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All Over Me

By Sylvia Sichel

Hi.
Give that to Pat
for me, please.
I don't think that's a good idea.
He's kind of pissed at me.
I should go.
I said please.
Sorry.
I'm so sorry.
I'll just be a minute.
Sorry.
There's your change.
I see that little
fuckhead of yours made it.
He's got something for me?
I put it...
No more covering for him!
I pu...
- Wait! What? Just a second!
- No!
- Where's my money?
- Whoa whoa!
Where is it?
Ahh!
Stop! Wait a second.
- Okay, look look...
- Shut up!
Look, I gave...
it was her!
Just tell them where
you fucking put it!
- Watch him.
- Tell them where you put it!
Please!
For fuck's sake!
Sorry! Sorry!
Where'd you put the fucking envelope!
Can you get me
out of here, please?
The girl from the store,
you seen her?
Yeah, she ran past me
towards the highway.
Everything okay?

Where did you put the fucking envelope?

Alberta, please!

Please just tell them!

Look, I didn't mean it,
okay?

Tell them where
you fucking put it!

Where are you?

- All right, listen.

- Alberta!

So, where are you going?

Vancouver.

Mind if I ride along?

I think that
should be okay.

Bus 73 leaving for Seattle

leaving in 15 minutes.

15 minutes, bus 73 leaving
for Seattle at gate 7.

Hi.

What did you do now?

Nothing.

Everything's good.

I got out, like you did.

Got out or ran out?

Got out.

I wanted to start over.

I thought maybe
you could help me.

This is such
a cool place, Celene.

Yes, and I like it
exactly the way it is,
so take a mental picture.

Alberta, this arrangement,
this two-week arrangement
cannot cause me
any trouble.

I mean zero,
understand?

- What kind of trouble?

- Your kind of trouble.

You were always jumping out
of one mess into another.

- That was a long time ago.
- And we're adults now.
I'm not your
babysitter anymore.
I'm not a helpless kid.
I promise.
So, what's your
first move, then?
What's your life plan?
You don't have one.
Life plan, you bet!
- Do tell.
- I'm gonna do some upgrading.
Then... first I'm gonna get a job...
no later than tomorrow.
Good, because I don't
want you loafing around here all day.
Uh...
Celene?
Celene?
Relax.
I'm not replacing you.
You have my permission
to leave.
Listen, if you're serious about turning
your life around,
I'm going to
hold you to it.
Alberta.
Hey!
I have neighbors,
for Christ's sake!
Oh, and the phone...
you do not answer it ever.
Same with the door.
Sure.
Celene, who was that guy?
That's Spencer.
He likes to be
my slave on Fridays.
You hungry?
There's some sushi in the fridge.
You can crash in the back bedroom.
There's a cot.

It's bok choi...

Thanks.

You relax, shitty.

Receipt for the yogurt?

New girl, right?

Coleman?

Coaldale.

Yeah.

Well, here's the thing:

over here in civilization,
we make a habit of paying for
things before we take them.

- I wa...

- With money.

I was going
to pay for it.

I get my first check
tomorrow.

Right now all I have
is bus fare.

Honey, you just
became a shoplifter.

Wait! I screwed up.

I'm sorry.

The lady up front
said it was okay
and that she does it
all the time.

Thought I was serious?

I was just fooling around.

Fine, we're fine.

We're good here.

Is that a Walkman?

Uh, here's my tape
okay, my thing is dogs.

And, uh, other people
got their things.

- For me it's... well, it's dogs.

- Hi.

So I'd be down

on all fours,

I'd be

sniffing around...

I picked up your dry cleaning

and your mail.
They were out of
red electrical tape.
...you'd lead me around,
take me for a walk...
Did you forget something?
Oh, Jeez, sorry.
...like drag me
into the next room,
snap that leash again.
Gotta keep me in line...
You ever play fetch?
Maybe got one of those pull ropes.
I like those.
I like those.
I like balls...
How do you get them
to do what you want?
Don't give them a choice.
Believe in something
strongly enough,
even if it's
total bullshit,
so will everyone
around you.
...yank it, hard...
- Tighten this, please.
...snap my neck back...
It's like being an actor.
You have to convince the audience
or client that you're in charge.
You got that?
...sniffing the grass...
- Uh-huh.
...panting...
- You gonna get an agent
and do some real acting?
I know that's what you always wanted.
I am doing what
I always wanted.
I'm in control
of my life.
It pays well
if you're good, and I am.

\$300 an hour.

18 more months, take
my savings, go south.

Acting classes, get an agent,
execute the life plan.

- Sounds pretty thorough.

- Better be.

Been working on it
for over 10 years.

...snap that leash again.

Gotta keep me in line.

Can't let me wander off...

You've been making an effort.

Don't think I haven't noticed.

I'm a dog, right?

How else are you

going to get my attention?

Come on, now

Let me kiss your teeth

Let me kiss

your teeth #

Let me lick your eyes

Let me kiss your...

You, bark like a dog!

Pick that up!

