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# Stripped Naked

By Christine Conradt

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Fuck!

Stop it right now.

- Go back and get my fucking stuff.

- Shut the fuck up.

Shut the fuck up!

Shut the fuck up!

You'd better go back

and get that stuff.

Now, asshole.

Who drove your ass all the way to  
Columbus so that you could make rent?

Oh! It's your rent too,  
you fuck-head.

- Oh, yeah.

- Yeah, and if you think

I'm gonna keep that shit up

when you're out banging

some dirty bitch,

then you'd better sober the fuck up.

It was a fucking blow job.

Why don't you get over it?

- Get over it?

- Yeah.

It's like you haven't done  
the same fucking thing.

- No, I haven't.

- No?

How about Ted or that guy  
from the liquor store?

- Let's call him!

- That was before we said

that we weren't gonna

cheat on each other anymore.

Go and get my shit!

I have a better idea.

Why don't you go and get your own...

Just stop!

Stop!

Get out! Go!

What? You want me to walk  
all the way back there?

Yes!

You walk, you skip, you fly.

I don't give a shit.  
Just get the hell out of my truck.  
I warned you about slapping me!  
And I told you about keeping  
your fucking dick in your pants.  
- Ha ha!  
- You disgusting, worthless,  
pathetic piece of shit!  
Get out.  
Get out!  
Fine! Fuck you.  
I'm done.  
You can go stay  
with one of your loser friends  
because I want your shit  
out of my house by tomorrow.  
Yeah, that's great. I will.  
Enjoy the walk.  
Fuck you!  
Fuck you!  
When I seven years old,  
my daddy told me  
something important.  
He said, "Cassie,  
nobody is born lucky...  
not you, not no one."  
Shit.  
You've gotta make your own luck.  
It was the last conversation  
we ever had.  
Six months later  
he was killed in prison.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
Can... can I use your cell phone?  
My, uh... my car broke down  
and I just need to call someone.  
Sorry, l... I can't.  
Look, uh...  
I'll give you some money  
for the call.  
I just need to use the phone.  
Fuck.  
Quick, get in. Get in!

Duck down.  
Don't let him see you.  
Hey, Banger.  
We almost didn't make it.  
No? Why's that?  
Some faggot almost  
t- boned us off the 170.  
Oh. You made it, right?  
It's all there.  
Of course it is.  
Even a dipshit like you  
wouldn't try to fuck over  
the old man.  
If Grayson tried to fuck you,  
you'd be fucked.  
Just like Christmas.  
We all good?  
We're all good.  
See you next time.  
Hey, one more thing.  
Oh, shit.  
- Now that was easy.  
- Let's go.  
Holy shit.  
Here, looks like you need it.  
Don't worry, it's on me.  
Where in the fuck  
are all my girls tonight?  
Where's Cassie?  
Ohio, I think.  
Ted said her car broke down  
or something.  
You know what?  
That figures.  
Cindy's out with a sick kid.  
Louise has a broken nail  
or God knows what.  
Everybody has got something.  
They all bitch about how  
they want to make money,  
but nobody  
just wants to come in  
and fucking work.  
You have one new message.

First message.

Cassie, it's Kyla.

I tried your cell,

but there wasn't any answer.

Listen, Howie's pitching a fit about  
not having enough girls here tonight.

So if you're back,

we'll waive the house fee

if you come on in. Thanks.

Yeah, waive all you want, Howie.

Cassie's got

a long walk home.

Hi, Howie.

Mmmm.

Bourbon straight up, please.

Oh, listen!

You know who the guy

in the brown jacket is, right?

Serena's ex.

Guys, the one that

messed her up real bad.

That's the guy?

- You're sure?

- Yeah.

He beat prison too.

Uncle's got, I don't know,

connections or something.

- Okay. Who's Serena?

- Howie, she worked here.

No?

Okay, your brother's

brain is shot.

No. He only remembers

the girls he got to fuck.

Oh, not necessarily.

Sometimes I don't

remember them either.

Well, she only worked twice

before he put her in the hospital.

He... he hit her in the...

in the... what's...

what's that called right here?

- Kidney?

- Yes.

Yes. She had to have surgery and everything.

- That fucking prick.

- Hey yeah, no kidding, huh?

I hate him.

Holy fuck.

Okay. Okay, calm down.

Okay, calm down.

Calm down.

No one fucking saw me.

Ah! That frigging shit doesn't work.

Okay, you're in control.

You're in control.

See ya.

Bang.

Holy shit.

Holy motherfucking shit.

Meth.

Have you ever seen so much fucking money at one time, Lucky?

Neither have I.

Fucking Jack.

Of course.

Cassie!

Cassie!

- Hey, what's up?

- You okay?

Yeah. Why?

The fucking television.

That motherfucker!

The booze is gone too and so is the coffee maker.

Damn it. I should've known that he'd pull something like this.

I could fucking kill that guy.

So wait, I take it you two broke up again?

For good this time.

If he even steps inside this house, I'll have his ass thrown in jail.

I can't believe he took the coffee maker.

He doesn't even drink coffee.

He only did it  
'cause he knows you do.  
Of course he did.  
I can go get you a new one.  
Drug store has some.  
I don't think they have timers though.  
But it'll get you  
through tomorrow.  
Uh, no. It's okay.  
Are you sure?  
I can do that for you.  
I know that coffee helps you.  
Jade, I said it's fine, okay?  
Let's go in your bed and celebrate.  
I've been thinking about you all day.  
Celebrate? Celebrate what?  
Celebrate what?  
The good riddance of Jack.  
Oh.  
Yeah, actually,  
I'm feeling kind of tired.  
We can celebrate tomorrow.  
But I want to do it now.  
Please.  
I know exactly what you need.  
Eh, tomorrow.  
Good night.  
Fine.  
- So they're dead?  
- All dead...  
both the brothers and the pretty boy  
with the pick-up.  
So where's my money?  
Missing, along  
with the dirt in Billy's car.  
I assume you are on this.  
You assume correctly.  
- - Thank you, Roddy.  
- You're welcome, sir.  
\$90,000.  
So with the meth,  
if that's worth \$90,000 too,  
that's \$180,000.  
Mon amour.

