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Stretch

By Joe Carnahan

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If you like stories about chance
and coincidence and fate...
then here's one you've never heard.
Boy meets girl...
Girl almost kills boy by running
a red light at rush hour.
Boy is T-boned at over
60 miles per hour...
Oh, my God! Are you all right?
...and survives with barely a scratch.
Are you drunk?
Not anymore.
Is that cocaine on your nose?
Between the bottle and the sports book,
boy had lost his way
in the City of Angels.
Until he found one.
The one he's been
looking for his entire life.
I'm sorry, I didn't see the light.
Well, don't go towards it now.
Boy falls in love in that second,
and knows his luck is about to change.
Baby, cum.
Cum, baby, cum on me.
What a difference a year makes...
off the bottle and the blow,
high on life itself.
And about to put a ring
on this girl's finger.
- That felt good, baby.
- Oh, my God, so good.
- Are you happy?
- Yeah, I'm so happy.
I'm breaking up with you.
Yeah.
I've met someone, right?
And... And I fell really hard for him
and I didn't expect it to happen,
but now that it has, I just feel like
I can't ignore my feelings any longer.
Candice,
I just came.

I know.
I know and so did I.
Are you shitting me?
I wanted you to feel euphoric.
It didn't work!
And after that,
everything pretty much went to shit.
What a difference
another fucking year makes.
She'd dumped me for the starting quarterback
of the Cleveland Browns.
His signing bonus was 4.5 million,
my last check was for 816...
dollars.
And I still sit here like an asshole
and wonder if I could've done
something different?
She devastated me.
She knocked my dick in the dirt.
She took my steam.
My mojo...
And I gotta get it back
because this is killing me!
I mean, what the fuck am I doing?
Fuck!
I came to LA to be an actor.
Hi, I'm Kevin Briyzowski.
Next.
What's up, I'm Kevin Brizow.
Next.
I'm Kai Bravo.
And now, I drive a limo.
And, shocker, I hate it.
I hate the hours...
I hate the clients...
And, fuck me, I hate my life.
I gotta get my shit together.
I know I do.
My life is nearly half over and I have
exactly jack shit to show for it.
No money...
No power...
and no women.
And in this town, I am fucking positive

that's the order they come in.

Better men would've blown
their heads off by now.

Men like Karl with a "K."

Hi, I'm Karl...

- That's how he introduced himself.

- ...with a "K."

Karl with a "K" was legendary.

Karl with a "K" lived to serve.

Karl with a "K"

was the industry gold standard.

Do you like dry two olive Bombay martinis
with a shot of Chambord?

Karl with a "K" knows you do.

- Loose.

- Yeah.

- See that?

- Okay. Okay.

- Just, no tension.

- I see it now.

- Costa Rica...

- Aruba.

Karl with a "K" was trim,
worldly and well-traveled.

You know, I actually did
an Ironman Triathlon in Panama.

Wow.

To Karl with a "K"...

All right, Norman, I think I got
everything out of the bathroom.

...it was about the client.

Quick question. Is that a severed penis?

Always about the client.

Yes, sir.

Some chilled Veuve Clicquot
for the returning honeymooners.

Karl with a "K" was quite simply the
personification of total client satisfaction.

- What about her?

- She's dead.

But... I got you a blueberry muffin.

It's on the seat.

Oh! You're the greatest, Karl.

I am sure his sterling reputation

thrilled Karl with a "K" to no end...
Wow.
You guys look so happy.
...right up until the day
he sucked on a .38 snub nose.
It would mark the only time
in nearly 20 years
that someone else would clean his limo.
Jesus, they buried him in one of those.
I heard later that Karl
had come to LA to be an actor.
But I cannot go out like that.
I don't even believe in fate,
only in the destiny
that you make for yourself.
The only reason I am in this hole
is because I couldn't stop digging.
But that has to change.
Starting today, this fucking minute,
I am putting the goddamn shovel down.
Yes, indeed.
What's up, babe? What's with these guys?
Naseem wants you
front and center, homie.
He taking heads?
Not yet, but whatever fears
you have are totally founded.
Oh, no.
- Oh, come on.
- What?
- Jesus.
- What? What are you doing?
Look at you.
- You're a disaster.
- Okay.
I can't...
Who gains weight in their neck?
Sexy people.
Smartass.
You look like a slob.
And you look like desert camo.
That's what I'm going for.
Wait, you just disappeared in that chair.
I can only see your head.

You're funny.

You think I'm gonna get axed?

Since you seem to actively
want to lose this job?

- Yeah.

- I don't know, maybe...

Maybe losing my job is like...

Is like part of some plan.

Wait. This is coming

from the guy who doesn't even want
to acknowledge that shit actually
happens for a reason.

You're talking about fate,

I don't believe in that.

- And yet, you're a fatalist.

- Not even close.

I'm sorry. Sorry, it was easy.

- Easy.

- You really think so?

Yes, indeed.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Someone is calling you.

- Again?

- Get out of here.

Go get yourself fired.

Shit.

Are you firing me, Naseem?

You have a past, Stretch?

Lots of drugs, alcohol, gambling.

You were addicted, yes?

I was addicted, yes. Severely.

But I haven't placed a bet...

taken a drink or done a drug in over a year.

Oh, right.

Do you believe you owe something?

To the people I gambled against?

Yes. About \$6,000 to be exact.

\$6,000?

Well, it was 12, so I cut it in half.

Do you believe

that you owe me something?

Well, you have given me
a ton of breaks, so...
'Cause I need the old you now.
The part of you powered by pure need?
These other companies
like this cockfuckers
Cossack trying to steal our clients.
So I need every driver to work
as hard as they've ever worked,
for if these Cossack sons of whores
take over, I'm out of business.
And you are out of luck.
This is do,
or this is die.
Yes, indeed.
Yes, indeed.
It's funny
that Naseem was gonna cap my ass
this morning and send me packing.
I guess things are looking up already.
Hey.
Oh, shit.
Whoo!
- Look at this motherfucker.
- Iggy.
I know you've been getting my calls.
You're fuckin' ignoring 'em.
I don't know what you're talking about.
Before you say anything else,
you need to know that I'm totally
powerless against this.
- Okay, this is not good.
- This is not good at all.
Carlos has sold the farm.
It's new ownership.
No books. So, the six grand you owe...
I'm gonna need it by midnight tonight.
- Fuck me!
- Exactly.
- You're serious?
- I'm colon cancer.
I pay every month on time!
- I know.
- Well, do they know?

