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The Girl in the Photographs

By Oz Perkins

What?

Never again, no horror movies.

Come on, no, the first kill
was amazing.

Oh, look, he texted me like three
times since we went in there.

Anything good?

No, just basically saying "What's
up?" in several different ways.

Uh-huh.

What are you doing now?

I have to go home and study.

That's so lame. No, come over to
my house, we'll watch a movie.

We literally just watched
a movie.

Yeah, but studying... sucks.

I know, I know, I got to.

I'll call you later.

All right...

hey, where'd you park?

So, let me drive you.

It's 50 feet away.

All right, fine.

I love you.

Bye. Love you.

The devil had my...

Oh the flower

The delicate flower that
breeds the bees that sting

Help!

Oh, fuck!

Lady I get nervous

Just a-being in your service

Words are full

of indecision

They evince the troubled
nimble wit

Oh nothing in return

But storm and pessimism

'stead of dreamin'

Being good for me

And just a-standing

in your pretty prison

You're standing here
You think you love me
Don't you
Miss Hannaford, in a minute...
I'm gonna ask you to take a look
at the statement you gave us...
and uh... sign it.
Wait, the camera doesn't
show anything?
Well, the camera in the foyer there
doesn't show the bulletin board.
Can't you move it?
I mean, how many more of these
do I have to keep on finding?
Well, then we'd be
looking at the doors,
which is why the store
has the camera there.
Someone made that image and sneaked it
past cameras to post it up there...
for anyone to see,
for a kid to see...
doesn't that make you feel like, I don't
know, maybe it's not a good thing?
It is a graphic depiction.
It's not a crime, though.
It's not a crime to make 'em,
not a crime to show 'em.
It's poor taste.
The girl in the photographs,
she's someone, isn't she?
There's no way for me to look at
this and even know if it's real.
Unless we can link it to some kind
of actual criminal activity...
a body, or ID on a missing
person. But this...
No body, no crime.
Wait, but this one's numbered.
You saw that.
It's numbered seven
at the bottom.
Well, it's probably some kind
of a art thing...

some kind of a numbered art
thing, street art.

What do they call it?

Uh...

Outsider Art.

Yep.

Okay, has anyone else
seen these?

Or are they just for me?

Is that what's concerning
you here?

Yes, has anyone else
turned them in?

No. No, I don't think so.

So, they're art,

but just for me to see?

So I would encourage you
not to take this personally.

Great.

Do you know any photographers?

No, I don't.

Well, we got your statement, so I'm
gonna ask you to take a look at it...
and sign it... right there.

There you go.

How can I be the only guy who wants the
police in Spearfish, South Dakota...
to call the gruesome discoveries of the past
several weeks the work of a serial killer?

Who wants to give me a reason
why the gruesome photograph...

that was found stapled to a
telephone pole...

behind the local library isn't a
photograph of the mutilated remains...

of 23-year-old Savannah Simms...
who was reported missing some ten days
earlier from a not so neighboring town?

The nature of the mutilation
portrayed in the photograph...

made a definitive identification
impossible at this time...

and so I'm asking, "Why can't it just
be Savannah Simms, just this once?"

And the photograph that was found pinned
to the community bulletin board...
at the local Wellborn
Supermarket...
can't it please be of
22-year-old Janet Teasley...
Where do you want these
new prints?
Who was reported missing 75 days earlier from
yet another not at all neighboring town?
Can't Spearfish, just this once, have
a serial killer to call our very own?
I gotta see these pictures.
They're like literally the only
thing that's not on the internet.
Who do I know who can
make that happen?
You read conversation-style blogs
written by people from your hometown?
I'm inspired by any nut that takes pictures
of dead people and posts them online.
I'm fucking inspired!
I'm... I'm hard!
I'm gonna be fully erect
here in a minute.
Oh, for a change.
Hey! Hey!
That was the mushrooms,
we talked about that.
Was it?
This guy knows
I'm from Spearfish.
He's doing this photography thing with his
victims as an homage, as a nod, a nod to me...
Spearfish's most famous citizen
and only known living artist.
Frankly, I'm flattered.
Didn't it say that there
isn't a serial killer?
These guys are always inspired
by something, fucking copy cat.
What I need is a cigarette.
Chew the gum.
Fuck the gum.