Would you like another  
glass of champagne?

Oui.

You know,  
sipping champagne  
with such a beautiful woman...

I must be  
the luckiest guy in the world, no?

I guess I just chose  
the perfect time  
to come to Paris.

I know, Lucky.

You want to see the real one.

But don't worry.

Mommy's got  
a plan to get us there.

Did you get a new car?

Actually, I was gonna  
tell you about that.

I need to get rid of it.

Whose is it?

I'm not sure.

Um, didn't you say  
that you knew a guy  
who could take care of that though?

- How'd you get it?

- Oh, just sort of fell into my lap.

What is that guy's name?

Remember?

You told me  
he buys pre-owned cars.

He's always wanting  
to talk about his problems.

- Oh, yeah. Garrett.

- Yes. Garrett.

Why are you being  
all super secretive about the car?

I'm not.

I feel like you're keeping secrets  
from me again, Cassie.

Jade, I'm not.

I told you that I would  
never keep secrets  
from you again.



And l... and I meant that.  
It's just that...  
I was dancing up in Columbus  
and Jack just kinda  
stranded me there.  
And so one of the other girls  
in the club gave me this car.  
Only it belongs to her ex.  
Oh, I see.  
So she stole it from her ex?  
Exactly.  
I told her I'd get rid of it,  
so she let me use it.  
- Trade off.  
- Okay.  
Yeah, sure.  
No problem.  
I'll ask Garrett  
to get rid of it.  
Too bad though.  
It's such a nice car.  
Yeah. But the sooner we can  
get it out of the garage,  
the better.  
So when do you think  
that you'll see him again?  
He'll probably stop by  
tonight at some point.  
Great. Good.  
'Cause the sooner the better.  
Uh, the keys  
are in the glove box.  
Oh, shit.  
What time is it?  
I have a pedicure  
in like 15 minutes.  
Okay, listen.  
Don't worry.  
I'm gonna promise you that things  
are gonna get taken care of, okay?  
And, um, you can use my car  
till you get a new one.  
Thanks, Jade.  
You're welcome.

Well, that's taken care of.  
Whoever this is, I hope  
that you're calling to say  
that Jack is dead and that  
you found his cell phone.  
Good. You're alive.  
I was beginning to get worried.  
Oh, I'm sure you were racked with worry  
as you were stealing half my shit.  
Look, you know how I get  
when I'm pissed.  
So just let me  
make it up to you, okay?  
I'm gonna bring  
everything back.  
And, you know, I'll take you  
somewhere nice this weekend.  
- Want to go up to the cabin?  
- Really?  
Oh, how romantic.  
I hate the cabin.  
And you know what, Jack?  
Fuck you!  
We're done!  
Cass, don't say shit  
you don't mean right now.  
Oh, I mean it.  
And you know what, Jack?  
You can keep everything.  
And do you want to know why?  
'Cause I have your watch.  
Okay...  
You mean the one my brother  
gave me before I left for Iraq?  
Yeah, I just picked it up  
at the repair shop.  
It's working great now.  
Cassie, I swear,  
if you do anything to that watch,  
you know, any...  
Jack, you can have it back.  
Just keep an eye out for it on eBay.  
Adios, fucker.  
Damn it!

I miss that fucking  
bitch already, you know?  
Okay, don't smile please.  
One more.  
So I just take these  
to the passport office?  
Yeah, you'll give 'em those  
along with your paperwork.  
Cool.  
How long does it take  
to get a passport, do you know?  
Six weeks.  
- Are you fucking kidding me?  
- Well, you can pay for a rush.  
You get 'em in 48 hours,  
but it costs quite a bit extra.  
Thank God.  
You're welcome.  
Yeah, well, there's a first class seat  
on the France Air flight, right?  
Yeah, sure.  
I can hold.  
Hey, listen. Mommy's got  
to go into work tonight  
to get some things  
from the locker.  
But I'm gonna try and come  
home early so you and I  
can start packing for...  
Oh, that's great.  
Yeah yeah.  
Just use that same  
credit card I gave you before.  
Oh, and by the way,  
I can take a lizard  
on the plane, right?  
Ah, perfect. Yeah.  
Thanks so much.  
Okay, bye.  
See ya later, Lucky.  
Hey, Cassie.  
Are you quitting or what?  
Uh no, I just wanted to take  
some of these things home.

Oh. Well, Howie wants  
to talk to you real quick.  
Oh, okay.  
Yeah, I'll be right there.  
Kyla, it's a shower.  
It looks like a shower.  
What else does it look like  
besides a shower?  
Hey, How.  
You need something?  
Yeah. Listen, Destiny's  
getting that funky implant fixed.  
Can you work a double  
on Friday and Saturday?  
I think you owe me.  
Sure.  
- What's that?  
- Well, what does it look like?  
It's a goddamn shower.  
- God!  
- Howie's a creative genius.  
Somebody's gotta do something  
to make money around here.  
And God knows, it's not you girls.  
And speaking of...  
thank you very much  
for showing up for work today,  
by the way.  
Oh.  
Is that a new outfit?  
Yeah.  
Got it last week.  
Oh, and I brought you a gift.  
Aww, gee, that's sweet, but uh,  
- I think I'll keep my Rolex.  
- Oh.  
So you want to put  
a shower on the stage?  
Mmm-hmm!  
Then all the horny guys  
can watch you girls  
just soap each other up.  
It's gonna be great.  
- - The murder of a...

