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The Dead Girl

By Karen Moncrieff

[pigeon cooing]
[bird crying out]
(Mother)
Arden?
(female voice)
Arden?
Are you down there?
Arden?
Arden?
(Mother)
All right.
Right there.
(officer No. 1)
Ma'am,
please wait here.
Oh, shit!
(officer No. 2)
Dispatch 27,
got an 1 144--
What did they
say to you?
- [doorbell]
- Nothing.
Twenty five minutes
of nothing?
There's a dead girl.
They just asked
some questions.
What are they
asking you for?
You don't
know anything.
I found her.
And you
called the Police.
You're the reason
those bloodsuckers
are out there,
swarming all
over my yard,
ringing my bell,
like they know me.
Before I know it,
they're going to be

pouring into my cupboards,
climbing up my stairs!
I just told them
about the dead girl!
You found her.
So what!
You keep walking!
You keep your
mouth shut!
You stupid!
Are you the one
that found the body?
(woman reporter)
Could we just get
an interview?
(male reporter)
What were you doing
in that area?
Did you know
that she
was mutilated?
[muted voices]
[upset breathing]
[supermarket music]
[indistinct female voices]
(female cashier)
And 60 cents change.
You want help out?
That's okay.
U h, where is--
where is your car?
Hey, you look
sweet on Tv.
That was you,
wasn't it?
Yeah, some people--
some people are mean,
you know,
you can see it
right here but--
you look real sweet.
Oh, I got it.
You want 'em in the back
or the front?

Back, please.
Uh, you--you need
to open it.
I'd like to take
you out sometime.
Oh!
I don't really--
You don't want
to go out with me?
Come on.
Come out with me.
It'd be fun.
I get off
at 1 1.
I can't.
Why? You got
a boyfriend?
No.
I'm not
gonna hurt you.
Thank you.
So, I'll see
you at 1 1?
(female voice)
Arden?
What did you do
to your face?
Nothing.
What's that stink?
Nothing.
The milk is sour.
[agh]
Take that off.
No!
Take it off!
You look like
a two dollar hooker.
You'd have
to pay them!
Where are
the cameras now,
Miss America?
Prancing up and down,
look at me!

Look at me!
Spending all
my money on
all this crap!
Looking in the mirror
day and night
like a goddamn whore!
Oh, Jesus!
He took
the wrong one!
It shoulda been you,
not my boy!
Don't you talk
about him!
Don't you ever!
[breaking glass]
[gasps]
Ah!
[glass falls
on floor]
(Mother)
You filthy thing!
I'll tell them
what you did!
They'll arrest you!
You leave me,
nobody can want you.
You have nothing.
I'm bleeding.
Arden, I'm bleeding.
There 's blood on me!
[soft music on radio]
So, what was it like?
What was what like?
Finding that dead girl.
I don't know.
Sad.
I guess.
She had cuts
on her hands, right?
How do you know?
It's defense.
It means
she tried to fight.

Her clothes
were all cut up,
too, right?
She wasn't wearing
any clothes.
Why would
her clothes
be cut up?
Not a functional cutting.
That's what they call it
when the cuts don't
serve any purpose.
The 405 killer
did the same thing.
All of his victims
had these cuts
in their clothes
that the cops
couldn't explain,
'cause they didn't
make any sense
with the wounds
the girls had.
And then,
when they
finally caught him,
they realized
that it was part
of his foreplay.
And then,
when they looked
into his records,
they found out
that he'd been caught
stealing women's clothes
off the clothesline
when he was 12
years old.
And the cops went
to his parents' house
and they asked him
why he did it,
and he started crying
and he handed over

a box full
of women's underwear
bras and nylons
and underwear
all cut up.
And right
then and there,
the cops let a serial killer
slip through their fingers.
Why did he do it?
It made him
feel better.
You know, he'd get
all frustrated
or something,
then he'd cut
up things.
No.
Why did he kill
the women?
Probably something
to do with his mother.
[gasps]
[laughs]
That's what
it usually is.
Her eyes were open.
Oh, yeah?
She was just
lying there.
Hey, you know,
what would be
the coolest thing
if when somebody's died,
you could--
peel off the top layer
of their eyeball
and develop it like film
so you could have
a picture
of the last thing
they saw.
It was trees.
And the sky.

