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Meeting Evil

By Thomas Berger

Hey.

-Working on a Saturday, too?

-Yeah.

I'm sorry about the cheque last month.

I just...

-No worries, man. We're square.

-Thanks.

-Have a good weekend.

-All right, bud. Take care.

Joanie?

John Jr.

Hello?

Surprise!.

-God damn it!

-John.

What the...

-I'm sorry, just go to your room. Sorry, guys.

-It's okay, it's okay, guys.

Sorry.

Surprise.

I really don't want to talk about it.

You didn't sell the house, did you?

No, I didn't.

I did everything I could
and these people, they...

You know, they just got cold feet.

John, what are we gonna do?

Well, I'm gonna get another listing,
and then I'll sell that house.

And it'll be fine, just like we always are.

Is that so?

-You know, Joanie, I wish that...

-What?

I wish you could put yourself
in my shoes for a minute
to see the kind of pressure that I'm under.
You know, what I go through every day.

What is that gonna solve, John?

I'm doing everything I can. Okay?

-What if that's not enough?

-Well, it has to be.

I'm gonna take the kids out.

Honey, we can't afford it.

Air is still free, John, last time I checked.

I'm taking them to the park.

Bye.

Hey, monkeys, let's go. Let's go to the park.

Coming.

Yeah?

Name's Richie.

My car stalled right in front of your house.

Okay. What, you need to call AAA?

You need a phone?

Well, you know, you don't get a welcome like that nowadays. But, no, no.

-Okay, well.

-Think maybe you can give me a push?

Yeah, let's do it.

Nice day, huh?

Sure is.

A day like today will make you forget there's bad things in the world.

Yeah, it's a nice day.

The gas gets a little low in the carb sometimes, like running on fumes.

The gas station's down that way.

Man, you should see this baby go.

Just smoke anything on the road.

-Yeah, just let me know when, all right?

-All right. Push as hard as you can.

Yeah, just let me know when.

Ready?

-No.

-Ready?

All right, yeah. Go on, push!

Yeah, I'm doing the best I can.

Give me a second.

Come on! Push as hard as you can.

You got some muscle on you, boy.

Okay, just tell me when.

-You ready?

-Okay, do it. Drop the clutch.

-Come on, push faster!

-What are you waiting for?

Push faster!

-You ready?

-Okay, do it. Drop the clutch.

Jesus, hey, you know what you're doing?

God fucking damn it!

Fuck!

What the fuck are you thinking?

I could teach you a few things
about common fucking courtesy.

-Is that right?

-Yeah, fucking leg, Jesus!

-Better get you to a hospital.

-I'm fine.

Don't look fine to me.

-Let me give you a hand.

-Man, I don't need any help.

I beg to differ.

-Come on. Easy does it.

-Fuck.

Look, I got you.

You and me, we're in this thing together.

I'm okay.

-Like riding on air, right?

-Yeah.

-That's what I'm saying.

-Easy, Ricky.

-Richie.

-Rich.

-Wow, you really got hurt.

-Yeah.

-It's all my fault.

-Not your fault.

-You're not blaming me?

-No.

Well, never would have happened
if I hadn't come knocking on your door.

Hey, listen, I wanted to help you. Okay?

What is it you do,
if you don't mind me asking?

I'm in real estate.

-Used to be.

-What do you mean "used to be"?

Hey, hey, but I bet you glad it happened,
all right?

It's "customer's always right."

That sort of shit don't suit a man like you.

It is a racket.

Everything's a racket.

Should I kick it in?

-I thought you said you were out of gas.

-No, no, no. I just said I stalled.

-Okay.

-Let me give her some juice.

Now that, my friend,

is 450 cubic inches of American metal.

Four 4-barrel carburettors spitting mad fuel!

This bitch is a fuck beast!

Yeah, this baby can fly!

You're... Watch it, watch it, watch it.

See this guy? This truck, man!

Fuck, watch out!

Who says American cars can't handle?

Those brakes can be a little loose sometimes.

-Scary as hell.

-Yeah.

Look like you were having fun, though.

I don't know if fun's the word, but, yeah,

I guess I needed it

a little more than I thought I did.