Now!

I'm going to execute
my life plan.

Let me

lick your eyes... #

Ow!

Mmm...

Let me spit

in your face #

- # Let me spit on your face #

- # Fuck you, creep! #

Oh, shit.

Okay...

Look, can you
help me out here?

I'm only gonna
make this worse.

Try the orange one.

Thanks.

Oh my God.

I think this is bleach.

Spencer, what did I tell you
about not hanging up your jacket?

Celene?

I'm really sorry.

I didn't know

that was gonna happen.

Look, just tell me how much it cost.

I'll pay you back.

\$800, and I need to wear this
for an appointment tonight!

Don't insult me,

acting like you can come up

with that scratch for attire.

God!

It's just one

appointment, though, right?

Yeah, one that happens

to coincide with some very big bills
that need

to be paid tomorrow.

I'm sorry.

I'll make it up to you. I swear.

I just... I didn't know your hooker
outfits cost so much.

What did you

just call me?

Hooker.

I heard hooker.

I'm doing what I want,

and you have the nerve to call...

you wreck my shit

and then label me...

you've really changed,

Alberta...

not at all the

fuckup I remember.

Celene?

- What about an advance?

- Oh, they don't give advances, dear.

You'll be full-time before you know it.

Then you can get benefits.

I don't need

benefits, Penelope.

I need money.

I need it now.

Mmm, dear,

what happened?

Fall in with the wrong

crowd, or stalker?

No.

Why would I...

what about extra shifts

with the manager?

Les is a

cheapskate, honey.

And he's a man.

He cheats on his wife.

- Seriously?

- That's what I've been telling people.

- Why not just call home?

- Absolutely not.

Put me on the night cleaning crew.

I don't care.

Just take it. It'll turn for you.

Just give it time.

I also like confinement,

to be suffocated,

not being able to breathe.

So ideally,

when you're spanking me,

you should push my face

into your breasts.

That'd be nice.

That way, even if...

person, and I want you

to pay attention to detail.

...want anyone to see this tape.

I don't like

exposing myself.

I am the floor to you.

Your floor.

You can walk all over me

like a carpet.

You take

lighter fluid...

Mmm.

Oh!
Uh, hi.
Um, I'm Paul.
I'm new in town.
Uh, I find this taping thing
a bit ridiculous.
Uh, sorry.
Um, l...
I'm not sure how
this is supposed to go,
but I'd like to try
giving up control,
for once.
Uh, I find this taping thing
a bit ridiculous.
Uh, sorry.
Um, l...
I'm not sure how
this is supposed to go,
but I'd like to try
giving up control,
for once,
if that's okay.
Hi, Paul?
This is Celene.
Uh, we...
I can meet your needs.
Meet me at the Cedar Lane Mall
food court

at 7:

Tonight.
I want you
to wear white pants.
I, uh, command it.
Oh, Alberta.
It's not what you think,
Penelope.
There are other ways.
Um... hi.
I'm Paul.
Are you Celene?
- No.
- Oh.

So you... you are.
Cool.
Wow.
Wow? What's that
supposed to mean?
Oh, wow means good.
You look really really good.
You're not a freak,
are you, Paul?
Me? No no, I'm actually
disappointingly normal.
I mean, I'm not, uh...
I'm not, uh... I'm not challenging.
You're not a challenge?
Heh heh. Um,
I'm... I'm easy.
Uh, I'm very obedient.
Uh, can I...
do you want anything?
Anything?
I'll ask the questions.
Okay.
I want one of those.
My own.
Oh, so we're starting?
- Now.
- Yep.
Yep.
Here.
And...
I recall asking
for extra chocolate.
Yeah, no, I know.
You got it.
The guy charged me double.
Extra.
Yep.
Stop.
Now go.
So what does your
girlfriend think of you
seeking out
my services?
Oh, no girlfriend.

l... I just moved here.

- From?

- East.

- Oh! Lovely place, east.

- Yeah.

Well, you know, I had a vacation south and I traveled north.

- Now you're west.

- And now I'm west.

West is the best.

That is exactly what I'm beginning to figure out.

What are you smiling at?

Nothing.

I don't know. Uh...

I didn't expect this to be fun.

I actually don't live far from here.

Do you think we should go back to my...

We're done.

I'm...

sorry, did l...

did I do

something wrong?

No, you were great.

I dominated you.

We're done.

So pay me.

You're the boss.

What about... what about another 300?

Like, my place?

Slightly less of an audience?

What are you doing?

- Get up!

- No. Not till you say yes.

Yes. Get up!

Yes!

Okay.

That's me.

Oh, don't worry.

I'm good for the cash.
I just... I hit it
big at a casino.
I got a great
poker face.
Hey, if... if you're
uncomfortable or something,
that's...
It's an extra 50
for house calls.
Okay.
Leave it on.
You don't know
what you're doing #
When you turn
and act tough #
You don't know
what it's like #
To be me when
your eyes light up. #
So...
oh, I'm just gonna...
I'll be one second,
if that's okay.
- Okay.
- You can...
You don't know
what you're doing #
You can only play
hurt so much #
When you call
and be all about him #
And I can't hang up... #
Here's, uh...
Oh! I can...
Shouldn't you be
down there?
On the floor,
where you belong?
Let's hear you bark,
little doggie.
Please tell me these
are relatively new.
Quiet!

