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# 8MM 2

By Robert Sullivan

Not guilty!  
So you were fucking the court stenographer.  
I was just fantasizing  
I was fucking the court stenographer.  
- Not sure I like that, David.  
- It was you who started this fantasy game.  
Yeah, and you seem to have mastered it.  
I wonder what my father would say  
if he knew an embassy counselor...  
was fantasizing sex in the courtroom?  
I'm sure the Ambassador has had  
a few carnal thoughts in his lifetime.  
Why don't you ask him  
at our little wedding-planning dinner?  
I don't think so, Tish.  
It's...  
interesting.  
Welcome to the Alhambra.  
The housekeepers leave at sunset.  
As you can see,  
we have very few guests in winter.  
Breakfast is served 7:00 to 10:00.  
No lunch or dinner,  
but you will find excellent dining...  
in Veszprem.  
Wow. This is actually nice.  
Very nice.  
The baths are open until the night.  
They are a short walk from here.  
My name is Josef Klim.  
Anything you need,  
do not hesitate to call me.  
"Do not hesitate to call me."  
Okay, is it just me,  
or is the Klim guy just a little bit creepy?  
So you wanna unpack or something?  
Or something, huh?  
What really is your fantasy?  
I mean, if you could have...  
one thing in the entire world...  
what would it be?  
Marry you and get elected President.  
That's two.  
Political success. I already have you.

I'm serious.  
It's a silly game.  
I want you to give me one...  
really good reason  
why you want to marry me.

**One:**

**Two:**

the rest of my life with you.

**And three:**

bachelor party in the world.  
I cannot understand  
your complete obsession with this night...  
of infantile debauchery that  
your so-called friends have planned for you.  
Come here.  
I want to go see...  
these famous baths...  
and then I want to come back here and fuck.  
Sounds good to me.  
"Sounds good to me."  
You're so adorable.  
You know, bachelor parties are a tradition.  
- It's some tradition.  
- Women have them, too.  
Yeah, I know. Lynn's was absurd.  
I mean, imagine 20 college-educated...  
My, my.  
Incredible.  
Don't push your luck.  
- Well, I only meant that...  
- I know exactly what you meant.  
I wonder who she is.  
Why don't you go down there and ask her?  
I'm sure she'd appreciate the intrusion.  
Where you going?  
I didn't drive all this way  
to stare at a naked woman.  
Well, it seems like  
a perfectly good reason to me.  
That's funny.  
Tell me the truth.

You were just thinking about that woman,  
weren't you?

No.

Liar.

Okay.

My mother is driving me crazy.

You sure you want to do it now?

Or wait till the spring in the States?

Do not try to weasel out on me.

I came all the way here to get married...  
before I lose you

to some long-legged Hungarian beauty.

We can have the reception in the spring.

What are we gonna do tonight?

Your creepy little friend

recommended a restaurant in Veszprem...

and told me about this great club.

Can we go, please?

Sure. He also told me about that girl.

What girl?

The one from the baths, remember?

Obviously, you do.

He told me

that she's the only other guest in the hotel...

that she comes here frequently

from Budapest...

that she comes from a mega-rich family,

such as yourself...

and she's a model...

and she's done some film.

Did you happen to get her shoe size

while you were at it?

- I was just making conversation.

- Just making conversation.

I'm gonna go get a drink. Want one?

You sure?

This afternoon...

you knew we were watching you,

didn't you?

You and your husband?

Fiance.

My name is Risa.

Tish.

So why did you come here?

To dance.  
I mean here, to the baths.  
To get away.  
Have a little adventure.  
And have you had an adventure?  
Not really.  
You want one? You and your fiance?  
Hey!  
David!  
Risa.  
Risa, David.  
I'll get my things.  
What's going on?  
Just think of it as the best fucking  
bachelor party you'll ever have.  
I don't know why,  
but I wanted to all of a sudden.  
It was better than any fantasy.  
We're crazy, you know that?  
I love you.  
I know.  
Me, too, to you.  
How can you defend them, Richard?  
It's not about defending anyone.  
I just don't agree with you.  
You don't think the White House  
is dismantling our civil liberties?  
No, I don't think so.  
Our guests aren't interested in this, Perry.  
Well, they should be, dear Sister.  
What we do affects everyone.  
When we say, "Jump,"  
the rest of the world says, "How high?"  
That was rude,  
and this is not the time or the place.  
Why not?  
What do you say, Mr. Szamos?  
Careful, Tamas.  
You are very bad at jumping.  
In these troubled times,  
I would presume that safeguards...  
might be your President's first priority.  
As usual,  
my son grossly exaggerates the issue.

