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Sexy Evil Genius

By Scott Lew

- Thanks for your help.

- You're good.

Make sure you tell the detectives
that I'm willing to testify
and I definitely want to press charges.

Look, I don't know what happened.

It went really fast.

Are they gonna live?

Hey, lonely guy.

Sorry. I'm meeting someone.

Yeah, me too. Nikki Franklyn.

You too? Really?

Is that surprising?

Yeah, kind of.

- I'm Zachary.

- Of course.

Zachary Newman. Figured.

You're the high school guy,
her first true love.

I've heard a lot about you.

Yeah. I guess. That was us.

She broke up with you
at the Waffle Shack after prom.

Cried so hard you puked all over her shoes.

Blueberry pancakes.

Yeah. Not my finest hour.

I'm Miranda.

- May I?

- Yeah.

Have a seat.

It's typical Nikki. Late. She said 8:00.

I got a call from Nikki.

It's the first time

I had heard from her in a decade.

She said she's in town

and wants to meet up.

I guess I'm not the only one
she wanted to catch up with.

We stayed in touch, you know,
after the pancake incident.

She said she wanted to go
on a trek to find herself.

Timbuktu, I think.

- Kathmandu.

- Yeah, that's it. Yeah.
That's the last time we spoke.
Where did you two meet?
Narcotics Anonymous.
What, you and Nikki, like,
smoked a ton of pot together?
- Cocaine?
- Heroin.
Nikki and heroin.
Yeah.
- With needles?
- Yep.
I just can't imagine her doing that.
I mean, maybe smoking it, I guess, but...
She always was so adventurous.
When we met she was a mess,
close to death and so was I.
We saved each other.
We were lovers.
Does that shock you?
No, you're very beautiful.
I just... I'm still reeling
over the whole heroin thing.
- Should we get a table?
- Sure.
Hi, guys. I'm Abby.
I'm gonna be your server.
So just let me know if you need
any other drinks or anything.
Absinthe.
Okay.
Isn't that highly alcoholic?
I'm a junkie, not a drunk.
Can I have another martini,
five blue cheese olives?
Okay.
Is that a drink or a salad?
It's both.
I raced over here from work.
I forgot to eat all day.
You know it's not healthy
to work that hard.
I know.
I know.

- What do you do?
- Sales.
- Do you like it?
- I hate it, really.
- Do you have kids?
- No.
- Married?
- Nope.

So, why the fuck don't you quit?

- And do what?
- Whatever floats your boat.

I'm not sure what that is.

Well, clearly,
there's your problem right there.

Gosh, talking to you
really reminds me of talking to Nikki
just right to the big, heavy stuff,
no kidding around.

- What?
- No, nothing.

You're kind of cute eating your salad.

See, this is why I never go to bars.

The only girls who think
I'm cute are lesbian.

Or lesbians?

I don't know...

What's the plural of that word?

I'm bi.

Great. I feel half better.

So, when did you last see Nikki?

I will fucking kill you!

Six years ago.

- Is that when you broke up?
- Yeah.

But then after awhile,
we started talking again.

Just a phone call or two every few months.

And then one day,

I get a collect call from Nikki from jail.

- Jail?
- Well, not exactly.

It was a mental hospital
for the criminally insane.

What was she doing there?

Murder?

Nikki killed somebody?

It was her boyfriend.

She poisoned him with arsenic.

Said she got off by reason of insanity.

Arsenic?

Look, Nikki's a lot of crazy things,

but she's not literally crazy.

At least not how I remember her.

But don't you think

she'd be great at acting crazy?

Yeah. Yes.

I used to call her my sexy evil genius.

And she was, a genius.

Test scores off the charts.

Thanks.

Thanks.

Nikki said she'd call me

when she got released from the hospital.

I didn't realize it would

only be three years later.

This is bizarre.

I mean, not just hearing

her post-me life story,

but you and me here now and her so late?

- It's deliberate.

- What do you mean?

Nikki's never on time for anything.

No, I mean I think that

she wanted us to meet

before she got here, to get acquainted.

You and me?

Why?

So you can blow my mind

with the ripping yarn of her life story?

You're probably right.

Is this the Franklyn party?

- Yeah.

- So there are more of us.

Miranda.

Marvin Coolidge. A pleasure.

- Zach.

- What's up, dude?

Nikki told me to look for a goth babe

with an uptight suit-and-tie guy.

- She on the money.

- She called me uptight?

Don't sweat it, Zach, man.

I'm sure you're a cool fuckin' dude

on the inside, right?

I don't think I am.

Baby, could I get a Chivas, rocks?

Listen, I haven't talked to Nikki in,

like, five years and change and...

Out of the blue.

What's up? Nikki.

Shit.

What's this gathering all about?

- We don't know.

- Nikki's late.

No, she's not late. She said 8:30.

She got, like, you know, three minutes.

She said 8:

I guess she did want us to meet.

Wait a second.

I know what this is all about.

- What?

- A new band.

- A band?

- What do you guys play?

Don't tell me. You are an ax man, right?

Bass?

- Keys?

- I get it.

You were in the jazz band

Nikki told me about.

Yeah, the Rebops.

What instrument do you play?

Vibes.

- What's vibes?

- Xylophone, man.

Me and Nikki had this

sweet musical groove going for a while.

You know that girl

is like Bruce Lee on the bongos, right?

Yep, that's how we met.

A drum circle on Venice Beach.

Blew me away, man.

- Really?

- We hooked up.

She put our band together.

This is not about a new band?

All I play is the radio.

I mean, I can barely work my iPod.

Okay. It's about something else.

- How well do you know Nikki?

- As well as anybody.

You know,

we lived together for five months.

Were you, like, roommates?

No, man. We were deep in it.

What's...

They were fucking.

Yeah. I mean, I get it.

So, hold up, you're an ex, too.

- Ex numero uno.

- Holy shit.

You're the guy who threw up on her shoes at the Waffle Shack.

Don't go! No, no, please.

Holy shit.

- She tell everyone that story?

- I think so.

We all have one thing in common.

What's that?

No. You and Nikki?

Deep in it.

Damn, girl.

And did you know that Nikki was recently released from an insane asylum because she killed a guy?

- What?

- Yeah.

Her boyfriend at the time.

- Bullshit.

- Not.

Nikki told me herself. I just told Zach.

Wait, she killed a guy?

Damn, now I need this.

Wait, how is she even out?

Not guilty by reason of insanity.