Dogs don't talk.

- Ow!

- Oh, I'm sorry. You okay?

Okay, we're gonna take you
on a walk, little doggie.

Is everything okay?

- I think I spooked her.

- Jesus!

Mmm! A real beaut!

And she's into kinky shit.

- Double happiness.

- This is okay, Celene. It's okay.

Celene!

Beautiful name!

Strong.

I'm Paul's boss, Rene.

No doubt

he's mentioned me.

So, Paul...

I don't think I did a very good job
in taking my own advice,
drawing that line,
business and personal.

I shouldn't have accused you
and I apologize.

Completely
unprofessional.

- Paul...

- Rene.

I just apologized
for disrespecting you.

Don't you think this might be the time
for you to apologize...

I didn't do anything, Rene!

You made me fear for my life!

...for your little duck
and hide across the country?

I'm gonna go, okay?

No. You know what?

No no.

I think that, uh,

Rene should go.

You're... you're freaking
out my girlfriend...

both of us.
You're freaking both of us out.
You're crawling
on the floor wearing a leash,
and I'm
freaking you out?
We need resolution
so we can go back
to the way things were.
What's with the girl?
Don't be rude.
We're guests.
Right.
So what are you
supposed to be, sweetheart?
Domi... dominatrix.
Hey, guys...
why don't we just leave
her out of this, okay?
Looks like she's
got him on a short...
You tell me where it is right now,
I order them off you.
I think what
he's asking, Paul,
in a nice way,
in a way that I won't,
is where
the fuck is it?
Rene, I did not take your money.
I told you then and I'm telling
you now, stop being an idiot!
You're a dom?
We had no idea
Paul liked pain so much.
Let's get
a demonstration.
Just leave her out of it!
Why can't we leave her out of it?
Come on, I did
not take your money! Rene!
Pull those up.
No one needs to see that.
- No, it's gonna hurt more...

- Pull them up!
The club loses half a mil
and you dart across the country?
You think Rene is that stupid?
- Help us out, mistress.
- No!
Now you're
gonna help me!
- No!
- No! No!
Rene. Rene, make him stop!
No no no.
- No.
- Don't! Rene!
It's in his closet!
- I'm sorry?
- It's in his closet.
It's in his closet!
Thank you.
Did that excite you,
hmm?
Maybe 20 grand here.
Rene, that is not...
that is not your money,
Rene!
He won it at the casino.
The casino?
You, Paul?
You have
a gambling problem?
It's not a problem
if you're winning,
Aaron, you fucking idiot!
You're even stupider than
your stupid fucking brother!
What, am I confusing you?
Am I talking too fast?
Did your time in the joint
dull your senses, Aaron?
Stop!
Stop! Don't.
Oh my God.
Paul.
Come on, Paul.

Rene, I'm sorry but he wasn't talking.
How is he supposed
to talk now?
I thought that's what
you wanted!
Stop!
Where's the girl?
The bag!
Come on! Go!
Please, fucking please.
Come on come on.
Start!
Go!
Get out of the car!
Stupid.
Stupid girl!
Stupid girl!
What's your emergency?
I'd like
to report an assault.
Okay, can I
have your location?
Ma'am?
Are you there, ma'am?
I'd like to help.
I do need to know where you are.
I don't know where.
Okay, I can
send someone to you...
- I'm sorry.
- Ma'am?
I need to find this guy.
I need help.
Oh, man!
Let me guess.
You hit a little adversity
and suddenly you're what?
Back to the jackass
in Coaldale?
I don't know.
Where'd that come from?
I got an advance.
Doesn't matter.
It's for the outfit.

What is going on?
Alberta...
I met this guy, Paul.
And I went to his place.
And these
friends of his,
they came over and beat
on him badly.
And so I ran.
I just...
I need to know...
I need to know if he's okay.
How'd you meet
this guy?
At the food court.
Classy.
Did he pick you up?
Sort of.
Can he get
a hold of you?
Find you?
No.
No way.
Good.
You're learning to take
precautions like me.
Okay?
Oh...
I have his
cell phone number.
And?
I can call him.
And if he's conscious,
he can pick up.
Forget it.
I... I can't.
I need to tell
the police.
Look.
You just said you don't
know where he lives,
so where are you going?
I don't know.
You're gonna be fine.

Believe it, okay?

Okay.

- Okay?

- Okay.

It's springtime.

You should be out

on St. Laurent sipping gin.

Not doing a very good job

of looking out for your man.

The rest of the money's

not here.

I'm going to go

finish this.

You two are

staying here.

And if anything happens

to Paul while I'm gone,

you're both responsible.

- Yeah, but Aaron was...

- Both of you.

