



Scripts.com

Stuck

By John Stryzik

Brandi!

- He did it again.

- He did?

I tried helping,
but he keeps asking for you.

- Yeah, he does that.

I want Brandi!

Brandi!

I'm here, Mr. Binckley.

I'm here.

Have we been bad again?

All right. You know what to do.

Oh, Mr. Binckley!

- I want Brandi!

- I'm right here, Mr. Binckley.

I'm Brandi. You know I'm Brandi.

I'm right here.

- Mr. Binckley's all cleaned up?

- Yes, he's fine.

We're gonna have to talk to his family.

He is really becoming chronic.

No, you don't have to do that.

I'm more than happy to take care of him.

I know you are, Brandi,

but you may not have much time

to be spending on cases

like Mr. Binckley anymore.

What do you mean, Mrs. Petersen?

I'm considering making you

the new NA Captain.

- The captain of the NAs?

- Yes.

- Would you be interested?

- Yes. Very much.

I've watched you with the residents

and with the other nursing assistants

and I like what I see.

Of course, this is not an official offer,

but I wanted you to be aware

you are high on my list of possible captains.

Thank you, Mrs. Petersen.

I'll really try to do my best.

I know you will.

Then I can count on you

coming in tomorrow?

- Uh, Saturday?

- I know what day it is, Brandi.

Yes, of course, I know you do,
but I came in last Saturday.

Oh, I see.

But, no, no, no. I can come in.

It's fine. It's no problem.

Good, that's what I'm looking for.

Now, don't let me keep you.

Thank you, Mrs. Petersen.

Thank you a lot.

I'm just doing my job.

And I'm just asking for another week.

A couple of days even?

This ain't a charity ward.

Just another day.

I've got a job interview.

You vacate or I call the cops.

Your choice.

My choice?

What are you doing?

Making my choice.

Uh-uh. You don't take anything.

What?

You pay or your stuff stays.

Listen, I've got a job interview.

Can't I at least get my good clothes?

All right, all right, go ahead.

I'll wait.

- You'll wait?

- I'll wait.

I'll be right back.

Hey!

What the hell are you two doing?

Yeah, well, shove it!

I don't need it, all right?

Fucking asshole!

Shut your mouth.

Get back in your room

or I'm calling the cops.

- All right, that's it. You're out of here.

Come on.

What the hell have I got

to put up with this shit for?
Fucking asshole!
Get in here right away.
Yeah, they're on the third floor.
What the fuck are you doing?
Hey! Hey!
Get back here, you little fucker!
Get back here!
Fucking little bastard.
Stop. Stop, you little fucker!
Christ!
Fuck it.
Please, spare change?
Jesus!
Why don't you watch
where the fuck you're going, you asshole?
Hi.
Sorry about this. Couldn't get my suitcase
and get here on time.
I'm Thomas Bardo.

I have a 1:

Take a seat. Keep all that on your person.
A seat?
- But I have an appointment.
- Take a seat.

But I have a 1:

and it's 1:

Sir, I don't want to have to tell you again.
Take a seat.
- But I have...
- Sir?
All right, thank you. I'll take a seat.
Thank you.
Keep all that on your person.
I will, of course. Thank you.
Bradeau. Thomas Bradeau?
Bardo. Thomas Bardo.
This way.
Take a seat.
Hi, I'm Thomas Bardo.
Sorry about the clothes.

And how do you spell your name?

B- A-R-D-O.

Yeah, you'll probably see
that I was a project manager.
Very challenging job,
but my company decided to downsize
just before my benefits kicked in.

You know how that is.

Then the unemployment ran out.

I thought I might have
better luck in the city...

but... You know how that goes.

You know,

I can't seem to find you in the computer.

Oh?

All right, you take that, fill it out,
and mail it in.

I've already filled this out.

Well, you can't be in the computer
until you fill it out and mail it in.

But I've already mailed this in.

That's how I got the appointment.

Well, you can't have an appointment
until you're in the computer.

But I have an appointment,

it was at 1:

and I've been waiting
for three and a half hours.

But you're not in the computer.

- But...

- You're not in the computer.

So you fill out the 976,
you mail it in to me
and I will make sure
you get an appointment.

