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American Dirtbags

By Bob Place

- My name is Larry banking.
But don't be fooled by
that pollack last name,
I'm about as American as
fake tits and cheap beer.
Now I ain't gonna lie to y'all,
I'm pretty fucked right now,
and I'm damn sure this
big son of a bitch
ain't fixin' to let me
catch my breath neither.
Hell, I can't say I blame him.
I probably shouldn't have
been fucking his wife,
especially after I found out
his nickname was Bigfoot.
I guess I'm gonna be dyin'
young, just like my daddy.
Except he was droppin' a deuce,
nine 8-balls in on a
two day coke binge,
he had himself a heart attack
on the god damn commode.
Now I never heard him
say it or nothin',
but I bet you that's
how he wanted to go.
Just like Elvis.
After daddy died,
we were so poor,
we didn't have two nickels to
rub together to start a fire.
Course, that ain't
how you start a fire.

- But I'd appreciate
it if you guys
wouldn't be assholes
today, all right?

- Mamma lost the
trailer, so we moved in
with uncle Ronny.
He wasn't no uncle.
That dude was the DJ
from the strip club

she started dancin' at.

- Ya'll gonna have to share
that couch 'til your mama
cleans out that room with
all the cat shit in it.

- Don't be shitheads to
your uncle Ronny, all right?

- Damn right, all right.
Watchin' you, boy.

- Come to think of it,
I think he was selling
ecstasy or something, too.

As soon as I could get
out, I was gone, boy.

Moved my country
ass to the big city.

They call Atlanta new
York of the south,
Phoenix city.

That damn burnin' bird is
on god damn everything.

During the civil war it was
a major military supply hub.

Had Sherman not burned that
son of a bitch to the ground,
we might be living in the
confederate states of America.

Just sayin'.

First job I got
was at a porn shop.

Now I'd seen porno, hell,
everybody gotta release
the demon sometime.

- You got anything where
the woman dominates the man
by making him wear a horse mask
and then kicking him in the
balls repeatedly until he pukes?

- I wasn't ready for that shit
uh...

Now, granted, I was sheltered.

I was born and raised
in Gainesville, Georgia,
the poultry capital

of the world.

But I'd seen spank

mags and stuff.

Hell, Ronny had a

serious porn stash,

one that might rival

the most compulsive

of the compulsive masturbators.

This was something else,

I couldn't do that shit.

Hell, no.

Hey.

Hey, heard you guys are hiring?

- Ok

- I'm serious, I need to work.

- White boy, you

must be trippin'.

- No, I'll do anything

you guys need me to do.

- All right, start

pickin' up these leaves.

All right, guys, break time.

- He might make it past lunch,

but he won't be back tomorrow.

His nose gonna be so runny.

- Aw, man, he ain't

got no hat, man.

Dude got no coat!

- Nobody thought I'd last two

days out there on that roof.

I worked that job for

five fucking years.

We actually ended

up being friends.

In fact, my boy Richard's

sister introduced me

to this girl named Stephanie.

Hello.

We hit it off, man, fast.

Maybe a little too fast.

She got pregnant,

we got married.

She had a miscarriage,

we got divorced.

Best move of my fucking life.
Never forget that when
you marry someone,
it ain't just them,
it's their entire
god damn family you're
gettin' hitched to.
And her family was fucking nuts.
Her daddy was a taxidermist,
he had a whole room
with all kinds of
weird shit in it,
possums, dressed-up raccoons,
I think he had a fucking
buffalo, you name it.
It's creepy as hell
and dead as fuck,
her daddy got a stuffed one.
Something ain't right
with a man who gets off
playin' with dead things he
finds on the side of the road.
Her mama was just as bad,
except she was a religious nut
two steps away from
being that psycho mother
in that movie Carrie.
And I'm talkin' about the
one with sissy Spacek,
not that shitty remake with
the bitch from kick-ass.
- Oh father in
heaven, lord of lords,
king of kings,
oh divine benevolence,
root of David,
sweet lion of the
tribe of Judah,
bless our food and
forgive us our sins,
for we know we our
horrible, evil sinners
who deserve to have
our eyes plucked out,

and our souls cast into
the fiery trenches of hell,
to be slowly cooked alive
and sodomized by Lucifer
and his many legions of
demons forever and ever.
Amen.

- Amen.

- Amen.

- All right,
who's ready for dinner?
This looks delicious.

- After the divorce was final,
I moved in with this dude
I found online, Harvey.

- What up, bro, welcome
to the titty tent.
Hope you brought penicillin.

- He was a
pussy-hound, boy,
chicks were coming in
and out of our apartment
like we was having
a fucking fire sale.
I don't know what that dude
was doing, but whatever it was,
it was working.

He was gettin' so much tail,
that shit was tricklin'
down on to me.

It was like god damn
Reaganomics except with pussy.
Gettin' laid was great and all,
but I was broke as a joke, boy.
I was still doin' roofing,
and I wasn't paying too much
for my room with Harvey,
but that bitch lawyer
got me by the balls
during the divorce.

- We won't be satisfied
until we have his nuts.

- What, oh no, be reasonable,
they weren't even together

for very long.

- Be reasonable, is that what lawyering is to you, Jack?

- Yes.

- Reasonable?

You know what's reasonable, leaving you, like your wife did.

That's reasonable, you know what else is reasonable?

I don't want just his nuts, I want your nuts, too.

You remember what nuts are Jack, those are those two things in your throat that you have to cough up every once in awhile.

And I want your dick, your little shriveled up baby dick that you can't get hard anymore.

So take your little boy hands, and reach into your diaper that you're shitting yourself in right now and pull out your baby dick and cough up your nuts and let's make a deal.

- Yes ma'am.

- Are you fucking cryin', right now?

- No.

- Do you wanna go get pizza?

Me, too, thanks guys.

- I wouldn't be surprised if she went home at night and took cute little innocent puppies and drowned 'em in her fucking tub.

I hope that cold-hearted bitch gets mauled by a god damn mountain lion.

Shit was gettin' rough.

Sometimes I was payin' for gas and smokes

with change I

found in the couch.

- Hey, mister?

- - Yeah, buddy?

- Will you buy me a six-pack?

- No.

- - Hold on,

a six-pack is worth,

what, eight bucks?

I'll give you thirty

bucks, keep the change.

- Now I ain't tryin'

to be a bad guy,

and I ain't tryin' to be

a bad influence, neither,

but I just figured, fuck it.

Yeah, all right.

- Yes.

- Next thing I knew, I had

a little business goin'.

And business was boomin' boy.

All right, now normally

the 40s are 20,

I'm sold out of

six-packs right now,

you can get a fifth for

\$50 or a handle for 100.

On account of it

bein' the holidays,

I'm doin' a 20% discount,

what you guys want?

- I want a beer

- whiskey.

- Word spread like a

damn field fire in California.

In just two months, I was

supplyin' teenagers with booze

in six different

counties, for real, man.

Now try to keep in mind,

I wasn't tryin' to

do nothin' wrong,

it's not like I was sellin'

drugs to little kids.

Hell, I don't even
mess with drugs, man,
and god knows I could have
gotten into that shit.
I tried it once or
twice, I didn't like it.
My brother Victor,
though, took to that shit
like a fish to fucking water.
- 20 bucks.
- Yeah, yeah, bro, this
shit better be good.
Last shit you gave me wasn't.
- When he was a
teenager, he started stealing
from Ronny's stash and
selling it at school.
He'd be tripping out if I
told him what I started doin'.
I quit my job and went
full-time booze bandit.
It was excitin', man.
I felt like Bo and Luke
Duke runnin' from boss hog.
Minus the shitty blue jeans
and faggy hair, no offense.
Those Vietnamese dudes
at the liquor store
must have thought I was
a serious alcoholic,
I was blowin' a
thousand dollars a week,
and not on expensive
shit, neither.
Life was pretty kick-ass, I
was making hand-over fist money
and was still bangin'
tons of chicks.
- Bro, got this mad kinky
bitch in my room right now,
- shit is going crazy.
- - Hell, yeah.
- She's lettin' me
fuck her like Anthony Bourdain,

- fucking no reservations.
- - Nice.
- The shit's good.
Here's the thing, though, she's
like a little bit married.
- Harvey.
- Here's the funny
part, her husband,
- his nickname's Bigfoot.
- - No.
- Here's the funnier
part, she wants you and me
to fuck her together.
- Man, I don't think
I'm interested in
fucking somebody's wife.
- Dude, come on, it's not a
third-party's responsibility
to make sure that your
girlfriend isn't a whore.
Now let's go fuck
this dude's wife.
- One thing I could
say about Harvey,
he always made a good point.
But if I had to
pinpoint the moment
that shit spun totally
out of control,
this was definitely it.
Her appearances started
to become more frequent.
Sometimes I'd fuck her,
sometimes Harvey'd have a
go, but most of the time
she wanted to be plugged
like a damn electric socket
you were trying to keep
the kids from touchin'.
But today,
that shit was not her.
Huh?
- Motherfucker, huh, you
like to fuck people's wives?

