



Scripts.com

Tell

By Ryan Connolly

What's wrong?

- What?

- Why are you so quiet?

No reason.

You nervous?

Hell no.

I'm just thinking... what if, uh...

this Huffman fucker shows up traveling light?

I don't know... How light?

I don't know, let's say half.

Half, I think that buys him about a day.

Nothing more than that, but we're not

blackmailing this guy in installments.

What if he shows up with 50 or 60 grand?

That's just an insult.

Anything less than 100,000,

so this guy knows we mean business.

Did you bring the bleach?

'Cause I didn't.

There's nothing to worry about, this guy's scared.

He wouldn't dare try and stiff us.

Yeah, he wouldn't 'cause we're

no dumb-ass custodians.

Oh, shit, there he is.

With a bag.

We're on.

Uh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh.

I, uh, came alone like you said.

Smart man.

Let's see the green.

Oh.

And my DVDs?

Right here, Fellini.

Toss us the bag, and you can

take your dirty movies and go.

As a kid I used to think

I was gonna be somebody,

a model citizen raising a family in the suburbs.

Being shot at by a psycho with a machine gun

was not part of the plan.

Now, all I can think to myself is...

how the fuck did I get here?

Hey

She stole my breath, one of the best

And like the rest, I think I need an exorcist
Well, I'm a mess, baby, I'm possessed maybe
I've got a heartache, man, to fix
Call a doctor, call a preacher
Please, I'm a wreck, please, you see I gotta meet her
Somebody sitting here, somebody said hey
Somebody sitting there, ah
Right. Is it always too
complicated for you?
Cosmo is \$6.00.
How about, uh...
How about an Us Weekly?
No, Cosmo has four times the amount of pages.
Guns & Ammo looks pretty sturdy too.
Listen to me. Cosmo is the sturdiest.
You hold the sun
- Park your butt here, honey.
- Yeah?
Give me your arm.
Your other arm...
I don't wanna wipe your ass for you.
You're never gonna know what my shoe says about me.
The cast was a great idea.
It's definitely gonna look like you broke your arm.
You know, this isn't gonna fool 'em.
Your brother's not that stupid.
He's not gonna look that closely.
But, you know, I can always make it for real.
You'd like that, wouldn't you?
Mmm-hmm, some days more than others.
Rarely ever question the things you do for love.
I just wanted a family.
Beverly, well, she always wanted more.
Out of a bank robbery that her own brother planned.
Man, this woman's got a hold on me.
Make sure you get out of the job no matter what.
- Make him talk you out of it.
- I know.
It was only a little accident, nothing major...
- I... I know.
- Okay.
Because if he suspects anything, baby...
Do you wanna talk to him for me?
I wish that I could.

Mmm.

Please don't fuck this up.

- I love you.

- Love you.

No real names, okay?

You're Steve, you're fucking Carl.

- All right?

- All right.

Remember, at the fucking scene, you call me Gary.

What the fuck?

Before you start, before you say anything,

I just wanna say it was a small accident.

I had one drink, fell asleep at the wheel.

Car's fucked, arm's fucked...

I'm fine, though.

I'm totally gonna be able to do

this job one-handed, all good.

Our wheel man gets in a car accident?

Fucking awesome.

Seriously, who...

How did he get this job, huh?

Did you fuck him?

Tell.

You know what my father used to tell me?

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart,

"and lean not on your own understanding."

It means God has a plan for you, son,

no matter how stupid you are.

- Hmm.

- But now, somehow,

we're all being punished for bringing you on.

Now, I gotta rethink the whole fucking plan, dickhead!

Right here, right now, this is what we're fucking doing.

We need to get to the bank at 5:00 p.m.,

right before it closes, okay?

The plan worked just like I told you.

Hold it.

Anything?

Not even a scratch.

Shit.

I have an idea.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, no, no, no, no, no.

No, not gonna use a sledgehammer, don't...

- We have been here for, like, an hour.

- Well, find something else.
It's gonna work, just shut up.
Jesus, do you love me or not?
- One...
- That's such a bad idea.
Two...
Oh, fuck.
Let's go, let's go!
Yes, I need to report a bank robbery in progress.
It's on the corner of 12th and Main.
Please hurry, I think I heard gunshots!
We have a possible 211 in progress
at the Bank of America.
We have shots fired.
Shit.
This is the L.A.P.D.
Put down your weapons, come out with your hands up.
Go, go, go, go!
Beverly?
It went fucking perfect, perfect.
Just like you said.
Okay, that's perfect.
Did anyone follow you?
No, no, they all got shot.
Everybody got shot.
They shot Ray first.
I don't know if he's dead, I don't know if he's alive.
Baby, there's a million fucking dollars in there.
Oh...
Can we just fucking go?
You gotta take me to a hospital, okay?
My arm is fucking killing me...
Baby, we just stole a million dollars.
Your arm is the least of our problems, okay?
This is amazing.
We should go, we should go.
- Oh, fuck.
- Are you fucking kidding me?
Oh, no.
Oh, fuck.
I ask you to do one thing,
one fucking thing...
Don't let anyone follow you back.
- Sorry, I...

- Fucking shit.

I can't go to prison.

I can't go to prison...

I can't...

Bev...