Nobody is dismantling anything.  
It's a perfectly normal price to pay  
for homeland security.  
Please. They're stealing America...  
and God forbid if you're anti-war,  
pro-choice, or gay...  
or not one of their fanatical legions  
of evangelical hand puppets.  
Yes, God forbid.  
What about the Judiciary?  
Isn't anyone concerned...  
that it's being turned into  
a goddamn right-wing dog-and-pony show?  
Perry. Language.  
Sorry, Mother, but really, it's a joke.  
Just like their slash-and-burn  
environmental policies.  
Well, you may not have noticed, Son,  
but there is an energy crisis...  
and the White House  
doesn't have to sugarcoat reality.  
We are at war...  
and the world of your tree-hugging ideology  
is passe...  
and it is uninformed, and it is dangerous.  
To the oil companies it is.  
Excuse me?  
Sometimes I think  
it's just White House rhetoric...  
masking conservative support  
of big business...  
designed to scare us into oil exploration.  
Everything they're doing  
is designed on fear.  
Fear?  
We're a nation scared of our own shadow.  
How the hell did a liberal Republican  
get appointed counselor in your embassy?  
He's a very fine lawyer, that's how.  
Not to mention he's screwing  
the Ambassador's daughter.  
And doing it quite well, I might add.  
Shame on you, Tish. And you, too, Perry.  
Pay them no mind.

Lynn is my only child  
with any sense of grace and subtlety.  
These two act like Southern Democrats.  
I can't talk to him, anymore. No one can.  
- It's Mother I feel sorry for.  
- I don't.  
She should have left him years ago,  
especially after that little intern thing.  
I can't believe you said that  
about David and Tish at dinner tonight.  
I can't believe our dear mother  
compared us to Southern Democrats.  
She lives in another world.  
No shit. She thinks Perry's just flamboyant.  
Very funny!  
Well, Daddy wasn't amused.  
He never is.  
Would you like to dance?  
I'm married.  
Don't be a bitch. He meant me.  
There's a rumor going around  
that the State Department...  
has made a decision  
on the Karasz oil leases.  
Forget it, Richard,  
they're not gonna give it to us.  
They're gonna give it  
to someone with more experience.  
Look, I know the Vaci deal  
didn't work out for you.  
It wasn't my fault.  
I'm not saying it was. It's just...  
that comment  
you made at dinner didn't help.  
I was just fed up with the way  
he was hammering Perry all night.  
And trust me on this, you can't hurt him.  
He's the king.  
Yeah, well, sometimes you gotta  
take a shot at the king...  
to remind him the peasants  
are still out there.  
Yeah, only if you want to remain a peasant.  
I think I'm gonna call it a night.

I got immigration tomorrow.  
Okay. I'm gonna stay with my parents  
tonight and run interference for Perry.  
- Think he's gonna need it.  
- Okay.  
Talk to you later.  
- Night, David.  
- Love you!  
So there's a rumor that Harold Simms  
is pushing for David and Richard...  
to get the Karasz oil leases.  
Really?  
This could be David's way  
to a congressional seat.  
The White House would owe him.  
I wanted to ask how you guys  
liked the Alhambra.  
I've heard the baths are unbelievable.  
Unbelievable.  
What happened?  
He gave us the Karasz oil leases.  
Then why do you look like  
he just had your balls for lunch?  
I really wasn't expecting it.  
- Good morning, Dora.  
- Good morning.  
We got the Karasz deal.  
Congratulations, sir!  
So hold all my calls  
and get Tish on the line, please.  
Hang on.  
Yeah?  
Hang on.  
Tish! Phone for you.  
Can I call you back?  
David's on the phone for you and we're late.  
Hi, babe. What's up?  
They gave me the Karasz oil leases.  
That's fantastic.  
Did you know?  
Not for sure.  
Lynn might've mentioned something.  
David, I am very proud of you.  
Look, I've got to go. We're checking out

the church for the wedding...  
but I'll meet you for lunch at Cafe Marue.  
Okay.  
Where the hell did you get these?  
In the mail today.  
No return address, no note, nothing.  
David, we look seriously hot in these.  
We look like we're in deep shit,  
that's what we look like.  
I don't understand. I mean, how'd she do it?  
I don't know.  
Maybe someone was there, hiding...  
or maybe a camera was planted.  
Oh, my God, what if it was the creep?  
I mean, think about it, David.  
He's the one that told you all about her,  
and the club. Remember?  
If this kind of thing got out...  
- Can I bring you something?  
- No.  
At least you're a Harrington.  
Meaning what?  
You got your gazillion-dollar trust fund, and  
your daddy's always gonna be there for you.  
What are you talking about, David?  
I never had anyone protect me.  
I'm from Wilmington, Delaware.  
I grew up on food stamps.  
My father?  
My father was a fucking drunk  
who could never keep a job.  
Easy on the melodrama.  
You know I've been talking to the Party  
about a congressional seat.  
The Karasz deal could be my ticket out.  
I'm not gonna let this fuck it up.  
What am I in this?  
Just part of your political ambition?  
Is that what this is all about?  
"David marries an ambassador's daughter...  
"and scores his big chance  
to fuck his way to Washington"?  
I'm sorry. Tish.  
I'm sorry.