- Who the fuck are you, what the fuck are you talking about?

- You like to fuck people's wives?

- Now I ain't exactly sure how he found out, but with a wife like that, you know you would be suspicious. Harvey was right, though.

It wasn't no third-party's responsibility to make sure that your wife isn't a whore. But what he left out is if you go porkin' someone's wife, just know that one day you might have to fight that dude. And when that day comes, that son of a bitch might kill you. But like I said,

I can't blame him.

Probably shouldn't have been fucking his wife.

- My name is Alaina Sage.

I know it looks like I'm being a total mega-bitch right now, but trust me, this asshole deserves it.

He said his name was Jimmy, but who knows.

I told him my name was Melissa.

Guys like him are animals.

They only want one thing, pussy.

And once they have their little squirt, then they want you to just, like, fuck off.

And sometimes without even giving you any cab money.

Well, Mr. blonde hair found out that this pussy costs a little more than, like, a few watered-down vodka tonics.

- Hey, whoa, hey.

- Unh, please.

I'll never forget the first
asshole that burned me.
All night long, all he did
was talk about all the game
the other guys were spitting
and how he was different.
He wasn't just trying
to get in my pants,
he thought we had a connection.
Harvey Schindler.
And I fucked him, thinking
he was telling the truth.
Thinking he was going to call me
and that it would blossom
into like, a steamy romance.
Love at first sight.
And one day we would tell
our kids it's how we met.
- Hey, sweetie, I'm home.
- - Hi, honey.
- Oh, come
here, how was your day?
Oh, where's the rest of my
perfect biracial family?
Mason, Dixie, daddy's home!
- Da, da!
- Hey, you guys!
I gotta get a
picture of you guys,
oh my goodness.
Get in with mommy.
You guys look
amazing, you ready?
Say cheese.
- Cheese.
- Oh my god, your
dad's gonna love these.
If you know who that is.
Oh my god, this is amazing,
you're like a model
without the eating disorder.
Mmm, I'm gonna show
this to everyone.
Well, I gotta get out of

here, smells a lot like jizz.

Ma'am.

- Like, how

fucking nave could I be?

And if the fact that I

walked all the way back

to my dorm room, like, totally

humiliated wasn't enough,

that dickless little prick

posted the picture online

and turned it into like a

fucking game or whatever.

- Stupid bitch.

- And that shit blew up.

- Holy shit, dude,

check this out.

- Holy fuck, I've got

biology with her, man.

- Dude, I totally fucked her.

- No way, man.

- Why you gotta lie about

stuff like that, man?

- Overnight, people

started making

their own versions, and

by the end of the week,

I was, like, ruined.

I mean, some of them, like,

really hurt my feelings.

Everyone started

thinking I was, like,

a total airhead, nympho

slut or something.

I don't think I talked to anyone

for the rest of the semester.

But that didn't stop

these assholes, mmpmm.

They just kept right on being

the needle-prick little shits

that I thought that they were.

You fucking kidding me?

And like at first, I thought

I was being singled out.

Like I was being punished

for, like, being a bitch
back in high school
or something.

- She sent you a tit pic?

- Dude, I got twat
shots, too, bro.

- You guys ready to eat?

- Man, I been eating
pussy all day.

- Well I hope you saved
room for our tacos.

- Dude, we're gonna
need a few minutes, man.

- No problem.

- - I like that guy.

- I do too, he
looks like my dick.

So, are you fuckin' her?

- Of course, I'm
fuckin' her, man,
this chick's like my
personal skeet trap, bro.

- My man, boom.

- Yeah, last night I'm
fuckin' her face, right,
so I pop my dick
out of her mouth,
and then I shove her head
down to my butt hole,
she's down there just
making out with my ass
for like, 15 minutes,
dude, she comes up,
she says, like, "when's
it gonna be my turn?"
I'm like, bitch,
this is your turn,
oh, nailed it.

- It was awesome.

- - You told her.

- I did, I told her
what was up, flipped her over,
I got my brown belt, mmm, mmm.

- One day, everything

just, like clicked.
Guys are all just
stupid, disgusting,
self-absorbed fucking pigs.
They weren't just doing
this to me, mmpmm,
they were doing this
to, like, all womankind,
and they always have been.
I can't believe it took
me so long to wake up.
And listen, now I know I'm
starting to sound like some
butch, dick-hating dyke,
so let me take a second
to make it totally clear,
I'm so not a lesbian.
I, like, definitely put that
dildo care basket to use.
I even had little
names for them all.
There's Justin Timberdick,
Ryan Ballsling,
Jackie Changilingus,
he was little, but
he could kick ass.
And, of course, my favorite,
big daddy Kane.
Now some people might
think I was being
a total drama queen about
it, but like, what the fuck?
Guys should not be able
to treat us like that
and get off Scot-free,
like for real.
They just get to be
total chauvinist assholes
and society is like, it's
whatever, that's just like,
how guys are.
I say, fuck that shit.
Someone needed to teach these
fucktards how to act right.

Hey, so sorry, I couldn't
help but overhear
all this throat-fucking talk.
- Oh, shit, yeah.
- - So hot.
- What's up, that
was me, I fuck throats.
- I bet you have a big old dick.
- Yeah, all right, you,
you are correct, yeah.
- He's hung like a horse.
- All right, yeah,
welcome to the smash pad
- oh, yeah.
- - Oh, shit,
girl, I knew you were a freak
but you don't waste any time.
All right, yeah, get
that belt off, damn.
I'm gonna have to take
a selfie, soon, whoa.
- I'll admit, at first,
I didn't know exactly
what I was doing.
But I, I, it just felt like
it was my calling to do it.
- So fucking good,
I'm fucking ready, baby,
do it, baby.
Oh, oh, you fucking bitch!
- My heart was pounding,
my endorphins shot
through the roof, like,
I had tried some drugs before,
I even tried ecstasy once,
but this, this was the
highest I'd ever been
in my entire life.
How's it feel to be helpless
and afraid, you fucking prick?
I felt like a hero,
like I was a vigilante
for all womankind.
Of course, I got

kicked out of school,
that was like a total buzz kill.
In fact, I got arrested.
My parents were super-pissed,
but what do they expect?
You think preacher's
kids are messed up?
Mine were missionaries,
I didn't even call them.
They were both
just so sheltered,
I knew they wouldn't
understand this.
Like one time, I came home drunk
- when I was 16.
- - We didn't raise
- you this way.
- - You would have
sworn that the world was ending.
- We brought her all
the way from Zimbabwe
and look what she's done to us.
- I know, I know, your mother
and I are disappointed.
You can see how
disappointed she is,
and if you multiply that by 10,
and bury it inside of yourself,
that is how I feel
about what you've done.
Disappointment and anger.
It's Disa, it's primarily,
disappointment is the frosting
on the cake of the anger
I have in my heart
for you right now.
- You have cake?
I saw you, I saw the
neighbors see you,
I saw your mother, we all
saw each other, and that
is when I baked
that cake of anger.
We're taking a break,

we're done for now
while you take a cold shower,
your mother and I are still
gonna be at it out here.
If that makes you
feel any worse.
- You learn really, really
weird things in jail.
Like if you wrap a paper clip
around the end of a pencil,
and put like a piece of
toilet paper in there.
Sparks, flame, cigarette, right?
- You're smokin'
- we're smokin'.
- You are smokin'
- we're smokin'.
Fuck, fuck!
Fuck, help!
- Sarah saved my life.
If it wasn't for that girl,
I would like totally be dead.
And like, I would never have
the chance to find my calling.
- Somebody help!
- I was resuscitated
and spent the next three
days in the boom-boom room.
And like, all I was trying
to do was light a cigarette.
Jail is so super fucking gay.
When I got out, my parents
totally cut me off.
Like, they wouldn't pay my
cell phone bill or anything.
But you know, I
wouldn't be surprised
if Joan of ark's parents
cut her off, too.
I wasn't out of
jail for two weeks
before some creep
pulled some shit.
- You know, I am

just dying to know
what a beautiful, ebony,
Princess like yourself
is doing in a bar
by yourself, huh?