- - Turn that up.

His body was found outside  
his home early this morning.  
The victim has been identified  
as 57-year-old George Ramos  
owner of a topless bar  
downtown.

Police have not yet  
named a suspect in the case.  
I told you that was the fuckin' guy.

The one selling pics  
of underage girls?

Yeah yeah.

Some of these girls he was  
taking pictures of were 13.  
Sad day for the pedophiles.

Hey, blondie...

you gonna shake  
your money-maker today or what?

Because the truth is,  
you're still on my shit list  
for taking so much time off.  
Don't take it personally, Howie.  
You're just not her type.

Cassie?

Please. I would  
have to be brain damaged  
to put up  
with that much drama.

I actually feel sorry  
for her boyfriend.

Oh!

I told you that it was Ramos  
that got whacked.

So I think you owe me...

\$10.

Save it for your shower.

Thank you.

So one of your sources  
has come through?

He thinks he spotted

Billy's car

out at a gentlemen's

establishment out in Coolville.

Good.

I wish you luck, Roddy.

I appreciate it, sir.

I will keep you apprised.

That's a damn fine martini.

Uh, sorry,

that seat's taken.

What's the matter, Cassie?

Usually, you're out there  
hustling the pants off these guys.

I'm just so tired  
of all these losers.

American men are  
all the same, you know?

They're not all bad.

Thanks. And if you come back,  
my name's Harmony.

- Uh, Har... Harmony?

- Yeah?

Can I buy you a drink?

No.

I have regulars waiting.

You can buy me one.

If you ask 'em to buy 'em a drink,  
aren't you supposed to say yes?

'Cause I'm a client.

I'm a paying client.

Hey, you... if I wanted girls  
to blow me off,

I'd go to a regular bar,  
you know?

Harmony is a bitch.

Like that to everyone, seriously.

Just don't sweat it.

You're prettier anyway.

I only come here  
to see you.

Listen, I was wondering  
if you could do me a little favor.

If you're gonna ask me to marry you,  
it had better be on one knee.

You're cute,

but I do better on both.

What kind of favor?

If it's sexual, I can assure you  
I'm the right man for the job.  
Well, remember that one time  
when you were telling me about...  
about your brother?  
Well, there's this car  
that needs to disappear.  
Could you or could he maybe  
make that happen...  
tonight?  
That depends.  
What are you gonna do for me?  
What would you like me  
to do for you?  
- I bet you can guess.  
- Give me a hint.  
What's something  
you've never done before?  
I bet you you've done everything.  
Mm-hmm.  
And I like everything too.  
Do you, uh, like other girls?  
Do you like her?  
Cassie? Who wouldn't?  
Okay.  
Name the place and time.  
- Tonight.  
- Where?  
- My place?  
- Motel down the street.  
Well, hell, I don't care.  
I'd watch you two go at it  
in a pile of horse shit  
and still get off.  
I'll be right back.  
Hey, okay, so I talked to car guy.  
And he said he can  
get rid of it for us,  
but he wants us to do  
a show in exchange.  
All right. But if he wants  
to get laid, it's on you.  
I don't want to fuck him either.  
Well, then who else are we

gonna find to do this?  
I need that car gone.  
Please.  
I don't know what else  
I'm gonna do.  
Okay. Okay.  
If he wants to fuck,  
I'll take one for the team,  
but only because  
we don't have a choice.  
I knew I could  
count on you, Jade.  
Tell him yes.  
Okay, good.  
I'll go give him the keys.  
He's gonna do it right now.  
Oh, wait wait.  
Don't tell that creep where we live.  
I don't need to,  
it's in the lot.  
What? You... you mean  
the car's here?  
Yeah, I drove it.  
Jade, are you fucking crazy?  
Why would you do that? I told you  
not to drive the car anywhere.  
You told me not to drive it around.  
I mean, I'm brought it straight here.  
Fuck!  
Are you a complete idiot?  
Listen, you borrowed my car  
to run errands this morning.  
Yeah, but I thought you'd take  
a cab or get a ride with someone,  
- not drive the fucking car!  
- Don't worry, okay?  
It's not like a guy in Columbus  
is gonna find it  
all the way down here.  
Seriously.  
Just relax. In two minutes  
this won't be our problem anymore, okay?  
Seriously, Cassie, it's fine.  
Just do a couple shots



or something.  
Okay.  
Now where the fuck did  
that little trick hide my watch?  
So once I'm done  
I'll head over to the motel,  
get ready for you girls  
to come over.  
Is that a "herpe" on your lip?  
No. I cut myself shaving.  
Cassie's cool with it.  
We'll be there around 12:00.  
What name  
will the room be under?  
John Trois.  
Okay, just make sure  
you take care of the car  
or it's gonna be John Uno.  
Okay?  
John Trois's got  
everything under control.  
See you at midnight.  
Fuck.  
Where did she put it?  
Good Lord.  
Where did all this come from?  
Okay.  
It... it can't be real.  
Okay.  
No, that smells like I am  
the luckiest  
motherfucking guy on...  
If you tell her, I'm gonna  
rip your fuckin' head off.  
But I'm not leaving  
without my damn watch.  
Get in the trunk, please.  
I said please.  
We better roll.  
He's probably there by now.  
Yeah. Ready when you are.  
Mmm. Hey hey  
hey hey hey hey.  
Hey.