-Think I didn't know that?

-Yeah?

There's a looker.

Yeah, she is.

Pity. She ain't got a clue.

Seems nice enough.

I don't know, baby.

Fill her up?

Stupid bitch.

What'd she do to you?

Chewing gum at work,

that's just fucking rude.

-Nice house you got there, John.

-Thanks.

Bet you got a nice-looking wife.

Maybe a couple of nice kids.

I say, you got kids?

Yeah. I got a girl and a boy.

Not me, John.

Never cared much for pets, either.

-So, how do you know my name?

-You told me.

Yeah?

Only needed two gallons.

-Got some ID?

-What for?

-It's just normal procedure.

-No, no, no. No, John. John, I got this.

So, what's the problem?

You don't like the way I look?

Hey, you know.

-I don't know.

-You don't know.

Pay my manager inside, sir.

You know what? You and me,

-we're a lot alike, you know?

-That so?

-Yeah, that's so.

-Yeah.

-You'll see. Just pay attention.

-Okay.

You'll find out what I'm saying.

Let me take care of this.

I'll take you straight to the hospital.

Got it.

-Everything go okay?

-All good.

Got the gas for free on account of that cunt.

The hospital's the other way.

Yeah, you said yourself

you're not hurt that bad.

You know, man, I'm fine. Just take me home.

Let me buy you a drink. It's the least

I could do for what I put you through.

It's the middle of the day.

Come on, you've been drinking already.

I can smell it. Scotch.

It's my drink.

Come on, man, one more won't kill you.

-So, you can't park there.

-I just did.

-You need a permit, that's the thing.

-You're hurt, right?

Ain't that the definition of handicap spot?

Just act like a cripple. We'll be all right.

Okay.

Where you going?

How about that drink?

If you don't want to have a drink with me,
all you got to do is say so.

-Look.

-You know...

I know, I can behave
a little strangely sometimes.

Just because I'm a little different
doesn't make me a bad guy.

I don't think you're a bad guy. It's just...

I just gotta get home. That's all. My wife.
Wife.

Careful.

The damn shitter's broken again.

Plumber's late as usual.

Yeah, I'm always waiting for the muffin man.

Well, you just get your tight little trucker ass
on in here before I cream my shorts.

And that's a big 1 0-4.

-Sorry, hi.

-How can I help you?

May I borrow your phone?

I just gotta make a quick call.

Pay phone's at the bar.

Okay, well, it's...

I just gotta call my wife, it's local.

Pay phone's at the bar.

Okay, so, give me your cheapest phone,
I guess.

Last one. Cash or credit?

Look, I'm really sorry. I don't have my wallet.

-If you just let me use the phone...

-Pay phone's at the bar.

Lady, I haven't seen a pay phone in years.

-I'm just trying to...

-Not my problem.

Okay, look, I'll just...

You know, Rhonda, for somebody
in the communications business,
I think you could afford to learn
a little common courtesy.

Fuck you.

-How's that for common courtesy?

-All right.

Grow some balls.

Actually, I'd just like to use your phone,
if that's okay.

Jesus Christ!

-John. What are you doing here?

-Hey, Trevor.

I just need to use the phone. Sorry.

You look like hell.

Yeah, I've been better.

You know, listen, John,
it wasn't all my decision.

So, whose was it?

Corporate downsizing.

You just weren't pulling your weight.

Walk away, John, like you always do.

Come on, man.

Johnny, come on

and have a drink with us, man.

-My man. I knew you'd be back.

-Yeah.

There ain't no harm in being polite.

Don't worry about me.

You should worry about the fat ass
across the street at the phone store.

Yeah, or my jack-off boss
who just spilled a beer on me.

I'm fine, though.

You mean the bastard who canned you?

He's here?

Yeah, yeah, that's the very guy. He's here.

He's holding court.

I say we go in there
and kick his head inside out.

I shouldn't even have mentioned it. It's fine.

Yeah, I'd like to make a collect call...

Let me loan you a quarter.

It's the least I can do.

I'm fine. It's okay.

Yeah, my name's John Felton.

Hi, it's the Feltons.

We're not home, so leave a message.

