



Scripts.com

Bad Match

By David Chirchirillo

1

Harris?

You must be Rachel.

- Yeah.

- Hey.

Oh.

Oh, sorry, I'm a hugger.

That's, that's okay.

I'm super awkward at the beginning of these things.

Oh, well, that is why they invented alcohol.

Hey, man, uh, could we get one more scotch, and for Rachel, a...

wait, wait.

Uh, let me guess.

What are you doing?

Oh, I can sense a person's drink aura.

I just need a moment of silence.

My drink aura?

Sorry.

Vodka tonic.

Yeah.

Wait, wait, wait, I'm also seeing tequila shots.

Rach, I don't know about that.

I did not think that.

Far be it from me to tell you no.

Two tequila shots.

Thanks, man.

You don't mess around, huh?

I guess not.

Leaving?

Oh, hey, yeah.

Didn't want to wake you.

I got work in the morning.

Plus, I have self-diagnosed restless leg syndrome, so.

But, uh, hey.

I had a lot of fun.

Me too.

All right, sleep tight.
Boom!
Got you again, ShadowMan.
Suck my dick, pussy.
No, come on, man.
It's too early for
that kind of talk.
It's not too early
for your mom to suck my dick.
Eh, clever.
Oh, and I win again.
See you next time, Shadow.
Hope you have a
good day in school.
What grade you in again?
You have a good day being a fag.
Easy with the
homophobia there, kid.
Shut up.
You got it.
Hey.
Hey, morning.
What's up, man?
Mandarin, Jose.
150 likes.
Fuckin' clickbait.
Cute, who's she?
She's my ex.
She used to call
blow jobs blowies.
Now she's engaged to
Richard Rodemeier.
This fuckin' bald piece of shit.
Looks like a banker.
What do you think he does?
You think he banks?
Let's have a look.
Pediatric surgeon at Ralph M.
Captain Children's Hospital.
Oh, no.
That's a bummer.
Whatever, man, he still
looks like a piece of shit.
Of that I have no doubt.

You should unfriend her, man.
It's not healthy, you
can drive yourself crazy.
I know, I know, man.
I just can't help it.
Robby, boom.
Harris, Robby, morning.
- Hi.
- Hey, Terri.
The partners and I
made a decision about
the Harry's Auto Insurance spot.
You both had damn good ideas.
But Harris, we're
going with you.
Thanks, Terri.
Well, they're gonna
be here on Wednesday.
You'll be ready
to pitch by then?
Absolutely.
Excellent, keep
up the good work.
You too, Robby.
Better luck next time, Robert.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Think you just got it all
figured out, don't you?
I like to think so, yeah.
Linda, 26.
"I like adventure,
whiskey, sarcasm, Jenga."
She's cute, should
I go left or right?
It's your choice, man.
Mm-mm.
It's your profile.
Eh, I pretty much
always swipe right.
Even if you don't like 'em?
That's putting the
cart before the horse.
At this point, it's
just a numbers game.

Say you swipe right
100 times a day, right?
Out of those 100 likes,
you get 20 matches,
out of those 20 matches,
you message 10,
out of those 10, only
a handful message back,
and out of that handful, you
end up meeting up with one.

What that means is, the
more you like initially,
the higher your chances
are of meeting up
with someone later.

The Tao of swiping.

I'm gonna swipe right,
here we go.

Boom!

- It's a match. God damn.

- Thank you very much.

Technology, it's a great thing.

You know, if this was
around when I was single...

Yeah?

Okay, keep browsing.

Oh!

What about this one?

Uh, I'm sorry, Mr. Tzu,

I apologize sincerely.

Okay.

No match.

I'm sorry.

It's all right, it happens.

Oh, you're getting

a text from Lauren.

Uh-huh.

Oh, dear, I gotta split.

Lemme guess.

- Lauren.

- Mm-hmm.

She's another

match I'm guessing?

That is correct.

What happened to the last one?

- What last one?

- Uh, wow.

I guess it's hard to
keep track of both.

I don't know her name,
the last one you saw.

Is that what you
do, you go see them?

- Oh, you mean Rachel.

- Rachel, Rachel.

Yes, she's cool.

Yeah, we had fun.

I just didn't get
the girlfriend vibe.

Oh, okay, what's
the girlfriend vibe?

Well, you know how you felt
when you first met Lydia?

Yeah?

Yeah, well, I felt, not that.

Okay, yeah, I see.

Oh, there she is.

Wait, you had her come here?

Yeah, so?

Dude, I thought we
were gonna part ways.

We are.

I'm gonna go to that
table over there.

You're ridiculous.

Hey!

I'm Harris.

This is for you.

Thank you.

Jeez.

Can I get you a drink?

Sure!

Wait, let me guess.

Well, hello.

- 'Sup?

- Yo.

Who is that?

Girl I matched with.