I didn't mean it the way it sounded.  
I love you. You know that.  
Okay.  
Maybe she just sent them  
as a souvenir or something.  
I want whatever these were made from.  
The tape, the film, whatever.  
And how do you plan on doing that?  
Go back to the Alhambra  
and have a little talk with Mr. Klim.  
And what if he had nothing to do with it?  
Maybe he can tell us where we can find her.  
David...  
we have people who can  
take care of this kind of thing.  
No.  
No one will ever know about this...  
ever.  
The Karasz oil lease documents...  
and you have that meeting  
with Mr. Szamos this afternoon.  
Dora, get me out of it.  
I have something else I have to do.  
Okay.  
He's gone.  
The new manager told me  
that he just up and quit the other night.  
I got the number of the property  
management company that hired him.  
Well, get in, let's go.  
Not till after we get a look at that room.  
- What good is that gonna do?  
- We might find something.  
Yeah, like guests.  
I knocked. No one's there. Come on.  
- Shit!  
- What?  
I cut myself.  
This is crazy. Someone had to hear that.  
- How bad is it?  
- I'll be fine.  
There's somebody staying here.  
David, did you hear me?  
One of the angles was from above the bed.

You see anything?

There's a wire.

Here.

David.

It's a camera.

No one's asked for any money.

Not yet.

Look, maybe we should just tell my father.

I might as well put a gun to my head  
and pull the trigger.

We'll go to that company he worked for.

I'll find him...

and we'll give him whatever he wants.

Josef Klim doesn't work for us, anymore.

- Since when?

- Two days ago.

Most managers are rental gypsies.

They live where they work.

The Alhambra was his last known residence,  
as far as I know.

That is his cell phone number.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Here's my card.

If you hear anything, please call.

I will.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

He's not answering. There's no voice mail.

So we wait.

See what they have in mind.

Maybe I can get Dora

to get a billing address for his cell phone.

Yeah.

I am so sorry about this, David.

This whole thing, it's my fault.

I could've said no that night.

I don't see what you have  
against a jazz combo.

Well, Mother, we were hoping  
for something a little more upbeat.

I like jazz. They played jazz at our wedding.

And what about your older wedding guests?

- Fuck them.

- Perry.

No one wants a jazz combo, Mother.

Believe me.

Listen to Perry.

He is the artiste in the family.

What do you say, David?

David.

I'm sorry?

Mother wants to know what kind of music  
you want at our reception.

I was just saying how a jazz combo...

A jazz combo would be great.

David.

Excuse me.

- Hey.

- Great party.

- Yeah.

- They're gonna miss you here.

Their loss, my gain.

Hey, how's that Karasz thing coming?

Slow. There's a lot to sift through.

Well, George Szamos said

he set up a meeting with you...

and you blew him off? What...

I didn't mean to leave him

with that impression.

I'll hook up with him Monday morning.

I promise.

This is important, David.

I know, sir. I'm not gonna let you down.

I'm not worried about you letting me down.

I'm just... I'm kind of concerned about Tish.

David, I'm not sure you have what it takes.

I mean, you remember

when that Vaci deal fell through...

and we had that meeting?

I still feel the same way, you know.

I still see that desperation in your eyes.

I mean, I think you're always gonna be

on the outside looking in.

It's not your fault.

It's this inherent flaw.

It's because of where you come from.

You're never going to understand

the power of wealth...  
and the subtle guarantees in life  
that come with it.  
I mean, you can taste it,  
and you can smell it, and you can touch it...  
but you're never  
really gonna understand it...  
as desperately as you want to.  
And desperation leads to failure...  
and failure isn't what I had in mind  
for my daughter.  
Tell me something, Lynn.  
What's Daddy's pain threshold right now?  
What do you mean?  
You know...  
with all the talk about the possible  
Supreme Court appointment and all...  
how much can he take  
before he goes ballistic?  
What's wrong?  
- Oh, my God, are you pregnant?  
- No.  
- Well, are you in some sort of trouble?  
- No.  
Look, it's no big deal, really.  
Just forget I said anything.  
Hey.  
I can't stop thinking about it.  
It's okay.  
We'll get through it. We'll find a way.  
He's afraid I'll fail you.  
What are you talking about? Who's afraid?  
Your father.  
Tonight, at the reception, he reminded me  
that he still blames me for the Vaci deal...  
that I don't...  
have what it takes...  
to make it in your world.  
That's just his elite Harrington bullshit.  
God. I've heard it all before. He's wrong.  
He's wrong about you.  
He's wrong about money and its power.  
That's what makes the rich strong.  
They do things because they can...