This was hers.
Could I hold it?
Hmm.
You ain't yanking
my chain, are ya?
That's her hair.
I know.
Sorry.
Just, sorry.
Why do you think
I brought you here?
I don't know.
You think it's maybe
because I like you?
I don't know.
You want
to kiss me?
Okay.
So do it.
Then you don't
want to kiss me?
I don't know.
You want me
to kiss you?
You gonna hold still
this time?
Okay.
I don't have to tie
you up, do I?
Maybe.
Maybe what?
Maybe you
should tie me up.
Or maybe
you should
just hold still.
Okay.
You want to get
in the back seat
with me?
Why not?
What's that for?
I don't know.
Is this

what you want?
I'd probably
get out of that.
[whimpers]
[in pain]
Oh!
[sigh]
Shit.
Shit!
Ow!
What's the matter?
Oh!
What's wrong?
No, I just can't
do it like that.
Why?
What'd I do?
You don't even
kiss me.
You're just lying there,
like you want me
to rape you!
Okay.
You want me
to rape you?
I'll kiss you back.
And take
the gloves off.
You need
stitches for that.
It doesn't really hurt.
Not when--
you're kissing me.
Some serial killers
use objects when
they can't get it up.
You know,
like they'll, uh,
they'll find bottles
[indistinct]
and all sorts
of things
out there.
I don't want to talk

about serial
killers anymore.
[phone ringing
at other end]
(female voice)
may I assist you?
What's your
emergency? Hello?
There's a woman,
the woman
needs help.
Is she injured?
Her daughter
left her.
Is the woman
there with you?
Hello?
No.
Where is she?
Ma'am?
She's in the house--
where they found
the dead girl.
(female voice)
They finally approved
our proposal,
to post a missing
childrens' board
near Jenny's bench.
It's good, it's good.
It'll just be one more
way of spreading the word.
(young female voice)
Oh.
Pigtail shot, you know,
we've overdone that.
I'm gonna have
to rule that out.
Your father thinks
we should go
with the headband
but, l--l--I like
the Christmas tree.
Y eah.

We have used this shot
so many times,
you know, l--
maybe the pigtails.
[loud water from tap]
the black
and white is not--
doing it for me anymore,
I think the color
would be better.
So, I'm--I'm gonna,
yeah, I'm gonna
go with the color.
I don 't know.
Maybe we should go
with the age progression.
Whichever you think.
What do you think
it might look like
to move on?
Well, my mom,
and Dad
and me, we'd--
pack up all the stuff
from her room,
and we'd take
all the boxes
with the--
newspaper reports,
and the false leads,
and the posters, and--
we'd burn everything
in a big bonfire.
And then we'd--cry
and hold one another.
and then we'd--
fall asleep
for like--
a thousand years
and then,
in the morning,
we'd wake up and--
the sun would be
shining and--

my mom would
go back into
the kitchen
and start making
breakfast and--
my dad would say,
"Go get ready for school"
and smile.

And--
everything would
be okay again.
[rain and thunder]
Well, not okay, but--
you got a chance to be.

She's been
gone for--
It'll never be okay.
It'll never be over.
I'm heading out.

Oh. Okay.
Murray wants to do
the Jane Doe
in the morning.
She's parked
in the deep freeze.
Do you mind
prepping her?

Sure.
My roommate and I are
having a little get together
tomorrow night.

Just a host dissertation,
throw-your-computer
out-the-window
celebration kind of thing.

Um, if you feel like
stopping by--
I'll probably be
in the library
but, thanks.

You could come
by afterwards.
I'll see.

Okay. Don't

work too hard.
Hasn't your sister
been missing
a long time?
She was taken
from the state park
less than ten miles
from where this girl's
body was found.
Leah, with age-progressed
photos, though--
I know,
they're a guess.
This girl,
she has a birthmark
on her left hand
between her fingers,
same as Jenny.
I want Andy
to do the dentals.
Okay.
All right.
Who is this?
Detective sent this photo
as a possible match
for a Jane Doe
we have in the morgue.
No. Those
aren't her eyes.
Her--her eyes--
her eyes
aren't that light.
She has a birthmark
on her left hand
between her fingers
just like Jenny.
No--it's not Jenny.
I checked the report
and they can't find
any family.
Those are not
her eyes!
It's her.
No.

