



Scripts.com

Hit and Run

By Dax Shepard

CHARLES:

concentrating. I can tell.
You're thinking
about e-mails or text
messages or handbags.

ANNIE:

You don't know what
I'm thinking about.
(WHISPERING) Lautner.
Okay, I might not
know the specifics
but I know it's some
kind of useless racket
that's keeping you
from concentrating.
I could be
thinking about
the cure for cancer.
In fact,
I may have
just cracked it.
And now you're trying
to get me to erase it
from my hard drive.
You couldn't
cure a UTI
if you owned
a cranberry farm.
(GASPS)
Hey! I have never had
an infected urinary tract.
Oh, really?
No, I have not.
And you've never
had HPV either?
No!
All right.
No human papillomavirus?
Watch your mouth!
Hey!
Watch your mouth.
I smack too.

I was vaccinated.
I was vaccinated.
'Cause, unlike you,
I was born after
the polio vaccine.
What are you talking about?
I am five years
older than you.
How do I know that?
I see no
documentation of that.
For all I know you're 45.
Listen to me!
I am 35 years old. Okay?
You're 45! You're gray!
Ow! Ow! Ow!
Buddy, don't grab my hair.
It's thin.
I don't like when
you pull my hair.
Then let go of my wrist.
Okay.
On three.
Truce? Okay.
Three, two, one.
One, two, three.
Okay. Don't grab my
hair again, okay?
Okay. Well, then
don't hold me down.
It makes me self-conscious.
That's my only way
to defend myself.
I'm being serious though.
Will you please concentrate?
Yes.
Okay.
That's it.
Take three deep breaths.
(INHALING)
This is the only moment
you need to be worried about.
There's no yesterday.
There's no tomorrow.

There's just right now.
You're not
late for anything.
And you're not
gonna miss anything.
You're exactly where
you're supposed to be.
And you're exactly who
you're supposed to be.
You're absolutely perfect.
And whatever happens today
is exactly what's
supposed to happen.
And if you want
I'll spend
every moment with you
for the rest of your life.
Okay, I want.
You're gonna have
a wonderful day today.
You don't have to be
nervous about anything.
Okay, I'm not.
You promise?
Yeah. Thanks, buddy.
You're so
terrible on the eyes.
I don't know why
I share a bed with you!
You're disgusting!

RANDY:

That's a lot of space.
Forget it. I've got a friend.
Hey, you!
Is Charlie awake yet?
'Cause I've got to
pick him up. We've got
a meeting in town.
I thought I'd
swing by and grab him.
Yeah, he's inside.
Right.
You doing all right?

Yeah.
Yeah, good!
Are you okay, Randy?
No. No. Why?
Why? What's wrong?
You're just a little sweaty.
But it's not a big deal.
Okay, well, I'm sorry.
That happens.
I hate it.
You don't need to apologize.
Okay.
Okay.
Bye, Randy.
You too!
Yes. I'll do that. I'll...
Someone's calling.
Hold on, hold on.
Just a second.
God damn it!
Son of a bitch.
Damn it!
Damn it!
Oh, shit! Fuck!
Hey. Hey. No!
Fuck! No! No!
Oh! Oh! No! Kids!
(SCREAMING)
Oh, God!
(SHOTS FIRING)
What the fuck!
Mom!
Oh, no! Kids!
Mom!

RANDY:

(SCREAMING)
When I tell you
to stay in park
you fucking stay in park!
You stay in park
or I will break you!
Hear me?

CHARLES:

What are you doing?
What the fuck are
you doing, Randy?
Nothing!
What do you mean nothing?
I look out my window
and you're
ghost riding your van
in the backyard, man!
You're blasting
holes in everything!
Shut the fuck up, Charlie!
Shut the fuck up!
I'm sorry, ma'am.
Wait! Let me get
my badge! Don't worry!
No! Don't go anywhere!
I got my badge!
This car is malfunctioning!

CHARLES:

You blew her window out!
You've got to be
more careful than that!
Would you shut the fuck up?
I'm trying to explain to this
lady what happened!
Hey! Why don't you
explain to me, man?
It's my yard
you're driving through!
You're assaulting
a minivan with a firearm?
Jesus, Randy!
I had a fucking accident!
Okay? I had
a fucking accident!
All right? I'm embarrassed!
Okay? Are you happy?
I spilt my coffee
all over me!
Listen, I didn't know
you spilt your coffee, okay?

Yeah, it spilt on
my shirt and on my pants!
I'm sorry.
Listen, it's all right.
Are you okay?
Yeah. I think so.
So you spilt your coffee?
Yeah. I spilled it on
my shirt and on my pants.
And then you fell
out of your van?
Or were you
firing first and
then you fell out?
I don't want to
talk about it out here.
Okay.
Okay.
You want to come inside?
Get me out
of this yard, man!
You were really
firing that gun, man.
Okay. Next subject.
Hi, Annie. Take a seat.
I'm just finishing this up.
Thanks.
Oh, take your time.
(BREATHING DEEPLY)
What's that?
Uh, I was just taking
a couple of deep breaths.
Someone recommended
I try it when I'm nervous.
You know what else works?
Xanax. Oh. It's so good.
All benzos, really.
But that one works
extremely well.
Very fast-acting.
Huh? I never take Xanax.
Well, you should
really try it.
If you mix it with

wine or beer it sort of
supercharges it.
I should try that.
Why are you nervous?
I know,
you know, it's the
end of the semester
and I also know
there's budgetary issues.
And that you have to
let a few professors go.
And so when I got
the note in my box,
I think I just
assumed the worst.
Would you be afraid
to get fired if your job
was to clean the floor
at one of those
coin-operated
jack-off booths?
You know,
where you're the one
holding the mop.
Um, fired from
a jack-off booth?
Where the truckers
go and masturbate.
Yeah. I know what
you're talking about.
Well? Would you?
Um...
No. I would not.
And yet, you're here
at Milton Valley,
the jack-off booth
of academia.
I'm not sure
what your point is.
You're too smart and
passionate to work here.
So why do you?
You know, I created
my own major at Stanford.

I have a doctorate
in Non-Violent
Conflict Resolution,
which no university
offers as a major.
They just don't.
So I teach intro
to soc classes.
And I'm... I'm also
in a relationship here.
I'm going to stop you.
UC is starting a conflict
resolution program.
I spoke to the head of
the Sociology Department.
And she's extremely
interested in hiring you
to run that program.
No way.
Now, she's meeting
the other applicant
on Wednesday
and she'll need to
make a decision that day.
Their semester
starts in a week.
(WHISPERS) You're meeting
her on Wednesday.
Oh, my God!
Thank you so much!
I'm so flattered
that you would
even consider me!
I just have to check
with my boyfriend Charlie
because he has...
He can't exactly
leave, uh, Milton.
Annie.
Please.
I went to state school.
I went to football games
and blacked out
and got date raped.

I had abortions.
I worried too much about
what my boyfriends thought.
I got what I deserved.
But that's not you.
You deserve
so much more than this.

RANDY:

neighbor doesn't report
Why? You're a marshal.
You're allowed to fire
your weapon, aren't you?
Yeah, but I've had
a couple incidences.
And this would be bad.
Although,
I don't know what more
they could do to me.
This seems like the
bottom of the barrel
as far as being a marshal.
Why did you get stuck
with witness protection?
Because I accidentally
discharged my weapon.
Once at a gas station
and another time at
a baseball game.
At a baseball game?
Yes.
No! Nobody.
Are you kidding me? No!
It wasn't even my fault!
I'm not kidding you.
You shoot your weapon
off at a baseball game
It's not crazy
that I would assume
maybe someone got shot.
Listen,
I asked for a revolver.
A revolver
has a hammer

that you pull back.
And a safety. But no.
What do they give me?
Right.
Jesus Christ, man.
Be careful with that.
Yeah. Look at that.
Okay.
Now, you heard stuff
going on. I mean...
(GUN CLICKS)
(BOTH SHOUTING)
I don't know.
That's not even safe.
Randy, Randy, Randy, Randy.
Please, please,
please, please! Okay?
I'll just...
From now on, don't touch
my weapon anymore. Okay?
Listen, I wasn't...
I know we're
friends and everything.
And it's kind of
a gray area now
that we are friends.
But do not
touch my weapon
again. It's unsafe.
Okay. I'm sorry.
I trained for two years
to be able to do this.
Okay.
So please,
do me a solid.
I'm not going to touch it.
I won't bring it up again.
I promise. I'm not
going to touch it.
All right, thank you.
Okay.
Okay.
And it's not
your fault. I know.