You should never tell people
you ain't home on your answering machine.

Yeah?

So what exactly is your interest
in my business?

I'm just trying to help you out here.
That's what they're looking for. Suckers.
Well, thanks for the warning.

John?

-What are you doing here?

-Nothing. I'm just leaving.

Come on, one drink.

No, actually, I gotta call Joanie.

I need a ride. I gotta get home.

I can drive you home.

I just gotta use the pisser first.

I'll meet you outside.

Yeah, I don't know if that's such a good idea.

-What? Taking a piss?

-No, that's not what I meant.

-John, it's just a ride home.

-Okay.

Gotcha.

You okay?

-Yeah.

-What's...

Could have sworn I parked right around here.

-You don't know where you...

-There it is.

So, Tammy, are you okay to drive?

I'm a teensy bit wasted,
so maybe you'd better.

Thanks.

You know I broke up with Trevor
to be with you.

Yeah, and he fired me.

Is that what you care about?

Look, Tammy.

You know, what we did was wrong, okay?

-For who?

-My family.

Fucking cowards.

You know, that stupid fat ass wouldn't
let me make a phone call neither.

Said she didn't like the way I looked,
and she kept stuffing doughnuts
down her blabber box.

It looked like she'd been locked
in a doughnut shop her whole life.

Yeah.

Man gets his dream car towed by the pigs,
gets treated like a criminal
by an incompetent...

-Where's your common courtesy?

-Exactly.

-I should have listened to you.

-I know.

You tried to warn me
about these parking rules.

But what a car though, right?

Pure American muscle.

You could feel that power, right?

I sure did.

You feel it right between your legs.

-It's a muscle car.

-Is that so?

Yeah, that is so, missy. Right, John?

-It's a great car, I'll give you that.

-You know what I'm talking about.

-John, you know this guy?

-Yeah, we...

I really, really hate to ask this,
because of everything

we've already been through,

but you think you can give me
a ride to the impound?

I don't think so,

'cause I gotta get home and...

I gotta get home, too!

I'm just like you, John. I'm stranded.

-I don't even know where the impound is.

-I do!

I do! It's not far. Scout's honour.

See, it's not my car,

and I gotta take her home.

Name's Richie. I would really appreciate it.

-Well, if John will vouch for you.

-Course he'll vouch for me!

-Right, John?

-Yeah, I mean, we met earlier...

-So, how do you two know each other?

-We work together.
-Work buddies?
-We work together.
-Wanna give him a ride?
-It's fine. We'll give you a ride.
Yeah, we'd better hurry. Looks like rain.
-So, we close?
-Think so.
You think so?
-Man, you even know where it is?
-Yeah.
'Cause we've been driving
for like a half hour,
and you just said it was a couple miles.
You're a slow driver, John.
Look, so,
-you two really work together?
-That's right.
John tell you he got fired today?
Canned, like a sardine.
Bet you didn't even tell your wife,
did you, John?
I told my wife.
The truth hurts.
Do you want me to pull over?
Would you like to walk?
Ain't your car. From what I could see,
Tammy here makes all the rules.
-Don't be a cocktease, baby.
-Hey.
Nothing like a pair of blue balls
to drive a man insane.
Hey, don't talk to her like that.
She made her own bed, John. That she did.
And what's that supposed to mean?
Well, honey, you dig a hole in a man's life,
you can't expect not to be buried in it.
-What did you tell him, John?
-I didn't tell him anything.
Pull over. You're a piece of shit.
What is this guy doing?
Don't speed up, slow down. Drive him crazy.
Man, would you shut up?
I'm gonna pull over.