Oh!

Oh... Oh.

I...

I can't go to prison.

Why did you... Why did
you do that, Beverly?

I'm sorry.

- Oh!

- Don't be mad!

You know, I was hoping for some kind of
cool white flash-before-my-eyes montage
or a reassuring light at the end of the tunnel.

Instead, I found the TV remote.

I don't know if it was because my wife betrayed me
or because I was about to lose a million dollars,
but whatever it was, something came over me.

Hey, buddy.

Hey, buddy?

Holy shit.

Jesus Christ.

L.A. Police Department, how can I help you?

Hey, hey, hey, there's a guy, he's on the street.
He's bleeding...

I think he's dead.

Fuck, I think he's dead.

May the Lord in His kindness,
and His wisdom, and His generosity,
and His love, and His caring, and His full heart
accept you into Heaven as you leave this earth.

What are you...

What are you doing?

This is Father Matthews, he's giving you your last rites.

I'm dying?

I'm afraid so.

You suffered a gunshot wound to the spleen,
causing internal bleeding and severe renal failure.

I called a priest in because you
only have a few minutes to live.

Before you can enter heaven,

before you receive the sacrament of penance,
you must unburden yourself of sin.
You must tell God where you hid the money.
Otherwise, how can you ascend?
I'm dying?
It's a cute act, but I get it.
You boys are the heat.
Detective Ashton.
This is Detective Morton, my partner.
The Playhouse 90 routine, that was my idea.
Detective Ashton here just wanted
to kick your ass until you talked.
Talk about what?
Your buddy... He made a
deal and gave you up.
So we have you for receiving stolen goods.
You're going away for three years for that.
However, today is your lucky day
'cause if you tell us where the money is,
you walk out of here free and clear.
Well, 'cause that...
That sounds like
an official, city-backed offer.
I'm sorry, boys.
Money burned up in the fire.
Come on... A loser like you?
You'd burn alive before you left that money behind.
Look.
We know that you went to the Jefferson Hotel, all right?
We know that you used your master key
to get into one of the rooms.
And we know that you stole some clothes
from a Japanese tourist...
Remember this?
You made a huge fucking mess.
Look, we know that's where you hid the money,
and when we find it, it's 10 to 15 years.
Do yourself a favor.
Give us the money, all right?
A face like that in prison?
You're gonna be eating dick by lunchtime.
Dick that's been in your ass.
Money burned up in the fire.
All right, fuck it, we do it my way.

Morton, start writing on his chart.

Besides the gunshot wound and the broken arm,
he suffers from severe hematomas and a shattered kneecap.
Hematomas... How do you spell "hematomas"?

H-E... I'm just gonna put "bruising."

You're not gonna torture me, you guys are cops.

We don't use that word.

- That's an ugly word.

- Yes, ugly.

I just need to make sure you
don't know where the money is.

Oh, come on.

Hey, hey, hey, I...

Oh!

Hmm.

Ethan Tell.

I'll be your parole officer for the next 18 months
unless, of course, you do something stupid
and find yourself back in here.

Not a good move.

Here are your parole instructions.

In a nutshell, don't leave L.A.

Don't hang out with any felons, any convicts,
or anyone who has access to a firearm.

Say that you just found God on your--
your release.

And your pastor wants to invite you over for dinner
to meet his gorgeous virgin daughter,
who has big titties and big nipples.

Well, say you're at dinner, and there's a Civil War rifle
that hasn't been shot in a hundred years,
right over dinner, right over the potato salad.

I suggest you get the fuck out of there
and stay away from that man, his church,
his daughter, and her big nipples
because they're trying to throw you back in jail.

That's a violation.

Here's your keys to the halfway house.

It's a residential facility, not a jail cell,
so there's no fucking in the shower,
there's no peeing in the sink.

All the stuff you do in here?

Mmm-mmm.

It's a nice place, keep it clean.

Are we clear?

Yeah.

I'll see you every Tuesday, 10:30 sharp,
no exceptions, no excuses.

No bullshit.

See? I like you.

Pick a candy... Not the
purple ones, I love those.

And don't do anything stupid.

All right, they wanna know where you stash your cash at.

Don't try to skip town, make a run for it.

You won't get half a block
with every cop in the city...

watching you.

So if I were you, play it cool,
and tomorrow...

I'll help you.

Help me what?

Get the cash.

Mr. Johnson, uh, the cash
burned up in the fire.

I like that, keep it like that.

Convict on deck!

Parolee. Yeah.

Tell?

Tell!

I'm unarmed.

You look good.

Sorry I never came to visit you in prison.

I wrote to you, though. Yeah.

Divorce letter?

I... I got that one.

That was just so they wouldn't think I was an accomplice.

Smart.

You know, I, uh...

I wrote you letters.

I was kind of hoping that when you got out,
some time would pass, and then
maybe you'd be able to forgive me?

For what, shooting me
or not visiting me in prison?

Both, actually.

Can I give you a ride?

We can talk, catch up maybe.