Seems to be really into
Sonic the Hedgehog.
Listen, um, can
you do me a favor?
What's that?
Can we swap dicks
just for tonight?
- Guess who?
- Whoa!
Gotcha.
Scared the shit out of me.
Whoops!
You know how to
make an intro, huh?
I tend to just go for the hug.
Is this for me?
Uh, yes, actually.
It's kind of cheesy, but.
Very sweet of you.
Hey there.
- Hi.
- What can I do for you?
Uh, can I get a...
Wait, wait, wait, let me guess.
I'm seeing, red.
Uh, vodka cranberry.
Oh, my God, yeah.
Wait, I'm also
seeing tequila shots.
Yeah, I love tequila shots.
All right, here we go.
I like your hair,
it's different.
Oh, yeah, I need
to update my pics.
They're like three weeks old.
No, it's cool.
Can I tell you
something embarrassing?
I'd be offended if you didn't.
When I was a little kid,
I got my hair
bleached like Eminem.
- No, you didn't.

- Yeah, I did.
Totally.
Take that secret to the grave.
Yeah.
All right, a vodka cranberry.
Tequila shots.
Thank you, sir.
All right.
Down the hatch.
I haven't thought about
some of these games
since I was a little kid.
I mean, I used to be a huge
Sonic fan back in the day.
Oh, my God, are
you fuckin' serious?
Sonic is like my life.
- You don't say?
- Yeah!
I beat the game once,
no cheat codes.
No, I always
thought Chaos Emeralds
would be a great band name.
That's genius.
Shall we?
Yeah.
Oh, my God, I love this song.
What?
Falling Still?
Seriously?
I know these guys.
- Personally.
- No, you don't.
Uh-huh, did the ad
campaign for their new album.
They got a show coming
up, we should go.
I'll get us backstage.
I would fucking love that.
All right.
You know, I knew we'd get along.
I could tell just
from your profile pic.

I knew.
What's your sign?
Uh, Virgo, I think.
Oh, my God!
I'm a Pisces, we're like
the most compatible signs.
Well, what do you know?
Oh, fuck.
- What?
- My ex just liked my post.
I'm sorry?
I think he's just
trying to fuck with me.
By liking your, uh...
I have the best idea.
Uh.
Act like you're
having a good time.
Okay.
Oh, my God, that's great.
You're a good actor.
We make a good team.
Hi.
Hey!
Hey.
I'm just gonna head out, okay?
You don't want to sleep over?
I, I got work tomorrow, so.
Well, you can just leave
from here in the morning.
Venice is kinda far
from where I work.
Plus, I gotta shower.
Well, you could
just shower here.
I could, but, you know, gotta
change and everything, so.
I might have a couple of
shirts you could borrow.
Don't worry, they're
my brother's.
It's just a lot
easier if I go home.
What are you doing tomorrow?

Maybe we could do this again?

Uh, yeah.

Oh, no, I've gotta
work on a pitch, but,
call you as soon as I get free?

Maybe this weekend?

Yeah, maybe.

Okay.

All right.

Sleep well, good night.

Don't gamble with
your car insurance.

Still too long.

We're at a casino.

Blackjack table; We
take a look at our hand.

16, the dreaded.

Oh, Christ, lemme.

We're at a casino.

Blackjack table.

"Hey, what's up?"

"What are you doing?"

Trying to work is
what I'm doing.

We're at a casino,
blackjack table.

Jesus fucking Christ.

Okay.

Mm-hmm, shut the fuck up.

We're at a ca...

jeez fuck!

I'm gonna kill this
girl if she doesn't.

Well, hello.

I brought wine.

Oh, God.

- Hello?

- Finally!

Dude, are you in the
hospital or something?

Robby?

The hospital?

What are you.

Holy shit, holy fucking shit!

Yeah, dude, you
missed the meeting, man.
Fuck!
God, what happened?
My alarm didn't go off.
Dude, I don't know, man.
You gotta remember
to set that shit.
Oh, fuck, are they still there?
Do I have time to...
They're gone, dude, they left.
Oh, my God, what happened?
Look, everything's fine.
They left totally happy.
They had no idea
anything was wrong.
But how?
Look, we had
to use my pitch, man.
- We didn't have a choice.
- Fuck!
Why didn't you call me,
man, before the pitch?
I literally have
been calling you non-stop.
Why didn't you try again?
I tried, dude.
Well, just forget it.
How's Terri?
What do you think, man?
- She's pissed!
- Fuck!
All right, I'm coming in now.
Where the fuck are my shoes?
Is everything okay?
No, no, everything's not okay.
My alarm didn't go
off or something,
I missed my meeting,
and now I don't even know
if I have a job anymore.
Fuck.
I think.
I think I accidentally

shut it off.

- What?

- It woke me up,
and I sort of just hit the
button and fell asleep.

Why would you do that?

I don't know, reflex I guess.

I am so sorry.

Please don't be mad.

No, no, you know what?

It's fine, it's.

- You drive here?

- I took an Uber.

Harris, I'm really,
really sorry.

No, it's fine, I just, uh.

You know, I have to leave,

I don't have time

to drive you, so.