You're a pussy, John.
Can't stand up for yourself.
-Just let me handle this, okay?
-Yeah, boss.
-Shit, goddamn!
-Bastard's wrecking my car, John!
I didn't do anything.
I don't know what this guy's...
You must have done something.
-Maybe he saw you leaving town.
-So what?
You said you picked a fight
with that fat ass in the phone store, right?
You want to fight, then fight!
What did you do to that woman back there?
Just gave her a piece of my mind.
Same as you. No different.
Except I didn't tuck it between my legs.
John, what are you doing?
Slow down. Just let him go.
-Write his plate down, he can't do that.
-That's the spirit.
-Let's rip his fucking throat out.
-Just let me handle it.
-That guy was trying to kill us, John.
-Just stay in the car.
Don't do something stupid.
Fuck's this guy's problem?
Hey! You could have killed us!
You ran us right off the road!
What the fuck?
You could have killed us,
do you understand that?
Wait, wait, stop the car! Let me out.
Look! I don't want any problems!
It's just that was really dangerous.
Saw you drive off after you killed my girl.
Look, this is all a mistake. Just take it easy.
Watch it!
Fuck.
Fucking bull's-eye!
Come on, get in the car. Let's go. Come on.
You can't do anything for him now.
We killed him.

-We didn't do this. You did this!
-I saved your life.
We are in this together, John, like I said,
whether you like it or not.
Tammy, where's your phone?
It's in my bag.
He's alive, but just barely!
So, what do you owe him?
-It's not in here! Where's her phone?
-How would I know?
Because you took it out of her bag
when you were in the back seat!
-Now, where is it?
-You expect me to admit to that?
Hey, don't mistake my kindness
for weakness. I'm warning you!
Really?
What should I mistake it for?
I really smashed him.
Like a stupid fucking cockroach.
Come on, let's go. Come on!
We gotta find a phone.
We got nine murders,
and I don't even have a witness.
Somebody has to have seen something.
-Find me that somebody.
-Sir.
Found somebody.
John, turn here.
Hello? Is anyone home?
Fuck.
-Why don't you just kick it in?
-Just take it easy.
You're the one that said
the guy needs an ambulance.
Hello? Look, there's been an emergency,
a man's hurt very badly.
We need to use your phone.
Hello, is anyone home?
Hello?
Richie.
Is anybody home?
Look. It's half full. Help yourself.
It's called stealing.

It's called a drink.
Look, now, you do what you want.
I just want you to know,
I'm telling the police everything.
That's it.
Is there somebody home?
-Ma'am?. Hello?. Hello?.
-Is this the police?
Look, there's been a terrible accident.
Sir, I would like for you
to leave the premises right now.
Listen, we need an ambulance.
Highway 1 1 1, 20 miles east of town,
there's a guy dying on the road.
We do have a squad car on the way.
-Sir, sir, please identify yourself.
-My name's John Felton.
I'm fine, but there's a man
dying in the middle of 1 1 1.
Send an ambulance right...
Is anybody home?
Is anybody here?
Hello?
You're still here? Call the cops?
Is she okay?
She who?
There was a woman on the phone. All right?
I heard the woman on the phone.
I know there's somebody here.
Is she okay?
You know, I bet your place
is a lot more tidy than this trap.
Maybe you could invite me over sometime.
Sure, why not? Yeah.
You know I would behave
like a guest in your house.
Maybe I could come over for dinner when
this is all over, and we can have a laugh.
Yeah, that sounds good.
"That sounds good, Richie.
Sure, yeah, come over."
-Look, don't talk down to me, John.
-I'm not. I'm not.
You'd better say what you mean

and stop barking out
a bunch of meaningless phrases.
I mean it. I do.
Okay, I mean it.
All right? It's okay.
-Yeah. It's okay.
-Good.
I'm gonna hold you to that.
No.
Listen, you'd be our guest. Okay?
Just please...
There's nothing you can do for her now.
You turned your back on things
your whole life, John.
One more time won't kill you. Will it?
Listen, you told me
that there was nobody in the house.
You knew better than that.
You gotta trust
your own best instincts, John.
If you don't, you're not gonna make it.
It's up to you.
-It's okay.
-What's going on?
It's all right.
We're gonna get out of here, all right?
Stick with me, okay? Okay.
I have a shotgun! And I know how to use it.
Kid.
Don't do that!
Put it down, all right?
We're just trying to help.
Where's my grandma?
-She...
-Richie, don't.
-She ain't here.
-Back the fuck up!
She wanted me to tell you something.
-Richie.
-Something
she wanted you to know.
You see that field over there?
Now, I'm gonna give you a chance to run.
But your grandma wanted me to tell you