It's awful, hey, let me
get one of those, too.

Thank you.

- I could tell
right away this guy
was gonna be a major douche bag.
But at the same time,
I, like, needed some major dick.

- Feel that white power?

- Kind of.

- Oh my god.

- Fuck me like it's 1847.

- Jesus, holy shit, oh god, ok.

Wow, that was great, thank you.

You're awesome, good job.

Wow.

You have some fantastic pussy,
and don't worry, we
will do this again,
but, you know what time it is.
Wifey time, unfortunately.

- I'm sorry, what'd you say?

- My wife.

- You have a fucking wife?

- Yeah, really?

You know the game,
how do you spell Uber?

- You brought me back to
your house and fucked me
in the bed that you
share with your wife?

Where's your pictures at,
you're not even wearing a ring.

- Ok, all right, cab maybe?

- Oh my god.

- Phone's not working.

Where's your phone, you
got a phone, don't you?

Just gotta get you, a...

- you are such a
motherfucker, I swear.

- Oh my god.

- - Yeah, you gotta go,
- seriously, sorry.

- - You, fuck you.

Ok?

Fuck you, motherfucker.

How dare you bring me back
to your fucking house,
no ring, do you hear me?
Fuck you dude, do you hear me?

You wanna just
fucking pass out now?

Huh?

Passed out?

Hey.

How was I supposed to know
this asshole had a bad heart?

I didn't mean to,
like, kill him,
it was, like,
totally an accident.

I knew the judge
wouldn't think so,
neither would my parole officer,
I didn't want to
go back to jail,
but I didn't feel guilty
about it, why would I?

That cheating son of a bitch
got what was coming to him.

There's like, no way
this was the first time
he had fucked around on
his wife, I mean, honestly.

Fuck me, huh, fuck you.

In college, I felt
my calling, but now,

I knew my purpose.

So I went straight to the spa.

Got my nails did.

Got a couple, like,
really cute outfits.

Just really spoiled myself.
It was the first time
in a very long time
that I felt peaceful.
I felt true happiness.
I have heard of people
being addicted to heroin,
but I, I got addicted to,
like, being a heroine.
- All right, I brought you
a wide array of weapons,
anything you need to drop a man.
Let's start over
here with the rifles.
This is a Mossberg, 12-Gauge
shotgun, it's pump-action,
it's also got a sliding stock.
This is an Ar-15, semi-automatic
and a magazine full of ammo.
It's not a magazine
full of ammo.
- I'm sorry, I needed the bag.
- All right, we'll get you
a magazine full of ammo.
Anyway, this has got
a red-eye scope on it,
it's very nice standard issue.
This here is a Saiga,
12-Gauge shotgun,
it's got a folding stock,
it's also got a snub-nose
which makes it highly illegal.
We'll go over here to the
semi-automatic pistols.
These are .45s,
really nice guns, these
are nine millimeters,
that's a Luger,
that's another .45.
Those are a couple of revolvers,
those are .38 specials.
They don't have hammers so
they won't get caught up
in your pocket, and

that right there
is a Smith & Wesson 500,
it's got enough fire power
to drop an elephant
and any ex-boyfriends
you might come across.

- What is this?

- Not for sale.

- It's my brother-in-law.

- These assholes

did not have a clue

what was coming.

The new age is here, so

say goodbye to the days

of like, treating

women like meat.

No longer will you just

get away with using us

like a jizz-rag and, like,

getting praise for it

like you're a fucking

Olympic champion.

Mmpm, I'm not gonna let you.

Those fuckers have had

more than their day

in the fucking sun.

It's disgusting, they

think it's perfectly fine

to masturbate with our

bodies like we're their

personal fuck-puppets?

Well now you're the

fuck-puppets, bitch!

I bet the stiletto feels real

different on the other foot.

Thanks for the cash, though.

And you better hope to god

you don't cum before me.

I only do it quick for

the guys who at least

have the decency to, like, I

don't know, get me off first

before blowing their

nut all over my back.

But even the most generous
reach around isn't gonna make up
for, like, all the
pain and suffering.
Yeah, right, none of these
assholes are off the hook,
and this has been, like,
a long time coming.
Like, seriously, hundreds
of years or something.
It's a well-known fact to
any church-going person
that Satan and all his
evil is kept right there
in your testicles.
For real, like, that's why
Mary had to be a virgin.
I know some people might
think I'm like a bad person
or whatever, but
I know in my heart
that this is god's plan for me.
It's like, cast
out all the wicked.
It just turns out that
they're all wicked.
I couldn't have been happier,
at the top of my game
and on a hot streak.
Like, really kicking some ass,
nothing could get me down.
- We are gathered here today
to honor the life and memory
of Sarah Whitley.
- And then I found
out that Sarah had died.
Apparently she had
died of an overdose.
It was like her third
time od-ing or something.
They took her to the hospital,
but I guess it
was just too late.
And it sure as shit

wouldn't surprise me
if it was some fucking man
taking advantage of her
who gave her the drugs.
Fucking pigs.

- Yeah, I remember,
first time I met Sarah.
It was summer camp, and I
always hated summer camp,
but she made it fun, man.
I remember one time,
this guy there, uh,
one year titty-fucked
her, and uh,
like, you know where his
ass is down the stomach,
there was this big shit
stain all down her stomach,
and everybody called her
skidmark for like two years.

- Jesus Christ, man
- maybe that's not the kind
of stories we're telling.
- Yeah, maybe not, asshole.
- Yeah, I'd like
to propose a toast.
To Sarah, y'all,
titty-fucking was the
least of her qualities.
Hello.

What you doin', how
did you know Sarah?

- I met Sarah at summer school.
- You ok, you need me to call
a cab for you or somethin'?
- I could just go home with you.
- Oh, uh, I'd love
to, I would love to,
but I don't know if this is...
- shh, I heard you
were a bad boy.
- Nah.
- - And that you
were out on bail.

- So?
- Yeah, I mean, a little.
- I'm drunk, and I
know what I want.
Most of my kills were special
in their own little ways.
But this one was in loving
memory of my home girl,
and something about
that made it feel, like,
totally extra special.
I know I'm doing a good
thing, but I have to admit,
I do cum so much harder knowing
that the guy's about to die.
I've actually orgasmed after
sex when I'm killing them.
Is that bad?
And like, call it
female intuition or whatever,
but I always knew in
the back of my mind
that I would end
up like a martyr.
All the great ones always do.
I guess it's true what they say,
the lord works in
mysterious ways.
- My name is Victor banking,
and there is nothing I hate
more than gettin' pulled over.
Man, it's fucking terrifying,
as the blue lights
cut on behind you
and all of a sudden your heart
sinks down to your throat,
and your asshole tightens
up like the fire marshal
after that Whitesnake concert,
you immediately start
coming up with an alibi.
Especially when you been
drinkin' a little bit,
but definitely when you

got a kilo of premium
uncut Peruvian cocaine hidden
underneath your car seat
and a dead motherfucker
in the trunk.

Should have never answered
that phone call, man.

I was still on probation for
a possession charge, too.

Nothin' big, cops
spotted a roach
in the back seat of my car,
and apparently in Georgia,
you can go to jail for having
even a seed of that shit.

This is Victor.

- Vicki, what's
happening, baby, it's t.J.

- Oh, shit, hey, what's up, man?

I was 18 when I met t.J.

I got busted selling pot.

- What's going on
in here, gentlemen?

- Oh, fuck.

Mom and Ronny were pissed.

- I don't give a shit about
you selling fucking weed,
you stole it from me
you fucking asshole.

- Who does that?

Who fucking steals
weed from his step-dad
and then sells it to his dumbass
fuckin friends in high school?

We have honest fuckin'

jobs that we go to
every fuckin' day,

I've shown my asshole
to every motherfucker
in this town

to put food on the table.

- And I play music for it.