Look, Mr. Lieber, this hasn't been
a good day for me, you know.

Can't you just take my word that

I've already sent this in or put me in now...

Sir, look, if you're willing
to follow procedures, we can work with you.

If not...

It's your choice.

Well, I guess I'd better fill this out, huh?

That's the procedure.

Hey, girl.

Hey.

- What are you so happy about?

- Happy?

Yeah, you look like the cat
that got the canary.

I got some possible good news.

Oh, yeah? What?

I could use some right about now.

- I don't want to say.

- Why not?

I don't want to jinx it.

- Jinx it?

- Yeah.

I'll let you know.

Whatever, girl.

You going to HighLow tonight?

- Yeah, of course.

- That's what I'm talking about. T.G.I.F.

- Except I've got to work tomorrow.

- You do?

- Yeah.

- Why?

Petersen needed someone.

Oh, my God. Christ, girl,
you're gonna make us all look bad.

You should just tell Petersen that she needs
to get her fat ass in here and she needs...

Oh, my...

- See you tomorrow, then?

- Yes. Yes.

And, um, Tanya?

I will be coming in on Saturday.

Oh! Um...

Are you needing anyone to work tomorrow?

As a matter of fact, I do.

- Should I put you down for tomorrow?

- Sure.

Fine. We'll see you both tomorrow, then.

- Oh, my God.

- You're busted. You're busted.

- Thank you, ma'am.

- Mmm-hmm.

She's like a fucking ghost!

- I can't believe you said that.

- Oh, my God.

Shit, man.

- You think Rashid's gonna be there tonight?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Do you think he's gonna have any good X?

He's Rashid.

Cool, man, because I could really
use some tonight, girl.

I really, really could.

Don't know whether to ask you for money
or give you some.

After the day I've had,
I'll take whatever I can get.

I got just what you need.

- What is it?

- Hey.

You letting the spirits escape.

Drink it. Drink it.

- Jesus.

- Drink some more. Drink some more.

Yeah, that's the way.

Show the spirits you mean it!

That's some stuff.

That's what she said.

Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Lord.

And thank you.

Sam.

The mars called Sam.

- Tom.

- Good to know you. Good to know you.

You, too.

Are you thinking about
staying here tonight?

Well, thinking about it.

Be careful because a lot of cops come here.

There's a donut shop down there.

Hey, I ain't shitting you, man.

Fat-boys Donuts,

is the best sugar pastries in the city.

Forget about your kiss-ass creams
and all that shit.

Fatboys is the place for the best,
and cops know it.

Okay, Sam, thanks for the info.

- Another drink?

- No, thanks. No, thanks.

Hey, nice lining.

- Pardon me?

- Lining.

Plaid's my favorite color.

Yeah.

- You need wheels.

- Wheels?

- All yours.

- You don't have to.

One thing I've learned is never say no

to something free,

which ain't all that hard,

because nothing's ever really free, right?

- I'll see you later.

- Yeah.

I will see you.

Okay.

You have a good time.

- Thank you.

Thank you.

Cheers.

Hey, how you doing?

Everything all right?

Excuse me, baby.

I need to talk to your guy. Yeah.

Listen, where's my money? My money?

Rashid! Over here.

You better make sure you're easy to find.

Look at you.

Hello.

Hey, Tanya. How are you doing?

I could be doing a lot better.

That's what I'm here for.

I think I'm gonna be doing a lot better
in a little while.

Baby, open wide and trust me.

Park's closed.

- You can't sleep here.

- Yeah.

There's nobody around here.

I'm not doing anybody any harm.

- Try the Mission.

- The Mission?

On Hope Street.

Hope Street? But that's far.

That's right. Come on.

Either that or I take you in,
your choice.

Hey, don't forget your cart.

- You okay?

- Yeah.

- You want to ride with me?

- No.

This cold air is waking me up.

Let's just get back to my place.

- You got anything to drink at your place?

- Mmm...

I got a couple of beers.

I'm gonna stop

and pick something up. Okay?

All right.

Come on, start.

Hey!

- **BRANDI:**

- Hey, what's your problem?

Oh, baby.

Shit.

Should have let him take me in.

Be some place to fucking stay.

- Hello?

- Hi, it's Brandi.

Yeah, I know.