Of course, I'll get an Uber.

Okay, it's gonna be

here in six minutes.

Have you seen my shirt?

Uh, I can't wait that long.

Just leave me here.

I'll go as soon as

the Uber gets here.

Fine, just lock

up when you leave.

Toss my keys.

Harris, I feel really

shitty about this.

I am so sorry.

- Harris?

- Yeah?

Terri wants to see

you in her office.

Yeah.

You wanna explain what happened?

It was my alarm.

What about it?

I was up late last night

working on the pitch, and

I put my phone on silent

'cause it kept going off,
and when I went to bed
I guess I never turned
the volume back up, so.
When my alarm went off,
I just didn't hear it.
You are aware that they make
actual alarm clocks, right?
I know, it's a
terrible excuse, Terri,
but it's the truth.
You knew how
important today was.
I did.
I'm so sorry.
Do I still have a job?
Yeah, you still
have a job, barely.
But you're off Harry's.
Robby did the pitch,
Robby gets the job.
And I'm gonna need 500 words
on Waldo's Scented
Matches by Friday, got it?
Understood.
- No, I didn't respond.
- Why not?
'Cause she wants
me to lose my job.
What kind of a nut job
shuts off someone's alarm?
Didn't she say
it was an accident?
I don't know.
In my experience, girls who
change their hair all the time
aren't exactly
emotionally stable.
Then why did you see her again?
Dude, come on, serious?
Yeah, okay, look.
I just think that
this could be a sign.
Yeah, man, I'm not so interested

in signs right now,
I kinda just wanna chill out,
play some video games,
and go to bed.
All right, all right,
all right, fine, okay.
Look, I'll let you go,
but can I just give you
one little piece of advice?
One little piece of
advice before I go?
Lay it on me, oh great mystic.
Okay, look, I think
that this may be...
What?
Chuck?
Losing you, Chuck?
Hey.
Jesus, Riley.
Why are you still...
You didn't answer my texts.
Uh, yeah, no, I'm sorry.
I should've gotten back to you.
I was just trying to
tell you I was sorry
about this morning.
Yeah, sure, yeah, of course.
Just relax, okay?
There's no reason for
anyone to get hurt.
Hurt?
This?
Oh, my God, I'm cooking dinner.
I'm making chicken stir fry.
I felt so bad about today,
and I wanted to
make it up to you,
so I thought I'd
do something nice
and cook you dinner.
So you broke into my apartment?
No!
Actually, I never
really left except

for when I went
to go buy groceries.
But, you know.
You could've told me, Riley.
I tried, but you
didn't text me back.
Plus, I thought it would
be a nice surprise.
This was a bad idea, wasn't it?
Uh, no.
- You think I'm crazy.
- No, I don't.
Ill-advised maybe.
I just, I already ate, and I got
- a bunch of work to do.
- Consider me gone.
This was almost done anyway.
But it smells amazing.
So, tell you what,
I will have it for
lunch tomorrow.
Really?
So this wasn't like
deal-breaker stuff?
No!
Come on.
What's a little breaking and
entering between friends, huh?
Good.
'Cause I think I might
like you, Harris.
I think I might like you too.
Okay, let me get
out of your hair.
I'll just get my stuff,
and good luck with work.
Uh, I'll text you later?
Okay, bye.
I think I might like you.
To never talk to me again.
Hey, Shadow, is it
possible you got worse
since we last played?
I've been busy.

Let me guess, fucking my mom?
No, fucking your sister!
You have, like,
other insults, right?
Creative ones?
Suck my dick.
"Hi, baby, how are you?"
"What are you doing?"
Oh, there he goes.
Gotta be kidding me.
What's the matter?
Don't like getting
your ass kicked?
I wasn't talking
to you, ShadowMan.
Yeah, right.
Actually dealing with a girl!
Ever had a girlfriend before?
Yeah!
I'm not talking
about the body pillow
you sleep with at night,
I'm talking about a
real live human girl.
I don't have a body pillow.
You should get one.
It's gonna be a long
time before any girl
not stuffed with goose down
wants to sleep with you, so.
Wait, Shadow, you.
Oh, he quit?
Well.
Guess he had enough.
Hey.
I'm gonna go down to
the shooting stage
if you wanna roll.
Uh-huh, yeah, one sec.
Is that that girl again?
Fourth time today,
it's not even noon.
Maybe it's important.
Trust me, it's not.

- Uh, Harris?

- Yeah?

I've got a call for you.

Can you take a message?

Uh, well, it's your mom.

She said it's urgent.

My mom?

Should call my cell.

Dude, I'm right behind you.

- Mom?

- Harris.

- Mom, is that you?

- There's been an accident.

- Mom, you sound kinda...

- I peed my pants.

Who is?

- Riley?

- Got you!

- How'd you get this number?

- Online!

You weren't answering your cell.

So I just figured...

I wasn't answering my

cell 'cause I'm at work.

Look, I have to go,

they're shooting a spot,

- I'm gonna be late.

- Just a second.

