



Scripts.com

The Badger Game

By Joshua Wagner

1

Fuck.

He broke up with me.

Out of the blue.

No reason, just nice knowing
you, have a nice fucking life.

I spent a week trying to
get a hold of him
and eventually I found out
where the prick lived.

You were dating him for six months
and you didn't know where he lived?

And now I know why... he's married
with two kids in Calabasas.

Not only that,
he's been fucking other women,
besides me, besides his wife.

- Does she know?

- She doesn't have a clue.

- How do you know?

- Because I know.

She's raises the kids.

He brings home the bacon.

Very "Patty Duke" type.

That really sucks,

Alex, I'm sorry,

but what does this

have anything to do with me?

Which leads me to my plan.

So you gonna tell her?

- Not exactly.

- What, are you gonna kill him?

I'm gonna blackmail him.

Like, for money?

Yeah, money.

He's loaded.

He works at some

big time ad agency

owned by "Patty Duke's" father.

She finds out, he finds out,

bye-bye posh lifestyle,

hello alimony.

You know, that is

big time illegal.

I'm not just
blackmailing anyone.
I let him fuck me in the ass.
Seriously? Come on.
And besides,
he makes steady income.
He'll make what we take
in a year.
We? Who is "we"?
You know...
I knew that there must be
some fucked-up reason
why you called me over here.
Shelly, you are
the only person I trust.
That's real sweet, Alex...
but I don't trust you.
- Shelly...
- And actually, I'm not that surprised
that you didn't have
anybody else to call.
I just... I find it
sort of ironic
that you would call me considering
you fucked my boyfriend.
You're not still mad
about that are you?
It's not like you two were
getting married or anything.
You know, honestly,
Alex, I came over here
because I thought you
might be ready to apologize.
Okay...
I don't even remember his name.
It's Kevin. Kevin.
Fine.
I'm sorry I fucked Kevin.
I did you a favor by the way.
Not a whole lot
going on down there.
You know, that is the shitty
apology I've ever heard.
This is more

than an apology, Shelly.
I know that you and your
daughter live in Shanty Town.
What?
You don't think I know what
my best friend's been up to?
Ex-best friend, okay?
And it's not called
"Shanty Town" anymore.
Shelly, it's called Shanty Town.
That's what we called it
when we were kids.
That's what it's called now.
Just 'cause you live there
doesn't change the fact
that it's called Shanty Town.
We're doing just fine.
We might not have
a hacienda like you here,
but, you know, we're getting by.
Don't you want more
than to just get by?
It's not like I'm asking you
to rob a bank.
No, but you might as well be.
I'm pretty sure the prison
term's the exact same
- for blackmailing.
- And kidnapping.
Don't forget
the kidnapping part.
Kidnapping?
Just to insure that
he doesn't go to the cops
or try something clever.
Liam's pretty resourceful.
Kip, can you put on a shirt?
You remember my brother, right?
This is Shelly.
- Val High?
- Yeah.
Did we fuck?
Um, no,
but thank you for asking.

Mm, that's a shame.
She the bait?
- Bait?!
- Don't call her that.
- What the fuck do you want me to call her?
- Call her Shelly.
Okay, you can
call me "offended,"
and you can
call me "leaving."
And after I walk out that door,
Alex, don't ever call me again.
Two million dollars!
That's what he's got.
I know all of his hot spots.
The idea is for you to
simply show up at one of them
and flirt with him, that's all.
Well, how... how do we
even know that I'm his type?
Because you'll be wearing that.
He's got this thing
for polka dots.
Don't ask me why.
Maybe he's got a Minnie
Mouse fetish or something.
You'll definitely catch his eye.
And then what?
And then you stir up
some conversation...
- About what?
- Uh, whatever.
- TV, sports, movies...
- Sex.
And then you invite
him out to your car,
where Kip will be
waiting with the...
Chinese food's here.
Finally.
Sorry, it took
for-fucking-ever.
What's the point of
calling in an order

if it takes 20 minutes
to get your fucking food?

- Is this the bait?

- Uh-huh.

Shelly, this is Jane.

Jane, this is Shelly.

- Hey.

- Nice to meet you.

Oh, sorry,

my hands a bit sticky.

I got fucking duck sauce
and soy sauce shit all over it.

Uh, yeah, Jane is another girl

Liam's sleeping with.

I went to her work

to bitch her out, um...

- we kind of became friends.

- Hoes before bros.

Are you hungry?

Uh, no, I'm cool.

Thank you.

You're a good friend

for doing this.

Alex says you two
go way back in high school.

- She's not in yet.

- Well, it's not like that.

- It's just like a lot...

- It's okay, it's okay.

I wasn't into at first.

But this guy is a manipulative,
narcissistic, sociopath,
and I've met all kinds.

Well, if he's so terrible, then why
were you dating him in the first place?

Can't you tell

by looking at her?

She makes poor life choices.

All right, if I make

poor life choices,

I would've slept with you.

There's two types of guys

in this world, Shelly.

There's the type

that seem like assholes
and then turn out
to be all right.
And then there's the type
that seem all right
and then turn out to be
total fucking assholes.
Liam being the latter of course.
Uh... how much
would I stand to make?
Four-way split.
Half a mil each.
Not a bad day's work.
All right, I'm in.
Shelly, thank you so much.
Thank you.
All right, this does not
mean that we're friends.
And also, I still think
that you're a big bitch.
That's fine.
You won't regret it, though.
I hope not.
Man, they fucking forgot
my lo mein.
All right, Kip, let's get this
over with, since we're all here.
Oh, yeah.
Wait, what are you guys doing?
We need to know
how long Liam will be out
since we need to transport him
from A to point B.
We need to figure out the exact
amount of chloroform to give him.
- Um, how much was it last time?
- 12 minutes.
Well, okay,
that's just not enough.
So...
the goal will be 20.
We don't want him waking
up during the trip.
Jesus Christ!

You did that like three times.