- And it's not

easy to find a song

that's good for showin'
your asshole to people.
- Damn fuckin' right it ain't.
- I hate you.
- When you're young,
the system still thinks
you have a chance.
- Time's up, fuckface.
- Fuck you guys.
- Fuck you.
- So long, fucker.
- - They gave me a deal
and instead of doin'
serious jail time,
they sent me to fuckin' rehab.
- We have to remember that
addiction is a disease,
and it needs to
be treated as such
with a healthy dose of my
friend Mr. Jesus Christ.
You want to mainline
something, my friend?
You mainline Jesus Christ.
You're all here for
the same reason.
You're here cause you have
a hole to fill, honey.
You've been fillin' your
holes with dirty penises
and things of that
nature, that's gross.
You need to fill your hole
with Mr. Jesus Christ.
Stop it, stop it, stop it.
Get out of your black hole.
I was you, my friend, I
was you, oh Mr. rough guy.
Doesn't play by the rules,
he's a rebel, he don't like it.
Gorgeous, just gorgeous
with a head of hair on ya,
look like, oh I don't
know, just like a model.

Jesus Christ gave
you that head of hair
and those model-like features
and those perfect calves.
Could of been this fella here.
You could have been
born this monster,
look like you come out of
some sort of horror film.
Disgusting.
You're not, you should be out
with a fancy lady like this,
having a good time,
not listening to me
talk about Jesus Christ.
I think I've said my piece.
Fill your hole my
Puerto Rican friend,
whatever the hell you are.
- When I first got
there I didn't know fuck all
when it came to drugs.
Two months later, I had the
best drug connects fucking ever.
And one of them was
this guy, fuckin' t.J.
- So yeah, I'm
back in town, man,
I don't know for how
long, though, you know,
so, hold on, hold on.
- Hey, baby, you want a dance?
- I would fucking love a dance.
Hey, I'm running
out of cash, though,
can I pay you in blow?
- You know how I like it.
- Yes, I do.
Yeah, man, I'm back for awhile.
- Welcome to casa Del Victor.
- Nice, man.
- - Thank you.
- This all you?
- Yeah, man.

- Homie, I bet you're just running through it, aren't you?

- I'm just fuckin' settin' 'em up, poundin' right through em.

- Same old fuckin' Vicki. Fucking pussy guy, over here.

- I just fucking love me some pussy.

- Yeah you do.

- Hey, how'd you get my number?

- It's not a problem I called it?

- No, not a problem, I was just curious. Haven't seen ya in a couple 'a years. You're distancing yourself from me, man.

- It's been awhile, hasn't it?

- Actually, I changed my number a couple times. You must of dug deep.

- Just ran into Sarah Whitley.

- Sarah Whitley. One of the fucking sketchiest bitches I've ever met in my life and, coincidentally, the first person I ever tried blow with.

- Here, this one's you, hard and fast. All right, hey, rub some on your teeth.

- Yeah?

- Take some of that, yeah, put it on your teeth.

- - What's that do?

- It's like Novocaine but it fucks you up.

- Oh man, can I get another one?

- Yeah, you wanna pitch in?

- Uh, yeah, I can get you later.

- All right.

- Ah, I can feel it.

- It's good, right?

- Yeah, I thought you were bringing me here to blow me, but this is good, too.

- Ah, you're a fucking asshole, Victor.

- Fuck yeah, man, you got some?

- I got some.

- That's my boy.

- I got some, I got some next level shit. I know everyone says that their shit's the bomb. No, man, this shit right here is fucking outer space shit.

- Yeah?

- - It'll knock your dick through your butthole, get your keys out.

- That sounds fucking awesome.

- Get you a big one.

- Ok.

- Whoo!

- - Yeah.

- I knew I shouldn't have been doin' cocaine while I was on probation, and my probation officer is a dick.

Mr. woodland.

- Have you had any run-ins with the law?

- No, sir.

- Have you completed your community service?

- I'm almost done, sir.

- You've got til the end of the month to get that done.

- Is that clear?

- - Yes, sir.

- I hope so Mr. banking.

You come in here

again, that's not done,
I'm gonna consider
it a violation.

- Is that understood?

- - Yes, sir.

- All right, we're gonna
do another drug test.

- It blows my fucking
mind that there's
a whole clean piss industry.
People are putting their
children through college
by making and
marketing fake piss.
And I don't know for sure,
but it wouldn't surprise me
if they're the
same, exact people
that are making the piss tests,
just rakin' in bread on
both sides of the badge.

- Let me get another one.

- - Yeah, man,
get another one.

- T.J. Wasn't
bullshittin' by the way,
I was high as a motherfucker.
To a lot of cocaine users,
just the word makes 'em
need to take a shit.
Some think it's cause
cocaine is a diuretic.
Truth is, people just cut
their shit with baby laxative.
This was definitely not cut.

- Let me ask you,
wanna make a little money?

- How much we talkin'?

- Ten thousand dollars

- \$10,000

t.J. Said the guy
he got the blow from
had like a shitload of it.
And I guess a month prior to

this some really big drug bust.

- Get on the fucking ground!

- Feds took

down a whole network.

A lot of motherfuckers went

to jail, it made sense.

- The whole town's drier

than a nun's cunt, mate,

I ain't seen shit in weeks,

you know what I'm sayin'.

Yeah, exac, look, I know you're

one of my best customers,

but, you know, fuck you to be

honest cause I ain't got shit

and you keep coming

at me like this, so.

Yeah, I'll see you at

flag football on Sunday.

- Basically,

this dude was willing

to front a bunch of it to

t.J., he lived in Birmingham.

And t.J. Needed a ride.

Now, I wouldn't have done

it, honest I wouldn't.

But 10 grand seemed more

than worth it at the time.

In fact, as soon as I

heard those words, \$10,000,

I immediately started fantasizing

about how I'd spend it.

First stop, strip club.

I would easily blow five

grand right off the top.

You drop five grand at the VIP,

you can do whatever

the fuck you want to.

The rules no longer

apply to you.

All of a sudden you

can fuck the girls

and they'll suck your dick, too.

I wouldn't be

fuckin' 'em, though,

I'd be way too busy doin' blow
off their ass and titties.
Then I'd pay off the rest of
my probation fines, of course.
Boom, be on call report,
not have to see that
fuckin' prick again.
After that, I'd get a tattoo.
Something bad ass like a
dagger stabbed through a skull
wrapped in barbed
wire, fuck yeah.
Probably blow some
more at the strip club,
and then, fuck it,
maybe do it again.
For some reason, life
always wants to throw in
that fuckin' x-factor.
- The lights, cut
the fuckin' lights.
- Hey are you sure this is it?
- Yeah, man, this
is definitely it.
- Doesn't look like
anybody's home.
- No, they're in the
basement, listen,
I'm gonna go in, it's gonna
take like two seconds, ok?
When I come back, be
ready to roll, all right,
- all right, you got it.
- - Be ready to go.
- Oh, what the fuck, man?
Dude, I thought this guy
was just frontin' you shit.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah, he's
frontin' me shit or whatever.
Look, look, when I get back,
be ready to fuckin' go.
- All right?
- - Ok.
- All right?

- All right, Jesus.
I should have known that
motherfucker was lying.
Now that I think about it,
he was always spoutin' off
some unbelievable bullshit.
- So I'm not trying to
brag or anything, but, uh,
my step-dad, Robert De Niro.
- No shit.
- No, man, dead serious.
- Really?
- - Yeah, man,
basically raised me.
- Bobby d., puttin' the d.
- Yeah.
- - In your mom.
- Yeah.
- God damn it,
why do all my friends
have to be so fuckin' sketch.
- God damn it.
Come on, man.
- Fuckin' go!
- - All right!
- Oh my god!
Ow, ow, I'm gonna
fucking die, man!
- No, no, no, no,
you're not gonna die.
- I'm gonna fuckin'
die, hold my hand.
Hold my fucking hand!
- Fuck, t.J., just keep up, man,
just put pressure on it,
keep pressure on, man.
I should have dumped this
motherfucker in the woods
when I had the chance.
Cause right before he died,
the selfish motherfucker
pulled some bullshit.
What?
- I want you, you gotta

bury me if I die, man.

You gotta bury me

next to my mom.

I want you to bury me

next to my mom, please.

- Ok, ok, ok.

- - Promise me.

- I promise, I promise!

- I think I'm gonna die.

- You're not gonna die,
man, you're not gonna die.

No, no, no, no, t.J.,

push down, push down.

Fuck, fuck.

Fuck!

This is definitely gonna look

I killed the fuckin' asshole.

And so what's the story?

I was drivin', botherin' no one,

and found this guy on

the side of the road

and like a good Samaritan,

put him in the trunk

and was taking him

to the hospital?

And, oh no, officer,

I had no idea

there were drugs in the car.

I never should have answered

that fuckin' phone call.

I only had six months

left on probation.

I was gonna finish my

shit and play it straight,

maybe go back to school,

get some hot chick

to tutor me in

physics, fall in love.