Oh, no.
Did it not go good?
No, it went
really well.
Then why are you upset?
You just look so
stupid sitting there.
So impossibly cute.
And I don't even know
why you like me so much.
Oh, mama.
I think you're stupid.
(CHAIR CREAKING)
I should have oiled that.
(CHUCKLES)
So she didn't fire you?
Debby found me
a job where I could
head my own department.
In my field.
And it would be
the first one like it
in the country.
And it would be perfect.
Then why are you upset?
Because it's in L.A.
And I would have to
leave and move to L.A.
It's in L.A.?
That's the only place
this job exists? In L.A.?
No other place?
No, Charlie.
There's no other place.
It only exists in L.A.
And Debby told me
that if I didn't
take the interview
she would fire me.
And I wouldn't even
have my job here anymore.
Will you say
something, please?
What do you want me to say?

There's nothing to say.
Well, what are
you thinking?
What am I thinking?
I think I'm pissed
that the one thing
that makes me happy,
the one thing that
makes this shit-hole town
bearable is leaving.
I didn't say
I was leaving.
You're leaving!
Even if you
wanted to stay,
I wouldn't let you.
I wouldn't forgive myself
and you wouldn't either.
That's not true.
If I stayed
I wouldn't resent you.
Hey.
Where are you going?
I'm gonna go
talk to Debby.
About what?
I'm gonna
beg her to let me
have my job back.
Okay, wait.
Slow down a second.
Are you sure
you want to do this?
If I wanted to go to L.A.,
I'd have to be outside
packing my car up to
get there by Wednesday.
Yeah. So you don't see me
packing up my car, do you?
Wait, wait, wait, wait. Hey.
This doesn't feel right.
I'll be back
in an hour or two.
You have been

dating this clown
for one year.
It's only going to
take you six months
to get over him.
Now, I want you
to take one of these
when it gets unbearable.
Some Xanies in here.
And Lorazepam.
Oh! Dilaudid.
My gift to you.
Debby, I don't need it.
I don't need the pills.
Take it!
(CAR ENGINE REVVING)
Look at Captain
Longdick out there.
Does this guy like
to fuck, or what?
That's Charlie!
What are you doing here?
I'm here to take
your fat ass to L.A.
You can't leave.
Yeah.
Look, I can't live
here without you
and I'm not
letting you stay.
So I suggest you get in.
You don't think
it'll be too dangerous?
No. I've been gone
for four years
and L.A. is a big city.
We'll be fine.
(SHRIEKS WITH DELIGHT)
I thought you said
this car didn't run.
Sweetie,
this car more than runs.
(TIRES SCREECHING)

ANNIE:

Where are you going?

CHARLES:

I have to pack my stuff.

No. I grabbed
everything you'd want.

Where?

It's in the trunk.

Honey, everything

I need for L.A. would
not fit in the trunk.

Sweetie,

this car also came as
a hardtop convertible.

The whole roof

slid into the trunk.

The trunk was designed
to hold the entire roof.

Believe me.

Your stuff fit

in the trunk.

(GASPS) Oh, wait!

What?

My teaching certificate.

It's at Gil's.

You're kidding me.

No. And I need it.

Oh, boy.

ANNIE:

(RATTLING)

Oh, my God.

(DOORBELL CHIMING)

Hey!

Anne?

What a fun surprise.

Um, listen. I think

I accidentally left...

You caught me

in the middle of

doing all my laundry.

Sorry about that. Um...

When I split up

the photo albums,
I think I left the one
with my teaching degree
here with you.
Oh. Okay, well.
That's an honest mistake.
You want to come in
and talk about it?
No, Gil.
I just want the album.
Can you grab it?
Uno momento.
Uno momento.
Nice buns!
(SHUSHES)
Well, it looks like
we've got quite
a few options here.
We can spread them out...
No, that's fine.
It'll be in the back.
All right. Why, pray tell,
are you in such
a hurry to get this?
Um, because
I'm taking a job
in L.A. and I need it.
You're taking a job
in Los Angeles? When?
Uh, now, actually.
We're leaving right now.
We?
You're moving to
Los Angeles with a man
you barely know?
Bingo. Okay...
Hold on a second!
I'm not letting you
move 500 miles away
with a man named
Charles Bronson,
who you barely know
who happens to
be in the witness

protection program.
Do you know who goes
into witness protection?
Criminals who have
ratted out other criminals
to save their own ass.
Okay! First of all, I never
should have told you
anything about him.
I never should have.
Secondly, you don't
have the authority
to not let me
do anything, Gil.
And lastly, he was
given that name when
he entered protection
which he entered because
he witnessed a crime. Okay?
He's a good Samaritan, Gil.
Not a criminal. Give me!
You can't just
disappear with that scumbag.
All right? It's unacceptable.
He's probably
going to murder you
Give me the album, Gil!
Give me the album!
Annie. Annie!
Hey! What the fuck
are you doing, Gil?
Nothing. I was just
giving her the albums
that she asked for.
You're sunbathing, too?
What, you got your top off?
I was doing laundry.
Give her the
fucking books, all right?
And when he snaps,
you better hope to hell
that I'm there to save you.
Because he's
going to do it.

Okay, Gil. Take care.

Bye, Gil!

(ENGINE STARTING)

CHARLES:

ANNIE:

G-L-8-7-9.

G-L-8-7-9!

CHARLES:

(CHUCKLES)

ANNIE:

What do you mean

what's with this car?

I mean...

It's kind of obnoxious.

Oh! You think this

car is obnoxious?

'Cause I think it's tits!

And I think

most people think

this car is tits.

It sounds like

it's gonna break.

No, it does not sound

like it's gonna break.

It sounds like

it has 700 horsepower.

Believe me,

all dudes love

how this car sounds.

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

I'm in a 700

horsepower dude lure?

That's right.

Apologies.

I had no idea.

You definitely told me

this car was broken.

It was when I was

talking about turning the

shed into a craft room.

Yeah?

Yeah.

So, why did you say that?

Why did I say that?

Holy shnikes,

look at this.

There's a parrot
driving this car.

Uh-huh.

A driving parrot!

Oh, man!

I'm gonna be rich!

I found the only
driving parrot!

I was hiding it
in the shed

'cause you're
not supposed to
bring anything with you.

I mean,
especially not a car.

But I spent a year and
a half building this
thing with my dad
and I didn't want to
just not have it anymore.

You wanted to
bring it because you
built it with your dad?

Yeah.

We weren't the
hottest communicators,
but we kind of
worked well together.

So he was into
off-road racing and
we did that together.

And then he was
into building old cars
and we did that.

I think it's sweet.

I want a burger.

Mmm! I want a burger too.

Let's get some beef!

Let's get some
beef up in us.

ANGELLA:

TERRY:

Yeah.

I understand it's an app.

I'm saying when you
hit the Pouncer app
what happens?

I hit Pouncer.

And it sends out my
exact location on this map.

And then I can see
who else has Pouncer
on the same exact map.

And I can chat with
them in real time.

And be like,

"Hey! Where are you?

What's going on?"

Oh.

You're the only one on here.

Yeah.

Well, we're in the
middle of nowhere.

There's no gays.

Have you used it
in another city?

Oh, my God.

Airports. Vegas.

You know.