What, is the goal
to fucking kill me?

Okay, we also don't want to give
him a fatal dosage either.

That's good.

- You ready?

- Yeah.

- Just don't let me hit my head again.

- Okay.

See you soon.

Winter blues
starting to bring you down?

If so, we recommend
you heat things up
with a visit to Cupid's Quiver.

Southern California's
number one spot

for all of
your sexual fantasies.

From lingerie and lace,
to toys and teddies,
our selection of goodies
is guaranteed
to melt your lover's heart.

So what are you
waiting for, lover?

Why don't you come?

How was that?

Nailed it.

Certainly made me want to come.

Charming, Liam, very charming.

Come on in. I need to get
your "Jen Hancock".

Just like reading Shakespeare.

- Who writes this copy anyways? You?

- I help.

I took a creative writing
class in college, so...

What, you don't like it?

It's very you.

Hey, uh, Dave.

Um, can you get out
of here, please?

You're a good man.

Ow. Fuck.

- You okay?

- Yeah.

Aw, did you get

a paper cut, honey?

You ever see what blood does
to a Valentino suit?

Well, you should be
more careful.

Careful.

- I don't do careful.

- Oh, no?

No.

Mmm.

You ever see what
blood does to silk?

Hey, honey.

Yeah, I'm sorry it's late.

Um, I just wanted to call you
before it got too late.

Sales meeting went well.

Mm-hmm.

Yeah, but Hal wants me to take Mr.
Namoto...

and his staff out for drinks.

So it could be a late night.

But you know Asians
and their strip clubs.

Well, um...

I'm sorry.

Sorry, um... no.

No.

You know, what?

Um... I wouldn't wait up.

I love you.

Bye.

And I see this kid, who...
couldn't have been

any more than 13,

and he's being trampled

by this herd of charging bulls.

I couldn't tell if he was
dead or if he was alive,

um...
but all of a sudden,
I... I turn
and I run.
And I grab him
and I pulled him to safety.
That's incredible.
That's Pamplona.
Spain.
That's really...
that's an amazing story.
Oh, yeah.
Got a few.
Yeah, well...
Oh, my. Oh, my.
What did you do?
Here, let me help you with that.
Thank you.
So, um, tell me about yourself.
I feel like I've
just been going on.
Well, uh,
I've never saved any children
from a stampede before.
Uh, I did chase a raccoon
out of my backyard once.
- Oh...
- No, really, what do you want to know?
What I want to know
is why a pretty girl
is sitting all
by herself at a bar.
And you're obviously
not waiting for anyone.
How do you know that?
Because your back
is to the door.
And you don't have
wandering eyes.
Well...
maybe you're just
that interesting.
Maybe.
Or maybe

you have been
waiting for someone...
and that someone
is already here.
Bartender, can we
have another, please?
Please. Thank you.
You know, I gotta tell you,
I'm a sucker for a girl
in polka dots.
Nobody ever wears them.
Well, I guess I picked
the right thing, then.
I guess.
It's, uh...
it's like you were sent here.
By who?
By... my...
guardian angel.
Guilty.
You tell her
next time you see her,
- I said thanks.
- I will.
The next time I see her,
I will tell her.
Listen,
would you like to
go somewhere
a little more quiet?
Yeah.
Oh, man. Um, hey,
we should take my car.
Oh, no, you know what?
You've had too much to drink.
- Why don't I drive?
- Oh, I could say the same about you.
Don't worry.
I'll get you back
in time for school.
Come on.
What the... Shit.
I only drive one speed
and that speed is fast,

so I hope you don't mind.
Uh, you know what?
I left something in my car.
- I gotta go get it.
- Where did you park?
Over there.
You wanna come?
I'll drive, hmm?
So I was...
Surprise, motherfucker!
Ow! Fuck! Fuck!
Come on, go to sleep!
Go to sleep! Hey, hey, hey.
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
There we go.
Don't see that every day.
Whoo!
Happy New Year.
Oh, man, I cannot believe
we got away with that.
I totally thought
that we were fucked.
Did anyone see you?
Jesus, thankfully, no.
I mean, we were right in front of the bar,
though, people were coming and going.
We had to pull the car
around the back.
The whole thing was
completely screwed up.
I hope you didn't leave
any fingerprints.
What do I look like, an amateur?
Come on, here.
- Jane I don't drink.
- But you're a stripper.
So?
Don't you have to drink
to do that for a living?
Some girls do, yeah.
But not you.
Oh, well, more for us.
Got a long night ahead of you.
It's champagne,

it's not whiskey, Mom.
You really came through
on this, Shelly.
Was it as hard as you thought?
No.
He approached me
just like Alex said he would.
That's Liam's problem.
He's so fucking predictable.
Did he at least behave himself?
Yeah.
A true gentleman.
Look, I don't get what the deal
is with this guy anyway.
- Right?
- It's a gift, Kip.
Don't be jealous
'cause you don't have it.
Oh, please.
I got a gift...
See, Liam wouldn't
say something like that.
- Well, fuck Liam.
- I have.
- Showtime.
- Finally.
You're the one
who overdosed him.
He was drunk.
I was never drunk
when you tested it on me.
Maybe... maybe alcohol
adds time or something.
I don't know.
Here. Champagne.
Drink up.
- You guys ready?
- Yeah.
Shelly, you are the rabbit.
Because you're cute and timid
like a shy little bunny.
I thought I was the rabbit.
You? No.
Ha! You're the frog.

