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# Eating Raoul

By Paul Bartel

Hollywood, California.  
City of contrast.  
Home to the rich and powerful...  
...yet so popular  
with the broken and destitute.  
Here, sex hunger is reflected  
in every aspect of daily life...  
...and instant gratification  
is tirelessly pursued.  
A center of casual violence  
and capricious harassment...  
...where rampant vice and amorality  
permeate every strata of society.  
The barrier between food  
and sex has dissolved.  
It is a fact that prolonged exposure  
to such a psychopathic environment...  
...will eventually warp even the most  
normal and decent among us.  
This, then, is the story  
of Hollywood today.  
Not a pretty story, but presented  
here exactly as it happened.  
Really? Stomach cramps?  
But it's such a good buy.  
So is lighter fluid at \$ 1.50 a pint...  
...but I wouldn't serve it  
to my dinner guests.  
- Forget about Mountain Brook.  
- My date wouldn't know the difference.  
How about a nice...  
...Beaujolais?  
I'm sure it would go very well  
with your meat.  
- How much?  
- \$3.50 plus tax.  
All right.  
I'll take it on your say-so.  
Now, you let me know  
if you're not completely satisfied.  
With the wine, you mean?  
Bland, did you refuse that customer  
a bottle of Mountain Brook?  
I certainly did. It's undrinkable.

I'm not interested in your opinion,  
Mr. Gourmet.

If a customer wants a wine  
that we carry, that's what he gets.  
I tried a bottle. It made me sick.  
It makes me three times as sick if I get  
stuck with those 10 cases we got.

- I think this man...

- Another thing.

Who told you to order a case  
of Chateau Lafitte Rothschild?  
This stuff goes for \$400 a bottle.

We don't have customers for that.

You got your head up your ass?

I think this man...

Excuse me, one of you mind giving me  
the money out of that register?

- What?

- Give me money out of the register...  
...and make it fast.

- Mr. Kray, you killed him.

- Yeah.

Now, how about that Chateau Lafitte?

Dr. Benihana, Dr. Benihana,  
you're wanted in Neurosurgery.

Dr. Benihana, Dr. Benihana,  
you're wanted in Neurosurgery.

What's this garbage?

Liver puree, asparagus salad  
and mixed fruit mash.

- Make a new man of you.

- Christ!

Hey, Mary, Paul called.

He's leaving work early.

He'll pick you up after work.

- Okay, thanks, Sheila.

- Paul?

Isn't that the dumpy dude  
who came by for you a few days ago?

- Boy, he seems like a giant hard-off.

- He happens to be my husband.

Baby, you got a problem.

And we could solve it so easily.

Oh, what's that supposed to mean?

With your shape, that's like  
wasting a natural resource.

- Open your mouth.

- Lf I do, will you open your legs?

I might do something for you,  
if you would do something for me.

Eat that.

Dewey, how would you  
like to unblock golden boy?

Love to.

- Okay, I'm ready.

- I can see you are.

I bet you thought I was  
gonna run out on you.

No. You know a good thing  
when you see it.

Hey, Mary.

They want you down in the kitchen.

I was about to give Mr. Baker  
his high colonic.

- What?

- Don't worry, I'll do it for you.

Dewey, would you? But try not to tear  
anything like you did last time. Bye.

- Hey!

- Don't worry.

She's just kidding.

Actually, enemas are my specialty.

What a luxury to be picked up.

How was your day?

Not great.

- What's wrong?

- I have a little headache.

I hope it goes away

when James comes.

That's all right.

We're having chicken cacciatore.

I hope this place that James found  
is gonna be as good as it sounds.

I was thinking about what  
we should name it.

I know that you love Chez Bland  
and I do too...

...but, well, what if we just called it

Paul and Mary's Country Kitchen?

I have to take her to these parties  
and watch her get laid.

- God, wives are the pits.

- Tell me about it.

- So are you two going to the party?

- We live here.

Too bad.

Excuse us.

- Hey, you guys, this is the floor.

- All right!

Hey, come down to 234.

We'll get it on.

You live in the building.

You must swing, right?

Wrong. Good night.

Well, you don't,

but I'll bet anything she does.

This building is beginning  
to attract some real scum.

Oh, no. I don't believe it.

\$ 175-a-month rent increase?

How are we gonna pay that?

Don't worry, honey. We can live  
on our Instacash card for a while.

Aren't you forgetting something?

It was cancelled for nonpayment.

Well, we still have our jobs.

- Oh, no, Paul.

- I told him not to buy cheap wine.

Bad wine at a bargain price  
is no bargain.

- But what does he care?

- It's not your fault.

We just weren't meant to work  
in shops or hospitals.

All those bills and no credit.

What are we gonna...?

Let's sell your mother's collection  
of fabulous '50s furniture.

Oh, no, Paul. You know Mama  
only loaned it to us until she dies.

Well, there's that money we set aside  
for the restaurant down payment.

But that won't keep us for very long.  
You'll get another job. I could get  
a raise. We'll get by somehow.  
- James! What am I gonna say to him?  
- Paul, don't say anything to him.  
Stall him. I just don't want that  
restaurant to slip through our fingers.  
How you doing, pal?  
Am I early, or what?  
The early bird gets the pussy,  
am I right?  
Jesus, she looks like  
a party all to herself.  
Now, come on, get out of here!  
Get out of here!  
You don't screw her! Someone should.  
Might as well be me.  
I'll screw you later, sweetheart.  
Hey, baby!  
You shouldn't have done that.  
- Oh, my God.  
- He's gonna do it again.  
- Paul, quick, get him in the bathroom.  
- I'm sorry.  
- Come on, come on.  
- Oh, I'm sorry.  
No, no. Some things  
are private, man.  
I've gotta spray the room  
with something. This smell!  
I just don't know why they let  
swingers in the building.  
Because they're so transient,  
that's why.  
They're always pairing up,  
switching off, moving in and out...  
...and the landlords get to raise  
the rent every 10 minutes.  
Sexual liberation.  
Just look what it's brought us.  
That is exactly the sort of person  
we'll refuse to serve in our restaurant.  
Now what?  
Hello? What article?