Yeah, you're going to the store, right?

Yeah.

Can you pick up some snacks,
some chips or something?

I've really got the munchies.

Honey? Honey?

Hello?

Goddamn phone.

Hey! Hey, look. That car. That car.

I know that guy. I do. He's stuck on the car.

The guy was stuck like a goddamn bug.
Calm down right now
and keep those hands above your head.
You didn't even look.
Fuck.
Help...
Help me, please.
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
- Help.
It wasrt my fault. You should have
watched where you were going.
Please help me.
I'm hurt. I'm hurt bad. Please.
- Please.
- I gotta go.
- Please.
- Yeah. Yeah, yeah.
Yeah, I will. I will. I'll get help.
I'll be right back.
- Hey, baby.
- Honey.
Whoa, baby, what's wrong? What's wrong?
Honey.
I was in an accident.
An accident? You okay?
Yeah, yeah, I'm okay, I'm okay.
But I haven't even told you yet.
I was waiting for later,
but I've been offered a new job,
an NA Captain job.
It's a big promotion. It's a lot more money.
And now this happens,
and it wasrt even my fault.
Okay, okay, okay. Wait a minute.
Just sit down, all right?
I think you really need a drink.
Here.
All right, don't look at it. Drink it.
Baby, what the fuck?
How bad was the accident?
I hit someone.
Oh, shit.
But it wasrt my fault.
Baby, it wasrt my fault.

He wasrt watching.
All right, whoa.
Slow down. Slow down. All right.
Just relax.
Have another.
There you go.
Okay, so you hit somebody. Bad?
- Yeah, bad.
- Anybody see?
- See?
- Was anybody around? Any witnesses?
No. No.
- You're sure?
- Yeah, I'm sure.
You get a look at him?
Uh...
He was a bum.
- He was a bum, a street person.
- A street person?
Yeah, he was pushing one of those things...
What? A can't? He was pushing a can't?
Yeah.
- Baby, you got nothing to worry about.
- I don't?
No. Not at all. You hit a bum.
Nobody saw. Nobody gonna give a shit.
- You think?
- Look, I know.
I've done a lot worse than that.
- A hell of a lot worse.
- You have?
Shit, I've done wasted assholes
in broad daylight and walked away from it.
It's no big deal.
Now, you were able
to drive away okay, right?
Yeah.
Shit, then you've got
nothing to worry about.
Nothing at all.
Baby, look,
you just need to relax. All right?
Open wide.
There we go.

You trust me, right?
There we go.
Let me take care of you, okay?
Cops try to pretend like they're everywhere.
Always watching.
Big bad eye in the sky.
Truth is
anybody can do anything to anyone
and get away with it.
I mean anything.
I mean, fuck,
look who's in the White House right now.
You've got nothing to worry about.
Anybody gives you any trouble,
you just tell me.
Any trouble you've got ends with me.
All right? Come here.
Oh, yeah, baby! Fuck, yeah!
Help me.
Fuck, yeah!
So you can help me, right?
Huh? Help you with what?
With this accident.
If I have any trouble with this accident.
Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, baby. No worries.
Whatever you need.
In other local news, a man
was struck by a speeding car late last night
while crossing the street.
Witnesses report that the driver of the car
did not stop after hitting the man.
Police are looking for a white male
in his early 20s
driving a red, late-model SUV.
The accident occurred around midnight
at the corner
of Atwells Avenue and Lynch Street.
The unidentified pedestrian
is in County Hospital in critical condition.
This is WJFS.
News you need when you need to know.
Princess.
- Morning.

- Good morning.
No.
Help.
Help's coming. I called.
- Don't worry.
- Help.
I called. Help's coming.
I'll be right back.
You have reached St. Alphonso's Hospital.
If you have a medical emergency,
please hang up and call 911 now.
For instructions in English, press one.
Please select now
from one of the following six options.
For emergency room services, press one.
For patient information and directions,
press two.
For pharmacy, press three.
For ability to pay, A-P-P, O-R-S-A,
and billing inquiries, press four.
For human resources, press five.
For appointments, press six.
To repeat this message,
press the pound key.
Information. What city, please?
Providence. Coastal Cab.
That your car?
Yes.
Sounds like the alarm's screwing up.
Want me to take a look at it?
I used to install those things.
No. Thanks. Can you wait?
Your nickel.
Car alarms, useless crap.
Stop it!
Help's coming. I told you!
You have to stop this.
Will you stop it?
I said stop it!
- You fix it?
- Huh?
- Car alarm?
- Oh, yes. Yes.
You okay?