[children shouting happily
and dog barking]
Hard to believe
it's over.
Yeah, I know.
[loud party music]
You came.
Yeah.
All right!
Um, want something
to drink?
A beer?
A soda?
Champagne?
Um,
champagne.
All right.
So, why tonight?
I've been inviting
you to my parties
for three years.
Have you?
I don't know
about you but,
every now and then
I like to be around
somebody that's not dead.
Yeah, I guess.
So, how's it
going so far?
So far, so good.
Excellent.
You're a lot
more talkative.
Right.
I'm on antidepressants.
Oh.
Oh, yeah?
Used to spend
most of my free time
in bed.
That could be nice.
It can also be
kind of depressing.

Yeah, it's good
to get out of bed
every once in a while.
It's kind of hard
to make friends.
In bed?
Yeah.
Although,
Yeah.
[slow music]
You have
excellent posture.
Do I?
Oh!
Naw, it's nice.
I feel like
if I let go of you,
you're gonna run away.
Well, then
don't let go.
[moaning]
Hey.
Hi.
Stay.
Please?
Promise I'll
let you sleep.
Oh, no,
I can't,
I have to go.
I was getting
kind of sick
of you anyway.
Really?
No, just joking.
I'm really glad
you came.
So am I.
Are you?
Yeah.
I wanted to,
for a long time.
Really? That's
good to know.

Okay, I have to go!
I gotta go.
Well, see you later.
[birds chirping]
Bye.
[phone ringing
on other end]
Yo.
Derek?
Hey you.
How you doing?
Good.
Good, actually.
Work must be
pretty boring
without me.
(boss)
When you got
a minute.
What are you wearing?
That sexy--
I gotta go.
I'll call you back.
Wait!
Did Andy
get the stuff?
It's not her.
Did he check
the films?
They were negative
for a match.
I got a call this morning
from a Detective Graily.
They tracked down
the girl's mother
and she's driving
down from Washington
to ID the body.
Well, that's--wrong.
It has to be,
I mean--
The woman's name
is Melora Kutcher,
and her daughter's

real name was
Krista Kutcher.
She faxed the detectives
a birth certificate
and a photo.
I'm sorry.
Hi, it's Leah,
leave a message.
[beep]
(Derek)
Leah, it's me.
Are you around?
You okay?
You alive?
[sigh]
Okay, I'm just,
uh, trying you again.
Just call me
back, okay?
Even if it's just
to tell me to--
you know,
leave you
the hell alone.
Just want to know
you're okay.
Okay.
Bye.
(Mom)
He billed me \$ 3, 000
for a a couple of researches.
He can't do that.
Jim gave me the name
of another investigator.
I wanna have
a memorial service
for Jenny.
What?
Jenny's dead
and I want to have
a memorial service.
Why would you
say that?
Because it's true.

Honey, we
don't know that.
She isn't dead,
for all we know--
She's dead.
She didn't
run away.
She wasn't raised
in the woods
by wolves.
She didn't hit her head
and forget her name
and where she lived,
and she's not staying
with some nice gypsies.
Some man took her,
and did horrible
things to her.
And hid
her body so well,
that we'll never find her.
And it doesn't matter
how many posters
we hang
or petitions we sign
or which picture
we put near Jenny's bench,
because no one's
gonna recognize her,
because she's dead
and she's never
coming back!
If--she were dead,
don't you think
I wouldn't know it
in my heart?
I know she's alive,
I know she's out
there somewhere.
And the only way
I'm ever gonna
see her again,
is if we
never give up.

Someone out there
knows my baby,
they know her,
they just don't know
we're looking for her.
I will never
give up on her.
Just like I would
never give up on you!
Ever. Ever!
[dialing]
[phone rings on other end]
(Derek)
Yo.
[weeping]
Will you please
help me?
[voices from TV]
[rustling of clothes]
You're going
out now?
Y eah, I just
feel like driving.
Did you ever think
I might want to go
out sometime?
Did you ever
think about that?
Yeah.
But when I want
to go somewhere
you don't want to go
if I want to go.
Bowling, or dancing--
Dancing?
I am a good dancer.
You don't know it 'cause
you never took me.
Come on, Ruth.
When you coming back?
I don't know.
Tonight, tomorrow,
a week from Wednesday?
Don't be

like this.
I just want to know.
Maybe I want to make
my own plans.
I'm not doing
this anymore.
You expect me
to step in,
and do your business
while you are
out gallivanting,
Mike only knows where,
with Mike only knows
what kind of filth!
Jim's working tomorrow.
Well, I won't be here
when you decide
to come back.
Then who's--who's gonna
wash your clothes
and feed you?
Who's gonna talk
to your boss
out of firing you
when he comes
breathing down
your neck again?
I just said Jim's
working tomorrow.
He'll be here.
But not you.
I don't know.
Maybe.
I'll see you
later, okay?
No!
Come on, Ruth.
Why do you
hate me so much?
I don't hate you.
Then why do you keep
trying to get away
from me all the time?
I don't hate you.

