wife again,  
he need to get on  
the phone right now.  
Well, he can't get on the phone right now,  
'cause he's not here.  
Ciao. Look, I...  
He knew my name.  
What'd he want?  
Didn't really say anything.  
He just wanted to talk to you.  
He sounded like a black guy.  
Well, I might know the guy,  
recognize his voice.  
Maybe I should get it next time.  
Mmm-mmm.  
You don't have anything to say,  
Frank, do you?  
You know what I'm thinking?  
What?  
Unplug the phone.  
Officer?  
Sir.  
Live in these premises?  
I'm a friend of the family.  
Is there a problem, Officer?  
Oh.  
No.  
Just, uh...  
You know, doing an investigation  
into a possible burglary  
in the neighborhood.  
Uh...  
You hear any  
disturbances lately?  
Well, maybe. Not personally, but no.  
I really don't think so.  
Those suits were mine.

Uh-huh.

Love these Furies.

My friend lives here,

Frank Dawson.

Who?

Frank Dawson.

He asked me to stop by and walk his dog.

That's why I'm here.

Really?

What, uh...

That's a...

What happened to your head there?

A car accident.

Damn buck jumped out at me.

I'm, uh...

I'm gonna have to ask you...

What happened to your eye?

I'm gonna have to ask

you to turn off the car.

Why?

I said turn off the car.

Why? Step out of the vehicle.

Turn off the car.

Step out of the goddamn vehicle!

Ow, ow.

Oh!

I don't know. I had a feeling,

but you're the one had it first.

Somebody that you hadn't planned on,

you didn't know about.

She's down there

picking up that phone.

We're not gonna

get through to him.

So we know they're up there,

but what are they saying?

Checking our temperature,

that's what they doing.

Seeing if we serious.

We should go down there,

show him something.

Like his wife's fingers.

Just like maybe

the wedding ring finger.

He already knows we got her.  
No. No.  
We need to make an impression.  
They think it's a game.  
Hey, he knows.  
It's just a lot of money.  
It's not a decision you make in an hour.  
It's been two days,  
Louis, going on three.  
Her time is up.  
Hey.  
Don't start no shit  
you can't finish, Louis.  
You need to calm down.  
You're not thinking this through.  
What you think we doing here?  
We ain't boosting no car.  
We took a woman. Now what?  
You want to be nice?  
Oh, you got some  
other shit on your mind.  
Fuck you. Fuck you!  
It ain't about what you feel.  
It's about what you're gonna do.  
How you handle yourself  
in a situation like this.  
The man want to  
take his time, and  
the woman wanna hang  
up the phone on us.  
The fuck we supposed to do?  
Come on, man.  
Stop touching me!  
Either he cares what happens to her,  
or he doesn't give a shit!  
Finger isn't gonna do anything!  
He gives us the finger,  
tells us to shove it up our ass!  
I'm not disagreeing with you.  
You're right.  
We need to find a way to  
put him against the wall.  
So, we go down there and  
leave Richard here with her?



I thought about it, too.  
Yeah, and what you think?  
You go.  
I'll stay. You got Cedric.  
I think one of us has gotta stay here,  
not just Richard.  
In fact, I'm gonna insist on it.  
All right, that's cool. I'll go.  
Me and Cedric got it.  
You gonna be all right,  
just you and Richard here?  
Yeah, we get along,  
if I don't have to talk to him.  
You all right, man?  
Look like you got things on your mind.  
You worried about something?  
Oh, no, I'm not  
worried about anything.  
Never been happier in my life.  
Ah!  
Do you mind? It's my bag.  
No, I don't, actually.  
All right. Well, you can take my money,  
my Coppertone, and Kleenex,  
but leave my driver's license.  
Took me months to get.  
Melanie.  
Is he upstairs?  
Or did he leave the island?  
Oh.  
Yeah. "Oh."  
Help! I can't swim!  
Help!  
Please!  
You want to tell  
us where he at now?  
Yes! Please!  
Ta-da.  
Abracadabra.  
You want a drink?  
Yeah, screwdriver.  
Coming right up.  
Why don't you give  
him a call, sweetie?