Where are you guys going?  
It's not even 12:00.  
Midnight Mass.  
That's very funny.  
Don't be a smart ass.  
Listen, we have something to do.  
We'll just... we'll be in tomorrow.  
- Don't worry.  
- Don't worry?  
Girls, I'm trying  
to run a business here.  
- Give me a break.  
- Night, Howie.  
Howie.  
Bitches.  
- Where are they going?  
- Oh, who knows.  
Cassie was acting  
kind of weird tonight.  
They're up to something.  
Well, of course they're up to something.  
They're hustlers.  
They're little bitches.  
What are you talking about?  
Sir, I will repeat myself  
only once.  
What are you talking about?  
If you're gonna be so rude  
as to not give me an answer,  
- I too can be rude.  
- Please.  
I don't know what you're  
talking about or who you are.  
Where's the money?  
I don't know anything  
about any money.  
Yes, you do.  
The money and the drugs  
disappeared with the car.  
Lucky for me,  
the car has been found.  
I'm one for three.  
L... no no...  
I repeat,

the car's here.  
The drugs and the money are not.  
L... l... I never...  
I never had 'em.  
Should I move to the knee?  
I swear! I swear!  
I didn't take anything.  
Somebody gave me the car to get rid of.  
- Who?  
- A girl.  
A stripper at that club.  
Well, please tell me her name.  
Her name?  
Harmony.  
Her name's Harmony.  
Harmony?  
You lying to me?  
No. I swear.  
I swear to God.  
She gave me the car.  
That wasn't  
that hard now, was it?  
He never checked in.  
I don't know what's going on.

**It's almost 1:**

supposed to be here by 12:00.  
Maybe he's still dealing  
with the car. I don't...  
Fuck. So?  
What do you want to do,  
go home?  
I guess.  
I asked you  
to help me get rid of the car.  
And if Garrett isn't reliable,  
you should have told me that.  
Cassie, the car is gone.  
It wasn't in the lot.  
That means he took it.  
And that's another thing.  
What kind of dumb shit  
drives a stolen car  
to where she works?

Okay.

What is the big deal?

Seriously. I feel like there's  
more to this stolen car  
- than what you're telling me.

- No, there isn't.

Then why are you so pissed?

Why am I pissed?

'Cause you drive me crazy.

'Cause I'm sick of you.

I'm sick of you being  
two inches away from me  
24 hours a day.

I am sick of your  
stupid questions  
and having to pretend  
like I give a shit  
about your stupid problems.  
Cassie, don't even say that.

Why wouldn't I say it?

It's the truth.

You don't have anything else  
in your life but me...  
no goals, no dreams,  
just this pathetic obsession  
to make me happy all the time.  
Presenting a new act at Tease.

Let's welcome Misty  
to the center stage.

Oh great, Romeo stopped by.

"Sorry for being an asshole."

What happened in Columbus, Cass?

It's like you came back  
a completely different person  
than the one I fell in love with.

When you started at the club  
two years ago  
you didn't know anyone.

- I was your only friend.

- Give it a rest.

I helped you with your bills  
when you got sick.

I paid for our trip to Florida  
all by myself.

I was even cool about you  
letting Jack stay here  
even though I know  
he was the one  
that stole my bracelet that one time.  
I helped you.  
Enough!  
Yes...  
you're a fucking saint.  
God is gonna come down  
from Heaven  
and pin some fucking  
angel wings on your back!  
What can I get ya?  
- Bottle of water, please.  
- Here you go.  
I'm looking for a dancer  
named Harmony.  
- Is she here?  
- Nope. Gone already.  
That'll be \$5 for the water,  
unless you'd like me to start a tab.  
- Where does she live?  
- She lives at 2525...  
None of Your Freakin'  
Business Lane.  
I'd like to pay for the water.  
- Why are you doing this?  
- Because you're nothing, Jade.  
You're gonna be a stripper  
for the rest of your life  
in some shit little club  
falling in love  
with some other woman  
who treats you  
just as shitty as I do.  
Some other woman?  
Are you leaving me?  
I'm not like you.  
You don't deserve  
anything more than this.  
I do.  
I've waited  
my whole life to be happy...

and nobody is going to take  
that away from me.

You're right.

You're nothing like me.

Come in.

- Are you Howie the owner?

- That's right.

If you're here to complain  
about the cover charge,  
we don't give refunds  
and I do not comp drinks.

I, um, apologize  
for the interruption.

I need the address  
of one of your dancers.

Yes, I'm sure that you do.

We don't give out  
that information.

I think you can,  
you're just not willing to.

Sir...

...as their employer,  
if you tell me the name of the girl  
that you're interested in,  
I would be happy to tell you  
when she's scheduled to work next.

But you need to understand  
that we keep their  
private information private  
for their protection.

Now if they  
want to be dumbasses  
and give out their numbers  
on their own,  
then hey,  
whatever happens happens, right?

Do you know  
who Mr. Grayson is?

Yes, I've...

I've heard of him, yes.

How would you like me  
to call him  
and tell him that you  
were uncooperative?

Fuck.  
Who are you looking for?  
Harmony.  
And what did she do?  
She took something  
that didn't belong to her.  
Fuck.  
What did she take?  
Something that didn't  
belong to her.  
I don't suppose  
that it would be possible  
for me to make restitution?  
326 East Maple,  
apartment 12.  
That's the only address I have.  
I know I'm probably  
stating the obvious.  
You should not  
be calling Harmony tonight  
and neither should  
anybody else here.  
Aww, two more days, Lucky.  
Can we put up with all this bullshit  
for two more days?  
Not our problem.  
We're not gonna  
have any more problems.  
Don't worry about Jade.  
Once we're gone,  
she'll come in here  
and lie down on the bed  
and bawl her eyes out.  
Then she'll find the note  
that I'm gonna leave  
telling her where the meth is.  
She's so stupid, she probably won't  
even know what the fuck to do with it.  
Oh.  
Take it all away.  
Oh, fuck 'em all.  
I was hoping you'd  
call with good news.  
I have an address.