Austin lights up like
a fucking Christmas tree.

Ten feet away.

Zero feet away.

Guys wanting to hook up.

For coffee? Or like...

No. To fuck.

Or hand jobs or blowjobs
or kissing. Whatever.

So wait, then like,

you just hit a button

and within five minutes
you and a stranger,
having sex?
Or having hand jobs?
I mean,
that's not the
intention of the app.
I think the intention
of the app is to see who's
straight and who's gay.
Like for you,
you're straight
so it's safe to assume
that you can
hit on anyone
or flirt with them.
And then I do that,
what happens?
Victim of a hate crime.
Yeah. Not cool.
(PHONE VIBRATING)
Not cool at all.
Oh, Gil.
(SIGHS) What?
Hey! Did you
change your mind?
It doesn't work
like that, Gil.
I can't have him
tailed or brought in.
He hasn't done anything.
I'm telling you, the guy
is a fucking Ted Bundy.
Okay, Terry?
He's probably going
to murder her and do
kinky shit to her body!
And that's
gonna be on you!
You're supposed to
be a fucking cop!
I am a fucking cop, Gil!
I don't need
you telling me

how to be a cop.
I know what I'm
fucking doing, okay?
You know what?
You still owe me 1,700 bucks!
Are you fucking
kidding me right now?
I got you
out of that DUI.
That report said
you soiled yourself, Gil.
Like a fucking
homeless man!
You evacuated.
You shit your pants.
I fixed that!
Okay, Gil? Me!
Fine.
Forget the 1,700 bucks.
Just do it because
you're my brother. Okay?
Fine. What's the
plate number?
Thank you.
Uh, Galactica,
Libra, eight, seven, nine.
The plate's been
expired for three years.
And it's not
even in his name.
What's the name?
Who is it registered to?
Yul Perrkins.
Yul Perrkins?
Yeah.
Oh, my God! I bet
that's his real name!
Yul!
I've got to go.
I'll see you Sunday.
Thanks, Terry!
Yul Perrkins.
"Thirty-one year-old
Yul Perrkins will be

the key witness
"in the state's case
against Alexander
Dmitri and Noel Hodges.
"Three suspects are
accused of robbing
"First National Bank
in late August." You fuck.
"They have been awaiting
trial for six months
"while the state
finalized the plea
bargain with Perrkins."
Alexander Dmitri.
For the next 24 hours
I know where Yul Perrkins is.

CHARLES:

the Iraqi dinar
is gonna go to the value
of the Kuwait dollar.

ANNIE:

about? Iraqi dinar?
It's trading at 1000
dinar per U.S. dollar.
(PHONE VIBRATING)
Oh, shit. It's Randy.
Hold on one second.
Hey. Where are y?
I picked somethig
up for you.
A new bowling ball.
Well, I was just thinking.
You're a really good bowler,
like naturally.
You're too good to
be using one of those
pitted-out house balls.
(CHUCKLES) That was
really nice of you.
Thanks, Randy.
So when are you
going to be back?

Um, well...
Here's the thing.
Annie got a really great
job opportunity in L.A.
So I'm gonna go
ahead and go with her.
What? Are you
fucking kidding ?
You know you
can't leave Milton!
You cannot leave Milto!
Well, I know
it's not advised,
but technically
I think I can leave.
Listen, if you do leave
you have to have a marshal
with you at all times
in case something happens!
And if something happens
to you, I am fucking fired!
Hey, look. I'm sorry.
I'm not trying to
get you fired, okay?
I'm leaving
witness protection.
So I'm no longer
your responsibility.
I mean, I think
I can leave. No?
You can leave.
But there's a whole process.
You've got to
fill out forms and shit.
Okay.
Where are you right now?
Just stay right
where you're at
and I'm coming to you.
No. No. Listen. Randy.
I've got to get her
to this interview.
I would have told
you I was leaving

but this whole thing
happened really fast.
And I'm sorry.
I'm on my way.
What's your 20?
I'm gonna call you
when we get to L.A. Okay?
Nothing's gonna happen to me.
You just stay there.
What the fuck?
Randy? I got to go, okay?
Stay there! I'm comi.
Fuck! All right...
Okay, you know what?
Randy's hell bent
on protecting me.
And I think that could
be very dangerous for us.
We should get on the road.
Okay.
Hey, chief,
is this your car?
Yeah, man.
You shouldn't touch.
Oh. It's so nice.
Thanks.
I bet this
thing's got nitrous.
This got nitrous?
No. Nitrous is for fags.
It's got cubic inches.
Cubic inches.
(TIRES SCREECHING)
(LAUGHING)
Did you just say "fags"?
Yeah.
But not in, like,
a homophobic way.
I used it
in place of "lame."
Why wouldn't
you just say "lame"?
Well, same reason
I say "fuck"

instead of "frick."
It packs more punch.
It's basically the swear
word version of lame.
No. It's not.
It's a hate word used
to perpetuate homophobia.
It's used to
marginalize gay people.
You're acting like
you don't know me.
I voted to
legalize civil unions.
When I had friends,
I had a lot of gay friends.
Then you shouldn't say "fag."
I don't!
I don't use it in reference
to actual people.
I mean especially
homosexual people.
So then,
that makes it okay?
Yeah, I think so.
I mean morally,
I feel fine about it.
So as long as it's not
in reference to a person,
it's all right?
Like if I wanted
to start calling
my purse the N word.
"Honey, have you
seen my N word?
"I can't find my N word
anywhere. And it's the
expensive one."
Okay. I will
work on it.
Thank you.
Are you fucking
kidding me?
No. I'm not.
No, no.

Your ex-boyfriend
is behind us.
Gil is tailing us.
Oh, my God.
What the fuck is he doing?
You know what?
I'm going to put a stop
to this right now.
What are you gonna do?
I'm gonna pull
him out of the car and
beat the shit out of him.
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
You're not doing that!
That's not how
you solve things.
That's exactly
how you handle this.
Especially with
a turd like Gil.
I'm sorry. Which one of us
has a doctorate in
conflict resolution?
'Cause I think it's me.
Listen. I respect
your degree. I do.
But it's not how
we're getting out
of this situation, okay?
We don't have time
to bring in a mediator.
Charlie, I am not
going to live with
a man who says "fag"
and beats up guys
on the side of the road.
I'm not gonna teach
non-violence
at a university
and then marry
Dog the bounty hunter!
I won't do it!
(FUNK MUSIC
PLAYING ON RADIO)

What are you doing, Gil?
Protecting someone I love.
What are you doing,
Yul Perrkins?
I don't know
how you know that name,
but if you say
it out loud again,
I swear to God...
"Yul" do what?
I love Annie.
Enough to move back
to L.A. for her where
I might get killed.
I love her so much
that I'm not beating
your fucking head
against the ground right now
because she asked me not to.
But if you do
something that results
in her leaving me,
I'm going to
beat you to death.
I'm literally gonna beat
you to fucking death, Gil.
Do you understand that?
That name stays
between you and I.
(CHUCKLES)
You know we have
a mutual friend?
I mean, technically
he's a Facebook friend,
which is obviously
less significant than
a real friendship
but still kind of cool.
Alex Dmitri.
You know him?
Alex Dmitri?
I got you.
Thank you.
Thank you so much.

What did he say?
Is he going home?
Nope. No, he's going
to follow us
all the way to L.A.
(SIGHS)
So how do you
want to handle this?
Well, sweetie,
if you're not gonna
let me kick his ass,
then you're gonna have
to let me run from him.
Okay.
I'm proud of you.
Thank you.
I'm sure I'll get there.
Yul!