Oh, Bon Appetit. Yeah, that's me.  
Yes, I have a few bottles of that.  
No, I don't think I'd be interested.  
All right, I tell you what, Mr. Peck.  
If I do, I'll give you a call, okay?  
- Thank you. Goodbye.  
- Who was that?  
Some wine collector from New York  
staying at the Wilton.  
Wanted to buy some of  
my Chateau Lafitte. Fat chance.  
That reminds me.  
What are we drinking tonight?  
James is from the Valley.  
He probably likes Chablis.  
James. I forgot all about James. We  
can't have that guy here if he comes.  
Hello?  
- Hello, can you hear me?  
- Maybe he's asleep.  
Hello?  
Oh, my God.  
Hey, come on, wake up.  
You've gotta go now.  
Come on, wake up.  
He doesn't seem to be breathing.  
- Do you think he drowned in the toilet?  
- Well, he's not breathing.  
What do you think?  
- He's dead!  
- Great. What do we do now?  
- I don't know. Call the police?  
- Well, call the police. Call the police!  
Use the emergency number.  
I hope they hurry.  
Hello, officer, is this the police?  
Yes, who do I speak to  
to report a murder?  
Not a murder, an accidental death.  
Officer, I'm sorry,  
an accidental death.  
Guess what?  
No. I think you have  
the wrong number.

- What are you gonna do with him?  
- Help him find his party.  
Come on.  
Good luck.  
- Welcome to paradise.  
- I've got to go.  
Come on. What's your hurry?  
Look at this place.  
It's like a free candy store,  
and you can eat any piece you find.  
I've really got to go now. My wife...  
Your wife.  
How pussy-whipped can you get?  
Look around you. Look at her.  
She has eyes for you. She digs you.  
- Really!  
- She's your type too.  
- You've seen it many times before.  
- Yeah, but it's not the same one.  
Look what he's stirring his drink with.  
How gross!  
I have to go. We're having a friend  
for dinner, and if I don't get back...  
Why are you so uptight, huh?  
You're just trying to prevent yourself  
from having a good time...  
...from getting laid,  
from getting free.  
Right. Good night.  
You look like you  
need discipline, slave.  
I have to go, really.  
We're having a friend to dinner.  
Lick my boot, pig!  
Paul?  
James' office called.  
He'll be here in 15 minutes.  
- Hello, baby.  
- Where's Paul?  
He's busy with the Marquis de Sade,  
so I thought I'd get it on with you.  
- No, thank you.  
- That's all you're gonna say?  
You won't help my ego by telling me



you got a weird pussy disease?  
You get out of here!  
Come on, honey.  
Listen, don't be that way.  
Under these expensive clothes  
is a real lonely human being.  
So come on, be nice to me!  
Be nice to me!  
No! Get off me!  
Help, Paul!  
Paul! Help me! No! No!  
Get him off me, Paul!  
Paul! Paul, stop it!  
You killed him!  
- You killed him!  
- What?  
- He's dead. He's really dead.  
- Oh, shit! That's all I need.  
What will we do now?  
We can't call the police this time.  
I don't know what to do.  
Let's put him in the hallway  
by the swingers' place.  
They'll think  
he fell down accidentally.  
Mary, look at this.  
This guy is a junior officer  
at the Bank of San Fernando.  
He must have \$600 here.  
"Ed Folsely Jr.,  
Credit Card Division."  
Think he's the one  
who cancelled our credit card?  
James!  
What are we gonna say?  
Take the money and put that back.  
The police may go through the wallet  
and find the money missing.  
Leave a little money,  
and they don't mind.  
I don't wanna leave any of it!  
This guy threw up on our carpet.  
He cancelled our Instacash card.  
He owes us at least \$600.

- I'm not...

- Just a minute!

\$600. Think if it. That could buy a lot of things. I won't put that back. Don't put the money back. Just make sure James doesn't come in here.

- What will I say?

- Give him a drink.

- Make small talk.

- I can't.

You can. Get out there and just be calm. Just talk to James and don't let him come in. Oh, Paul, hi. The door was open. I just came right in. Are you and Mary having a little argument? I heard some noise in the kitchen. I thought perhaps you... No, she's just finishing dinner. It'll be ready in a minute.

- I was helping her pound the veal.

- The veal? Veal's my favorite food. But it's so expensive. You shouldn't have. Well, actually, the veal is for tomorrow night. We're having chicken. Okay.

- Would you like a drink? I know I do.

- Yeah.

- What can I get you?

- Whiskey would be fine.

"Whiskey would be fine."

"Whiskey would be fine."

He wants some whiskey.

- We're both gonna end up in prison.

- No, we're not. We're gonna end up in the country with our own nice little restaurant. None of this ever happened. Now, you take this drink to James... ..and dinner will be ready in five minutes.

Mary, I just killed a man.  
He was a man, honey.  
Now he's just a bag of garbage.  
I can't imagine anything more perfect.

- What's the down payment?  
- Twenty thousand.  
- In two weeks?  
- Well, it's a great place.  
It's gonna go pretty quick.  
It's gonna get a taker.  
I just hope it's you.  
Look, I hate to eat and run. But I have  
homework to catch up on at home.  
So let me know about the place  
as soon as you can.

- We will.  
- You'll hear from us soon.  
Oh, good. Okay, goodbye.

- Good night.  
- Thanks for dinner.  
- You're welcome.  
- Good night. Bye.

Where are we gonna get \$20,000?  
Come on.  
Help me take out the garbage.  
You know, I was thinking about  
going to the bank tomorrow for a loan.

- Well, what do you think?  
- I guess it took him.  
- I mean about the bank and the loan.  
- What loan?  
I was thinking about going to the bank  
and getting a loan.  
No bank is gonna loan us  
any \$20,000.  
No, I know that.  
But a bank might loan us 10,000.  
And then we could sell  
some of your wine collection.

- Sell some of my wine collection?  
- Why not?

Mary, you know I've been saving  
that wine for our restaurant.  
But, honey, if we don't do something,

there's not gonna be any restaurant.

What if you just sold a few  
of the most expensive bottles.

A few. Like, four?

- How about eight?

- Eight?

Well, okay, six.

How much would that bring us?

Six would bring us, I don't know,  
about 500 a bottle.

That's \$3000.

Paul, that would be such a help.

Yeah, 3000. Okay.

Paul and Mary Bland announce  
the opening of their new restaurant.

Mary, if we call it  
the Country Kitchen...

...can the specialty still be  
the Bland enchilada?

I hope so. It's the best thing I do.

We have to find the money  
for the restaurant first.

Isn't this man from New York rich?

He's staying at the Beverly Wilton.

He can't be broke.

Well, if he buys the wine,  
and I get the loan from the bank...

...perhaps, maybe  
we can swing this.

- Paul?

- Yeah.

- Where's my brush?

- Oh, it's in the bureau, honey.

- Paul?

- Yeah.

- What's this?

- What's what?

This card.

"Doris the Dominatrix. Discipline.

Mild or severe as you require.

Call for an appointment."

Oh, that. She's some madwoman  
who attacks people with a whip.  
She was at that swingers party.