Why does that hardly surprise me?
Everything the girl does, man...
The secrets, the games, this tonight,
anonymous gathering of ex-lovers.
Who does this?
I mean, she calls for the first time
in years and what do each of us do?
Drop everything, absolutely no questions
asked, to show up at this bar.
- We're devotees.
- No, suckers, man.
I remember one time, we were 16
and this punk band from Japan
that Nikki worships,
the Go Go Zombies, are playing at the Roxy.
But it's 21 and over to get in,
so we need fake IDs.
First we go to MacArthur Park
and we find these gangbangers
who say that they could hook us up.
But, like idiots, as soon
as we showed them our money...
So now we've got no IDs
and no money to even buy tickets,
but Nikki won't give up.
- No, she never gives up.
- Never ever.
She makes me drive to the Roxy way early
and wait until the band shows up.
All right, we're here, but I'm telling you,
they're never gonna let us in without IDs.
Trust me, this is gonna work. Take this.
- And then she attacks them...
- Comrades.
... pretending to be
this Russian journalist.
We come all the way from Moscow to see
Go Go Zombies perform in USA.
- Magazine?
- It's like our Russian Rolling Stone.
"Russian Rolling Stone."
Da, comrade.
"You big. Go Go Roxy Zombies big."
"Tell us American Russkie comrades."

Number one record.

Yeah!

So give samurai!

Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

- Great.

- You take a picture with us.

Good. Okay, get in close.

Yeah, everyone close together.

Maybe not as close. You come...

So they invite us backstage.

We get to see the show for free.

But then afterwards,

I can't find Nikki anywhere.

She's gone.

I know where this is going, man.

Then the next day, I see her at school.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Where'd you get all those hickeys?

I confront her, but Nikki

claims that she can't remember

how she got the hickey necklace.

Because of this drinking game

they played on the bus ride home.

I'm sorry that I made you worry.

I love you, Zachary Newman.

I chose to believe it

because just being with Nikki was...

Is the most fun I've ever had.

I got a story just like that one.

So when the Rebops got together,

we couldn't get arrested.

There's maybe five,

six decent joints in this town

that'll even book

a traditional jazz band, right?

Nikki disappears for a few days.

Disappears.

Nikki?

Now, I know about her bad habits

and I'm worried, you know, sick

that she might be back on the spike.

No. She returns. "Hey, baby."

And by the way, the Rebops

have a Saturday night gig
at the Grill, the hottest spot in town,
the hottest.
We go, we do the damn thing. Kill it.
The place is packed
and they are feeling us strong.
It's the most intense experience.
But the whole night,
this manager dude who books the bands
is just staring at Nikki, drooling.
After the show was over, this guy comes up
and he's got his hands all over her.
I get it.
She cut out on me to hang out
with this band manager guy
and that's how we get the gig
in the first place.
Let me guess. You forgave her.
I did.
Thanks to her, the Rebop word got out.
Yes, I did. You know,
we were happening, man.
Three gigs a week, real money,
living the dream.
You know, {just put that
problem to the back of my mind,
wrote it off as like
a sacrifice that she made for us.
Sucker me.
She cuts out.
This...
God, I know that feeling.
Yeah.
Okay, I have a story that beats you both.
When we first met,
Nikki and I were both recovering.
- I'm Nikki.
- Miranda.
Nikki didn't want me to know
that she was this privileged girl
who got stuck on smack the first time
she escaped her suburban life,
so she created an entire back story.
She was a fashion model in Amsterdam,

studied yoga in India.
She was living on some
fucking billionaire's yacht
playing the congas in a salsa band,
except she had to quit that
because of the stalker.
- That one I heard.
- Bullshit.
Look, she was still being stalked
when we were dating.
Really? Did you ever actually see the guy?
I... No. Just pictures, but...
It was all a lie.
And these lies start piling up
and I start asking questions.
She invites me to this dinner party, right,
to finally meet all the friends
that she talks about
that I haven't met.
There's a guy from her ashram in India.
There's the Dutch couple that knew her in
Amsterdam when she was on the runway,
and this funky dude
that played in her salsa band,
and this weather-beaten dude
that just sailed in to town,
the skipper on the billionaire's yacht.
I left that dinner party
believing every inch
of that intricate web of lies Nikki weaved.
A few weeks later,
I was bumming around Melrose
and I decided to pop
into that improv theater.
Five of the people
at Nikki's dinner party on the stage.
And those people?
You're all fucking actors.
I looked at pictures
of your children for 20 minutes.
Do you think that was fun for me?
It wasn't.
Nikki hired and directed
a fucking improvtroupe?

She did.

- Get out.

- Pure evil genius.

- I fell for it hard.

- Let me guess.

You didn't break up with her that night,
did you?

Worse.

What the fuck are you doing here?

You're lucky my landlord didn't shoot you.

Relax. There's nobody home.

I got your message.

And I wanted to be honest with you,
tell you the truth about me,
something that I should really do.

Really? That would be nice.

I'm sorry that I lied to you.

I realized

that I don't wanna lose you.

What do you want from me?

You.

Do you know what else I want?

No.

Company.

Get in the pool. Please.

That night I let Nikki seduce me
for the very first time.

The lies began your relationship?

- Yep.

- Get out.

I guess it was just so romantic, you know,
that she would wanna
go through all these lengths
to keep up this fantasy
world that we built.

- How long did it last?

- 100 days.

Then I had to puff the plug.

I mean, I had to get back to real life
I swear, kicking Nikki was even fucking
harder than kicking heroin.

Well, you're stronger than me and Marvin.

- We both got dumped.

- Look, knowing this, right,

that she's got these mad lying skills,
doesn't that put a little doubt
in this whole insane asylum scenario?
Yeah, I guess, but, I mean, I googled it.
There were case numbers and legal briefs.
I guess you could fake that shit, but why?
Who knows? I mean, with Nikki
the truth is always relative.
I do know one thing. She got us together
knowing full well we'd be sitting here,
waiting for her, talking about her...

- Right.

...and murder.

I got a text from Nikki.

So do I.

Yeah, me three.

"Sorry I'm late. OMG, traffic.

"Bringing my next victim.

You guys get cozy.

Talk about My Life With The
Thrill Kill Kult See you soon."

That's what mine says, too.

Same.

Next victim? That sounds ominous.

And she claims she's in a cult.

Man, this is bizarre.

No way.

Marvin doesn't know about
Nikki and the Thrill Kills,
the name of Nikki's all-time favorite band.

- My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult.

- Who are they?

Why mention them in a text?

In case you haven't talked
about my recent role
as a psycho killer, please, do tell.

Hold on a second.

Figures they'd have
the Thrill Kills on the jukebox
in the place that Nikki picked to meet.

Come on, Nikki couldn't stand
this bubble-gum stuff, man.

She could hardly tolerate classic rock.