It's important.

Fine, what is it?

The Falling

Still concert is tonight.

You called me at my

office to see if I want

to go to a concert with you?

Well, you said

that you would take me

when they come to town.

Yeah, you know what,

it's kind of short notice.

Look, Riley, I've

gotta go, okay?

Maybe we could

do something else then?

Like, dinner and a movie?
Yeah, you know what,
I think I'm just
gonna take it easy tonight, so.
So, maybe
just Netflix and chill?
I could bring wine?
Yeah, I'm not feeling so great.
So I'm just gonna stay
home and get to bed early,
but we'll hang out soon.
- Okay?
- Okay.
- Feel better.
- Okay, I will.
Thank you.
Oh, shit.
What the fuck, guy?
Sorry, everyone.
All right, let's go again.
It's called oil pulling.
Oil pulling?
Yeah, you swish
coconut oil in your mouth
for 10 minutes every day.
It's supposed to be
really good for you.
Yeah, I don't see how
that could possibly be true.
It's true!
Uh-huh.
See, it says right here:
"Swishing with coconut oil
for 10 minutes every day"
"will strengthen gum and
help fight tooth decay."
Yeah, okay, but look
at the name of the site.
It's althealth.net.
All right, that doesn't
sound like the most
reputable site to me,
I'm sorry, it's true.
Yeah, but look at the comments.

Everyone says it works.
Comments?
Anyone can write.
I have an article
right here which says
that oil pulling has no
proven effect on oral health.
Oh, yeah?
And what site is that?
Healthdaddy.com.
Oh, my God, yeah.
Totally better.
- Most trustworthy source.
- What?
It's...
Oh, my god, you've
gotta be kidding me.
What's up?
It's this girl, she's obsessed.
I mean, she's certifiable.
I'm just glad I
don't have any pets.
- Oh, come on.
- I'm serious!
Man, okay.
She called me today.
No!
She is insane!
Did she use a landline?
Arm yourself, Harris.
This is all a joke
to you guys now,
but when I'm found dead,
I hope you think about this,
and it makes you very, very sad.
Okay, Harris, I'll bite.
How can we help you?
I wish I knew.
Here's an idea.
Stop fucking every
girl you meet online.
I'm serious!
This girl, what's her name?
- Riley.

- Riley.

Did you ever actually
wanna date Riley?

Or did you just use
her because you thought
she'd be an easy lay?

Okay, I didn't use anybody.

Mm-hmm.

Correct me if I'm wrong,
but the order of
events seems to be
you met her, you fucked
her, you ignored her.

What does that
sound like to you?

Chuck, a little help?

Uh, yeah, uh, look.

I think that she
has a point, Harris.

I mean, look, it doesn't
seem like you want
anything more from these girls
other than to just,
you know, have sex.

Okay, okay, 'cause
you two have been
out of the game for so long,
let me give you a
little refresher.

Nobody is doing this shit
because they're in
search of true love.

They may say they are,
but they're lying.

- And what do they want?

- They want to meet someone,
get laid, and bring their boring
lives a little excitement.

It's like going to a
bar on a Friday night
minus everything that sucks
about a bar on a Friday night.

Or maybe that's what you want.

Ever thought about that?

Or were you just too busy
thinking about yourself?

Okay.

You know what?

You're right.

I screwed up, I admit it.

Thank you!

I screwed up by being
a slave to my genitals
and sleeping with the
same lunatic twice
against my better judgment.

- Harris?

- Riley?

I thought you
said you were sick.

Uh, how long have you
been standing there?

Who's Lydia?

Okay, uh, you know what?

We should step outside.

How did you know where I was?

Some girl named Lydia
checked you in on Facebook.

Who is she?

Um, Lydia is my best
friend's girlfriend.

Chuck, Lydia, this is Riley.

- Hey.

- Hi.

So you're not sick?

Uh, I was feeling,
but, you know, I
kind of felt better...

Oh, God, just stop it, Harris.

You think because

I'm some lunatic
you can lie to me
and I'll believe you?

Heard that, huh?

You said you liked me.

Yeah, yeah,

totally, you're great.

You don't give a

shit about me, do you?
You just wanted to make
your boring, little life
a little more exciting,
is that it?
Or was it my life
that was boring?
Okay, can we just,
can we just calm down?
You think I'm just some fuck toy
you can have your way with
and never call again,
is that it?
Whoa, just relax, all right?
I never meant to
hurt your feelings.
Oh, I'm sure you didn't.
I'm sure you never thought
about my feelings at all,
did you?
Did you, you fucking
piece of shit?
You fucking asshole.
Riley!
You can fuck off
and die, Harris.
Way to go, Lydia.
Sorry.
Hello?
If anybody's in here,
I'm calling the police.
Hello?
We were supposed
to be together forever.
Riley?
If I can't have you, no one can.
That's why it's good to
have a good woman
to go home to, you know?
Someone who could rub your feet.
Oh, shut up.
All right, man, I'll see you.
Yeah, dude,
my keys are in your pack.