Liar.

I just want
to take a drive!
Jesus Christ! Why do
you have to make a fucking
federal case out of it?

All right!

You with your mouth,
just go. Go.

Jesus!

Don't you ever take
the name of the Lord
in vain!

Don't you ever take--

Don't you ever--

take His name in vain
in my house.

[voices from TV]

Well, how do you think
it makes me feel
to be left here?

I did tell him.

No, he doesn't,
he has no idea
how lucky he is.

Lucky he's got
both of us.

[knocking]

That's the door.

I gotta go.

If he shows up there,
you call me, okay?

I'd appreciate it, okay?

'Cause I can't go
through this anymore.

Can I help you?

Hi. We're looking
for storage space.

The office says
it's supposed to be open
but there's nobody there.

Jim's not there?

(man No. 1)

Uh, nobody's there.

Well, I don't have
anything to do with it.
It's my husband's job.
Is he around, maybe?
Come on.

(female voice)

One message.

Message one.

Carl, it's Jim.

I can't come in today.

I really--

Message erased.

End of messages.

[beeps]

Y eah?

Somebody's stuff
is in there.

Nope, it's listed
as an empty.

Uhh, it's not.

Well, somebody
made a mistake.

Maybe you can just
give us another space.

It's not supposed
to have power.

Yeah, well--

It's supposed
to be empty.

They keep a list.

(Man No. 1)

So, are we
moving this?

Uh-uh.

I'll get you
another space.

(male voice on TV)

It's better than

(female voice on TV)

The Buggy Beamer Roach Trap
normally costs \$ 49. 95.

But in this
special offer,

[louder]

we'll give two
Buggy Beamers
for the low, low price
of only \$ 19. 95.
And if
you call now,
we'll include two extra
disposable cartridges free.
You get two Buggy Beamer
roach traps systems,
plus two extra cartridges.
A \$ 1 10 value
for only \$ 19. 95.
plus shipping
and handling.

[male voice, indistinct,
on TV]

(male voice on TV)

What we were trying to do
is find out if there was
anything that we failed
to accomplish in
our investigation.

We have a pattern
that we feel that, uh,
identifies this individual.

So we're missing
one link.

Smith thinks he knows
someone who can find
that missing link.

I should guess that
Nancy was available.

In a case like this,
she can give us
some assistance.

Uh, could open
another door
for us.

I think it's worth
a shot.

Would you contact
her for us?

(male voice No. 2)

That'd be
no problem.
We got the five
all torn up again.
I don't know
when they're ever
gonna finish that thing.
It's been
more than a year.
What happened
to your neck?
Some guy in a bar,
tried to pick a fight.
You got
in a fight?
I'm done with it.
Leaving me here
to rot while you're
out doing
Mike only knows
what perverted thing
with Mike only knows
what kind of slutty
gutter trash!
Come home
all scratched up.
You think
I don't know
what goes on?
I've got my niece
in Tula vista.
She says Steve
and the kids would be
happy to have me.
Then you'll see
what it's like
when you have no one
to come home to.
When you manage
to drag yourself back
to this "h" hole.
I'm sorry.
So you went
to a bar.

Well, mostly
I just drove around.
Went to see Ray.
I called Ray.
He hadn't seen you!
Well, when you called,
I hadn't gotten there yet.
Were you visiting
prostitutes again?
No!
I'm not sticking by you
this time if the cops
come sniffing around.
I'm done with that filth.
Ya hear me?
I'm done with it!
You've been sniffing
around prostitutes,
wettin' your little noodle.
Oh, shut up!
You don't like it
when I talk dirty,
but what do you do?
Huh?
Sticking your thing
in anything that moves.
Mind your
own business!
You stop leaving me
here to mind yours
and I will!
- I see the scratches
on you!
- [door slams]
I know what
you do!
(male voice)
A beautiful blue
Tanzanite Diamond ring.
Thank you.
Do you know anything
about those dead girls?
No.
[light snoring]

(female voice)

Well, it would have
been about, uh,
nineteen,
ninety-three, I think, it was,
no, that's not right. Um,
she was 16,
she left home,
when she was 16.