Got something

to say to me, Isaac...

you worthless

fucking Neanderthal?

No.

Sir.

No, sir?

Aisle 7, please.

Wet cleanup on aisle 7.

What?

Your nametag.

Hey hey!

Coleman!

I mean, Coaldale!

You can't just

walk out like that.

Wow, you look exhausted.

It's understandable,

working two jobs.

Oh...

Penelope mentioned

seeing you in some outfit.

Hey, no judgment.

You gotta do what

you gotta do, right?
Just tell Penelope
I'm sick, okay?
If you ever need, like,
any protection
or a bodyguard for your other work,
you know where to find me.
God bless.
That prosciutto may
be a little off.
Good hiding,
by the way.
A real crackerjack.
Who would have ever dreamt
it'd be under your bed?
Aah!
It's funny.
Paul called you Celene.
Smart move,
lying to him.
I mean, who the hell
would want
to be dominated
by an Alberta?
Did you honestly think
I wouldn't find you?
Tell me where
the rest is!
My half a million!
What?
I don't know
anything about it.
You pay for this place
on a grocery store salary?
Are you telling me Paul didn't share
the wealth with his kinky sweetheart?
No, he didn't.
Is Paul okay?
I'm concerned.
Everyone goes through
a rebellious stage,
but he's making a lot
of poor choices lately,
lying to me, acting

like a dog.

One thing I've never
had to coach him on much is women.

He reminds me
of me at his age.

I mean, he's been in town,
what, a few weeks,
if that...

- and he's already swooned you.

- Ah!

Maybe I should call my
security detail...

- No.

Have them come over and teach you...

Another outfit of mine
you've ruined!

Who is this?

What are you doing?

Hold on a second,

Officer.

Cash money here.

We can settle.

Tell your old friends

You're gonna leave them

Our bloodshot eyes wide...

No need to think when

This crew gets moving

Those pins and ball bats

Heartbeats

and head clamps #

And your bad friends...

Top shelf

in the spare-room closet.

Ankle cuffs.

Can you get them please?

Need a roll of tape too!

Any color's fine!

Fight sense,

fight sense. #

- So, Alberta.

- Uh-huh?

Last night, when you
told me about the guys
beating on your friend

and you running away...
- Yes?
...you...
you forgot
to mention the part
where you stole
20 grand from them.
Yes, I did.
Sorry. Coffee?
And that you stashed it
in my home.
Black, thank you.
Again, sorry.
And that they had a way
of finding you,
and busting...
you're paying
for that vase, ass fuck!
What I'm saying here
is that you didn't exactly
tell me everything.
You might find it
nitpicky, but to me,
having prior knowledge
of these things
would fall under
the category of "good to know."
I totally agree.
And Celene...
it won't happen again.
You... you said that
when you were seven
and I caught
you eating cat food.
So why'd you
take the cash anyway?
I don't know!
It was just a big
bag of money.
I just... took it!
How can you be so calm?
Why haven't you kicked
the shit out of me like you did him?
Oh, there'll be time.

Now, anything else...
we need to worry about?
Your boy toys
know where we are?
Let me go and I promise
they won't hurt you.
Pick up,
pick up, pick up.
Hey, it's you-know-who.
I don't care. Listen to me.
I need your home.
Indefinitely.
I'm leaving now.
Well, you'd better make
other arrangements
because I'm coming now
and I'm not happy!
Pack up.
Found a safe house.
You got a car?
I have Paul's car.
You took his
money and his car?
I had to make a getaway.
I'm really starting to enjoy her.
- Let's move.
- Don't be stupid...
Celene.
We can deal.
So do you want me to pack some
overnight clothes?
Any good reason
why he said my name
while looking at you?
Maybe he has
one of those lazy-eye things.
This is how
it all started.
I pretended
to be you.
I guess we should call
the police now, huh?
To report an identity theft?
I'm considering it.

Think about it.
We can get the bad guys
sent to jail,
and Paul will go
to the hospital.
We can split the 20,000.
Stop talking now.
The house was
trashed, total,
and you're talking
about what?
Well, won't insurance
cover it?
It's not my house.
It's a client's
place.
I'm house-sitting
for a year, poorly...
to save a bit
of money.
I guess that didn't work
out too well for me, huh?
I can barely cover
my own debts and...
fuck!
I'll make this
up to you, I promise.
There's more money.
Just don't, okay?
I'm serious. The guy
in the trunk's convinced
that Paul ripped him off
and 20,000's only part
of half a million.
I don't have to explain anything to you.
- He's a new client.
- Okay, fine, I understand.
He's a new client but why did you
have to bring him here?
This is our private...
He's an extreme case
and needs extreme confinement.
I have... there are people
coming over.

