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The Con Is On

By Alex Michaelides

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[bells tolling]

[footsteps]

[organ music playing]

[footsteps]

[organ music ends]

What the fuck

you doin' here?

Where's Irina?

She sent me instead.

Let's look at the package.

Give this to Irina,

and don't fuck it up.

[liquid sloshing in mixing cup]

It's about fuckin' time.

Where the hell you been?

- I was at church.

- Oh.

- Hello, darling.

- Hello, darling.

How'd it go?

- [woman] Hmm.

- [man] Ooh.

I see it went well.

- Irina will be pleased.

- Very.

- Fancy a bump?

- Just a tiny one.

Maybe I'll borrow a little cash.

Irina won't miss a grand or two.

[liquid pouring]

May I?

[orchestral music playing]

[clattering]

[gunshot]

[beads clattering]

[cash register rings]

[music ends]

[woman] Psst!

- Psst!

- [sipping]

- Psst!

- Ahh...

Psst!

Psst!

Hi there, handsome.

What's your name, sexy?

Fuck off.

All right, mate.

All right, mate.

- Oi, Harry.

- [moans]

- [sighs] Have we landed?

- No, we haven't fuckin' landed.

I'm being accosted

by a tanning booth.

This flight's

a fuckin' nightmare.

I've been abused,

and I've paid for the privilege.

Why do we have to go

to Los Angeles?

It's the safest place

we could possibly be.

I mean, she'll be looking for us

in every hotel bar in London.

Oh, she'll do.

She'll hunt us down.

She'll find us.

She'll torture us.

Me first.

She's never liked me

for some reason.

Here. Take this.

You'll feel much better.

- [man] What was that?

- I don't know.

- Xanax, possibly.

- Oh, right.

[slow guitar music]

[man]

Los Angeles is horrible.

It's like a theme park

built on a fault line.

Shh!

No, no.

[chuckles] Right.

Bye, love.

Oh, yeah,
who was that then?
Now, darling,
don't get upset.
It was Sidney, wasn't it?
I might have known.
- He's an old friend.
- He's an evil old pederast.
[man] If we're gonna see Sidney,
I need a fuckin' drink.
I'm as dry
as a schoolgirl's knickers.
[bell tolling]
Once again,
I'm being asked to prostitute myself
for the sake of a criminal venture.
All I'm asking is that you take
one for the team, all right?
It's your own fault for being
so bloody beautiful, isn't it?
- Here. Take this.
- I already took one.
- Take another one.
- All right.
And take one of these.
All right.
[organ music playing]
Go in peace, my child.
[footsteps echoing]
[chuckling]
- Well, well, let me drink you in.
- [Harry] Sidney.
My dear, dear Harry.
And, my own boy.
[chuckles] Oh, my. Haven't
we been filling out, hmm?
When I think back to how scrawny
you were when we first met.
Like a little bird, a fledgling.
And now, look at you.
Proud cock.
I do hope you've forgiven
your Uncle Sidney
for that little mishap

in Turkey?

I couldn't bear to think of you being angry with me.

Of course he's forgiven you.

It was only for a few months.

I can't even imagine the horrors you were subjected to in that sordid jail.

I want you to tell me all about it.

Every little detail, hmm?

All the ins and outs.

[Harry]

Sidney? We need a word.

Yes. This way, my pets.

- [Harry] He's new.

- Yes, the last one split.

[Sidney] You know, I don't think I've seen you since Istanbul. It's been an age.

What have you been doing with yourself?

Well, you know, this and that.

Import, export.

A little poker. How are you?

Oh, much the same.

Still battling

this interminable ennui.

You know, life is simply insupportable without you, Harry.

- Well, I'm back.

- So I see.

- Staying with us long, I hope?

- Fuck, no.

- That depends.

- [knock on door]

[door opens]

- A package has arrived.

- Thank you, Kim Kim.

Sidney...

- We need some work.

- [man] And money.

- Shed loads of money.

- So I heard.

How much do you owe Irina, in fact?

So you know about it, do you?

[chuckling] Yes.

She is making

rather a fuss, you know.

[Harry]

Is she? I can't imagine why.

[scoffs] I borrowed a little
from her at poker.

Nothing, really.

You know how it is.

[lounge music playing]

[pound notes rustling]

[music ends]

[ominous music playing]

[shot glass shatters]

- Where is she?

- Get us some drinks, luv?

- Drink?

- Yeah. Get us a round of drinks.

- Yeah, you want?

- Yeah.

Okay. I get.

[people screaming]

[surf guitar music playing]

[door opens]

- [door closes]

- [engine revs]

Irina put a price
on your head.

You were aware of that,
I take it?

I never knew she cared.

Oh, I think we can both agree that
that just isn't true, is it, darling?

And as for you.

You're a very naughty boy.

I have a good mind to put you over my
knee and give you a very sound spanking.

But as it is, I do have a small amount
of opium that needs delivering.

Really? How small?

Oh, uh...

A comfortable amount.

- [Harry] We'll do it for 50.

- [Sidney] Thirty-five.
Forty.
[sighs] I'm so weak.
Because I love you, Harry.
The, uh, usual method,
do you think?
Of course.
Gorgeous.
I'm not doing it.
Certainly not
for 40 fuckin' grand.
I mean it. I'm not doing it.
[sighs]
We need the money, darling.
I've had so many things
stuffed up my ass,
I might as well get a boyfriend
and move to San Francisco.
Don't be such a baby. It'll
be over before you know it.
Quite frankly,
we have no fucking choice.
[Irina]
Where is she?
[man]
I've not seen her in months.
Don't fuckin' lie to me.
I am not.
That bitch still owes me.
Money.
From a game in Hackney.
When you find her,
you can tell her that.
[telephone ringing]
- Yes?
- Irina, my angel.
[speaking Russian]
How are you?
[sighs] What do you want?
Well, it's been such
a long time, hasn't it?
I'd been meaning to call you up and
have a nice little chat with you.
But where does time go, hmm?