Dick.
Don't worry,
the worst part is over.
You guys ready to go?
Ribbit.
Hello, sunshine.
Sorry for all the, uh,
theatrics.
Just an average garage,
but I imagine
under your circumstances,
a little bit like
a torture chamber, no?
What's it they always say?
"They seemed like
such a nice family.
Such a happy family."
But just like,
well, every family
that looks like a
motherfucking greeting card,
you know better
than anybody else.
Bit of a ladies man.
Bit of a natural, huh?
Me, I gotta work at it,
myself, but...
Great resume, too.
Vice president... vice president
of Masters and Higgins.
The ever-growing
advertising company.
Pretty prosperous career,
which I would assume,
without your father-in-law,
wouldn't be true.
Won't be true if pictures like these
happen to wind up in his hands.
Here's the plan, Liam.
Tomorrow morning, 7:00,
I'm gonna hand you two things.
A cell phone
and a bank account number.
You're gonna call your bank

and you're gonna
transfer every dollar
from your savings
into that account.
And if this doesn't go
exactly according to plan,
then your wife, neighbors,
friends, children,
get a bird's-eye view
of who you really are.
We don't want that, do we, Liam?
Tape off.
Ah, fuck!
- Who are you?
- Oh, we're bill collectors,
and you're overdue.
Look, I'm going to be
totally honest with you,
you're wasting your time
with this.
My money...
it's all tied up in stocks.
It would take me weeks
to pull it together.
Mm, then you work quick.
Because as of two days ago,
this is the sum total
of what was in
your bank account.
There's no use
lying to us, Liam.
You're tied to
a fucking chair, man.
You're in the middle of nowhere.
We've been in your trash,
in your car, in your house.
We know who you are.
You've been in my house?
Oh, stop it.
Your wife and children
weren't home.
Look...
you want me to make
a reasonable withdrawal,

we can drive down to my bank...
Liam, you're not listening.
Do you see any lawyers present?
This is not a negotiation,
my friend.
All right, all right.
Tape him back up.
Wait. Wait, wait, wait, wait!
Go ahead and show
my wife the pictures.
To be honest,
you'd be doing me a favor.
Save me the hassle of
having to tell her myself.
I've been wanting a divorce
for a long time anyway.
So you know what? Go ahead.
Fuck you!
Fuck you, fuck you,
and fuck you!
I didn't work my ass off
for the past eight years
so I could fork over all my money to a
bunch of degenerates wearing silly masks!
That's it, Liam!
Come on! Get angry!
I feel your pain.
Eight years is a long time.
I was an exterminator
for close to that
until I got laid off.
You know, roach spray is
actually kind of a funny thing.
It, uh...
contains this active ingredient.
Pyrethrin.
It's chemical derived
from chrysanthemums.
Can you believe that?
Flowers, Liam.
Flowers.
Now, Pyrethrin,
enters the cockroach's body
through the cuticle,

it's like your skin,
and it immediately disables
the cockroach's nervous system,
shutting down
its bodily functions...
...killing it entirely.
I've heard it said
it tastes like shit, too.
Hold him. Hold...
would you hold him?
Now, you see,
most household brands
also contain an ingredient
that induces vomiting,
when ingested
by pets and humans.
Takes about 1 minute.
Which means you have
about 20 seconds
to decide whether or not
all of this goes down!
Well, then there's nowhere
for the vomit to go
and you end up choking
to death on your own vile.
Are you with us, Liam?
Are you with us?!
Yeah?
Am I gonna take the rag out?
Yes, please?
Yes, please?
Yes, please?
Oh, God!
Oh, come on, Liam.
We have got a long night ahead of us.
Can I have something
to drink, please?
Hey.
Thank you.
Tape him back up.
Whoo! Damn, that was intense.
Whoo!
Are you fucking crazy?!
What, I think

I scared him pretty good.

Scared him?

You almost killed him.

Well, it got the point
across, did it not?

Wha...

I'm sorry, raise your hand
if you think I got
the point got across.

You saw how he was
acting in there.

What was that

"tell my wife" bullshit?

Kip, you're supposed to communicate
with him, not torture him.

Okay.

And what would you have done
if I weren't there, huh?

At least now he knows
that if he doesn't pay us,
we'll just torture his ass.

This is why you asked
for my help.

Like it or not,

I am here to make the decisions
that you three can't make.

What the fuck does that mean?

Uh, it means that you all have
an emotional attachment
to him that I don't have.

- I will hurt him.

- Who says we have an emotional attachment?

- You're women.

- We're women?

Yeah, it's a fact.

Women make emotional decisions.

Bullshit.

Okay, maybe not rugged
strippers from Australia
or wherever the fuck it is
you're from...

"Rugged"?

I'm from England, thank you.

Whatever, same thing.

Most women do respond that way.

- Fact.

- You don't know what I'm capable of.

Terrifying.

If something would've
happened to him, Kip...

But it didn't.

Was I or was I not
an exterminator?

- You were.

- My point exactly.

Fuck...

Now, maybe we could do
something a little bit
more productive
with this evening
instead of just
sitting around arguing.

How about a nice round of
applause for our VIP Shelly
who fucking came through?

If she hadn't of sacked up, this
whole thing would have gone to shit.

I left my tab open at the bar.

- What?

- What?

- You started a tab?

- I didn't have any cash.

Why didn't you tell me?

I would have given you cash.

I don't know, there
was a lot happening at once
and I... I got confused
and I forgot.

Oh, fuck.

What are we gonna do?

I'm sorry.

Now, you are aware, of course,
that they now have
your name on file, right?

Not if we get there first.

Come on.

- You're gonna go back?

- Yes.

We just... you can't go back
to the scene of a crime.
That's rule number fucking one.
Relax, it's not a crime scene if
no one knows there was a crime.
If we get there before
closing time and we pay cash,
- they won't run the tab.
- If they haven't run it already.
Yeah, and it's like 12:30,
so hustle up.
Shelly, come on.
Let's go.
Come on, let's go!
Alex?
What?
Are you mad at me?
Accidents happen.
- So you're mad at me.
- I didn't say that.
Well, you didn't not say it.
Are you mad at you?
A little.
Well, then it doesn't
matter if I am or not.
I'm not mad at you, Shelly.
I'm annoyed at Kip to be honest.
I just... I hope it wasn't
a bad idea getting him involved.
- You get high?
- I'm in rehab.
So, yes, to add to me
being a rugged, trashy stripper,
I am also a recovering
meth addict.
Okay, well, this is pot.
I've had pot before, thanks.
I'm abstaining from
all drugs and alcohol.
Suit yourself.
Don't you think
we should stay focused?
I mean, at least
until they get back?