I'm gonna be coming after you. Get.
Richie, please, just stop.
It's not a game any more.
-Please, just...
-What makes you think so?
Please, I'm just asking you, that's all.
I'm just asking.
Okay.
-I'm sorry, please just...
-John, let's go. He's not gonna hurt us.
You think not?
I'm not afraid of you.
You ought to be.
Jesus, Tammy. Tammy.
Jesus.
Tammy.
Tammy. Tammy.
I bet she does things
your wife would never do.
-I wouldn't know.
-Well, what's your wife like, John?
If you don't tell me, I'll find out for myself.
She means everything to me.
Right.
But I'm sure there's times
you'd like to kill her though, right?
No.
But I'd kill anybody that tried to hurt her.
I understand that.
Things that I hate most are things that
resemble my own faults.
I hate bad manners.
I hate people
that don't give common courtesy.
Hypocrites and cowards. That's all they are.
If you try anything, I will beat her
till she bleeds brains out of her eyes.
You understand?
Why don't you just let us go, all right?
We won't say a word.
It'll be like it never happened.
But it is happening, John.
It's happening right now.
Stop trying to figure me out.

I got my own ideas.
Tammy, you gotta get up right now.
You gotta get out of here, okay?
He's gonna try and kill that cop.
I gotta save him. Come on.
Here. Just go wait for me on this field.
Look, you just gotta keep moving
towards town, okay?
No, no, I don't want to leave you.
Look, you'll be faster without me, okay?
That's not what I mean.
Look, go, okay? Just go.
This used to be a nice neighbourhood.
Nice dog, still.
Rich folks been acting all crazy lately.
Like they ain't never been broke before.
So, what else have we got on this guy?
Mr fucking Rogers is what we've got.
Good job, wife, two kids.
Real estate agent.
Real family man.
Well, being a real family man doesn't
automatically make you a nice guy.
Forty-three, I got another 28.
I guess not.
My name's John Felton. I'm fine,
but there's a man dying in the middle of 1 1 1.
Send an ambulance right...
-Is that his voice?
-Y es.
Do you mind?
Absolutely.
If you were guessing,
where do you think he's going?
Is there someone else he would turn to?
-Another woman?
-I apologise for asking.
I don't think so.
At least not any more.
Got a name? A phone number?
Sorry.
He left a bar with a young girl.
Brown hair. Busty.
Ring any bells?

If my husband was at a bar
with some slut with huge tits,
why would he call me collect
from a pay phone?
To spread the good news?
Does he generally drink
in the middle of the day?
No, not usually.
Sir, please be careful. Thank you.
Do you know someone
who would have picked him up?
All our friends are gone.
Fired, relocated or just up and quit.
Tough times. People losing everything.
Holding on by their teeth.
And that's why John and I
stand together to stay strong.
If nobody picked him up,
why is his car still in the driveway?
Wallet, cell phone,
keys left by the front door.
Glass of whisky
broken on your kitchen floor?
You guys have an argument?
He was disappointed
he didn't sell a house today.
He ever hurt you
when he gets disappointed?
No.
You think he really killed those people?
Could have.
Do you need someplace to stay?
We have a beautiful home.
Do you think she's hiding something?
We could always look on the bright side.
She's ignorant?
People snap sometimes. No good reason.
You take your average, ordinary person
and rob him of everything he cares about.
Then, people snap.
So, now, you want my help.
Well, well, well, right back where we started.
Except you look a little worse for wear,
if you don't mind me saying.

I got this instinct, John.
There's just no denying it.
It's a God-given attribute, really.
I am always right
when it comes to people
who are trying to do me harm.
-I'm not trying to harm you.
-Well, if you are,
I just want you to know,
you ain't seen nothing yet.
I know what you did.
I know you hurt those people.
The world hurts people, John.
I come in after the hurt.
All I do is kill people who are already dead.
Come on. Get up.
Get up.
And no funny stuff this time, see?
'Cause I'll fill you full of holes, pal.
Now, there's a roadblock up ahead.
You're gonna drive through it,
just like you're one of them.
Get to driving.
Go back to the house. Talk to his wife.
What am I looking for exactly?
Just break her.
-This will never work.
-Course it will.
People like that just want to be fooled.
It's their nature.
Once you know that,
you can take anything you want from them.
-People like what?
-The herd, John. The herd.
Turn the siren on.
There's a barricade.
Stick your hand out the window and wave.
Do it.
Big grin on. Big, silly grin.
Just a bunch of cowards hiding behind
an army of badges and guns.
-It's not gonna work again.
-No, probably won't.
We're marked men.