Oh, yeah.
I guess you will
be needing those.
I will be needing those.
Keys.
Mm-hmm, thank you.
So, I mean do
you want this phone or...
Ah, you can
keep that, that's fine.
All right, man, I'll see you.
All right, see you, man.
You gotta be fucking kidding me.
What?
Riley, she's still harassing me.
She was texting me the whole
time we were up hiking.
Whoa, what she say?
I don't know,
man, I'm not gonna read 'em.
I'm gonna delete 'em, gonna
block her, and move on.
Oh, no, no, no, come on, man.
It's not like you gotta respond.
Hey, hey, I'm curious.
- Oh, you're curious?
- Yeah.
Please, go right ahead.
Have fun, just delete
'em when you're done.
This is like
the highlight of my life.
She says Bye.
Oh, well, finally, she gets it.
Bye!
Whoa.
Whoa, you might
wanna look at this.
Dude, I
honestly just don't care.
No, no, no, Harris.
I'm serious.
What the fuck?
She's not trying

to say she's gonna,
she's gonna kill herself?
Yeah, that's what it looks like.
Oh, come on, this
is just fucking ridiculous, no.
Whoa, whoa,
you're not concerned?
No, man!
Why should I be?
She's just trying
to get my attention.
Okay, that
doesn't mean she's lying.
Dude, come on.
Who sends a suicide
note by text?
Well, I read
about this woman in Taiwan
who live streamed her suicide.
This stuff happens.
Hey.
- What, there's more, right?
- There's a video.
Okay.
- Oh, wow.
- What the fuck?
No, no, no, I mean, come on.
Say this is real, what the fuck
am I supposed to do about it?
- You gotta help her.
- Help her?
She's not my
responsibility, man!
Come on, you
can't be serious, Harris.
Fuck, just, fuck!
Look, just call 911.
I'm not calling 911, man.
This is a fucking prank...
No, then call her.
No, that's what she wants.
That's exactly what
she wants me to do.
Okay, so let

her die, let her die
just so you don't
have to see her again.
No one's gonna die!
This is a fuck!
You know what, fine.
You know what?
I'll call her and you'll see.
It's ringing.
- Harris?
- Riley?
Stop messing around.
Harris, is that you?
Yes, you got me to call.
Now, Riley, just stop.
I'm tired.
Riley, stop messing around.
I just wanted to
hear your voice one last time.
Riley, please, come
on, just stop it,
it's not funny.
Riley?
Riley?
Riley, is this for real?
- Bye, Harris.
- No, wait, wait.
Riley, what did you take
and when did you take it?
Pills.
Pills from my dad's back
surgeries, and whiskey...
All right, Riley,
stay where you are.
I'm gonna call 9-1-1.
No.
Riley, I'm calling
the ambulance.
What's your address?
No ambulance, you come.
Fine, fine.
I'll come.
Riley, what's your address?
Riley, Riley, talk to me!

1738 Palm Drive, apartment four.

Okay, I'm coming.

All right, man, I gotta go.

- All right.

- I'll call you!

- Yeah, let me know.

- Yeah.

Riley!

Riley!

Where the fuck are you?

Riley, talk to me.

Fuck!

Riley?

Riley, please.

Oh, my God.

Oh, shit.

What the fuck?

Come on, come on.

Where's the fucking pulse?

Oh, thank God, come on.

Come on, come on, come on.

Come on!

Come on, fucking come on.

Come on, Riley, think of...

What the fuck?

Gotcha.

You've gotta be

fucking kidding me.

This is a prank?

Yeah, a fucking good one.

You should see your

face right now.

How does it feel, Harris?

To be made a fool of.

Shitty?

What the fuck is wrong with you?

You're a fucking psycho, Riley.

Never contact me again.

Fuck!

Dude, what happened

to your hand?

Fuck, just, um, nothing.

Just cut it.

How?

Cooking.

You cook?

Dude, you goose, I
didn't know you cooked.

What'd you make?

Dude, don't you have work to do?

Harris!

Man, I was just asking.

I need to see you in
my office right now.

- Would you, please?

- All right.

Shut the door.

Have a seat.

You're in charge of the
CCG Twitter account, right?

Yeah.

You sent out a series
of tweets last night.

Series of tweets?

Uh.

Okay.

"This company is retarded."

"My co-workers are retarded."

"My boss is retarded."

"I'm sick of working
around so many retards."

And it goes on like this.

You want me to keep going?

Is this a joke?

I don't know, you tell me.

No?

I'm sorry, Terri, I'm
very confused right now.

Me too.

You don't actually
think I wrote those?

The tweets came
from your account.

Yeah, but I didn't write them.

Then who was it?

Riley.

You gotta be shitting me.

- Excuse me?