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, I'm fine. I'm fine. Why?

Well, you look...

Look, I can take a look at it if you like?

No, no, no, no.

No, I'm late. For work. Come on.

So, where do you work again?

Mr. Binckley.

Come on. I got you.

- Where's Brandi?

- I'm right here. I'm Brandi.

- I want Brandi.

- I'm right here.

Do we have to go potty?

- Brandi?

Brandi.

Gloria will take Mr. Binckley.

- But...

- I'd like to talk to you.

Brandi?

Brandi is busy. Do we have to go poo-poo?

Walk with me.

- This just won't do.

- I'm sorry?

You know I'd like to promote you.

- I'd like to give you more responsibilities.

I want Brandi!

Yes, of course,

and I look forward to it.

I really do, Mrs. Petersen.

I'm grateful for it.

- Then this just won't do, will it?

- I'm sorry.

I can't have my NA captain coming in late,
even on the weekends. It just won't do.

- I agree. I agree.

- You agree?

- Yes.

- But you were almost an hour late.

Well, because of my car. Um...

- I'm having problems with my car.

- Your car?

Yeah, it's been acting up lately
and I had to take a cab.

- I'm really not near any bus stops.

- You could have called.

If you want more responsibilities,
you need to stay on top of things.

Yes, I agree.

But you didn't.

- I didn't?

- Call.

You didn't call.

Are you all right?

Yes! Yes, I'm fine.

I had to wait outside for a cab.

- I know that's really not an excuse...

- Don't you have a cell?

- A cell phone?

- Yes, of course.

If you have a cell phone,
why didn't you use it?

Um...

My God, I left it in my car.

- Gloria, have you seen Tanya?

- Tanya?

- Yeah, I need to see her.

- Yeah, I just saw her.

I think she's with Mrs. Pashkowitz.

- Mrs. Pashkowitz?

- Yeah.

Where?

- Are you okay?

- Of course, yes.

- You don't look good.

- No. It, um...

Mrs. Petersen wanted me
to tell Tanya something
and I forgot and it's important.

Well, like I said,

I think she's with Mrs. Pashkowitz.

- In her room?

- Yeah.

- Where is that again?

- Upstairs.

Thanks.

Oh, God.

Now this should stop

that sock ripping incident
shouldn't it, Mrs. Pashkowitz? Huh?
Tanya!
Oh, my God. Jesus Christ, Brandi!
Mrs. Pashkowitz.
- Is she okay?
- I don't know.
Are you okay?
No, I'm not okay.
You just cut me, you silly stupid girl.
I'm really, really sorry.
Oh, you're really sorry.
Sorry is not going to stop the bleeding,
is it?
I could get an infection. I could lose my toe.
People my age lose toes.
No, no, no, you're not gonna lose your toe.
It's just a little nick.
Look, missy,
whose toe are we talking about?
I'm gonna go get a band-aid
and something to clean it up.
You just stay right there.
Be sure to take your sweet time about it.
Don't worry about me
bleeding to death in here!
Where do they get these people?
Why the hell
did you sneak up on me like that?
I didn't mean to.
- I need a favor.
- A favor?
Yeah. Can you cover for me?
I gotta take care of something.
- What?
- It's at home.
- So tell Petersen.
- I can't. I'm already in hot water with her.
Yeah, and I'm not?
Come on, just cover for me, all right?
I'll be right back.
Okay, what do you mean by "cover for you"?
You know, if Petersen asks about me...
Oh, Brandi.

Okay.

- Okay, fine, on one condition.

- What?

- You lend me your car.

- My car?

Jeez, don't shit your pants about it.

Yeah, it's just that

my car is not running right now.

- There's something wrong with it.

- Oh.

Yeah, I have to have it looked at.

So, can you cover for me?

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Just hurry back

and don't leave me hanging, okay?

Cool. Thanks.

Hello, 911 emergency.

Hello.

State the nature of your emergency.