(ENGINE STARTS)

Yul Perrkins!
What is he saying?
(ENGINE REVVING)
Oh, who gives a shit?
This is probably gonna
get pretty fucking radical.
But I don't want you
to get scared, okay?
I raced all growing up
and I even drove
professionally for a while.
Okay.
I trust you.
(SOUL MUSIC PLAYING)

GIL:

This is Gil!
I'm following you, okay?
If he goes all psycho
and shit on you
give me some kind
of hand signal. Okay?
(LAUGHING)

CHARLES:

(SCREAMING)
(SCREAMING)
Oh!
Oh, shit! Oh!
(GUN FIRING)
Oh!
Stop! Stop!
Oh, God. Stop!
Holy shit!
I think that was Randy!
Bye, Gil.
Oh, my God.
Hey! Randy?
Randy, are you okay, man?
No! I'm not
fucking okay, Charlie!
I'm in the
middle of a field
that you ran me into!
And my gun
started going off, man!
No! I am not okay!
Hey! I'm sorry!
And I don't want
to be a dick,
but you didn't
have to jump your van
onto that field, man.
I got back in my lane
with plenty of time.
Bullshit! I know time.
We would have had
a fucking head-on collision!
Okay. You know what?
You're clearly shaken up.
And apparently
you had another incident
with your firearm.
And I think you're
being a little defensive.
I just pulled over
to see if you're okay.
All right?
I am not defensive!

Are you shitting me?
What have I got
to be defending? Huh?
Nothing to defend!
You ran me off the road!
My gun went off
'cause of you,
almost killing me!
Hey, Randy?
Are you
really all right?
I am okay. I am okay.
How are you doing?
Are you okay?
Yeah.
Do you want me to
call you a tow truck?
Obviously I have
a fucking cell phone!
I was in the
middle of a call when
you wrecked me! Okay?
Okay. Well,
you know what...
Wait, Charlie!
Don't go! Don't go, please!
Listen, I'm sorry.
I'm just a little embarrassed.
Don't go, okay?
'Cause I'll just
have to chase you.
I know you will, Randy.
But will you please be
a little more careful?
I mean,
it really worries me
when I look behind me
and I see your
van is airborne.
Charlie?
Bye, Randy!
Oh! Hey! Congratulations
on the new job!
Thanks!

when they could shop and
get whatever they wanted?

NEVE:

Oh, hey.

Leave a pit by itself
right in front of a store.

Well he's not a killer.

Look at that face.

That's what they all say.

Until they need stitches.

Like those

crazy bitches

that live with tigers?

What? What are

you talking about?

About the women

who get pet tigers

and then get eaten?

Oh. Oh. Oh, yeah!

You ain't ever gonna

catch no black bitches

living with no tiger.

That's some

white girl shit.

She hates

white bitches, right?

We don't like white

bitches either, do we?

You'll never catch me

doing some shit like that.

Yeah? I live with a tiger

and I ain't no white bitch.

Oh, really?

No.

I'm a tiger?

Yes, ma'am.

Just the water?

I don't think we have the

right cookware for that...

Just the water?

Yeah! Mmm-hmm.

That'll be \$1.69.

(PHONE RINGING)

Oh, just a sec.

Hi, boss.

What's up?

Gonna have

a hell of a meal.

Well, the dog

food's not for me.

(LAUGHING)

I'm just teasing.

But I don't think

your dog's gonna want to

eat that either, though.

He's lucky I feed him

anything at all after

he tore up my couch.

Mmm.

(CHUCKLES)

See? He ain't no lamb.

He's a tiger.

That's right, girl.

He's all tiger.

Well, maybe he thought

that couch was healthier

than the landfill

you're giving him.

Hey, dude?

How about you stop worrying

about what I feed my dog

and worry about surfboards,

or whatever the fuck it is

you think about?

I'm sorry.

how much better

the good dog food

is for your dog.

Yeah,

it's 10% more expensive.

But it's like

I just...

You trying to get knocked

the fuck out, motherfucker?

No, no, no.

Huh?

'Cause you got the right guy.

I'll knock a nigger
out holding a baby.
(RECEIPT PRINTING)
Thank you for
shopping at Field's.
I'm just thinking about,
you know, the beautiful
little creature out there.
But I'm sorry.
Have a nice day, sir.
So, a little dog food?
Yeah. How are you doing?
Good.
Where the fuck
is your leash?
That fucking
son of a bitch.
(GROANS)
(GRUNTING)
Come on, buddy! Yeah!
Get you where we can
play around a little bit.
Yeah! How's that feel?
Right?
All right?
Let's eat some dog food.
All right, buddy?
Chill the fuck out, man!
No, I am chill.
Don't do nothing stupid!
You like this. You want it.
You said you liked it!
You said it's good!
Don't you remember?
It's high-priced fucking
chicken feet dog food!
Eat it, brother!
Baby, let's go, okay?
Yo! Get your man straight!
Hey, babe.
I'll be there in
a second, okay?
No, man!
Get in the car!

It's just dog food!
No! Babe, it's not just
dog food. That's my
whole point about this.
It's compressed
fucking sawdust
and we're not leaving here
until my man samples some.
You got it! Just eat it!
No! Just trust me!
I can't eat that shit, man!
Why not?
I can't! Man, I can't!
I'd rather die!
I can't eat this shit, man!
Do you understand
what you just said?
That you would rather
die than eat that shit?
You understand
how that supports
what I've been
trying to tell you
the past 15 minutes?
Other people,
lives in danger,
they eat
another human being.
But you?
You won't even
fucking eat this.
Fuck. That's some
profound shit, man.
That's some
fucking profound shit.
Hey!
Come on. Come on.
Now, I'm going to
take your dog.
But I'm going to
tell you something.
It's not cool to wear
those tank tops anymore.
Unless you're wearing it

ironically or something.
Fuck all y'all!
Fuck me.
Oh, shit.
Get some.
Damn!
That's a mean kitty!
Thanks.
What is it? A '75?
Uh, '67.
Is that what
they told you, huh?
Shit! Suicide doors.
Suicide...
Uh...
You can shut that.
(DOOR CLOSES)
Thanks.
Seeing if it worked, guy.
Oh.
That ain't
a stock power plant.
No. Not stock.
Yeah. How many ponies?
Seven hundred.
Damn!
How much?
It's 700!
No. Into the motor.
What's the price
tag on this build?
Reason I'm asking is 'cause
I might do a motor swap
with that late
model Ford over there.
Yeah.
I can't really
remember everything
that went into it. So...
Ballpark it.
You know what?
It was about 14 grand.
Damn. That's commitment.
Mmm-hmm. Yeah.

That's what I always say.

And the South
will rise again.

God! You own that too?

(LAUGHING)

You know what?

It's a rental, actually.

(LAUGHING)

Aren't they all?

Oh.

(ENGINE STARTING)

Hey. Have you noticed
that there is a certain
type of person
that is attracted
to this vehicle?

Yeah. Like the guy
at the gas station?

Yes. Like the guy
at the gas station.

Like, if you spent two years
building your dream car
that is was also
the dream car of
a certain type of person.

Like people who are...

I don't know.

Let's just
call them rapists,
out of convenience.

If you started
to notice that your
peers were rapists,
what do you think that
says about the old you
who built this car?

Look. This car
is designed specific.

What appeals to me
is probably not what
appeals to other dudes. Okay?