- No, sorry, not you.
Uh, I know who's responsible
for this, I can fix it.
Even if you didn't write them,
it's not quite that simple.
What do you mean?
Shit.
Are you all right, man?
Yeah, I'm fine.
I can help you.
Will you, shit!
Just fuck it.
Don't you want your stuff?
Hi, you've
reached Riley's phone.
Goddammit!
Riley!
Fuck.
Hi, you've
reached Riley's phone.
Leave a message after the beep
or just be a normal
person and text me.
Enough is enough, Riley,
you have to call me back.
This isn't a fucking
joke anymore.
Call me back, now!
Riley?
This is credit card services.
Goddammit!
Just a minute!
- You Harris Kroller?
- Yeah.
We have a court order
to search the premises.
What do you mean, like
a... like a search warrant?
What?
Yeah, exactly,
where's your computer?
Uh, it's right there.
What the, what the
fuck are you doing?

Guys, could you just...
You want to tell Detective
Rich where your laptop is?
I know you got a laptop.
Well, guys, what
is going on here?
I'm sorry, but.
What's going on is
we need to have a look
at your computer, your laptop,
your telephone, your Xbox,
anything you had access
to the internet with.
What, why?
Why don't
you hand me that bottle
you got there.
Listen, just take a seat,
take a seat, relax.
Look, where's the laptop,
just tell us.
You know we can legally tear
this place apart from top...
It is in the bedroom, I think.
I don't.
Could you?
What the fuck?
Wait, wait, possession
of child pornography?
- What?
- Got it.
No, this has to be some
kind of giant mistake.
I don't have any child porn.
Yeah, well, an IP address
matching the one
from this apartment
was flagged last
night for downloading
over five gigabytes
of illegal data
from servers that
we monitor, so.
But, no, I didn't download

any child porn last night.
I got drunk and fell asleep
on my couch, that's it.
So you were here last night?
- Yeah, but...
- Found it.
In a folder marked Private.
No, that's impossible.
You're lying.
Hey, take it easy.
You're under arrest.
You're under arrest for the
possession of child pornography.
You have the right
to remain silent.
I would recommend
that you use it.
Okay.
Hello.
You are Harris Kroller?
Pheh.
My name is Ronald Dale
and I will be your lawyer.
I took a look at your case,
you got a clean record,
which is good.
So, if we plead guilty...
I didn't do anything.
I'm being set up.
By whom?
A girl, her name
is Riley Miller.
Or, I don't know, that
could be a lie too,
come to think of it.
You don't know her name?
I know her address.
She's
your ex-girlfriend?
No, that crazy bitch?
No fuckin' way.
Met her online and now she
wants revenge or something.
- What for?

- I don't know.

For not being madly
in love with her?

I'm telling you, this girl
is certifiably insane.

Has she been in your home
or had access to your computer
within the last 48 hours?

No.

Does she have hacking skills?

She got into my Twitter account
and posted a bunch of
tweets that got me fired.

All right, and you
have proof of this?

I, no.

Oh, well, either way,
figuring out a Twitter password
and hacking into an IP address
are two wildly
different skill sets.

Besides, the files were found
on your local hard drive,
which means the hacker
would have had to gain
remote access to
your computer, so...

Yeah, I don't
know how she did it,
but I'm telling
you it wasn't me.

Okay, write down
her name and address
and I will look into it.

But I'm gonna level
with you, Harris,
what you're claiming is
gonna be very hard to prove
without a confession.

If this goes to trial
and you're convicted,
you're looking at
serious jail time.

If you plead guilty,

there's a very strong chance
I can get you off
with just a fine.
Which would be what?
I don't know.
Numbers could be
50, could be 100.
Thousand?
Better than five years
in a federal prison.
Holy fuck.
This cannot be happening.
Well, it is.
We go before a judge
by the end of the week.
If we don't have anything real
to back up your claims by then,
I strongly suggest
pleading guilty.
Now, is there anyone that
you can call to bail you out?
Uh.
I don't have my phone,
I don't know anyone's numbers.
I could send a Facebook message.
Last call for alcohol!
Harris!
What, what?
I think maybe you've had enough.
Let me take you home.
Home.
My home is either
gonna be a jail cell
or a fuckin' park bench,
because my life is ruined.
And all for what, 'cause some
psychotic bitch felt spurned.
There's gotta be
something you can do, right?
According to my lawyer,
barring a full
confession from Riley,
I'm looking at,
best case scenario,

a crippling fine and a spot
on the registered
sex offenders list.
So I will be a convicted felon,
won't be able to get a job,
won't be able to leave town,
can't vote.
It's not like you
even voted before.
I'm sorry, man, I know,
it's not funny.
I'm just trying to
lighten the mood here.
Hey.
Who knows?
Maybe Riley might have
a change of heart.
She might admit to everything.
Why?
Why would she do that?
Huh?
There's no way to
prove she did anything.
She, she, she's fucking crazy.
She hates me.
There's no reason for her to.
What?
Think I just figured
a way outta this.
Gotta go.
No, no, no, no, Harris!
I gotta fuckin' go, Chuck.
Riley?
Riley, it's Harris.
What do you want?
I just want to talk to you.