All right. I got something to tell you first. Think it's gonna mess up your scam, but don't blame me, okay? It's the timing. What timing? He filed for divorce two days before he came down here. When she gets back, if she gets back, the divorce papers are waiting for her. Huh. You tell him he's never gonna see his wife again. He doesn't want to see his wife again. You just saved him maybe 100 grand a year in alimony. He said that to you? He didn't have to. I know him. You told him not to go to the cops, so he won't. And legally, he's not supposed to deal with extortionists. So he's in the free and clear. So we just let her go home? And then he goes home and gets divorced, but where does that leave you? Look, I'm willing to cooperate with you 'cause I like you. I feel bad for you. Aw, you do? And I don't want to end up in the fucking ocean again. Cooperate how? What about if you... You disappeared for 100 grand? A hundred grand? A hundred thousand. I think that's a good choice for you right now. It ain't a million. No, but it's not a sack of wet shit either.

Do you want my help?  
Listen, you're not getting  
a million bucks from him.  
You couldn't even get  
it out of the country.  
All I'm saying is quit  
dreaming and get realistic.  
You might as well get something.  
But if she were dead,  
I could get you more.  
Oh.  
Yeah. "Oh."  
Hello.  
Hey, Richard, it's me.  
Where Louis?  
I'll get him. No, hold on.  
Hold on, Richard.  
Listen, Richard.  
I got something to tell you  
and I need you to  
tell Louis, all right?  
We all set here, man.  
You going to California.  
Don't kid me.  
You teasing me?  
Don't tease me on this one.  
No. I'm not kidding you.  
I'm not kidding you at all.  
For real? It's all set?  
Yeah, we all set.  
Now Louis upstairs, yeah?  
He's always upstairs.  
I think he's fucking her.  
He's fucking us by fucking her.  
But, you know, I go up there,  
and they're not doing it.  
Hey, Richard, listen, uh...  
I need you to take  
the lady home tonight.  
I think he fucks her  
fast, but he keeps...  
Richard, listen to me, man.  
Listen very carefully.  
I need you to tell

Louis to go and get a car.  
Put the woman in the trunk of the car.  
You take her on home, okay?  
Uh-huh.  
You tell Louis to follow you.  
You take the woman in the house.  
You put her in the closet.  
You lock her up.  
Cut the phone wires so you got  
time to get away from the house.  
Matter of fact,  
tie her with them same phone wires.  
You understand?  
Richard? Huh, what?  
Okay. Now, Richard,  
this next part is very important.  
You got to do it  
without Louis knowing, too.  
When he's gone,  
I need you to go back to the house.  
I need you to kill the lady.  
I do?  
Yeah, you do.  
You need to kill her.  
The whole cigarette  
burn incident shit.  
She knows who you are, man.  
She told you that?  
She heard your name,  
she saw your face.  
That's what the Jew  
lady told me, man.  
She said she knows who you are.  
You know, I wondered about that.  
I did. I wondered about that.  
You ain't got no choice, man.  
I don't want to see you,  
I don't want to see  
nobody go to jail  
behind this, man.  
So, you know,  
you gotta take the Jew lady out.  
But listen.  
You cannot tell Louis.

You know something?  
What's that?  
I knew she was a Jew.  
I could tell.  
Hey, Rollo.  
What's happening, man?  
Look here, I wanna ask  
you a question. Uh...  
Does that look like  
wild parsley to you?  
You mean that marijuana?  
Say, look there, baby.  
It's just about ready to be harvested, too.  
Yeah, I know. Get a car.  
What else did he say?  
I told you.  
I mean his exact words.  
His exact words were,  
"It's all set."  
What does that mean?  
Why didn't he ask to talk to me?  
Because he said  
I could tell you.  
It was all set about  
taking the woman home,  
about you going  
and getting a car,  
about you putting  
her in the trunk.  
That's all he goddamn said, man!  
What are you getting mad for?  
I ain't mad.  
It's just when I say  
something, it's the truth.  
Yeah. That's cool, Richard.  
Nothing to be upset about, man.  
I just wanna make  
sure I understand it.  
You know what I mean?  
He said it's all set  
and he had the money.  
Ah.  
I must have missed that part.  
He did get the money.