It's good seeing you, Bev.
It was always just you and me.
Just one cup of coffee, please.
You know, it's gonna take more
than a couple of donuts, Bev.
When I shot you, I was off my ass.
Like, clean off my ass.
What does that mean?
All those promises you made,
how you were gonna take care of me, I believed them,
every single one of them because I loved you.
And all of that drove me...
Just clean off your ass.
And then, the police showed up, and I panicked.
But everything's different now.
I mean, I have changed, and you're rich.
Excuse me?
What?
Oh, your bank money.
Ours, if you still love me,
which I don't...
Money burned up at the house, Bev, it's not there.
Money's gone.
Do you still love me?
Of course I still love you.
Hmm.
If there's no money, then there's no money, babe.
We have each other.
I love you.
Is there really no money?
Sorry.
So this morning, when I was getting ready,
I realized that you and I haven't seen each other
for three years.
So I only wore this.
- But I mean, you probably don't want me, do you?
- Mm.
- How do you like them donuts, huh?
I lied to you earlier about being armed.
That surprises me.
Relax.
It's for you.
What the hell am I supposed to do with this?
Ray's getting out of prison this week.

No, Ray got 7 to 10.
No, they're letting him out on good behavior.
You know why, right?
The police are gonna let him out
just to see if he can lead them to the money.
Ray's gonna kill you,
So you're giving me a gun to kill your brother?
No, to protect yourself.
Jesus.
I'm just gonna get dressed.
I wanna show you something.
What's this place?
See that house?
That's where I live.
When I shot you, I didn't know at the time, Tell,
that I was carrying your child.
Wait, what?
I wanted to tell you, I did.
That's why I wrote all those letters.
I wanted to tell you,
I just-- couldn't.
- Please don't hate me.
- Bev, we have a kid?
He's a beautiful boy.
Oh.
I couldn't raise him by myself
I mean, I was alone, I was pregnant, I was broke.
The only reason I divorced you was because
I needed to marry another man so he could support me.
Wait, what?
You're married?
I met Arthur through my cousin.
He's quite amazing, actually.
He takes really good care of us.
You're married, you live in that house with some guy
and my kid, and he calls him "Daddy"?
Only while you were in prison.
Now that you're out and you have the money,
I will divorce him and marry you,
and we can be together, and be a family, and...
You're off your ass.
Where are you going?
To get my son away from you and your crazy.
No, no, no, you can't do that.

Just give me the gun, you have to get out of here.

- Let me go.

- Just come with me, just come...

I'm not leaving without my kid.

Shit.

What did you do?

Okay, you have to get out of here.

Just go, just go, just go.

Do you wanna go back to prison?

Wait! Tell!

- Really?

- You need that.

Good morning, gentlemen.

Anyone interested in an honest day's pay?

Tax free.

Next time.

Here we are, home sweet home.

Father Frank and I live in the parish house,
and we rented out the apartment
to the church custodian for the last couple of years.
But now, it needs to be emptied out.

Oh, he's not living here anymore?

No, he... It--It was a suicide.

Nice.

So you want this whole place cleaned up?

Yes, indeed, clean, clean, clean.

The man committed suicide.

That's a sin in the eyes of the church and the Lord.

So everything has to go, everything.

We can't keep it, we can't donate it.

Everything's gotta go.

Look, it's not a dream job.

It's more of a nightmare.

But... Look it here, the keys!

To the pickup, you said how cool it was, so...

you can haul everything away on that...

And, uh, this could be the beginning
of you turning your life around.

- Hi.

- Shit.

What the hell are you doing here, Jesus Christ.

You don't show up at somebody's house.

Bev, I brought this for him.

So what? What the hell

is wrong with you?

Come on.

God, what would you have done if
my husband answered the door?

I don't know, "Hi, I'm Tell,
I'm her other husband."

You stupid idiot...

Get in the car, drive!

- Go! Get in the car!

- Shh.

Hurry!

Okay, if I had a son, I wanna see him.

Well, you can't see him.

You told me you loved me.

Jesus, Tell, that was before I knew you were broke.

I am not gonna leave my husband
if you don't have the money.

Wait a minute.

So you're gonna dangle our son as bait
because you think I'm lying
about having "the money."

And you're here just to make sure he looks like you.

Am I right?

Okay, I'm gonna be honest with you.

No shit. I had the money
when I got out of the house.

But when I was looking for a place to stash it,
I passed out on the street from blood loss
because someone shot me.

Then, when I woke up in the hospital...

Money was gone.

Hmm.

Your turn.

Okay, okay.

His name is William, after your father
because is he your son.

And yes, I love you,
and I want us to be a family.

I really do.

But if you can't support William,
then I have to be with someone who can.

It's just smart parenting.

Please don't come back here, for William's sake.

Oh, this was very thoughtful.

Oh...

It's spun out of control

Let me tell you about the life I live

Fuck you and your icy wrists

Out of game, man, life's a bitch

Singing nights like this, I wish

Days I suffer so when I puff the droll

And if you got to know, then I'm a motherfuckin' outlaw

Southpaw switch it up for your ditty, though

Nigga got a uppercut, he ain't getting up

You don't love me, bitch, don't lie to me

Guys like me die violently

In the street with my heat on the side of me

I wonder why fights are quite obsolete

I'm gonna need four-five for me, obviously

I, I am still in the mirror

Like good, god damn, something gotta shake

Let him live, that's my mistake

I want the bread, the cake, I want the cheese, the fruit

I want all food groups and a coupe for two

Come through like I usually do

Super smooth, and nigga, you will move

There's something to be said

Of being a man of few words

'Cause I fade the final four lines

Nothing is an empty nest

Well, I found out...