Sorry. No.
I'm putting my foot...
Alberta, open that
door now.
What's your safety word? #
Empty glass #
Empty glass #
What's your safety word? #
Empty glass #
Empty glass #
What's your safety word? #
Please don't say it #
What's your safety word? #
Please don't say it,
what's your safety word? #
Do not touch that.
You even know
what that is?
Keys to your truck.
Give 'em.
If you're lucky,
I'll drop you off at a hotel.
Rene LeBlanc.
Hmm?
Local address.
Paul's maybe?
Celene?
Where are you going?
I need to know
who I'm dealing with.
I need this little inconvenience
that you brought to my doorstep
- to be worth my while.
- Celene.
Those brothers are crazy.
Let's just call the police.
Right, and hope they
let us keep the cash.
Hope that Rene here forgets to mention
the forcible confinement.
No. Stay put
and do not...
do not even think about
going in that room.

Are we clear?
Ugh!
My hands are burning,
so I sweat.
Help me up.
Please.
I have a handkerchief
in my pocket.
So tell me
about this money.
It's mine.
Paul took it.
Handkerchief.
You need to know
if your employee Paul betrayed you.
I need to know if my boyfriend's been
lying to me since day one.
He was my right-hand
protege.
Smart like me.
Taught him everything

about my club:

alarm codes, when the safe
was at its fullest,
and when I confronted
him about it,
he ran
across the country.
That son of a bitch.
Thank you.
Shows what a good
heart you have.
Don't try
and play me, okay?
I'm not stupid.
Of course you're not.
Paul has good taste.
You met him and instantly
felt unworthy, right?
Wanted to seem exotic,
tough.
You pretended to be
your leather-bound roommate.

You shouldn't.
I hear how
she talks to you.
Listen.
We have a situation here.
My security detail, Isaac,
has been looking for an excuse
to end Paul for a long time now.
They can kill that lying
prick for all I care.
Well.
Maybe I misjudged you.
You seem very
involved in his life.
He came to me
with nothing.
I've guided him.
Like a father?
So who's this then?
Put that away.
Your son?
I...
lost him.
He's gone now.
I'm sorry.
Then untie me.
I'll feel better.
Forget about the fucking pizza.
You show me respect.
I just wanna get outta here.
I don't give a fuck
what you want on your pizza.
I wanna go home.
Fuck home, okay?
We're not at home right now.
Fine, you wanna go home
to Mommy, little bitch?
How can you be so sure
those two lunkheads of yours
haven't found it already
and buggered off?
We checked the house.
It's clean,
and they wouldn't dare.

I know my people.

Isaac, he's getting worse.

He's fine.

- No, I can't end up back in jail.

- Then don't.

- We need to get him to a hospital.

- That's not the job.

Well, I think the job is sort of over
when the target ends up in a coma.

I'm even gonna consider
letting you go.

I need to know the brothers won't come
after me once I get my share.

Let's just say I have
a very strong hold on Isaac.

Okay?

What does that mean?

He's a wanted man.

I use my connections
to keep him out of jail,
and Isaac controls Aaron.

So.

Didn't do a very good job
of controlling Aaron last night.

That wasn't my fault.

I wanna go, Isaac, okay?

I wanna go now.

Like you promised,
like we planned.

We could drive south
until it's warm.

Rene called like an hour ago,
he said...

He called?

Were you ever
gonna tell me?

He tracked the leather slut.

He's getting the money back.

He's probably dropping
her into oblivion as we speak.

Okay, why don't we
take Paul in
and we can get
the fuck outta here then?

Not without word.

Okay, fuck Rene's word.

Let's just fucking go, okay?

I wanna go now.

Aaron's not a problem.

A couple years back,

Isaac got backed into a corner.

We worked Aaron

into taking the fall.

Aaron willingly did

two years' hard time.

Won't even take a piss

unless Isaac gives the okay.

Isaac controls Aaron.

I control Isaac.

Listen here, shithead.

Rene tracked Paul

across the country.

You think if we bail,

he'll just forget about us, huh?

Especially if his precious little

protege over there

croaks because of you?

We're on

the clock here, kid.

We stay

with this job.

Fuck!

- I'm gonna tell Mom.

- Go ahead, tell Mom.

- Guess what? You're fucking adopted.

- I am not!

I am not adopted!

I am not adopted!

Fuck you, Isaac.

Fuck you.

Oh great! Best shirt ever

and now look, Isaac.

Mom got me this

for Christmas.

Well, go home

and Mom will fix it.

- Fine, I will.

- Fucking baby.

You're close to making
a good decision here, Alberta.
All you need to do
is follow through.
For Paul.
What in Sam fucking Hill
is going on in here?
Get rid of her.
What is your problem?
I don't know
what kind of shit he's pulling
but, God, stop being
so naive.
Is Paul okay?
Did you see him?
He's alive, still in the house
playing possum.
- What are...
- God, I think we can do this.
Do what?
We scatter
the brothers.
We get Paulie's ticket
to half a million.
What is the matter
with you?
I have it all
worked out.
The younger brother's completely useless
without the older one.
so if we get
them sep... Celene!
Listen.
No, you listen.
Those two guys are freaking nutbars.
They're insane
times 20.
We can take them.
Oh, Alberta.
Stop that.
I hate it when you use that
condescending tone.
I'm trying
to help here.