I've never smoked meth before.

What's it like?

It's pretty incredible,
actually.

You feel confident,
invincible, accepted.

Hmm.

Jesus, don't exactly see that
on the posters, do you?

No.

They always make it
sound so bad.

Let me ask you a question.

Was this always the,
uh, the American dream?

To come Stateside and strip?

Yes, that's every
English girl's dream.

What kind of stupid
question is that?

Sorry.

I was a choreographer
in England.

And I didn't have a work visa,
so I stripped under the table.

I'd like to see it sometime.

The stripping, not
the choreography shit.

Can we talk about
something else, please?

Or better yet, nothing.

Let's talk about nothing.

You want to hurt him, don't you?

What, did he, uh, knock you up,
- or something?

- Something.

You're not really
in it for the money, huh?

Let's just say
it's not my first motive.

You know, Alex, uh,
she thought she was
gonna marry the guy.

I don't see how.

Well, maybe they had a different relationship than you two did.

I guess so.

Do you, uh...

do you think it's because of...

how you look, what you do?

I'm not... I'm not

trying to offend you.

I'm simply saying,

a woman such as yourself...

isn't exactly going to

attract Mr. Rogers.

Someone like Mr. Rogers

isn't going to exactly

attract me either.

That's fair.

Love this song.

- Wanna dance?

- No, I don't.

Come on. I love this song.

Come on.

- Hi. I left my card here.

- What's your name?

- My name?

- Yeah, I need your name to find the card.

Collins, Michelle.

Wait a second.

You were here earlier.

Hence, why she's here

to close her tab.

Polka dot dress right?

Yeah.

Things must have gone well

with your gentleman friend.

I mean, you changed

clothes and all.

Ha ha. Funny.

- Michelle Collins?

- Yes, that's me.

- On the card?

- Cash!

Why am I the only one dancing?

I don't know,

but you should really stop.

Hey, show me your moves?
Come on, show me your moves.
- I'll tip you.
- No, thank you.
Um, I'm kidding.
Oh, God.
Yeah, I don't wanna do this.
I'm gonna go outside.
- You keep dancing.
- Hey, hey, hey, hey.
Come here.
Don't leave yet.
Fuck off.
Yes, oh, please. Oh!
Please, please, please, please!
Stop! Stop! Stop!
Please, stop. Oh...
Fucker!
Please!
Please, stop! Stop!
Hey, please, no, no, no, no, no.
No, no, no, no, no.
Thank you, thank you,
thank you, thank you.
Oh, my God. Thank you.
Thank you so much for stopping.
You have no idea
the night I've had tonight.
I was being held by these...
these lunatics wearing masks.
And... and they tied me up to a
chair and then they tortured me.
I cut myself... I cut myself
when I was getting free.
Oh, my God, I'm bleeding a lot.
Um, but we gotta, uh,
we gotta make...
can we get to a hospital?
'Cause, uh, 'cause...
I don't know.
I've got this condition, you
see, and...
Jesus... thank...
Oh, shit,

I got blood on your seat.
I'm sorry.
Um, do you have cell phone?
Al... Alex?
Alex! It's me.
Oh, my God! I can't believe this!
What are you doing out here?
Never mind, never mind,
that doesn't matter.
It's been so long.
I'm so glad to see you.
I am so glad to see you.
Look, honey,
look what they did to me.
Look what they did to me.
You gotta help me.
You gotta get me far away. You gotta
get me far, far away from here, okay?
We gotta... we gotta
go to a hospital.
We gotta call the cops.
We gotta call the cops.
Do you have a cell phone?
Alex?
Oh, no, no.
No, no, you can't stop there.
You can't stop there because
that's... that's the house.
That's where they are. That's
where they were keeping me.
That's the... oh, no.
Fuck you! Fuck you!
What the fuck?
No, no! No, no!
- No, no, no!
- Hey!
Get back here! Hey! Hey!
Fuck this.
- Don't you touch me!
- Would you fucking help?
Damn it!
Join a goddamn gym.
Help me, get his arm.
In the chair.

Sit up, Liam.

Rags, rags, rags!

Second box, second box!

Help me, Liam.

- Please.

- The bleeding's not stopping.

Is there some sort of a situation
you want to maybe enlighten me to?

- Huh? Huh?

- Hemo...

I can't understand you, buddy.

Speak up.

- Come on. What?! What?

- Get over here.

Take his fucking jacket off!

- What?!

- I think I know what he's trying to say.

What?!

Fucking spit it out!

In the the car he mentioned
he had a condition.

What kind of condition?

I think we need to get him
to the hospital.

Fucking spit it out!

Jesus Christ!

- I think he's a hemophiliac!

- A what?

Okay, here it is.

Hemophilia is a group of
hereditary genetic disorders
that impair the body's ability
to control blood clotting
or coagulation,
which is used to stop bleedage
when a blood vessel is broken.

So great, he's not
going to stop bleeding.

Didn't you know
he was a hemophiliac?

No, I didn't.

Well, I thought since
you two were so in love
that's the kind of thing

you would know.

I'm mean, it's kind of important, don't you think?

We need to get him to a hospital.

Fuck no.

We're not gonna make it to the hospital.

You know, he's not gonna tell if we save his life.

Like most recessive sex linked X chromosome disorders, hemophilia is more likely to occur in males than females.

What's the point?

Get to the point.

How do we stop the bleeding?

We can't keep the tourniquets on all night, he'll lose circulation.

Blah, blah, blah, blah.

Okay, here.

To properly manage a severe cut without the proper medical assistance, disinfect, sterilize, and apply...

Super Glue?

Do you guys have any Super Glue?

I guess it would be pretty bad for you if I died, huh?

A simple "thank you" would suffice.