They do and they don't give a shit!
I got a better shot at
shitting out a full grown female giraffe
than coming up with six grand
by midnight tonight!

- Can I talk to the new owners?
- Can you speak Cantonese?
- All right, so if I can't get the cash?
- What do you think, Kevin?
I've been chasing you all around town.
When you call me Kevin
I really start to flip out.
Yeah, you should get freaked out,
because I'm gonna have to leave
a lot more than bruises behind.
Don't make me come looking for you.
Babe, I'm sorry
but I'm running really fucking late.
Tell me you're messing with me, dude.
I got hung up with an old friend.
What is wrong with you?
This is a first run of the day.
- Charlie...
- First one!
Charlie, relax. I'll handle it.
Now, who am I pickin' up?
Has anyone ever referred to you
as a punk-ass motherfucker?
Not to my recollection.
You're a punk-ass motherfucker.
Who's an hour late.
I'm really sorry.
Come on, son.
If you're gonna patronize me,
at least put your fucking back into it.
You don't have any respect for the Hoff.
Am I right?
You think I never held a knife?
That I'm unfamiliar
with the taste of blood?
That I took a shitty,
sub-par show about lifeguards,
and turned it into the highest-rated
syndicated hit in television history

because I got fuckin' lucky?
I once forcibly sodomized a Viet Cong
colonel with a stick grenade
because he placed an ancestral curse
on me while I was interrogating him.
And I don't even believe
in ancestral curses,
but that's how fucking deep I roll.
If Karl with a "K" represented
the light of the limo industry,
then its black hole, its darkest dungeon
came in the form of a nameless,
ageless Eastern European immigrant
known simply as, "The Jovi."
He lorded over his company Cossack
with an iron fist and a white-maned
hair metal band wig
that looked like Dog the Bounty Hunter
had been dropped into a deep fryer.
I don't care how it sounds.
That hair scared
the living shit out of me.
This blow-dried, death shroud that encased
The Jovi in permanent, perpetual shadow
made him seem indestructible.
Fuck!
What the fuck, dude?
Naseem's going nuts!
What happened to Hasselhoff?
The Jovi got him?
Did you not get Naseem's speech
to the troops today?
I did, I did.
This is the fifth client we've lost
to The Jovi in the last month.
He picked off Andy Cohen last week
and he got Seacrest yesterday.
Flew him to Vegas personally.
What? Jovi's a fucking pilot?
Naseem thinks he's monitoring
our dispatch calls.
I mean, I... I don't know.
Oh, is that why those guys
were in the office today?

Yep.

They wired us up so we can
eavesdrop on The Jovi.

- So we're stealing his clients too?

- Tit for tat.

I want in. Jovi jacked Hasselhoff,
and I want to steal The Jovi's next client,
whoever it is.

And not to mention, babe,
but I need the cash, badly.

I'm way too good to you.

I'll keep my eye out for a big fish
and let Naseem know.

It might buy you a stay of execution.

- I'll call you back.

- Yes, indeed.

Here you go.

Here it is.

That is called "take-charge shit," son!

"That is called 'take-charge shit, ' son!

"Yes, indeed. Yes, indeed.

"Hi, my name is Stretch,

"aka Billy Big Balls With Bad Ideas."

Karl would appear to me occasionally
when I was exhausted or otherwise beat.

I thought you hated this job?

Doesn't mean I can afford to lose it.

Wearing a mustache

that he said he grew in hell.

Just drink.

You're so boring. Do some blow.

- Anything...

- I need you to leave me alone.

I'm not here, dicksmoke! I'm a figment.

I'm your fragile, fagotty mind!

Fracturing from lack of sleep,

anxiety, weakness...

Failure.

I knew it was in my head, but lately,
he was showing up more and more.

You know, right before I blew my head off,

I rolled the gun barrel in powdered sugar.

It was between that and cake batter.

Which way are you leaning?

I couldn't kill myself.
You are killing yourself, fuckwit!
All right, so that was just dumb luck.
Iggy tracking me down,
making me late for Hasselhoff.
I gotta stay positive.
I'm pretty sure karma owes me one now.
Fuck me!
No, no, no.
You fucker!
You fucker! You fucker!
Holy shit!
Yes, indeed.
Yo, we got an ASAP in Cossack.
You still wanna steal Jovi's clients?
Babe, I just saw a gun fight.
My ears are still ringing.
Was it in the Valley?
- Yeah.
- Shocker.
- Are you all right?
- Oh, yeah, I'm good. Woke me up.
Limo, not so much. Took a little damage.
What kind of damage?
Bullets of
the bullet-hole variety.
You're fucking with me. Really?
Yeah, whatever. Who cares?
Gives it a little character.
So, are we gonna boost
The Jovi's client list or what?
Yup. Ray Liotta, Sony in Culver City
going to Santa Monica Airport.
And Liotta's a personal client, bitches!
All right, fuck The Jovi
and his horrible head of hair.
Oh, sick!
- You love it. I owe you, babe.
- All right, I'm hanging up.
We'll need you back at 7 a.m.
No! No, no, no, no, no.
Just push the call!
I'm not gonna land
and go straight to set.

It's stupid. Come on, Monica.

- That's not my name.

- Marcy! I knew that. I knew that.

Why are you so angry all the time?

- You always seem so angry. What's wrong?

- You want me to tell you?

- Is it me?

- No.

Oh, well then I don't give a shit.

- Mr. Liotta.

- I'm just being honest.

Hi, I'm Kevin. I'm your driver.

Can I take your bags?

Wait, wait, wait. Where's what's-his-name?

My guy? That Jovi?

Well, he couldn't make it today, sir.

He's traveling with another client.

My car's right down there.

What, do you work for him?

I work for a rival company, sir.

My company called when he couldn't make the pick-up personally.

He's driving David Hasselhoff right now.

Who?

From TV? Baywatch?

Knight Rider?

Remember back in the '80s? That...

That car that talked?

No, I don't remember a fucking car that talked.

- Car that talked.

- What movies has he been in?

Well, not one that I can think of offhand.

Wait a second, I'm getting tossed for a TV actor who hasn't been in one movie that you can remember?

Honestly, sir, it...

It's really shocking to me that you're being treated this way.

You're not an actor, are you?

- Actually...

- 'Cause that last line...