You know what?

I think that you boys need

to take a refresher on surveillance.

We figured there was no harm coming in here,

and have a drink with you.

It's cold outside...

Don't worry, relax, relax.

All right, we're not here to cause any trouble.

We don't even care about the rod

that you get stucked in your backpocket

or the fact that you used it to shoot up a neighborhood.

Or that you were giving it to your ex-wife

in a public parking lot.

That's against the law, by the way.

What do you say to a friendly drink?

Hey, can we get two shots of whiskey,

and whatever my friend is having?

Look, guys, just like I said three years ago,
the money... Burned up in
the fire, so excuse me.
Get up, get up.
Get up, get up, get up.
God.
- There you go.
- Do not bleed on me.
There you go, there you go.
You know what I think?
I think we got off to a bad start.
Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh.
Don't give me some lame-ass excuse.
I don't even think you have the money.
But Morton here, he's unsure.
So we're gonna stick around, just to make sure.
So why don't you, uh, just skip the part
where you mouth off
and just politely deal with our harassment, okay?
Hmm.
Look how much nicer he looks with his mouth shut, huh?
I'm so glad I got that off of my chest.
I feel better already.
I'm so proud of you.
Cheers to old acquaintances reunited.
And making amends.
Hit us.
Well...
Where... Where am I?
Your room at the halfway house, on the floor.
Those detectives dropped you off about an hour ago.
Those guys just beat you enough to put you
out of commission for the night, so we gotta talk now.
They should have dropped me in the bed.
I got something for that, cowboy, come on.
Okay, okay.
You know, they're gonna come back
night after night until you give in,
or your ex-partner's gonna kill you.
Let me guess...
You're gonna give me...
look behind door number three.
We go with my plan...
It's simple and easy.

You tell me where the money is,
I go get it, we split it, arrivederci.
Look, I passed out
in the middle of the street from blood loss,
and when I woke up in the hospital, the money was gone.
So it didn't burn up in this fucking
miraculous fire you keep telling me about?
See? I knew your ass was lying.
When you came in with that fire bullshit,
I was, like, "This motherfucker lying."
But now we on the same team,
it's-- we're building trust.
We'll talk about it at your weekly.
- But until then, I need you to stay low.
- Yeah.
And look, I'm gonna leave a little edge under your pillow.
A little edge under the pillow.
Okay.
Soccer.
Eurotrash.
Hi.
Ray?
Where's my money, Tell?
Oh, you can just cut me out of here, and we can talk.
Ah.
Where's my money?
Um, I don't have it.
- Okay?
- I don't have it.
Someone stole it when I passed out on the street.
I'm sorry, it's gone.
Uh... Ray.
Where-- where is it...
Where-- where is it, though, seriously?
Don't-- don't do this, okay?
- The money's gone.
- Yeah.
You're fucking lying, Tell.
You-- you don't have the money, okay?
- Oooh!
- Fuck you!
- Damn it, okay--
- You fucking liar!
You fucking left me to die there!

- That was our fucking plan!
- It doesn't matter...
And you left me to fucking die there!
- I found the safe.
- You-- you found the safe?
Yes, you can take it, it's all yours.
You want me to do fucking back flips?
Tell, I'm gonna fucking plunge this thing.
- Okay, okay, okay.
- I'm gonna fucking plunge it.
Ray, do not plunge that, Ray!
Okay, okay.
Bye-bye, Tell.
Please don't plunge it, Ray.
- Ray, Ray!
- Fuck you!
Oh, God!
- Why?
- I told you the truth, okay.
Why would you do this, all right?
I passed out!
You've got 10 seconds to live...
Where's my goddamn money?
I told you I don't have the money!
I passed out on the street, it was gone!
Fuck!
Damn it, Ray, you just...
you just killed me for no reason.
Why'd you do that?
Fuck me!
You really did lose the fucking money, didn't you?
Oh, yeah.
Oh, you son of a bitch!
Oh, I really thought there was bleach in there.
Ah, that's just water.
So where's this fucking safe?
One time on The Untouchables,
Robert Stack shot a wall safe open.
You think that would work?
Do I look like I even have a gun?
Just saying, what if?
I've been out of prison for a fucking day,
- ...where would I get a gun?
- I don't know.

- Do you have a gun?
- I've been out for three days, don't look at me.
It would probably just bend the fucking metal anyway.
Unless you blew the lock clean off.
That'd be pretty fucking cool.
Ah, what the hell, it's worth a shot.
Ray... I knew you would...
Turn the TV volume all the way up.
Shit.
Ray.
- You can't shoot...
- Shit!
I didn't blow it clean off.
You told me you didn't have a gun.
How the fuck am I gonna get into it now?
You said... Why... Where
did you get the gun from?
Ah, fuck.
Ray, the gun... Where
did you get the gun?
Fucking Bev gave it to me.
Oh.
She gave you that.
Yeah. Aw, bitch.
There better be something good in here, Tell, seriously.
Ray, it's a safe.
You keep money, jewels, important stuff in safes!
Ah! Ha, ha!
Shit, that worked.
It's just a bunch of fucking tax papers, man.
What the fuck is this shit?
- What is that?
- Uh-buh-buh-buh-buh-bah.
I was asking myself.
- I'm keeping this shit.
- Okay.
Yeah, it's mine.
Thank you.
Oh, oh, one-- one more thing.
This is for the bank shit.
Oh!
Shit.
Jesus, Tell, every time I see you,
you're bleeding from someplace new.