I'm in a garage.

Okay, you're in a garage.

I'm in a car.

You're in a car in a garage?

A car.

Sir, is this an emergency?

Yes. Yes, an emergency.

Please state

the nature of your emergency, sir.

I'm stuck.

Okay, you're stuck.

- I'm hurt.

- Uh-huh.

In a window.

Oh. You mean in a garage window?

In a car windshield.

I was hit.

Oh, I see. You were in an accident.

- Yes!

- Okay.

What's your location, sir?

I'm in a garage.

Yes, sir, you said that.

Where is this garage located, sir?

- Hello?

- I don't know!
I'm inside of it.
Look, sir, I can...
I'm hurt.
I'm hurt.
Hello?
Hello?
Help.
Help me.
God! God!
Help me.
Oh, God.
God, help me! Help me!
Jesus!
Help!
Help.
Help me!
We come back! We come back!
Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!
We come back.
Oh, thank God. Thank you.
Lord Jesus, thank you.
I was asleep.
Thank God you came.
That woman who hit me, she's crazy.
You.
Why are you doing this to me?
Do you want to kill me?
Just go to sleep, all right?
- Help me.
- I can't!
You can't leave me like this.
I have to leave.
I'll tell them it was an accident. I will.
You won't be in any trouble.
Did you use this phone? Huh?
No. The battery's dead.
Let me go.
Let me go. Take me to a hospital.
You can leave me a few blocks away.
You don't even have to be there.
I don't know you.
I don't even know where I am.
I won't tell them anything about you.

I can't tell them anything about you.
You can't leave me like this!
I got to go.
Please!
Please.
You can't leave.
Christ. Oh, God!
Oh, God. Please make it stop. Oh, God.
Rashid!
- Baby, I thought you were working.
- Honey.
Baby, listen, I'm not feeling too well,
you know.
Who is it, Rashid?
- Is somebody in your bedroom?
- Um...
Rashid!
- What the fuck?
Yeah, what the fuck?
- Who the fuck is she?
- Yeah, who the fuck is she?
- I asked you a question.
- And so did I.
Will you fucking stop saying
what I'm saying?
Who the fuck are you
to tell me what I can say?
I'm his fucking girlfriend,
that's who the fuck I am.
In your fucking dreams, honey.
In your fucking dreams!
- In my fucking dreams?
- Yeah.
- Yeah? Oh, yeah?
- Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
Who's the bitch now,
you motherfucking skank?
Rashid!
He's not gonna help you now,
you fucking slut.
Ooh!
My face!
You know what they do
with the trash? Huh?

What the fuck was that?
One second, baby. One second.
Fucking joke.
- I'll call you later.
- What?
Yeah. I just have to...
You bitch-ass bastard.
Asshole!
What the fuck are you looking at?
You lame-ass motherfucker.
Who the hell was that?
Her? Yeah, yeah. Her. Well...
I'll be right back.
Hey, baby, you want some E?
Don't fucking give me that shit!
- Who the fuck was she?
- She's nobody.
Nobody?
A customer needed a hit.
- A customer?
- Yeah.
So your customer is fucking you
or are you fucking them?
What, me? No. Come on.
Why would you even say that?
You know it's only you.
- Only me.
- Yeah, only you.
- Only me.
- Yeah, yeah. It's only you, baby.
- You okay?
- No, I'm not okay. Do I fucking look okay?
Okay, okay, baby. Okay, calm down.
- I need your help.
- What's wrong?
You gotta help me.
Yeah, sure. Sure, baby. Sure, baby.
Help you with what?
It's in my garage.
What the fuck?
He's the guy I hit.
- The homeless guy.
- Yeah.
I thought you said you hit a guy.