About being really shocked,
I didn't buy it for a second.
Not a second.
That's all we need is another
wannabe Denzel driving a fucking limo.
Come on, come on, come on,
it's hot, it's hot, it's hot.
Watch your legs.
Dick.
Fucking unbelievable!
What? What? What, Marcy?
You've been fucking calling me
since I left the fucking set!
What could be so fucking important?
What?
What?
Fuck me! Gosh, damn it!
All right, you know what?
I'm gonna give it to the driver,
he'll get it back, okay? I'm sorry.
Sorry.
- Everything all right?
- Will you do me a favor?
- Take this back to Sony.
- Mmm.
Give it to that little dyke Marcy
with the red hair, okay?
Can you do that for me?
Look, there's blanks in that gun
so don't be an asshole.
Absolutely.
- I'll have it to them within the hour.
- Thanks.
Wow. That's very kind of you.
Hey.
And that Jovi...
You made yourself a new enemy today.
Be careful.
Yeah, well, The Jovi's just
going to have to take a number.
Right now I'm a bit preoccupied
with the six large I need
to come up with for Iggy.
Liotta's \$200 tip, while generous,

isn't going to save me
from a pair of shattered kneecaps.
I know what you're thinking.
It's stupid of me to be lavishing
attention on my love life
the same day that a very agitated
member of the Mexican mafia
has promised to break things
I don't want broken.
And there's always the chance that this
"Pinkminx" isn't actually a woman,
there was just something about the...
Pink.
Well, if that's stupid,
then this is just plain old reckless.
The one addiction
I haven't been able to shake.
Her.
Let's not call it stalking.
I know I'm not getting her back,
there was just never any closure.
On some cellular level
that still torments me.
Could you be a bigger chump right now?
Not really, no.
"She left me, the loser limo driver,
"for a millionaire athlete.
"And I never saw it coming."
Seriously, pal, did that shocker
really sneak up on you?
Yeah, it did.
Yes, indeed.
I got you a booking.
- The great white whale has surfaced...
- Oh.
...and his name is Roger Karos.
Heard of him?
- If he's cash rich, I don't care.
- Huge.
Billionaire.
He used to be Karl's regular
and he sorta still thinks Karl's alive.
Come on. I can be Karl.
From what I heard,

this dude's pretty nuts,
but I've also heard of him tipping thousands
just for an airport run, so...
- All right, where?
- I've got coordinates.
You... You got what?
Coordinates. GPS.
He doesn't want to disclose the location,
I don't know what that means.
Oh, and he wants to be met
with a weird list of goodies.
You have to get that before you go
and pick him up.
I'll text it to you.
Oh, God damn it!
I forgot, I gotta take
this stuff over to Sony for Liotta.
You do that and this booking goes poof.
- Come on.
- All right, all right, all right.
I'll figure something out.
Charlie comes through in the clutch,
a crazy billionaire
who can paint my pockets.
The only thing missing now
is the crazy billionaire.
These are the coordinates,
X marks the spot.
I'm here. Where is this guy?
Shit!
What the fuck?
Oh, shit!
Mr. Karos?
Oh, you're not Karl.
- I'm Kevin.
- Who the fuck is Kevin?
That's me, Stretch, if you'd prefer.
What I prefer is Karl.
Okay. Karl...
Passed away
a little while ago.
So I'm here.
- Those are the things I asked for?
- Yeah.

Scotch?
Caulking gun?
Butt plugs, plural?
What'd he die of? Karl?
He took his own life, unfortunately.
Fuck him.
I need a driver and a confidant,
a bagman and a protector.
- I'm in.
- Walk with me.
You got any religious hang-ups?
You a godhead?
Nope.
Tomorrow I will be a brand
new face in a brand new place,
so I've got a marathon in mind.
First stop,
my tailor Enzo.
That suit looks like
death taking a shit.
How far is Beverly Hills?
45 minutes, depending on which...
Okay, so this Karos
is a total freak show.
So what? It's Hollywood.
A town that specializes
in the sick and deranged.
As long as he's got the cash,
I can take all the weird... Holy shit!
Boris. The Jovi's brother
and head henchman.
I once saw him body slam
a 300-pound bouncer
onto the hood of a VW Cabriolet.
He had plates in his head.
Hello, buddy.
He had murdered men with his hands.
He knows about Liotta.
He knows what I did.
Fuck it.
Yes, indeed.
What's wrong?
You sound weird, is it him?
He skydived in, naked.

No way, completely naked?
Bare-assed, except for a pair of sneakers
and about 60 pounds of Rick Rubin's beard.
If you're feelin' funky about it,
we'll just lay him off on The Jovi.
It's not worth it.
No, I can't explain it.
I mean, as oddball as he is,
I get the sense that, like,
my meeting him is a...
If you say fated...
Let me finish. Not fated, lucky.
- Luck, fate, I mean, it's semantics.
- Do me a favor.
Go online, get me a bio, all right?
I got a feeling this guy's about
to skip town for good
and bleed a boatload
of cash on his way out.
- It's a big gamble.
- From a former gambler.
I know odds. He's sitting on my \$6,000.
- Long shot.
- Sure thing.
- I'm going on the Internet now.
- All right. Call me back.
No, I've got a vehicle, I'll ring you
with the time and a place later.
Later.
What kind of man are you, Stretch?
Are you one of those
Habitat-for-Humanity,
eco-friendly, all-veggie douchebags
devoted to crippled kids
and the elderly?
Or are you a money, power, pussy,
Holy Trinity type?
I don't know. Haven't really...
You see, me, I am about simple,
succinct pleasures.
Cocaine is my first
and longest-standing love,
but I would be equally lost
without good Scotch whiskey...

and sadomasochism.

I want you to try something
when you have a free moment.

You just make a fist,
and hit yourself in the face
as hard as you can.

I swear to God,
you will find it so fucking freeing.

It is like...

It is like stepping off a cliff.

Holy shit!

- There it is.

- You okay back there?

That metallic taste, it's tremendous!

It's living!

Hey, can I ask you, what do you...

What do you get out
of punching yourself in the face?

Clarity.

The comfort in knowing

I can take that punch.

What do you make weekly,
this line of work?

Don't know, depends. 25-30 an hour.

- Plus tips.

- Take home, total?

Not enough.

- To get by.

- No.

Or to pay down \$6,000

in gambling debt...

that you just found out was due in full.

You're a gambler?