What happened?

Well...

I ran into an old friend.

And then, I ran into a shovel.

And, um...

You know, just a normal day at the office.

Ray?

What are you doing here?

I know I told you that we shouldn't
see each other anymore,
but I wanted to give you this.

What's this?

It's a photo of our son, William.

It was taken this Halloween.

Help me understand something, Bev.

I'm not allowed to see this kid.

Why is it so important for you to
prove to me that I'm his father?

Because...

I want you to know that I am telling you the truth.

I don't want you to think I would use
something like this to get the money.

I want you to believe me.

I want you to believe in me, I guess.

That needs to be cleaned better.

Sit on the bed.

Oh, hey, guess what Ray showed me today.

A giant-ass hand cannon you gave him.

He came to see me...

Ow!

Right after prison...

What was I supposed to do?

Hey, Bev, how many guys have you given guns to this week?

What did you want me to say?

"I'm sorry, Ray, I can't give you a gun

"because I've already given Tell one

You give him a .44 and you give me,

what, this little pea shooter?

Come on, Tell, you've always been a better shot than him.

That's beside the point.

Beverly, don't think I'm stupid.

You're trying to play me against your brother
in hopes that whoever is left standing in the end
shares the money with you.

Am I right?

And I'm not gonna fucking clean it up.

I love you.

- It's good seeing you.

- You too!

Fellas, it's about time you got here to help.

I tell you what... Why don't

you guys take the dresser?

I'll carry up the pillows.

I'm calling a time-out.

Yeah, okay.

We're hungry, and we wanna get something to eat.

If you don't mind me saying,

that bitch is your fucking kryptonite.

Why don't you stay away from her?

You know, I would if I could.

Uh, we think you're gonna be picking up the money

at a steak place over on Melrose,

so we're gonna sit there, surveil you...

Okay, so you're gonna get a free steak out of me.

- Yeah. And a couple bottles of wine.

- Sure.

Put your hands under the table.

I don't wanna see your handcuffs.

All right, good, give me hunger.

Now put your head down like you're

a little depressed, but not that depressed.

There you go.

Ooh, yes, that's it, make me feel it.

Come on, sit down.

Gentlemen, is everything okay?

Can I get you anything else?

Can I have more wine?

Mmm-hmm, yeah.

Sorry, we can't order you anything to eat.

Three entrees on the check would stand out in accounting.

Plus, it'd be dishonest.

Hmm.

Have a roll.

You know, I figure since...

I mean, we're pals now, right, guys?

You know, what if I told you

what really happened to the bank money?

Yeah.

I'll tell you.
I had it when I got out of the house.
Then, I passed out on the street,
and someone stole it from me.
So if you guys find that person, would you tell me?
Because I really want that money back.
It's mine.
Yuk it up while you can, smart guy.
Tomorrow will be different.
Fuck, I already had "Yuk it up
with idiot detectives" on my calendar.
Boom, I win.
You did win. He's good.
- You're here early.
- Uh-huh.
Let's talk somewhere else, okay?
Step into my office.
Did you think about what we talked about last night?
I'm just here for my weekly.
Forget about that.
I think you're getting hung up
on the word "officer" in my job title.
I'm not a law man...
I'm a working stiff.
So if you tell me where the money is,
I'm not gonna turn it over to the police.
- What's this?
- It's my criminal record.
- I lifted it from the file.
- Whoa.
Listen, nothing too heavy.
I'm not a peeping Tom, but kind of like a peeping Tom.
I was looking, but I wasn't looking...
I was trying to steal a TV, but
she just happened to be naked.
Just stuff like that.
The money's gone...
So here, I...
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
Just read it, okay?
Just read it.
I've already committed a felony by letting you have it.
It's already a crime.
We're doing crime right now.

So we might as well go ahead and jump out the window.

- Yeah.

- Okay?

Look, there's no "I" in "crime," man.

Is there an "I" in crime?

You really don't have that money.

No.

Hey, man, I--I'm--I'm really

sorry about yesterday,

you know, the shovel, and the bleach, and all that.

Can we just call it even?

- Sure.

- Okay, good.

Because I fucking found something in that safe.

Get in.

Wait, Ray, Ray.

Where are we going?

My place to talk business.

Listen, there's a couple of cops...

Oh, your-- your friends won't be joining us.

I put a banana in the tailpipe.

I saw it in a movie once.

Oh, I'm staying in the back, it's fucking awesome.

Beverly's letting you stay here?

Yeah, dude, just for a few months.

I don't know if you'd call it a guest house,

or a cabana maybe, or a detached garage unit,

or a small, independent dwelling,

but it sure beats the shit out of your halfway hole.

This time of day, nobody's home.

Oh, fuck yeah, chicken.

So, uh, the guy that lives here, he an asshole?