Good.  
See, I was wondering about that.  
Where you going?  
To get a car, like he said.  
Line up transportation for tonight.  
I'll be back in a half-hour.  
Guess what.  
You're going home.  
When? Later on.  
He paid you?  
We're gonna drop you  
home in a little bit.  
Wait a second. Wait.  
My husband paid you?  
I guess he must have.  
But you're not sure.  
Yeah, I'm sure.  
Eat your dinner.  
It's ham and cabbage with creamed corn.  
No. Something's not right.  
I don't believe you.  
I gotta go downstairs. I'll be back.  
Wait a second. Listen.  
Are you gonna kill me?  
No.  
Come on. I will not say a word.  
I will not go to the police.  
I won't say anything.  
Won't help your husband any.  
Wait!  
This doesn't happen this way!  
Mickey, take it easy.  
I say you're going home,  
you're going home.  
Thank you. Great meal as always.  
Hey, kid. That's me over there,  
black Chevelle, white stripe.  
Just a sec, boss.  
Be careful with it.  
Oh, God.  
Didn't eat your ham.  
No, I didn't. I wasn't hungry.  
I forgot.  
You're not allowed to eat it.

Sorry. Why am I not  
allowed to eat it?  
Your religion.  
If you want to call it that.  
What?  
He tell you? Louis?  
You're going home.  
Mmm-hmm. Yeah, he did.  
He told me.  
So I guess  
you guys got your money, huh?  
I'm gonna miss you around here.  
It's been such a lovely time.  
What?  
What'd you say?  
Nothing. I didn't say anything.  
- What'd you say?  
- Nothing.  
Huh?  
No.  
Please, please, no!  
Kiss me. Kiss me. No! No!  
You don't like me?  
Please, no!  
Kiss me. Kiss me!  
What, I'm not good  
enough for you?  
Please. Please.  
Take your clothes off.  
Take them off,  
or I will rip them off!  
Stop!  
Now the brassiere.  
Do it. Do it.  
Hey! Huh?  
What's going on up there?  
Come on! Let's go! Let's go!  
Okay!  
Let's go. Come on. This way.  
Hold on.  
You all right? No.  
You shot? No.  
7-442.  
Yeah, go ahead, 442.

Yeah, I'm at 1,000 block,  
State and Fair, east of Woodward.  
Requesting immediate backup.  
I got some wild-looking  
asshole here firing a handgun.  
Where are you taking me?  
Where am I taking you?  
I'm taking you home.  
Right here,  
this stretch of Northwood,  
where it used to be called the  
street-racing capital of the world.  
I don't want to go home.  
So that's the Florentine, huh?  
What else you got?  
Listen, Ordell,  
we got a minor problem.  
Actually, we've got some good  
news and some not such good news.  
Had a feeling you had some news.  
He's going back tomorrow.  
He's leaving.  
And now that he's out of the  
casino and back on the wagon,  
he's in a pretty good place,  
all things considered.  
That's the not-so-good news.  
He wants to get back,  
make an appearance,  
see his wife,  
call off the divorce,  
but he wants me to come back  
to Detroit with him.  
I just reminded him that I'm the only  
person he has to talk to about this,  
you know,  
the sympathetic listener.  
This is the good news?  
Well, the bad isn't exactly bad  
and the good isn't  
exactly sensational.  
But what it does do is it  
gets things back to normal.  
You've got little Mickey back with hubby,



assuming she's alive.  
Oh, which reminds me,  
you should really call your friend.  
It actually gives you time to  
set this up and do it right.  
I mean, you're a hunk,  
but you are a piss-poor extortionist,  
if you don't mind me saying.  
Let's be honest. This could've  
been set up a whole lot better.  
This motherfucker's  
got way too many guns  
and from what I can tell,  
no shortage of ammo.  
When we first saw him,  
he had on a T-shirt and long johns,  
armed with a revolver.  
Now he got on some  
kind of damn uniform.  
Busted in all the windows,  
except the ones  
boarded up on the second floor.  
Turn off the music  
and put down the weapon.  
Did he say anything?  
He keeps saying something about  
the Fury or the Fuhrer, maybe.  
I don't know.  
It wasn't making much sense,  
and he was crying through most of it.  
Okay.  
Ray, where you going?  
Sir, you have two minutes  
to exit the premises!  
Get back!  
Take cover! Take cover!  
Hey. What?  
Louis?  
Smoked grass,  
and I'm drinking beer.  
And I don't even like beer.  
And that pizza,  
it was delicious.  
Jesus Christ.