I have a... I had...

A gambling addiction.

That just means you lost
a lot more than you won.

And if you don't pay, what happens then?

Broken bones? Bullet in the head?

That... that could be a coin toss.

Are you a fire starter, Stretch?

Am I what?

Oh, it takes almost no imagination,
sounds exactly like what it is.

Are you a fire starter?
Yeah, sure. Yeah, I guess.
No, say it in stride.
"I am a fire starter."
I am a fire starter.
Good.
So am I.
Now, we're on fire!
Holy shit!
Jesus Christ.
Goddamn! What is wrong with you?
God damn it.
Fine.
Did you say firefighter?
Do my bidding tonight,
Stretch, and maybe...
Maybe I'd dig down deep and make
that \$6,000 worth of headache...
disappear.
You game?
Yes, indeed.
Thank you.
So, where we headed tonight?
Have you heard of the Midnight Shadow?
- Social club.
- I have heard.
What have you heard?
Gentlemen, I have everything I need.
Give me 10 minutes.
- Eight minutes, Enzo.
- You want my coat?
No, no, no. Ciao, ciao.
- No, no. No, no. No, no.
- Ciao, ciao. Ciao, ciao. Choo-choo train.
In a nutshell...
You can pay to see a coked-out snow leopard
sexually assaulted in one room
and... participate in
an all-amputee-orgy in the next?
Oh, drugs, sexual depravity,
animal cruelty.
I mean to me that's just
a slow night, but...
That's very good!

That's very quick, Stretch. I like that.
I like so very few people.
I'm wondering how you endeared
yourself to me so fast.
I think fate brought us together.
I don't believe in fate, destiny...
To me life's nothing but timing.
I like that!
Life is nothing but timing.
Yeah.
I'm going to steal that one.
Okay.
You okay?
Mr. Karos?
I think I just fell asleep.
I think so, too.
That's very soft, by the way.
- You bought it.
- Is that alpaca?
I don't think so.
You look sharp.
Sit tight. Have some company joining us.
Finally.
- Yo.
- Hey, talk to me.
I have someone named Marcy from Sony
on the line who's in complete hysterics.
Oh, shit, yes. That's the stuff
I was telling you about.
The prop gun that Liotta
wanted me to return.
She said that she and the prop master
can't leave set because you, my friend,
have a registered firearm
that could be used to commit a crime.
Well, tell her forget it.
It's not gonna happen.
I got a client. Speaking of which,
did you find out anything?
First of all, I just want to say I'm sorry
from the bottom of my heart
he's about to be indicted
on major money laundering.
- What?

- Yeah.
I mean,
these investment pyramid schemes,
some shady Nigerian holding company
he was involved with...
Wait, where are you seeing this stuff?
On the LA Times website.
Well, what am I supposed to do about it?
Kick him the fuck out!
Kick him out... I can't kick him out.
Here they are.
I'm shameless in that I pay for pussy,
but this is
world class.
This is a level of appreciation
one reserves for great art,
or fine wine or...
Whatever.
Oh...
The one in the middle there,
the things she can do
with her mouth and throat,
will have you thinking one of her ancestors
fucked a python at some point.
Yep.
Wow.
Benedict Canyon,
10,000 block, entry fee.
Jesus!
You know there's a reason
they call Karos "Captain Fisty."
All right. You...
Ew.
The Midnight Shadows Social Club
didn't have a single fixed address.
It was a horrible,
hedonistic little road show,
that would pop up at a new
and unsuspecting location each time.
Rumor had it they once desecrated
the Right Field Pavilion at Dodger Stadium,
but because it was the first inning...
nobody was there to witness it.
Midnight Shadow.

- Mr. Karos...
- No name.
Entry fee.
There you go.
It's all here.
I'm leaving now. Bye-bye.
This ought to be interesting.
There we go.
I'm not sure, but...
I think someone
just got pregnant in there.
Ovulating.
Whatever. Tell your mom I said hi.
Mr. Karos?
He had a disco ball... Mr. Karos?
- I didn't see you get out of the car.
- Nor did I.
Are you completely flipped out?
I drove Charlie Sheen for six weeks.
Who's he?
- Doesn't matter.
- Doesn't matter.
We're out of blow
and these bitches are aardvarks.
- Okay.
- Bring back as much as you can carry.
- Okay.
- All right.
The Xavier Club, Hollywood,
you ask for Laurant.
He's a Frenchman. He has a briefcase.
You bring it back to me, no matter what.
Under no circumstances
do you fail in this endeavor,
or our entire night is null
and void, understood?
Understood.
This is on a countdown.
It's set up for 99 minutes which
is exactly how long I'll be inside.
You come back before it runs out.
Not a minute more.
There's a lot of money in this, Stretch.
Maybe \$6,000.

Tell me to have fun.
Enjoy yourself over there.
There's no joy in there.
- Hey, babe.
- Hey, cockfucker.
- Naseem...
- Bring the limo back.
- You're fired.
- What? Fired? I got us Liotta.
Liotta says he wants to kill you!
You don't return a registered weapon
after he paid you to?
What the fuck?
Bring the limo back or I swear to God,
the cops are sitting right in front of me,
I'm gonna tell him you stole it.
No, no, no, no, no, no.
Wait, Naseem, listen,
I am with a client, Mr. Karos.
No! I told you,
this is do, or this is die,
and you're fucking dead!
You're dead! Dead! Dead...
I gotta go.
Hello?
Motherfucker hung up on me.
Charlie!
Right there.
Hey, can I park here for a few minutes?
Fuck, no. Are you kidding?
- Can I park it here for a few minutes?
- Stay as long as you want.
Just long enough to pick up a briefcase.
Because I'm all in now.
Get the briefcase.
Get it.
I once auditioned
for a role on CSI: Miami,
but didn't get it because
the casting director felt I didn't,
as she put it, "Own the space."
Excuse me. Thank you.
I'm... looking for
a man named Laurant.

Not seeing that name.

Oh, there he is.

- Elevator inside.

- Thank you.

- He's up in VIP.

- Hold that.

I don't think I understood what they meant until this very moment.

Because the truth of the matter is...

I ain't getting a sniff of that briefcase without heeding those words.

Yeah, it's not Karos...

You can do this.

Own the space. Own the space.

- Own the space.

- Billy Big Balls,

becomes Geisha Bitch Boy.

Running errands for a mad man.

- Shut up.