Where do you think?

Sidney, I'm busy.

Well, this won't take long.

I understand that you're
looking for a certain person,
and that you're prepared
to pay a very handsome price.

Hold on.

[grunts]

[clears throat]

Talk to me.

[jazz music playing]

[Harry]

We need a hotel.

[man] We need a better
plan than drugs up my bum.

- Welcome to the Chateau Marmont.

- Thank you.

- [grunts]

- [tires screech]

Stop! Stop!

- Oh, my God! I am...

- You nearly killed him!

- I am so sorry.

- Darling, are you all right?

- He could've killed me.

- Where's the manager?

Uh, this way, please.

I...

I only hope this suite
goes some way
towards making up
for this unfortunate accident.

It'll do.

And call a doctor.

- I need some painkillers.

- [man] Right away, sir.

Send us a personal shopper, will you?

We seem to have misplaced our clothes.

[man] Absolutely.

Chop-chop. On you go.

[music playing]

[sighs]

Fix us a drink, darling.

We're supposed to be going
on fuckin' holiday.
[Harry] We've gone abroad, haven't we?
It's what you wanted.
Los Angeles is not holiday.
It's a fuckin' lobotomy.
And being hunted down by Joseph Stalin
is far from relaxing. Gin and tonic?
Lovely. What do you think?
Fuckin' whore.
That's not the look
I was going for, but...
No. Not you. It's Jackie. Look.
[Harry] Oh.
Looks like she's
having trouble at home.
Perhaps we should
pay her a visit.
No, no. Don't get
distracted, darling.
You leave Jackie out of it.
'Course.
[snorting, exhales]
[jazz music playing]
- How many have you had?
- Four. You need to catch up.
Four martinis, please.
I hope seeing Sidney
isn't the extent of your plan.
How the hell are we gonna
pay Irina back?
Any ideas, mate?
I can always get in
on some games.
Are you insane?
- What?
- My wife has a gambling problem.
The problem is
she's no bloody good.
And tell me one thing, my sweet.
Hmm?
Why does she hate you so much?
And it's not solely
because of the cash.

There's some other reason.

I want to know what it is.

- Oh, you do, do you?

- Yes, I do.

Let's say she had

a little crush on me.

[drink sloshes]

Do you mind? This happens
to be a private conversation.

And when was this?

Oh, years ago.

You didn't know me then.

I was in Monte Carlo
doing some charity work.

Charity work? In Monte?

Do you want to hear
this story or not?

Carry on.

[lounge music playing]

[Harry] I was raising funds on behalf
of a large charitable organization.

Irina was engaged
in a similar activity,
and we decided
to fundraise together.

We made a good team, and we
worked together tirelessly.
Day and night, actually,
raising money for the orphans.

[exhales]

[Harry] We persuaded people to
make some very generous donations.

But sadly, she was
rather difficult to work with.

After Monte Carlo, I didn't plan
on seeing her again, and I didn't.
Until Istanbul.

[tanbur music playing]

I had no idea she'd be there.

I was taken
completely by surprise.

[man] Well, you didn't
seem too upset to see her.

Not from where I was sitting.

[Harry] I had no clue
they were setting you up.

Oi!

[man]

I went to jail for three months.

Harry!

You utter tart.

She's not after you
solely for the cash.

She's pursuing you
with romantic intent.

I don't know. It's possible.

What's the difference, anyway?

- Well, I'll tell you, my sweet.

- Hmm.

It's called "taking one
for the team," remember?

- Well, it's your turn, now.

- Oh, no. It's not possible.

- And why not?

- I couldn't guarantee your safety.

She can't bear
that I married you.

She wants you dead.

Eh?

Mmm. That's why
we've got to pay her back
and stay
the fuck away from her.

Forty fuckin' grand
ain't gonna get us far, is it?

- It's a start.

- It's a drop in the ocean.

Oh, yes. Of course.

- [man] What?

- [Harry laughs]

Yes. Yes, yes.

- What, what?

- Time to visit that bitch you married.

You do realize I still owe her for bailing
me out of that jail you landed me in.

Not to mention the ten grand

I borrowed last time I saw her.

She won't remember that.

I mean, this time
it could be an emergency.
You could need a new kidney.
How much do those go for?
Maybe it's heart surgery
or a brain tumor.
[man] There she is. The whore of Basildon.
Jackie fuckin' Harlow.
When I married her, she was
Tiffany Wheeler from Essex.
Actress/chatroom whore.
You were an idiot to marry her
in the first place.
I was off my tits.
It was the longest
three days of my life.
Eventually, she abandoned me in
some nightmare called Tenerife.
Darling, I'm going to
get my nails done.
- [Harry] Is that the husband?
- [man] Fuckin' weirdo film director.
- [Harry] Successful?
- [man] Very.
Hans?
There's dog poo everywhere,
and I don't want the gardener
to have to clean it up.
- Can you do it? One, two, three.
- [Harry chuckling]
Oh, dear, bless.
[Harry] We need to call her,
arrange a meeting. Lunch, dinner.
- Get us invited to the house.
- "Us"? Don't you mean me?
- She fuckin' hates you.
- What? She's never even met me.
Fine, you call her.
[man] Well, the last
time I called her,
she threatened
to phone the police.
All right, all right.
Maybe it's better

if we bump into her casually.