Yeah, he's the guy.
Yeah, but you didn't say you hit a guy
and brought him home with you.
Help me.
Dude, you're still alive?
Help me.
This is why I need your help.
Help me.
This is bullshit, man. Bullshit!
Look, I don't know what to do with him.
This is why I need your help.
My help?
- Yeah, you said you've done this before.
- What?
Get rid of people.
Oh, yeah, right.
Here's an idea.
You ever thought of calling 911?
I can't do that, okay?
- They'll know I hit him.
- Yeah.
I can't do that. This wasrt even my fault.
- It wasrt?
- No!
Look, you said
you could get rid of him, right?
You said you could do it.
You said it would be easy.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. It's easy. Easy as shit.
I don't do that kind of thing for free,
you know?
- That shit costs.
- Costs?
Yeah, it's gonna cost big time.
You want me to pay you?
Hey, baby, I know where you live,
you know what I'm saying?
Yeah. Yeah, babe.
And I know where you live,
know what I'm saying?
- Huh?
- Come on, Rashid!
All the shit you got at your place.
One phone call.

What is this, kindergarten?
You gonna tell on me?
Yeah.
Yeah, I will. I swear to God I will.
If you don't help me with this, I will.
Fuck, man!
Did he get out of the car?
Yeah, I don't know how.
Oh, shit.
- We'd better tie him up.
- Tie him up?
You don't want him
crawling around everywhere.
- No.
- Then I guess we tie him up! Huh?
I think he passed out.
Man, this guy is covered with blood
and dirt and crap.
Um...
You got something we can wrap him up in?
I don't know. What?
I don't know, plastic?
This guy ain't going nowhere.
Oh, shit!
Are you guys in there?
Oh, fuck.
Oh, my God. Holy shit, man.
What the hell happened?
- I was in kind of an accident.
- Kind of?
Yeah.
Look, why don't we go in the house, huh?
Dude, this looks real bad.
Yeah, it's kind of fucked up, right?
- Major.
- Come on, let's go in the house.
Your car, what happened to it?
- It was an accident.
- I got that. What happened?
You know what it was?
What's going on with you two?
What the hell happened to your car?
It was weird.
- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Just wait inside. Everything is...

Just go inside.

Okay.

So what happened?

Uh...

- Brandi, you didn't tell her?

- No, I didn't tell her.

Brandi hit something.

Well, what? I mean,

there's blood all over the windshield.

Yeah, I hit something.

A deer.

A deer?

Yeah, it just came out of nowhere, didn't it?

Yeah, it did. Out of nowhere.

Suddenly there it was.

Oh, my God, that's horrible.

Oh, my God, those goddamn fucking deer.

Crazy thing, ain't it?

- Oh, my goodness.

You know, my aunt hit one once,

you know, God.

Thank you.

Brandi, you could have been killed.

- Yeah, it's true.

- Yeah, yeah, I could have.

So why didn't you tell me?

- You mean about the accident?

- Of course.

I don't know.

I was just too freaked.

Oh, hon, yeah. I can just imagine.

I mean, something like this that happens

to you and it's not even your fault.

- And you could have been killed.

- **BRANDI:**

You know,

this is some bullshit.

So, did you kill him?

- Kill him?

- Yeah, the deer.

Uh...

She doesn't know.

It kind of crawled away, didn't it?

Yeah, it did.

Deer can crawl?

Tanya, why are you here?

Oh, right.

Okay, look, you never came back to work.

And I tried calling your home

and I tried calling your cell

and there was no answer.

- Petersen knows that you split.

- She does?

Look, I thought you were covering for me.

I tried, but Mr. Binckley

started asking for you

and then Petersen,

she starts looking around for you,

then she starts asking me and...

- You know what?

- Fuck.

- She's really pissed off.

- Fuck.

- But I didn't tell her that you went home.

- Shit!

She just knows that you're gone. Sorry.

Yo, Rashid, can you give me a lift?

- Me?

- Yeah, you.

- Well...

- Come on, man.

I had to take the fucking bus to get here.

It took me an hour.

Yeah, but, you know,

we're kind of in the middle of something.

You know what I'm saying?

Oh. Ew.

Okay. Well, do you have any things on you?

Yeah, always.

- Here.

- Whoa.

Thank you.

But, you know,

I don't get paid until next week.

- So you owe me.

- Yeah, I owe you.

Tanya.

- Hmm?

Bye.

Oh.

Okay. Okay.

- Yo, Brandi, you going to work tomorrow?

- No.

You better come up with something good
for Petersen on Monday.

- That bitch is pissed.

- Yeah, you said.

You know what?

I just can't believe
that thing about the deer.

What do you mean?

Oh, man, you are so lucky.

I mean, you really could have been killed.

- I am lucky.