How did you know my name?

Oh.

The fat guy told me,  
that fake police guy.

He's not a real cop, right?

He told you?

Yeah. He did.

You know,

I was thinking about something else.

Yeah?

The other guy, the black one.

Oh, "The black one." Yeah.

Everyone knows everyone.

That's good.

He went down to Freeport, right?

'Cause I haven't heard his  
voice for a couple of days.

Where is he now?

He just called this afternoon.

He's still there,

on his way back.

He called,

but you didn't speak to him.

The other guy

spoke to him, right?

Because when I asked you  
if my husband had paid you,  
you said, "I think so."

Yeah. Richard told me,  
so I didn't talk to him.

Richard. Is that that guy's name?

That fat guy's name's Richard?

That's right,

but I'll tell you something.

You need to forget everything  
that you have seen and heard  
over the last few days.

Louis, you're not sure  
if your partner was paid.

Oh, God, a million dollars?

Don't worry about it.

Don't worry about it.

Hmm.

Louis.

Yeah?

I think I'm  
ready to go home now.

Okay.

Two days before her recital,  
Shelly asked me if she can quit.  
I'd try and talk her out of it,  
but I know she's scared.

We just had to do the  
same thing with Andrew.

Taking him out of private school.  
Too much pressure.

I think it  
sends the wrong message.

But I asked Marsh, and he says,  
"It's a ballet recital.

Who friggin' cares?"

- That was really helpful.

- Thanks, Marsh.

Where you been  
all week, celebrity?

I was kidnapped.

What you thinking about?

Mickey!

How are you?

Oh, my God. I'm fine.

You know, I've been worried sick about you.

Mick, what happened?

Did you even try to find out?

When I didn't hear  
anything, of course I did.

I tried to call you. I came by.

I looked for you at the club.

Mmm-hmm.

You look good.

Marshall, there is a hole in my  
closet door the size of you.

Jesus, I know.

Maybe if we hurry up, we can get it fixed.

The suits, I came by and took them in.

They're all clean.

Marshall, do you even know  
where I've been all week?

Mickey, listen.

Talk.  
I'll pick up the suits.  
You call a guy about the door.  
All right. I think I'll just  
let you and Frank handle it.  
What do you mean? Frank? Mickey.  
Roll down the window.  
Just for one second.  
You all right?  
I'm fine.  
You want a drink?  
Sure.  
When'd you get back?  
I just walked in.  
Oh, you mean the flight.  
Did you stop and see  
Bo on your way back?  
Way back? No.  
Didn't have the time.  
There's been a few problems  
on that Grandview job.  
All the sod that was supposed  
to be in a month ago?  
I come back, none of  
the landscaping is done.  
Unbelievable.  
Or would you  
rather talk about golf?  
You asked me why I didn't see Bo.  
I'm telling you.  
Did you pay them?  
Didn't have to. They backed off.  
When did they back off?  
When I wouldn't pay them.  
It was a bluff.  
I called it. That's all.  
What if they weren't bluffing?  
But they were.  
What the hell's wrong with you?  
What if they  
weren't bluffing, Frank?  
Okay, you're getting  
a little hysterical here.  
I told them right from the

start I wasn't gonna pay.  
Okay. Did you go to the police?  
No. I couldn't.  
They said if I did...  
That's when they  
threatened your life.  
But I thought they  
were bluffing, honey.  
This isn't simple to explain.  
Okay.  
At first, I didn't do anything.  
And then I knew,  
as soon as I talked to them again,  
I knew that they'd back off.  
And that there wasn't really  
anything serious to worry about.  
Other than, of course,  
what you went through.  
I imagine it was a pretty  
frightening experience.  
You're not gonna tell me.  
But I know what you did,  
you know what you did,  
and that's all that  
matters, isn't it? So...  
Isn't it?  
I got the divorce papers.  
They were waiting for me when I got home.  
Now, obviously they  
were sent way before  
I knew anything  
about a kidnapping.  
Are you gonna marry her?  
Listen, instead of discussing  
what I feel is personal,  
I think it was Henry  
Kissinger that said,  
"Never complain. Never explain."  
That was Henry Ford,  
when he was arrested for  
drunk driving in California  
with another woman in his car.  
So...  
What do I get?