- You're not getting that money.

And then Ignacio is gonna break every part of you that can be broken.

Who, but an absolute asshole would bank on a \$6,000 tip?

Fuck you.

- "Laurent"?

- Laurant.

- La... What?

- La...

rant.

- Mr. Karos sent me.

- Mmm-hmm.

You have something for me?

I have something for Monsieur Karos.

Well, I'm here in his place.

To pick up a briefcase and return to him in 78 minutes.

- Is he timing you?

- He is.

And why would he be timing you?

Well, you'd have to ask him.

Would I have to ask him about my ledgers as well?

This was supposed to be an exchange.

Wasn't that explained to you?

Ledger for briefcase.

Ledger for briefcase.

- Ledger...

- Oh, so let me get this straight.

It was ledgers for briefcase?

Where is Monsieur Karos now?

I really couldn't tell you.

I'm certain you could.

Look around you.

Mon vieil ami, he has put you
into very bad spot with very bad people.

Own the space.

Yeah, all right, listen.

"Laurent."

Easy.

You want an LAPD Tactical on your ass in the next 10 seconds?

Then keep fucking with me!

You see it?

I'll get you your ledgers,
you have my word.

But right now, you're gonna
give me that goddamn briefcase,
or I'm gonna turn this VIP room
into a goddamn pig roast
with more cops than you can count.

When the smoke clears,
and you're in LA County,
hip-deep in hardened cons
who wanna double park
their dicks in your hind hole,
you're gonna be wishing
you had this moment back.
Wishing that you had taken
the word of a heavily decorated,
veteran police officer,
instead of trying to play tough guy
in your tennis whites.

So come on, Crayola,
you wanna color or what?

75 minutes.

I'll get you your ledgers.

You have my word,

and I'm a man of my word.

I see a lot of eyeballs.
You better put them on a fucking dimmer
before I put cases
on all of you bitches!
Make a lane. Make a lane.
Who the fuck was that guy?
Yay! I can't believe I just did that.
Where the fuck is Karos?
That was awesome!
- Right?
- Yeah.
Tonight, get this guy or he's gone.
I'm not gonna lie to you,
I'm pretty impressed.
Non-extradition country ghost!
Don't get cocky.
The agreement was ledgers in the hand,
him in person.
This is 10 months of undercover work,
six months of Rosetta Stone
learning fucking French.
I hate the fucking French!
- Fuck!
- Hey, relax. We'll get him.
Get a hold of the justice
lawyers downstairs,
tell them to sit tight,
do not let them book flights home.
Order them room service.
Call the LAPD,
run deep background on this asshole.
'Cause I need to find out everything known
and unknown about this shithead!
Oh, shit.
Candice.
Fuck.
Fuck!
Whatever you do, don't follow her.
You're following her.
The chances of seeing her tonight
have gotta be fucking astronomical.
Right, you need
to turn around and leave.
Do you not recall those wicked little

left hooks to the heart she threw,
that knocked your ass flat
for an entire fucking year?
All you are doing
is chasing more punishment.
Seriously, what are you doing?
Club soda.
All right. Great, okay.
Well, you're here,
what's the play, hotshot?
You guys, I'm just gonna be right back.
I'm gonna get more.
Right. Here she comes.
- Say something cool.
- Oh, my God.
- Kevin.
- What?
- Hey!
- Hi.
- How are you?
- Good.
- Yeah.
- You?
Yeah... it's...
Yeah, good, it's my...
- It's...
- Bachelorette party I'm gonna guess.
- Yeah.
- Good.
Great suit. You look... You look good.
You look better.
Congratulations, too.
- Really?
- Yeah.
- You mean it?
- Of course, of course. I'm so happy for you.
- Happy?
- Yeah.
- Really?
- You bet.
Are you... Are you meeting someone or...
I'm actually here on business,
unfortunately.
A client, right? Someone you're driving?

No, no, no.

I'm not really,
driving anymore, Candice.

I'm being driven.

Could I get a vodka juice, please?

Thank you.

What do you mean?

Are you carrying a gun?

I seriously can't talk about it.

It's better that I go.

Subject arrived in a stretch limo.

There's bullet holes in the side panel.

They look recent.

And a check on the license plate says
the limo reported as stolen.

Tag that limo! This asshole
will lead us straight to Karos,
but you're gonna put rotating
parallels on him.

No straight tails because if he's a cop,
he's gonna sniff 'em out.

Copy that.

- So?

- Yeah?

- What's in there?

- Oh, can't say.

- Is it money?

- Hmm.

You're not mixed up
in anything illegal, are you?

Candice.

Thank you.

Thank you.

You have no idea
what your leaving did for me.
And by breaking up with me
you gave me the greatest gift ever.
The life that I always wanted,
I now have.

There we go.

You just seem so together.

You know, I don't know.

You look... You look better
than I've ever seen you.

- Ready for your car, sir?

- Yeah.

So, listen... we're gonna go out
if maybe you wanna see
one another later.

Candice, you need to enjoy
your last night of freedom.

I need you to go upstairs now, okay?

All right?

Suspect is in front of the club conversing
with an unknown female.

You're gonna make a beautiful bride
and a wonderful, wonderful wife.

Bye.

Twenty bucks if you
drive me out of here.

Make it 40 and I'll do it.

Fucker.

Just get the door for me, please?

- There you go.

- Oh.

Oh, blowing a kiss?

Bro, who the fuck was that?

An ex or something?

No, dude. That was the ex.

What? Did she dump your ass?

She destroyed me.

- Well, payback's a bitch. Am I right?

- Yes, it is. You are right.

How long have you been
planning that stunt?

I didn't. It just... It just happened.

She look like that

when you went out with her?

- Yeah.

- Yeah?

- That bitch is fucking fine.

- Thank you.

- She have those tits when you dated her?

- Yeah.

Those things look natural, were they?

Okay, see, the principle of a payback
is that you get to enjoy it.

And I'm not being able

to do that right now.

- You know what I'd like to enjoy? Those tits.

- I gotcha. I gotcha.

Ever do that thing where you put
your dick between them?

What'd you just do?

Fuck. Your limo just lost power, man.

- Did you just do that?

- Oh, now this NavStar light's blinking.

- What?

- That's probably bad news.

Oh, fuck!

- Stretch?

- What? Hey...

Did they just use the NavStar system
to disable the limo?

Yes, they did.

- God damn it.