I'll fill you in once everything's  
been taken care of.  
Good night, Roddy.  
Close up for me, will ya?  
What the fuck?  
Morning, sunshine.  
Get the hell out of my bed now.  
Listen, I know you love me  
and I'm tired of fighting,  
so I'm just gonna...  
Now, before I call the cops!  
And what, honey?  
Are you gonna turn this into another  
- little domestic situation for us?  
- Get the hell out!  
We will never ever ever  
be together again.  
Yes, we will.  
You want to know why?  
'Cause you and me, we're gonna  
open up a body shop together.  
- What are you talking about?  
- 90 grand goes a long way.  
Oh my God!  
- Where is it?  
- Don't get all stressed out, kitty cat.  
It's in a safe place.  
So what do you say  
you and me,  
we go out and get a coffee,  
talk about my business plan?  
No, you give me  
that money back now  
or I swear to God  
I'll cut your balls off.  
- What are you looking for?  
- Scissors!  
I earned that money!  
It's mine!  
Like hell, you did.  
Don't be so angry.  
We can turn that 90-thou  
into half a mill  
if we play it right.



I don't want half a mill.  
I just want my fucking cash.  
But this is what  
we've been waiting for.  
Get our own little business  
just for us.  
It's gonna be perfect!  
Why does this shit  
always happen to me?!

Cass, I don't even need to know  
where you got the money.  
It's in the past.  
All I care about is the future,  
you know?  
Our future.  
This is a really  
great opportunity for us  
- if we can only be smart about it.  
- Okay.

So I guess I just don't  
have a choice then.  
No.  
No, you really don't.  
But if you did,  
would you really choose  
not to be with me?  
It's been "Jack and Cass"  
for a long time now.  
Cass?  
Look, I know  
we have our problems,  
but all couples do.  
Look at Jeff and Maria. She fucking  
stabbed him for Christ's sake.  
We're doing  
way better than them.  
I tried to stab you once.  
Don't you remember?  
Yeah, but I didn't need stitches  
or anything, so it doesn't count.  
You still love me, right?  
- Right?  
- Of course I love you.  
There.

I knew you did.  
But I want to hear you say it.  
- I love you.  
- Say that your love me.  
You heard me the first time.  
I cannot believe  
that we're gonna  
open up our own body shop.  
That's what you want to do  
with the money, open up a body shop?  
Yes.  
And I know what I'm gonna call it too.  
Check this out. Get up.  
Okay.  
"Dr. Jack's Car Emergency Room."  
Dr. Jack's...  
is that fucking cool or what?  
Huh?  
Listen.  
We might not want  
to tell anyone about the money.  
Someone might be  
looking for it.  
- Okay.  
- So we can keep this on the down-low?  
Yeah. Yeah, no no.  
That makes sense.  
I can keep my mouth shut  
for you, no problem.  
Shhh.  
Yeah, me too.  
Awesome. Cool.  
Okay.  
Well, I'll give you a call  
when I get home from the gym.  
Okay, bye.  
Surprise.  
So you think  
it's a good name?  
'Cause you know,  
the "Dr. Jack" thing goes along  
the "Emergency Room" thing, but...  
well, do you get it?  
Yeah. Sounds great.

See, I want to hire  
a hot receptionist  
to walk around in like  
one of those little nurse outfits and...

- we could hire you!

- Jack.

- What are you doing?

- Just having...

I'm just having some doughnuts.

Do you want some?

L... I mean,

I didn't think that we were  
gonna talk about the shop  
until it could actually  
become a reality.

But sweetie,  
it's just Jade.

She's not gonna  
say anything to anybody, right?

So I see you two  
worked your little issues out.

Oh, Jesus Christ.

So how did you  
get this money anyway?

Was it in the stolen car?

- - What stolen car?

- Oh, it's a big secret.

I'm too annoying to be honest with.

I have no goals or dreams.

- You don't have dreams?

- She doesn't think so.

Do you?

- You hate me, remember?

- Aw, you don't hate Jade.

- Just tell her, all right?

- Shut up!

Both of you!

The next person  
to ask me a fucking question  
gets their fucking  
tongue ripped out!

- She doesn't hate you.

- Yeah, well, I hate her.

And I hate sharing

my doughnuts.  
I don't know anything  
about this Garrett guy.  
I don't know anything  
about stolen money.  
If this is just about money,  
my boyfriend is loaded.  
You can have  
whatever you want.  
I don't want your  
boyfriend's money, Harmony.  
I want information.  
I told you everything,  
I swear.  
I don't know anything.  
I've seen this guy in the club.  
That's all I know about him.  
I'm gonna give you  
to the count of three.  
One...  
I don't know anything, I swear!  
Two...  
It wasn't me.  
Maybe it was Jade.  
Jade's a dancer here.  
She's with Garrett.  
I've seen her with him.  
- Jade?  
- Yeah.  
- Jade.  
- Tell me about Jade.  
She's petite.  
She has big eyes.  
She has dark hair.  
She has bangs.  
She... she rooms  
with another dancer  
here named Cassie.  
And was Cassie working  
two nights ago?  
L... I don't know.  
I don't remember.  
She goes away  
on the weekends to Columbus