And get married,

hopefully find out

that her father's a billionaire.

He dies, we inherit

the money, I leave her,

take half and start

straight-plowing so hard.
But, nope, I will
be going to jail.
No, I'll be goin'
to fuckin' prison.
And let me tell you something,
I'm not built for prison.
I don't want to have to
wear skittles eye shadow.
- Daddy's hungry, pudding pop.
Yeah, mmm.
- Can't we just
cuddle tonight, daddy?
- Oh no, cuddling's
for Tuesdays.
- Fuckin' t.J., man.
- Who is t.J.?
- Nobody, daddy, nobody.
But wait a minute,
fuck that shit.
This dude is not
searchin' my car,
and I don't have to say shit.
Just give him my license
and tell him to fuck off.
- Sir, do you know
why I pulled you over?
- I do not consent to search.
- Excuse me?
- I know my rights, officer.
- Sir, I'm gonna need you
to step out of this
vehicle for me.
- Am I being detained?
- You see this badge, son?
- Yeah.
- You're talking to a man,
I'll be asking the
questions this evening.
I need you to step out
of the vehicle for me.
- Am I being detained?
- You will be detained
if you resist an officer.

Sir, step out of
this vehicle for me.
Don't you dare...
- thing is, just
like there's that x-factor,
there's also the fuck-it factor.
I wish I had never
answered that god damned
motherfuckin' phone call.
- My name is Trevor smalls.
Everyone calls me
smalls, though.
I don't know who the
fuck this bitch is,
I'm pretty sure she's dead.
I never killed nobody before,
so this might knock
a nigger up into a
new gangsta bracket
or some shit.
I mean, I'm hard, but not like
a cold-blooded killer hard.
I'm like a mid-level
hardness, like a,
you won't wanna
fuck with a nigger,
but why would you have to,
there's never any
beef sorta thing.
I knew what was up at
an early age, though.
My pops was a straight
up motherfuckin' hustler.
And he taught me
everything he knew.
- That's 30 bucks, right?
- - Yep.
- You grab that 30
bucks, look, um,
I got these 10 singles, um,
could you give me a \$10
bill for those 10 singles?
- Sure.
- Thank you.

Ok, go ahead and count 'em.

- Ok, one, two,
three, four
five, six, seven, eight,
there's only eight bucks.

- Oh, sorry, ok look,
eight bucks right, eight,
eight and one, that's nine,
that's another one, that's ten,
that's ten, that's
twenty, why don't you just
give me that \$20 bill
and we just call it even.

So, son, what just happened?

- Uh.

- What happened was, I
just made \$10 off the money
you gave me.

- Oh, shit.

- - Exactly.

All to be up in
these strip clubs.

Don't tell your mother,
go ahead, practice.

- And by the time I was grown,
we had the shit
down to a science.

- \$20 says I can lift
you, feet off the ground,
in this bar, \$20 bet.

- There's no way you could do,
it would take at least
two of you to do that.

- The only two it's gonna
take are these two guns,
bam, bam, \$20 bet?

- It's a waste of my time
- you scared?

- It's a waste of
my time, I'm not doin' it.

- All right, that's
a waste of your time,
how 'bout I step
it up a little bit.

\$50 says not only can I lift
your feet off the ground,
I can do it and I won't
even bend my arms.

- All right.

- - All right,

- let's do it.

- - Let's do it.

- I want my money, all right.

Gettin' paid in this bitch!

- Come on.

- - All right, relax.

So anxious to lose that money.

Ready, let me make

sure your bra's ok.

- Come on, man.

- All right here we go, ready?

You might not be,

but I am, here we go.

- What the fuck,

no, dude, nuh uh.

- Aaah, whoo!

50 dollars.

- That's my last 50, dude.

- - I don't give a shit,

that's the last time I'm

liftin' your big ass.

20, 30, 40, 50.

- You got change for a 20?

- - No.

- You know, a lot of
people work with their pops,

but most of the time

it's behind the counter

at some shitty

father and son joint.

Our little family business

was much more fun.

My pops never once said,

- son, if you got time to

lean, you got time to clean.

- Relax, dude.

- Dude, do I look like

a fuckin' dude to you?

- No, sir.

- Then let's get to cleanin'.

- - Ok.

- Now.

- Yeah, all right, relax.

- Fucking clean.

- - Ok, yeah, I got it.

- You're such
a fuckin' lazy bone.

- Fuck it, I'm gonna
start selling weed.

- But see, my
dad wasn't one of these
new age parents trying to
be friends with their kids.
My father was my mentor.

- How you gonna spill ketchup
on the back seat of my car?

- And when I messed up,
he was the motherfuckin' law.

- You gotta use your head.
Is there somethin' funny?

- No, sir.

- You gonna learn to respect
for people's things, all right?
Now clean it up.
This is a damn Cadillac.
Did you hear me you
little motherfucker?

- When he died, I
didn't know what to do at first.
I was totally lost for awhile.
I kept tryin' to run
some of our old plays,
but more times than not,
the shit was a bust.
And then, I met Jimmy
motherfuckin' brown.
Now that was one
crazy ass white boy.

- Oh, hell no.
That's my flying-v bass guitar,
that is my very favorite
thing in this entire world,

it's autographed
by rush Limbaugh,
and it is a god damned
collector's item,
if I find lube on that thing
and the signature gets smeared,
d'you have any idea
the kind of hell.
Hey, sugar tits!
Put shots in these glasses
before I set this place on fire.
- Until he was 13,
he thought his
grandma was his mom
and his moms was his sister.
- He doesn't have
to hear the word
he's seen ya bein' a whore
for years with all the men
comin' in and out
of your apartment.
- You know I had a bad back
and those were delivery boys
bringing me my groceries.
- Delivery boys, delivering
something all right,
delivering dick.
- Don't you come in here
and talk about lovemaking
and dick in front of this child,
he doesn't know what the
fuck those words are.
- Jimmy, ignore
your grandmother,
I know this is a lot to take
in but I am your real mother,
I had you at 15, and I'm
takin' you with me, all right.
- And I guess
when he lived in Alabama
he used to sell meth
or some shit like that.
He didn't like
talkin' about it much.

But by the time I met him,
he wasn't slingin' dope,
he was stealing cars.
You know what you're doin'?
And good at it, too.
Hurry up, man, you
gonna get us caught.

- Ah ha, boom.

- The leap from con
artist to car thief
was a short one at best.
Shit was really more
of a smooth transition.
Jimmy knew this guy
named little bankie.
You wouldn't know it
by looking at him,
but little bankie was a
cold-blooded motherfucker.
Him and his brother ran a
little black-market organization
in charge of all kinds of shit.

- Gentlemen

- drugs,
gambling, prostitution,
and a little chop shop
down in east Atlanta

- this is the kind of car,
make a woman's pussy sweat.

- It will.

- This makes my pussy sweat.

- Ok.

- Me and Jimmy
became a powerhouse,
in a good week, we was
stealin' up to 15, 20 cars.

- You guys wanna stick around
and do a little skiing.

- Me and Jimmy made
a dope-ass team for awhile.
And then we got busted.

- Fuck you.

It's all yours.

- There's no dial

tone on this phone.

- Put your thumb on the button.

- Everyone in the holdin'
cell knows you're a rookie
when you don't know
how the phones work.

Thanks.

Hey man, you jackin' off?

- Yeah, cuz, what
you think, nigger?

- You know
some people go to jail
and they come out harder than
when they fuckin' went in.

And some people
learn their lesson
and don't wanna go
back to that shit.

A nigger like me
learned my lesson.
For the first time in my life,
a nigger had a legit job.

- Hey man, I've got a horse
mask and a studded saddle,
what I need is like a
pony tail butt plug.

You got anything like that?

- Bigger the better.

- - Yeah,
what you wanna do is go
straight down this aisle,
make the first left, then
you're gonna go to the back wall
next to the gimp masks
and Assmaster 2000.

If you pass the fist of
fury, you went down too far.

- Great, thanks.

- I lost contact with Jimmy.
I heard as soon as he got
out, this motherfucker
went right back in.

- This is a fucking robbery.

- Hi, easy, easy.

- I met a girl named Jasmine,
we got an apartment together,
we were talkin' about having
kids and startin' a family.

On some real full
house type shit,
except for the mom wasn't
dead in this sitcom,
and I was smashin'
that white ass.

And then, I ran into
little bankie.

- You ever steal from me
again I'll fuckin' kill ya,
now get your fuckin'
ass out of here.

Motherfucker.

Smalls.