It's 2:

in the morning.
Yeah, I know, I'm sorry.
I just, uh.
Doing a lot of soul searching
these last few days and, uh.
I just really, I'd really

like to talk to you, you know?

Face to face.

I...

Please, it'll just
take a few minutes.

Thanks for letting me in, uh.

Just, um, make it quick.

I was about to go to sleep, so.

Yeah.

Uh.

Just came by to say that, uh.

Say that I'm sorry

for

everything.

I, um.

I wasn't a good person to you
and that's not who I am.

Or, I mean, at least it's
not who I want to be and...

So, I'm sorry that I hurt you
and I'm sorry that I used you
and I'm sorry that.

Sorry I made you feel
like you didn't matter.

I wish I could say I had
some kind of excuse, but...

I'm just a selfish asshole
who didn't care about
anybody's feelings but his own.

Why are you telling me this?

'Cause I don't wanna
be that person anymore.

And it took what
happened between us
for me to realize that and...

So, I just wanted
to say I'm sorry
and, I guess thank you
for showing me how
fucked up I was.

Well.

You're welcome, I guess.

You wanna hug it out?

You know me, I'm a hugger.

Sure.

Well, I'll let

you get some sleep.

Thanks for letting me talk.

Wait.

I want to apologize too.

For what?

You really hurt me, Harris,
and it sucked, but, um...

I lashed out and it
wasn't fair to you.

- It's okay.

- No.

No, it's not okay.

That fake suicide stunt

I pulled was not cool

and I, I kind of do

that stuff a lot.

Anyway, I'm sorry.

It's all right.

I guess we kind of both

lost our heads there.

Yeah.

Is there anything else?

Like what?

I don't know, um...

anything else you want

to come clean about?

Like, that you did to me.

I don't, I don't, uh,

know what you're

talking about, Harris.

So you don't know anything about

any child pornography

on my laptop?

The what?

I know it was you, Riley.

Okay.

I, you need to leave.

I'll leave if you

admit what you did.

- Let go of me.

- Just admit it.

Just admit it.

Just admit what you did.
Let go of me or I'll scream.
You're not gonna scream.
Just calm down.
Stop!
Just shut up!
Why are you doing this?
Why do you want to ruin my life?
Are you okay?
- Call the police!
- No, don't!
Tell the cops what
you did, Riley,
or I'm coming back here,
I swear to God.
Harris, it's Ronald Dale.
What the hell did
you do last night?
Nothing, I was home all night.
You're lying.
You were at that woman's
place last night, Miller?
How the hell do you know that?
Because she wants to file
a restraining order against you.
She claims you attacked
her last night.
What were you thinking, Harris?
Do you understand how
bad this looks for us?
It practically negates
your entire defense,
which is thin to begin with.
I didn't attack her, I was
trying to get her to confess.
This is another of
her manipulations.
She's trying to play us.
I checked her out, Harris.
She's got alibis during the
time the files were downloaded.
Pictures on Instagram,
updates on Facebook,
I mean, the girl puts

her whole life online,
but unfortunately for you
that works against us.
She hired someone then.
It's possible, but don't try
and do any more
detective work yourself.
You have two days.
Lay low and think
about what I told you.
I can keep you out of prison,
but not if you keep
mucking it up for yourself.
Okay?
What should be your name?
Robby Barnett.
Oh, Riley, Riley, Riley.
You really should keep
your profile private, babe,
there's creeps out there.
"Aced my Behavioral Psych final!"
"Time to celebrate!"
Okay.
All right, let's do this.
Come on, Riley, where are you?
Where are you?
There you are.
That's it.
Do some swiping.
I know you want to find
some other guy to terrorize.
Hey, do I know you?
I think we have
Behavioral Psych together.
Come on, Riley, respond.
Come on, come on.
Come on, come on.
There we go.
I usually sit in the back.
How'd you do on the final?
Aced it.
You?
Same.
What you doing tonight?

We should celebrate.
"I'll be at the Virgil,
you should drop by."
Mm, yes.
I'll be there.
Shit.
Hey, can I get a
vodka cranberry please?
Hey, can I get
a vodka cranberry?
Of course.
That'll be ten dollars.
Great, thank you.
That guy Robby's here.
I'm gonna go meet him.
Riley.
Riley, relax.
Riley, calm down.
Riley, for God's sake.
I told you to fuckin' stop.
Jesus.
You see what you've done to me?
You see what you've
turned me into?
I have never hurt anybody
in my entire life
and I don't want to
tonight, Riley, I don't,
do you understand?
Good.
If you do exactly
what I tell you to do,
this all ends tonight.
Is that what you want?
Good, me too, me too,
that's what I want.
So I'm gonna take that
gag off so you can talk,
but you're not
gonna scream, okay?
Okay.
Put this away.
Taking it off now.
See?

Cooperating.

This doesn't have to
be difficult, Riley.

Where am I?

You don't need to know.

All you need to know is that
it's just you and me here
all weekend if
that's what it takes.

Oh, and don't bother
trying to escape 'cause
we're locked up nice and tight.