You want me to thank you?

Uh, yeah.

A couple years from now, you're gonna be sitting on a beach somewhere laughing about this.

About which part?

The part where

I nearly bled to death

or the part where you shoved

a poisonous rag down my throat?

First of all,

you could be a little

bit more appreciative
that we responded
as fast as we did.
And secondly, isn't it just
a little bit irresponsible
that you don't carry
some sort of medicine on you
for when shit like this happens?
It's at home.
Where I was headed.
I didn't think I was
gonna be getting kidnapped.
It didn't look like
you were headed to me.
I need to get to a hospital.
You will.
In the meantime...
Oh, sure, Super Glue.
In case you haven't noticed,
I'm a human being,
not a fucking ceramic doll!
- Ow.
- All right, all right!
Calm down!
Stop your squirming.
Where's Alex?
I want to talk to her.
Who are you,
her boyfriend or something?
That bitch has been playing me
this whole time, hasn't she?
There you go.
Good as new.
I don't suppose since
half my blood is on the floor
I could get a bite to eat?
You were too busy gettin'
high and having a good time.
And now he knows I'm involved.
- Oh, come on, kiddo.
- Come on what?
We might as well let him go.
What?! No.
Absolutely not.

We let him go
and he knows who you are.
Or we walk out of here with two million
dollars and he knows who you are.
But either way, he knows that we
have those photographs of him,
so it's not like
he's gonna go to the cops.
You don't know that.
He said he doesn't care
about his marriage.
Bullshit.
He totally cares.
And even if he doesn't care,
his father-in-law
pays his salary.
I'm sure as shit
he cares about that.
And then I spend
the rest of my life
looking over my shoulder.
He knows where we live.
He knows where you live.
He's got money.
He knows people.
He HAD money.
And we can just get out of here.
We can go to Switzerland
or Amsterdam.
Or, fuck, we can
get a rail pass.
It doesn't matter.
We will have the money.
That's not the fucking point!
He knows people, okay?
God, the plan is fucked.
Oh!
It's not fucked.
Do you need help?
No!
Oh, yeah.
I got you now, huh?
Is that a Nuke Pocket?
I'm sitting here, I'm dying, and all

you have for me is Nuke Pocket?

Well...

how am I suppose to eat it?

Broccoli?

Alex, is that you?

Look, sorry,

I'm sorry that I lied to you.

But...

I'm not the first guy on the planet
to have an unhappy marriage,
and I'm not the first guy
to look for a way out.

Is this about the other women?

'Cause I barely knew them.

I didn't have any real
connection with any of them.

Not like you.

I... I swear.

Do you have to wear that mask?

I know it's you.

Or are you too ashamed
to face me?

Hmm? Is that it?

Look at me, you fucking bitch!

I'm looking at you, Liam!

I've been looking at you
the whole time!

And now I see through you!

Through your three-bean
layer of bullshit!

And I don't think you're sorry!

I don't think you know the
meaning of the word, "sorry"!

Because when you
open your mouth,
it smells like shit!

So keep it shut!

Jesus.

Everything all right?

- Is he dead?

- No, he's not dead.

So what's the fucking problem?

Forgot the reason why I was
doing this in the first place.

It wasn't for the money.
This is gonna change things.
What good is any of this if he doesn't know
that I'm the one fucking him in the ass?
Oh, God. Did I really
need to know that?
This whole thing has turned
into a bit of shit show, hasn't it?
Did you know he, uh,
saved a kid's life once?
In Spain.
Who did?
Liam.
God, that's quite
an accomplishment.
Even after we've told you
what a compulsive liar he is,
you still believe him.
I don't know, I just...
I don't think maybe he's as bad of
a guy as you make him out to be.
With all due respect, Shelly,
you met him for like 15 minutes.
I know, but...
Have you ever had a man tie
you up in bed for two days?
Taking out all his
twisted perversions on you?
Doing whatever he feels
like with your body?
No.
Have you ever had a cigarette
stamped out on you?
My God, Jane, I'm so sorry.
I don't need
your fucking sympathy.
- What about Alex?
- What about her?
Did he do that stuff to her?
How the fuck should I know?
Why don't you ask her?
There you go.
That's it.
There you go.

Go back inside.
That's right.
Before you get cold.
Yeah.
Kip.
What?
I think there's somebody
watching us.
Is that why you've been
waiting by that window
for 10 minutes like a creeper?
I don't see anybody.
Well, when I went to the bar
there was a car
parked down the street.
And when I came back,
it was still there.
So?
So there's no other
houses around here.
So maybe somebody
had car trouble.
It wasn't there earlier.
Don't you find that
kind of strange?
No!
Siamese twins strange.
People who don't like
mustard are fucking strange.
That's a coincidence.
Well, it wouldn't hurt
checking out.
How far is it?
Come on, kiddo.
Where is this thing?
I don't know.
I was driving.
It seemed closer.
Wait. There it is.
Where?
Holy shit.
- What?
- You said that there was a car,
but you didn't say anything about

it being a fucking Chevelle.
Oh-ho-ho. Come on. Tell me I can
hotwire this thing, please?
Please, please, please?
Come on.
Yeah, totally. Let's add grand theft
auto to the list. That's fine.
- Oh-ho-ho.
- Is that anyone in it?
Not at the moment.
Although, it does look like
somebody lives in here.
Look at that fucking pigsty.
They could do worse,
I mean, it is a Chevelle.
Wait, wait. Here, look.
What is it?
It looks like camera equipment.
Still find this coincidental?
I'd love to say "I told you so,"
but this would not
be the right time.
No, it wouldn't.
- You like that? You like that?
- Kip, ow. Stop.
Hey, wait, wait. Here, look.
- What?
- Fuck.
Ow. Window's open.
Here.
Give me your hand.
Do it.
Come on.
Go, go, go.
- Come on, come on, come on.
- Ow!
You got it, you got it.
- Ow! Hold on!
- It's fine, it's fine.
You got it,
you got it, you got it.
Jackpot.
- Whoo.
- Okay, ow.