Marvin, dude,

the bubble-gummier, the better.
She didn't just like classic rock,
she loved Styx and Meat Loaf and Kiss.
Yeah, any band that wears leather,
spandex or spiked wristbands.
Or performs in their underwear,
furry animal costumes.
She liked Tito, the Cubans,
bands that came out of Harlem in the '40s.
But this...

- Marvin, you got played.

- Like a ping pong ball.

Yo, look, Nikki loves jazz, man.

I'm telling you people facts.

You just don't know her like I do.

Nikki used to say that jazz

was fun, camp, kitsch.

Kitsch? Hell no. She didn't say that.

- She never said that.

- Yeah, she did.

You're telling me my whole relationship...

Predicated on a lie.

Just like her fucking

tale about the stalker.

Okay, you know what?

Musical taste, one thing.

But the whole stalker thing

I got you both on that one.

You know what? I can prove it.

She showed me his mug shot

on the national stalker registry

right next to her official

police restraining order.

His name is Mark something.

- You know, I bet you it's still posted.

- Drinks?

- Yes.

- Sure.

- Yeah, all around.

- **It's almost 9:**

I'm on my third martini with no dinner.

- Amateur.

- And you're what, a pro?

I'm an all-star, junior.
Got him. Creepy dude.
His name is Mark Von Dutch.
Nikki told me if I ever
saw this cat to call the cops, emergency.
He looks like a movie star, but demented.
- Oh, my God.
- What?
That's the guy she killed.
What? Wait, how do you know that?
She sent me a photo of them
together after we broke up.
Her new handsome love.
She was probably fuckin' trying
to make me jealous.
Anyone else here a little
freaked out right now?
I'm intrigued.
Okay, you knew about
this whole homicide thing beforehand.
She even sent you a damn photo.
And you showed up anyway
because you're intrigued?
Lam.
To see your friend who kills dudes.
What kind of ghoul does that make you?
A sexy one.
- Nikki.
- Drinks, anyone?
I mugged the waitress on the way over.
- You look awesome.
- Thanks, stud.
Let's see.
Rotgut, rocks.
Must be Marvin "Jazz Man" Coolidge.
You got that right, bongo girl.
Absinthe,
for the sexy ghoul.
Thank you.
And a martini with a
billion zillion olives,
that has got to be you, Zachary Newman.
I skipped dinner.
- And that leaves Sprite for me.

- Sprite?

What about your signature vodka gimlet?

Not tonight. I wanna keep my wits about me in case something horrifying and crazy happens.

Like what?

I'm surprised you haven't figured it out yet, Miranda.

You could always see through me with those gorgeous X-ray eyes.

- It's a compliment.

- How about just an answer?

Come on, where's the fun in that?

I've gathered you all here for a reason, which will become obvious in a moment.

There's no use rushing me.

Did you tell Marvin that I'm uptight?

Yes, I did, because you are.

But it works for you, Zach.

It's part of your extreme cute lovability.

Am I right?

I've already told him he's cute.

Miranda likes nerds. She's into geek chic.

I'm not a nerd or a geek or whatever.

Zach, man, chill. Just own it.

Who's the beer and the sidecar for?

- Bert.

- Bert?

- He's parking.

- Who's Bert?

My lawyer,

lover...

And next victim.

Gotcha.

I knew you guys would get hung up on that.

Drumroll, please.

Nobody?

Okay.

He's my fianc.

- You're getting married?

- To your criminal lawyer?

Honey, I only have one lawyer.

Isn't that a conflict of interest or a major ethical breach?

My life was in his hands.
He saved it.
There's no feeling more intense.
We're mad for each other.
He's my everything.
Woe be he or she
who falls in love with Nikki Franklyn.
I'll drink to that.
It is so amazing
to see you guys.
I've missed you.
So this whole night is about bringing
your present lover to your past.
Bert's curious about you guys.
I think he thinks
you're all just figments of my imagination.
Nikki, there's this homicide rumor thing
that we've been hearing about.
What's funny? That's serious.
Zach is so squeamish
bringing up the subject.
I'm sorry.
I want to talk about it, clear the air.
Okay, is that him, the stalker?
Yeah, that's him.
That's Mark.
Nikki, why were you with this guy?
I was insane.
Is that true?
I was certified.
If either of you lame-brains
bothered to Google me,
- you would've read all about it.
- Nik!
Nik? He calls you Nik?
In high school, she keyed
our teacher's car for calling her Nik.
She poured a pot of burning hot coffee
in a guy's face in rehab
for calling her Nik.
The last fool I heard
call you Nik got a broken nose.
People change.
There you are.

So these are your friends.
Bert, Zach, Marvin and Miranda.
A pleasure to meet you.
Nik just kept insisting
that we all get together.
I'm sure.
Yeah. Hi.
A sidecar.
Good girl.
A toast to old friends and new,
and to the most
beautiful woman I've ever known.
Bottoms up.
Let me guess.
Let me guess.
I bet you you're the guy
that puked on her prom shoes.
I love you so much.
That would be me.
Or "uptight guy" works, too, I guess.
And you're the jazz guy
who wears the kitschy clothes.
I'm not kitschy or kitsch anything.
I'm vintage, Bert.
It was a compliment.
And you...
You're the attorney who fucks his
desperate, insane, criminal clients.
Guilty as charged.
You're right, baby, she does have fangs.
You can't always control
who you fall in love with, Miranda.
Mature people do.
She had plenty of control, believe me.
I'm the one who lost it.
In 20 years of practice,
Nik is the only client
who ever stole my heart.
Nikki doesn't steal hearts, she eats them.
How do we even know
you're not another actor,
you know, part of Nikki's
next elaborate scheme?
- It's a good question.

- Yeah.

It's true, I am a notorious,
habitual, elaborate schemer.

- Who else would I be?

- Anybody.

We don't know Nikki's real reason
for bringing us all here tonight.

I doubt it's just to
make your acquaintance.

Maybe you're just here
to back up her next tall tale.

Yeah. How do we know that you're you?

Jesus, what the hell have you done
to these people?

Magic.

Okay.

I can't believe I'm actually doing this.

Here's my driver's license,
my California bar card
and my black belt certification in karate.

Don't you mess with me.

I guess you're legit.

Or at least have high-quality
forged identification.

You're screwing your lawyer.

You make it sound so glamorous.

What happened?

I mean, not with you and Bert,
but with the murder.

Yeah, and the insanity thing.

- You should know, Marvin.

- I should know?

I told you that my stalker
showed up at our last gig.

- Where?

- He's right there.

I... -

You thought you saw that dude
dozens of times.

I never did.

It's a common symptom
of her psychosis. Paranoia.