And that was
the last time--
I wrote to her
and I left messages.

When I had
a number.

She was very angry.
She made it
perfectly clear
she didn't want me
or her stepfather
involved in her life.

Did you know
that she relocated
to Los Angeles?

I thought she might--
go to Hollywood.

She always spoke
about wanting to be
on Tv when
she was little.

But you don't expect--
and they're just
dreams a child has.

All right,
just hang in
for a minute?

Oh.

Oh.

(police officer)

You gonna be around town
for another day?

I was going
to drive home--
tomorrow but

if you need me--
Anything else we need,
we can probably take
care of it over the phone.
Okay.

Okay.

I--I was wondering
if, um,
if--if Krista Kutcher
lived here.

She did.

I was hoping
I could see
her room.

Somebody's in there.
See the girl over there
on the phone?
If she wants
to show it to you,
by my guest.

(girl in booth, weeping)

T ommy, just come
and get me.

Who the fuck
was that?

Go fuck
yourself, T ommy!

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

Do I know you?

I'm sorry,

I just wanted, l--
I spoke to the woman
inside the office.

I was wondering
if I could see
your room.

[clears throat]

Did you know the girl
who used to live here?

Yeah, I knew her.

Were you friends?

We lived together.

It was a nice picture.

Yeah, she liked
that one.
What kind of things
do they make you do?
What?
The men
who pay you.
You're asking me
what I do
on a date?
When you get paid.
Yeah, that's a date.
I don't know,
whatever they want.
Head, usually.
How much
do they pay you?
You a reporter?
You want to do
a story on me?
Let's see,
my mom's dead.
She was a junkie.
She got shot
in the head
in a parking lot.
My dad,
I never knew him.
I grew up in East L.A.
Now I suck off
assholes for cash.
What do you think about that?
I think it's sad.
Yeah, well--
Did Krista ever tell you
where she came from?
A la--wa Washington,
some fucking place,
I don't remember.
Did she tell you
why she ran away?
She probably
wasn't happy.
Did she tell

you why?
Other than her stepfather
sticking his dick in her,
I don't think so.
She probably thought
"Fuck it, I might
as well get paid. "
Fucking mother
was too much
of a dishrag
to do anything about it,
you know, typical.
The husband or the kids,
they always choose
the husband.
Did she tell you that?
What?
That her mother
knew and--
chose him?
She probably
liked it, right?
It took some
of the load off.
Like having
one of your kids
help with the laundry.
You're her mom?
I didn't know.
Okay.
I had no idea.
Well now you know.
This has been really fun
and all but I gotta
get to work.
Maybe I can take
you to lunch.
I don't think so.
I'll pay you.
(hooker)
One time Krista
went totally straight.
No drugs,
no hooking,

she got a job
at a nail salon.
She was like
a fucking Mormon.
All she talked about
was how she wanted
to get her shit together
so that she could bring
her kid to live with us.
And then, Del said
that she would have
to pay extra
so Krista had three jobs
and she was working,
she was doing more drugs
than ever because she
wanted to stay awake.
So she wound up getting
nail polish on this
white lady's wedding ring.
I'm sorry,
Krista had a child?
Yeah, so then
she gets fired
from this nail place.
and she goes on
this fucked up drug mix
like you wouldn't believe.
I didn't hear from her
for like two weeks.
Is it a girl
or a boy?
A girl.
Ashley.
She was really
into that kid.
Always sending her cards
and writing notes
and shit.
Even though
the girl can't read.
It was like she
didn't want her
to grow up hating her.

Where is she?
What?
Where?
Where is she?
[children shouting]
[female voices
speaking Spanish]
Oh.
Hi.
Hi.
Come here.
Hi, sweetheart.
Ashley.
Honey, look at me.
She wants money.
I only have 200.
Is that okay?
Give it to her.
Here. Take it.
Hi, Ashley.
I'm your
momma's momma.
Do you want
to come with
me, honey?
Okay.
Maybe you can sit
in the back with her.
She really stinks.
She needs a bath.
Yeah, with a fucking
fire hose.
Would you watch
your language, please?
Shouldn't you
be using one
of those baby seats?
That's why I'm asking you
to sit in the back with her.
You could get
in an accident.
You expect me
to catch her?
Would it be better