Totally.

So this dead guy you've been cleaning up after,

he didn't kill himself.

He was taken out.

Somebody stopped the dude's clock

and made it look like a suicide.

Why would someone do that?

He wasn't just a church custodian.

At the Reynolds headquarters in Santa Monica.

So check this out.

He's up there every night

sweeping up, and poking around in people's desks

for spare change, credit cards,
whatever he could fucking find worth lifting.
Yeah, but you don't kill a guy for that.
No, you don't.
But one night,
Mr. Paul finds himself
in the office of fucking Vice
President of Sales Graham Huffman.
He's doing a little poking around,
and he finds these babies.
Bam!
This, my friend, is amateur porn
starring Huffman and about 27 fucking prostitutes.
Shot right in his office.
He's doing 'em on his desk.
He's doing 'em on his fucking couch.
The orange one, my favorite.
He's fucking three of 'em
standing at the window overlooking downtown.
- You've got 'em memorized.
- Of course I do.
So, Mr. Paul figures he hit the
blackmail fucking jackpot,
swipes the DVDs,
sends Huffman a little letter
demanding 200 grand to get 'em back
or Huffman's wife and kids get a private screening.
Instead of paying the guy,
Huffman kills him.
Makes it look like suicide.
Son of a bitch.
Mmm-hmm.
You wanna pick up where
Mr. Paul left off, don't you?
Mmm-hmm, but we're gonna be more careful
because it's two guys blackmailing him,
and so he's not gonna try anything cute.
That's why you apologized, shit.
Good plan, right?
Okay, I'm in.
Hey, do you wanna watch the
orange one... With me?
Hey, so when we go see this Huffman guy,
we gotta look like we're successful,

like we don't even need his money,
like we're just blackmailing him for fun.

Whoa.

How do I look?

You look like Don fucking Johnson.

That's exactly right.

Get out of my fucking way!

Not bad.

Hey.

Huffman, how are you?

Listen, uh, we're gonna need that money.

Now.

And if you don't present it...

Now.

Really bad things are gonna happen.

Now.

You mess with the bull, you get the horns.

Hey, where do you think the guy
keeps the hair gel around here?

Definitely look like 200,000 now.

Change of plans, buddy.

We're blackmailing that son of a bitch
for the return of his dirty
movies and Mr. Paul's murder.

Together, that's more, like, 500 grand.

So what happens if he comes up short?

He's a Senior Vice President in charge of sales, man.

If he doesn't have it, he can embezzle it.

And guess what?

If he does that,

we'll go back and we'll blackmail him for that too.

It's the circle of life, man.

Hakuna matata, bitch!

Hey, I don't have to, uh...

I don't have to tell you not to
tell Bev about any of this, do I?

Right.

This is between us, okay?

This is our business.

So me and Ray are blackmailing
this executive from Reynolds Metals.

He's pretty high up.

We've got some good stuff on him.

- You and Ray?

- Yeah.

If only you weren't interested
in a man who wants to kill you.

He doesn't wanna kill me, okay?

I got it.

We're gonna take this guy for 500k,
and then, after tomorrow,

I will be able to support you and William.

We'll be a family.

We'll start over.

Are you serious?

Yeah.

Offer still open?

Of course it is.

You know that it is.

I remember my first time.

Ricky Watson.

He was my best friend in the third grade.

He was my only friend in the third grade.

He had this Spider-Man comic book.

Wouldn't let anybody else read it.

I had to have it.

He was bigger than me, so I found some shit on him,
blackmailed the fuck out of him.

He wasn't my friend anymore,

but at least I got the comic book.

That's nothing, dude.

My first time blackmailing was my own dad.

My old man was always running
around on my mom, and I hated it.

So one day, I threw a pair of panties at him
and told him I found them in the back seat of his car,
and unless he paid me ten bucks, I was gonna tell Mom.

The fucker paid me...

not once, but for the next three years
every Sunday after church.

But here's the kicker...

I didn't, uh,

find the panties in his car.

I took 'em from my mom's drawer.

He didn't even recognize his own wife's panties.

Fucking idiot... I mean, he'd
think he would've been pissed,
but it was like he was grateful,

you know, like I was helping the bastard make penance.
That's fucked up.
So what made him stop paying after the three years passed?
Ah, my fucking mom died.
Yeah, she was fucking great.
- Want another?
- Yeah.
Can I ask you a question?
Why are you and Bev so touch and go?
I could never figure that out.
I used to gamble... a lot.
And I hit a pretty cold streak,
so I forged Bev's signature and sold my parent's place.
She was fucking pissed, and, uh...
then two guys threatened to kill us both,
so I had to do something.
Oh.
And that was when you got into, uh, gay porn.
- What?
- Wait, wait, Bev told you I did gay porn?
- Yeah.
- No. I didn't do fucking gay porn.
I sucked my own dick.
You... You... You can
suck your own dick?
You know, I could when I was 20, but fuck.
I mean, now I got a bad back.
I eat so many fucking waffles,
I can't even get to it, you know?
Strikes me as a little gay.
I mean, isn't it just like fucking masturbating?
Yeah, but you have a dick in your mouth.
That's pretty impressive, though, still.
Oh, not again.
- You know how to play, uh, table football?
- Yeah.
We're gonna turn 'em up, two posts.
There you go, this is gonna be real football.
There. Keep posts up
just like that, you ready?
Hold it up.
Ready, and oop...
Oh!
I missed, I missed, here we go.