- Yeah.

Okay. I'll see you later.

- All right.

- Bye.

- Fuck! Fuck! God damn it!

- Be cool, baby. Be cool.

What the hell are we gonna do?

- She fucking saw.

- She saw the car.

- She didn't see the body, she saw the car.

- Yeah.

All you have to do is fix the fucking window.

Wait a minute.

There's blood on the seats in the car.

- Seat covers.

- Seat covers?

All we have to do is get rid of him, right?

Yeah.

So we wait till dark,
dump his ass in the park.

- What, and that's it?

- That's it.

Out of sight, out of mind.

Baby, I've done shit like this
a thousand times. It's no big deal.

A thousand times?
Well, not really a thousand times.
Come on, you know what I mean.
Look.
We chill out for a few hours,
wait till dark, go and do the deed.
You know what I mean?
Okay.
Good girl.
Where are you going, baby girl?
Dog, dog. Princess!
Princess, where are you?
Princess! Princess!
Princess!
Princess, you come here right now.
Princess?
Princess?
Princess, where are you? Princess?
Princess, you come here. Princess?
Princess?
Princess? There you are.
You naughty, naughty thing, you.
You're a naughty little baby dog, aren't you?
Arert you? Yes, you are.
Help me! Help me, please!
Yes, you are. You're a naughty little girl.
What's got into you?
Oh, my God.
Where have you been?
You've been in the garbage again,
haven't you?
Look. Now Daddy's got to go
get us all cleaned up,
you naughty, naughty thing, you.
Help me. I need help. Please! Fuck!
- So how are you gonna do it?
- Do what?
Get rid of him.
Listen, the guy's not Superman, is he?
I mean, how much longer
do you think he's gonna live?
You fucked him up pretty bad, babe.
You said you could do it.
Yeah, yeah, I can do it.

- So then how?

- How?

Yeah, you said you could get rid of him,
so why can't you tell me
how you're gonna get rid of him?

You really want to know
how I'm gonna do it?

- Yes.

- You really want to know?

That's what I asked you!

You want to know? Okay.

Wait right here. Just wait.

You want to know how I'm gonna do it?

How about doing it with this?

Think this will do it?

Oh, yeah, great.

You want to wake up
the whole neighborhood?

Oh, right.

How about we smother his ass?

Do you think that'll do it?

Just stop talking and do it.

What, you want me to do it now?

Yes. Do it now. It's dark outside.

Who knows

who else is gonna come around here.

I've already got to deal with Tanya
and she's got a big mouth.

Okay, okay, I'll do it now
and get this motherfucking thing over with
just to shut you up! Christ!

Let me have your car keys.

My car keys? Why?

- So I can put him in your trunk.

- My trunk?

We'll get rid of him and the car in the park.

We'll burn the fucker.

You want to burn my car now?

I thought you said we could fix the window
and put seat covers on.

Seat covers? Are you fucking nuts?

It's got his blood everywhere.

Look what happened to OJ.

Yeah, but didn't OJ go free?

That's not the point.
His blood is everywhere.
You can't get rid of blood.
Give me the keys.
You can get another goddamn car.
I mean, you're getting a promotion, right?
You still alive, man?
He shot him.
Motherfucker!
Oh, no, he's not leaving now.
Rashid?
Oh, my God.
Help!
Help!
Stop.
Stop!
I'm out.
I'm out.
Just let me go. That's all you got to do.
Just let me go.
I said stop.
Stop!
What the fuck is wrong with you?
- What are you doing?
- What am I doing?
I'm not doing anything. You are.
You're doing it.
You started it and now you're finishing it.
What?
You broke in. You're crazy.
You wanted to steal my car.
But Rashid found you and he fought you.
He broke your leg,
but you kept fighting and you killed him.
And then you got this gas.
You got this gas to burn Rashid's body
but the fire got out of control
and it burned you and the car
and the garage and everything!
You did it! You did all of it!
Help me. Help me, please.
Help me.
- Help you?
- Help me.

Please?

No.

Help me, please.

Why didn't you help me?

I don't know.

Why didn't you let me go?

I don't know. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry. Please, don't do it. Please!

Please.

Please. Please don't do it.

Pedro! Pedro!

Somebody in there.