- Little bankie.

- What the fuck is happenin',
man, why didn't you call me
when you got out?

- Ah, I'm goin' legit, man.

- Goin' legit, come on,
dude, that's bullshit.

- No, man, I'm goin'
legit, I got a job,
I got a laid-back
home, payin' taxes now,
I'm legit.

- Dude, come on, you gotta
come back into the family,
I got the perfect job for ya.

- Nah, that's not
for me anymore.

- I know how you
love pink Cadillacs.

- Now I wouldn't have done it,
but I hadn't seen a
pink caddy since my dad
lost his to the bank.

He loved that car, and so did I.
This was the chance to get
behind the wheel of one.

Smell the leather
seats, feel the feelin'
of the air blowin' on my face
like it did when I was a kid.
I figured one more time
and I was done for good,
back to bein' a old 9:00

to 5:

I'm in.
Now I don't know what I
think about that whole
what goes around
comes around bullshit,
but I guess the powers that be
didn't want me to
have the last ride.
In fact, they were trying
to punish my black ass
for even trying.
I should of just left her
there when I had the chance,
I should of just stayed
at home with my baby
is what a nigger should of did.
Ain't goin' back to
jail, with my record,
I'd get life for sure.
And fuck that, I ain't
doin' life for nobody,
even though that's probably
what I deserve if not worse.
I bet this girl was a
real sweetheart, too.
She probably helped
with the inner city kids
and fed the homeless.
Lives with her lovin' boyfriend.
They probably lie
in bed just laughing
and watching TV
together for hours.
His ass probably pacing around
the apartment right now,

wonderin' what's
taking her so long
to get back from the store.
But what the fuck
am I supposed to do?
Damn, this goin' to
haunt me forever.
Shit, shit, shit, shit.
- Where the fuck am I?
- Wait, I thought you were dead.
I accidentally ran
over you with my car.
- You hit me with your car?
- It was a mistake.
- You're gonna be fucking sorry.
- On second thought,
I should of made sure
the crazy bitch was dead.
- My name is Sarah Whitley,
and this is not the
first time I've been left
od-ing outside of a hospital.
In fact, it's the third time.
So, I know the routine.
They save your life, but
they aren't nice about it.
They stick a tube
down your throat,
cut off all your clothes, and
shove a needle in your arm.
And when you come
to, they treat you
like the scum of the earth
and have you arrested.
They say marijuana's
a gateway drug.
First thing I tried
were cigarettes.
It wasn't hard to get
our hands on some.
My friend Lacy's mom
smoked 'em by the carton.
That was going to be the first
of many things that puking

wasn't gonna stop me from doing.
And I got drunk next.
Marijuana was the third
thing I ever tried,
and I didn't really like it.
Gateway drug, that's what
they called it in school.
Gateway to what, awesome land?
- Kids are gonna try
to peer-pressure you
into trying drugs
and alcohol, ok?
Might not be kids,
might be your neighbors,
might be your mom, might
be your step-dad, ok?
You resist it, you just say no.
You might be at a bone,
thugs and Harmony concert,
crazy bone, you guys
are bondin', he says,
"hey, I like will
Smith movies, too.
"Let's fire up a doobie
and get a pizza."
No, no, you keep your
promise to the crossroads.
- Even at a
young age, I was curious
to try different things.
I remember they tried
to make us sign a pledge
to promise to never
try drugs and alcohol.
I didn't sign that shit.
The first time I smoked pot
was with my high
school boyfriend.
- All right, now,
just hold it in your
lungs, long as you can.
- He was a few
years older than me
and dropped out of high school.

He lived with his
grandparents cause his parents
kicked him out and I thought
he was a total badass.

- Ah, you're gonna get
high as shit, good.

- My mom didn't give
a fuck about where I was,
so I basically lived there, too.

- Ya got to cough, got to.

- But like I said,
I didn't like that shit,
it just made me sleepy.

And then, my girl Lacy
introduced me to ecstasy.

Oh, I fucking love you.

- I love you.

- I never loved you more.

We lived in nowhere
county, Buttfuck, Alabama.

You're so pretty, Lacy.

The only thing to do
was drugs and fuck.

And we did a lot of drugs
and a lot of fuckin'.

Oh my god.

- I dove head first into the
pacifier and glow-stick scene.

I probably went to more
illegal warehouse parties
than I can remember.

I had 20/20 vision
when I was 17.

By the time I was 18,
my vision was shot.

- We're here baby, hey!

- Then I had my first od.

- Stay with me

now, stay with me, now.

- Apparently, I
overheated, passed out,
and stopped breathing in
the middle of a party.

- Fuck, god damn

it, come on baby.
- I ended up at rehab.
After I od'd, they told
me I'd been legally dead
for seven minutes.
Seven fucking minutes.
I don't remember
anything, no bright light,
no angels, no dead
relatives, just, nothingness.
That might sound
bad to some people,
but I think it's
kind of comforting.
It sucks there's no heaven,
but thank god there's no hell.
And no magical power
watching over your every move
and judging you from the clouds.
I did six months rehab,
got two years probation,
and got 200 hours of
community service.
When I got back, Jimmy had
moved into his own apartment
and started selling meth,
and we were doing the fuck
out of that shit, too.
I'll never forget my first line.
Now I had done cocaine
and snorted Molly, too.
So when Jay cut me
out this tiny line,
I didn't think it
was gonna be shit.
Whoo, holy shit.
It was like fucking rocket fuel.
I was still in high school, too.
Started getting straight A's.
Seeing anti-drug
ads makes me laugh.
The government plays it
off like all drugs are bad
and just say no.

The truth is, they just want
you to be doing their drugs.
What do you think Adderall is?
Just government-regulated speed.
I started hanging out
with some of the friends
I made at rehab and we
would go party in Atlanta.
Jimmy was making so
much money selling meth
that I didn't have to
have a job and got to stay
nice and fucked up all the time.
If you don't sleep
for three days
you naturally start
hallucinating.
Add a powerful methamphetamine
to the equation,
and you get shadow people.
- Where the fuck are
my fucking sunglasses?
Buh, fuh, hey, hey!
Where the fuck are my
fucking sunglasses?
Fuck you!
- I felt like Jimmy owned me.
- God damn it.
You fat, stupid cunt, help me!
Help!
- I felt trapped, like
a prisoner in a p.O.W. Camp
with no way out.
And I stopped going to probation
so I couldn't call the cops
and no one fucking cared.
And then.
Hello?
Oh, hey Gilberto.
Thank fucking god
Gilberto called.
A few years back, I picked
up Gilberto hitchhiking.
He was on his way to

Atlanta and so were we.
Cause, you know, that's
how hitchhiking works.
He was totally stranded
and totally illegal.
Just tryin' to get to
his brother's house.
We got him there safe and
he felt indebted to me.
And two years later,
he came to visit.
The next morning, I left Jimmy
and moved to Atlanta
with Gilberto.
It's kind of funny, I wanted
to get away from Jimmy
and all the meth, but if
it weren't for the meth,
I wouldn't have been
able to speak Spanish.
So three times a week we had
to meet with this shady guy
that prepped us for
the ins interviews.
- So where'd you guys meet?
- Church, we met at church.
- No, you didn't meet at church.
You're a hot chick,
you don't go to church,
that's not believable,
don't say that,
you're gonna get in trouble.
You guys slip up once, you're
going to jail, you realize?
You wanna use the church
thing just say, uh,
you were picking your
grandmother up from church
and you saw him cuttin'
the lawn out front
and you thought he was hot.
Go with that, that's
more believable.
- Ok.

- Ok.

Get your stories straight.

What's your favorite
position when you guys fuck?

- Cowgirl.

- - Inside.

- Inside what?

- Inside her.

- Yeah, of course

it's gonna be inside.

Where else would it be,
would it be outside?

You ever fucked a girl outside?

- Yes.

- What, how?

- You grab the breast,
and you put your
penis in between 'em.

Not too much force,
you just have to have
the right amount of force,
and then you put your
penis in between it,
and you go up and
down, fast or slow,
it doesn't matter,
I just go slow.

- That's called titty-fucking.

That's not, that's
not real fucking.

You're not actually inside of
her, you're outside of her.

Ok, it doesn't fucking count.

You can't slip up
like that and tell
the guy interrogating you
that you like titty-fucking.

You guys need to
fuck, you need to know
what you're favorite position,
they're gonna ask you stuff
like, does he have a big dick,
they're gonna ask him that.

- You have a big dick?

- - Yes.

- No you don't.