I wanted something
that was as fast as hell,
seated six people,

and had a trunk
the size of an SUV's.
But why?
I feel like you're
insinuating that I have small
dick complex or something.
And I don't. We both
know that's not the case.
I have a lot of issues,
but not that one.
I'm just teasing you.
I don't think couples can
really tease each other.
I think everyone
pretends they can,
but really, there's
always some kind of
truth or judgment
in there somewhere.
Baloney.
Couples can tease.
Oh, yeah.
It's playful!
Well, of course.
I can say to you
you're too fat,
or you're too tall
and clearly I'm joking.
But anything else
I say I'm probably
hinting at something
that bothers me
about you.
But I'm framing it
as a joke, so that
when a fight ensues
I don't have to take
responsibility for it.
Do you want to
just go to this place?
Sure.
I feel like you just
got really upset, though.
And I honestly was

just teasing you.
Okay. I'll be back
in a second.
It's okay if you're
feeling sensitive
and I'll drop it.
The only reason
I want to talk about it
is so we can
figure out why.
I think it's just going
home after four years.
It's just bringing
up some weird shit.
What kind of weird shit?
I don't know.
Just weird shit, really.
(DANCE MUSIC PLAYING)
Oh, my God!
Oh, hey!
Sorry!
Sorry about that.
Sorry. Very sorry.
Our bad. Sorry.
Oh, my God!
(LAUGHING)
Get away from the door!
That was a real
life lemon party.
That was grannies and
grampies fooling around!
(LAUGHING)
What you buying, baby?
I was just checking
my Facebook page.
I don't know why.
You ain't single and
you've got three friends.
What the fuck you be
checking on Facebook?
(BOTH LAUGHING)
What are you
checking on Facebook?
Maybe Allen put some

new photos of himself
naked in front of the mirror.
I have to stay abreast.
You don't
want to miss that.
Get the fuck out of here.
What?
Get your shit.
We've got to go.
Where are you going?
We got to go. Come on.
Get your shit. We got to go.
That's what happens.
I talked to him
No. He knows where he is.
All right? I'll see you soon.
Babe? You gonna
take care of the dogs?
Mmm-hmm.
Did you put the alarm on?
Yes.
(GAGGING)
Hey, honey?
What was Gil screaming
when you were
walking towards the car?
He sounded like he
was repeating something.
I don't know what the fuck
he was saying. He's nuts.
Well, obviously you heard
what he was saying.
He kept repeating it
over and over again.
He was just talking shit.
But what was it?
Huh?
Charlie?
What was he saying?
He was saying "Yul Perrkins."
He was saying "Yul Perrkins"
over and over again
so that you would hear
and then we would

be in this fight.
So he won.
We're not fighting.
What are you...
Who's Yul Perrkins?
That's my name.
That's my real name.
Yul Perrkins.
Perrkins. Yul Perrkins
is my real name.
Why on earth would
we fight about that?
I don't know.
I just feel like this
is gonna be a fight.
Like, why wouldn't I have
told you my name before?
Or that comment you
made about my car.
Or the old me.
I just, you know...
I want everything to be
exactly how it's been
since we've met.
I don't want to have
to go all the way back
into my background
just because
we're going to L.A.
Can you calm down?
Come here.
Come here for a second.
Please come sit
on the bed with me.
I think Yul Perrkins
is a very cute name.
I think it sounds like
a Sesame Streecharacter.
Yeah?
So did all the kids
on the playground.
It was not very cute.
My dad loves Yul Brynner.
He thinks he's a badass.

But no one
in my generation's
ever heard of him.
Can I ask you
one more question?
And you promise
you'll tell the truth?
Yeah.
Did they assign you
the name Charlie Bronson
or did you get to pick it?
I picked it.
Was it 'cause you
thought it sounded tough
and you were tired of
having a sissy name?
Yeah.
That is the most adorable
thing I've ever heard.
Come here.
And you loved
Charles Bronson movies?
I actually named myself
after that famous
English prisoner
who named himself after
the actor Charles Bronson.
And I found him
intriguing, I guess.
That's weird.
To find someone
like that intriguing.
It's weird.
Well, look,
I don't know...
It sounds stupid now that
I'm saying it out loud,
but at the time it seemed...
I didn't know you
then, Annie.
So I obviously
picked the wrong name.
And I'm sorry that I...
It's fine. Hey. Hey!

You can call me
whatever you want.
You're not on trial here,
okay? This is all
just new to me.
Come back here. Come back.
You want to drop it?
Yeah. I would appreciate that.
Okay.

TERRY:

Are you kidding me?
(SIRENS WAILING)
Might as well tap me on
the shoulder and say,
"Fuck you."
Sir, are you okay?
Have you been
in an accident?
What?
No. I'm a U.S. marshal.
Okay. Sir, your vehicle
appears to be totaled.
And I clocked you at 127
miles per hour back there.
I'm a marshal.
And I've got someone
in witness protection
who needs my protection.
I totally understand, sir.
Is there any way you
could stay below 100?
I'm very worried
about this car getting
up into triple digits.
I suppose I could try
to keep it in the high 90s.
Thank you.
'Cause just like
it's your job
to be protecting
whoever you may
be protecting...

ANGELLA:

What? Hold on a second.
I'll be right back, sir.

ANGELLA:

to talk to you.
What?
What?
Okay. I wasn't snooping.
But your phone did vibrate
and so I checked
it out and...
That's your
Pouncer app, right?
Yeah.
Okay. So that dot
popped up like
two seconds ago.
So, there's got to be
another gay guy within,
what, 100 feet of here?
Yeah.
I mean,
it must be him.
Although I don't think
he's gay. He's like 50.
There's 50-year-old
gay people, Angella.
We don't grow
out of being gay.
Oh, no. I didn't...
That's not what I meant.
I just...
I just think you
should ask him out.
What do you mean...
Oh! Because he's gay
and I'm gay I should
just ask him out?
Are you instantly
attracted to every
straight person you meet?
No.
Come on.

I'm actually
gonna let you go.
But I do need to
see your phone for
a second please, sir.
Why?
A small request after
you were driving that fast.
Can I see your
phone please, sir?
Thank you very much.
Yeah. There we go.
That's what I thought.
Uh... Hi.
What are you doing?
I'm programming
my name and number
in here.
Just in case you
ever need "backup."
What are you...
Pouncer.
Oh.
I didn't know what...
Oh, you had no idea
what it was?
It's okay.
Don't be embarrassed.
I'm a fan of Pouncer.
I Pounce.
You Pounce too, I guess.
So, you should be
very flattered,
'cause I'm an eight
and you're a five, so...
You have a safe night.
Right.
Okay. Do you need to
call me back after you've
collected yourself?
No, no, no. I'm good.
So I stopped off at
San Andreas and Jackson.
They were nowhere

to be found.

I don't think they could
have got as far as Planada.
So my guess is Mariposa.
We'll take a peek in Planada
on our way up to Mariposa.
Oh, great! Great.

Now, about the girl, Annie,
who's my girlfriend
and a victim in all this.
Uh, I want assurances...

(PHONE BEEPING)

Hello?

Did that drop
or did he just...

Hey, buddy, look.

They have shower caps.

Oh, yeah?

Your favorite.

Yep.

I'm gonna go get some
coffee for us, okay?

Okay.

I'll be ready to go in 10.

Have a good shower.

Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Come on!

Are you...

(LAUGHING NERVOUSLY)

Fuck!

Fuck!

That fucking hillbilly
from the gas station stole
my engine last night!

What?

From the Lincoln!

I just went out there
to start it.

There's no engine inside.

How do you steal an engine?

Grind the motor mounts out
and pull it out with
a cherry picker.

It probably took
him 20 minutes.
Fuck!
Is there anything I can do?
No. Just finish your shower.
I'm gonna go to the lobby
and see if they know
someone with a tow truck.
Okay.
That was a \$12,000 engine.
Sorry your engine
was stolen, sweetie!
Where is she?
(MUFFLED)
What the fuck
are you doing?
Where is she, man?
You just fucking
broke my nose!
I don't care!
I swear to God
if you already killed her...
I'm not
a fucking killer, man!
What's wrong with you?
You were
involved in a homicide!
I am not leaving without her.
Get that fucking
club out of my face!
Don't talk to me like that!
Listen, man! She is fine!
Do you want to see her?
Yes!
Lower that shit and
I'll show her to you!
All right! Open the door!
What the fuck
are you thinking, man?
Hitting me in the nose
with a golf club?
I didn't think it
would hurt that bad!
Jesus Christ!

I've been through some shit.
I've never seen a
bitch move like that.
Well, if you wouldn't
be such an asshole!
You know what pisses me off
the most about you hitting me
with this fucking...
No! I don't really
give a shit either.
It's that you made me
break my promise to Annie.
That was a shitty
thing to do, Gil!
That was really
fucking selfish of you.
Fucking selfish prick.
Oh, fuck! Fuck...
(CAMERA CLICKING)
Honey!
(SCREAMS)
I'm sorry!
Sorry, sorry, sorry! Honey?
We have got to go right now.
I will tell you
about it in the car, okay?
What car? I thought
you said the car was...
Baby, this is life or death.
I need you to get out of
the shower this second.
Okay? Let's go.
Okay.
I don't understand.
What happened to your face?
Why are you bleeding?
Baby, will you please
just get dressed
and pack, okay?
Yes.
The people I testified
against are in the lobby.
We got to get out
of here right now.

Should I call the police?
There's no time for that.
Why are you bleeding?
Did they hit you?
Baby, just faster, okay?
I'm going
as fast as I can!
They are right out there.
Okay, go baby! Go, go, go!
Okay, I'm going!
I'm going!

ALEX:

I'll grab Yul.
You got the girl?
You want me to
take the gun since you're
focused on the door?
I think I can manage both.
Okay. All right.
All right.
We're gonna go on three.
One.
You all right?
Yep. Here we go.
One. Two.
Three.
Where the fuck is Yul?
(DANCE MUSIC PLAYING)
Hey! What are you
looking at, bro?

NEVE:

Fuck!
Come on! They're seniors.
It's the wrong room.
Come on. Go!
Fucking embarrassing, man!
I know.
That shit was disgusting!
You got
everything you need?
Yes.
We're good. We're good,

we're good, we're good.
Damn it!
Can you grab that?
Yeah, honey...
Okay. Your purse.
Go, go, go, go,
go, go, go, go!
What is that?
(CAR BEEPING)
It's a remote keyless entry.
For which car?
It's kind of
a universal one.
I just made it.
Mama, will you just throw
your stuff in the car?
Let's go. Go, go,
go, go, go. Faster!
Wait a second. I'm not
just going to get into
someone else's car.
Sweetie,
it's not the time!
(ENGINE STARTS)
Hey!
Hurry up! Let's go!
(ENGINE STARTS)
Did you just
steal this car?
Yes, I did.
But only because
I absolutely had to.
How did you steal it?
If you lose
your keyless entry
and go to the dealership
they use the
VIN number to get a new
code in their program.
And I got a new code
and I programmed this one.
But how?
How did you get the code?
I have passwords for

the different dealerships.

Why do you have
those passwords?

Charlie?

Look. If we have
this conversation
I'm afraid you're
not gonna want to
be with me anymore.

Okay, well, if we don't
have this conversation,
I can't be with you.

I can't be
with someone
that I don't trust.

So you're just going
to have to risk it.

(SNORTING)

(YAWNING)

(ENGINE STARTING)

Asshole!

CHARLES:

I witnessed a bank robbery
that went really wrong.

ANNIE:

What I left out is that
I was kind of involved.
Not in the violence part,
but in the getaway
driving part.

I'm sorry I didn't
say that to you,
but when I got into
witness protection
I looked at it
as a new beginning.
And I knew I wasn't going
to be that guy anymore...

You're a bank robber?

Charlie?

No. I didn't actually
rob any of the banks.

Alex and Allen
did the robbing
and I did the
driving them to and
from the bank robbing.
Banks? Plural?
How many times did
you do that, Charlie?
I don't know. A few.
You don't know?
Maybe 12 or 13.
"Maybe"? Maybe a dozen?
Maybe a baker's dozen?
You're not sure?
No. It was 13.
Yes, it was absolutely 13.
This is why I didn't
tell you about this.
Because I knew you were
going to react this way.
Who wouldn't react this way,
Charlie? A sociopath?
Look, I have
a terrible past.
I'm sorry about that.
But it has
nothing to do with us.
How'd you do it?
How'd you get off, Charlie?
You testified against
your friends to save
your own ass?
They were gonna
charge Neve with
accessory to murder
because she cased the job.
So either I turned
on Alex and Allen,
who did the shooting,
or Neve went to prison
for the rest of her life.
Who is Neve?
The black girl
in the station wagon.

Why aren't they
in prison, Charlie?
They implied I wasn't
a credible witness
because I was...
You know,
engaged to Neve.
You were engaged to a woman
who plans bank robberies?
Who are you?
Listen. Sweetie. Please?
Don't.
Pull the car over.
I think I'm going
to throw up.
I can't pull over right now,
or Alex is gonna
shoot both of us.
Then fucking
lose them, Charlie!
So you can let me out!
Hey, buddy!
It's me from last night!
Yeah! The minivan!
I could really use your help
I'm at some
abandoned airfield.

(VOMITING)

(GUNFIRE)

(SHRIEKS)

(SCREAMING)

ALLEN:

believe this is
a fucking station wagon!
This shit is so fast!
We might not make this!

ANNIE:

(SCREAMING)

(HORN BLARING)

Fucking shit!

Ah!

Fuck!

Fuck!

(PHONE RINGING)

DEBBY:

Pick up already.

ANNIE:

It's not a good time.

Oh! Am I fucking up
your massage?

'Cause you're

fucking up mine!

I got a call from UC.

Sandy's got some
emergency tomorrow.

So you have to be

there by 4:

That might be impossible.

Are you kidding me?

I could leave Milton now
and be there by 4:00.

Deb, I don't think
you understand!

Annie, I am in the
middle of something.

Just get there!

(GROANS)

Don't be a pussy.

ANNIE:

find a place to let me out.

Annie? I want to talk
about this. Okay?

Just let me drive you
to L.A. and we can talk it
out on the way.

You are engaged!

You're a criminal!

If you don't pull over,
I'm jumping out.

And I'm not kidding!

Okay, okay, okay, okay!

Hold on a second, okay?

Annie! Hey!
Where are you going?
You're going
to walk aimlessly
through an orange grove?
I did not lie to you!
Omitting is lying, Charlie!
What if I had sex
with a co-worker and
I didn't tell you that?
You wouldn't
think that was a lie?
No! That would be a lie!
Because we're in
a relationship
and we owe each other
those kind of details.
Look, whatever you're
mad about happened
before we ever met, okay?
Look! I have not
violated your trust
once since we met.
Except for completely
lying about who you are.
Look, you may have had
three-ways with dudes
or smoked cocaine!
But if you had,
just because you didn't
disclose that to me,
doesn't mean
you're a liar!
I don't care what
you did before we met.
All I care about
is who you are now!
Really?
So if I was a pedophile,
if I had raped children,
you wouldn't care about that?
If I had been a member of
the Ku Klux Klan? No biggie?
You wouldn't feel like

a complete idiot for having
fallen in love with me?

(PANTING)

Buddy, I...

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I was ashamed.

And I was embarrassed.

And I thought we would
just live in Milton for
the rest of our lives
and be happy
and have babies.

And I would be Charlie.

And that would be that.

What if I did tell you?

Be honest.

Would you have
fallen in love with me?

I don't know!

And I'm never gonna know,
because you took that
decision away from me.

But yes, Charlie!

I find it very difficult
to believe
that someone who
justified robbing 13 banks
would ever not be
that type of person.

It's not exactly
the high profile
background you look for
when you're choosing
someone to have a baby with.

You know,
if I was an ex-drug addict
or an ex-alcoholic,

I guarantee
you would be able
to look past that.

That's not the point.

The bottom line is
in any relationship
you can either wallow

in the person's past,
or you can look
at the person that's
right in front of you
and choose
to move forward.
But you can't do both.
I agree.
Then move forward with me.
But the person in
front of me lied to me.
Whether you want to call
it that or not, Charlie.
I need to get to L.A.
And I'm gonna do
that without you.
How?
(SIGHS)
Hey.
Hey.
Are you okay?
Yeah. I'm fine.
Can you, um...
Can you drive me
the rest of the way
to L.A., please?
Of course.
Or would you rather
go back to our house
and digest all this?
No, Gil.
I just want
to get to L.A.
I can do that.
Why don't you hop in
and I'll gather
all your belongings?
Okay.
Hey, asshole.
Do not even think about
tailing us. I'm serious.
Or what? You're gonna
stab me with that knife?
I could, if you charged me.