Okay, so how do you know
the last time was real,

not just paranoia barking?
Because he wouldn't go away.
He kept showing up at
the local coffee shop,
our rehearsal space,
when I was out for a run.
I couldn't shake him.
He wouldn't even say anything.
He just stood there, staring at me,
waiting for me to break the ice.
And you did?
Why didn't you just call the cops?
Because I was feeling lonely.
- Lonely?
- I've heard that before.
For your freaking stalker?
It's not as nutty as it sounds.
It's quite common, actually.
Although, now I know
that I was completely insane.
I mean, Mark didn't appear out of nowhere.
We dated for almost two years.
If I was gonna ask
another person to be at this table tonight,
this table of people I love,
it would have been him.
So, what? You were over me?
I was.
And jazz and the Rebops.
My instinct was to bolt,
just take off, start fresh somewhere.
So I snuck in your closet
because I knew you kept cash in there,
and I was gonna bankroll my getaway.
And guess what else I found?
What, my Nehru jacket?
A thick bindle of fine gold dust.
- No, you didn't.
- I did.
And I shot it
and I didn't stop until I got arrested.
How romantic.
You didn't find any heroin in my closet.
You wanted to go,

so you went and scored some smack.
Don't put that shit on me.
- What about all the hints?
- What hints?
You were going on and on
about all those jazz masters
that were hypes,
about how heroin helped creativity.
Why would I do that?
To kill my will.
You were afraid I was gonna leave you.
Nikki,
I didn't drop any hints
or otherwise recommend you take heroin.
And I didn't know you were
gonna leave me at all.
Hallucinations and delusions were
all part of her psychosis.
Yeah, maybe that explains it.
Yeah. I was just bonkers.
She told me that story years ago.
I thought she might have imagined it, too.
She was in the height of her mania.
So, what?
One day you just decided
to poison this guy?
You guys don't understand what it was like.
I mean, Mark and I were junkies.
We only left the house
to steal, scam and buy more drugs.
I mean, Mark was
even more paranoid than I was deranged.
Is this the shrimp flavor?
Chicken.
I like the shrimp flavor.
He wouldn't even let me
out of his sight for five minutes.
He was your stalker.
I was losing days, time,
hopping in and out of places,
blacking out somewhere,
waking up somewhere else.
It was crazy.
This would happen while

I was awake, dreaming,
I couldn't tell the difference.
One minute I'm in a garage
stealing garden tools,
the next second
I'm on the couch watching TV.
I was skipping around in time.
Kind of like in Slaughterhouse-Five.
Your favorite book?
It's similar, I guess.
I never really thought of it like that.
Okay, but how did the deed get done?
- I don't really know.
- Get out.
I pop in and all of a sudden,
the cops swarm in
while I'm with this drug dealer.
I think it's a set-up, but I'm busted.
But it's just fuck that they found me then.
- Turn around!
- Don't move!
I mean, there are squad cars,
detectives, a helicopter.
They've got an arrest warrant
on me for first-degree murder.
But you have no idea how you killed him?
I don't remember any of it.
Her clinical medical diagnosis
was homicidal mania.
The black-outs, hallucinations, delusions,
paranoia, it's all part of it.
Then her violent primitive instinct
for self-preservation kicks in.
The victim loses control, kills.
Oftentimes they don't remember anything.
And you could sleep
in the same bed with a homicidal maniac?
Aren't you worried about not waking up?
No, no. No, no, no. Not at all.
Her psychiatrist is a
personal friend of mine.
And she's back, 100% normal.
Homicidal mania
isn't a mind-fractured-forever-type deal?

No, no, no. The illness is gone
once the threat's removed.
In some cases, like schizophrenics,
there's always a perceived threat,
so oftentimes they can't be cured.
But with Nik, Mark's gone.
No more threat, no more mania.
The diagnosis from your personal friend
was that Nikki serves
only three years in jail for murder.
It sounds fishy.
Nik being fit for release
was not just my friend's opinion.
There were two other doctors
and I think seven members
on the hospital release board.
They were unanimous.
I'm with you on the insane Nikki.
Out of her mind on heroin,
doing daily crimes with psychopath Mark
to keep up their habit,
but how do you know you're cured?
Believe me, Coolidge,
if I wasn't cured, you'd be dead.
I was so mad at you
for planting that badness.
I wanted to kill you.
I'm gonna say this one more time.
I didn't.
I'm understanding that now,
that I was delusional,
but it's moot, really.
Moot how?
Because I've already decided
to overlook the whole thing.
I really do love you.
We had so many great times.
And I knew that seeing you again,
having a laugh,
would be a triumph over my illness,
that my mania was behind me.
That sounds not insane.
- Still don't believe it.
- Neither do I.

Why not? Aside from
my notorious scheming.
It's like claiming black-out
as your first line of defense.
And the rest of it plays out
like the plot of your favorite book.
I told you they wouldn't believe me.
You know, you two belong together.
- You're both way too skeptical.
- We know you.
Yeah. I mean, you're crazy, but like a fox.
As they say.
It doesn't matter.
They're just your friends,
not judge and jury, thank God.
You know what really happened.
But I don't.
Really? Total amnesia?
What's the difference?
It's not like any of our relationships
were based on truth anyway.
Never.
Yeah, I guess.
What are you getting at, Miranda?
I'm saying that our relationships
were based on being party
to your crazy adventures.
- They still are.
- Yeah.
I mean, most nights this late
I'm still at the office or home alone,
sitting on the couch, watching TV,
eating a \$6 burger,
certainly not tipsy in a bar,
having my mind blown by
the girl who devirginized me.
I'm with Zach.
Let's forget about the past
and focus on your good news.
Yeah, you got away with murder.
- No, not that.
- No?
- You're over your insanity.
- Thank you.

That's sweet, but that's not what I was thinking.

What are you driving at, Miranda?

- You're getting married.

- Right.

That is why we're here.

So, when's the big day?

That is the question of the hour.

I have an announcement to make, a humongous one.

You do?

Can we get a bottle of champagne with five glasses, please?

Champagne?

I'm gonna have to take a cab home.

I thought you're not drinking.

Only one. This calls for it.

Let's get to the humongous news.

You don't know the news?

- No clue.

- This should be good.

Here it is.

June the 18th.

What about it?

- Our wedding day.

- It is?

Surprise.

So totally awesome.

I listed our engagement with LA magazine and they wanted a date, so I picked one nine months away.

It's plenty of time to get our asses in gear and make it happen.

- That's great.

- Righteous.

You know, I'll go if I'm invited.

Nik, how could you do this?

What were you thinking?

I picked a date.

I mean, you can pick the location.

I know that you wanted to elope and we can still do that.

- I just figured that we would save...

- That is not the point.