- She gave you her card?  
- She gave everybody her card.  
That's disgusting.  
Apparently, a lot of swingers  
enjoy that sort of thing.  
I don't mind a little hugging  
and kissing.  
But that...  
Mary?  
What do you think makes them go  
for that weird stuff?  
- Are they crazy?  
- They're sick.  
This world is overflowing  
with millions of sexual freaks.  
We're so lucky  
to have found each other.  
I know. Good night, dear.  
Sweet dreams.  
So how long will you be gone?  
I don't know. As long as it takes  
to apply for a loan.  
You'll probably get it. That dress  
sure shows off your collateral.  
Think so?  
Thanks for covering for me, Sheila.  
Cleanup crew, you are needed  
in Intensive Care.  
That was pretty nasty what you let  
that creep do to me yesterday.  
- Whatever it was, it must have worked.  
- Yeah, they're letting me out.  
Congratulations. Goodbye.  
Not so fast. Why don't you let me  
buy you a drink or something?  
Forget it.  
What are you doing? I have an  
appointment. I'm gonna be late now.  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...  
- Is this you? "Doris the Dominatrix"?  
- That's right, buster.  
And I'm out of your league.  
Stay away from me, or I'll whip you!  
I thought you were a lot more hip

than you let on.  
How about telling me where she lives.  
Mr. Baker, that's against regulations.  
Mr. Bland, how are you?  
I'm John Peck.  
- How do you do?  
- You brought them. Good.  
Let's put the little beauties  
down here on the coffee table.  
Yes, excellent.  
Lovely year, lovely.  
Are you hungry?  
I was about to go to the restaurant.  
We can leave these here.  
No one will trouble them.  
I'll buy you dejeuner, and we'll haggle  
about price over the steak tartare.  
It's not George Cinq, but you'll  
find the cuisine here palatable.  
I'm often amazed in my travels...  
- Oh, I only want to sell six.  
- Six? Is that all?  
Oh, well, that's too bad.  
Well, I suppose one takes  
what one can get in this life, eh?  
Would you excuse me?  
I have to cash some traveler's checks.  
Thank you.  
Mrs. Bland, nice to see you.  
Please, sit down.  
I have your loan application  
right here. Let's see.  
You and Mr. Bland wish to purchase  
a restaurant out in Valencia.  
Yes, that's right.  
Have you or your husband  
ever been in the rest...?  
No, but I've been a nutritionist  
at General Parker...  
...and my husband has been a  
wine merchant for several years now.  
Well, looking at you, Mrs. Bland,  
I have no doubt in my mind...  
...that you would be a success

at anything you put your hand to.

Well, thank you very much,

Mr. Leech.

I would relish the possibility  
of becoming one of your clientele.  
Both my husband and I would really  
like you to come to our restaurant.

If we get it.

It was actually more your hospitality  
that I was thinking about, Mrs. Bland.

Your enthusiasm is  
very encouraging, Mr. Leech.

Thank you, Mrs. Bland.

I'm feeling quite encouraged myself.

- You through with this?

- Yes.

Good, I'll go bury it.

Mr. Peck?

Every weekend I give a party...

...for some of my more  
sexually liberated friends.

Many of them are bank customers  
like yourself.

Could you come next weekend?

You can bring your husband.

That's nice. But it's getting late,  
and I have to get back to the hospital.

So if you would just...

I'd like to help you  
in every way I can.

But I have to be sure you'll comply  
with the bank's wishes.

Ten thousand dollars  
is a great deal of money.

The bank has nothing  
to worry about.

It'll get everything  
that's coming to it.

It's just the bank wants to see  
what it's getting into.

If I could just, sort of, poke around  
in your safety deposit box.

Stop it, you pervert!

You're like everybody else!

- Mr. Leech!  
- Are you all right, Mr. Leech?  
I rejected this woman's loan  
on grounds of insufficient credit.  
In desperation, she made advances  
to me, which I repulsed.  
- Liar!  
- Get her out of here, Thomas.  
Never mind about the police.  
She's upset.  
Pervert! Hypocrite! Rapist! Psycho!  
You swinger, you!  
You're letting that woman go?  
Gosh, Mr. Leech,  
you're such a good man.  
Thank you, Miss Adams.  
Have I told you about the party  
I'm giving this weekend?  
- Paul?  
- Yeah.  
- He didn't buy?  
- Buy?  
He stole all six bottles.  
Did you get the loan?  
No. The creep tried to put  
the make on me.  
People are pigs.  
How do they get away with it?  
Why should they live so well when  
good people like us get shafted?  
I don't know. The next person  
who puts his hands on me...  
...is gonna get shafted right back.  
Mary, honey?  
- What?  
- My back hurts.  
- Would you walk on it for me?  
- Sure.  
- Hi, Doris.  
- What are you doing here? Get out!  
I didn't blow your cover  
at the hospital.  
- Mary, who is this guy?  
- He's a patient from the hospital.



Nobody? I got money.

You want big bucks? I got them.

I don't mind paying cash for gash  
as long as it's class.

- What do you think you're doing?

- You knew I was into rape fantasies.

- Mister, get off her! Are you crazy?

- I told you. I can't wait.

Listen, don't worry about it.

You can have her back  
just as soon as I'm finished.

Dynamite!

Charge!

- Paul! Paul!

- I know you're acting.

You'll get so hot, you'll burn a hole  
right through the couch.

- Get off me!

- Jesus, you're so...

- Are you all right?

- Goddamn swinger.

- Dead.

- Good.

Paul, there's nearly \$500 here.

These swinger-types  
always seem to have money.

Well, now it's ours.

You want his watch?

Thanks.

Do you realize that we have made  
almost \$ 1000 in two days, tax-free?

Just by killing people.

Horrible, sex-crazed maniacs  
that nobody in the world would miss.

I wonder how much we could make  
if we really put our minds to it.

- What do you mean?

- This city is full of rich perverts.

If somehow we could  
get them to come here...

But, Mary, why would they?

We'd have to lure them with...

Sex.

But you wouldn't really have to...?

I mean, you wouldn't actually do anything?

Of course not.

The minute they try anything dirty...

...you pop them in the head and get rid of them, like with him.

How would we contact them? We know nothing about this swinger business.

Ask someone who does.

All of them read this?

- Isn't there something a little more...?

- Classier?

Nope, this paper covers the field from the richest to the poorest.

If they're kinky, they read

The Hollywood Press.

Come on, honey, you like this.

You know, if you steam fresh vegetables...

...and puree them in a blender, it would be better for your baby.

- Mary's a nutritionist.

- No kidding? Does that pay well?

About 450 after taxes.

Honey, you'll make a hell of a lot more in my racket.

Are you gonna work with her?

Why not? You get the bi and gay trade that way.

Those people have a lot of money, believe me.

- I don't think...

- I understand.

Everybody's gotta make up his own mind about where to draw the line.