The gum tastes like
garlic semen.
Yeah, I just feel bad
for the girls.
They're getting killed
and then mutilated...
and then put on display.
It's fucking awful.
Here we have a model who feels
something for another model...
because she's dead and mutilated and
displayed like a piece of meat.
This is news.
Shut up, asshole.
Huh?
I said, "Shut..."
Don't smile.
How about that?
You like that?
Best picture of the day, easy.
What time is it?

It's uh, 6:

6:

Okay, you know what we gotta do?
We're gonna call those... those perfume
campaign people. What the fuck is that called?
The Bay Campaign.
The Bay Campaign.
The Bay Campaign, thank you,
the Bay Campaign. Stoner.
Call the Bay Campaign people and wake
them the fuck up and tell them...
that I finally figured it out, and I know
exactly what I'm going to do for them.
I'm gonna steal this nut's idea.
I'm gonna hire models pretending
to be dead people.
Actually not that much
of a stretch.
And you think the Bay people
are gonna go for that?
I told them not to hire me

in the first place...
but they insisted,
so this is what they get.
They get unidentifiable
dead models.
We'll use those kids from the last
shoot, Trip and what's her name?
What's her fucking name,
this one?
Uh, Victoria.
Victoria, Trip and Victoria,
dead eyes on both of them.
And Rose here.
Oh, yeah? Fuck me, huh?
Yeah.
Okay, only if you're lucky.
All right now, somebody please,
please, get me a fucking cigarette...
before I kill somebody and take
their fucking picture!
Well, here you go. Door-to-door service
and it's not even bright out yet.
That's gotta be worth something.
I told you last night that
I didn't need you to drive me...
and I told you again
an hour ago.
Yeah, well, maybe you don't want
your picture in the newspaper.
The story goes somewhere, but it's about
time that my face went fucking national.
Hey, come on.
Look, I'm trying here.
And who's that?
Oh, nothing, it's just Jill.
Jill, wh...
Anyway, I gotta go. Thanks.
Maybe I'll see...
Yeah, well, that went great.
Nice job with the minivan,
by the way, that's nice.
Yeah, sorry, they didn't
have any Escalades left.
So, we're gonna be dead

in the pictures, right?
Well, I want to have my eyes
open. Can I have my eyes open?
Like, it would look so cool
if I was all like...
You know?
Okay, does my manager know about this?
Because I think it's disgusting.
I think it's brilliant.
It's a commentary on our
fascination with death.
How we let ourselves... we think about
death just as much as we think about sex.
Well, if that's what it is,
then it's awesome.
I'll tell you what it is, kids.
It's that every fucker in the country
thinks they're a photographer now, okay?
And everyone can share an image,
and it's awful.
It's awful, because it makes
everything just like watery piss.
Then you have this guy who creates an
image that you actually can't fuck with.
That you actually can't ignore, and when
that happens, I have to ask myself...
"Peter Hemmings, what is wrong
with this picture?
"Are you just going to sit there and let
this guy make you look like a dummy...
"or are you going to steal his idea and
make a bunch of money, and then get high?"
And I think we all know the
answer to that, don't we, Trip?
Oh, hells yeah, man!
If I catch any of you
Instagramming...
or whatever the fuck it's called
on this trip, you're all fired.
I couldn't be more serious.
Yeah, he's not kidding.
Let's have a party tonight.
Yeah, man!
Just a little get together,

you know, invite some locals...
barbeque some shit, some ribs,
sprinkle a little peyote on there.
Just a little get together,
just to celebrate our arrival.
Cool, we'll just have to stop
in town, grab some stuff.
My house has definitely
got nothing.
Hey, how much longer?
I have no fucking idea.
It's been so long, I don't even
recognize these trees.
Hey... check it out.
Jesus.
10,494... I've had anal sex
with more people than that.
Get the fuck off me!
Jesus, I'm driving.
Keep fucking driving, then.
Devil's
in a foul mood I know
Stakin' out the ground now
Here we go
She's got no head on
Somewhere lost
Ran out in the back woods
I know
Take a look at yourself
Oh no
She's a fool for
A fool for you
Yeah, it still smells
like a wet sponge.
Oh...
I think this was where one
of the pictures were found.
Note to Chris, call the cops and make an
appointment for me to see those pictures.
An appointment?
Note to Chris 2...
get me a carton of cigarettes,
a whole pallet.
I've gotta piss.