What's my part of the settlement?  
Well, we sell the house,  
split the equity.  
It's about 200,000,  
plus alimony, child support.  
And then we divide the money you're  
sneaking into the Freeport account?  
There is no Freeport  
bank account in my name  
and there is no possible  
way anyone can prove it.  
You want to look in my books?  
Mmm-mmm.  
No, but I would like to see  
your apartment buildings.  
Your refrigerators, ranges,  
all of your appliances.  
How you save money  
on stolen materials.  
How do you know about that?  
And how you pay your old buddy  
Ray Shelby to front you.  
And without even  
getting into the kidnapping,  
I could stir up enough  
to just nail your ass.  
Look, I don't know  
what you think you know.  
Couldn't I?  
I mean, if I was  
the type of person  
that wanted to  
see you go to jail.  
Frank.  
What?  
Are you gonna marry...  
What's her name?  
I hope to.  
You mean if you  
don't go to jail.  
No, that's not what I meant.  
Oh, we're just wasting time.  
Let's wait till I get a lawyer.  
Fine.

But before you get  
an expensive divorce lawyer,  
just know it comes  
out of the settlement.  
Just so much in  
the kitty, kitty.  
Watch it.  
Can I ask you a question?  
Yeah, sure. Go ahead.  
Did they  
take advantage of you or...  
Mmm-mmm.  
Something happened to you.  
You're different.  
Hey.  
Finally changed your  
clothes. You look nice.  
Fancy pants.  
These are my culottes.  
Well, they're pretty cool.  
And no bra?  
I have one on.  
I have more than one bra.  
Anyway, I gotta  
tell you somethin'.  
Hear that? What?  
"I gotta tell you  
somethin'." I sound like you.  
I say that?  
Anyway, what I was gonna say was,  
I didn't come for this bra.  
I just... I needed somebody  
to talk to, and, you know...  
Is it all right that  
I just invited myself?  
Yeah, sure.  
Sure, it is, but there's one problem.  
See, I was trying to talk to  
my husband finally and...  
Wait. What problem?  
Oh, Ordell is back. I know that.  
Yeah, but he's not alone.  
They expressing themselves.  
Enchantee.

Hello, Mickey.  
Ordell.  
Oh, please.  
Make yourself comfortable.  
Have a seat.  
I just was in the neighborhood,  
thought I'd stop by,  
say hi to the old gang.  
Oh, no, we ain't no gang.  
We just, you know, some folks.  
Uh.  
Mickey, meet Melanie.  
Melanie, Mickey.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
How's Frank?  
Frank's great.  
Guys, what's going on? Mickey?  
Louis, who's your friend?  
I thought you two were introduced.  
Melanie, Mickey.  
Bullshit.  
Mickey says her old  
man's divorcing her.  
Really?  
Mmm.  
And I don't want to  
interfere with his new life.  
Mine, either.  
This is the part  
where I say what?  
What, you don't believe me?  
Uh-uh.  
Do you want me to describe  
the apartment in Freeport?  
Ordell's been there.  
All right.  
Well, how about the birthmark two  
inches from the base of his spine?  
Assuming, of course,  
that you've been there.  
I gotta take a leak.  
Just sit still. Sit still.  
Hold on. Hmm.



Now the woman said that the  
man is gonna divorce her.  
He's not coming back.  
He don't want to make a new start.

**Mmm-mmm. ORDELL:**

So I got it wrong, baby. I mean,  
I can't help if he tells her one  
thing and then tells me another.  
Or if she's pissed.

Are you mad at anybody?

No, not at all.

No, she's not mad.

This is bullshit.

Would you mind terribly?

Hmm.

There she goes,  
future Mrs. Dawson.

She looks like a million bucks.

Did he tell you he  
was gonna marry her?

Mmm-hmm.

And live with her until he does.

Hmm.

Hmm!

You know, guys,  
I was thinking we should call Frank  
and then we'd all be together.

Yeah.

Sure.

Let's call the motherfucker.