- - Ok.

- Let me fuck her, and then I'll tell you how she is. I'll compare notes, I'll give it back to you. Cause I'm not gonna fall in love with her. I've had hot chicks like that before. And I'm not gonna charge you guys extra, either. That's a free service I have, I know you guys are strapped for money and stuff, that'll be free, but I'm helping out by doing it, dude. Don't think that I'm just, you know.

- Thank you.

- Let's exchange numbers and, um, I'm gonna go jerk off thinking about how much you like cowgirl. That's awesome.

- Thanks.

And then, we got married. I got off the speed and started hanging out with t.J. And let's be honest, we were definitely doing drugs, but at least it wasn't meth. At least I wasn't seeing fucking shadow people.

- Ladies first, get you some of that a-t-l coke. Yeah, right, hell, yeah. Dude, I fucking met Sarah in rehab.

- And that's how I met Gary. Nice to meet you. My true love.

Gary was an acid head.
He smoked pot and
did blow, sure,
but his favorite thing
was psychedelics.
So obviously he was the first
person I dropped Lucy with.
How long's it gonna
take to kick in?
- Relax, babe, sometimes an
hour, sometimes 15 minutes.
- You think I'm gonna like it?
- You're gonna fucking love it.
- Whoa, I think it's working.
Holy shit.
Look at the trails,
do you see the trails?
- I feel my ears.
- My hands are so big.
It was wild, I fucking loved it.
- Is that a real poncho or
is that a sears' poncho?
- It's a Mexican poncho.
The sky was filled
with rainbows,
and the cracks in
the floor were alive.
After a few months, me and
Gary moved in together.
We would stay up
snuggling at night
and trip nuts on the weekend.
We were perfect for each other.
We were both curious
about doing heroin.
Neither one of us
had ever tried it,
and we were totally interested.
The first fucking time I did,
I had my second od.
- I fucking love you, baby.
- I love you, too.
We partied all night on it,
nodding off here and there,

but present for most of it.

- Just give me a second.

- You need help?

- - Yeah.

- I even remember

Gary trying to fuck me,

but he couldn't cause

he had dope dick.

- Babe?

Babe?

Fuck, fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

- That time, I was

legally dead for nine minutes.

I suppose I'm always

trying to outdo myself.

If you skip out on probation,

they put a warrant

out for your arrest.

They don't go looking for you,

they expect you

to fuck up again.

I went to prison, if

it weren't for Gary,

I probably would

have slit my wrists.

I, I miss you.

- I miss you, too.

- I just want to touch you.

- I know, me, too.

- I saved someone's life.

- Yeah?

- - Yeah.

- Tell me.

- Um, my roommate Alaina,

she was, uh, trying to light

a fucking cigarette

with the outlet

and she electrocuted herself.

- What an idiot.

- Yeah, she's a real dumbass.

And, um, I gave her CPR,

and I saved her life.

- Fucking awesome, babe,

I knew you could do that.

- She makes me eat
her box all the time,
but I get extra sandwiches, so.
I miss you so much.

- Wait, what did you just say?

- I have to eat her
box all the time,
but it's ok, cause I
get extra sandwiches
and the other girls
don't fuck with me
cause they think I'm
her bitch, so,
I just want to touch you.

- I guess it's prison,
right, you gotta survive.

- Yeah, babe, I'm
doing it all for you.

- Yeah?

- I'm eating a lot
of pussy for you.
I missed you so much.

- I missed you, baby.

- - Fuck this place.

When I got out, there was
Gary with a hit of acid
with my name on it.

It was like I never left.

I wasn't about to go
back, though, fuck that.

- Come on.

- I had to eat so much pussy
in jail, I can't go back.

- What's wrong with
eating some pussy?

- T.J. Came over
one day trying to get me
to drive him to Alabama
to do a drug deal.

I know, dude, I'm sorry, no.

The money would have been
nice, and two years prior,
I probably would

have gone with him,
I wasn't fucking
with that shit now.
You know who I ran
into the other day?
Fucking Victor, Victor
will totally do it.
Victor from crossroads.
- Fucking Vicki!
- - Yeah.
He's got a car.
- Oh, shit.
- - He lives in town
he'll do it.
- And he is such a fucking putz.
Not that that matters,
though, this is totally legit.
- To be honest, Gary
probably would have done it.
I didn't even want to
give him that option,
it's just too risky,
which is fucked up,
because I don't think any
drug should be illegal.
Like I said, it's not
that they don't want you
to be doing drugs, they
just want you to be
a mindless worker
doing their drugs.
And they definitely don't
want you doing acid.
They try to scare you and say
you'll think you're an orange
and be terrified that people
are going to peel you.
What they fail to
mention is that
Steve Jobs came up
with apple on it,
or that Francis crick
credits it for paving the way
to him discovering

the double helix.
Not to mention Jim
Morrison, Matt Groening,
bill Hicks, Trey
Parker, Matt stone,
fucking ray Charles, and
countless other artists used it
and created the most
bitchin' shit ever.
Free thinking and
innovative thought,
the government's arch Nemesis.
The first time I candy-flipped,
I had an out of body experience.
- Babe, you ok?
- Candy-flipping is
when you eat acid and ecstasy
at the same time.
I left this fucking world.
I was greeted by Ra,
the Egyptian sun god.
He saw me and noticed
that I saw him.
Letters, numbers, and shapes
started pouring out of him
and swirling around my body.
In that moment, I
understood infinitely small
and infinitely large
at the same time.
And then I realized
that I was a pep,
the Egyptian serpent god,
and the shapes, and numbers,
and letters started pouring
out of my body as well.
Paisleys and more secret
writings started showing up
all over our faces.
And then we were pulled together
and became one god,
shrunk into a tiny ball
and exploded,
creating the universe.

I'm not sure how long I was
there, but when I came to,
things were different.

From that moment
forward, I was on a quest
to get back to that place.
I probably candy-flipped
with Gary a hundred times,
but still, no gods.

- Was crucified,
dead and buried.
He descended into
hell, the third day,
he rose again from the dead.

He ascended into
heaven and sitteth
on the right hand of
god, the father almighty.
Maker of heaven and earth.

I believe in god,
the father almighty,
maker of heaven and
earth and Jesus Christ,
his only son, our lord.

- Shut up.
- Conceived by the holy ghost,
born of the virgin Mary,
suffered under conscious power,
was crucified dead and
buried, he descended into hell
the third day

- help me.
- He rose again from the dead.

He ascended into
heaven and sitteth
on the right hand side of
god, the father almighty.
From thence he shall come to
judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the holy ghost,
the holy catholic church,
the communion of saints
that bring

- oh my god,

let's kiss the statues.

- The resurrection of the body,
the lies that are lied.

- I want you so much.

I want you to be beautiful.

Look at me, I want
you to be beautiful.

I want you to be beautiful.

Fuck, fuck, fuck,
not again, fuck!

Babe, babe, please,
wake up, babe.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

- What was it?

What had happened to
me that first time?

Where did I go,
what did it mean?

Was it divine?

It felt like a message
from a higher power.

I'll probably never know,
I'm probably never
going to find out.

I'm probably going back to jail.

Fuck.

- My name is Terry Wilson,
but everyone just
calls me Bigfoot.

Now there's no denying things
didn't turn out as I planned.

But that just goes to show
you how one lapse in judgment
can destroy even the
best of intentions.

Typically, I don't slip up.

I'm normally a very
detail-oriented guy.

In my line of work,
you kind of have to be.

Say some dirtbag owes my
boss a shitload of money.