We can't go on hiding forever.
-You ready to fight?
-I didn't do anything wrong.
I told you, John.
We're in this together,
whether you like it or not.
This is it for me. I'm finished.
Stop the car. Stop the fucking car!
You think you're better than me, that it?
I'm the only person
that hadn't given up on you, John.
Yeah?
That's why you got a gun pointed at my face?
Take it from me! Be a fucking man!
John, what is it you really want?
Is it that hard for you to say what you want?
Just say it.
I want you to leave me alone, okay?
Is that all?
-I want out of this car.
-All right.
-Get out.
-So you shoot me in the back?
I could have killed you 1 00 times over today.
If you want to believe the lie,
then go on living your life.
The world is evil, John.
It's just plain evil.
That's the truth.
You done?
If you are.
How hard was that?
One more thing.
Remember you invited me to your house
to meet your wife?
I'll tell Joanie you said hi.
How do you know my wife's name?
Hope she cooks good.
I do love a good home-cooked meal.
Stop!
John Jr.
Not now.
You sure you don't want to speak in private?
Is there some reason we should?

You know your husband got fired today?
No, I didn't.
But you do know he was having an affair?
I believe I said as much.
You're also aware you have
a life insurance policy on him?
And he's got one on me, too.
Ma'am...
You ever want your husband gone?
Excuse Mommy for one second.
You think you can walk into my home
and disrespect me and my family?
I will take you down so quick,
your undies will be strung
around your neck like a doily.
And if you think I'm going to suddenly
burst into tears
and tell you all my deepest, darkest secrets,
well, then you're just lamebrained enough
to think that you know
anything about my family.
And God knows, from looking at you,
you don't have a clue
about what it means to be a good wife.
You're right. I don't know.
Don't placate me.
I will slap that smug look off your face
before you can get your fat ass off my couch.
Now, I don't know how a functionally
retarded person got a police badge,
but unless you've come to arrest me,
you can waddle out of here
with the rest of the birds.
And make sure John gets home
safe and sound.
And go ahead and grab
a Girl Scout cookie on your way out.
They're fat free.
Just curious,
why'd you let your daughter listen
and cover your son's ears?
So she knows how to defend herself,
and he remembers how to speak to a lady.
Well, shit.

Excuse me.

Give me a hand! I need help!

I need some help please!

Come on, please, I need some help!

They're gonna kill my wife!

Come on, I need some help!

Do you understand that?

Freeze!

On the ground, hurry.

Don't move, don't move.

You are wasting time.

How's that?

This guy is gonna kill my family.

Do you get that?

-Richie?

-Yeah.

The black man in a suit with a fedora?

Driving an old muscle car in the suburbs
that no one else has seen?

Look, sir, you don't get it.

You've got to get somebody to my house
and get my family out of there!

My deputy was just at your house.

Your wife doesn't want to leave.

Sir...

-She doesn't understand what's going on.

-Understand what?

This guy, he can kill anyone. Okay?

Then, why didn't he kill you?

I don't know.

He wants something from me, all right?

I don't know what.

He was pretending like he was my friend.

Pretending?

Look, I'll do whatever you want, all right?

Just get somebody to my house
and get my family out.

-Tell the truth.

-Look, God...

I've been fucking telling you the truth!

I don't believe your truth.

Well, then, I should talk to somebody else,

'cause you don't know

what the fuck's going on.