Like, I personally draw the line at golden showers.

Golden showers?

- Did you ever do any acting?

- I did some in high school.

Well, that's all it is, is acting.

Lick my sneakers, you little worm!

See what I mean? It's easy.

Lick my sneaker, you little worm.

See, you're a natural.  
That's my laundry.  
If I don't get it into the dryer quickly,  
it'll wrinkle.  
Was there anything else  
you want to ask?  
- No, I think we covered it.  
- Really, there's nothing to it.  
Just remember  
to get the money up front...  
...and whatever they want to do,  
stop if it draws blood.  
I'll bet we could get started  
on this for about \$400.  
- We have to take out an ad first.  
- And I have to rent a post office box.  
Paul, we have a ticket!  
No, it's just a flier.  
Wait, wait. What is it?  
Some lock service  
that puts in new locks cheap.  
Twelve ninety-five.  
When Mrs. Berkowitz was robbed...  
...it cost her \$35  
to put new locks in.  
Twelve ninety-five isn't a bad price.  
"Raoul's Lock and Key Service."  
Raoul. Probably just got  
in from Guadalajara.  
I think it's a good idea.  
- What's a good idea?  
- Putting in new locks.  
We don't want people wandering in  
when we're bopping perverts.  
Look, Mary, our ad's out.  
"We do anything."  
Well, that's certainly  
laying it on the line.  
"Whatever your sex fantasies,  
from ordinary to bizarre...  
...Carla and Nancy  
will accommodate you."  
- Cute names.  
- Well, what do you think?

- Does that answer your question?

- All that in the box today?

Our first clients. You go first.

"Dear Mommy,

here is an indecent picture of me.

As you can see,

I have been a very bad boy...

...and I hope you will discipline me  
very severely.

Yours, Bobby R."

He left a phone number.

Well, there's a phone.

Hello, is this Bobby R.?

Well, this is your mother calling,  
Cruel Carla.

Were you expecting my call?

Insult him. Call him names.

Yes, Bobby, you little worm.

I saw what you did...

...and I'm going to teach you a lesson  
you're never gonna forget.

But it's gonna cost you a lot.

How much?

- It's gonna cost you...

- Three hundred dollars.

It's gonna cost you \$300.

Yes.

He said yes.

Address.

All right. I want you to come  
to 525 Oxford Lane at 7:00.

And bring cash, you little jerk.

No checks and no credit cards!

Thank you.

Wow. Well, how did I do?

- He's coming, isn't he?

- Yeah.

Let's call another one.

I think we can do two a night.

- How about this guy for 9:00?

- Two?

Yeah, but he's got

a Beverly Hills address.

See if he'll go \$350.

Who could that be?

Just a minute. Who is it?

- Lock service.

- Lock service?

Hello. Lock service.

- Are you the lady of the house?

- Yes. This is my husband.

- Hello.

- Hello.

Okay. Okay, let's take a look around here.

- You ain't got no back door?

- No. Why?

- This is the main point of entry.

- What other would there be?

A place you wouldn't think of.

Like the windows.

- The windows?

- Yeah, these thieves are slick.

- But we're on the 5th floor.

- You think that will stop them?

- I just don't see how anybody could...

- Look, I don't want to argue with you.

- It's a good thing you called me.

- Why?

Any thief could open this lock with a plastic card or flexible ruler.

- How?

- See?

- Good heavens.

- Oh, my God.

There's only four screws holding it in place.

One good kick, and it will be gone.

- Now, I could put in a new one for \$20.

- It said \$ 12.95 in your flier.

Oh, that was the old price.

Everything's going up.

Well, yeah, but...

- This is a nice place you got here.

- Thank you.

It would be a crime to let some punk burglar break in and take all your...

- Do you keep anything of value here?

- No.

What about your wine collection?

My husband collects very good wine.

Oh, yeah?

Is that worth much?

- Some of the bottles are worth \$500.

- Mary!

- Well, they are.

- Oh, yeah?

- Don't wanna take a chance with that.

- Well...

If anybody breaks through one  
of my locks...

...I guarantee not only  
to replace the lock...

...but the value of anything stolen.

- How often does that happen?

- Never.

What about these windows?

Are these really a problem?

In most cases, no.

Of course, there's always a chance.

Well, how much would it cost  
for the windows?

- Eight hundred dollars.

- What?

Well, you just can't put on locks.

You gotta put up bars...

...and wire the windows  
to the alarm system...

...that activates  
a signal to the police.

Forget it.

- Mr...?

- Call me Raoul.

Mr. Raoul, are you at all familiar  
with handcuffs?

Once or twice. Why?

How much would it cost to put sets  
of handcuffs in the walls?

You wanna put handcuffs  
in your wall?

Just as a decorative motif.

Oh, well, never mind.

- When can you do the locks?  
- Hey, right now.  
Trust me.  
You ain't gonna spend  
another insecure night in this place.  
Mr. Rabbit said,  
"Do you promise not to eat me?"  
And Mrs. Fox said,  
"Give me \$500."  
I've been very bad,  
haven't I, Mommy?  
Are you gonna teach me a good  
lesson? Are you going to spank me?  
Yes, you have been bad, Bobby,  
and I am gonna spank you.  
How hard?  
So hard you won't be able  
to sit down, ever.  
Like hell you will.  
Screw you, Mommy, you hostile bitch.  
Just a minute. I'll be back.  
What is taking you so long?  
Can't you get him to do something  
to you? Hit you?  
I can't hit him  
if he doesn't anger me.  
Honestly, Paul.  
I made a mess.  
Look, Bobby,  
if you want Mommy to discipline you...  
...you're going to have to do  
what Mommy likes.  
Oh, yes, Bobby, Mommy likes that.  
Don't bite me there, Bobby.  
Oh, Bobby, please, no.  
Bobby. Oh, stop, stop, I can't stand it.  
Please, you're hurting me.  
Bobby, don't bite me there!  
No, please.  
- Where did he get you?  
- He didn't get me.  
I was pretending to get you out here.  
This may turn out to be harder  
than we thought.

Very well, Fraulein.  
I ask you again,  
and if I do not get an answer...  
...you will force me to give you pain.  
Where are they hiding?  
What? You still have no memory?  
I don't know why it is  
that I feel so merciful today.  
Fraulein, perhaps...  
...it is because you look  
so innocent...  
...so respectful of me.  
Or perhaps it is because I know  
that the more you wait for the pain...  
...the more you will enjoy the pain.  
Even now...  
...these creamy white shoulders  
are aching for the lash.  
I will never tell you where they are,  
you filthy Nazi pig.  
So...  
...you want to play rough, do you?  
I will show you rough.  
What an ordeal.  
I thought he would never stop talking.  
Nobody can say  
we don't earn this money.  
A check!  
I told him not to bring a check!  
After this, no more actors, okay?  
Why don't you go to bed, honey.  
I'll bag the Nazi and straighten up.  
Okay. I'll see you in a little while.  
Good night.  
- Paul, where's the money?  
- Wasn't it here?  
- Did you take it into the bedroom?  
- Of course I...  
- Somebody's in the apartment.  
- They're in the kitchen.  
Come on.  
- The lock man.  
- Should've known it was too cheap...  
...to be true. Okay, Raoul.



Give us the money back.

- What money?
- The money you took. Give it back.
- Why? Is it yours?
- Of course it's ours.

Maybe it belongs to that vato  
in the bag there.

- That was an accident.
- And the other one?
- That was another accident.
- What happened?
- The gas in the kitchen.
- He was hit by lightning.

You know what I think?

I think you killed these people.

You don't want the police to know.

So, what if we did kill them? What  
makes you think we won't kill you?

You can try,

but I'm willing to make a deal.

We're not giving up any money.

Why should we give up any?

We had to kill two people to get it.

You killed two people  
for less than \$ 1000?

- One of them shortchanged us.
- Seems like a lot of work for not much.

It was easy. We lured those people  
here with an ad...

...in The Hollywood Press,  
then I hit them with this.

- The Hollywood Press?
- Right. This is Naughty Nancy.

No.

- And Cruel Carla.
- No, I don't believe it.
- You don't believe it?
- Show him the ad.

Come here.

Oh, man, that's fantastic.

You know, I was gonna  
answer that ad myself.

I gotta hand it to you, you guys got  
a very original scam going here.

- Well, it was mostly Mary's idea.  
- Paul's just being modest.  
It is so sweet to see such  
a loving couple as yourselves.  
- Now, about this proposition...  
- We're not interested.  
You want the money?  
I'll give you back the money.  
- All I want is the cadavers.  
- The what?  
The bodies.  
What do you want them for?  
That's my business.  
But I'm gonna split it with you 50-50.  
You take their cash,  
you give me everything else.  
We're gonna make a nice profit.  
Two, \$300 each.  
- That's ridiculous, those...  
- It's a deal. No more trash compactor.  
How do we know  
he won't go to the police?  
Yeah, right, pendejo.  
I'm a fucking professional thief, man.  
Well, all right.  
We'll give you the two bodies  
we have at the moment.  
Then, in a few days,  
if you bring back the money...  
...we'll have some more for you.  
Now, do we get the cash back?  
But of course.  
Well, that was easy.  
Maybe for you.  
Watch out for his sword.  
This costume is so hot.  
Yeah, well, for \$400,  
you could be Humpty Dumpty.  
Paul, believe me,  
I'm not complaining.  
- Who is it?  
- It's me, Raoul.  
- Did you bring the money?  
- Come on, let me in.

- What is she supposed to be?

- A cartoon mouse.

Man, I hate to see a beautiful woman degraded like that.

Yeah, well, we don't choose these fantasies, they do.

Come on, help me get this guy into the bag.

Excuse me.

Well, let's have it. How much cash did you get for those two stiffs?

Fourteen hundred dollars.

That makes your share \$ 700.

Raoul, that's wonderful.

That ring that one guy had. Must have been worth quite a lot, huh?

Gold plate and cut glass?

Worth maybe \$20, \$30.

I could have told you that ring wasn't worth anything.

How much does the King pay for raw material?

- Fifty cents a pound.

- Fifty cents a pound? All right, man.

Tomorrow I'm gonna bring you four or 500 pounds.

I don't know. I don't like to fuck around with the King.

It's my job, you know?

Hey, I don't shit where I eat.

Yeah, I know what you mean.

Okay, listen.

I'm gonna take care of you.

Want a 30-inch color TV?

You got it.

But you gotta take this stuff from me.

It's perfect. It's fresh.

No, man! Forget the TV!

I need wheels.

- Is that all you need, is wheels, ese?

- Yeah.

- I'll get you fine wheels, all right?

- All right.

That hippie guy's not gonna show.

We've wasted \$ 70 on this light show.

**- Who's the 9:**

- Some sickie with a Great Dane.
- A Great Dane?
- Five hundred dollars.
- Do we have to kill the dog too?
- Probably.

Might lead somebody  
back here otherwise.

Why don't we give the dog to Raoul  
as a present?

Sorry, it was just a thought.

- Are you hungry?
- I'm starving.

Me too. I'm gonna go to the store.

Chicken all right?

Yes, but go to Ralphps.

I like their produce better.

Okay.

- Oh, and Paul.
- Yeah?

Could you buy another frying pan?

I'm squeamish about cooking  
in the one we're using to kill people.

Yeah, sure.

What'd you do, forget your keys?

- Paul...
- Hey, baby. Groovy outfit.
- You're late, so...
- I can't be late. Time is all relative.

Wait a minute, I'm peaking. The music  
is the Dead. The incense, coconut.

- I'm afraid that...
- Oh, don't be afraid! Don't be afraid.

Fear is a mind trap, baby. What we  
fear is the past becoming the future.

What we really have is now.

- There's been some mistake, and so...
- Oh, I know the mistake!

You want me to cool you out  
and make you less uptight.

I know how to do that.

A little Thai stick. You like that.

No, I don't want any Thai stick,  
and I don't want to get cooled out.  
- I would just like you to leave...  
- You're bumming me out.  
I'm trying to play ball with you here.  
I'm trying your lingo,  
but you're making me uptight.  
- You think I'm an uncool dude?  
- No.  
You think just because I've got  
a Ronson lighter I'm an uncool dude?  
I've been to hell and back, bitch.  
While you were sitting at home  
watching Captain Kangaroo...  
...I was in Nam defending your ass.  
But, oh, I'm not hip enough for you.  
I didn't know that you hippie broads  
wore underwear.  
- It's a costume.  
- Sure, it's a costume.  
- Get off me!  
- Oh, look out! Here comes the duke.  
Get off me!  
Look at this.  
How much?  
A lot, chiquita.  
Does that make you feel better?  
Do you feel comfortable now?  
Hey, look.  
- It's Thai stick.  
- What is that stuff?  
- You never had Thai?  
- No. Is it good?  
Oh, it's the best. Try some.  
It'll make you feel real good.  
- No.  
- Just inhale it real deep and hold it.  
- I can't.  
- That's okay. Try it again.  
Is it good?  
It makes me feel funny.  
I feel warm.  
Yeah, like your blood has fire in it.  
- I think I should get dressed now.