It smells like shit in here.
Here.
- Got it?
- Yeah.
Okay, so, who carries
this many cameras?
There's like...
Someone on a stakeout.
Oh, my God, Kip...
these are pictures of us.
Hey, mister.
You gotta help me.
You gotta get me outta here.
Listen...
help me out of here, man,
you don't understand.
I've been kidnapped
by these crazy people.
I'm wounded really bad.
I'm wounded.
I gotta get to a hospital.
Get me out.
Get me out of here.
Listen, you gotta help me, man!
Help me!
Penis patrol on parade.
Penis patrol on parade.
Penis patrol on parade. Penis...
Shh.
Help is on the way.
Help me now!
Hey! Get down!
"Clive Lewis, Private Dick."
That's disgusting.
Get it?
It's like, you know...
A woman makes a joke
about a man's penis
being so small
that she needs
a magnifying glass to find it.
Well, this penis
has a magnifying glass
and he's looking for clues.

Do you actually get work with this?
Why don't you ask
Liam's wife about that?
She hired me
to follow him around.
So she knows.
She was suspicious
of his fidelity.
And then I noticed you were
doing your own investigating,
so I became suspicious of you.
At first I thought,
well, maybe she hired you, too,
but, well, that didn't add up.
Why would she hire
both of us, right?
Hey, hey, girly, there's a lot
of expensive stuff in there.
What were you
doing in the garage?
Well, I was going to untie him,
set him free, be a hero.
The guy's loaded.
I thought that he'd give me
a reward or something.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, there, sailor.
I barely know you.
- Don't you don't carry a gun?
- No, I'm a pacifist.
That's someone who's
strongly opposed to violence.
I know what a pacifist is.
- I bet you wish you carried a gun now.
- Not really.
You just patted me down.
You would've found it
and now you would have the gun.
I will admit,
it is pretty brave of you
to go charging into battle
without one.
I told you, I'm a pacifist.
All right, so which is it? You
can't be a hero and a pacifist.

Gandhi.

If you went in there
to untie him,
why isn't he untied?
Get in here!

Well?

There's a camera
between the paint cans.

- Is that it?

- Yeah.

There's no more?

You're sure?

Yeah, there's another camera
up above the blue bucket.

And a recorder next to
the visor over there.

You're fucking
scary in those masks, you know?

All right, you got me.

Fair and square.

What's a guy to do, right?

You guys got a good thing
going here.

Let me get this straight, Clive.

After we blackmailed
this asshole, then what?

You were just planning
to blackmail us?

- Is that it?

- Well, a guy's gotta eat, right?

- You'd have done the same thing.

- Oh, no, I'll give it to you.

- It's very clever.

- I thought so.

Yeah, if it would have worked.

Obviously it didn't work out.

Look, I didn't put any more
surveillance in, okay?

You know, do whatever you want.

It's worth money.

Sell it, use it, I don't care.

I can always get more.

I'll just get out of your hair.

Not so fast, Clive.

You're already in our hair.
You ever get gum
in your hair, Clive?
Actually, I have gotten
bubble gum stuck in my hair.
Well, then you know.
It gets sticky.
Well, I used peanut butter
to get mine out.
Actually, I've heard that works.
So, um, I'm the gum, right?
Get the tape.
Get the tape!
The tape, the tape!
Get the tape!
Sorry, Clive, we're
all out of peanut butter.
You're not taping me up,
goddamn it.
- Whoa! Jesus Christ, Clive!
- Come here!
- I thought you were a fucking pacifist.
- Well, I lied.
Now, here's what's gonna happen.
I'm gonna take the bitch
and then you're gonna call me
after you got the money
from this guy, all right?
- The number's on my card.
- Or what, huh?
Or you're never gonna see her again.
I can promise you that.
Huh?
And what if I said, "I don't
care if I see her again," huh?
I'd say you're liar.
And then I say "I got pictures of
you breaking into this guy's house"
that people might like to see
after this is all said and done."
- Bullshit.
- You hear that? He doesn't believe me.
Well, why don't you
give me your address,

asshole, and I'll send you
copies in the mail?
Ah!
What the fuck did you just do?!
What the fuck?
I didn't mean to.
I... I swear.
I was trying to knock
the saw away.
What was I supposed to do?
He had a saw to her
goddamn throat.
Jesus, somebody
fucking say something.
Come on!
It was an accident.
You were all there.
I wasn't trying to kill him.
This woman's husband
was in a coma
for several months,
yet she stayed by
his bedside every single day.
So when he started to come to,
he motioned to her
and he said, "Honey..."
She sat by him.
"You know,
through all these bad times,"
you've been here with me.
When I got fired,
you were there supporting me.
When I got shot,
you were there by my side.
When I lost the house,
you were there.
When my health started failing,
you were there all through it...
You know what, dear?"
he said.
"What, dear,"
she replied gently.
"I think you bring me
bad luck," he replied.

What does that even mean?
So like I'm... I'm bad luck?
- I'm fucking bad luck?
- Well, I'm just saying
there's a lot of bad luck
going on here
and it reminded me
of that little joke.
What? You told one of us
to say something, so...
See, it's funny.
Well, don't worry,
because Liam promised not to
mention this to anyone.
So I'm in the clear.
Liam doesn't even know
who Clive is.
- Was.
- Was.
Yeah... until he's watching TV
or his wife is.
She's turns it on
and the news comes on.
"Private detective missing."
The same private detective
she hired to spy on her husband.
You might be on
to something there.
Clive said that Liam's wife
hired him, right?
So...
let's say Liam finds out
he's being followed,
and then he discovers
the pictures
and he confronts Clive.
And the two of them
get into an argument...
And Liam killed Clive
with a garden tool.
And Liam killed Clive
with a garden tool.
Yeah, smart ass.
It's not perfect.