This is a public announcement.
Honey, so is this.
I should have been consulted.
- Why? Does the date not work?
- It's not about the date.
Then what is it?
Should I open this or do you guys
wanna do the honors yourself?
Do you want me to leave it?
If the partners in my
firm see this, I'm done.
I'm sorry. I didn't have dinner.
You told me that didn't matter.
What I said was that I needed some
more time for this transition.
Okay, and nine months isn't enough?
If my partners see this,
I'll be out in a day.
So, what? You hate your partners.
Nik, it's not that simple.
Dude, I'm sorry.
How well do you know Nikki?
Yeah, this is Nikki 101.
She wants something, you don't want it,
she'll pull some stunt that makes
everything work out her way anyway.
Blonde with Lobotomy Eyes.
A "black magic panther
who gets what she's after!
I need some food.
What the hell are they talking about?
"Blonde with Lobotomy Eyes"
is the title of a Thrill Kill Kult song,
but they're right.
How long do we have to wait?
Can we talk about this later?
Now's good. We have champagne.
My best, oldest friends
gathered to celebrate.
This is a set-up.
It's just, it's not for us.
Man, do I feel like an ass.
Here I was, thinking this
was about a new band.

You're the sucker, Bert.
Nikki's invited us here to pressure you
into committing to marriage.
She's put you on the spot.
Yeah, Bert, why won't you give her a date?
- Yeah.
- They're on my side, darling.
Maybe this homicidal mania
really does bother you after all.
Or maybe you're just a scummy guy
who takes advantage of beautiful women
in emotional distress.
Which one is it, Bert?
Cold feet or a cold, cold heart?
Perhaps I don't like
discussing our private matters
with people that, quite frankly,
I don't know very well.
Is that all that sinister?
- But these people know me.
- Yeah, I'm with Miranda.
I actually think
it's the murder thing that bugs you,
cause she could snap. You'd be next.
What I think, too. Yeah.
I think we're reassurance.
The three of us are here to prove
that Nikki doesn't murder
everyone she sleeps with.
That's...
You don't have those mortality issues,
do you, Bert?
- No, no.
- Then what is it?
You want a date, baby?
That's it.
Or that's it.
So what was it? June 18th, right?
June the 18th of next year.
Well, then, that is the day
that we shall be married.
Do you mean that?
Yes, baby, I do mean it.
So. That's not happening.

- No way.
- Yeah, he said that just to get her off.
- Let's do it! Yeah!
- I love you so much!
Till death do
us part.
- It might not be that long.
- Yeah. See? Mania.
- Congrats, man.
- Yeah.
That's...
I am so excited.
I love you, baby.
So I will admit that I had a hidden agenda,
but getting Bert to come around
wasn't the only one.
Also, since the day I met Miranda
I have always thought that she would be
perfect with Zach.
What?
So this is like a psychotronic episode
of Blind Date?
Feels that way.
Seriously, you guys, thank you for coming.
To what could have been my funeral.
Come again?
If Bert had turned me down
after all the disgusting things
he made me do just to save me,
I would have fucking killed myself.
Excuse me.
I gotta pee.
So much drama.
I'll go.
I guess we got our answer.
You got a cold, cold heart.
What?
We're getting married, Marvin.
Yeah, sure, you are.
Someone's not a happy camper.
Shut the fuck up, bitch, or I will cut you!
Be careful. She's crazy.
You doing okay in there?
- Is she gone?

- Yes.

Look at me, I'm such a mess.

- Why are you crying?

- These are tears of joy.

I finally met a man

who's a better liar than I am.

Baby, it's not the end of the world

You kicked heroin twice.

You can get over Bert.

I don't think so.

Why not?

Because he's gonna pay.

I even let that prick call me Nik

like I'm some grease monkey

mechanic or douchebag frat boy.

I am not Nik. I am Nikki, motherfucker!

Can I borrow your makeup?

- Can I ask you something?

- Shoot.

How does a smart guy like you,

a lawyer with enough savvy

to get a person free on murder,

end up romantically involved

with his homicidal, heroin-addict client?

- She's amazing.

- I'm calling bullshit.

You have no intention of marrying Nikki.

I see the way she has you defending her

and shilling for her,

making sure that we believe

her insanity story.

No, I believe she was insane.

You're in the dark, Marvin.

But you... You're her accomplice.

That is an outrageous accusation.

I love her.

What are you gonna do, kill your fianc?

You know, I thought about it.

But killing that self-righteous

dingleberry is just too easy.

Easy?

Killing is easy?

I want his balls burning in hell.

How are you gonna do that?

You'll see.

I... Okay.

Can I please have some cocktail cherries?

- With the champagne? - Just it's...

I'm sick of eating the olives.

Okay.

Honestly, man to man,

you really think Nikki was insane?

Enough to beat a murder rap?

That's irrelevant.

My job is to defend people
that are charged with a crime
and it's their right to have
vigorous legal counsel.

What I think doesn't matter.

What's your non-legal opinion?

I... listen to the experts.

Is this plan gonna go down tonight?

You're so inquisitive.

It's attractive.

It's like a hot succubus Nancy Drew.

So what do you think of Zach?

- He thinks Nikki's full of it.

- No, I didn't say that.

Bert, confess.

You wanted deep in it.

Deep in it?

Deep in it" is a jazz expression

I just learned.

It means "fucking."

So you went along with her plot,
helped her plead insanity and proved it,
and in return she gave you her?

That is low down.

Bert, man, defend yourself.

You want me to be honest?

My answer is yes, Nikki is
abso-fucking-lutely insane.

Is? You mean like...

As in presently, real-time,
in the bathroom.

- Damn.

- Then, why is she out of prison?

I could give you 200,000 reasons why.

What, you greased the doctors?
And a couple of members of the board
but Nik doesn't know about that, so...
- What, and you admit that?
- But that's a crime.
Yeah, what are you gonna do about it?
What are you, cops? It's untraceable.
You ever bring it up again,
I'll deny we ever had this conversation.
Now that's jazz.
\$200,000?
Where do you get that kind of cash?
Cause I'm fuckin rich, brother
I make more than that every month.
What you don't realize
is I represent drug dealers,
gangsters, even bankers.
Okay, but why?
And then... And why tell us?
At first, I thought like you,
Zach, that she was faking it.
She even told me she was faking it
to lure me in like some femme fatale
straight out of Double Indemnity.
And then I... You know,
I was going through a tough divorce
and she's just...
You know, she's so yummy.
She's so magnetic, right?
And I thought,
why not represent this damsel in distress
after she just knocked off
this animal stalker,
son of a bitch, arm-robbing,
fuckin' drug-dealing punk?
Which arguably could have been
a case for self-defense.
And I was just trying
to look for a way to get her
an easy sentence, you know?
Then I started working my angles
to get her out early
at the hospital because...
She just makes me feel like I'm 20 again.