That's pretty.
I want to photograph this truck.
Look at the color,
it's blood red.
It's so spot-on that it becomes
a complete cliché...
and it's such a cliché that it comes right
back around to being perfect for me.
Whoa, that's heavy, man.
Get it for me, Chris...
pretty please?
Get this truck for me.
Okay, I'll leave a note.
Capital idea.
Ladies, why don't you just sort
of come over here and stand...
kind of lean maybe, on the...
on the hood.
Ready? I don't know if we should
be leaning on the truck, guys.
Chris, unclench, unclench.
I know it's not...
I love it.
Here.
I share no blame with you
for the faults you made
Those were different times
Okay, the only thing you
really need to know about me...
is that tequila makes me
want to fight...
and cheap wine makes me
want to fuck.
I'm sure the lives of many brave
young men were lost...
in the refinement of that
elegant theorem.
I love you.
Oh.
Find everything you were
looking for today?
Uh, yeah, yeah, we did.
Thank you.
You remember all the numbers...

for the codes and stuff?
Oh, yeah, the scanner's been broken
long enough, so... kind of have to.
Oh, yeah...
Makes it really hard to fall
asleep sometimes.
Can't really stop it.
Yeah, I actually just read
in the New Yorker...
it's called the Tetris Effect.
It's when you do something over and over
again, it kind of gets stuck in there.
You can't shut it off, you know?
Hm, you know, I had a real
Tetris problem in the 7th grade.
It was really, really bad.
Yeah, I did... I did, too,
actually.
I think everyone did,
it's kind of... it's a good game.
It's... Tetris.
So, are you guys
from Minneapolis?
Uh, no, LA, actually,
Los Angeles.
What happened?
Did your plane crash?
Yeah, we were gonna resort
to cannibalism...
and then we found this place,
so we didn't have to do that.
No, we're here
for a photo shoot.
It's actually an ad campaign.
It's...
Peter Hemmings is shooting it.
I'm sure you've heard of him.
I haven't.
I'm surprised. I thought
everyone from here knew him.
He's also from here.
Is it that man over there
staring at me? Is that him?
Yeah.

It's very much my boss.
How's it going?
Good, fine.
Yeah?
Yeah.
Hello.
I was pretending
not to see you there.
We're just sort of doing an expos
on the local scene down here.
You know, sort of kicking around
some rocks and seeing what scatters.
Expos is a French word
for naked, by the way.
It's okay, I get it.
Just because you're from here
doesn't mean that you're a local.
Tell her I want to take her
picture, Chris.
Actually, tell her that we're having people
over at this house that we're staying at.
And tell her everyone knows it
is the Cabin on the Lake Road.
But tell her it's actually more like
a house. You'll make it sound cute.
Okay.
Tell her she can bring whoever.
She'll understand that
you mean her boyfriend,
just so it seems like
you're cool with that.
Yeah, I'll tell her
all those things, yeah.
Tell her she's beautiful.
Give her a card.
Okay, well...
You obviously heard the man,
uh...
Yeah, I did.
So anything else today?
No, that will do it, thank you.
All right, that brings
your total to \$328 and 71 cents.
Put it on there, please.

Are you guys seriously
gonna drink all this?
Hell's yeah, man.
There's my kitty.
Hello?
Here, kitty, kit...
That's not very nice.
I see why you're Colleen's
friend, you're very pretty.
And I brought you a gift.
No!
It's okay.
Got dinner!
It's okay... ssh.
Mm.
Smells delicious.
Eat up, pussy.
That's not a very good kitty...
is it?
It's okay.
Come on, it's...
Come on.
Look what else I got.
Now I bet you were always the girl
that never took a bad picture, huh?
Yeah, I bet that was you.
Should we call someone?
Do you want your phone?
You can call someone.
Who do we have here?
Colleen.
She's probably busy at work.
There's Kelly, there's... Mom.
I'll let you call Mom.
Mom's always know what to do.
You call Mom and all this
will be over, yeah?
All right, let's call Mommy.
Here you go.
Go on, take it.
Hello,
you've reached Maryanne O'Meara...
Please leave a message
after the beep.