- Okay, ready?
- Your turn.
- Let's see if we can get it.
- Go ahead.
No, no, you get...
You're the kicker.
Ready to kick it, ready?
One, two, three, go.
Oh!
You almost... Oh, sh...
Jesus, Tell.
Okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
- Okay.
- I'm sorry.
I'm just gonna go to the bathroom really quick.
- Can you watch him, please?
- Yeah.
- I'll be right back, okay?
- Okay.
Okay.
You guys have fun playing.
That... It wasn't me,
it was him.
It was him.
It was me. Yeah, it was.
Good job. Yeah.
Here, buddy, you can have that.
It's your football now.
Hey.
William, do you think, um...
Do you think maybe sometime, you'd want me
to come over and play football?
Yes.
Yeah? Okay, okay.
So then maybe when...
When your mom
comes out of the bathroom, you could tell her.
Say, "I want Tell to come over and play football."
She's not my mom.
Buddy... Who is that?
That's Aunt Bev-Bev.
Who?
That's Aunt Bev-Bev.
Oh, evil.

Fuck.
Fuck.
Good as new?
Good as new.
Are you?
Well, almost.
Yeah.
Hey, William...
Good seeing you, bud.
Okay.
He's a great kid.
He looks just like us, only smaller and more round.
So, um, when are you gonna do the job?
- Tonight's the job.
- Great.
Then, I will wait for you.
Okay.
Not in front of him.
- Right.
- Yeah.
Not yet.
Are you ready, bud?
Yeah.
Say bye to Tell... Bye, Tell.
Bye.
Oh, jeez...
Shit, fucking, shit, fuck.
What's wrong?
- What?
- Why are you so quiet?
No reason.
You nervous?
Hell, no.
I'm just thinking, what if, uh...
this Huffman fucker shows up traveling light?
I don't know... How light?
I don't know... Let's say half.
Half, I think that buys him about a day.
We're not blackmailing this guy in installments.
What if he shows up with 50 or 60 grand?
That's just an insult.
Anything less than 100,000,
we're gonna have to do something
so this guy knows we mean business.

Did you bring the bleach?
'Cause I didn't.
There's nothing to worry about, this guy's scared.
He wouldn't dare try and stiff us.
Yeah, he wouldn't 'cause we're
no dumb-ass custodians.
Oh, shit, there he is.
With a bag.
We're on.
Uh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh.
I, uh, came alone like you said.
Smart man.
Let's see the green.
Oh.
And my DVDs?
Right here, Fellini.
Toss us the bag, then you can
take your dirty movies and go.
When I was a kid, I thought
I was gonna be somebody,
a model citizen raising a family in the suburbs.
That never happened.
But there is a point when you find yourself
in a moment, and realize
the decisions you made were wrong,
and they led you to a different kind of life.
I should've settled down.
Got a nine-to-five.
Bought a house with a porch.
Taken my kid to Pee-Wee football on the weekends,
and enjoyed the happiness of not being shot at.
Fuck.
I should've been a doctor...
An accountant...
A goddamn coal miner.
Should've been anything but this.
Oh, shit, Ray.
Fuck. Just keep pressure on it.
It's... It's just a little
flesh wound, right?
Yeah, just a scratch.
Come on...
Let's go, we gotta go.
Let's get the fuck out of here.

- We gotta go.

- Ah.

Okay, keep that on.

Come on.

- Okay.

- Hey, guys?

Has the shooting stopped?

Is it safe to come out now?

We would've come out sooner, but...

Oh, fuck.

I don't know, I was scared.

It sounded dangerous.

Oh, come on, what the fuck, guys?

Put that pea shooter on the ground.

On your knees now.

Shit.

Oh, ho-ho, talk about your textbook crime scene.

I mean, we got the murder victim, we got the murderer.

This guy tried to kill us, all right?

- I shot in self-defense.

- We say different.

You got about two minutes until our backup shows up unless you tell us where the money is.

This entire messy crime scene goes away, okay?

You get to go free.

I shot in self-defense.

Ray saw the whole thing.

Fuck you, he'll testify.

That's right, baby.

I'll swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the goddamn truth.

Fuck.

Fuck, he's right.

He is.

They sure as hell got us now.

Oh!

What the fuck?

Fuck!

Ray?

- You saw that, he was coming at me.

- Oh, yeah.

I was scared.

- Son of a bitch...

- Oww!

In case you haven't realized it,
we're done screwing around with you, smart guy.
I warned you not to piss me off.
I got the money!
Look at this!
It's the fucking money!
- What do you mean you got the money?
- Look.
What fucking money is that?
It's money.
Well, then we don't need this guy no more.
No, no, no, that's not the bank money!
That's not the bank money!
What do you mean it's not the bank money?
There's more, there's so much more.
There's so much more money.
That's not the bank money, please.
Where's it at?
Where is it?
- Jefferson.
- I told you!
I told you it was at the Jefferson.
Come on, come on, come on.
All right, smart guy,
get up. Let's go.
This is exactly a half a million dollars.
No shit!
Son of a bitch.
Are there any marks?
No, looks like it's clean.
50-50, right?
- 70-30.
- No, no. No, no.
50-50, that's the bank money.
This is other money.
No, kiddo, 70-30, that's our split.
In six months, I'm headed to retirement.
Trust me, 20 years from now,
you won't remember any of this stuff.
You tell her the same thing the second time.
Which way?
Service stairs, down two floors.
Come on, let's go.
Where?