'cause she gets more money  
when she dances there.  
Well, um, Harmony,  
you have been  
a much bigger help  
than I'd be.  
Oh, no.  
Oh, no. No.  
Why are you being so freaky today?  
You worried those bad guys are gonna  
come looking for their money?  
Yeah, me too.  
But you know what?  
I got my passport  
and by this time on Wednesday,  
we'll be drinking Dom Prignon  
in fabulous "Par-ee."  
Yeah, that's how  
they say it there.  
"Par-ee."  
Not Paris.  
French is tricky.  
But first...  
we gotta take care of Jack.  
And I think I've got  
an idea for that.  
We've just gotta wait  
for Howie to get in.  
Oh, Jade.  
I have really fucking bad news.  
- What?  
- Garrett's dead.  
They found his body at an industrial  
area some time this morning next to...  
A certain car.  
What?  
One of the girls told me  
when I got here, Cassie.  
- What's going on?  
- Shit.  
Tell me.  
Does this have to do with him  
or with the car?  
Because I need to know.

Just don't tell anyone  
about the car, okay?  
Not even Kyla. I'll explain  
everything when I get there.  
Did we get Garrett killed?  
Just act normal  
and I'll see you in a bit.  
Hey, Kyla.  
Is Howie in yet?  
- Yeah, he's in his office.  
- Thanks.  
Hey, is everything okay?  
Yeah.  
Why?  
- Just a feeling.  
- I'm fine.  
Yeah, come in.  
Cassie, whatever it is,  
you better fucking  
be coming to work tonight.  
I'll be back at 8:00.  
Good. So what do you want?  
L... I just wanted to tell you  
what a great boss you are.  
- Get the fuck out.  
- Okay okay.  
I have a business  
proposition for you.  
You want me  
to do business with you?  
Right.  
Why are you so moody? You don't  
even want to hear what I have to say?  
Sure, Cass. Why not?  
Entertain me.  
I need you to do a favor for me.  
And if you can pull it off,  
in return, I'll give you  
a shitload of this.  
- Crystal?  
- Yeah.  
You can cut it,  
sell it, snort it,  
stick it up your ass...

I don't care.  
There's a lot more  
where that came from.  
- How much more?  
- A lot.  
Cut, about 90k worth.  
- Hey, sis, what's up?  
- The girl from Cleveland's here.  
Did you want to check her out?  
Yeah, tell her  
I'll be there in a sec, okay?  
And where are you  
gonna get that much dirt?  
That's not important.  
What's important is whether or not  
you can do what I need you to do.  
Okay. What do you  
need me to do?  
Do you remember  
my ex-boyfriend Jack?  
Oh, so he's ex now?  
Yes, I do remember him.  
He stole some money  
from a friend of mine  
and I need you  
to get it back for me.  
A friend, huh?  
Well, if it's a friend, why don't you  
just get it back yourself?  
Because I don't know  
where he's keeping it  
and that's where you come in.  
I'm going to convince him  
to bring it to you.  
How are you gonna do that?  
Jack wants to open up  
a body shop.  
So all you have to do  
is pretend  
that you have a cousin  
who's going to sell one.  
And then what?  
And then when he comes  
with the cash,

you...  
are going to take a gun...  
and you're  
gonna take it back.  
See? Easy.  
You think you can handle that?  
Yeah. Yeah, I can handle it.  
But don't you think  
that Jack...  
is gonna be  
a little pissed off?  
So what if he is?  
He can't do  
anything about it.  
It wasn't his money  
to begin with.  
Okay.  
If you fuck me on this,  
you will regret it.  
Okay, we're done.  
Jack.  
Hey, sweetie,  
what are you doing here?  
I just... I was so excited,  
I couldn't wait.  
- I've got terrific news.  
- What?  
- What?  
- I was telling Howie  
how we want  
to open up a body shop.  
- Yeah.  
- Turns out, his cousin  
has one that he's  
trying to unload, fully equipped.  
Are you kidding me?  
How much?  
\$120,000 but he thinks he can get him  
to come down in price for me.  
Cassie, that is awesome.  
- When can I see?  
- Well, that's the thing.  
He won't show us  
the actual place



until we can show him  
that we have the cash  
to make the deal.  
Okay. That figures.  
So I was thinking, since I'm going  
into work anyways tonight,  
maybe I could take the money  
and show Howie  
and you know, get the ball  
rolling a little quicker.  
Nice try, princess.  
Tell you what. I'll bring the money  
in to Howie myself.  
Okay? When I'm done here,  
I will go down.  
Okay.  
See you tonight.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
So you're ready to make that leap  
and own your place, huh?  
More than ready, man.  
That's great.  
You bring the cash?  
All the proof your cousin needs  
is right here.  
Let's see it.  
- What do you think?  
- L... I don't understand.  
Okay.  
That is me right there, \$90,000.  
And if you look real close  
you can tell that that's today's paper.  
It's proof that I have cash.  
Tell your cousin  
that Cass and I are serious  
about buying  
the shop off him.  
When he's ready to make a deal,  
you just let me know.  
Cool?  
Oh, hey, have you...  
have you seen Cass?  
Um...