Mom, come get me out!
Mom! Mom!
Hey, it's Jill, still
stuck in hell. You know what to do.
Hey, it's me. I just wanted to
call and see where you are.
I don't think I missed
a call from you today...
but... blah... anyway,
call me back.
This is like the
Playboy Mansion.
Well, that's what happens when you cast in
a grocery store in fucking South Dakota.
And there were obviously
no dudes at the store.
All girls?
You couldn't have one sausage
for Momma?
Are you gonna take pictures
of all these girls?
Unfortunately.
They're terrible.
I understand.
Why couldn't the killer have
just killed one of them?
Keepin' me up at night
All night dreaming
I'd fucking best let Johnny
fuck that snake.
If it was necessary, why not?
What the fuck is he talking about?
You know, bring it on.
Yeah, I know, dickhead,
squeeze and wad and shit.
But if you think about it, it's like
they don't even have any fucking arms!
The sad part
is he's gonna get laid.
I hope so.
What's up?
I got a girlfriend
She says she loves me
Great.

Okay, come here.
Here you go.
Just stand right there, and you
come and stand right here.
You... no, no, you.
Okay.
I'm just waiting, um, you know,
for that moment...
where things go from being completely
fucking awful, like now...
to coming back around
to being really good.
So it shouldn't be
that much longer.
And one, two... look at me.
Very good, get closer.
Jesus, are you guys
in junior high?
What am I doing here?
Get closer to each other,
come on.
Closer, closer, closer, closer.
Get inside of each other,
go ahead.
Fucking yeah, yeah.
Great.
My god, okay.
Switch passing thumbs.
If it's any more local girls,
just tell them we're sold out.
You guys want some chips?
Hey, models don't eat... ever.
That was so mean, do it again.
Hi.
Hey.
Wow, you actually made it, um...
Yeah, is... did I show up
too late?
No, no, not at all,
it's awesome that you came.
Come in.
I'm sorry I'm late.
I was supposed to meet a friend here
and I guess she's still at work.

No, that's fine.
Here, come on, we're in here.
This is so much better
when you look away.
I mean it.
Petty resentments
of the local girl.
Oh, wow, it looks so appealing, all the
drinks that no one's bothered to consume yet.
Yeah.
Actually... there might be
something to it.
What are you talking about?
Yeah, I don't know, I don't even
know what I'm really doing here.
Hey, pretty lady.
I'm so sorry, should I perhaps
ask for permission...
to take your photograph?
Permission is such a shit word,
there's nothing sexy about it.
You know, in my line of work,
we don't ask for permission.
Nobody talks to each other
about permission.
What we talk about is release,
that's what we give each other.
Colleen... Peter.
Yeah, I remember.
Whoa! Okay, all right.
Didn't that feel so much better?
Okay, there you go.
It's the release, isn't it?
It just feels like you can get
all of that tightness...
that's inside of you
and just let it go.
Whoa.
Oh, whoa?
Yeah, whoa, I don't really
like my photo being taken.
Wh... wh... I don't like my photo
being taken? Why not?
What if I wanted to capture a

photograph of you?

You're being incredibly selfish,
don't you think?

I think you should just
give her a second.

I'm so sorry, you're right. I should at least
wait until you have a drink inside of you...
shouldn't I?

Yes.

Okay, please stop.

And if you touch the head like that,
you're just gonna make it come.

Come on, baby, just release!

Just back the fuck up!

Oh!

What the fuck, bitch?

No, no, no, no.

Easy for a second... you okay?

Colleen, wait up!

Hey, Colleen!

Are you okay?

Yeah, it takes a whole lot more
than that to make me not okay.

Yeah, um, Peter, he's...

he's kind of a...

Yeah, I know he is.

Yeah.

Well, if you come back in,
I'll... I could talk to him.

Yeah, I have work tomorrow and I
don't know where my friend is...

who was supposed to meet me
here, so...

Okay, well, I'm sorry.

You're sorry? For what?

Um, I'm sorry...

I'm sorry for Peter.

It's kind of my job
to be sorry for him.

Well, he's Peter Hemmings
or whoever...

so I'm sure he doesn't travel anywhere
without his trusty team of apologists.

Right.