when everyone else does them  
'cause they have to.  
Money is the only real guarantee in life.  
What's up, Richard?  
I need for you not to fuck up here.  
Meaning what?  
When I married into the Harringtons,  
I thought I owned the world.  
It didn't take long to realize  
if you're not one of them...  
you're not one of anything.  
I know.  
Well, then, you also know the prenup  
you're signing leaves you nothing...  
if the marriage doesn't last.  
They're hard work, the Harringtons.  
A lot of time and energy invested  
with a potential for no payday.  
Unless...  
we take advantage of what their position  
in life has to offer by way of an opportunity.  
The Karasz leases are a big prize, David.  
They could lead to better days...  
for both of us.  
I found the address  
that matches that cell phone number.  
I was just saying  
that your father was a bit concerned...  
about, you know, how it looks when  
you stay overnight at David's apartment.  
God, you are so Republican.  
That is horrendous.  
It's Italian, from a top designer in Milan.  
It's Versace on acid.  
When did you become an expert  
on wedding dresses?  
Hey, honey, what's up?  
Tish. No.  
Calm down.  
What about this one, dear?  
They want \$200,000.  
This came from some Internet cafe in Buda.  
We should tell the police. I mean,  
now that you have his address, they...

Can't trust the police.  
We need help, David.  
You won't let me talk to anybody.  
Please, let me just go to my father.  
Richard was just in my office  
begging me not to screw up the Karasz deal.  
Knowing the way your father feels  
about me...  
what do you think he would do  
if he found out about this?  
Did you know the Party talked to him...  
about endorsing you  
for a congressional seat?  
I'll pay them.  
I'll drain my accounts. I have enough.  
No, we'll just get it from my trust.  
You can't start messing with your trust.  
People will start asking questions.  
We all got our shares after we turned 21.  
No one would suspect a thing.  
No. Let's just do it my way.  
I have enough.  
Do you even know this amusement park  
that they want us to go to?  
Yeah, it's been closed down for a while,  
but there's no "us." I'm going alone.  
No, you're not.  
We're in this together.  
It's past time.  
Maybe it's some sort of test.  
You know,  
see if we brought the police or anything.  
- Why'd you bring your gun?  
- Lf he doesn't come to us, we'll go to him.  
- David, did you hear me?  
- Yeah, I heard you.  
- I brought it 'cause I thought I might need it.  
- Well, I don't like it.  
Neither do I.  
Take it out very slowly.  
Put it on the ground.  
Good.  
Is that the money?  
Yes.

You. Bring it to me.  
What about what we're buying with it?  
You will get it.  
- When?  
- Soon.  
Don't do anything stupid  
and no one gets hurt!  
David.  
Just do as he says.  
Just do what he says.  
I'm walking out of here...  
and you stay right where you are.  
When I get to the car I let her go.  
You do anything to stop me and she's dead.  
David!  
- Tish.  
- Here.  
- You okay?  
- I think so.  
Where'd he go?  
He's up there.  
Give me what I fucking paid for!  
Get down!  
- Let him go!  
- That's my life savings!  
Oh, God.  
Shit.  
David!  
I don't like this.  
Stay here.  
Look, it's him.  
He's dead.  
I'm scared, David.  
This isn't about us fucking on some video.  
It's murder.  
We've gone from blackmail to murder.  
There was this guy I did some work for  
when I first started with the Embassy...  
an American  
who got himself into some trouble.  
He might be able to help.  
Her face looks familiar,  
but it don't ring no bells.  
How would we go about looking for her?

If she's pussy for hire,  
I'd start by hitting the streets.  
Strip joints, fuck clubs, peepshows.  
There are a couple of places  
that might be able to help you.  
In the meantime, I'll make a few calls.  
- What was her name again?  
- Risa. If that's her real name.  
Are you sure you want to mess with this?  
I'd appreciate it if you made the calls.  
It's done.  
No questions asked and no names.  
I still owe you a big one.  
Excuse me, you know her?  
Her name is Risa.  
Do you speak English?  
Do you know her?  
I'm looking for someone.  
If she's pussy for hire,  
I'd start by hitting the streets.  
Strip joints, fuck clubs, peepshows.  
Are you sure you want to mess with this?  
Do you know her? She has brown hair.  
You waste my time.  
Let's go.  
There's fresh coffee.  
Got some.  
Any luck?  
No.  
Well, did you check my e-mail?  
Nothing.  
How'd it make you feel?  
What do you mean?  
The strippers, the clubs, the sex,  
how'd it make you feel?  
Did you get...  
You know?  
Did you?  
Some of it repulsed me...  
but some of it...  
Some of it made me feel...  
Yes?  
Are you David Huxley?  
Yes. Why?