if I just left her here?
Would that be better?
Whatever, man,
I'm just saying.
I don't even know
how I would find
a car seat
around here,
in this neighborhood.
She's not my kid.
I'll buy one tomorrow.
So are you
gonna keep her?
(grandmother)
You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You make me happy
When skies are gray
You'll never know, dear
How much I love you
Shh. Shh. Shh.
You gonna keep her?
I just need to know.
Are you?
I guess that's something
that I have to discuss
with the father.
Good luck.
It could have been
a million guys.
I would've taken her.
I almost went
and got her.
How am I supposed
to take care of her kid?
If you decide
to take her, just--
take care of her.
Did you love
my daughter?
She tried to give me
a necklace, and--
I didn't take it.
I wanted to,

and just couldn't.
Shh. Shh.
You could wait
a minute?
Okay.
She said it made her look
how she wanted to feel.
I live alone now.
And if you want it,
you could come
and stay with me.
Get back
on your feet.
There couldn't be
any drugs in my house
that's something
I just can't have but--
if you want,
you're welcome
to stay.
I don't think so.
Wait.
Wait, wait!
There is my address.
Maybe, you could
write me some time.
"Awapaho, Washington."
I knew it was
something like that.
[female voice singing]
[little boy]
Stop.
Get out!
[slap]
[little girl crying]
You're stupid.
(young girl)
Aw, fuck.
I'm sorry.
Ow!!
Ow!!
That hurt!
You know,
that's not very nice.

(mother)
What's the matter with you?
Get up off the floor!
What did you
do this time?
Nothing.
What did you do?
I'm sick of this,
we're going.
Nice.
Fuck is
that thing?
Shut up.
It's fer my kid.
Hey, you think
you can give me
a ride out to Norwalk?
No, I gotta
get to work.
Not until tonight.
It's my kid's
birthday tomorrow.
Just fucking
FedEx it.
We'll be back in time.
In like two hours.
Do you think I want
to haul your ass out
to fucking Norwalk?
Yes.
Shit.
Here.
Fuck.
You gonna
propose to me?
Yeah, right.
Open it.
Take me to Norwalk
and I'll blow you.
You'll fucking
blow me anyway.
For free.
Open it.
I'd rather

have a ride
to Norwalk.
Just take
the fucking necklace.
[pop music]
Why are you
eating your hair?
'Cause it's delicious.
What does it
taste like?
Mmm,
strawberry pop tarts.
Do you know what?
Cat butt.
[laughs]
Do you know what?
Turtle butt.
Turtles don't
have butts.
Do you know what?
You have a butt.
(mother)
Madison, come over here
and sit by me.
(guy)
Hey, you making friends?
Everywhere I go.
Come on, let's go.
How old is she?
Three and a half.
I got a daughter.
She's gonna be
three tomorrow.
It's a great age.
Yeah.
Yeah.
[rock music on radio]
You doing your
multiplication tables?
When I was a kid,
every birthday,
we'd go through
the Sears catalog
and pick out

what we wanted.
I mean, we'd spend
like days looking
through this thing.
And look
at each thing.
To try and decide
is that the thing
that I most wanted.
So, there was this one year
I decided I wanted this
ventriloquism doll.
So I told my mom
and I'm really excited
about this doll, right?
So, it's my birthday
and my mom puts
this big box
right in front of me
and I'm, like, "Cool."
So I open it
and she got me
this weird puppet thing,
with strings
and I felt sick.
I tried to pretend
that I was happy.
And it fucking went down
like that every year.
I couldn't
figure it out,
"Did I give her
the wrong page? "
No. No. I finally realize
that my fucking mother
couldn't buy anything
that wasn't on
motherfucking sale.
You go to a store
to get jeans
and it didn't matter
which ones looked right,
which ones you wanted,
you had to get

the ones that
were on sale.
Maybe that's why
you're so fucked up.
No, I just don't want
my kid growing up
like that.
I want her to get
what she wants--
and not all the time
so she gets spoiled but--
sometimes.
Sometimes--
you should just get
the thing that you
really want.
Like,
on your actual birthday.
Jesus Christ.
I'll take you
to fucking Norwalk.
Yes, you're the best, man!
Oh, yes!
Is that what
you wanted?
I don't know,
I didn't have a fucking
Sears catalog.
[heavy rock music]
Now it's gonna
get in my way.
I don't care.
I do, I don't wanna have
to wash it again.
You're only supposed
to do it every three days.
So don't wash it.
Then I'll have
your cum
in my hair.
That's nice.
Ohh.
Yeah, for
the next guy.