The witnesses all ID you and you alone.
He was following me.
Your house is being foreclosed.
Bank account's empty. Savings worthless.
You're past due on all your credit cards.
And you got fired from your job today.
What does that sound like to you?
Bad luck?
Sounds like motive to me.
I put myself in your shoes and, well,
can't say it makes any sense,
but sometimes a man just gives up.
Well, I have faith.
You're an unfortunate man.
Sir, do you honestly believe
that I made this all up?
You think I killed all those people
because I'm in debt
and I lost my fucking job?
Look, just find Tammy.
Turn left.
Him.
Definitely the guy.
I do get paid for this, right?
Straight forward.
It's like they can see me there.
Are you sure they can't see me?
-Get him out of here.
-Yes, sir.
Come on, you did great.
She ripped you a new one.
You knew I was gonna get it handed to me?
I also knew you were gonna get something.
She's having an affair.
Contractor working on the house.
-Building a pool.
-Pool guy?
Got him shitting bricks in the holding cell.
-Anything smart come out of his mouth?
-Not a peep.
It's hard to tell what he's not guilty of.
Makes like a chicken. Then he clucks.
Keep on plucking.
You think he knew

his wife was screwing the pool guy?
Too bad.
Looks like a nice enough guy.
We don't see much of your type here.
Go figure.
Cup of joe?
Hungry?
-Let me get the pork chops, please.
-Sure.
You want limas or fries with that?
I'd like both.
Hope you bread those chops nice.
Can I get extra gravy with that?
Yes, sir.
You got a problem?
You see this uniform?
Respect the uniform.
Or I'm gonna have to take something
from you that I can't give back.
You understand?
You know what your partner wants?
On the house, of course.
Come here, sweetheart.
Come on, come closer. Come on.
Suspect has been shot,
suspect has been shot.
I repeat, please send backup
and paramedics immediately.
John! Oh, my God.
-Who is this?
-Tammy Strate.
-Tammy?
-Yes.
Are you okay?
She corroborated everything he said,
Richie and all.
You, come with me.
-What the fuck do you think you're doing?
-It's not him.
Everything he said, she backs it up.
Doesn't mean it's true, God damn it!
Local just reported three more murders,
and he said he shot and killed the perp.
Positive ID?

"Tall, thin black man" was the description
the officer gave on the radio.
Get over there now. I'll deal with this.
What is she doing here?
I'm just trying to help.
I think you've done enough for this family.
We brought your wife as you requested.
I'm sorry.
Go say hi to Daddy.
Richie was just reported shot and killed
by an officer a few minutes ago.
Just to be safe, there will be police officers
at your house for the next few days
until we complete our investigation.
What, to keep an eye on me?
My men will be protecting your family.
Maybe he was right,
what he said about you guys.
What's that?
-Can we go home now?
-Yes, ma'am.
You guys ready?
Sweetheart, come here.
That your doggie?
Show him to me.
Come closer.
Closer.
He a good dog?
He bites.
That's as good as anything, I guess.
They dump you out here all night, too?
No, no, I gotta go in and talk to the old bag.
You kids done?
Just stop, I'm gonna get you.
Come on. Why don't you guys go up?
Come on.
I'll come tuck you in.
Is everything okay?
You must be Joanie.
Yes, come in. You're getting wet.
And who is that?
These are our two children.
This is Sam, and this is John Jr.
Say hello to the nice officer.

-Boy's name for a girl?
-Yes.
I'd like to talk to you for a minute.
Okay.
Come in.
Where's the local cop that called it in?
This guy's a real cop.
-How do you know?
-Come on.
It's not Richie.
Police Academy, class of 1 968.
Lieutenant.
Our guys in front of the house
are not picking up.
Scotch on the rocks,
that's what John drinks, too. Here you go.
Guys, let's go. Bed. Come on.
Hey, your dad's a hero. How about that?
Again?
I didn't know you boys could drink on duty.
I won't tell if you don't.
You cooking something? Smells good.
Pork chops.
They're John's favourite.
I thought he might need a good meal.
John explain what happened?
No, no, but it's, you know,
it's been all over the news, so...
Hey, maybe you can sell the story
to the papers.
You know, people love a good tale like that.
I would hate to profit
off of somebody else's tragedy, so...
That's why I'm here, actually.
You're making me nervous, Officer...
Stevens.
I should go check on the oven real quick.
Would you excuse me?
I'll be right back.
-Jesus Christ.
-What's wrong?
What is it?
-Where are the kids?
-In bed.