Detective Kovacs, Budapest Police.

Do you know a man named Josef Klim?

Sort of.

Do you mind if I come in?

Please, come in.

What do you mean, "sort of"?

We met him at a resort that we stayed at.

- The Alhambra?

- Yes.

- Detective, this is my fiancée.

- Oh, Miss Harrington.

I have seen pictures of you in the papers,  
with your father.

Detective, please have a seat.

It was you who made the reservation, yes?

Yes.

Have either of you  
had contact with Mr. Klim...  
since you stayed at the Alhambra?

No.

Detective, what is this about?

Mr. Klim was found murdered yesterday.

Oh, my God.

Is this your business card, Mr. Huxley?

Yes. Yes, it is.

A woman at the company  
that last employed Mr. Klim...  
says you left it, inquiring about him.

Yes, that's correct.

Why?

He had an American friend...

that needed help.

What kind of help?

It had to do with a visa.

I told him that when I got back  
to the office...

that I'd have my secretary call, and she did...

and she found out that

he was no longer employed at the baths.

Three nights ago somebody  
broke into a room at the Alhambra.

There was some vandalism...

and, by coincidence, the same night...

the manager says

a man stopped in the office...  
and asked about Josef Klim...  
an American man.  
Her description sounds a little bit like you,  
Mr. Huxley.  
I assure you, it wasn't me.  
We've only been there that one time.  
I guess a lot of people  
look like a lot of people, yes?  
Well, in any case, it appears the vandalism...  
involved in the removal of a camera  
that was hidden in a wall of the room.  
I think Josef Klim...  
was taping unsuspecting guests  
and making pornography.  
Are you saying he was doing that to us?  
It was in the room you stayed in.  
I checked the reservation.  
Klim was in jail in Berlin for extortion.  
He threatened to expose a man and woman  
he had taped...  
if they didn't pay him.  
So I've been putting two and two together...  
and I come up with a theory.  
And what's that?  
Maybe he tried his little trick  
on someone at the Alhambra, yes?  
But this time, how do you say...  
it backfired on him.  
And you think they killed him?  
In my business, you got many kind of cases.  
Some ones come with answers,  
some are only questions.  
This one is difficult.  
Nothing seems as it is.  
This is my cell phone and pager.  
Please, call me if anything  
come to your mind about Mr. Klim...  
anything at all.  
Hurt your hand, did you?  
I cut it chopping tomatoes.  
I hate that.  
Well, thank you, again.  
We just lied to the police.

Did you want me to tell him the truth?  
He thinks whoever was there killed that man.  
Hello?  
It's me. Time to go to RealDoll. Com.  
RealDoll. Com?  
- Talk to you later.  
- Okay.  
Who was it?  
It was the guy from the sex shop.  
- What'd he want?  
- Told me to go to this website.  
RealDoll...  
. com  
"The silicone dolls."  
That's her.  
They're here in Budapest.  
Just trying to make a few quid on the EU,  
so I don't want no trouble, understand?  
We bring birds in, they model,  
we make the molds.  
I couldn't give two fucks who they are.  
Pay them a couple notes,  
they're on their way.  
We just want to talk to the people...  
Look, leave it out, mate.  
I don't want to know.  
Which one is she?  
Nika.  
They're all just rubber dollies to me, love.  
You point her out, eh?  
Is that her?  
No.  
How about that beauty?  
No.  
That's her.  
Yeah. Bleeding pain in the ass, that one.  
Toe-rag wanted paying well over the odds.  
Take it easy, boys, eh?  
Only reason I used her was  
'cause Gabor brought her in.  
- Gabor?  
- Yeah, skin man. Snaps all our layouts.  
Wanted to get his end away with her  
somewhat rotten, so I tossed him a bone.