1... I think she, uh...  
I think she might have gotten  
a bite to eat with one of the girls.  
All right.  
When you do see her,  
will you let her know  
that I'm out shopping  
for one of them doctor's coats.  
Don't worry.  
She'll know what I mean.  
That's yours.  
You can keep that.  
Thank you.  
Fuck!  
Well, I guess he's  
a little smarter than you thought.  
It's his dad's cabin.  
I recognize the room.  
Okay, that's where he's keeping it.  
Whoa whoa whoa.  
- Where do you think you're going?  
- To get my money. Where do you think?  
Cassie, I still get my share.  
I did my part.  
- Sure. You'll get it.  
- Don't fucking do that, Cassie!  
I am not gonna  
forget about this.  
I'm sorry I was  
such a bitch earlier.  
What about Garrett?  
Huh? Is somebody gonna come  
after us because of that car?  
And what is this money  
that Jack is talking about?  
Somebody is gonna  
want that back, Cassie.  
No. No.  
I'm not gonna  
let anyone hurt you.  
You just have to trust me.  
Can you do that?  
Yeah.  
I've got to take care

of all this shit right now.  
Can I borrow your car?  
And don't even ask  
where I'm going  
'cause the less you know,  
the better.  
Okay?  
If you leave before I come back,  
just take a cab  
and I'll pay for it, okay?  
Cassie.  
Be careful, okay?  
I'll be fine.  
You're back.  
What, you need another address?  
- I'm looking for Cassie.  
- She isn't here.  
- How about Jade?  
- She's over there.  
The one with the bangs.  
Thank you.  
- - Howie.  
- - Huh?  
What the hell were you and Cassie  
talking about earlier?  
Oh, we were just talking  
about some business stuff. Why?  
'Cause he was  
asking about her.  
- Oh, shit.  
- What did she drag you into?  
Oh, fuck.  
Howie?  
Shit!  
Cassie! Cass!  
Oh, God.  
Get off me!  
I love when you  
pull this shit.  
Hmm?  
- What?!  
- Get the fuck off me.  
No can do, firecracker.  
This is why you and me

work so good together, baby!  
Man, I missed you.  
What's your real name, Jade?  
Jade.  
Sure, it is.  
Why do guys always  
want to know our real names?  
I mean, as far as I'm concerned,  
it ruins the fantasy.  
And what is your fantasy, Jade?  
Why don't you buy a dance  
and I'll whisper it in your ear?  
The problem is that  
when people get  
swept up by a fantasy,  
sometimes they make  
bad decisions.  
And sooner or later,  
the fantasy ends  
and they have to come back  
to the real world.  
They have to pay  
for their mistakes.  
It's very sad  
that you feel that way  
because I've seen  
fantasies come true.  
Even the really really  
naughty ones.  
Would you like me  
to give you a dance?  
- You didn't miss me?  
- Not for a single second.  
Why? Huh?  
Just 'cause I didn't ask you  
what you wanted to do with the money?  
Besides stealing it  
away from me.  
I can guess.  
You've been talking  
about going to Paris since we met.  
Not just since you met me,  
my whole life.  
What is it, huh,

you and France?

Well, my dad visited there once.

- Uh-huh.

- His mother was born there.

- Uh-huh.

- There was an old photo of them  
standing in front

of the Palace at Versailles.

But I don't know where it went.

I went through

all my mother's things

after she died,

but it was gone.

Wait, Cass.

Okay, let's do it.

Go to Paris.

- What?

- You and me, fuck the body shop.

We'll move to France.

You... you mean the two of us?

Yeah.

I know a thing or two

about how the French kiss, at least.

Frustrated, sweetie?

Some men are assholes.

That guy that

walked out on you?

- You saw that?

- You know, he's a weirdo.

Came in here last night

asking about Harmony.

He wanted to know

where she lives.

Tonight he was asking

about you and Cassie.

He ain't sending me

good vibes.

No kidding? Like...

have you ever looked

into someone's eyes

and just... it's just like

this deep cold blackness?

Just like no soul?

- That's what his were like.

- I saw that in his eyes too.  
You know,  
last time I saw that in someone's  
eyes was with my father.  
- Your dad?  
- Mm-hmm.  
I heard a rumor.  
Can I ask you if it's true?  
Ask away.  
Did you really kill your dad?  
I heard that you shot him  
when you were 16.  
14, actually.  
What happened?  
Well...  
my mom died of cancer  
when I was 12.  
My father,  
he used to beat the shit  
out of Howie.  
Then he started coming  
into my room at night...  
you know,  
after my mom was gone.  
He was looking  
for some female attention.  
- Hmm.  
- So one night,  
Howie came home  
all hopped up on speed  
and he found Dad in my bed.  
He went off.  
Man, did he go off.  
I knew if that fight  
continued much longer...  
one of them would end up dead.  
And I wasn't  
gonna let it be Howie.  
So you basically  
had no choice.  
No, I made a choice.  
Have you ever regretted it?  
You know, I learned young...  
that some people

needed to be stopped.  
If no one else  
was gonna do it,  
I would.  
I'm not good at stopping things.  
What's Cassie gotten you into?  
You know, if you're  
in over your head...  
and you want to talk,  
I'm here.  
It's okay.  
Everything's gonna be fine.  
Cassie'll take care of it.  
She said she would.  
And she will.  
It's been a long fucking day.  
It really has.  
Hi, I'm not here. Leave a message.  
Fucking bitch blowing me off.  
Yes, hello, it's me again.  
Stop ignoring me  
and pick up your phone.  
God damn it,  
pick up your phone!  
Fuck you!  
Look at you, girl.  
You're gonna do great in France.  
You can be in charge of finding a place.  
We don't need anything fancy.  
Don't ever leave me, Cassie.  
I will never leave you, Luc.  
I can tell from that look  
that you've got something  
on your mind.  
You're part of the old life, Jack.  
I've got a plane to catch at noon.  
I don't have time  
to fuck around anymore.  
This probably not how  
your fantasy ends.  
I found this torch in your kitchen.  
Do you know that  
a butane torch like this  
can burn at 2,400 Fahrenheit?