Yeah? Okay.
I'm terrified.
Yeah, well,
you're the aggressor.
Listen. I still think
you're a fucking turd.
But I'm sorry
that I clocked you
and I appreciate you
taking Annie to L.A.
You're welcome.
Oh, and we know
who got the best
of who in that scuffle.
So, if you forgot,
just ask
your previous shirt.
I will.

GIL:

your seatbelt on?

TERRY:

Oh, my God!
Uh, Pounce him!
Use your app.
Your Pouncer app.
And Pounce him.
Oh, my God!
You're brilliant. Okay.
I see him!
He's on here!
Okay, um...
Go straight.
He's right there.
He's right there.
He's right there.
Bingo.
Oh, my God.
What the hell happened?
Was he executed?
I don't know.
Randy?
(GROANING)

Oh! (GROANING)

I hit my head.

(GROANING)

Let's go!

You okay?

You want to pull over
and have a warm meal, or...

Or would you
rather process?

Okay.

You process.

Gil?

(SHRIEKING)

GIL:

ANNIE:

Hey!

GIL:

think about it!

ANNIE:

(SCREAMING)

Gil!

Gil! What the fuck?

(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)

Annie?

ALEX:

How you doing, buddy?

Where are you right now?

Where's Annie?

having some French
fries and onion rings.

Why don't you come down?

Don't be a fucking
asshole, Alex.

I'd hurry up if I were you.

Neve's mad-dogging
the hell out of her.

Wow.

Wow!

You look really good, Yul.

You used to look older
than Alex, but now you
look younger. It's crazy.
He looks good.
Doesn't he, babe?
I don't know.
Who gives a shit?
Really, baby?
Yeah, well,
I would have asked
for your permission,
but you kind of fell
off the map, didn't you?
Well, I don't know
what to tell you, man.
Yeah, I do
fucking hate you.
You betrayed me.
Okay? We were best friends
and you testified against me.
You know what? Fuck you.
You fucking betrayed me.
You fucking shot a dude, man!
You put us all in
this shitty mess
where I got to
pick between my fiance
and my best friend!
That's your fucking fault!
So fuck you!
Oh! I'm sorry.
You were inside the bank?
No.
I forgot about that!
You were inside
the bank and you saw
the security guard
pointing a fucking
gun at Allen.
Oh, no!
No, you weren't!
You were in the fucking car
trying to change the fucking
oldies station!

I'm sure the \$6
an hour fucking retard
was gonna shoot Allen.
Are you kidding me?
He would have shot me!
You don't fucking know!
Shut the fuck up, Allen!
You don't get to do that.
What do you want?
You're not in
this fucking circle.
Sorry, Allen.
What do you want?
I want money.
That's it, bro.
I don't want
anything else.
You got it. Let's go
to my dad's right now.
Let her out of the car.
Let's go.
No. She's gonna
come with. Let's go.
Stay in the car.
Hold on a second, dude.
You're gonna fucking turn
this into kidnapping?
Hey, no. I'm being serious.
Alex? Please listen to me.
You're gonna risk going to
prison when I'm cooperating?
I don't get it.
'Cause you
owe me, motherfucker!
I want you to feel the
fucking uncomfortable
situation I was in.
You got off!
What are you talking about?
Oh, my God? Eight months!
Are you fucking crazy?
I've been in Siberia
for four years!
The fucking

arrogance of you, man!
I don't understand? What?
You fucking didn't like
the gym equipment?
There wasn't enough
time for you to read?
I got butt-fucked.
I got
fucked in the butt
because of you.
Yeah.
That's horrible.
I did not realize
that happened in jail.
I thought that
was a prison thing.
Yeah, well...
I guess it's not
exclusive to prisons.
Well, I mean, you've never
been, like, a homophobe.
It seems like something
you probably worked through.
You're a strong dude.
I don't think homophobia
has anything to do with it.
The guy was disgusting.
If I was gay
I would still want
to come after you.
I'm really sorry.
I'm really, really sorry.
Was it a black guy?
No, it wasn't a black guy.
That's a pretty fucking
racist thing to say.
You think that's racist?
Yeah.
I think that's
the opposite of racist.
I don't think it would
make a black guy gay
to fuck a white dude
because we're such

pussies compared to them.
What the fuck
are you even talking
about right now?
I'm saying if I was
a black dude I wouldn't
feel the least bit gay
I would think a white guy is
just like masculine chicks.
Like, Ellen.
She's masculine,
but I would
totally fuck her
if I were single.
I wasn't fucked
by a black guy.
Okay?
Can we just go?
Okay.
Was it a Mexican guy?
No.
Oh, man.
Was it one of
those white guys?
Those fucking Nazis?
No! It was not
a fucking white guy, either.
Charlie?
It doesn't matter who
violated him. Okay?
It could have been
any number of people.
It doesn't matter
their race, okay?
It could have
been Latino. It could
have been Tongan.
It could have
been a Persian...
It was Filipino!
I was butt-fucked by
a Filipino dude, okay?
Does that fucking
solve your dilemma

of what part of the world
my ass traveled to?

CHARLES:

I mean, I don't think...
That's not so bad.
I mean, just like
all black dudes
think of us as women,
I think of all Asians
as women, you know?
Even the men.
I feel like you
basically hooked up
with an Asian lady.
Charlie, just...
No, I didn't hook up with
anybody, bro. I was raped.
Okay, listen, I don't...
Fucking hooked up?
I feel partly
responsible for this
and I'm really sorry.
Well that's
a weird angle, bro.

ANGELLA:

back up, Randy!
Gil, what the fuck
are you doing out here?
They have Annie.
Alex Dmitri took her.
Get in the van.
Ride with him.

RANDY:

RANDY:

Hey, you remember my dad
lives at 1805 Burns in
Spicewood, right?
I don't remember a place
I've been to 200 times, no.
in Burns, California.

Write that down.

Write that down.

(DOORBELL CHIMES)

Look at this guy.

Ringing the doorbell

to his own house.

What's wrong?

I have not talked

to my dad since

I got arrested, so...

Yeah, but that's

not your fault.

He knows you can't

contact your family.

No. You can.

Charlie, you told me

that you couldn't

contact your family.

I did not tell you that.

You might have assumed that.

But I never said that.

Okay, fine. Forget it.

Why haven't you

talked to your dad?

I don't know, uh...

Shame? Fucking

demoralizing shame?

(ALEX LAUGHING)

That's been

four years coming.

And you deserve

more than just that.

I know.

Yeah, I don't know

what pisses me off

the most, Yul.

The fact that

you got involved

in all that shit,

or that you ran off

like a coward when

everything blew up.

I didn't raise

that person.

That's not my son.
And you used the Lincoln.
Our project car.
Makes me sick!
Yeah. Me too.
Now, why are you
all together again?
Not by choice.
I buried something in
the pasture that Alex wants.
Hey, Mr. Perrkins.
How are you?
Good to see you.
Mr. Perrkins.
Now, who's this one?
This is Annie. She is my,
or was, my girlfriend.
Prior to all
this being revealed.
Hi. Nice to meet you, sir.
Clint Perrkins.
Good. Good. Good.
This feels right.
This feels right.
Want to go to the pasture?
Good to see you.
You know I'm going to shoot
you in the back of the head
if you don't
find this money?
You know that?
What are you going to
do with this money, Alex?
They know
the serial numbers
on half these bills.
I don't think they're
gonna be caring
about serial numbers
in Iraq, bro.
Get the fuck out of here.
You're going to buy dinar?
How the fuck do
you know about dinar?