Do you know  
where we could find this Gabor?  
I could have a look-see,  
try and rustle up a number.  
Have a gander.  
Something tickles your fancy,  
I'll sort you out.  
Gabor wants me to ask  
if you work for police...  
or have any affiliation  
with law enforcement?  
No.  
You look familiar to me.  
Have you ever done any print modeling?  
No.  
Hardcore?  
No.  
I know you from somewhere.  
Here's the Americans, Gabor.  
- Come join us.  
- You, too.  
Jesus.  
- So why you looking for Risa?  
- We want to talk to her.  
- Business?  
- In a way.  
Let me tell you something.  
That bitch is nothing but bad business.  
Well, have you seen her recently?  
I haven't seen her in months,  
and I don't expect to.  
She owes me money.  
Do you know where we can find her?  
Last I heard  
she was working for Gorman Bellec...  
but you don't want to mess with him.  
- Why not?  
- He runs Dekan...  
for the Russian mafia.  
- What is that?  
- Dekan. Entertainment.  
Clubs, films.  
You want to be in the fuck business?  
I can make you look really good.

Thanks for the vote of confidence,  
but I don't think so.  
If we wanted to talk to this Gorman Bellec,  
how do we go about doing that?  
See Greta.  
She will tell you where to find him...  
but I'll give you a piece of advice.  
You don't exist  
unless you have something...  
Gorman Bellec needs.  
- What happened?  
- I couldn't get to see him.  
One of his goons said  
he was auditioning women for his club.  
- Well, did you ask him about Risa?  
- He didn't know her.  
What if it all ended with Josef Klim's death?  
We haven't got the original tapes.  
We have to find Risa and make a deal.  
Well, then let me take a shot at Mr. Bellec.  
You said he was auditioning dancers,  
so I'll audition.  
What, you're out of your mind?  
You're not doing that.  
It's not exactly at the top of my list  
of things I want to do at the moment...  
but it might be the only way  
we can find Risa.  
No. We'll think of something else.  
What, David?  
I'll be careful, I promise.  
I'm going with you.  
I told you, he's busy...  
and we don't open for another two hours.  
I'm here to audition. He's my manager.  
There's another one. She's American.  
Okay.  
Down the back hall. First door on the left.  
Please don't insult my intelligence.  
We already shipped you 30,000 units.  
I haven't even seen a single forint, yet.  
If I don't see some money...  
or hear a damn good excuse by Friday,  
you know what, my friend?

I will set the dogs loose, you understand?

Good.

What is your name?

Tish.

What are you?

Husband? Boyfriend?

Manager.

So, Tish...

what do you do?

You eat pussy, suck cock, take it in the ass?

What is your specialty?

- I thought you were auditioning dancers.

- I am.

I also do fuck film, print work.

- You ever do any of that?

- We thought she'd start off dancing.

You are wasting my time.

Please, I want to start somewhere,

and people say you're the best.

What people?

This girl I know. Risa.

If you are talking about the Risa

I think you are talking about...

you two can get your asses out of here

right now...

and you tell her, if I ever see her again...

I kill her.

I want a job.

You won't be disappointed, I promise.

Everybody want to be porn star.

Okay.

Let's see what you look like.

Take off your clothes.

No, get it all off.

Tish.

It's okay.

You sure?

You have a fresh look.

I like that.

You sure you're up to this?

There's only one way to find out.

You seen her, that's enough.

Your bitch here better let me touch her.

If she doesn't,

I might start to think that you two are cops.  
We're not.  
Like you said...  
there is only one way to find out.  
You want to play, you pay.  
She wants a job first.  
Put your clothes on.  
Don't say it. I mean, don't say a word.  
I'm not gonna let you dance  
in some strip club.  
I am if it means we find her.  
I can't believe that I let you take  
your clothes off in front of that piece of shit.  
We are in big trouble here.  
We lied to the police.  
I thought about what you said,  
and you're right.  
This could destroy you.  
I don't care about that, anymore.  
Yes, you do.  
So do I...  
but this isn't about just us.  
No matter what he says or does,  
I know my father loves me.  
Everything I've ever wanted in my life...  
any trouble I've gotten into,  
he's been there to bail me out.  
He is at the top of the list for a Supreme  
Court nomination and this could kill it.  
I won't let that happen.  
- Would there be anything else?  
- No, we're fine, thanks.  
Where'd you all end up last night?  
Well, after being stood up by my sister...  
I landed in a Turkish bath  
that proved to be quite exhilarating.  
Looks like it.  
So, David,  
are we starting to depose on Monday?  
Actually, I'm running a little behind.  
What's a little?  
A day, maybe two.  
- You remember what I said...  
- I'm well aware of the time crunch.

- Lf the depositions don't get done...

- I know, Richard. I know.

Boys, boys, boys.

My head's about to explode.

- There's a call for you, Mr. Kraft.

- Thanks.

Excuse me.

The sunlight here is killing me.

Let's go to the bar, David.

Sorry, Perry. I got to get home.

- Thank you for lunch.

- Our pleasure, always.

I'll call you this afternoon.

Bye.

So what's going on?

What do you mean?

I mean,

you both look like death warmed over.

And there's something wrong, isn't there?

There's nothing wrong, Lynn.

Are you and David having problems?

It's nothing major, just...

a wedding.

I mean, and the whole idea  
of marriage and... You know.

Why don't you guys join us  
for dinner tonight?

I promise I'll make Richard  
lay off the business stuff.

We've already made other plans.

Where are you going?

Dancing.

Are you sure you want to do this?

My other choice being?

It's 20,000 forints.

- She's starting work here today.

- Good for her...

but it's still 20,000 forints for you to watch.

You're not doing this.

So you showed up, did you?

I didn't exactly expect this.

You want a job or not?

You go with her.

Tish.

She'll be just fine, manager.  
Relax.  
Go get yourself a drink.  
First time, huh?  
You can tell?  
You'll do fine. Just think money.  
Be nice to her. She's a new girl.  
It's not as hard as it looks.  
My name's Deedee. I'm from Brighton.  
Tish. I'm from California.  
Oh, God, I love it there!  
I used to dance at the Star Strip  
in Beverly Hills. Do you know it?  
No...  
but I know a girl who might've worked here.  
- Risa. Do you know her?  
- Fucking crackhead!  
Not a friend of yours, I hope?  
No. I hung out with her once.  
Once is all you can take.  
You know her, too?  
I hate her,  
me and every other bitch in this place.  
Then she does work here?  
Until Gorman told her not to show her ass  
around here anymore.  
Come on, new girl.  
I have something better for you.  
Why don't you let her start on the floor?  
Why don't you all get your asses out there  
and let me run my business?  
Where are we going?  
You want to be in porn business?  
I am putting you in porn business.  
Streaming video. Live on the Internet.  
The girls will get you through it. Just...  
you know, do what comes naturally.  
Let's do something with that hair of yours.  
- What?  
- Your hair. I do something with it.  
Maybe put it up? What do you think?  
Look, this is my first time...  
and I'm a little nervous.  
- I gotta pee.

- It's down the hall.

Okay.

There's no way in hell...

- What are you doing?

- Let's get out of here.

- Where do you think you're going?

- She's leaving.

I wasn't talking to you.

This is a mistake.

I mean, I thought I could do it, but I can't.

- Let's take a little walk.

- Sounds great.

I was not talking to you, asshole.

David! Come on! Come on! David!

I put the fear of God in you, did I?

I was so close.

All of the girls, they knew who she was,  
but I couldn't go through with it.

I'm sorry, David, I couldn't do it and I just...

- What is this?

- Her address.

- Where'd you get it?

- From a naked lady.

- I'll stay here.

- All right.

Tish, come here.

David.

In here.

What if it has something to do with us?

Why would someone be killing them  
because of us?

I'm so scared.

Come here.

If they were doing the same thing  
to someone else...

and that someone else  
decided to put an end to it...

maybe it's over.

Maybe we have nothing to worry about.

Do you really believe that?

As far as we know...

the only two people who know about us  
or anything that happened...

are dead.

But there's the policeman.  
I mean, he suspects something, and now  
the girl's dead. What if he puts it together?  
He can't connect us.  
The woman at the Alhambra, she ID'd you.  
She ID'd someone that looked like me.  
Hello?  
The game is back on,  
but now the price is \$1 million.  
Check your e-mail. See you soon.  
How the hell are we gonna get  
\$800,000 by tonight?  
When Lynn needed cash for her place here,  
she used her diplomatic immunity.  
Had it wired from our Swiss bank.  
It only took a few hours.  
That'll draw attention.  
It won't, trust me.  
Is it going to stop once we pay them?  
David, what do you want to do?  
That kind of money takes me out of it.  
It's not about the money.  
What's mine is yours and yours is mine.  
What do you want to do?  
Maybe it's time to get some help...  
but if we do...  
we can kiss everything goodbye.  
Got it.  
- Just like that?  
- Just like that.  
I don't see anyone.  
They're probably inside...  
watching us.  
They could just take the money and kill us.  
That's why you gotta stay in the car,  
in case something goes wrong.  
I owe you everything.  
Everything I am, everything I'll ever be...  
and if it takes me my entire life,  
I will pay you back.  
And I just don't mean the money.  
I mean what you do for me...  
what you make me.  
Without you I'm just a dreamer...

but with you...  
there's not a thing in this world  
that I can't do.  
No. No guns.  
For you, in case something happens.  
I've never fired a gun in my entire life.  
Flip off the safety,  
you point, and you pull the trigger.  
But nothing's gonna happen  
if you just go in there...  
and you give them the money,  
and you get out.  
- I will.  
- Swear it.  
I swear.  
I love you.  
Oh, God.  
They said no police!  
You are in a lot of trouble, Miss Harrington.  
People are dead.  
We had nothing to do with that!  
I know, but if you want to see Mr. Huxley  
come out of there alive...  
I recommend you let me handle this, yes?  
Yes.  
Oh, fuck.  
You fucked up. We have David.  
No, please don't hurt him!  
He's a dead man. I said no police.  
We didn't know. He must have followed us.  
We didn't know.  
Look, I'll do anything.  
I will give you anything.  
I want \$5 million.  
What?  
The price for the tapes is \$1 million.  
The price for his life is \$4 million.  
That is a total of \$5 million.  
If you go to the police, he's dead.  
No, please.  
We clean up the mess with the cop.  
Get out of there  
and no fucking around this time.  
Check your e-mail. Save his life.

Transfer the agreed-upon funds  
into account number 2J4480...  
Grand Cayman Title and Trust.  
The money will be immediately transferred  
to another closed account...  
within 30 seconds of the initial wire.  
Upon verification,  
we will release David's location of bondage.  
The slightest variation from these  
instructions and we will leave him to die.  
Money transfers are much safer,  
Miss Harrington.  
I must say, I was quite concerned  
about your security last time.  
I had no choice.  
And you say this is a land investment?  
In the Caribbean.  
- Where, might I ask?  
- St. John's.  
One of my favorite islands.  
Although Barbados has...  
I'm sorry.  
How long do the money transfers take?  
It's probably done by now.  
- Great. Thank you.  
- My pleasure.  
Hello.  
You can find him and the tapes  
at Elek Street, Number 10, in the basement.  
I still would not alert the police.  
There will be questions. It could get  
very nasty for you and your family.  
Do not dally.  
I'm not really sure how much air he has left.  
Damn it.  
Come on, God damn it.  
Yeah?  
There's no Alex or Alec Street,  
but there is one called Elek, spelled E-L-E-K.  
Okay. How do I get there?  
Take the Freedom Bridge  
onto the Buda side.  
It's right past the Gellert Hotel,  
right around Freedom Square.

I got it.

Oh, God!

What's up, Sister?

Where are you?

Taking in the sights with a friend.

Where?

Easy. Since you're in no hurry  
to take care of wedding business...

I decided to do some sightseeing.

Fuck!

- Hello?

- Where the hell are you?

I just had brunch at the Women's Club.

Where are you?

- I need some help!

- What?

I need some fucking help, Lynn!

Lynn!

I can't hear you. You're breaking up.

Lynn!

Do you know where Elek Street is?

Elek Street? Where is...

- Elek?

- Yes! Yes! Yes!

Of course. Are you okay?

- Is this 10?

- 10?

- Number 10!

- 10, yes.

- Elek Street!

- Yes.

- You have a basement?

- A basement. Yes, why?

Where's your fucking basement?

There is nothing down there.

No one has used it for years.

- There's a man down here.

- No, there's no man.

- He's dying! Please.

- What?

David!

What do you mean a man is dying here?

David!

You better get out of here or...

How can this be?  
I do not know how this has happened.  
I swear to God. I will call the police.  
No! No police.  
How do I take this off?  
Breathe. Breathe. Breathe.  
Look at me. Look at me.  
When are you and David  
going on a honeymoon?  
In the spring,  
when the new Ambassador and her staff...  
take over for Daddy and the others.  
Are you still up for shopping tomorrow?  
Absolutely.  
I plan on doing heavy damage all day.  
That's my girls.  
May I have your attention, please?  
I would like to propose a toast.  
To Christmas, good friends, the New Year...  
and to David and Richard...  
and a job well done.  
Hear, hear.  
Quiet, please! Quiet.  
And to the next  
United States Supreme Court Justice.  
And maybe a new congressman.  
Well, stranger things have happened.  
Here's to you, David, my new son-in-law...  
to your continued success.  
I can't believe  
the way you two spend money.  
Give it a rest.  
You're starting to sound like Mother.  
Or David.  
So how is married life?  
So far so good. Speak of the devil.  
Hey, David.  
Hey, you. You're gonna kill me,  
but I can't meet you for drinks.  
But I've been missing you all day.  
I've got to finish up here, okay?  
I'll talk to you later.  
Okay.  
Hey, I love you.

Enough. He can't meet us for drinks.

He has to work late.

Me, either.

I promised I'd meet Fabian for dinner.

- Who?

- Fabian, yes.

- Fabian?

- Fabian. Don't start.

I'm going to see you both Christmas Eve.

Do you want to join Richard and me  
for dinner?

I'm gonna wait for David.

Guess it means I gotta do more shopping.

I'll see you on the Eve.