I don't need
your help.
I think you do.
Now, listen, I just spent a lot of time
trying to get that guy to trust me.
You got him to talk?
Yeah.
So I figure
if we help Paul,
he'll be willing
to share his score
with his rescuers.
Why are you
doing all of this?
I said I'd make
this up to you,
and what's wrong with
wanting to help Paul a little bit, too?
Alberta!
I really need to urinate.
You have my permission.
We were close to a deal.
We'd agreed
I wasn't stupid.
This is ridiculous.
Stop it, Alberta.
I mean it.
Alberta...
Isaac will
eat you alive.
He'll kill you
and Paul.
You can't do this.
Yes I can.
Please, Mom, don't.
What is it?
Isaac, what does
that even mean?
It means Rene's
been scalped.
- I've got it.
- Give me the phone.
Hello?
Give me

the goddamn phone.

Yeah?

Hi. Can I speak with Paul, please?

Uh...

- he's unavailable. Who's this?

- Who is it?

Oh, so he's still
on the floor?

You ran off so quickly
the other day.

Cedar Lane Mall,
food court,
in a half hour.

- Who is it?

- How about you come here now?

I'm sure it would delight Rene
to know that his employees
have so little
regard for his life.

Take Paul's cell
and don't be late.

Let me say something.

I don't think he bought it.

He'll show. Dress.

Okay,

so as we agreed...

Act like I'm in control.

Got it.

No, keep him

on the phone.

Do not poke the bear.

Do not engage.

Okay?

Okay.

See you at Spencer's
in an hour.

- Can I go with you?

- No.

- Why?

- Come here. Look at me.

Someone has

to stay here, okay?

In case he wakes up.

That's gotta be you.

Come on, when have I ever steered you wrong, huh?

That's right.

Good. Okay?

Now just trust me, stay here, watch him and don't screw up.

- Okay.

- Okay.

How long are you gonna be?

As long as it takes me to snap that bitch's neck.

- Okay?

- Yeah.

All right.

Come here, for good luck.

Whoa, hey, wait, you can't just walk in here.

Look, I'm on call.

I only have a few minutes.

I told Rene I'd check on your friend so where is he?

Okay, um...

but Rene's been...

when did you talk to him?

Last night.

What's it matter?

I'm here now, so move it.

Fine.

From what he said, the guy's probably done for by now anyway.

Okay, wait.

Yeah, it's very important that he wakes up.

I'm going to need some clean towels soaked in ice water.

All right.

Hey.

Oh, now.

Hey, Paul, are you
still with us?
Here's your towel.
Who were you talking to?
Tea towels, imbecile.
Tea towels.
Oh, okay, I'm sorry.
Oh Lord,
Oh Lord #
Oh Lord,
Oh Lord... #
Well, I told you #
But I thought
you'd knew #
There ain't no heaven #
Oh Lord,
there ain't no heaven #
There ain't no heaven #
On the county road #
Don't talk about it... #
Yeah?
Congratulations.
You've completed
phase one.
Say what?
I need you to get
back in your car,
- start head...
- No goddamn way.
You're not
in control here.
Your ass here in five
or I'm gone.
Wait, you...
Oh Lord #
There ain't
no heaven... #
Penelope, I really
need your help.
There ain't no heaven... #
No, this isn't
about...
Down at the station... #
You were right.

I'm in really big trouble.
There's this guy.
I knew it.
Keep on #
Keep on screaming
and crying... #
Oh Lord, I wonder #
What my son has done #
Oh Lord #
There ain't no heaven #
Oh Lord #
There ain't no heaven #
Oh Lord #
Did you bring me any... #
Help me!
Don't do this. No!
Don't do this!
He barely has a pulse.
He needs a hospital.
Listen, this guy expires on you,
you're totally fucked.
You up for that?
Look, I understand what
you're saying, lady,
- but I can't because my brother...
- He's your boss?
No, Rene is.
If Rene didn't
want to help,
he wouldn't have called
me in a panic, would he?
Right?
Right?
Yeah.
Good, let's move
already.
Okay, which hospital
are we gonna go to?
Well, I'm gonna
go too.
You didn't think that Rene
would just let Paul slip away like that?
He'll be at my hospital
under my care.

You know, I never did
get your name.
Is that really fucking
important right now?
Yes, I think it is.
Buddy, you'd better
stop this right now.
If Rene finds...
What the fuck?
Well hey.
Paul, hey.
Nice to see you.
Why don't we go back inside?
- Hey.
- What are you doing?
Lady, he's gonna stay
with me a little bit longer.
Let go.
I'm a fucking nurse,
you moron.
Oh shit.
Help him.
I'm not
afraid of you.
No?
I'm not afraid.
I outsmarted you once
before at Paul's.
You dined and dashed
like some punk kid.
What makes you think
I can't do it again?
'Cause I said...
because I said so,
you fucking bitch.
So I suggest
that you tell me where
Rene is ultra-quick
- before I get...
- You know?
Rene's not such a bad guy
when you get to know him.
He tells me that back east
you're a wanted man.