- I'm outta here, bro.

- Good luck!

- Where you going?

Hold on, Charlie.

I'll call you back! Wait!

- Stretch!

- Hey, man, where you going?

Bro, this car is dead.

- Can you help me push, please?

- No, it's not going anywhere. Oh, hey! Look!

Shit! Come on! Come on!

Get back on the wheel
and please help me push.

- Take the tow truck!

- I can't take the tow truck, all right?

I got a client! Shut the fuck up!

Hey! Hey! Be nice to me!

- Hey! I'm being nice to you!

- I'm helping you!

- You're doing a great job!

- I'm helping you!

Thank you! Thank you

for that positive feedback.

- I could do with less sarcasm.

- You're doing wonderful. Fantastic.

- We should go out sometime.

- Really? Do you mean that?
- No!
- Because a bunch of my buddies got married.
- Oh, shit. It's fucking power steering.
- Just push and shut up!

Come on, come on. Here we go.

You just got it on the curb
and in a red-zone.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

- Come on! Just push it a little further.
- What?

Just get it a little further.

We're in the red-zone.

There is no further.

You're up on the curb now.

Come on, man! I'm a...

Just help me push it a little further.

You're definitely

gonna get towed right here.

Fine, fine, fine, fine. Here.

- Pleasure doing business with you, man.
- Yeah.

Eat your own dick! Suck it!

If I lose this limo now, it's game over.

- I'm done. My fate is sealed.
- Oh, God.

Come on, start! Start. Come on, start!

Holy shit. The Jovi.

I don't know about you, hoss,
but I don't like where this is headed.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

The vehicle you are occupying
has been reported stolen.

The engine functions have been disabled.

Come on! Damn it!

Whether that fate is a wrath-of-God-like
beating from Boris there,
or just wasting away in a life
I never intended to live,
it's got me cornered now.

God, he's really big.

Maybe all this was inevitable.

Facing this now.

Figuring it out on the fly.

Life doesn't allow you to rehearse.
You just have to...
live and learn.
God damn it. That has to mean something.
What do I want it to mean?
And what the hell do I do with it?
That's what I'm talking about!
You know, that really works.
This is the NavStar operator.
Ma'am, this is Detective
Raymond Liotta of the LAPD.
I am occupying the stolen vehicle
and I am pinned down
in a gun battle with the armed
suspects who stole...
Ma'am! You have got to start
this car for me!
Oh, God, Bill! Are you dead?
Oh, man, I think he's dead.
Bill! Bill! Are you hit? You're hit!
Oh, my God! Ma'am, he's hit!
Officer, what is going on?
Oh, my partner's been gun shot.
There's so much blood everywhere!
- Oh, my God.
- They keep firing at us, ma'am!
They keep firing!
Start this car for me, please!
Come on, Billy! Come on, Billy!
Oh, God! I'm outta ammo.
Bill, we're gonna die.
I'm so sorry! I tried!
I did everything I could!
We're good! We're good. We gotta go
to the hospital now. Thank you so much!
Get it! Get it! Get it! Motherfucker!
That's what I'm talking about! Fuck CSI!
Well, you just might get
your SAG card after all, princess.
Hey, suspect was involved in a shots-fired
incident up in Hollywood Boulevard.
- When?
- Just now!
Unless he's killing people in the street,

we don't touch him until he has Karos in tow.

Holy shit.

- How's the hunt?

- Iggy, I'm so close.

How close?

I'm staring at hundreds of thousands of dollars as we speak.

Andale. Well, shave six Gs off that shit.

I'll meet you in 30.

Yeah, wish it were that easy.

Mira Stretch. If \$6,000 isn't

delivered to me by 12:01 AM

you're gonna see some shit

up close you'll never forget.

Because you won't be able to.

Oh, fuck.

Stop.

Ay, what up, player?

Trying to get this fine

set of dimes up Sunset.

My boys gots a table

and the goose is loose.

- Grab a cab, yeezy. I'm busy.

- Hey, dude!

- You don't recognize me?

- No.

I'm ACB, man! I was on Idol!

Nigga, Cee Lo Green be all up in my shit

trying to get me signed to his label, dog.

These gurlies are my backup singers.

Come here, girls!

Wanna hear something?

Little bit of sample do?

- No.

- All right, dude, this is from my new album,

Bitches and Tits.

This is the single It's Raining Tits.

You ready?

Oh, my God.

We be getting all romantic,

watching Titanic

- You roll up on me quick

- Let me suck your dick

You can suck my dick

Baby

Wow.

- That's really terrible.

- Come on, dude!

I just sang for my supper, homie.

It's like a 10-minute ride, dude.

Let me Jigga-Jay-Z this motherfucker.

- Fifty bucks per block.

- Damn, nigga!

Why you gotta do me like this
in a public place?

Because you're a giant bag.

That's why. Look at you.

Has your father stopped crying?

Three-hundy. Best I can do.

And the coke.

- What coke?

- Those three chicken heads wouldn't get
within spitting distance of you
unless you got some yay. Now, gimme.

- I like you.

- I don't like you.

- You got Facebook, dude?

- Fuck off.

All right. Let's ride, ladies.

Suspect is engaged
with an unidentified white male,
who's accompanied by three females.
Stay put! That sounds like Karos.

We're en route right now.

Come on, girls! It's shower time, baby!

Pop bottles on the J-Lo!

Hey, chill out back there.

Them vocals is golden, dude.

It's gonna be a platinum record
for real, homie.

Is that spray paint?

- Stretch?

- Put the spray paint away.

Put the spray paint away.

Fuck!

Stretch!

- All right.

- You are going to jail.

The police put out a warrant
for your arrest.
Wait. Where... Where's the limo?
- Driving down Sunset with me.
- It's running?
- How?
- My friends at NavStar.
Stretch!
Stretch!
You are a wanted felon.
Are you fucking delusional?
Listen, I'm gonna finish
this night with Karos,
collect my fee and then hit restart.
Love, life, career, all of it.
All this weirdness that
I got sucked into tonight,
it rebuilt my mojo!
Do you not get what's going on here?
Come on. Not only do I get it,
I'm getting the better of it.
I am beating a game that kicks
my ass on a regular basis.
Remember how you said I was a fatalist
that couldn't function unless everything
around me was turning to shit?
Well, guess what?
That is happening, and I am thriving.
Do you understand that?
It's like the worse it gets,
the better I am.
It's like I'm five steps ahead.
You can suck my dick, baby!
Fuck!
Sunset and Cahuenga, right now!
Karos just stole the limo.
The driver's outside removing
the license plates, and he just took off!
Oh, shit.
Hey, man. Excuse me.
You see some punk Kanye West
wannabe white boy
come through here with a shitty mohawk?
All right.