Yeah, I know, not your fault.
Yeah, um, you get service
out here?
No, I don't.
Yeah, shit, me neither,
fucking AT&T.
Hey, uh, I hate to tell
you this..
But what you did in there is just gonna...
it's just gonna make him like you more.
Yeah, but it was
totally worth it.
Yeah.
Are you cold?
Mm... yeah, a little.
Hey, uh, excuse me, can we get
one of those cot blanket things?
Having seen some movies, I'm pretty sure
the guy didn't leave any fingerprints...
unless he wanted you to find them, in which
case it becomes this whole labyrinth-themed...
thing and I'm really not sure
you're ready for that, Officer.
Well, we have to do everybody...
just in case, just so we can
tell theirs from yours.
Oh, yeah, I get it. I mean, you know, you
might want to just check her prints...
since she's the one
who touches her own car.
Oh, we already have hers
in the file.
You know, from when she found
the other photos?
She found the other pictures
that the guy left.
Of course!
Hey, it's cool, man.
I'm not gonna throw you
under the bus, Deputy.
I understand that you're
upset. I can see that.
But from where I'm looking
at things, nothing happened.

And you're okay.
Somebody followed me here...
so he could put that picture in a place
where I would be the one to find it.
And we are gonna look into that.
I know this is scary, and we're doing
the best we can to figure this out.
And until that happens, I'll have Daniels
escort you home and follow you in his cruiser.
Don't even bother.
Colleen, hey!
Are you sure you're gonna
be all right?
Haven't you heard?
I'll be fine.
Oh, shit.
You know, I called you
a bunch of times.
You guys have fun, you and Jill?
I'm tired, okay?
You're all tired out, because it's
special shit all of a sudden?
Pretty townie chick,
out and about.
I don't want to do this tonight.
Yeah, what, 'cause you already
did some of that LA fag?
What?
What?
What are you gonna
make him your star?
Wait, did you talk
to Jill tonight?
Jill? No, why the fuck would I want to talk
to Jill, what, so she can lie to me, too?
How did you know where I was?
How do I know that you fucking lied to me?
And went solo to a party?
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Did you follow me?
What are you talking about?
Did you put those pictures in
places where I could find them?
Pictures? Is that what you're going on

about again, those fucking pictures?

Yes! The one at the store, and the library, and tonight! Did you?

Don't be fucking stupid.

How did you know where I was?

Colleen? Just say it was you, so I can do something about it!

Beth Randle fucking texted me when you got there, all right?

What is wrong with you?

Just...

You know, you think everything's about you, don't you?

But it's not.

See, I see you, Colleen.

No, you don't.

Now I need you to leave.

What the fuck?

Finally.

Ben?

You forgot your wallet, asshole.

Ah, smells like you're smoking.

We've moved past that, Chris.

We've fucking moved on to bigger things.

This girl has found all of the photographs so far.

As far as I can tell, any time this guy wants somebody to find the photos, she does.

Coincidence? I don't think so.

Yeah, well that seems pretty obvious, yeah?

So why her?

I mean, if I'm the cops...

that's what I'm doing, right?

Yeah, I don't think that they're doing anything.

It's that whole Dr. Lecter thing, and what do we covet?

We covet what we see every day.

Yeah, well, she's the check-out girl.

Everyone sees her every day.

But somebody sees her differently than everybody else.

To somebody... she's a star.
If I'm the police,
that's what I'm doing.
But fuck the police!
I'm not the police!
I'm a fucking artist!
And it's a very fine line that separates
me from our sick-fuck friend.
He probably has a PC.
Maybe I'm the one
who's becoming obsolete.
Maybe I'm the PC
in this relationship.
Maybe this guy... is a Mac.
I don't want any other girls,
I want this girl.
I don't want anyone else.
For what?
For the big campaign, just her.
Well, what about the whole
"dead models" thing?
It's been done. We take Colleen
out of this shithole...
and shoot her at the studio
in LA, that's it.
Why the fuck are we here? Use Rose or Vic,
why does it absolutely have to be Colleen?
So that he can't have her.
Nobody makes me feel obsolete. Nobody makes
me feel like a fucking Dell computer...
and gets away with it.
I want this girl.
And by the way, you do, too.
So get in line.
It's
just something I have to do.
I can't stay in this town,
it's a lot of stuff.
Well, you certainly were
a bright spot.
Not here long enough for us
to get to know you, Colleen...
but a bright spot all the same,
everybody sure likes you a lot.

You know where you're goin'?

Not like I haven't figured
it out before.

All right, your total
will be \$14.93.