- [engine revs]

- [thump]

- Fuck.

- [gasps]

Fuck.

White bubble. White bubble.

[exhales, voice cracks]

White bubble. White...

Fuck it. Fuck it.

Fuck it.

Fuck it! Why don't you watch where
you're fuckin' going, you...

Hi, Jacks.

[laughing]

Peter! Peter!

Oh, my God, I've missed you.

Sorry about that.

Oh, don't worry about that.

That's just a scratch.

My God, what are the odds?

- I know, right?

- I mean it must be fate or destiny or...

Yeah,

something like that. Yeah.

Oh, yeah, sorry. Come by.

We had a wreck.

So what are you doing in LA?

Oh, you know, hiding out
from gangsters and that.

[chuckles]

- Are you alone?

- Oh, yes, quite alone. Yeah.

Where's that crook you married?

[Peter] You mean Harry?

Well, we're, you know...

She's left you again?

Well, thank God for that. Let's
hope it's for good this time.

Now listen, Peter.

You should come by
the house tomorrow.

You and I

really need to talk.

Oh. Yes. It's new.

- Do you like it?

- It's, um...

It's beautiful, Tiffany.

- Gabriel bought it for me.

- Oh.

Atonement for his sins.

He must've been very bad.

Yes. He was.

He was very, very bad.

Oh.

- It's just a ring.

- Didn't need it.

- Wouldn't miss it.

- Didn't even seem to like it.

How much do you think
it's worth?

A small fortune,
I should imagine.

Certainly enough
to pay off Irina.

You deserve this, darling.

- I do?

- Alimony.

Compensation

for being married to her.

- True.

- Yeah.

- True.

- It is.

Too bloody right.

Hello, there. I'm Sandy.

I'll be taking care of you guys
this evening. How are you doing?

Well, a few seconds ago, I was fine,
but now I'm feeling rather depressed.

That's awesome.

So our philosophy is this:

we're a farm-to-table
restaurant,

it's all small plates,
and we like to share.

Well, we don't.

So, two very dry vodka martinis

with a twist, please.
God, I love you. You're a
bloody genius, you are.
Here's to you,
my little thief.
Oi, Sandy. Sandy.
Where's our fuckin' martinis?
[lighter opens, clicks]
Now, when you're in the house,
make an excuse to leave her.
Do a little reconnaissance.
Figure out where
the bedrooms are.
Find the exits,
that sort of thing.
Right. So, get in there, get the
ring, get the fuck out of here.
Pay Irina back and Bob's
your uncle, get it?
- Got it.
- Good.
Well, give us a kiss
for good luck.
You don't need luck. I have
complete confidence in you.
- Now, don't fuck it up.
- Right.
Looking for Jackie.
Oi!
[echoing]
Jackie!
Jackie. Oi!
[whistles]
Hey!
This is my safe room!
This is my safe room!
Out!
Out! Out, out!
Fuck me, it's Gina.
Surprise surprise.
Look who's back.
Let me guess. Broke? No credit?
Bailiff's at the door?
Abandoned by your criminal wife

in some foreign jail?

Stop me when I'm getting warm.

Unstable?

Medication's not working?

Mine is. Now.

- Where's Jackie?

- You're looking for Jackie?

You're looking for Jackie? You're following crumbs, crumpet?

Where's Jackie?

Where's Jackie?

Jackie?

Jackie!

Jackie!

Jackie!

She's downstairs.

All right.

[Hans] Peter Fox?

Very nice.

Very nice, indeed.

- Who are you?

- I'm Jackie's assistant. I'm Hans.

- I will fuck you.

- I seriously fuckin' doubt it, mate.

- Ja, ja, it could happen.

- Nein, nein. You won't, mate.

- [Hans] Ja, ja. It will, I said.

- [Peter] Nein.

Well, we can't have the fireworks on the front lawn, because we can't have everyone trudge across the grass to see them.

What about their shoes?

- Yeah, but we talked about...

- Well, don't contradict me.

I don't think you quite understand what's going on here.

And I do slightly feel I'm gonna have to do it all myself.

Oi, oi.

[hammering, distant]

Peter Fox.

There you are.

You came.

I brought you here today because

I wanted to tell you something.

Can we be quiet,
please, everybody?

- Shh. Thank you.

- [hammering stops]

I've decided to forgive you
for everything.

Oh. Right.

Jolly good.

Gurmukh wants me to forgive
everybody who's wronged me.

So you're forgiven.

This way.

The fuck's a "Gurmukh"?

See, I want

to hear everything.

How have you been?

And what are you doing in LA?

And how long are you here for?

And why haven't you called?

- Om.

- Oh yes. Om.

Thank you, Gurmukh. Gurmukh
could help you too, possibly.

See, I'm throwing a costume ball for
Gabriel's movie, which you must come to.

Ja, Gabriel has been nominated for an
actual award for Le Noir et le Rouge.

Who gives a fuck?

- I need a drink.

- They're right over there.

Nothing for me, thanks.

I'm on a juice cleanse.

- [Harry] Go on.

- Bollocks.

[Gabriel] God is a communist.

I'm not a communist.

Although some people
might say I am a god.

[laughing]

[sighs]

Oh, this is that ring
that I was telling you about.

This cost many millions of dollars.

I got it at an auction.

- How many millions, exactly?

- 5.675.

Oh.

- You can see the way it...

- Darling, Peter's here.

Say hello to Peter.

[Gabriel] Oh.