If he can't pay in a
reasonable amount of time,

and he gets a reasonable amount of time,
I give him a little visit.
Forget to pay someone?
What I can't, I can't hear you, what'd you say?
If I have to come back again, you're fucking dead.
And sometimes, things go south, and I end up having to kill the fucking dope.
If I'm not detail-oriented, I could get busted for murder.
And that shit ain't happenin'.
My wife would be pissed.
I work for a man named little bankie.
He's a bad motherfucker.
- Hey, look who showed up, it's Bigfoot.
- Sorry, I'm late, finishing up a job.
- Oh, that's all right we haven't even ordered yet.
Everybody, this is Bigfoot, best guy on my crew.
You know Jack, his lovely wife Janet.
Beautiful daughter Alice, and my wife Carol.
- Carol.
- Bigfoot, huh?
- We hit it off immediately. Couldn't keep our dirty mitts off each other.
Real quick, if I could get everyone's attention before we start eating.
Just wanted to say a few things.
Little bankie, it's been a pleasure being able to work with you for the last few years.
I really feel like I'm

a part of your family,
and you've done more for me
than I could ever tell you,
so, thank you.
For the last few
months, actually,
have been the best few
months of my entire life.
And, uh, if it's ok with you.
- Ho, ho, ho, oh, shit
- Alice,
will you marry me?
We had a Jewish wedding.
Now, neither of us are
Jewish, I mean, Christ,
we're not even religious.
She just thought it'd be
fun to break the glass.
You know Alice knew what I did
for a living going into this,
and for me, that
was the best part.
Before Alice I dated
this broad named Margot.
The whole fucking time
she thought I was a personal
assistant for some rich guy.
And we were together
for three years.
Lived together and everything.
- So goodnight.
- - G'night, love you.
- Love you.
- When will you be home?
- I have no idea, I mean,
you know this guy, he's nuts.
- Wait, d'you get your lunch?
- Love you.
- - Love you.
- I would literally kiss
her goodbye in the morning.
Spend the afternoon pulling
out some dummy's fingernails,
take a break to eat the

mushy lunch she packed me.
Who the fuck eats
that much mayonnaise?
Go back to breaking
some douche bag's face,
kill him,
clean up, scrub the
bastard's blood off my body,
and come home to
have some sort of
wacky dry-cleaning
story prepared.
This guy said it would take
like an hour-and-a-half,
so I just went, fucked around,
got some coffee,
just killing time.
By the time I got back, there
was a boot on the truck.
And then, the dry
cleaner's gone for lunch.
Just chaos, today.
Just absolutely...
- Sorry, baby.
- Chaos, what are you doing?
It was fucking exhausting,
and after awhile,
I just got fed up with it.
I was never good at
breaking up with girls.
Believe it or not, it's hard
for me to be the asshole.
So when I was finally
done with a relationship,
I just had a buddy
of mine kill her.
It was way easier.
I didn't have to have
that awkward run-in
with her new boyfriend.
I definitely missed
the sex, though.
That bitch was from
a different planet,

a planet where all they
eat is tossed salad.

Dude, whoa, whoa.

Dude, dude.

You know what you
can do to stop this?

Nothin'.

It's gonna suck.

It's just so much better not
having to lie to your girl
about what you do.

There's a comfort knowing
that your woman has your back.

- So what'd you do today?

- Mm, not much.

Made some money, though.

Oh, I found that guy
that ripped us off.

- Did you cut his head off?

- I drug him behind my truck
for like, 20 minutes, so,
it was pretty gruesome.

You'd have loved it.

- That's so good.

A year after we married,
we had our little girl.

- Drive faster!

- I'm fucking driving.

- Drive faster!

- I can't drive faster.

Having a baby is the
most intense thing
I've ever experienced.
You're good, you're good.

- Don't touch me,
don't touch me.

You should have just
fucked me in the ass
like I asked.

- I've been fucking
you in the ass.

Oh, it hurts, yeah, I'm
sure, what hurts more?

- I think I just came,

that's what you said,
I think I just came.
- You were begging me
to come inside you,
you said, "come in my pussy!"
- I thought you
would know better,
I thought you would know better.
- Without a doubt,
the most intense moment.
And I've been in some
fucked up situations.
We named her Molly.
The boys had it
coming if they even
looked at my little girl wrong.
I get paid to cut people's
fingers off for making mistakes.
Imagine what I'd do to some punk
that made my little angel cry.
And Alice wouldn't put up
with that shit, either.
She probably wouldn't do it
herself, but you gotta figure.
She grew up seeing
her dad and uncles
taking motherfuckers
out on a regular basis.
- No, motherfucker.
- Do you mind, I'm in here.
- You know you
can lock the door?
- Help.
- Shut the fuck up.
- Look, just use the
bathroom downstairs, please.
Thank you.
- She told
me that uncle bankingie
took her to get her
license when she turned 16,
and on the way to the DMV,
stopped to dump a
body out of the trunk.

Can you blow it out?
I'll do it for ya.
All right, yeah!
Around Molly's second
birthday, something changed.
Alice started acting weird.
She never wanted to
have sex anymore,
she always seemed
busy or preoccupied.
Although we did have
a Jewish wedding,
so that kind of made sense.
- My period's gonna
start next week,
and I'm, like,
pre-cramping really bad.
- Pre-cramping?
- - Yeah.
My boobs hurt and everything.
- I got em,
- I'll take care of 'em.
- - No, no, I'm ok.
Thank you.
- Thank you?
You just said thank you.
Yeah?
What, I can't even touch.
- Are you kidding?
- Does it look like I'm kidding?
Does this look like a joke?
- Yeah.
- You know
how you could stop this?
Don't be such a
bitch all the time.
Somehow, this is working.
- Fine, play Patty-cake
with yourself and just.
- I'm not in the mood.
- - Yeah?
- Stop making
eye contact with me
while you're doing that.

- Well, maybe you should stop
- not fucking me.
- - Stop!

Just get it out.

- It's over.

Naturally, I started
getting suspicious.

Girls say their number one
turn-off is a jealous boyfriend.

They think it makes
a man look insecure
and unsure of himself.

Well, ladies, if you
weren't such whores,
I wouldn't be so suspicious.

I'm going to get my
nails done, bullshit.

I started doing stakeouts
out at my own house,
watching where my wife
would go then calling her
to see if she was lying.

Sometimes she was,
sometimes she wasn't.

That's right about the time
all hell broke loose.

Little bankie called
me and he was pissed.

Hey, what's going on, boss?

Whoa, whoa, calm down,
calm down, calm down.

Apparently, some cock smoker
busted into one of his guy's
dope houses and opened fire.

- The fuck is this, t.J.,
where's my fuckin' money?

- Right here, motherfucker.

Ah, oh!

- And I had to go track
these fuckin' amateurs down.

So I hired a p.I. To
keep track of my wife.

You need to follow
her, take pictures,

do whatever you gotta do, I
need to know what she's up to.

Don't let me down.

One of 'em lucked out and died
before I got my hands on him.

Took me a month-and-a-half
to find that

other slimy piece of shit.

Say something.

Say something so I can tell
you to shut the fuck up.

- Just let me go, man.

- Shut the fuck up.

We can do this the easy way,

or we could do this

the easier way.

- What do you want to know, man?

- I don't want to fuckin' hear
don't move, hello?

- Hey, Bigfoot, listen.

I've got good news

and I've got bad news.

Good news is, job's done,

got a lot of great pictures.

Bad news, it's a little

hardcore porn-esque.

- Fucking kidding me.

- - Yeah,

it's graphic.

- Fucking whore.

I couldn't melt this fucker's
face off fast enough.

Fuck?

- Yeah, it was like they were
playing a game of twister,
only without the board,
and full penetration.

It was like she was a
meat lovers hot pocket,
just getting stuffed at
the factory.

It was like a game
of dick-dick-geese,
only the geese,

was her pussy.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, dude.
- That's where
I started fucking up.
I didn't even get
rid of the body.
Killed the fucking
messenger and made a beeline
to where those fuckers live.
Fucker, huh, you wanna
fuck people's wives?
What happens when
you fuck my wife?
This is what I do.
It felt so good drowning
that piece of shit.
But I should have checked
the rest of the
fucking house first.
- The fuck?
Hey bitch, wake up.
Hey bitch, bitch.
Yo wake the fuck
up, motherfucker.
Hey, hey.
Yeah, surprise,
bitch, I'm still here.
Called the fucking
cops on ya you asshole.
Fucking piece of shit.
Oh, you're gonna do
real well in jail.
You're gonna have so
many dicks inside of you
you're gonna look like a god
damned Dave Mathews concert.
Did you order pizza?
I'm kidding, it's the
cops you fuckin' asshole.
I'm gonna go grab that.
And who the fuck are you?
- Mmm, you don't
remember me, cocksucker.
- No, rude.

- Let me refresh your memory.
- What the
fuck is wrong with you,
oh my god.
- Oh my god, what the fuck.
This is for every girl
you've ever split on.
Pretty much every female
in the entire race
that you've ever fucked over.
What the fuck?
- Even after
all the people I killed
and enemies I made,
lives that I shattered,
I never thought I was gonna die.
Death is such a hard concept
to wrap our heads around,
even to that last breath,
that last fluttering
thought in your head,
you don't really think that
you're not gonna make it.
And then, you're dead.
The great mysteries of life
are finally revealed to you.
Or maybe they're not, but
just like everyone else,
there's no one you can tell.