It's jammed inside the panel
in back of the third machine!
You climbed back there with a bullet in your gut?
You're going!
You're going with him!
You gotta help me pull it off!
Well?
He's looking for it!
What?
He's got the bag!
It's okay. I'm a cop!
It's all right, I do this for a living!
It's all right, go backwards.
Stay in your car.
Don't get out of your...
I told you I was a bad-ass.
Whoa! Half of the bank money.
There's 500,000 in there.
Are you fucking kidding me?
I knew you fucking had it.
I knew you had it all along.
- Okay.
- Yeah. We're a hell of a team.
Yeah, but there is an "I" in
"let's get the fuck out of here".
Let's go, come on.
Let's go!
First thing I'm gonna do is buy me a car
I can fit my fat ass in!
Jesus, Tell. What happened?
Ray didn't come home last night.
The whole thing went wrong.
We thought the guy was gonna roll over and...
but he had a gun.
He shot Ray?
They all shot Ray.
And the money?
Wow.
Wow.
Took you less than 30 seconds to ask about the money.
The whole point of this was the money, wasn't it?
Meaning what? That... That
as long as I got the money,
it doesn't matter that Ray's dead?

Don't you make me the bad guy.
Don't you do that to me!
You guys were the idiots who
were blackmailing him, not me!
That's all you ever have been, is about the money.
Where is this coming from?
You lied to me about William,
and you don't care if I get hurt,
or if that little boy gets hurt,
as long as you get...
Your money.
I didn't lie about William.
He's not my kid!
Fuck, he's not even your kid, Aunt Beverly.
Who said that?
William.
He is my son.
He is our son.
So you're telling me he doesn't know who his mother is?
That's-- that's what you're saying?
That's exactly what I'm saying.
When I gave birth...
my cousin Margaret was with me,
and I didn't have a job or a place to go,
so she and her fiance offered to...
take him.
And I let them.
They are his parents as far as anyone knows.
She's his mom.
God, she's his mom...
and I'm just Aunt Beverly.
Aunt Beverly who lives in the bungalow out back.
Aunt Beverly who baby-sits all the time,
who can't stop kissing and hugging him.
That's why I needed the money...
so I could get my son back.
So we could be a family.
I'm so sorry.
Hey, Bev?
Yeah?
You think you could loan me a couple bucks?
What for?
If it's there, we'll find it.
Fucking morons.

You look beautiful.
What are you doing here?
Aren't you supposed to be holed up?
Yeah, I'm gonna get out of town for a while
till this thing blows over,
but, um, before I go, I have something for you.
What's this?
Um, you said if I had the money,
I could be a part of William's life.
That's the money.
I figured William should have Ray's end of the deal...
Considering what happened.
Are you serious?
This is mine?
This changes everything.
We can be together now.
You, me, William...
No, no, Bev, Bev.
It's William's.
It's not yours.
Come on, look at him.
Look at him.
It's one better than our
fucked-up shit can give him.
You and me, we're broken.
We can't change that, money can't change that.
This gives him a chance.
He's a lucky kid.
He's got doting parents
and an aunt who would literally kill for him.
I'm gonna go.
65, 70.
One, two, three, four. Huh?
Thank you, father.
Hey, you did a fantastic job this week.
You earned it.
To me, it never really was about the money.
Thank you.
Life doesn't always work out the way you thought it would.
The decisions you make stick to you,
make you the person you are,
and make your life what it is.
But you know what the funny thing about life is?
Sometimes, sometimes...

it gives you a second chance.
Your eyes
They're gonna watch every move
They're gonna watch until everyone
Has turned around
Everyone has turned around, and I
I wanna put my trust in you
And try to put some faith in anything
We can work it out
But everything's gonna work around you
Till I realized I was under a spell
Oh
And you only care about yourself
Whoa, oh, oh
Wasted time waiting for you
So I'm gonna find somebody new
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
It's you
Wasted time waiting for you
I'm gonna find somebody new
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
It's you
Whoa, whoa
Whoa
Lies, try them on someone else
I'm tired of giving everything I have to you
Everything I have
And I, I'm through with all your pettiness
I'm gonna make an act of wisdom, grace, and elegance
You'll never see my face around here
And I realized I was under your spell
Oh, oh
'Cause you only care about yourself
Whoa, oh, oh
Wasted time waiting for you
So I'm gonna find somebody new
Whoa, whoa, whoa, oh, whoa, oh
It's you
Wasted time waiting for you
And I'm gonna find somebody new
Somebody new
Whoa
Where's the love that was lost?
And all your memories

Now gone
Wasted time waiting for you
I'm gonna find somebody new
Whoa, whoa, whoa, oh, whoa, oh
It's you
Wasted time waiting for you
I'm gonna find somebody new
Somebody new
Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa