



Scripts.com

GirlHouse

By Nick Gordon

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Hurry!

Get him!

Over there!

Where are you?

Gotcha now.

If you wanted to play house, all
you had to do was ask.

Haven't you ever
kissed a girl before?

Aww, it's easy.

All you do is close your eyes
and pucker up.

Like this.

Mm-mm.

We wanna see what's down there.

I'll show you mine
if you show me yours.

Come on, lover boy.

That's it?

Looks like an acorn!

- Mmm... - Hey, come back!

Come back!

Come back, lover boy!

Bye! See you soon!

Help...

Please...

Please help...

I'm sorry! What...

I was kidding.

No... No! Please!

I'll do whatever you want!

I'm sorry!

Please...

I'm begging you, I'm begging you!

No, no, please!

...Well?

"All right"?

Honey, this here
is some Grade A prime rib.

We've been over this.

I don't have a choice.

You could always sell drugs.

Oh, my God, what are you...

Go back to your computer,
I wasn't done with my show.
Uh, okay, then get in here and
close the door, I'm buck naked.
Well, you better get used to it.
- It is your new business attire.
- Joke all you want,
but it's either this
or drop out of school.
I thought you said your mom
could swing it?
The tuition and her mortgage?
I mean...
Not without my dad's income.
Not for long.
Well, breaking news for ya,
there are other ways
a gal can earn cash
besides flashing her vertical
smile all over cyberspace.
Look, Kylie, you're
better than this...
and I strongly doubt
your dad would approve.
All right, look; t's not
prostitution, or even stripping.
There's no sleazy men slipping singles
into my g-string while copping a feel.
Yeah, but it's porn, Kylie!
Technically. But it's not like
skanky Boogie Nights porn.
I mean, it's just me
and a few unmanned cameras
doing things I'd probably
be doing anyways.
Metal and glass - that's all.
And a whole wide world
of douchebags whacking off
on the other side!
Ugh... I gotta go.
Have fun with
your little nudie site.
My name's Mia. Welcome to
Girlhouse. Come inside!

Come on, boys.
I'm so wet and ready for you.
Oh, yeah. Yeah... Oh, oh...
Oh, mm...
Hi, you've reached the
voicemail of Linda Atkins,
please leave a message.
Hey, Mom, it's me.
Great news... Um, I got
a part-time job working for
one of my professors.
It pays really well, so I'll be
able to send you some money.
Also, I decided to move
off campus with some friends.
It's way cheaper and way more
spacious than the dorms.
Oh, yeah, and, wait,
here's the best part:
I got this scholarship that
begins next semester,
so you won't have
to pay my tuition
from now on. I miss you, Mom.
Talk soon. Bye.
Kylie Atkins!
What changed your mind?
Got my eye on
a new pair of shoes.
My detractors say
I'm just some smut pedlar,
preying on the weaknesses of
young women and men.
I say screw them.
The fact is, I'm one of the
fastest-rising entrepreneurs in America.
I'm no pimp.
I'm the Hugh Hefner
for the 21st century.
Um, about the pay.
Can I really expect to make
- as much as you said?
- Minimum.
Anything above base salary

is up to you.
We track every eyeball and every
girl every second of the day.
You bring dollars, you get
rewarded. Sky's the limit.
Now...
How do I make sure one of these
guys doesn't end up stalking me?
Today, Girlhouse
is the most secure,
technologically advanced site
of its kind.
My team of top engineers work
around the clock
from an untraceable location
to ensure
that Girlhouse can never be
tracked or hacked.
Team, say hi to Kylie.
: Hi to Kylie.
Bye, team.
With this little baby,
I can monitor and control every
aspect of the site 24/7.
Cameras, microphones,
computers - I can block it all
with the push of a button.
Girlhouse is pretty much
the Fort Knox of websites.
Um... How much
of that is required?
Uh, nothing's ever required.
Everything and everyone
you do is up to you.
Look, when I approached you
in the quad last spring,
it was because I could see you
were someone special.
I knew you had
what it takes to be a hit.
Here we are.
Home sweet home.
After you.
- Steve.

- Gary.

This is Kylie,
our newest resident.

- Pleasure.

- Hi.

Steve and Big Mike
oversea security.

Along with the perimeter wall
out back,

they're our low-tech
last line of defence.

How often do you have
to turn people away?

Uh, a few times a year
some college chump

follows one of the girls home.
No big deal.

Yeah. Especially when you're
an ex-NC State linebacker.

: Okay, so now we're
at this nice state...

Shit, Gary!

You didn't say

you were coming by!

And that's Kat. She's...

Well, she's Kat.

Uh, we have over 50
cameras around the house.

I encourage you to utilize
as many as you can.

- So, like, hundreds of guys are watching us right now?

- Thousands,
at any given moment.

Why do they want to watch
all the boring stuff like this?

Well, it gives members
the sensation
of actually getting to know you.

It's what makes us different
from other sites.

- There's our Kat.

- These guys will fall in love
with you, 'cause they're not
getting just the sex,

they're getting
a full experience.
It's kinda like
they live with us.
Except each girl's full
identity is always kept secret.
Members can never figure out
where or who you are
in real life, and if some random
viewer does recognize you,
we block or delete
any attempt to broadcast it.
Should we take the tour?
That's Devon,
our main attraction.
Devon.
This is Kylie, our new roommate.
A little on
the wholesome side, eh, Gare?
Hope she doesn't
devalue the product.
She thinks you're competition.
Take it as a compliment.
Come on.
Okay... That's Janet.
She's doing
a chat right now, probably with
a bunch of millionaire execs.
She's big with
the Fortune 500 crowd.
That's 'cause I'm all
business, bitches!
This is Kylie, the new girl.
Hey, girl. Okay, boys, you
wanna see my spreadsheet?
- Okay...
- Get that. Yeah!
This is Heather's room.
She's the wild one.
Also the loudest in the sack.
When she's knocking boots you're
gonna hear about it.
Literally,
the whole house shakes.

Hey! Gare, thought

I heard you out there.

- Hey, Heather, this is Kylie.

- Hey, hun. Pleasure.

Gare, you still owe me for that

3-way last week, remember?

Oh, God, I'm sorry. I forgot.

I'll get on that, okay?

- Okay.

- All right.

Good luck, and live sexy.

Take care.

Okay, come on.

Here it is. New girl always

gets the third floor.

It's perfect.

- Here you are.

- Hey!

I missed you.

- Kylie, this is Mia, my girlfriend.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- I know, I know what you're probably thinking,

"How do they justify living

here, doing this for all those

sleazy guys out there," but we

don't look at it like that.

The members may not necessarily

be our fantasy,

but we definitely are theirs.

And they're not all

creepy losers. You'll see.

Come on.

Bye!

And you all go to Selby College?

- Are you kidding?

- I dropped out when I found out

how much money I could make

here. It's ridiculous.

Mm-hmm. No college for this

girl. Gary found me in Vegas.

- Stripping, or...

- No.

Making \$5 foot-long

at Subway.

Now she puts about 5
foot-long in her subway
- each week.

- Yeah, for a lot more than \$5.

Yeah!

Yeah, I go to Selby,
but that's not where I met Gary.
I was in a bikini contest
in South Beach,
he was judging. I offered to
blow him for first place.

- ...And?

- I didn't realize there was
a second judge,
and I came in second.

- Okay, what about you?

- What's your story?

- I'm from Topeka.

- Mm-hmm.

- Siblings?

- I'm an only child.

- What do your parents do?

- My mom is a housewife.

Hmm, sweet.

What about your dad?

He, um... He passed away.

Oh, I'm so sorry.

- Recently, or...

- Like, 3 months ago.

But anyway, I'm really happy
to know about

the off-camera room. I might
need to use the bathroom there

- until I get more comfortable.

- Yeah.

Some guys pay
serious coin for that.

- Ew!

- Shut, up, Devon,

- you fucking love it.

- Okay, ladies, ladies,

- ladies, I think it's time...

- Oh... - Time...

- Time for what?
- To get naked!
Okay, boys. Here I am.
Okay, remember -
just you and your computer.
No tricks, but... maybe
maybe a few treats.
I don't know, Gare.
It's a little junior high to me.
Just give her a minute.
Oh, really?
Are you here for these?
Here we go, gang.
Damn, girl!
Nice rack.
Yes!
I knew this girl would kill.
Jimmy, time for dinner.
In a minute Mom,
I'm doing homework.
Dude, clean up your shit.
Dude, dude, shut up. You gotta
get in here and see this girl,
- right now. Right now!
- All right,
you can clean up later, then.
- Fuckin' way...
- I know, right? Hot as balls.
No, dude; I know that girl.
I'm serious, that's Kylie Atkins.
I went to school with her.
You know this creature?
Not possible.
- Okay...
- Dude, what are you doing?
- Why, are you in love with her?
- What? No!
Oh, my God. How long?
- Kindergarten.
- Does she know?... Naw, that makes sense.
You're a total dork, and she's...
...that.
You are a natural!
- I loved it. How did it feel?