How's it going, Colleen?

Oh, good, you know, slow.

It's Tom.

Yeah, I know, sorry, I can't
seem to really wake up today.

Long night?

No, not really.

Oh, thank you, let me help you
there with that.

Thank you. Have a nice day!

Got any big plans
for the weekend?

Uh, probably, I'll just sleep.

That's not much fun.

Yeah, you're right about that.

Prettiest girl in town... just goin'
through a day until it's all over?

It seems like a terrible waste,
if you want to ask me.

Hey, it's none of my business.

You know, I'm not really
supposed to say this...
but you can buy a whole case
of these things at Big Lots.

Costs about half as much.

You know, the truth is I'm not sure my cat's
gonna live much longer, so I'd hate to waste it.

Oh, I'm really sorry
to hear that.

Anything else today?

No, that's it for me.

All right, your total
will be \$1.09.

Cool... and let me
give you a penny.

There you go. I'll be seeing
you next time, Colleen.

Hey.

Hey.

Ah, you think that we
could talk for a second?
You know, she sometimes does
her hair up like that?
It drives me fucking crazy.
Do you really think
this is a good idea?
No, we can leave her
here to die...
Hey, so, Chris here thinks
that I should apologize...
for taking your picture...
or something, I don't... I was
only pretending to pay attention.
Why?
Because even when
I'm a complete shit...
I am still a much better option.
You stay here and god
only knows how many times...
that guy tries to show you
his nasty, nasty pictures.
That's the best case scenario.
The worst case scenario...
is that you end up in one
of those nasty, nasty pictures.
Or you come out to LA with me...
and make dirty pictures for me for
a little walking-around money.
You don't have to sleep with me. You can if
you want to, but it's not a requirement.
I don't give a shit. You can
stay in my guest house.
I've never even seen
inside the place.
It's actually... it's pretty
nice in there.
Well, yeah, shit!
Look, I'm just trying to help
you, okay?
It's not like the guy is going to
follow you back to LA, all right?
That would be like a shark
eating a bunch of people...

and then getting on a plane, and getting
off at the other end of the country...
and then eating more people.
I mean, serial killers don't board
airplanes, they don't go on trips.
Serial killers don't
have wallets.
No one's saying that there's...
That there's what, a serial killer?
What should I call this person?
A man with a plan?
A very dedicated individual?
Why me?
Does it matter?
Yes, it does!
Will somebody please explain to me why
it's such a goddamn chore to be chosen?
You think this is some sort
of joke, don't you?
It's not so great to be noticed,
you know?
It's one thing to be picked out
by some fancy photographer...
but what if it's just some
random stranger...
some guy on the street?
That sort of thing
doesn't end very well.
I heard...
but you know, this...
This doesn't end very well,
either.
You still haven't answered
my question.
I chose you...
because I haven't had
a fresh idea...
in a long, long time.
Because I feel old... and tired.
And you are neither.
Honestly, I've never heard him
say anything like that, ever.
Fine.
When?

When? Tonight, now.
Tonight we have a slumber party.
A safety-in-numbers
slumber party.
And tomorrow, we get on the
first flight we can back to LA.
I mean, you weren't really
planning on living here, were you?
Someone has to come with me to my
place, so I can get some stuff.
Chris volunteers his services.
Yeah.
Watch out for Chris here.
Scientology turned him straight.
So I'm just... I'm curious...
what made you say "yes"
back there?
'Cause I'm pretty sure
I can handle myself.
Okay, good, he's not here.
Who?
Um, my boyfriend.
Oh... cool, yeah.
My ex-boyfriend.
Okay, cool.
Hey, can you do me a big favor? If you see a
black truck, just make sure you honk twice.
A black truck? Am I on like the
lookout here, or I mean, is it...
Really? Yeah.
Is he big?
Yeah, he's pretty big, but don't
worry, he's a fucking pussy.
Anyway, I'll just be two seconds.
All right, I'll just...
Don't worry.
I'll just hang out here.
A black truck... shit.
But I've made it
such a long long time
Last night when you came home
with someone in your view
And you know I've made it
for a long long time