- You should be dressed...  
...but only in the most beautiful furs.  
The finest silk next to your fine body.  
I have to get up.  
You should have servants  
to massage you and pamper you.  
A sexy woman like you  
should always be relaxed.  
Like a beautiful...  
...rich...  
...purring cat.  
The lights.  
Turn out the lights.  
I got kind of carried away, honey. L...  
What are you doing here?  
It's a good thing he came.  
If it wasn't for him...  
...this creep would've raped me.  
The guy we thought wouldn't show?  
- I strangled him with his beads.  
- You did, huh? Well, thanks.  
- How much money did he have?  
- Seven hundred dollars.  
And here's \$300 from the last one.  
That's friction from the rug.  
It makes an electrical charge.  
Well, Paul, I'd say this has been  
a pretty profitable evening for you.  
Yeah, not bad.  
- I better be going.  
- Yeah.  
- I'll see you guys tomorrow night.  
- Can you manage him?  
He's teaching you Spanish now?  
That way he can talk to you...  
...behind my back?  
- Don't be silly.  
Everybody knows what  
"vayas con dios" means.  
- How come there's only \$900 here?  
- I gave 100 to Raoul.  
After all, he did kill him.  
I suppose he earned it. I don't know,  
Mary. I just don't trust that guy.

Paul, you act as if we're lovers  
or something.

- What time's the next one due?

- 9:

Would you knock him off  
really quickly? I'm kind of tired.  
You sure you wouldn't rather have  
Raoul come back and do it?

There he is.

What do I look like?

Great.

Oh, great.

Trigger likes you already.

Attention, all male nurses,  
your dance...

- Excuse me.

...is cancelled for this evening.

I got an appointment  
to see Mrs. Bland, the nurse.

- It's for an examination.

- A physical examination?

Yeah, I think I got TB or something.

You'll find Mrs. Bland down the hall  
and to your left. Room 145.

Attention, all male nurses, your dance  
is cancelled for this evening.

Come in.

She gave me a funny look  
when I asked for you.

- Never mind her. Take off your shirt.

- What for?

I want it to look as though I'm  
examining you if anybody comes in.

You want me to take off  
my pants too?

Then maybe you'd like me  
to take off your pants?

Raoul, I agreed  
to see you because...

...I think we should discuss  
what happened the other night.

Yeah. That's all I've been  
thinking about for three days.

It was a mistake, that's all.  
I don't want you to think  
that it could ever happen again.  
I'm not about to risk my marriage for  
the sake of some low animal attraction.  
What risk?  
Your husband's never gonna know.  
Yes, he will!  
We know each other too well.  
He can sense  
when something's different.  
Maybe you're right.  
Maybe we should tell him everything.  
- Are you crazy?  
- Yeah, I'm crazy! About you, chiquita!  
I don't care about your husband  
or the money.  
- I don't care about nothing but you!  
- That's ridiculous.  
You don't understand  
who you're dealing with.  
I'm a hot-blooded, emotional,  
crazy Chicano.  
I think you're a calculating  
little bastard.  
Bastard?  
All right, then. I'm gonna go to your  
husband and tell him everything!  
And then we'll have to fight for you,  
man to man.  
A man in love will do anything,  
and I am a man in love.  
And I think you're a little in love  
with me too, huh?  
Don't be silly. That's nonsense.  
I'm not in love with you.  
I was confused that night because  
of that cigarette that you gave me.  
You'll like it even better  
the second time.  
If I'm wrong...  
...I'll never bother you again.  
Is it a deal?  
- You'll say nothing to Paul?



- I promise.  
Come on, chiquita.  
I wanna make love to you.  
Well...  
...just this once, but as long as you  
turn out the lights.  
Any way you like it.  
And I know you're gonna like it.  
Here.  
You remember the way  
I taught you to smoke this?  
I think so.  
Oh, baby, I'm gonna drive you crazy.  
- Have you seen Mary?  
- Not for a half-hour or so. Why?

**It's past 1:**

ward that hasn't had its lunch yet.  
Hold down the desk.  
I'll see if I can find her.  
Make it snappy. Those amputees  
get mean if they don't get their grub.  
This was very wrong.  
You didn't think that a little while ago.  
Then you didn't wanna stop.  
Mary, if you've finished  
your examination...  
...you're wanted in B ward.  
Oh, my God. It's after 1:00.  
Shush! Someone's gonna hear you.  
You know, chiquita, you and me  
could make each other very happy...  
...and very rich...  
...if it wasn't for your husband.  
It is only because of my husband  
that I'm here.  
If he excited you the way I do,  
you wouldn't even be with me.  
We've been together 10 years.  
Our marriage is based on something  
much more important than sex.  
- Like what?  
- Like friendship and security.  
There would be more security

for both of us...

...if we split the money two ways instead of three.

- You are crazy.

- What would you do if...?

Just supposing now, if something were to happen to Paul?

Would you continue to do business with me?

- Nothing is going to happen to Paul.

- No.

No, nothing's gonna happen to Paul.

But you never know.

What do you want?

I'd like a vibrator, please, and a pair of handcuffs.

- Hey, he's not 18!

- Come on, I'm 18.

- Get him out of here!

- Give me the magazine!

- Out of the store, kid.

- And a...

- And a what?

- A cock ring.

Oh, a cock ring. What size?

Hey, you got the latest issue of Nuns and Nazis?

Tuesday.

What size?

- Medium, I suppose.

- Is it for you?

- Medium will be fine.

- Sure.

Vibrators start at 10.95 and go up.

We've got the Salami, the Man-o'-War and Alien.

Just give me the cheapest one.

Nothing's cheap about my store.

You mean inexpensive, don't you?

Isn't that what you meant?

- Yes.

- That's what I thought you meant.

- Want a cheap pair of handcuffs too?

- Yes.

You're gonna need lubricant  
for this vibrator.

We've got KY and Le Orgy gel.

Hey, you taste it,  
you're gonna buy it, all right?

The Le Orgy gel comes in lemon,  
mint, cherry or trail mix.

- Trail mix?

- I was making a joke.

Just these three items will be fine.

You're probably gonna need  
some stay-hard roll-on.

- No, thank you.

- Titty lube? China shrink cream?

- No.

- Ben Wa dancing egg?

Just these three items will be fine.

Okay, hot rod, it comes to \$ 19.50.

But I'm telling you, you're gonna need  
a lubricant for this vibrator.

Unless your date's inflatable.

For your information, I'm buying this  
to use as a novelty cocktail stirrer.

Sure!

Paul, nobody is trying to kill you.

We're the ones killing people.

Twice he tried to run me down,  
the rotten little beaner.

- What rotten little beaner?

- Guess.

Did you actually see Raoul driving?

No, he was wearing some kind  
of ski mask.

You said it was a Toyota. Have  
you ever seen Raoul in a Toyota?