"Ooh, baby,
you smell
real nice."
[phone rings]
[thud]
(guy)
Fuck.
Shit.
(guy)
I gotta go to work early,
some shit's going down.
You said you'd
take me to Norwalk.
I don't have time
to deal with that.
You promised!
I don't have time
to deal with your shit.
Get your stuff
and I'll drop you
or find your
own ride.
You are such
an asshole!
Give me the fucking bunny
and I'll drop it at
FedEx tomorrow!
Tomorrow's her birthday!
She'll get it the day
after her birthday.
You are such
a selfish asshole!
Just get your shit.
Give me
my fucking money!
I need
my fucking money!
Here's your fucking money!
Get in the truck!
You are
an asshole!
You know that?
Fuck!
Suck your own

fucking cock!
Get in, I'll drop you
off at the corner.
Fuck you, bitch!
Can I borrow
your bike?
You got rent
for me?
It's in the room, Del.
Come on, can
I borrow it, please?
If it'll start.
Thanks, man.
You're the best.
Bring it back
in one piece.
See you later.
[groan]
Oh, I'm sorry, baby.
[groan]
What the fuck?
[gasp]
No, no.
No, don't.
Tell me,
who did this?
Who the fuck
did this?
You could have
killed that motherfucker.
Did Tommy do this?
No.
It wasn't Tommy?
No.
Shh, shh.
Tell me.
Who was it?
Who was it?
This is nice.
Yeah, I got
this for you.
It's got a real
diamond in it.
No, you should wear it,

it looks good on you.
It's because
of Tom, right?
I'm gonna fucking
kick his ass.
I'm gonna fucking
kill that motherfucker.
No, you can't,
stay with me.
No, I can't, baby,
I gotta go.
I gotta drop
something off
for my kid.
I said I gotta go!
Look, when I get back,
I'll fuck you, okay? Okay?
I'll make you
feel good, okay?
You're so fucked up.
Fuck this.
What the fuck--?
Fuck you,
fuck it, Tommy!
Get up!
Get the fuck up!
Get the fuck up!
Let go of me!
Sometimes I think
you bitches like
this shit.
Fuck you,
motherfucker!!
[groans]
Fucker! If you
touch her again,
I'll fucking kill you!
Do you hear me?
I will fucking kill you.
What the fuck
are you fucking cunts
looking at?
Get out of
my fucking face!

[shout]
(Krista)
Motherfuckers!
Shit.
(Krista)
I'm not gonna let anyone
hurt you again.
You believe me,
right, baby?
(black hooker)
Mm-hm.
We're gonna get
out of here.
Where are we
gonna go?
I don't know,
some place where
there's trees and sky,
and you can breathe
the fucking air.
Someplace that's
not so fucked up.
We're gonna get
my kid tomorrow
and we're gonna go, okay?
Hello?
Are you there?
Krista, I gotta go
back to bed, okay?
Are you mad at me?
Don't be mad at me
because I fucking
love you.
Do you love me?
Hmm?
Baby, can you just
tell me you love me?
I really need
to hear it.
I gotta go
back to bed.
Whatever.
Um,
I gotta go.

I gotta go.
Fucker!
Fucker.
Fucker.
Do you know if
they got a FedEx
around here?
I don't know.
Even if they did,
it would be closed.
Shit.
Hey, do you think
you could give me
a ride to Norwalk?
Where?
Norwalk.
I don't think
that's too far from here.
Is that where
you live?
My daughter
lives there.
Tomorrow's her birthday.
Actually, it's already today.
She was born at 12: 13
in the morning.
This,
this was supposed
to be for her but, um,
I kinda fucked it up.
I have to make a stop.
But then I could
probably take you
to Norwalk.
Really?
God!
This is so cool!
Great, I could be there
when she wakes up.
I could bring her
chocolate chip pancakes.
Having your own kid,
is a pretty amazing thing.
You know,

her father was
a real fucking asshole.
The whole time
she was in me
I was afraid
she would come
out looking like him but,
she didn't.
She looked
just like me.
A whole lot prettier.
You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You make me happy
When skies are gray
You'll never know, dear
How much I love you
Please don't take
My sunshine away
[sad music]