And you know that I have
waited such a long long time
And you know it that I've
waited for a long long time
And you know it that I've
waited such a long long time
How's Colleen?
You know, you could have
treated her like a star.
Fuck you!
The thing is, I can't really
understand what you're saying.
Your mouth just sounds
like a dirty cunt.
Should we ask Gerry what he
thinks about you?
Pussy!
Do you like what you see,
faggot?
I'll fucking kill you.
No... I don't think you will.
In an hour, your body is gonna
be in two separate trash bags.
You should have treated
her better.
Fuck you.
What?
I don't know, you,
you're angrily packing...
like the girl in a movie
who is angrily packing...
because she's leaving the guy.
But in reality, we all
leaving at the same time...
and we're all going to the same place,
and I think that's incredibly funny.
What's wrong?
You know exactly what's wrong.
Okay, remind me.
You like that white trash bitch
better than you like me...
and it is fucking dumb.
Colleen?
Yeah.

I haven't even tried her, yet.
Jesus fucking Christ, Peter!
Can't you be serious with me
for one goddamn second?
One!
Hey, come here.
No.
Come here, eh!
No, fuck you.
Come on, come here!
I'm sorry, okay? Come here.
Come sit with me.
Come here.
Come on.
Where are you gonna go?
You're not gonna go anywhere.
Come here. There you go!
Come on.
Don't fucking patronize me.
You know what that word means,
sweetie?
Fuckin...
Come here.
There you go.
I hate you sometimes.
I hate you so much
some times, too.
I'm sorry, okay,
I'm sorry, you're right.
I do like her more than you.
Motherfucker!
Ow!
Huh?
I sat on something hard,
hang on.
Do you need me to get up?
No, no, no, stay right there.
Okay.
Ow, what is this?
Oh, look...
it's a very, very,
cheap bottle of wine.
And how the fuck
did that get there?

A little birdie told me that
when you drink cheap wine...
it makes you want to fuck.
See?
Mm.
When you talk, I listen.
Aren't you so fucking sweet.
Telling stories
that no one believes
To the trees
Secrets of witches
and thieves
Whoa! This place is really nice.
Yeah, yeah, I found it online.
It's just a rental, but yeah,
it's definitely really nice.
You know, I'm just gonna... I'm gonna
sleep on the couch downstairs.
It's... it's okay,
it's just for tonight.
No, it's... it's fine.
Uh, yeah, yeah, totally, um...
Let me just get this crap
out of the way.
All right.
Hey.
Hello.
Yeah.
Yeah... almost.
Are you okay?
There, could you just
roll some more?
Where? This... this way?
Yeah.
Mm-hm.
All right?
Good now.
Okay, then good, yeah?
Yeah, oh yeah, baby,
just like that!
Jesus, I look pissed.
Well, weren't you pissed?
Yes... I guess the camera
never lies.

Yeah, actually it always lies.
Once you take a photo of something,
it's no longer the truth...
it's just kind of like
a version of the truth...
which is basically
like saying it's a lie.
I drive far away
I bet you say that
to all the girls.
Did it work?
No.
Okay.
So, you like what you see?
Oh, you look amazing.
Mm, oh... I know.
So don't ask me to...
Mm.
I shouldn't even be
showing you these.
Peter never lets anyone
see an unedited batch...
especially not the model.
Is that what I am now?
Uh, well, if you're gonna get paid to
have Peter Hemmings take your photo...
then yeah, people are gonna
start to call you that.
It could be worse.
Okay, I guess I just don't like
the idea of living off of my...
Your looks?
Yeah.
I guess that any girl who thinks
it's enough to be pretty is...
Yeah, I don't know
what you would call that.
I'm pretty sure it's called
a model.
I think.
Yeah.
Yeah.
A model, Jesus...
Well, what else do you want

to do?
Nothing, never mind.
That's a whole different
conversation for some other time.
So, am I gonna get to talk
to you another time?
I got time.
Whoa! Who's... who's Kelly?
Uh, Kelly's a...
she's just a friend.
She must be a really good friend,
she has her own album thing.
Uh, yeah, she does, doesn't she?
Um, last time I checked, she changed
her relationship status, so...
Okay, I get it,
that makes it official.
I'm single now.
Oh, yeah! Fuck me!
Fuck me like a puppy!
Oh! Mm! Yes, yes!
Deeper, harder, harder!
They uh...
Uh...
Yeah, I'm gonna shut the door. I don't
think we should listen to that.
It's fine, we're both adults,
right?
Yeah, yeah, totally, um...
I'm still gonna shut it, though.
That's the spirit!
Fuckin' dumb-dumbs.
Did she just say,
"Fuck me like a walrus?"
I knew that girl had
body issues.
You want some?
No, it's the fucking local shit,
it's horrible.
Whatever.
Let's go drown in the hot tub.
Right now?
Yeah.
No! Do not bring