So that's your plan?
Frame Liam for murder?
All of the evidence
points to him.
And it would certainly be
in his best interest
to keep his fucking mouth shut.
What about the body?
We gotta to get rid of it.
Car, too.
I'll do it, but somebody's
gotta follow me.
Don't all jump at once, Jesus.
- Fuck it, I'll go.
- No, no, you will not.
Last time you left,
everything got all fucked up.
And you're obviously
in no position to drive.
Shelly, you can
follow me in my car.
She has done more than her part.
No, she hasn't.
You, stay.
Shelly, my car now.
- But...
- No, butts! No fucking butts!
Okay? Shelly, now!
This is totally fucked up.
Okay.
There is a dirt road
away's down.
Maybe five miles.
Nobody goes down there.
We dump the body there
and ditch the car
somewhere else.
Just get close behind me
and stay close.
The more distance
between your car and mine,
the easier it is for a cop
to slip in between us.
Got it?

Yes.
All right.
Good. Stay with me.
Fuck.
Hey! Yo!
What's the deal, huh?
Shelly, come here.
- Get out of the...
- Wait.
- Fuck. No...
- Come here. Come here.
Get out of the car.
Get out of the car, Shelly.
Get out of the car.
Hey, hey.
Look at me.
Listen to me.
Do I look scared?
Huh? Huh?
Well, I should because
I'm fucking scared, too, okay?
But us standing here
in the middle of the road,
in the middle of the night,
that looks very, very bad.
So no matter how scared you are,
I need you to
get back in that car
and to follow me, okay?
We're gonna be just fine,
all right?
Oh, God! Get in the car!
Here.
What's that for?
We gotta smash his jaw.
What... why do we need
to smash his jaw?
Dental records.
If somebody finds the body, it's
going to take longer to identify him
if he doesn't match
his dental records.
Don't you watch any movies?
What's that for?

Fingerprints.

Oh...

I don't know if I can do this.

What, do you want to switch?

Was that good?

Don't you think you've

had enough to drink?

Nope.

I hope he doesn't
do anything to her.

- What are you talking about?

- I'm talking about your brother
coming back... alone.

You're drunk.

Yeah, but she's a witness,

I'm a witness.

I mean, even you're a witness.

My brother killed Clive
on accident.

First time I took meth
was an accident.

I thought it was crack.

And then I realized I was hooked
and there was no going back.

How can you love him?

- He's my brother.

- No. Not him.

- Jesus Christ, Jane.

- I see how you look at him.

Even after I told you about all
that stuff that he did to me!

For all I know, you could have
given yourself those scars.

- What are you saying?

- I know Liam.

You don't know shit, Alex.

I mean, you still think he's
dog's bullocks after all this?

If that's the case,
you deserve him.

All right, Jane,

you can give it a rest now.

- You're drunk.

- I am not drunk.

What does it matter?
Yes, I love him.
Does that really
fucking matter right now?!
He's in my garage
bleeding to death
and he knows I'm the one
who put him there.
Why are you even asking me this?
Oh, I know why.
It's because
you're fucking drunk.
Where's Shelly?
What the fuck
did you do to Shelly?
Where is Shelly?
Shelly, are you okay?
Kip, what the fuck
did you do to her?!
I'm sorry.
I didn't know any of this
was gonna happen.
I tried going instead of you.
After I knocked his teeth out...
they all fell down his throat
so I had to reach in
and dig in them out...
one by one.
And all I could feel
were his bones.
I'm so sorry, Shelly.
I was always your
little dog, wasn't I?
Even in high school.
I finally made
a life for myself.
It's not perfect,
and you knew that
and you took advantage of that.
I just want to get home
to my daughter.
You will. I promise.
Get over here! What the fuck
do you think you're doing?!

Get out!

- Come on.

- Get your fucking hands off me, you creep!

- What happened?

- Oh, nothing.

I just caught your psychopathic
little friend here
trying to castrate our prisoner.

Oh, fuck off. I wasn't
actually gonna do anything.

What? Okay, Jane,
why don't we lie down, okay?

Fuck off. You can fuck off,
too, I'm not tired.

- Okay.

- I'm not tired!

Okay, I know.

- Okay.

- I'm not... I'm not gonna lie down.

- I'm not tired and it's bullshit.

- Okay.

- It's just total bullshit.

- I know, it's total bullshit.

- Okay, all right.

- What are you doing?

- Fuck.

- I don't wanna lie down.

- Okay, come on.

- I don't wanna lie down.

Okay, good night.

We'll call this one "Clive."

"Clive, the idiot."

What are our options, Kip?

Options?

More like option.

I mean, if the cops make the
connection between Liam and Clive,
and you know they will,
eventually your name
is gonna come up.

If it comes down to a plea
between murder and infidelity,
you know which one
Liam is gonna take.

Then you're exposed.
We don't have any options.
We have to kill him.
There's no other way?
There is, but...
involves a whole lot
of lying on your part.
Getting dragged down
to the station somewhere.
Being detained.
Definitely interrogated
by a detective.
That could lead to me.
I wouldn't rat you out.
No, I know you wouldn't, kiddo,
but I have a rap sheet.
Any halfway decent detective
is gonna put that together.
I'm gonna go bring him some
blankets and check on him.
Remember, we have to keep
him alive before we kill him.
Jane. Jane.
Jane. Jane, you have to wake up.
They're gonna kill Liam.
Jane, wake up.
Wake up.
Please, wake up.
You have to wake up,
they're gonna kill Liam.
Please, please, wake up.
Jane, wake up right now.
Jane, come on.
Jane?
You look prettier
without the mask.
The... the girl
in the polka dots...
she was part of
this whole plan, right?
Fucking polka dots.
And just a wild guess,
the frog princess,
she's Jane.