She's walking Viagra.
Okay, so she wasn't faking insanity?
Not in my opinion, no.
And she's not even cured,
but she doesn't realize it yet.
She's zipped out of her mind,
but she thinks she's
brilliant-diamond clear.
I mean, I didn't realize
how disturbed she was mentally
until I had already sprung her.
And by then, it was too late.
What's she done that's so crazy?
She traded in my Jag for an old '67
GTO with a shot transmission
because she didn't wanna drive
around in an elitist vehicle.
That's not crazy. It's just Nik.
Yeah, Nikki hates every
car built after 1979.
Except the Mini Cooper.
How about she slept
with my psychiatrist friend
and God knows how many others
so she can get out of the institution?
One other guy comes to mind.
I am positive she murdered
my sister's cockatoo.
Zorro! Zorro!
I can't prove it,
but she always hated that bird.
We weren't at my sister's
house for more than 30 minutes
and that bird Zorro was
on the bottom of the cage, feet up, dead.
Do you really think
she's a homicidal maniac?
No, no, that's just some line
we came up with for her defense,
but I sure think she's something.
And you didn't realize any of this
until you sprung her
from the insane asylum?
- That's...

- That's fucked up.
- Yeah.
- I know.
I feel like Dr. Frankenstein,
my monster out there running amok.
I hope you end up
better than Dr. Frankenstein.
Quite honestly, I didn't
even wanna be here.
I knew Nikki was up
to her old tricks, scheming, right?
But it was you, Marvin... You, you knew.
I did? What?
I was curious to meet with three people
who had been her lovers and survived.
I figured I might pick up a pointer or two.
You think she wants to kill you?
Yeah.
After we get married for my money
or after she decides she hates me.
Most definitely.
Listen, fellas, I keep
having this reoccurring nightmare,
you know?
And I'm like that bird
trapped in the cage and...
My bed's on fire.
But I wake up screaming
and who's that lying in the bed next to me,
staring at me?
Nikki.
I mean, she does have
a warped sense of humor.
Very.
How did you guys end it with her?
I mean, that's...
That's what I really need to know.
We didn't. She broke up with us.
Yeah, I mean, Miranda is the only one
who had the guts to drop Nikki.
They've been gone a long time.
I'm gonna...
Nikki? Miranda?
You guys okay in there?

We're fine. I'm good.

- You're not gonna believe this.

- Did Nikki try to kill you?

- What?

- Bert was out there.

He was telling us about

Nikki committing homicide on a cockatoo

and having these recurring dreams

about being burned alive,

and I just... Well, I realized that you

had been gone alone a while...

I'm way off base, aren't I?

- Not really, no.

- I'm not?

No, I was actually just surprised

by the accuracy of your question.

She gave me this.

Is that a gun? That's a real gun?

She pulled it out of her garter belt.

She's wearing garter belts?

I know. I have to admit it was kinda hot.

She just, like, pulled that out,

gave it to you?

Yeah. I actually thought

she was gonna shoot me at first,

but then she handed it to me

and said, "As insurance."

- Insurance? What for?

- I don't know.

Maybe so she wouldn't be tempted to use it.

- On who?

- Bert, herself, who knows?

I'm gonna put this away because...

I'm actually beginning

to revise my theory on her mental state.

- Yeah, me, too. She's insane.

- And on the war path.

All right, we should call the cops.

- And tell them what?

- About the gun, her plan?

We don't know her plan

and the gun is in my possession.

I can't exactly slip it back

into her garter belt.

So, we're stuck.
What was... What was that for?
Us getting together,
which was also part of Nikki's plan,
I'm just gonna go with it.
Are we out of here soon?
Why? Nervous?
Yeah, right.
That died quick.
Sure did.
If I didn't know any better, Nikki
I'd say you were up to something,
sitting there like a Cheshire Cat,
grinning and laughing.
Don't you know the joke?
The joke?
The one you had on me?
That you were into jazz,
the Rebops, our whole scene
but really I was just kitschy fun for you?
That word "kitschy,"
it really gets under your skin,
now doesn't it?
Listen, there's nothing
kitschy about having soul,
living jazz, rolling to your own groove.
It's authentic, not like you.
I love it when you get
all I'm-Miles-Davis and Fuck-the-White-Man.
It's cute.
That wasn't the joke I was thinking of,
but like that one, this one's on you, too.
Really?
How about this?
- Your fianc...
- Here we go.
...thinks you're a homicidal maniac
on the loose.
No! No; No,
- No, I don't.
- Please, Bert.
The whole time she was in the bathroom,
you were trying to convince Zach and me
that she belongs back in the nut house.

You know, that is
a gross misrepresentation of what I said.
Come on, Bert, she's got you
by the short and curlies.
You know what? You have
no credibility here, okay?
You're the ex-boyfriend, right?
I'm not sure I like your
friends, sweetheart.
And I am most positive they don't like me,
so we need to shove off.
You know the joke.
I do?
What joke?
Tonight is not about us
pressuring your old man
into giving you a wedding date, is it?
No.
Then what is it about?
Revenge.
What do you mean revenge, baby?
I mean fuckers pay.
Damn, I felt that in my spine.
You guys. You guys just missed
Nikki informing Bert and me
that tonight is about revenge.
Yeah.
- We knew that.
- What?
- What, you guessed?
- No.
Nikki told me in the bathroom, I told Zach,
and we've been
trying to figure out her intentions.
You got lipstick on your ear?
We also made out a bit.
So, what's your hypothesis?
First of all, we believe you.
You're insane.
I was. I'm cured.
No, you still are.
I'm not a boo-scary homicidal maniac.
I'm sorry, but we think so.
It's sad. I'm sad about it.

Bert, tell them.
Darling,
I agree with them.
- You do?
- Afraid so.
How could you say that?
Some unspeakable horror
has been brewing inside you
since your release.
Yeah.
And tonight it's come to a head.
You need help, dear.
You're... You're not well.
You wouldn't know.
I was so complimented
when you guys saw right through
my Slaughterhouse-Five defense,
but now I'm...
I'm disappointed.
You bought my bullshit.
Wake up, people.
We just realized that
your bullshit was real.
You don't make idle threats.
We're worried about you
and what you might do.
I'm perfectly sane. I have been always.
Insanity was just my bogus legal defense.
You know,
I fooled everyone, even you guys.
You're fooling yourself.
Maybe you always were insane,
even way back in high school.
Maybe faking it for court was easy.
You just had to act natural.
You even had me fooled
in the beginning, but not now.
Yeah. Me and Zach,
we understand your feelings
for wanting revenge.
- You do?
- Yeah.
I mean, Bert,
fucking your client

who's facing life in prison,
that's just a straight-up abuse of power.
I resent that. I love Nik.
Back the fuck off.
You're right.
He is a good liar.
Yeah, I really know how to pick 'em.
And then you got Marvin here,
who pleads ignorance
about planting that heroin
and pushing you off the wagon.
Yo, I thought we quashed that beef.
Maybe.
I mean, we can never know
if that claim is true or not.
But if Nikki thinks it happened,
you're in jeopardy.