And not just from
women's rights groups.
You know, this act
you're pulling...
It's not an act.
I have your boss,
I know where
the half million is,
I still have
the original 20,000,
and one phone call from me gets you sent
back east for hard time.
So next time I'd think
twice about hitting a...
You know something, slut?
I would like an apology
for that remark.
You can fuck right off.
She's way too hot for him.
I'm sorry...
that you're a slut;
That I called you...
- a slut.
- You're not sorry enough.
Not yet.
Hey, thanks for...
thanks for trying to help me.
It wasn't for you, pal.
It was for me
and my friend...
your dominatrix.
I'm Celene.
You... you're...
so she's...
Alberta.
Alberta. Ow.
Is she seeing anyone,
you know?
Drop the shit, all right?
Look, when we
get out of here,
we want part of the stash
that you stole from Rene.
I'm sorry to disappoint you,

but I...
I get it.
You lied so that...
No, I'm not lying.
There's no money.
I'm sorry if you feel
like you risked a lot or something.
Sorry. But...
Don't... don't worry.
I think Alberta's gonna help us.
Oh, man.
I'm glad you're not,
you know, dead.
I was worried about you.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah.
You should worry, Aaron.
'Cause if any more shit goes down,
Rene will leave you
in the dust.
I don't know about that.
You're the one
who ripped him off.
God, I did not... Christ.
You think Rene's never gotten
anything wrong in his life?
No no no.
Rene is a very smart businessman.
All right, he's been there
for me whenever I've been sad.
Oh yeah, how did he help you
when you were in jail, Aaron?
Or Isaac?
And I was at the club with them,
and they were not helping you.
They were laughing at you,
like, all the time.
Aaron, just take him
to the hospital.
You're free and clear.
All right, no more talking
between you two.
- Aaron, Aaron, I know this is...
- No, Paul, shut your mouth.

Okay? My brother is my brother and yeah,
he's a dick sometimes...
most of the time...
I know that, but l...
he loves me.
Okay?
And he would
never hurt me.
So just shut your filthy
goddamn mouth.
No!
Shut up, Paul!
Too many people so
don't even try anything.
Sweetheart, when I decide
to try, you'll know.
I'm curious, what's someone
like you called?
Do you have a title or...
Are we getting to
know each other now?
Security expert.
Security expert?
I do my job,
I do it well.
I can't control every
stupid teenage girl...
Oh, so it's
everybody else's fault?
Shut up. I practically
run Rene's business.
He'd be lost without me.
Without Paul,
you mean.
Let me tell you something:
We'll all be a lot better off
when that guy's gone.
Who knows?
That may have happened already.
Can I have another cashier at checkout?
Another cashier...
Tell me something.
Why hasn't Rene ever
suspected you and Aaron?

I mean, if you know everything,
like when the safe is at its fullest,
all the security
and alarm codes,
why couldn't you have taken the money
and fingered Paul...

Look down.

We're leaving.

Come on.

Excuse me, sir?

Would you mind
turning around, please?

You gotta be
fucking kidding me.

This doesn't concern you,
okay?

I think you
should let go of her.

Why don't you
give me some distance
so I can take care
of this bitch, okay, porkpie?

Let her go, sir.

Gun!

Oh my God! Get down!

Call the police!

Motherfuckers!

- Hold him! Get the gun away.

- Fuck you!

Don't you dare,
don't you dare!

Fuckin' kill...

I'm gonna fuckin'
kill you, bitch.

Make sure you tell the cops
he's a wanted man.

Fuckin' kill you, bitch!

You...

Thanks, Penelope!

Where's the money? Where's the money?

Come on,
get your head down.

Crap.

Celene, you're not gonna

believe what happened.

Celene?

Spencer?

What the hell happened?

I didn't mean to

scare the guy.

Yeah, frighten him a little.

I was just playing around.

Bald guy, bald guy.

- He's crazy.

- Where's Celene?

I've never seen a

submissive so terrified

of male nudity

in all my life.

He kept calling me...

a freak.

I'm a freak?

Everything was fine

until you came along.

You've wrecked everything.

Hey, where are you going?

Look, wait a minute.

I have to do something.

He might hurt Celene.

Wait. Look, stay

here and don't...

Spencer!

You do as I say

and you get in the car.

Celene needs our help.

Come on, Isaac.

Pick up the phone.

Isaac.

Rene.

Wow, you...

uh, you okay?

Hey, look,

we found your hair.

Here.

- Paul awake?

- Yeah yeah.

Hey, did Isaac

get you back?

Bring him out.

You really should have
stayed out of this, Officer.

Do you even know
where this guy lives?

- Stop yelling!
- You stop yelling.
- There it is!
- Watch where you're going.

Hey!

Spencer.

Come on, let's go.

Spencer?

Looks like I may have
crossed that line again.

Sorry about that.

See, if you're clinging to the faint
hope that because we're so close,

I won't hurt you...