I'm gonna need your car.

Oh, you mean, like,
the police commandeered your car?

- Yeah.

- No.

Unless you're really Officer...

Ray Liotta.

You thought the badge was
a slam dunk, didn't you?

I did... I did though. I really did.

Why wouldn't I?

Hey, the delivery was good, man.

Man, I appreciate it. Thank you.

It was solid. I was impressed.

- Thank you. Got something going for me.

- Hey!

So, how many times
you're gonna tell this story?

Shithead limo driver
impersonating a cop.

It's classic, man. I'm gonna get
a lot of mileage out of this.

- Yeah, I don't blame you.

- I mean, you'd do the same.

Oh, in a second. Are you kidding me?

And if that's the case,
we might as well give the story

- the ending it deserves, right?

- Hey, why not?

Now, give me your fucking car before
I put a bullet in your liver!

Gun!

- Oh, shit!

- Yeah!

Get that motherfucker!

Oh, shit!

You better run, white boy!

So what's the plan, Stretch!

Successfully outrunning
black men over flat surfaces?

Oh, God!

Where'd he go?

Okay, crank it.

- Oh.

- Are you all right?
- No.
- Time's up, white boy!
Sweet Jesus! Coloreds!
He got hit by a car!
That's what you get!
- God damn it! Stop running!
- Bring that motherfucker back over here!
That is fascinating.
I mean, the way that you told that story.
That's not...
They got the limo.
Karos wasn't inside.
Some dumb ass kid boosted it.
He's got a bunch of fucking
coked up club girls in the back.
- Did they recover the case?
- They have not located it yet.
You get that limo towed to the nearest
impound yard and stripped to the chassis,
and find that fucking driver!
Oh, doll, I would love
to text you back right now,
but I got bigger problems. Fuck me!
You gotta get the limo back. Think.
Think, God damn it.
Hey, Bubba, get the CHP on the line
and tell them to close the Eastbound lane
to the 101 and the 134.
I want sawhorses and spike strips.
Slow is smooth, smooth is fast.
Slow is smooth, smooth is fast.
Slow is smooth, smooth is faster. Shit!
Shit!
Fuck you!
Oh, shi...
You're gonna die out here, dickhead.
Oh, my. Fuck me!
You gotta be shitting me.
Of course.
When did they have time to do this?
You can suck my dick, baby!
- Jesus.
- I love what they've done with the place.

I can't take it back to Karos
looking like this.
Bro, not to point out the obvious,
you're still attached to a tow-truck
on the fucking freeway.
Oh...
Fuck you, motherfucker!
Shit!
Hey, buddy, you like that?
Here we go again!
Damn it!
Come on, start, God damn it!
Come on, come on,
come on, come on. Start!
Come on!
Come on, I am begging you!
Shit!
Fuck me! Come on!
- Turn on!
- Hello, baby.
I am begging you right now.
We have rape party?
We're not gonna have a rape party.
Little baby pussy.
There you go!
Bye-bye!
Buddy!
Okay.
The limo was retaken.
It was what?
Fuck!
The tow truck driver tried to stop him.
The fucking cop got away!
This cop is obviously
on a schedule with Karos.
We got to get to him fast
or Karos is gone.
I want everybody pulled out right now.
LAPD, Sheriff's Department, CHP.
You make 'em task force loan-outs.
Get a chopper up there, too.
Next time Karos shows his face,
we take the whole fucking thing down.
Hey, it's Stretch. You know what to do.

Come on, Karos. Where are you, man?
Let's go.
Delinquents, take your mark.
What the fuck?
Oh, shit!
- You're late.
- I'm not late.
Did this limo get squat-fucked by Satan?
Along with your wardrobe?
What in the patron saint
of shit happened?
Couple of twists and turns.
Few complications.
Did you get the briefcase?
- Laurent mentioned some ledgers.
- Did you get the briefcase?
I got the briefcase.
Yes, I gave my word that I would return
with those ledgers.
Where's the fucking briefcase?
Under your seat.
Oh, you're a Magic Mike.
I'm here.
No, no, no, no. Public. I said public,
I want public. That's not public.
You do it out in the open, then it's you
and I to the air strip and no one else.
There's a place called Kite on Ivar.
Meet me there in 20.
My balls are itchy.
Did you get my blow?
Oh, sweet mama.
- No, I'm good.
- I wasn't gonna give it to you anyway.
What's the problem?
You get a thumb
in the ass that I missed?
- Pretty rough night, Rog.
- Mmm-hmm.
I'm not sure even the clothes or the car
paint an accurate enough portrait
of the fucking hell that I have
gone through for you.
Oh, wait a minute.

You mean you did something
other than drive a limo
while dying slowly?
You went out and risked something,
you learned something. You felt something!
Is that what I did? For shame!
You owe me an explanation, Roger,
at the very fucking least.
All right.
The ledgers contain hard financials,
i.e., illegal activity of everyone
I've ever done business with.
And I've done business with some
bad guys that I am now selling out
to save myself.
- Laurent bought the ledgers?
- No, he's a blackmailer.
He paid 300k.
You could get 10 times that.
- So, then, why don't you hang onto them?
- I'm short selling them
to purchase a very expensive plane
ticket out of here tonight,
one which gets me somewhere
I cannot be extradited.
And the gentleman I'm buying
the flight from has a fleet of jets.
He's willing to run the risk,
provided he gets the ledgers.
- What about Laurent?
- He's a fucking idiot.
And since I just got done explaining to you
that I did business with some bad guys
- and then beat them, that would make me...
- Worse.
Better!
Opposite of a fucking idiot
food chain, pal. So, fuck Laurent!
And your word,
none of which means bupkis to me.
What does is "finish line."
I'm gonna change.
Muscles.
You missed the fucking deadline, Kevin.

Where's my money?
Where's my money?
Kite, on Ivar. Twenty minutes.
Stay close.
Okay.
Oh, no.
Hello, buddy!
Now, you are my victim?
Stretch, it looks like our journey
has come to an end.
- You've been a wonderful driver.
- What?
Where are you going?
And now, I'm going to fuck you up, dick!
Chill, drago. Let him go.
He owes me six grand, so,
before you fuck him up, I need to collect.
Trucha.
Mr. Karos!
Wait. Will you just...
I need to... settle a bill.
Would you mind letting me go there?
Have a rape party with them.
All that's left is the, the tip.
The gratuity.
Let me know...
You were late getting back to me.
No.
And to quote you,
"Life is nothing but timing."
Told you I was gonna steal that one.
Like I've stolen everything else before.
But that's not the reason you're getting
fucked, I was just having fun.
Truth is, you were always gonna get
fucked, pal, because you are a beta male!
And I grind guys like you down
to make my bread.
Promise of six grand was all it took
to fit you for strings.
Now, who but an absolute asshole
would bank on a \$6,000 tip?
Sound familiar?
I said that first.

Take comfort in this.
You got beat by the best.
By a bona fide, true, blue-blooded
bad guy.
I eat, sleep, fuck, earn,
ergo, I survive.
And when this whole marble
has finally melted down
and the roaches are running what remains,
I will be crowned their king!
Because I am a fire starter, Stretch.
And you are
not!
Cops.
Drop the fucking gun!
Feds.
That's Karos.
Fuck.
You're a fucking fed?
That's right,
I'm a fucking fed, asshole!
Drop the briefcase, turn around,
put your hands on your head.
How about that?
Stretch, you're going to jail.
Do it!
After all this?
After this fucking night?
You lost, you let
a lying-piece-of-shit crook play you.
And now, you're going down with him.
Gun.
Gun!
Holy shit! You have to do something.
Your whole life has led to this night,
this very moment.
Do something.
You have got to do something.
Own the space.
Own it!
He couldn't have been
more wrong about me.
I am a fire starter.
And now we're on fire.

Iggy!
Here's your six grand!
You're under arrest!
Get up! Get the fuck up!
You got balls, Stretch! Big balls!
Argh!
Yeah! That's more like it.
Hi... coffee, please. Black.
Sorry, babe.
I knew you weren't French.
I'm about as French as you are LAPD.
Speaking of...
Told you I'd get those ledgers for you.
Yeah, but what you didn't tell me is you were
gonna throw away my \$300,000 to do it.
I thought Karos was gonna shoot.
Somebody would've returned fire,
then somebody else might've gotten killed.
I didn't know Karos was a,
was an FBI target.
I thought he was just some rich flake
that I could make a big tip off of.
I don't know how
it sort of snowballed on me.
Just one thing led to another and...
Look at me.
It doesn't take much
to go from good to bad.
Smallest, dumbest little twist
of fate sometimes.
I didn't believe in that, "fate,"
before last night.
My friend,
everything happens for a reason.
Has to be that way.
It'd be too depressing otherwise.
So, am I going to jail then?
If you are, I'm not taking you.
You taking him?
- Nah.
- Nah.
Karos is locked up, hopefully, for life.
I'm gonna go home and see if my wife
still recognizes me.

You're out of a job.

You have warrants outstanding,
and you're probably gonna be the target
of multiple lawsuits. So, I'd say you're
swimming in your fair share of shit.

Pretty much.

You're on your own now, pal.

Good luck.

You should do it professionally.

What?

Acting. You should do it professionally
'cause you're good, man.

I mean, you're really good.

I totally believed everything you were doing.

- Really?

- Yeah!

Thank you.

If I'm you, next time I'm sitting in a limo,
I'm in the backseat.

Thank you.

If you like stories about chance
and coincidence and fate,
then here's one you've never heard.

Boy meets girl...

Girl is the one he's been
looking for his entire life.

Yes, indeed.

Go. And set.

Two cameras, A mark.

- And action.

- Action.

Action!

- Those are the things I asked for?

- Yeah.

Scotch?

Caulking gun?

Cheese puff?

One?

Wilford Brimley's office, please?

She just looks so ridiculously happy,
doesn't she?

Not to rub salt in the wound,
but I hear the groom-to-be has
a gorilla-sized cock

and a tongue like an octopus.
B mark, action!
J. Edgar Hoover. Do you know who he is?
I do.
He's Leonardo Di Caprio.
- Not the same person.
- Yep.
- No, he played him in a movie.
- Arnie Hanger.
Oh, I thought you'd get that.
B mark.
Scotch? Tracksuit?
Caulking gun? Cheese Fritos?
Cold vanilla milk?
Raven's blood.
Could you be...
Fuck!
It's on fire, it's on fire.
I thought you were gonna
shit the bed for sure.
And I don't take cocaine.
- Your mistake.
- My fucking mistake.
Sound coming from the rear
of the limo, and Ed.
Jesus!
I knew Karos like to fist.
But it sounds like he's footing, right?
I'm trying... I'm trying to get
that visual out of my head.
Great. It's fine. Get it all out now.
- Raven's blood, falcon hair.
- Falcon hair?
Here we go.
Bring me Wilford Brimley's mustache.
Oh, shit!
Wilford, Wilford, give me your treat.
I'll lick you sour or lick you sweet.
That's amazing.
Oh, man! Do it again.
Arnie Hanger?
- All right, you got it.
- Arnie. I got it, I got it.
Okay.

- No, they're not the same person.
- Yes, they are. Do you know...
- No, you got it. Come on.
- I got it.
- They're...
- Do you know who Arnie Hanger is?
You got it. This is the best thing.
Still rolling, guys.
He just saved
the whole movie right there.
Scotch?
Weedos?
What the hell are weedos?
It's like a 10-minute ride, dude.
Let me Jigga Jay-Z this motherfucker.
- Fifty bucks per block.
- That's like 10 blocks, dude.
Come on, you're about to sign
a big recording contract, boy.
The first one was better.
You're gonna see some shit up close
you've never seen before.
'Cause you won't be able to.
Won't be able to see it?
Fuck! Motherfucker!
What's up, baby? Yeah, yeah!
Oh! It burns!
Put rotating parallels on his ass
because straight tails...
And action. Cut.
What a dick.
We should probably find
our marks at this point.
Or not.
Where's Leon?
What are you doing, Leon?
Arnie Hanger is his lover.
You're gonna need some tampons.
- Fuck!
- No, we're good, we're good.
See? Wilford Brimley.
You got him. Wilford Brimley,
the sun is going down.
There we go.

Cut! Cut!
And we're a hit.