Well, maybe he borrowed it.

Maybe he stole it. It was definitely him!

You're jumping to conclusions,  
and I don't wanna discuss it anymore.

Now, why don't you help me  
with these letters.

What's a basketjob?

- I thought you said 50 cents a pound.

- That's for trimmed, man!

For this stuff, you're lucky to get 30.

Yeah, all right.

I should have trimmed it.

All right, man. We got some driving to do. Let's go.

- Dog food?

- Doggie King brand.

So what? Who cares, as long as we get our cut?

What if somebody recognizes a piece of clothing or jewelry?

- Not likely.

- What if somebody finds out...

...what the night crew feeds into the grinder?

- Raoul knows what he's doing.

- I'll say he does.

You know where he's getting the money?

- From the cars.

- Cars?

Something we never thought of.

He takes the car keys out of their pockets...

...and figures out which of the cars downstairs belong to them.

And then he sells the cars for a lot of money.

- A lot more than he's splitting with us.

- I don't believe you.

- He's making thousands of dollars.

- Nonsense.

We'll see when

I confront him with it.

Listen, in a couple weeks we will have everything we wanted.

- What is the point of making trouble?

- I'll tell you what's the point.

He is making a play for my wife and trying to kill me!

That's the point!

Oh, my God. My 9:00.

- Hello?

- Just a minute!

Just a minute! Keep your shirt on!

Vayas con dios, indeed.

- Carla?

- I said, just a minute!

Paul, I can't find the pants  
to this costume!

- I'm coming!

- Oh, Carla?

Fuck the costume!

Your Majesty, this is delicious!

Really!

Nothing but the finest for me  
and my best friends.

Well, what a surprise.

- I hope you don't mind my dropping in.

- Of course not.

Please forgive the house.

Frank had some old Army buddies  
in last night and...

Please.

- So how's it going?

- Great.

Of course, it is a mixed bag.

Some of those people  
that come to us...

- Pretty gross, huh?

- Not just that.

Some are into fantasies that require  
a great deal of acting ability.

And while Mary has gotten a lot  
better in the last few weeks...

...there's one where I'm afraid...

- You need a pro.

Exactly. Mary doesn't know  
anything about this, of course.

I didn't wanna hurt her feelings.

You understand.

Of course. So, what's the deal?

- Full costume?

- Yes.

But not the type that you're used to.

Excuse me.

Do you believe in the sixth sense?

- I think I gave you over a dollar.

- No, no, no. The sixth sense.

Some blind people have it.

I have it.

- May I sit down?

- Yeah. Go ahead.

You have been very wicked,  
and you are in terrible danger.

So is everybody who eats here.

You have been earning money  
from an evil undertaking...

...and if you keep it up,  
you will burn for all eternity in hell!

Hey, Sister, I'm in hell right now.

That money's gonna help  
get me out.

That money is gonna bring  
a curse down on you!

You'll have more bad luck  
than you ever dreamed possible!

Not religious?

When we're through, he'll be happy  
to clean latrines at a leper colony.

Unleash the border patrol.

Mr. Raoul Mendoza?

Maybe.

I'm with the Immigration Department.

May I see your green card, please?

I'll see you later, man.

Green card? What are you  
talking about? I'm no wetback!

According to our information,  
your birth certificate is a forgery.

- You got the wrong Mendoza, baby.

- Sure, all you vatos say that.

You don't scare me. This is all talk.

Oh, yeah? Well, you better get  
while the getting's good!

Tomorrow I'll have enough on you...

...to drop-kick your ass  
back over the Rio Grande!

Nervous and flustered?

He's not getting on the next plane  
for Mexico City?

Okay, we better escalate to plan C.

- Who is it?  
- Health inspector.  
Hi. Mr. Raoul Mendoza?  
I'm Sally Cummings  
from the L.A. Health Department...  
...and I've been sent by the city...  
...to warn everyone  
on your socioeconomic level...  
...about an epidemic of a new kind  
of venereal disease.  
Lady, don't worry about me.  
I'm clean.  
Of course you are.  
Just look on this as a free checkup.  
You want me to strip?  
No, just open your mouth.  
Okay.  
Fine. Now...  
...breathe deeply.  
Have you had any headaches,  
earaches or persistent sores?  
Only when I skip foreplay.  
Very funny!  
Now, let me see your eyes.  
You've got it! But don't worry.  
It can be controlled.  
Here, just take two of these each time  
you have sexual relations.  
- Before or after?  
- Before.  
You better give me  
about five of these.  
I'm a guy who likes to party,  
you know?  
Make sure you take those.  
Otherwise, we can't be responsible  
for the consequences.  
You wouldn't want to end up  
like this.  
What's wrong?  
- I better take some more of these pills.  
- What pills?  
Oh, you know...  
...they're like vitamins.

- Damn, I can't get the top off.
- Here, let me.
- You'd better give me two of them.
- Who gave these to you?

A nurse. Why?

They don't look like vitamins.  
Saltpeter. They give these to kids  
so they don't play with themselves.  
If you wanna force me  
to make love to you...

...you better not take any more.

- Son of a bitch!
- Your husband did this!
- Did what?

He's fixed it so I can't  
make love to you!

- Scalpel?
- Scalpel.
- Suture?
- Suture.

Frying pan?

Well, there's one consideration.  
If you'd done what he'd asked,  
he would have died anyway.  
The funny thing is,  
is that he is a real doctor.  
I recognize him from the hospital.  
What a world.

Hello? James. Nice of you to call.  
Yes, of course we're  
still interested in the house.

They have.

Oh, they are?

No, we'll just see what we can do.

Okay. Thank you, James.

Bye.

Don't tell me, there's been  
another offer on our house?

We have to come up  
with \$25,000 by Friday...

...or another couple will turn it into  
a clinic for rich, fat people.

Nobody's getting that house but us.

We'll have to speed up production.



Speed up production?

What about

that ritzy swingers party...

...Doris is going to tonight?

- With the hot tub.

Hi, swingers! I'm Howard Swine, your  
horny host that's hung with the most!

Though I hate to boast, I'm big  
as a post and warm as toast!

Cool it, Howard.

Those are the things

he couldn't say on radio...

...so now he's making up

for lost time, constantly.

- I'm so glad you decided to come.

- I come whether I decide to or not.

Great, Howard.

Why don't you go now?

Hey, you can't fluff me off like that.

I'm your host. Your horny host  
that's hung with the most.

Though I hate to boast, I'm  
as big as a post and warm as toast!

I knew this party would be  
full of assholes.

It's Doris!

Beat me, Doris!

Whip me! Make me write bad checks!

Scum! You better beg for mercy.

- Give him hell!

- Harder! Harder!