- You know, just me and my computer.

Oh! It's Loverboy.

He's always on here.

He's a total sweetie.

You should say hi.

Sorry, Loverboy, you just missed me. Can you come back tomorrow?

We'll chat one-on-one.

You bet.

That works, I'll look for you.

By the way, great handle.

Anyone with "love" in their name is okay by me.

Anyone with "love" in their name is okay by me.

Aw, yeah... Oh...

Wow.

You are really not taking this well.

- Yo...

- Think about it this way, man.

From now on, you literally get to jerk off

- to your dream girl.

- She goes to Selby College, actually.

- Like, Selby in Milton?

Mm-hmm.

Dude, that's like, 70 miles from here. You gotta go get her. I'm serious; Dude, she's not only right around the corner, she's gettable.

"Gettable"?

Why, 'cause she's doing porn?

Exactly! Dude, it's got self-esteem issues

- written all over it.

- No, you don't understand.

There must be an explanation.

Kylie was always the hottest girl in Topeka, but she was never... a slut.

How would you know that?

You said it yourself, you were
too much of a pussy to ever
talk to her, so why don't you
drop some fertilizer
down on those floors, and grow
your little apple seeds
into Granny Smiths
and go get her!

Mm-hmm, yes. Gonna do that.
Fucking gorgeous.
Drink up, buttercup!
We need to switch
shots for clothes.

- Strip war? Hell yeah!
- Yeah, yeah.

"Go-suck-
cock-for-a-liv-ing..."
Fuck!

Lady luck over here! What, did
you fuck a leprechaun
- last night?
- Shirt's off, sourpuss.
Perfect... Ahh!

You scared the crap out of me!
What are you doing here?
You know you're not supposed
- to be here.
- Gary's gonna be pissed.
Whatever. I had nowhere else to go.
I'm broke and homeless, okay?
Anyways, I'm clean now,
so I can come back.
- I highly doubt you're clean.
- And Gary's already replaced you.
What? You serious?
That's my bed!
- She's pretty.
- ...And nice.
...And not a heroin addict.
Gary, if you're watching,
I swear I'll be good
from now on.
Besides, you need some
latin panocha up in here,

give this house some flavour.
Look, I'm off the crank, I promise,
just give me one more chance.
You sure you wanna
give up on this?
He says you can stay
on the couch... for now.
Thank you so much, papi, I...
I won't let you down, I swear.
Okay, who's next?
I need you guys cheering for me!
Ready, girls?
Pay attention!
Whose turn is it?
Who's next?
Woo!
Is that coconut?
I've missed you.
: Gotcha now...
You got clean for me?
I knew it was coconut.
Hey.
Linda Lovelace, in the flesh.
Saw your show last night.
Definitely got me hard.
The house looks nice though - score. When
are you going to invite me over for tea?
No can do. The location
is top secret.
Really? What about all
the guys that come over
- to pork your brains out?
- They are blindfolded
- on the drive over.
- You're kidding.
- No.
- Kinky.
- Tell her yet?
- I'm really not too worried
about her logging on
and finding out, so... nope.
Kylie... Wow! Hey.
- Uh, hi...
- Yeah.

Ben Stanley. What are you doing here, do you go to Selby? No, I don't, actually, I go to Old North Tech in Charlotte.

- But I have a chemistry lab here, twice a week. - Oh. So, wow! It's so good to see you. Were you in Topeka this summer? ...Yeah.

- 'Cause I... I didn't see you. - I didn't... get out much. My... dad died. Oh, my God, I'm so sorry. Wow... Well, I mean, I didn't know your dad, but if he contributed to making you, he must have been pretty awesome. You look different... from high school. Late growth spurt, that's what that is.

- Well, it's good to... - Hey, do you wanna... Sorry, do you wanna maybe go for coffee some time? - Or like, a snack? - "Snack"?

Yeah... I don't know why I said snack. Um... Yeah, that'd be great. Cool, when... should we do that?

- Gimme a call. - Okay. - Wait, is that the time? - Yeah. - I gotta go. - Where? I'll walk you. No, um... No, it's okay. I... Across campus. It's far away. Call me! Hey, Loverboy, sorry I'm late.