I won't kill you

for the money.

But I will kill you

for the lies.

Ah!

Please... Rene, what if

I told you the thing you want to hear?

Huh, what happens then?

Well...

we head back home,

get you back working at the club

under strict supervision.

Why would you even want me

to come back and work with you?

You think I stole from you.

Clearly a cry for help.

We're not friends, Rene.

We're not anything.

I was your employee, I'm not your son.

Now, Paul...

- Are we friends?

- No no.

He doesn't

have your money!

Where's Isaac?

Alberta, run.
I mean it, now!
Isaac, where are you?
I know where
your money is.
All of it. Just let my friends go
and it's yours.
Where are you?
- Isaac?
- He has to say it.
The truth! Now!
No, wait!
Isaac... hey, Rene,
that girl...
Rene, can I talk to
you for a second?
- Aaron, help me. Grab her.
- Yeah.
I am done messing
around, Paul.
Let her go!
- Rene?
- For the love of God, Rene,
I didn't take it.
What do you want?
Truth!
Friendship.
Right fucking now or
I'll drain her right here.
Rene, there is
a naked guy outside.
Naked.
What do you want
me to do?
You didn't think
we're finished, did you?
Hey, that's far enough.
No! Get that thing
away from me.
- Aaron!
- No way.
Spencer, this isn't role-play.
He's gonna stab you for real.
Everything's fine.

This one's a hitter,
not a jabber,
aren't you?

- Did you make the call?
- I did! Police are on their way.
- Cops, what? No way.
- Aaron, she's bluffing.

Big burly men
with giant batons...

Jesus!

- Where the fuck did you get these?
- From Isaac.
- I didn't think he'd need them in jail.
- What do you mean, jail?
- Like jail jail?
- He pulled a gun on me in public
and the cops swarmed.

They took him away right after...

- Right after what?
- Right after I figured out
that Isaac's the one
that ripped off Rene.

Huh?

Oh boy.

Aaron, Aaron, Aaron,
hi.

Uh, what...

uh, what she said...

- Is the truth.
- Don't
- He didn't think that anybody but Paul
was smart enough to pull it off.
- Is that true?
- She's trying to turn you against me.
- Yeah.
- Then where's your brother now, huh?
- Where's your protector?
- Aaron.
- Aaron, look at me!
- What?

I'm sure there's a perfectly
logical explanation.

Yeah? Well, like, what if Paul
didn't take the money, huh?

Thank you.
Huh? I mean,
what am I supposed to think?
My brother's gone,
you're bald,
- we got a naked freak walking around!
- I am not a freak!
Ah!
Isaac did this, didn't he?
I know it, you know it...
the nurse probably
even figured it out.
Isn't it possible
that Paul's not to blame?
Fuck!
Fuck, Rene!
Sorry, Paul.
How do I get you out of there?
Move away! I'll decide when or if
Paul gets untied, not you!
Aaron! When is this gonna stop, huh?
When are you
gonna fight back?
- You shut your mouth!
- Paul could have died for his mistake!
- Just shut your fuck...
- Aah!
Stop!
Paul's okay.
You can still be free.
The cops are coming.
- Aaron, stop.
- No no!
Think about yourself!
Please stop.
Hey, bro.
How you doing?
Can't come to the phone?
That's cool.
Voicemail all right.
Not too fucking good
in jail, is it?
Aaron, you gotta go.
Cops are gonna be here any minute.

Look at me.
Go.
Okay?
I'm okay.
Okay...
Paul?
Isaac...
let...
Isaac set me up.
It's no wonder your son wants
nothing to do with you.
Yeah...
can you believe he got sick of
being under his dad's thumb?
Go figure!
I did it...
I'm sorry.
You're pathetic!
Never called the cops,
did you?
Bluff.
It was all Alberta's idea.
What can I say?
You can say you have
some clothes nearby.
Please?
I believed
you were a thief.
I'm sorry.
You're amazing.
Do you... do you have
plans this weekend?
You should see a doctor.
Spence, drive him
to the hospital.
Your truck's around
the corner.
Spencer...
- Seriously, Friday?
- Maybe.
Oh, come on!
I need a yes.
All right.
Okay.

- Yeah?

- Yes already.

- Okay.

- Yes.

You gotta take that thing off
before we go to the hospital.

Trust me on this.

No way!

So, I couldn't help
notice you mentioning something
about knowing where
the money is.

It was in his car?

You have it!

It was in Isaac's car!

Crap!

I'll make this up to you.

I promise!

Your house,
the kitchen table and...
the living room table.
Paintings, business,
life plan.

Is this you trying to
make me feel better?

Just let it go, please.

You know...

you coming back for me,
that was really...

- Stupid.

...brave.

Well, a promise
is a promise.

Stop, okay?

We're safe.

That's what's...
important.

Where did you...

Whoo-hoo!

I was kinda short on time,
but I grabbed what I could.

Hope it'll help.

Lattes.

\$7.50 please.

I got this.

Yeah, I'm definitely
enjoying you.