All these bozos have to pretend like  
it's all a joke in front of their friends.

But half of them will look me up  
for real next week.

He'll be back for more.

Happy hunting.

Go, go, go, go, go!

- To fine food.

- And great wine.

- Mountain Brook!

- Just be honest with me.

- Okay, you're a creep.

- All right, let me rephrase that.

Hi, my name is Susan.

What's yours?

I'm Paul, and this is my wife, Mary.

Oh, I'm very pleased to make  
your acquaintance.

I was just saying to my husband,  
Moose, over there...

...you're a highly unusual-looking  
couple.

We were wondering if you'd like to  
get together with us and have fun?

What did you have in mind?

Oh, gee, we're up for  
about anything!

You see, we're both bi,  
so we can go either way.

But, actually, we do like straight sex.

Moose is into voyeurism,  
and I'm into exhibitionism.

We like B & D, but we don't like  
S & M. We met at the A&P.

But we don't like labels.

Speaking of labels, that's  
a marvelous outfit you have on.

Did you get it at Saks?

Saks?

Oh, no. I got the whole thing  
at Penney's.

Very nice of you to ask us,  
but we're actually into Saint Bernards.

Oh, really?

Well, see you around.

- Moose, honey, they're into doggies.

- Dogs?

- They're at the right party!

- Look.

There are two Guccis  
coming on to a Pierre Cardin.

- Let's go.

- Lf I'm gonna throw myself into this...

...I need a stiff drink.

Can I get you one?

- No, I'll check out the ladies' room.

- Meet you back here.

She was so fat, the whole thing tore from the ceiling and almost killed me.

- Some basketjob!

- Yeah, well, you get what you pay for. In Tijuana?

Mrs. Bland!

Fancy meeting you here.

Not so old-fashioned as you pretended, after all.

- Excuse me, Mr. Leech.

- That little scene you played... ..in my office really turned me on.

I kept wondering what the passion was like with the hair down...

...and the clothes off...

...and now I'm going to find out for myself.

Where are the ludes?

Hold it up! Hold the bitch up!

- Okay, you two. Mush!

- Good night, Doris.

- Paul.

- There you are.

- I was wondering what happened.

- We have to go now.

You aren't joining in the fun! Do you have VD, or are you here as tourists?

- Neither.

- What is your scene anyway?

We invite swingers to our place and murder them for their money.

Great, man!

Have you lost your mind?

Why did you say that?

Why not?

He's forgotten it already.

Paul, you're getting drunk.

I just killed Mr. Leech.

You know, Mr. Leech from the bank.

Yeah? I just stepped on

Mr. Snail from the garden.

No, I'm not joking.

He came on to me in the bathroom...

...and I killed him with a rattail comb.

- Sounds messy.  
- Did he have a lot on him?  
- I couldn't get it.  
I had to throw him out the window.  
- He's here.  
- Is that him?  
Come on. We can get that money.  
Come on, everybody!  
It's hot tub time!  
Come on, come on, everybody!  
Out of your clothes and into the tub!  
Last one in is a lousy lay!  
Hey, you two spoilsports, what are  
you doing over there by the fence?  
- None of your damned business!  
- I'm the host here, goddamn it!  
Now, get out of your clothes and get  
into the hot tub or get the hell out!  
We don't want any wet blankets  
or spoilsports at this party!  
We're here to swing!  
Aren't we, kids?  
Oh, yeah? Well, swing on this!  
Okay, that's 3000 there. This is 429.  
And this is one, two, three...  
Hello, One-Way Auto?  
Do you have one of those  
double-decker car carriers?  
Well, bring it over to  
We've got a bonanza for you.  
I can't believe it.  
Forty thousand dollars in one night!  
Tomorrow we'll call James and move  
into Paul and Mary's Country Kitchen.  
Did you leave the light on?  
Paul, have you been drinking?  
Where did you get...?  
So not only do you try to make me  
into a big maricon...  
...but you sell cars behind my back  
and don't even give me a cut.  
Don't worry, chiquita.  
The time has come to liberate  
you from your husband.

- Listen, Raoul...

- Shut up!

You're gonna dump me, huh?

Well, Mary and me  
are gonna dump you, ese.  
Just when you get this business  
going great...  
...you wanna take this beautiful,  
sexy woman...  
...stick her in a country kitchen  
and make her sweat for you?  
What an asshole!  
She's such a lady,  
she don't complain.

- Raoul...

- Keep cool. I know what I'm doing.  
I got ambition.  
And we're gonna expand  
this business.  
Bring in some real sexy,  
younger girls to dress up...  
...instead of my wife who's gonna be  
too busy having my kids.  
While she's busy having your  
children, the young, sexy ones...

- Shut up! Chiquita?

- Yeah.  
Go bring me that frying pan.  
Hurry up.  
Mary!  
And we're gonna move  
into a place that's real class.  
Red velvet wallpaper...  
...gold lamps and those real  
good black velvet paintings.  
No cheap stuff.  
I can't find it.  
Come on.  
Damn kids broke the compactor.  
They must've put bottles in it.  
Paul, what are we gonna do  
about Raoul?

- Oh, don't worry about him.

- Don't worry about him?

- I'll take him to Doggie King tonight.

- Oh, Paul.

Would you mind not dropping him off  
at the dog food center?

- Getting sentimental, Mary?

- No.

Paul, there's something

I never told you.

Raoul and I...

- I know.

- No.

- I know.

- No, Paul. You don't know, because...

See, what happened is,  
he forced me to smoke this drug...

...and then he raped me.

He told me if I didn't continue  
to have relations with him...

...he'd tell you.

I couldn't let anyone hurt you...

...so we continued...

- He deserved everything he got.

But that's all over now, okay?

In an hour or so we'll sign the papers,  
give James the money...

James!

Paul, I forgot all about James.

We promised dinner.

He'll be here in 45 minutes.

- I'll go to the store.

- You can't go to the store.

You don't have time. Paul,  
we've got to improvise something.

You know, when I see  
two great people...

...like you and Mary get the house  
of your dreams...

...my job becomes something more  
than just a thing you do from 9 to 5.

- That's very kind of you, James.

- Oh, listen, I mean it. Really.

I think it's great that you made it...

...without knocking other people  
aside to get there.

That's a real compliment,  
coming from a real-estate dealer.

Maybe I ought to sell wine.

I didn't know there was so much  
money selling those door to door.

- Are you all right?

- Is this stuff terrific.

I hope you make this  
a permanent item on your menu.

- It's French?

- No, actually, it's more Spanish.

- So tender.

- Yeah, I know.

It's amazing what you can do  
with cheap meat...

...if you know how to treat it.

And, of course,  
the right wine always helps.

I'll drink to that.