Aww, not this girl.
Let's go private.
So... Do you want me
to get undressed?
Oh...
Just talk.
Okay, sure. I can do that.
What do you wanna talk about?
: Come on,
lover boy!
: Um.. The girls say
you're something of a regular.
I like that. Means you're loyal.
What do you do for work?
Oh, like programming?
How do you like that?
Oh, that's... nice.
Aww... Thanks, Loverboy.
You too.
What do you mean?
True, but sometimes
you can just tell.
Well, I'm sure
you're very handsome.
Are you sure you don't
want me to get undressed?
It's okay,
it's what I'm here for.
Sorry, Loverboy, can we
pick this up another time?
Wait, how did you do that?
Gary said this place was
impossible to hack...
Yes, Loverboy,
I think you're beautiful.
Bye.
It's weird, we've known
each other since...
Since kindergarten... I think.
Yeah.
And this is the first time we've
actually really hung out.
That is weird.
Who else do you

keep in touch with from home?

Oh, just my close friends.

You know, my homies.

Um...

What about you?

No one, really.

It's weird, you know,
sometimes it feels like
you have so many friends one
minute, and then you leave home
and you're basically all alone.
It's hard to picture you
as not popular.

- I mean, I have friends...

- And now you have me.

I do, do I?

Mm-hmm.

- Uh, well, this is me, so...

- Very nice.

Hey, uh, you know there's this
matinee on Saturday
of Rear Window,
it's playing at that
old theatre by the river...

Do you have a chemistry lab
on Saturday, too?

Oh... Yeah, no, no, no. Um...

But Hitchcock is definitely
worth the 70-mile drive.

Yeah, I'll see you Saturday.

See you Saturday.

Good night.

It's Kylie.

I need a pick-up. Thanks.

How's that exam prep going?

You know, I think you might be
the only straight person I know
to turn it off
when the nudity starts.

Which does beg the interesting
question of, you are straight,

- aren't you? - Dude...

I'm gonna tell her.

- ...That I know.

- About Girlhouse?

- Bad idea, dude.

- Okay, um... Why?

If she knows, then she'll
think that you think she's easy.

Any girl on a site like this
must be a whore.

But I don't think that.

It's not gonna matter, dude.

You wanna keep this thing going,
do not tell her.

Excuse me.

Hi.

Wow, looks intimidating
in there.

You must be pretty smart
if you know how to work
all those wires and buttons.

I've always been attracted
to smart men.

Men with brains.

But do you wanna know
what's not smart?

What's not smart
is coming to a job site
and then sexually harassing
one of the employees.

I saw what you were doing.

Tongue hanging out,
like some thirsty dog.

Get a good peek? Hmm?

One word to your boss, I could
have you fired like this.

Next time, think twice before
preying on innocent women.

Got it?

I said, you got it, you sick perv?

OH MY GOD!

Hmm. Not so smart after all.

Poor Jimmy Stewart,
with those two broken legs!

But he got the girl, so...

It is a pretty steep
price for love.

No price is too steep
for love, Kylie.
That was good, right,
a good Jimmy?
What are the odds
that we bump into each other
like that the other day?
It's crazy!
Well, maybe it wasn't so random.
What do you mean?
I um... I know.
About Girlhouse.
Oh, I see.
You saw something you liked
and you wanted to sample
the merchandise.
No, it's not like that at all.
I don't understand...
- You don't understand.
- Then help me.
- I'm going to go.
- Kylie...
I only brought it up 'cause I
don't want it to be an issue
moving forward.
Porn is not what it
used to be, okay?
It's totally different now.
It's mainstream and accepted.
I mean, think about Sasha Grey
or Jenna Jameson.
- There's no stigma. Nobody cares.
- Yeah, but...
- ...shouldn't they?
- I don't know.
What about these other guys
that are coming to the house?
Fair. It's not required.
Okay, but I assume it's a big
part of the job sooner or later.
Not necessarily. Girlhouse is
different. It's not like that.
The guys that log in,
it's not just for that.

They feel like
they're getting to know us.
They develop feelings,
they fall in love, even.
Come on, Kylie. They just
want to fuck you. That's all.
Well, I am not
that type of girl.
Yeah, that's what
I keep telling myself.
You know what, you have
no right to judge me, okay?
You have no idea what
I'm going through right now.
I'm doing this
so I don't have to quit school.
My dad's gone and my mom needs
all the help she can get.
And you know what, the guys?
That's the toughest part
about this.
Okay? I'm hoping I can just get
in there, make as much money
as I can, and then get out
before that becomes an issue.
I've thought this through
completely.
I really don't see
how anything bad could happen.
I'm sorry.
So... Is this, you know,
going to be a problem
moving forward?
Not until you ask me
to stay the night.
I am extremely camera-shy.
No idea, Loverboy.
I'm kinda busy here.
Loverboy, I'm trying
to do a show.
Jesus! I said I don't know
where she is.
You really are a pathetic freak.
- You were with him last night?