- [grunts]

- He came into the safe room.

He was looking for me.

How much is this guy
gonna cost me this time?

Darling, Gurmukh wants us
to be nice.

He wants us to forgive.

Remember?

Forgive me, my muse.

I know it doesn't look like we're working
right now but we are working right now,
and you are needed on set.

[softly]

I can't be late for set.

You mean you can't

be late for Vivien.

Vivien, Vivien, Vivien.

[jazz music playing]

And that is how you make
a bull shot.

Thank you very much.

Two more, please.

[Peter] The problem with attending a
party is that we have to attend a party.

- [chips clattering]

- Her friends are gonna be horrible.

You still haven't told me how
you expect to get away with it.

You could switch it.

Switch it?

Switch the real ring
with the fake one.

[Harry] You just need
to spike her drink.

Is that the best you got, is it?

Knock her out and nick it?

- You think it could work?

- It has to.

Without that ring,

we're fucked 400,000 times.

And I promise you,

we will bleed.

- [chips clattering]

- [speaking in Mandarin]

[speaking in Mandarin]

[traditional Chinese music
playing]

[Peter] Can't get a decent
cup of tea in this country.

Never mind tea.

I need a drink.

- Where the fuck is that old bitch?

- [toilet flushing]

- She said it was ready.

- She did, didn't she?

[door opens]

Xixie, Wendy.

Not enough. More!

Oi. You're welcome.

- That was a bit priggish, wasn't it?

- That's the last of our cash.

- We gotta do it tonight at the party.

- Go on?

What the fuck am I gonna wear?

We spike Jackie's drink.

Yes.

- We do the switch.

- Yes.

- And an hour later, we're on a plane.

- Yes! No, wait.

Jackie does not react

at all well to drugs.

They do not agree

with her at all.

- [Harry] I can imagine.

- No, you can't imagine.

She's banned for life

from British Airways.

She's not even allowed
in Canada.

She is not
to be underestimated.
I can handle her.

Perfect.

[jazz music playing]

Fuck.

Congratulations on your nomination.

I hear you're the frontrunner...

- I'm so glad you're here.

- Fuck me.

- I can't.

- Why not? I want you.

Because Jackie's
right inside.

Fuck that fat canary.

Yeah, but there's
photographers everywhere.

[shutter clicks]

Hey.

This is a private party, man.

Yeah, but I was hired.

Hans.

- Take care of this.

- [Hans] Yes, sir.

- Gabriel...

- Shh!

I took Singapore Airlines first-class
from London. Much better than Virgin.

I took Air France first,
and they had a chef.

Well, I got a massage
on Virgin.

It still doesn't compare
to Singapore.

Those terrorists.

They ruined everything.

I've never seen

so many ugly people in my life.

Have any of these people ever even
seen a fashion magazine before?

Mentally, I'm giving
everyone a makeover.

Look at that bitch, Jackie.
She's a revolting slut.
[woman] Never mind a stylist,
she needs a psychiatrist.
They're saying that my films
are completely self-referential.
Because you are a genius.
You're the finest actress
of your generation.
I know.
I'm so excited you guys
are making a movie together.
How did the shoot
go today?
It was a very
difficult scene, but...
- I was magnificent.
- You were magnificent.
Leave.
- Chopped.
- Bitch.
[Peter]
These fuckin' people.
Makes me want to go on a three-day smack
binge in a brothel in Bangladesh.
Darling, you're just too old-fashioned.
That's your problem.
[Peter]
A fuckin' dying breed, I am.
Here.
Give this to Jackie.
- When?
- Now.
All right. Here you are.
[sniffs]
Well, drink it.
No, I'm not drinking,
just sniffing.
Look at them. You know there are
rumors about them all over town.
- Who?
- My husband and that bad actress.
Look at her.
[Jackie]

She's such a slag.

[groans]

Two can play that game.

Going.

[laughs]

She's going to pass out
in just a second.

Wouldn't count on it.

I don't know,

but I am on fire tonight.

You are on fire tonight.

- I'm like a tornado.

- You're like a tornado.

- I am like the Fourth of July.

- You're like the Fourth of July.

- I'm so sexy tonight.

- You are so sexy tonight.

And I have such

beautiful hair tonight.

You have such

beautiful hair tonight.

- Come with me.

- I'll come with you.

[moans]

[moaning]

[sighs]

[shudders]

- You're so sexy to me right now.

- Oh, for fuck's sake.

Why are married men
so attractive to me?

- We're fuckin' not.

- Make love to me.

- Fuck off.

- Please?

- [straining] Fuck...

- [gasps]

Where is everybody?

We've had this date
from the beginning.

Just close your eyes
and pretend I'm Jackie.

Fuck's sake.

[humming]

Am I havings a good time?
She's bound to pass out soon.
I wouldn't count on it.
[squeals]
[humming]
Oh, Peter.
Oh, Peter.
Oh! [laughs]
- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
- [thud]
[Jackie] Peter.
[Jackie singing off-key]
Oh! [humming off-key]
I like it!
[muffled singing]
[grunting]
Steady on, girl.
Thank fuck for that.
- We have to be quick.
- Aye, aye.
- [spank]
- [giggles]
Come on.
[sighs] Oh, God.
All right.
[grunts]
- It's stuck.
- Well, pull harder.
- You do it.
- You got a knife?
Whoo! [giggles]
[Gabriel] No. Vivien. Vivien, no.
I can't.
- Fuck me.
- No.
You haven't fucked me in days.
[chuckling]
I made a promise
I'd stay faithful to Jackie.
Fuck Jackie.
Don't be a pussy.
Fuck me here. Fuck me now.
- [Gabriel] This isn't the right time.
- [Vivien] Fuck me.

Vivien.

[sighs, humming]

Jackie.

[softly] Fuck me.

- Fuck me. Fuck me.

- [Gabriel] No.

[glass breaks]

Ahh.

[grunts, chuckling]

Not now, Kim Kim. I've got
a Xanax in my throat.

I heard something.

Downstairs.

[ominous music playing]

- Hello, Sidney.

- [sighs] My dear Irina.

I do have a doorbell,
you know.

One might almost suspect
that you didn't trust me.

Why didn't you tell me
which flight you were on?

I could have sent Kim Kim here
to come and collect you.

Did you have a good crossing?

Where is Harry?

All in good time.

That information
comes at a price.

[item slides across table]

[exhales]

[chuckles]

Oh, yes. Very nice.

You came prepared.

I will not ask again.

Well, if you mean her exact
geographical whereabouts,

I haven't been able
to ascertain precisely...

[laughing]

- You lost her?

- It's not my fault.

I set Kim Kim here

with the task of following...

- Vlad, kill him.
- No, no, no.
Please.
Irina, my dear.
Oh, still so impatient.
If you'll just let me finish.
I have been luring her
with the promise of a job.
Hmm?
So,
if we can, uh,
just calm down.
And perhaps get
a good night sleep.
And tomorrow
we can drive all around town
and discover which hotel
she's staying at.
I promise you we'll find her.
Okay.
Good.
If not...
I will slit you open
like the pig you are.
[chuckles]
Oh, you are wonderful.
[snorting]
Oh, fuck.
The charm of this little escapade
is rapidly wearing thin.
Why don't we just leave?
- And go where?
- I don't know.
This is a fuckin' fiasco.
What's the matter
with you, huh?
You need a joint.
We need a joint.
You said we're not gonna do
this sort of thing anymore.
What sort of thing?
This sort of thing.
[sighs]
- We've no choice.

- Oh, don't we?
Wasn't me that lost hundreds
of thousands of pounds.
It's not my ex-girlfriend
stalking us.
It's not my fault.
No. Never is.
You reap what you sow, darling,
and you've sown fuck-all.
Oh, well.
Good night, and fuck off to you.
[bottle clatters]
[jazz music playing]
[clears throat]
Fuckin' hell.
- How'd you get in here?
- I snuck in with the chambermaid.
We need to talk.
Can you get up?
Fuck's sake.
- Here.
- What is it?
It's breakfast.
Oh, God, Peter. That's disgusting.
That is fucking disgusting.
Did you see them?
Who?
Gabriel and Vivien.
I woke up this morning and I
found this in my bed. It's hers.
He's fucking her,
and he's fucking her in my bed.
No, I don't think so, mate.
Nope.
Okay.
Peter, baby.
Please come back to the house
because he's threatened by you.
And, he knows that
you never got over me.
And I could tell, by the way that
you looked at me last night,
that you still want me.
So...

you can have me.

No, thanks.

[Jackie] Listen, fuck it, Peter. I need you to come back to the house. I need you to come and stay, okay? I really need you.

Actually...

- Tiffany.

- Tiffany.

I can think of no one else I would rather be in the company of...

- Okay.

- ...right now.

- [Jackie] Okay.

- [Peter] I need laughs, you know.

- With people who understand me.

- Come on.

And I need to fuckin' relax!

[tense music playing]

So, I think we should start at the Four Seasons and work our way down.

It shouldn't take too long.

There's only a handful of habitable hotels in this town.

- [cell phone ringing]

- Oh, excuse me.

Cedric, how nice to hear from you.

How are you? Have you healed up?

Good. So...

Really?

Oh, really?

Oh, now that's very interesting.

That's very interesting, indeed.

Thank you, Cedric. I owe you.

Bingo.

The Chateau Marmont, Kim Kim.

Shouldn't be too long and you'll be with her.

[jazz music playing]

Let's get started.

[doorbell rings]

Just be a moment.

[knocking]

Good afternoon, madam.

May I have a word about some of the charges you've been placing on the room?

I'm afraid we're going to need some form of payment very soon.

I'll be right down with my card.

Thank you.

- Watch the exit.

- [Sidney] Naturally.

[elevator dings]

[knock at door]

He's a stubborn little shit.

So sorry.

[soft gasp]

[pounding on door]

Hello, sweetheart.

Buy-in is five grand.

[up-tempo jazz playing]

Where did she go?

Who?

Who do you fucking think?

[clattering]

Well, if all this goes to plan, and I intend that it should, I'm going to take you to Disneyland.

Yes. I think you will have a wonderful time.

[footsteps approach]

I said make it happen, and you didn't.

You didn't make it happen.

I've been working so hard for you.

I'm so tired.

I'm exhausted from all this.

Gina.

I'm not stable.

I'm not stable.

I wanna douse myself in lighter fluid.

Gina, now is not

the right time for this.

What am I to you?
You make love to her,
and then you make love to me.
I have sex with you.
I have sex with her.
- I'm making a film. You are my assistant.
- [groans]
[Gina sobs]
I don't care.
Make love to me. On the bar.
Like we used to.
[Jackie]
Gabriel.
We need to talk
about last night.
What was Vivien's slutty
whore-mask doing in our bed?
[Gabriel] I have no idea
what you're talking about.
[Jackie] You've forgotten
about this, have you?
You've forgotten about the five million
dollar ring and everything you said?
Well, what about if I just
throw it in the toilet?
Should I just throw the ring
in the toilet? Should I?
Should I just throw it away?
Fuck the ring!
I don't have time for this.
I am an important person.
I have important decisions
I have to make every single day
because I'm making a film.
I'm making a film.
I am making a film.
Boring.
I'm gonna go to the set.
[Jackie]
Not with Conchita, you're not.
- Give me the dog.
- No.
Give me the dog. The dog whisperer
is coming today. Let go.