That guy Robby,
that was you the whole time?

A little taste of
your own medicine, huh?

That's my friends.

I bet they're looking for me.

They've been texting
you for a few hours now,
that's why, um, that's
why I need your passcode.

What?

I need to unlock your phone.

Can I get your passcode?

And just remember, Riley,
whatever happens next
is entirely up to you.

0-9-0-2.

Ah, voila.

Thank you, Riley.

See, if the rest of the
night goes just like this,
we'll be done in no time.

Okay.

How's it look?

Left with Robby.

No need to wait up.

Ooh, Brunch tomorrow?

Sent.

See what happens.

Oh, look, she's typing.

"Slut."

"Call me tomorrow."

That takes care of that.
And you will call her tomorrow,
as long as you don't
give me any trouble
with this next part.
What do you want?
I want a full confession.
I don't know what you
want me to confess to.
Goddammit, Riley, I thought
we weren't gonna do this.
I'm cooperating, I just
don't know what you want.
Just stop!
For fuck's sake,
enough of your games.
Just tell the fucking truth
for once in your life.
Okay, okay.
I'll confess, to everything.
Yes, finally.
Thank you.
All right, just
don't hurt me, please.
I won't, okay, here we go.
All right, I want you to
look straight in the camera
and when I tell you to,
start talking.
Well, wait, aren't you gonna
take me to the police station?
Oh, yeah, so you can just
start lying to the cops
the second you walk
through the door?
No, Riley, it has
to be like this.
What do you want me to say?
Don't be difficult, Riley.
I'm not, I just,
I'm, I'm nervous
and I don't want to
miss anything, okay?
Fine.

Tell them about
how we first met.
Tell them how you
hounded me incessantly,
how you stalked me,
and then when you discovered
that we weren't gonna
be together forever,
how you took your revenge.
You hacked into my Twitter
account, you got me fired,
and then, and this is
the most important part,
tell them how you somehow
remotely downloaded
five gigs of child
pornography onto my computer,
which could get me sent to
prison for half a decade.
Harris, I.
Okay, I'll.
I'll say all of that.
Thank you.
Are you ready?
Yeah.
Great.
Go ahead.
- Wait.
- What? What, Riley?
For fuck's sake, I know this
is gonna be hard on you,
just, you don't
really have a choice.
I want to confess to everything.
It's just, this won't work.
Why?
Why the fuck not?
Because look at me, Harris,
I'm a crying mess and
I'm tied to a chair.
It looks like I'm,
like I'm kidnapped.
Can't do anything about that.
- You could untie me.

- I don't think so.
Wait, just listen.
You could untie me and I
could wash up in the bathroom
and then I could film the video,
I could, I could make,
like, an Instagram video
where I'm bragging about
how I screwed up your life
and then, and then you
could show that to the cops
and I'll, I'll confess to
everything at the police station
and it'll seem totally
real, you know?
Why?
Why would you do that?
Because,
you got me.
You won.
I give up.
You're just clever.
This is exactly the kind of
clever shit you pulled on me.
It's a gift, I guess.
Fine.
There's a bathroom
attached to the stage.
It'll work, I swear.
Riley, don't try
a fucking thing.
I want you to tell me
what you're gonna say.
Anything you want.
Can you get me some
paper towels please?
Should talk about how,
should talk about how stupid
I am, how you tricked me,
but don't use my name,
it can't feel staged.
Okay, got it.
I think I'm ready.
Shit.

My hands are so wet.
Can I have another paper towel?
Oh.
Goddammit!
Fuckin' bitch!
Goddammit.
Riley!
Riley, where the fuck are you?
God.
Riley!
Riley!
You think you can get
away from me that easy,
you crazy bitch?
Huh?
Goddammit.
You call me crazy.
Hello?
Help!
Help me!
Help!
Hello!
Help, please!
Please!
You stabbed me.
Riley.
Why didn't you just confess?
Hello?
Jesus Christ, Harris.
I've been trying to
reach you all night.
It's Ronald Dale, your lawyer.
Where the hell have you been?
Huh?
Uh-oh, are you drunk?
Harris, listen to
me very carefully.
You're off the hook.
What?
Yeah, you were right, sort of.
Turns out you were hacked,
but not by that girl.
By some 15-year-old
kid named Keenan.

Gil Keenan from
Colorado Springs.

- Heard of him?

- Keenan?

Yeah, you probably know him
from his online name, ShadowMan.

Apparently you mocked
him on some video game.

Can you believe that?

His mom caught him, made
him 'fess up to everything.

I got the call yesterday
and I've been trying
to call you ever since.

You're off the hook,
Harris, you're a free man.

Go celebrate!

Hello?

Harris?

Are you there?

Hello?

Hey, you.

What are you doing out here?

Jesus, what the hell happened?

Holy fuckin' Christ.

Get your hands where

I can see 'em, now!

I need backup at 3421

Empire Boulevard.

Got a maniac here.

He killed some poor girl.