- Yeah, I had sex with him
the other night and then I told
you that he was small.
Well, I mean, he's okay...
Well, you told me that
he was small...
- Who is that?
- Oh, my God, look who it is!
- It's Loverboy... Yeah.
- Oh, Loverboy!
Hey, Loverboy, I'm just curious.
How did you come up with
that handle, "Loverboy"?
You must be quite
the ladies' man.
Could have gone with "Loserboy".
Definitely.
Janet! Janet! Come say hi
to Loverboy.
Aww, poor Loverboy!
Don't be mean.
- Enough of him.
- I mean, anyways.
What...
Enjoy the show.
Come on, have dinner
with me tonight.
We can drive back to Charlotte.
We can go to this awesome barbeque place,
you can meet my roommates...
How would I get back?
You could spend the night.
I told you I have study group.
But I'll take a rain check.
Because meeting your roommate is
totally worth the 70-mile drive.
Funny.
Is this some kind of joke?
Hey, buddy!
Private property,
you can't be here.
Turn around now,
before I make you.
All right, well,

you asked for it.
Ahh! Fuck, that... Oof!
Ooh, baby... Mm...
Oh, baby...
Can I help you?
Let me guess.
You're here for Devon?
No, wait... Heather.
She likes that kinky shit.
Well, run along.
Her room's upstairs.
Homie, you're really starting
to piss me off, man.
- Hi.
- Hey.
All right, boys,
ready to have your minds blown?
Only 3 of you?
...Or only 3 of you with your
hands free to type?
Yeah, screw this.
I'm going one-on-one.
Sorry, fellas. Tugboat and I
are going private.
I'm going to go.
Got a lot to do tonight.
Reading War and Peace or showing
your lady parts to all of humanity?
Real cute.
What the...
Okay.
What the fuck?
What are you talking about?
Maybe jerking off really does
ruin your vision.
Aw, shit!
What's your problem, Tugboat?
Okay, is this a prank? Are you
trying to freak me out?
Not cool.
Okay, you know what?
If that's how you're
going to be,
this session is over. Fuck you.

- HELP ME! NO! AHH!

- Shut up!

Jesus!

Dude, I need you to come here,
right now.

Somebody help...

What is this, a joke?

- Ahh, my face...

- What's that they say about beauty?

Something about skin deep?

Is this real? Is this really

happening right now,

or is it, like, some gimmick

to drive up traffic?

I don't know! They did some weird
shit before, but nothing like this!

Nobody knows.

Call 911, now, right now! Do it!

I gotta warn Kylie.

Shit!

- What the fuck?

- 911, what's your emergency?

Hi, um, I don't really know
how to explain...

So I'm on this website
called Girlhouse.

- "Girlhouse"?

- It's a pornographic website.

Sir, I'm not following, this
line is for emergencies only.

Look, I realize that, but I'm
pretty sure I'm watching
a girl being murdered online.

- Where is she?

- I don't know! Um...

- Is she in Charlotte?

- I have no fucking clue!

I'm pretty sure she's
somewhere in the state.

Well, if you don't know where she is,
how am I supposed to help her?

Sir? Sir?

That's it. That's it.

Why?

- He's putting on a show.
- I can't get a hold of Kylie.
- Did you call the cops?
- They can't do anything.
- What do you mean...
- We don't know where
the house is. It could be fucking anywhere,
man. Did Kylie ever tell you? Dude...
No, no, NO!
DON'T, DON'T, DON'T!
- Ugh... - This is insane.
Dude, there has to be
- some way to find them.
- From a live video broadcast?
What about the website, okay?
It has to be registered, or...
Girlhouse prides itself on its
impenetrability, man. Trust me.
- I've snooped around.
- Well...
Okay, we know they're in Carolina, right?
Kylie goes to Selby in Milton,
- so it can't be far from there.
- That really narrows it down.
Fucking call the cops again,
man! Do something! See what
they have on the website, all
right? Business records,
licences, tax receipts, anything. And
then I need you to hop onto that computer
and work your magic. You're a
friggin' CompSci major, dig into
your bag of wizardry and then
hack the fuck into that site.
- Well what are you going to do?
- I'm gonna drive to Milton.
- Hopefully you'll have an address for me
by the time I get there. - That'll take
- an hour and a half!
- I'll be there in 45 minutes.
Don't let me down, okay?
Kylie's life may depend on this.
No pressure, right?
I'm so... Please...