your fucking camera!
Hey, hey? What are you doing?
Uh...
No, come on, it's hot tub time.
All right. Yeah.
Okay?
It's the hot tub time.
You sound like a duck
who got run over.
Actually you sound like a
grandfather clock jerking off.
Oh, well, you look like a
grandfather when you jerk off.
Fucking perfect.
Yeah.
Wait, don't you need
to use a flash?
Hey, I'm the professional,
all right?
Okay... right.
The fucking flash here.
Did it go off?
Turn around
a little bit. Oh, yeah.
Yeah, stay like that.
Come on, show me your pussy.
Okay, can you stop?
One more.
What are you doing?
Peter!
Where are you?
Are you coming in?
Hey! There you are.
Hey.
Where'd you... hey!
Jesus, man!
Peter! Knock it off!
Hey!
You're hurting my eyes, Peter.
Jesus!
I just wanted to spend one night,
one night like a regular couple.
Peter!
Peter?

Don't even tell me you have service, because I'll lose my shit.

No, I have nothing, but I have to make a call.

Okay, there's a landline in the kitchen, if it doesn't work.

Thanks.

Yeah.

Hey, it's Jill, still stuck in hell, you know what to do.

Hey, it's me!

Again, I don't know where you are, or if you're okay...

or maybe just in one of your funks, but I wanted to...

I don't know how to say this, but, um, I wanted to talk...

because well, it's too long to leave on a message...

but I was thinking of taking off... leaving town.

Anyway, uh, text me, call me...

um, and don't be weird.

Okay, bye.

Yeah, baby!

All night long, huh?

One minute at a time.

You need any more? I got more.

Just give me five minutes.

That's doubtful.

Okay? Just five minutes.

Yeah.

You asshole.

So, you like what you see?

You look amazing.

Oh, I know.

So don't ask me that?

Yeah, yeah.

Hate me! Oh, fuck!

Come on, come on!

Oh, yeah! Yes!

One is... no, no, you can't fucking play that.

Hey.

Yeah, I don't... I don't know.
It's... I don't...
Okay, so I know this might sound
lame, but I think I might go to bed.
Is that lame?
No, no, it's not lame at all.
I mean, you can stay up
or whatever.
Yeah, is it cool, will the
computer screen keep you up?
No, not at all, it's cool.
I can go downst... I don't mind,
I can finish up and...
Yeah, I'm gonna go downstairs.
Oh, okay, you don't have to, I can
just turn over to the other side.
It's fine, I'll just um...
Are you sure?
Yeah, yeah, so you can just
chill and get some sleep.
And it's totally fine, um...
sleep well.
Thanks for showing me
those pictures.
Yeah, of course,
they're great pictures.
All right, you sure
you're gonna be cool?
Yeah.
All right, let me know if you need
anything, I'll be down there.
Goodnight.
All right, goodnight.
Hey, Peter!
Peter!
Rose!
Rose! Hey!
Rose!
What the fuck?
Agh!
Peter!
Colleen!
Peter!
Trip?

Guys!
This isn't funny!
Not yet, Colleen.
- Fuck.
- Victoria?
You weren't really thinking
about leaving, were you?
Nobody ever leaves.
This is your big moment.
Oh.
It's okay.
Colleen, it's okay.
Colleen, Colleen, it's okay.
Colleen?
It's me... it's Tom.
Colleen?
Colleen?
Colleen, can you look at me?
Wow, you look real good,
Colleen.
We want to try one,
but with your... your hair up.
No! Don't kill me, please!
No! Agh! No!
Sometimes I feel
Like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel
Like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel
Like a motherless child
A long way from home
Sometimes I feel
Like I'm almost done
Sometimes I feel
Like I'm almost done
Sometimes I feel
Like I'm almost done
A long way from home
True believer
True believer
True believer
True believer
A long way from home
Sometimes I feel

Like my freedom
Is near
Sometimes I feel
Like my freedom is near
A long way
From home
A long way
From home