- Of what?
- Being shot, for one.
- Nikki's gonna shoot me?
- Who knows?

She wants revenge.
Don't worry.
I thought about it, fantasized, but no.
And then there's me.
I broke up with Nikki.
It was five years ago,
but she can hold a grudge
longer than the half-life of uranium.
That's good enough
motivation to knock me off.
I betrayed you. I left you.
But our quandary, the question of Zach.
Yeah.
We couldn't figure out
why you'd want revenge on me.
If you were to, say, whip out a pistol
and shoot everyone at this table, why me?
What did I ever do to you
that was so awful?
I'm sorry. What's with all the chit-chat
about people getting shot?

- It's a hypothetical.
- Yeah.

We thought if Nikki was to go homicidal,
how would she do it?
What method would she use?
Right, and my theory
was shooting rampage.
But we moved off that because
once the first person got shot,
everyone would dive for cover.
She'd be lucky to get two of us.
And then there's reloading, so...
I'd need a machine gun.
Then we thought she gathered us all
because she wanted to kill herself.
- She's very theatrical.
- We moved off that.
Nikki might joke about suicide,
but she would never commit it.
She loves life too much.
Her mantra in rehab was...
"Kurt Cobain was a pussy."
It's true, he was.
Dave Grohl made Nirvana.
Let me get this straight, you two froot
loops were making out in the bathroom
and just dreaming up these scenarios?
Yeah.
And I thought Nik was psychotic.
Stop calling me Nik, motherfucker!
What?
I can take psychotic from you,
but not Nik, not anymore.
I never knew Nik bothered you.
It makes me wanna
scratch your face off with my fingernails.
I'm sorry.
You never said anything.
So, Nikki.
- Nikki?
- Yeah?
How are you going to take revenge?
And on who?
I mean, let's see.
If I wanted to kill all of you at once,
a curious proposition, the way to go,

my method... Let's see.
Would be a modified Jim Jones.
I'd poison all your cocktails.
- Drinks?
- Sprite.
Anybody else?
- I'm okay.
- No, no.
No. Just the check, please.
You'd poison our cocktails?
Well, yeah. I mean, why not?
I'm practically an expert.
I killed Mark Von Douchebag
with a quarter gram
of super-concentrated, tasteless, odorless
arsenic I brewed up myself.
Wait a second.
I never heard you say that before.
You always insisted that...
You couldn't remember.
You brewed it yourself?
Yeah. It was easy.
I found the recipe on the Internet.
I distilled four big boxes of rat poison
down to just one cup
of pure, potent,
toxic bliss.
It brought me back to
AP chemistry, which I aced.
But that class with Mr. Plunk, the guy with
the mustache... You remember that?
I do. She got an A.
All that homework paid off.
Mark dropped dead inside 72 minutes.
You timed it?
Yeah, of course.
- I watched...
- Fuck.
... him breathe his last breath.
It was beautiful.
Are you saying you slipped us a mickey
when you brought those drinks
or in the champagne?
Take your pick. I could've

done it either way
if I wanted to kill all of you.

That was the question.

- Do you?

- No.

- Some of us?

- No.

- Any of us?

- Relax. It's just a parlor game.

I hope so.

Is it?

What?

Me? Why?

Relax, Zach. No reason to poison you.

- You're already dead.

- I am?

Practically, yes.

You have a meaningless job you hate
that sucks the joy out of your life.

You eat at home, alone, every night.

You buy tons of toys

and crap you don't need

to make you happy, but you're miserable.

Aside from 15 minutes ago,

I bet you haven't kissed a girl in months.

Your existence is blah.

You've lost your mojo.

- Zach had mojo?

- Fuckloads.

I did. In high school.

How do you know

any of this stuff about me?

I haven't even seen you in a decade.

- I've been spying on you.

- You have?

How long?

Four months.

You've only been out for four months.

Bingo!

I've been planning tonight

since before I got out.

I'm gonna tell you guys an embarrassing
and revealing story

about me involving Zach.

I've never told this to anyone except Zach.
We got together when we were 15.
Zach was a virgin, I wasn't.
Nikki, stop. You don't have to go there.
I was molested.
I suspected something like that.
And not just once either.
There was an uncle, my third grade teacher,
my soccer coach,
my mom's boyfriend.
That's enough to drive you insane,
right there.
I felt like I was up for grabs.
Like my body wasn't mine.
My own skin...
Repulsed me.
And then I met this cool guy, Zach.
We have lots of classes together
because we're both genius freshmen.
We worshipped the same obscure bands,
and so we started going on dates.
And Zach was...
a perfect gentleman.
You know, I made up
these rules for what I was comfortable with
for when we were kissing, and his hands...
they never strayed.
And so I knew at the end of our junior year
that I wanted to pop his cherry
like a big, juicy bug-
She just asked me one day out of the blue.
Blew my mind.
Okay.
- Yeah.
- Okay.
- Yeah, yeah.
- All right. Bye.
Bye.
It was a disaster.
The minute we get down
to doing the dirty deed,
I feel this, like, intense, sharp
pain through my entire body
and it cripples me and I can't stop crying.

Virgin idiot methinks
I screwed up the condom
or something... Hurt you.
That's horrible.
It took me a whole month to get the
courage to ask Zach to try again.
The second time was even worse.
Fuck!
She pulled a Mike Tyson right on my nipple.
We tried two more times,
but the pain was still there.
I kept freaking out.
But Zach never left.
He never ran away. He just...
Let me chew his ear off
about the most depraved,
sickening things you can imagine.
And eventually, on our fifth attempt,
we worked.
I was over my phobia.
And then it got really...
Good, nice.
And Zach man found a groove.
Actually kind of charming.
You stood by her, Zach.
You're the hero.
Yeah, 10 months later, she dumped my ass.
That's the point of the whole story, Zach.
You got boring.
I know. I know I did.
It would kill me to talk on the phone
with you when you were at college,
just babbling on about
your business classes
and the stock market and Donald Trump
and your new found appreciation
for advertising.
- It was pathetic.
- You just matured.
You knew you had to go out and find a job.
I did the same thing when I was that age.
No.
Nikki's right.
I used to draw and paint, write poetry.

I loved music, movies, books, art.
I haven't enjoyed any
of that stuff in years.
I haven't even bought a CD in years
and I used to buy three a week, and that
was when I had no job and no money.
So, I was sitting in my hospital cell
and I was stewing about the cruel universe
and all the people
who had double-crossed me
and cheated me and lied to and abused me.
And then I thought of you, Zach.
The one authentic good guy in my life
who let his own life slip away.
And so I decided
as soon as I got out,
I would host a party just for you.
Tonight's about me?
Yeah.
It's another of my genius orchestrations,
designed to snap you back, jolt you,
reawaken your sense of being alive.
I mean, mission accomplished.
So is that... Is that it?
Are we done?
No, I'm just getting started.
I understand the sad story.
You're not gonna poison Zach, okay?
But what about the rest of us?
Why? Do you feel strange?
Why do you always
answer a question with another question?
It's annoying.
Because it makes the puzzle
expand exponentially.
I learned that from Socrates.
She's not gonna poison anybody.
Not here, not now
in a public place with all these witnesses.
Right.
Because I'm afraid of making a scene, Bert.
Just tell them, Nikki.
Tell me.
I would never harm you, Miranda.

You gave me the courage to believe in myself when I needed it the most.
Without your amazing, beautiful love, I would just be another dead junkie.
So, relax.
Enjoy the show.
It's us, man.
It's nobody.
She's just getting her rocks off.
You said it yourself, she's been smiling at us all night like some Cheshire Cat.
Something ain't right.
Where is that check?
Look at you two.
It's mass hysteria up in here.
I got a headache from all your shenanigans.
What kind of headache?
Like a really scary, bad migraine?
No. I'm annoyed.
You need help, Nik.
Nikki. Come on, let's go.
Jump in the GTO. We can talk about this.
Why are you so concerned with headaches?
It's a symptom of arsenic poisoning.
I'm a nurse. I've seen it a couple times.
You're a nurse?
- Yeah.
- Miranda's grace under pressure.
She thrives on intensity.
She saved me twice when I OD'd.
To hell with this waitress.
That'll take care of the champagne.
I've had enough of your scheming nonsense, okay?
Trying to convince us all that you poisoned our drinks, that's no joke, okay?
That's insanity. You need help.
Professional psychiatric help.
I'd go back any time.
The shrinks at that last health spa were so handsome.
Shit.
Shit.

I got way beyond a headache.
Is he acting?
Am I?
"Do my kisses burn?"
What?
"Do they take your breath?
You've got a lesson to learn.
- "I'm the kiss of death"
- Holy shit.
Damn.
I'm flying.
"Kiss of death."
Come on. What the fuck is that?
It's a song from the Thrill Kill Kult.
- What is this?
- "Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and
I mean, however the rest of the brew goes.
Another bullshit song?
It's the witches from Macbeth.
Another band I've never heard of.
- Shakespeare.
- Right. I knew you were acting.
This revenge
for your delusional beef with me...
I am perfectly sane.
No, you're not.
You're a poor girl who got abused,
sick and twisted and never healed.
Yeah, that's true. I'll
give you that one, too.
This guy is good, a real pro.
Sixty-nine minutes, how erotic.
Really? You poisoned him?
Come on. Please. He's faking.
Did you check his ID when
he came in like you did me?
Could've been you, Zach.
Lost soul.
I almost put you out of your misery,
but I had second thoughts.
I saved you.
Do you love me for that?
I'm sorry.

For what?
I planted the badness.
Fuck.
You did, Marvin?
Did...
I loved us
I really did.
I forgive you.
Marvin?
Marvin? Marvin?
Wake up.
Marvin. Marvin, wake up.
- Can you hear me?
- You poisoned him?
What do we tell the judge
and jury this time?
Did you poison me?
Thanks for getting back to me.
- Is she there?
- No, no, no. She's out for a run.
You are a piece of work,
a hot piece of ass like that
and you wanna send her back
to the institution?
She's not who I thought she was.
Look, I'm never gonna marry this chick.
- I don't love her.
- So break up with her.
I can't! Look, just say she had a relapse,
say you made a mistake.
Just put her back in.
I'll double the money I paid you.
Counselor, that was a one-time deal.
As much as I enjoyed her company,
I suggest you sack up and dump her ass.
- Don't call me again.
- No, no, no. Listen, listen.
Damn it.
Why? Do you think you deserve it?
No more of your riddles
I want answers now!
No, I didn't.
No?
I didn't poison you.

Hello. Emergency. We need an ambulance.

We're popular.

I have a pulse. It's weak, but it's there.

What now?

- I run.

- You flee?

Is that your brilliant master plan?

Only there's a denouement.

I keep tabs on you, see you lose your job

your law license, see the doctors

at the hospital sell you out,

maybe even see you go to

jail for fraud and bribery.

Never put incriminating shit

in a drawer with a crappy lock, Bert.

Otherwise, your law partners may

get copies of canceled checks.

You wouldn't do that,

expose yourself.

They'd put you away

in that asylum for good.

I'll be gone.

I've had months to plan.

They'll never find me.

But you...

Get off her!

Man, stop, stop! Get off her, man!

Stop it!

- Are you okay?

- Oh, my God.

Yeah, I'm fine.

That was close.

- But thanks.

- Insurance.

Against Bert.

Yeah.

No, no. I am not giving you this gun.

Are you kidding me?

You just freaking murdered Marvin!

Marvin isn't dead.

I just whacked him out

on rohypnol and ketamine.

- He's in a k-hole?

- Deep in it.

Tell the EMTs. They'll know what to do.
And seriously, you do not want that
skanky gun on you when the cops show up.
I bought it off a crackhead.
I don't know how many bodies
are on that thing.

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- Bye.

- Goodbye.

You guys.

This guy's dead.

Rise and shine.

I was waiting...

I was waiting to see if

I could bail you out.

Chivalrous. Thank you, but no need.

They let me go.

They called it assault
in defense of another.

- That's a relief.

- Yeah.

Did the detectives
say anything about Marvin or Bert?

Yes. Can we get out of here?

- Okay?

- Yes.

- Yeah.

- Marvin's gonna be fine.

The doctors said he'll be high
for another day or two.

I guess Nikki taught him.

She taught Bert worse.

He'll live, but legally he's a mess.

The three guys from the bar
are pressing assault charges
and he attacked the cops that arrested him.

So much for his legal career.

Nikki said she wanted his balls burning.

They are sizzling.

Do you think that Nikki's really crazy
or do you think she's
just faking for effect?

Honestly, I think Nikki's beyond sanity.

I mean, she pulled last night off.

That took rational, sane,
but totally insane planning.

Yeah.

This is my ride.

Sweet bumper sticker.

- How do you feel about tacos?

- For breakfast?

Yeah. I know this hole in the wall.

Nikki and I used to go there after shows.

I figured since we just witnessed one of
her genius orchestrations...

I like tacos.