MOM...

Oof..

- Damn!

- Close one.

: Are you married?

Happily?

: Who is happily
married nowadays?

Stop it, I'm trying to watch.

Come on, you buy this crap?

It's called love, dumbass.

Believe it or not, some people
still want that.

Please, there are far too many
distractions nowadays.

Porn sites, the dating
sites, cheating sites...

You really think if this guy
had Girlhouse

he'd have acted this way?

He'd be too busy watching you.

Okay, 20 minutes,
then we can fuck.

Stop it.

Stop it, I wanna
watch the movie.

Sorry, 20 minutes is too long.

Yeah...

Yes, baby! Oh, again!

Yes! Huh!

Oh, yeah!

Bro, are you serious?

You wanna watch, log on
like everyone else.

Jesus!

Take it easy, guys.

Fuck! That's enough.

No, no, no!

Don't go in there,
don't go in there, turn around!

AHH!

NO! AHH!

Okay, I think that's enough
for me. I'm gonna rinse off

and head upstairs before I pass
out. You wanna come?

In a minute.

Okay, suit yourself.

Oh fuck!

Hello?

- Yo, anything?

- Not yet.

- Come on!

- I'm trying!

Yeah, well try harder!

Help! Anyone? I'm stuck!

Help! Anyone?

Kat! Anyone?

I'm stuck!

Help!

KAT!

Ah... Ah...

Come on, come on, come on...

- Yo, anything?

- Dude, she knows.

Shit. Okay, uh, I'm almost at Selby;

You got anything for me yet?

- Negative. - Then try

something else, man, COME ON!

Okay...

She's alive.

Hi, do you know Kylie Atkins?

Do you know Kylie Atkins? No...

Do you know Kylie Atkins?

I know Kylie Atkins.

- Jesus Christ!

- She never said where this place is?

No, they keep it secret

for security reasons.

- Ah. Genius.

- Did you call the police?

- Of course.

- The Milton police?

- Mm! Mm...

- Shh.

- Argh!

- Mm!

Shit! There he is.

Help me move this.

Ahh!

Stop! Stop! Oh...

I thought you... were nice.

- Loverboy?

- Ahh...

No...

- Stop!

- HEY!

- Okay, come on!

- No, wait! Not without Devon.

Kylie, we have to
get out of here.

- You go. Call the cops.

- Okay.

Oh, my God! Big Mike!

Thank God you're here!

There's somebody inside that's
killing everybody!

- What?

- We have to get out of here.

Calm down. What guy?

Where is he?

Huh? No, no, no, no.

No, no, please, please, don't!

Please don't kill me! Please!

Please, please... AHH!

- We found it.

- You did?

- They found it. Where?

- I'm not at liberty to say,

but it's a property registered to Gary
Preston, owner and operator of Girlhouse.

No, no, you need to tell me.

My girlfriend is in there.

We have units on the way, they
should be there any minute.

No, come on, okay!

You've gotta tell me!

Sir, you can come to the
police station

and wait for her here.

- Devon, Devon. - It's me, Kylie.

Oh, God... Oh, God. Okay.

- Hold on... - Please, please...
- Oh, God. Sweetie, sweetie,
- we gotta get you out of here.
- No... Please kill me.
What? No. No, no, no.
I can't live looking like this.
We gotta go.
We gotta go right now.
Please. He's coming.
- Devon!
- Save yourself!
Okay, stay here, okay?
I'll be right back with help.
Stay here.
Oh, Jesus!
Where the hell are the cops?
- Where are they?
- They're there.
Uh, no, they're not, I'm
looking at the house right now.
Go, go, go!
All clear!
- How about you?
- We're going to need an M.E.
- Yeah?
- I got it.
- You're kidding! Where?
- I just texted you the address, man.
- How'd you do it?
- I wasn't able to hack into
Girlhouse at all, so I tried their ISP
instead. I got in to the Centuricast grid
for Davidson County and found
this secluded mansion
out in the sticks with a huge
bandwidth trail going there.
That's genius, man! Okay, call
the Milton Police and tell them,
because unlike me, they don't
have Einstein on their team.
Just hurry, dude.
She's the only one left.
AHH!
What the hell's she doing?

Urgh!

Urgh! Urgh!

I am never going to
another porn site again.

Not... nice...

...And I am definitely going
to need therapy.

- No cameras... No... - What did you say?

- Please no cameras.