If you buy \$100,000
worth of dinar
and it goes to the value
of the Kuwait dollar,
you're looking at
\$300,000,000.
\$300,000,000.
Heaven forbid either of you
ever worked for something.
Hey, Clint? Why don't
you think of this gun
as a microphone?
When it's not in your hand
you shut the fuck up. Okay?
It's none of my business,
but just so you know,
the Charlie that...
Yul, that I've known
for the past year
I think is the one that
you were trying to raise.
He's actually
a pretty good boy.
Yeah.
Hey, give me that shovel!
Boy, you look like
a monkey fucking a football.
Oh, I got it, Pops. Thanks.
Allen. Let him do it.
That is bullshit, though.
Hey, uh...
I'm sorry
I disappeared like that.
I couldn't handle
letting you down on
top of everything else.
It was just
too much for me.
And it was
cowardly.
And I'm sorry.
I'm racing Class 1 now.
Get out of here.
Class 1?

Yep. I bought a Tatum,
You should drive it.
Motherfucker will go over
or through anything.
It's a...
Good luck with the dinar.
Oh, man.
It's gonna be huge, Yul.
if you weren't
such a shitty
motherfucking friend.
All right. Let's go.
Don't touch me!
What, bitch?
Ow!
Hey, hey, hey, hey!
(GUNSHOT)
You want to see me act like
a fucking degenerate, bitch?
Get off her! Alex, man,
you've got the fucking
money! Just go!
Annie's coming with us.
When the deal is made
and the cops aren't called
No one's calling the cops.
Just please, take the money.
I'm not fucking
asking you a question.
(GROANS)
(ANNIE COUGHING)
(GROANING)
Go! Go, baby, get him!
Hey!
(GUNSHOT)
Hey!
Hey!
(GUNSHOT)
Hey!
Yul!

ANNIE:

Is this it?
No, no!

That's not a Tatum!
What a bone grow.
Come on! Let's go!

ALEX:

Seatbelts! Seatbelts!
Turn it on!
Uh, okay.
Jesus! Look at
all this shit!
(GUNSHOTS)
(SCREAMING)
Start this
ridiculous vehicle!
Okay! I'm trying!
I'm trying!
You're gonna
catch a fucking stray!
Power! I've got power!

ALEX:

(ENGINE GRINDING)
(ENGINE ROARING)
Go!
What the fuck
just happened?
What are you doing?
I can't leave my
dad in that field.
Looks like he's
got it under control!
Yeah.
Come on, motherfucker!

RANDY:

(NEVE SCREAMING)
Get out of the car!
Lady! Grab some dirt!
Get your fucking hands up!
I got him!
I shot him! He's shot!
He's shot. He's shot!
He's shot, look!
I don't think they're

following us anymore!
I can't see
a goddamn thing.
Are you sure?
Yes.
Okay, you know what?

It's 2:

So I think we're just
gonna have to chance it.
Well, I mean, we've got to
get on the freeway to
get to UC from here.
And this thing isn't
exactly highway legal.
So I think we should...
I can call a cab.
But you don't have
time to call a cab.
Then I'll be late.
Or I won't make it.
But I don't want you
getting arrested over this.
I don't care if
I get arrested, okay?
I promised you that
I was gonna get you
to this interview,
and I'm gonna do that.
I don't have a job.
I don't have any friends.
You don't love me anymore.
So my word is really
all I've got going for me.
I don't not love you.
I'm just terrified
that I don't know you.
I mean,
between your fake name
and those were your friends?
Annie, Annie,
Annie, Annie.
You know me.
You do.

You know me
more than anyone.
And I'm gonna be
the exact same person
you met and fell
in love with for
the rest of my life.
Do you think you can be
the exact same person
except not say "fag"
when you really mean "lame"?
And not buy into
get-rich-quick schemes
that profit from
war-torn countries?
Okay.
I'll even throw in
stereotyping.
Okay.
Let's go.

KEITH:
and call horseshit on the

RANDY:

KEITH:

TERRY:
excess of 60 yards, sir.
Okay.
And you thought you could
use Big Red's revolver
instead of your own Sig?
This whole thing stinks.
I was out of ammunition
from a previous exchange.
Yeah, okay.
I noticed that you
modified your vehicle too.
A little bit more of an
underhaul, wasn't it?
Did you see that? Good God.

RANDY:

pursuit where I was
temporarily airborne.

KEITH:

Take a quick sit?
You've clearly
got professional
health problems.
My chest hurts
just looking at you.
You've got total
disregard for equipment.
But somehow...
Somehow
you managed
to take down Dmitri
without any help.
And that, my friend,
that's impressive.
Is it not?
Well, I did receive
some vital backup
from Officer Rathbinn.
Thank you.
That's you, ginge?
Yeah.
Good God.
I'm Terry.
Hey. Pat Rickman.
Great job.
Thank you.

KEITH:

probably gonna get out of
witness protection
for this, big guy? Huh?
Maybe even air marshal.
You like that?
You like the sound of that?
Riding up front,
first class,
gun at the ready?
From your mouth

to Grant's ears.
I'm gonna whisper
it right in there.
I'm gonna
see him this afternoon.
I'll make sure he
knows everything.
Yeah, we are.
Hey. We'll even
throw your name in there.
Really?
Are you interested in
being a U.S. marshal?
Well, good.
Are you going
to borrow a condom
or can we go?
We can go.
Okay.
Nice going.
Mike's gonna be back
give you guys a ride
a little bit later.
I'm proud of you!
Well done!

STUDENT:

go green, asshole.
It's bio-diesel, friend.
Okay. You set?
That was pretty
amazing. Right?
Will you acknowledge
how cool that was?
Yeah. It was cool.
Are you all right?
Are you ready?
No.
I'm not. I don't have
my teaching certificate.
I am covered in mud.
I look like a transient.
Put your head back.
Close your eyes.

Okay?

Take a few deep breaths.

This is the only moment
you need to worry about.

You're not late

for anything. We made it.

You're not missing anything.

You're exactly where

you are supposed to be.

And you're exactly who

you are supposed to be.

And you are

absolutely perfect.

And if you're up for it

I will spend every

moment with you for

the rest of your life.

I'm up for it.

Oh, buddy.

Okay, buddy.

I've got to go

now because

there's a job

in there that they

want to give me.

Go get it.

Good luck.

How do I look?

Amazing.

(WHISTLING)

You look great. Nice buns!

Shut up.

RANDY:

No matter what happens today

you are an amazing person.

The test does not have

the power to define you

or validate you.

What the fuck?

Why do you still have

your Pouncer app?

Why are you going

through my fucking phone?

I'm not!
You are! You're snooping
because you have
major trust issues.
Yes, I've got
a lot of issues.
Okay? No shit.
And this doesn't help.
I just didn't
erase it, okay?
Not a big deal.
You promise?
Yes, I promise.
Okay, you're going
to be great today.
You're going to
be a great marshal.
I know. Let's go.
(COUGHING)
No, thank you! Um...
I'm with somebody!

ANNIE:

On the phone!
Come back later, please!
Office hours don't start
until next week!
I'm sorry. I can't
hear you through the door!
Having trouble hearing you.
Hi! I'm Annie Bean.
Sandy Osterman.
Please? Come in.
(COUGHING)
(COUGHING)
I'm sorry.
I have a medical condition.
Are you okay?
Did you sleep
in an outhouse
before you came here?
No, (STUTTERS)
I apologize. I know
I look unprofessional,

and I shouldn't have
been covered in dirt.
I'm sorry. It's my fault.
I was deflecting
because I was embarrassed
about the smoke...
My vaporizer was broke.
It's not important. Please,
just come over and sit down.
My sister Debby told me
how wonderful you were.
Wait.
You're Debby's brother?
Yeah.
That's funny.
She kept referring to you
as she and her.
She has thought that was
funny since we were nine.
That would make me
feel really marginalized.
That's exactly how it felt.
I like you.
I think you
should work here.
(SHRIEKS)
I would love to! Yes!
I mean, definitely.