Not only that, it can burn  
for 20 minutes at a time, Jade.  
20 minutes is a long time.  
A very long time.  
What do you want?  
I want to know  
where the money is.  
Do you know  
what I'm talking about?  
Yes, but I don't  
know where it is.  
- Say that again.  
- I don't know where it is  
or who took it.  
You see that?  
There is a direct correlation  
between this butane torch  
and wrong answers.  
I never saw the money.  
Jack took it. He was at the club  
earlier and then he left.  
I don't know.  
Maybe she went to go  
take it from him.  
I leant her...  
I leant her my car.  
That's all I know.  
I swear.  
You know what, Kyla?  
She owes me.  
We had a deal.  
And even though  
Jack didn't bring the money,  
I helped her figure out  
where it was  
and she owes me for that.  
Just calm down, Howie.  
You always get like this  
when you're high.  
Fuck that! No!  
I'm not gonna calm down!  
That was the money I was gonna use  
to buy this shower for the club.  
And I'm not just gonna let her



fuck me on this.  
I don't care who she's in with.  
They're not gonna  
fuck me either.  
Everybody's always  
trying to fuck with me.  
Well, you know, fuck them!  
I am sick of being  
the nice guy.  
Just let it go.  
I have a feeling Cassie's  
into some bad shit.  
Okay, Kyla.  
Fuck Cassie.  
Fuck that bitch.  
That meth is mine, okay?  
Do you hear me?  
She owes me.  
The meth is mine.  
Mine mine mine mine mine!  
You know what?  
If you're so cool,  
why don't you fucking  
count your money  
and you can  
shut the place up tonight.  
I know you're in there  
because all your lights are on!  
So why don't you  
open the fucking door?!  
Grab the knob,  
do me a favor and open...  
Hello.  
It's you.  
Yes. Please come in.  
It's better if you don't.  
In.  
So you here for Cassie or Jade?  
Cassie.  
That's good,  
'cause Jade's no longer with us.  
Was she meeting you here?  
Is she on her way?  
Jade was not much help

answering my litany of questions.

No, um...

she wasn't meeting me.

I thought I would, uh...

surprise her.

Well, I'm definitely surprised.

Have a seat.

I hear there's a cabin.

Okay.

I don't know

what this is all about.

And I don't want to know

what this is all about.

And I really

don't want any trouble, okay?

Oh, you think...

you think I killed Jade.

No, I did not do that.

She fell down the stairs.

You know what?

She was a sweet kid.

I didn't like her so much.

She exploited herself

for financial gain

and I don't

find that admirable.

Sure.

Do you know, in the US,

there's more guns than there are cars?

I can see why.

Guns have more personality.

Don't you think?

Look,

I just came here

to get what

Cassie promised me.

I don't want

any trouble with you

or Mr. Grayson or anybody.

And if you let me go,

I'll make it worth your while.

How are you gonna

make it worth my while?

Okay. Okay. Good.

A;  
I will never say shit about...  
this.  
And B;  
how does...  
how does 30 grand  
of white pony  
sound to you, huh?  
And where are you getting  
this 30 grand of white pony?  
I like that, by the way.  
Drugs should be fun.  
Yeah.  
Cassie. Cassie.  
And I know she's got it  
'cause she showed it to me.  
Now you let me walk out of here  
and I swear you'll  
get your cut.  
You think it's here, hidden?  
Oh, I'd bet my life on it.  
You just did.  
Hey! Hey hey hey!  
You have to cock  
the gun, asshole.  
- Hello.  
- Kyla, it's me.  
Howie, where are you?  
I'm at Cassie's.  
I just killed  
the guy from the club.  
The freaky one.  
He shot Jade,  
I shot him.  
And now I'm in her house  
with two bodies.  
And I could use just a little bit  
of your fucking help maybe!  
Shut up already.  
I'm on my way.  
Jesus Christ.  
What the fuck happened here?  
I didn't do this, he did.  
Cassie, she was like this

when I got here.  
That guy let me in.  
I came here looking for you.  
I swear.  
I swear!  
Just put the gun down.  
- Why'd you come here?  
- The meth.  
I came for the meth.  
Sweetheart, that is all I want.  
And I will be gone.  
You told him  
where we live, didn't you?  
Cassie, I didn't  
tell that guy anything.  
- You and your fucking meth.  
- Easy! Easy! Easy!  
Did you get your money?  
Okay.  
You just tell me  
where the drugs are...  
and we can  
work something out.  
We can work something out.  
I don't need a partner.  
Cassie?  
Sorry, Howie,  
but I do better on my own.  
Please.  
Okay, Lucky.  
It's time.  
Oh shit, I don't want  
to forget your food.  
What the fuck did you do?  
I- I didn't kill your brother.  
They were already dead.  
I swear to God.  
I tried to save him,  
but it was just too late.  
You lying sack of shit.  
No. No no no no.  
That guy did it.  
He killed Jade and Howie  
and he tried to kill me.

I saw him.  
I saw him with my own eyes, Kyla.  
Kyla.  
You're just like the rest.  
No.  
No better  
than the scum I get rid of.  
"Par-ee."  
# I'm #  
# Quitting you #  
# Need #  
# Something new #  
# Ah... #  
# Andy #  
# Feel me #  
# Wounded #  
# Heal me... #  
I'll call you back.  
...another entrepreneur.  
Police have identified the body  
as that of Oren Grayson,  
owner of the exclusive  
Martini Room downtown.  
A note was found near the body  
prompting officials to believe that this  
could be the work of a serial killer.  
Grayson is the third victim  
to be found  
with a note.  
In the meantime,  
detectives are looking  
for help from the public with tips  
which will be kept  
confidential and anonymous.  
Tease presents  
for your wet and wild entertainment  
Brandy and Kay.