Let the fuck go.
[gulps] Ahh.
Oh, for fuck's sake.
I need a drink.
[glass breaks]
Where's the vodka?
You can't be here.
- Irina's here in LA.
- Eh?
[groans]
[Jackie]
Juanita?
Juanita?
Oh, hi. Uh, did I miss
the dog whisperer? Is he here?
- Who?
- [softly] Shit.
Oh, voicemail.
Gina, it's me, and the dog whisperer
didn't show up. Can you please call?
Oh, there you are.
Oh, you're here.
How funny.
I thought you'd be a man.
No, I'm not a man.
- How's your Spanish?
- All right, I suppose.
Well, I hope it's good enough for
you to communicate with her.
With her?
[Jackie] I don't know how good her English
is. You know, we had her flown in.
[whispers]
She's Mexican.
Oh, I see.
Which I suppose
might be part of the problem,
you know, that she doesn't understand me.
How do you do it?
Communicate, I mean,
with them.
What it is exactly
you want me to say to her?
Tell her I clean up after her morning,

noon, and night and I want some respect.

I mean, she's lazy. She's disagreeable.

She's spoilt.

I'm sick of her pissing and
shitting all over the place.

- [doorbell rings]

- That's the door, Peter.

- What?

- Dog whisperer.

I've already got one, mate.

Hola, seora.

Y ahora esta qu trae?

- Con permiso.

- Ay, Dios, ella habla espaol.

Su empleadora

quiere que le diga...

Qu? Qu?

- [whispering, indistinct]

- Ay!

[speaking in Spanish]

[Jackie]

Here she is.

[gasps]

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Peter.

You won't believe

what Juanita just did.

That was incredible.

Thank God that the dog whisperer
was here as a witness.

I prefer pet communicator.

Oh, for fuck's sake.

Buenos das.

[whimpering]

[Harry sighs]

Y tu problema?

S.

S.

S.

S.

Entiendo.

Well, what's she saying?

I'm sorry.

She has a lot of resentments.

It's hard to keep track.

Well, tell her that I have a few complaints of my own. Firstly...

S.

S.

S.

S, s.

She says she's disappointed.

This is not

what she was led to expect.

Well, that's quite

ungrateful of her.

I mean, does she have any idea

how privileged she actually is,

and to be adopted

by a celebrity?

She said she's never

heard of you.

That little bitch.

And I suppose she's never heard

of Gabriel, either.

[snorting]

[Harry] She doesn't think

he's very talented.

Rather mediocre, in fact.

- Ha!

- Peter, shut the fuck up.

[Harry] She's saying you

got off on the wrong foot.

She thinks you're depressed.

She says she sees you

crying sometimes,

and it makes her very, very sad.

Oh, Jesus Christ.

I mean, I had no idea

that she was so insightful.

She's trying

to tell me something.

Something about

some new piece of jewelry.

[Jackie] No, no, no.

It must be my... my ring.

It's my ring. It's my ring.

Does she like it?

She's saying that... that

she's jealous of the ring.
She's saying that you wear it too much,
and I think she'd like to borrow it.
What do you take me for?
Dogs don't wear rings.
I'm not an idiot.
Do you know what I think?
I think that she's having you on.
She's a little minx.
[whimpering]
[Jackie]
Do you promise me you'll stay?
It's how I work.
I move in...
get to know the dog.
Work with the family.
It's a holistic thing.
A whole lot of healing.
[liquid pouring]
Who the hell are you?
What do you mean?
It's the dog whisperer.
Pet communicator.
When I called and made
the appointment,
the person on the other end
of the line was a man.
I had a hangover.
Literally...
a man.
Conchita warned me about her. She
doesn't like the way she touches her.
- She touches her?
- Yes.
I only touch her with feeling.
Chita, walkies.
I don't think so, you weirdo. There's
been quite enough of that already.
Chita's my twin.
We have a connection.
No one understands.
[tapping]
[cell phone ringing]
[clatter]

Oh, I better get a new glass.

- Hi.

- It's Vivien.

I can't really talk right now.

- It's not a very good time.

- Vivien.

Oh.

- [Gina] Vivien.

- Right.

Don't get up.

[Jackie] Now, Peter,

I'm so glad you're here,

and I really do want you

to stay as long as you like.

Because now that bitch wife

has left you,

I really feel it's my duty

to take care of you.

Well, thank you, Jackie.

She's always let me down.

I know, and you're better off without her.

I did beg you not to marry her.

[Peter]

If only I'd listened.

Horrendous woman.

- I hate her.

- You've never met her.

I don't have to meet her

to hate her.

Oh, right. Yeah.

Yeah, I hate her, too.

I loathe her.

[Jackie] Yes, because she

fleeced you for all you had.

I mean,

she treated you shamefully.

You see, they met in rehab.

I mean, what kind of person

does one meet in rehab?

Huh. Maybe it wasn't her fault.

Maybe it was a court order.

Yeah. I suppose I wouldn't be surprised. I

mean, we know nothing about her, do we?

We don't know about her

family, or anything. She's...

She's probably trash.

And, you know, don't forget
that time she abandoned you.

For all those months on end, and
left you to fend for yourself.

I mean, God knows what she got up to.

She's such a slag.

I mean, when I think of all the
things that she did to you...

[exhales] Everybody
makes mistakes, don't they?

No, don't defend her.

He went to jail because of her.

I had to bail him out.

[Gabriel]

I had to bail him out!

Vivien, I can't talk right now.

- [Vivien] Are you with her?

- No.

- Are you fucking her?

- No.

You stupid bastard.

You said you loved me.

Now love me.

[Gabriel sighs]

Vivien...

[chuckles] I... No.

I want you. I want you to fuck me.

[nervous laughter]

No.

- I can't talk right now.

- You coward.

It's the fucking awards
tomorrow.

Why don't I just go on stage
and I tell the whole world
that you're fucking me?

Tomorrow...

[sighs]

after the awards,

I'll talk to you,

and we'll clear everything up,
about Jackie and what to do.

I am going to cut your little balls,
and I'm gonna feed them to you.

- Pendejo.

- I've gotta... I've gotta go. Bye.

You're not gonna sound like a
victim anymore. Piece of shit!

[phone clatters]

If I met her,

I'd spit in her face.

- Oh, would you?

- Yeah, I would.

- Really? Astonishing.

- [footsteps]

Wow.

Wow.

You look very, uh...

Hmm.

I'm a filmmaker.

Have you acted?

For God's sake, Gabriel. She's
the dog whisperer. I told you.

Pet communicator.

[urine trickling]

Oh. Conchita's pissing on my chair.

What do you think she wants?

Oh.

She said you have
a bad attitude.

You talk to the dog?

[whimpers]

- Hi.

- [Gina] Hi.

- Did you see my movie?

- I love your movie.

Mediocre?

Are you my enemy?

No. No. I'm your lover.

I love you.

- Mediocre.

- [Gina] No. No.

Mediocre.

Right. Well, you take her, then.

I have to say, I'm not particularly
impressed by your skills.

She is worse than ever.
Now, where's fucking Juanita
with the food?
[goat bleats]
[speaking Spanish]
[sighs]
That cunt is really
starting to piss me off.
We need to sort this
right now.
Let's go speak to Sidney.
[barking]
[exhales]
No luck, I'm afraid.
[door opens]
- [Sidney sits in seat]
- [door closes]
She's around.
[Sidney] Well, that was the
last of the five-star hotels.
I really can't see her slumming it
in some squalid motel, can you?
She is, if nothing else, a lady.
Take me somewhere.
I want to get fucked up.
[engine starts, revs]
[twangy guitar music playing]
Dry martini with a twist.
[sniffs]
[Sidney moans]
Thank you, Kim Kim.
Oh, you are a good puppy.
- Evening.
- Harry.
Oh, my word,
how wonderful to see you.
- I've been looking everywhere for you.
- Really?
Tea? Tea.
You'll have some tea.
Kim Kim,
fetch some tea for the lady.
Oh, and Kim Kim, uh,
we aren't to be disturbed.

[tapping on glass]
- [Harry] Sidney, darling?
- [Sidney] Hmm?
Something's come up,
something quite large.
I was hoping you might be
of some assistance.
Intriguing. Have some.
Fresh from the battlefields
of Afghanistan.
[lit opium crackling]
[exhaling]
[muffled]
Oh, yeah.
Let me be Mother.
Oh, I...
Don't mind if I do.
[chuckles]
[metal clinking]
Now.
[Sidney chuckles] Oh.
- Oh, that's plenty.
- Oh, no. Not quite.
- A little more.
- [Sidney chuckling]
- [lit opium crackling]
- Mmm.
Now, don't be wasteful.
- Oh, steady on, my dear.
- Come on.
You know what I love
about you, darling?
You're a girl who knows
how to have a good...
[exhales]
Oh...
[moans]
[lighter clatters]
[labored breathing]
[grunts]
[panting]
[grunts]
You stole from me,
and then you leave me?

Oh. I was just on my way
to pay you back.
Via Los Angeles?
I got a little sidetracked.
You're good at so many things,
Harry, but not lying.
It was all Peter's fault.
Yes, he blew all your cash
and made me run away.
But I knew you'd come for me.
God, I've missed you.
Where is the money, Harry?
Well...
I'm working on it.
That's why I'm here.
So you don't have it.
[blade clicks]
I love you, Harry.
But now I'm going
to fuck you up.
There's a ring, a beautiful
one, worth millions of pounds.
And I'm gonna
nick it for you.
- You're lying.
- No.
It's for us.
Think about it.
Me, you...
and millions of pounds.
[laughs]
And what about
the idiot you married?
[laughs] Oh, Peter. Oh, forget him.
Sidney can have him.
[laughing]
You really are a cold-hearted
bitch, aren't you?
Now...
come on, love.
Pour us a drink
and let's talk.
I must have nodded off.
- What happened?

- It's all worked out.
I handled it expertly.
In what sense?
We're getting married.
Gabriel is leaving Jackie.
We're getting married.
- What, you and Jackie?
- Me and Gabriel.
Oh, I see.
[Gina thuds]
[plastic clattering]
We're gonna take
the ring tonight.
Eh?
- Sidney's gonna stage a break-in.
- Well, Sidney's a fucking snake.
He's an expert in his field, so
I suggest you shut the fuck up.
Are you insane?
The next time I see you,
you'll be in jail.
- You going somewhere?
- Oh, yes I am.
[applause]
I'm a wreck.
I've never been so happy
in my life.
We have worked so hard for this.
So hard.
So hard. We've worked so hard.
So hard.
Gabriel?
Gabriel.
Ow.
Uh... [sighs]
[music playing on TV]
[applause]
[puffing]
Yes.
What did you take?
I don't know.
But it was very,
very, very good.
Oh, well. You might have saved some

for me, then, for fuck's sake.

Sidney will be here soon.

[Peter laughs]

What are you gonna do?

Cut her hand off

and stuff it up his cassock?

[laughing]

You think this'll work?

This won't work.

It's never gonna work.

[Harry]

We have no choice.

Best Director goes to... us.

- [applause]

- Best Director goes to...

Gabriel Anderson

for Le Rouge et le Noir.

[screams and laughs]

Yes! Yes.

I wasn't expecting this,

and I'm not prepared.

Uh...

This is so much more than me.

I'd like to dedicate this

to my muse.

Gina.

Vivien Prince.

[applause]

[Jackie] His muse.

His muse.

- [shoes clatter]

- His muse.

His fucking muse.

Fucking muse!

- Om.

- Shut the fuck up, Gurmukh! It don't work!

- Fuck off, Hans. Fuck off.

- Thank you, Jackie.

[Jackie]

I'm moving back to England.

I mean, you have no idea what I

have been through with Gabriel.

And to be humiliated like that,

in front of 500 million people.

[groans] Conchita wants you to stay.

She wants you to work things out.

[Hans]

I have an announcement.

There's something you should

know about this woman who...

- What's the matter with him?

- I don't know. He seemed upset.

I don't blame him.

What was he saying?

Something about Conchita.

Conchita knows,

and that's why she's so upset.

Gabriel has been

taking her to set.

And the three of them have been doing

it in his trailer and in his bed.

Right. I need to talk to her.

Come on. We're going.

What happened? Where am I?

Where is he?

He's a liar.

I'll kill him.

You will die.

[Jackie] Tell Conchita

not to spare my feelings.

[Gina]

Help. Let me out.

Let me out.

Oh, my God.

Help. I'm cold.

Let me out.

- It's Gina.

- Oh.

I'm here.

- Gina, where are you?

- I'm in the freezer. Peter locked me in.

- Peter, is that true?

- No, no.

He said he loved me.

- Peter, you didn't.

- I'll kill you.

Oh, Gina.

I know you're upset.

It's been a long day for everyone
and we are all very, very tired
and very emotional.

So why don't you go and
make us some hot cocoa?

Gabriel said
that he loved me.

Well, a second ago
you were in love with Peter.

It's all rather fickle,
I must say.

I'm really starting
to see your side of this.

Right?

This?

[Hans] Halt.

What are you doing here,
und who are you?

We're friends of Harry. We've come
to see her. Is she... Is she here?

She is a criminal,
and you are intruders.

I'm calling the polizei.

Well, if you're going
to wear shorts like that,
you must expect to be shot,
mustn't you?

- I won.

- You're a genius.

- You are the most amazing...

- I won. I won. I won.

- What's she doing here?

- I won.

- Honey, we need to talk.

- I won.

- Oh, piss off.

- [Gabriel] I won.

- Pendeja.

- I won.

- Tell her.

- Tell her what?

[Vivien]

Gabriel and I are in love.

He's leaving you

because we're getting married.

I didn't say

I was leaving her.

- You said you loved me.

- He loves me.

He said he loved me.

- [screams]

- [flowerpot breaks]

Yes.

You bastard.

Fuck you

and your fucking ring.

Jackie.

[clink]

Yes, bastard.

Where are they?

- Who are you?

- Who the fuck are you?

Who is she? You're also
fucking a Russian hooker?

- Give me the ring. Now.

- [Jackie] What?

Give it to me or I shoot him.

Yes, go ahead. Be my guest.

It's not in her possession.

She fucked me.

Where is Harry and Peter?

- Harry and Peter?

- Harry and Peter?

That's...

Oh, that... Oh.

Harriet? That's a disaster.

That bitch fucked me again.

Did she?

I am happy for you.

- You made up.

- We have to find her.

- I think it's a bit late for...

- I will slit your fucking throat myself.

We have to find her.

I suggest we start

in the kitchen.

Lots of hiding places there.

I'll light it.

So, let me get this straight.

Who's getting fucked over
on this one, me or Irina?

Darling, I was just
trying to keep her sweet.

Oh, well, great work on that one.

Well done, mate.

- [gunshots]

- Jesus. Fuck.

- Where's the ring, Harry?

- Irina.

Irina.

[Harry] Irina.

Got the ring.

Just like I promised.

You promised you, me,
and millions of pounds.

Peter, darling,

I really need your help.

Irina, just put
the gun down now.

And I'll throw you the ring.

And you let us go.

- Come on.

- [car door opens]

[car engine starting]

[grunts]

[tense music playing]

[groans]

[gasping]

[music ends]

How long do you think
we're gonna live on it?

Oh, years and years.

One long holiday.

Where shall we go?

- Hmm. Switzerland?

- Oh, that's fuckin' boring.

Morocco?

- Oh, you can't go there, remember?

- Hmm.

Canada?

Honolulu.

Oh, fuck.

What?

It's the fake one.

I gave her the real one.

You stupid fucking tart.

[Harry] Calm down,

I'll get us out of here.

I'm so sorry.

Oh, thank you so much.

[Peter] Brazil?

- [Harry] Brazil?

- [Peter] Yeah, bananas.

Well, that was a fun trip.

One long holiday.

[Peter]

What we gonna do now?

[Harry]

I've got an idea.

[Peter]

Oi, waitress. Another round.

[orchestral music playing]

[music ends]

[lounge music playing]

[music ends]

[orchestral music playing]

[music ends]