I don't know what
she told you about me, but...
she was always
into the kinky shit.
How did you two ever
get together?
You had it coming.
Hi, Shelly.
You doing okay?
Have a seat.
Let me buy you a drink.
It started with a waitress
I met out of town.
I was supposed to be
pitching this, uh...
She took me back
to her place and I, uh...
I just wanted to get even
with Sara, my wife.
Ever since we had kids,
she just stopped looking at me.
It just kinda turned
into an urge.
You know,
you were great back there.
With Clive.
Not every girl has the stomach
for that kind of thing.
But, you...
you got more, don't you?
Here...
And in here.
Thanks.
Who knows what we would
have done without you?
He was a real whack job
anyway, wasn't he?
Hmm.
You do say all the right things.
But you are full of shit.
I know you were
gonna take the car.
Leave us.
Yeah.

I was.
But I wasn't gonna go
to the cops or anything.
I just wanted to go home.
Oh, I don't, uh,
I don't blame you.
You were just the bait.
But that would have
stranded me without the car.
I know. I'm so...
I'm so sorry.
I'm also really sorry
about earlier.
You know, when we were driving.
What, you mean how you
almost got us caught?
That, too.
But, no,
I meant how you
tried to kiss me.
Sorry, I just got really scared.
You can try again
if you want to.
We're all just animals
anyway, right?
Trying to live by rules.
Don't you think I know what's gonna
happen after I make that phone call?
Al...
Alex, please.
You have to let me go.
I swear to fucking God
I won't tell anybody.
Look at the condition I'm in.
You know the plan.
That guy's got other plans.
Like what?
Taking me out for ice cream.
What do you think?
You're being paranoid, so...
You're not a killer, Alex.
Yeah? Yeah?
Yeah.
Yeah, you like that?

Come here.
Oh, yeah?
Oh, you are a kinky bitch.
I'm dying here, Alex.
The Super Glue's not gonna hold.
There's just too much blood.
Okay...
Can you walk?
- Don't fuck with me.
- Can you walk?
- I don't know.
- Well, I can't carry you.
Yes, I'll try.
You're gonna have to
untie me first.
Oh, my God, Alex, thank you.
You're not gonna regret this.
Wait.
Hold on, I'll be right back.
No, no. No, wait.
Where...
Cut the fucking tape first.
Kip! Kip!
What the fuck?
Fuck.
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.
Where are your keys?
Where are the keys?
Okay...
Damn it. Fuck.
Shelly! Shelly! Shelly!
Shelly, wait!
Oh, fuck.
Okay, if we cut
through the woods,
there's a gas station about
a mile on the other side.
We're going to
have to walk, okay?
- But I'll help you get there, okay?
- Okay.
I knew you weren't a killer.
Okay, let's get
a few things straight here.

As far as you're concerned,
I'm just a fling you had
and nothing else.

You don't know
what happened tonight.
You woke up in some shack
and managed to escape.
In the middle of the
woods, you don't know where.
Okay.

Remember, I still have
all those pictures.

Yeah.

And from time to time,
I'm gonna...

I'm gonna check up on you
to make sure you're being
honest with your wife.

No more of this
sleeping around shit.

- Yeah.

- You've got a family.

- Don't be an asshole.

- You're absolutely right.

Okay, okay.

Don't bullshit me.

I'm not, I'm honest.

I'll be honest.

Okay. Okay.

I'm saving your fucking life.

I was... I was falling
in love with you,
you pr... prick.

Fuck. Come on.

- Easy, easy.

- Liam, come on.

- Oh, shit, I don't think I can walk.

- What do we have here?

Kip, thank God you're here.

I tried waking you up.

Things have changed.

He's bleeding and we have
to get him to a hospital.

Yeah, in case you didn't notice,

the car's fucking gone!
He's... he's not... he's not
gonna make it till 7:00.
It's two hours! What, you
can't wait two hours to die?
I'm fucking serious!
Give me a fucking hand!
I will not give you a hand
'cause he is not going anywhere!
Listen to me.
I'm bleeding to death,
you fucking idiot.
Shut the fuck up, Liam!
You might as well
kill me right now
'cause I'm not giving you
any of my fucking money.
Do you still love him?
You do.
Say it.
You... you were
gonna cut him free.
You were gonna run
and save your own ass.
And, what, leave me?
I wasn't gonna save my own ass.
You... you'd be fine.
I mean, you're clean.
You haven't killed anybody.
But me?
Me they're gonna fry.
- Is that what you want?
- No, of course not.
Is that what you want? You
want them to fucking kill me?
No! I...
- Come here. Come here. Come here.
- What are you doing?
Give me your hands! Come here!
Come here! Get over here!
Get down. Get the fuck down.
Put your hands behind you.
Behind you!
Kip, what are you doing?

Okay.

Shut up and listen, okay?

- I know you hate me right now.

- Kip, seriously?

You have to trust me, okay?

Liam is not gonna make it!

This was part of the plan.

Hey.

Trust me, we can still
get out of this thing.

I know you hate me right now,
but I need you
to trust me, all right?

Just trust me.

How we doing, buddy?

What do you think?

A little more Super Glue
for your boo-boos, huh?

Can you stand?

What do you say?

Want a little bit
more of this? Come here.

Kip? Kip?

Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck,
it hurts. Fuck!

Liam, what did you
just do to my brother?!

Kip?

- Kip! Kip!

- You're bleeding.

- I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

- Try... try Super Glue.

It works wonders...

asshole.

That looks bad.

I think your
brother's gonna die.

So that's it, huh?

You want me to untie you?

I untied... I untied you.

You also tied me up.

You're not gonna
make it without me.

I just gotta

make it to the house.

I take it there's

a phone in there.

If you use the phone,

then I'll go to jail.

- Please.

- Probably for a real long time.

I was gonna let you go.

You were gonna let me walk

a mile to a gas station.

Does I look like I can

walk a fucking mile?

Liam, please untie me

right fucking now!

Liam!

Kip, Kip, wake up!

Kip, untie me, please!

Untie me, Kip!

Fuck!

Liam!

Liam, untie me! Liam!

Liam!

Untie me, please!

Untie me, Kip!

Fuck!