Get up there and check on them right now.

Get up there, do it!

What are you worried about, John?

I was just up there with them.

-Joanie!

-I tucked them in myself.

Little angels, and you got two of them.

You are so lucky.

-They're okay.

-Stay there.

Just so you know, the police are out there.

Do you understand that?

You still underestimate me

after all we've been through.

Well, that's just plain dumb.

Question for you, John, is do you hate me
more than you love your family?

In the time it takes you

to go outside and get help,

I could destroy your whole family.

Listen, what is it that you want from us?

You invited me over for dinner,

to meet your wife. I'm here.

Now, treat me like a guest.

You know

I'm not going to let you harm them.

You know that?

So, you're gonna have to kill me.

I told you, I don't make deals. I don't have to.

I'm giving you a choice, John.

That's more than I'm giving anyone else,
including your wife and kids.

-I told you to stay upstairs.

-What the hell is going on?

How about those pork chops, Joanie?

I'm starving.

I'm afraid I don't care for your tone.

Makes two of us.

Get out of my house. Now.

John?

Tell this person to get out of our house
and leave us alone, now.

John.

He's our guest, right?

Our guest.
We're gonna treat you that way.
Okay?
Again?
Help him.
Doesn't John do most of the cooking
around here?
-He likes to cook.
-Good thing, too,
'cause this is cooked badly.
Poorly. It's cooked poorly.
Could you sharpen this for me?
It's kind of dull.
-The knife's sharp enough.
-Not mine.
You remember the first time
you saw me today, John?
-At the front door?
-No. In your rearview mirror.
When I blasted by, you were sitting in
the driveway twiddling your thumbs,
thinking about your meaningless life.
You were talking to that guy who worked...
The guy who works on your house?
How do you think I know that?
'Cause you've been following me.
But why? Why would I follow you, John?
Come on. Put it together, John.
Put it together.
Why did I knock on your door today?
Perfect timing.
Joanie, get upstairs,
get the kids and get out of here!
Or better yet, sit down
and listen to what I have to say.
Now, John,
why did I knock on your door today?
Joanie, you want to tell him?
Why I knocked on your door today?
Or why the back door was left wide open?
Or why you took the kids
and left when he got home?
What is he talking about, John?
You both make me sick.

Sitting here like I'm the bad guy,
like I did something wrong.
-Tell him why, bitch!
-I have never seen you in my life!
Yeah, that's true.
You did send someone else to meet me.
-What's he talking about?
-I have no idea.
She does not love you, John.
She's a liar.
She's fucking someone else,
and she wants you dead!
-He's lying.
-She hired me to kill you.
I was supposed to drive you out in the sticks,
throw your body in a ditch...
-Oh, my God.
-...but I didn't.
Because I saw something in your eyes, John.
John, you can't believe this man.
You can't believe him.
She doesn't have the guts to kill you herself.
-He's lying, you can't believe...
-I am no liar!
-I have no idea what he's talking about.
-John, you can vouch for me there.
No, you are lying!
I tell it the way I see it,
and I see it the way it is!
John, I love you.
That's right, kill her, John.
-John, I love you.
-Rip her fucking throat out!
Now, you got the instinct, just like me.
-Please don't do...
-Shut up!
Remember, she's cold-blooded.
Don't listen to her.
Don't listen to that bitch! Kill her!
-Kill that bitch!
-I love you!
Wait! Wait, stop! I'm not going to hurt you.
Just give it to me.
Give it to me.

Come here, you motherfucker!

-Put it...

-You motherfucker!

Get out of here! Go!

Careful.

Jesus!

They're out back!

Watch my children.

Mr Felton.

We're gonna take your wife in
for more questioning.

On what evidence?

Your testimony, for starters.

Look...

I just told you what he said.

I didn't say I believed it.

What other explanation can you have?

She's my wife.

-What does he think he's doing?

-Something I never could.

Nice shot.

You know, smoking kills sperm cells.

-You hungry?

-Yeah.

Let's go get fat.

Everything's going to be okay, isn't it, John?