Killer of Sheep

By Charles Burnett
Oh, lulla-lulla-lulla lullaby bye
do you want the stars to play with
or the moon to run away with?
they'll come if you don't cry.
So lulla-lulla-lulla lullaby bye,
In your mother's arms be sleeping.
You let anyone jump on your brother again,
And you just stand and watch,
Boy, I'll beat you to death!
I don't care who started what
or whether he was winning or losing.
Boy. you get a stick or-or-or-or-or
or a goddamned brick.
Get anything, and you knock the shit
Out of whoever's fighting your brother,
'Cause if anything was to happen to me or your mother,
you ain't got nobody except your brother.
and this goes for him too,
but he knows.
you're the one that keep coming up
with this off-the-wall bullshit about
"Henry started it"
Now, if the son of a bitch is too big for you,
you come get me.
You are not a child anymore.
You soon will be a goddamned man.
NOW, START LEARNING
WHAT LIFE IS ABOUT NOW, SON.
slap!
Paul Robeson
Oh, lulla-lulla-lulla lullaby bye
do you want the stars to play with
or the moon to run away with?
they'll come if you don't cry.

THEY'LL COME:
IF YOU DON'T CRY?
STOP RIGHT HERE.
Get him, get him, get him.
get that mother.
Hey, man, quit bullshitting.
Damn!
Hey, stop!
CAN'T YOU SEE
THE MAN'S HURT?
YOU OLD POOP BUTT.
YOU ALL RIGHT?
Who hit him with that rock, man?
Let me see, man.
Aw, that doesn't hurt.
You poop butt.
Hey, man, why don't we just go to the vicksburg--
Hey, man, why don't we just go to the vicksburg club. man,
Naw, man.
on the same block as the vicksburg club,
shoot, man, my ass is hers.
THEY'D HAVE TO CALL THE
POLICE TO DRAG HER OFF ME.
Come on.
Come on, man!
Stan jr., where you going?
I'M GOING TO GET MY BB GUN
Push.
Push, you guys.
OH, MAN, DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT.
MAN, LET'S GET ON, MAN
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN.
MY HEART IS...?
GO OUT LIKE JOHNNY ACE.
NO, I'M NOT GONNA
KILL MYSELF.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME
YOU BEEN IN CHURCH?
I AIN'T ASHAMED OF NOTHING
I CAN'T HELP.
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON,
KILLER?
DADDY! DADDY
I'M GOING OUT THE FRONT.
YEAH, BLACK.
ANGIE.
WHEN YOU HOLD I NEXT TO YOUR CHEEK?
NOT A DAMN THING BUT HOT AIR.
HOW WARM HER FOREHEAD GETS
SOMETIMES?

YEAH:
COUNTING SHEEP.
IF WE'S LUCKY.

THIS OLD MAN:
CAME ROLLING HOME?
YOU NEVER SMILE ANYMORE.
DON'T NOTHING EVER
MAKE YOU WANT TO SMILE?
I CAN DO THE DISHES
TOMORROW.
HEY, Y'ALL,
STOP WHISTLING.
HEY, Y'ALL, LOOK
OUT!
HEY, BOY, YOU GOT TO MOVE
BEFORE YOU GET HIT.
ALL RACES, ALL RELIGIONS,
THAT'S AMERICA TO ME?
ALL THE FRIENDS I KNEW?
ALL THE FRIENDS I KNEW?
THAT'S MY
"HOPE-TO-DIE" BUDDY.

SOMEBODY:
RECOMMENDED YOU.
THAT DON'T MAKE
NO DIFFERENCE, MAN.
MAN, I DON'T KEEP
NO GUN.
LET'S GO.
YOU AIN'T IN
THE COUNTRY OR SOMETHING
I KNOW YOU'RE NO TALKING TO ME.
HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU ABOUT LISTENING TO GROWN FOLKS TALK?
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ANOTHER
RAGGEDY ASS CAR FOR, HUH?
RIGHT ON.
HOW COME YOU'RE NO IN THE STREETS?
YOU GET YOURSELF IN LINE.
AND DON'T ROLL
YOUR EYES AT ME.
I'M SORRY.
NEED A CHECK CASHED, PLEASE.
THIS IS YOUR CHECK?
YES.
JERRY?
HELL, NO.

WHAT CAN I DO:
FOR YOU?
HMM, MAYBE.

HE TAKES CARE:
OF THE REGISTER.
MAYBE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
ADOLF AND BOULEVARD JUMPED ON HIM
WHAT'S HAPPE NING, OLD DUDE?
ADOLF AND BOULEVARD
KICKED HIS ASS.
ADOLF.
OKAY, BABY.
BOO.
I'VE BEEN SICK.
YOU'RE GONNA FALL BEHIND
SOLITAIRE.
SUIT YOURSELF.
I TOLD YOU.
WHAT IS THIS,
A DAMN REGULAR SIDESHOW?
HOW IS MY SISTER MARRIED TO SUCH
A SILLY ASS, FOUL-MOUTHPED DICK?
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
WELL, TELL THIS NIGGER
TO SHUT UP THEN.
HEY, MAN, WHY DON'T YOU
BE COOL?
ALWAYS FEELING SORRY
FOR YOURSELF.
AND YOU'RE JUS AN ALL-DAY SUCKER, BITCH.
AND IT BE SLICK.

YOU GOT THA:
GO ALL THE WAY DOWN.
ONE MORE?
GET IT A LITTLE HIGHER
GOT IT?
IT'LL STAY UP THERE.
IT'LL STAY ON THERE.
MAY AS WELL FORGET IT.
NOTHING WE CAN DO WITH IT.
AND SHAKE A HAND EVERY DAY?
THROW MY GODDAMN SHADES DOWN.
THROW MY GODDAMNED SHADES.
IS A ROSE.
TRUMAN DOYLE, WAIT A MINUTE.
COME ON, GENE.
SHIT ON YOU.
DON'T DO THAT.
COME ON, DOG.
KEEP RUNNING.
YOU WANT TO COME ON,
WANT TO FIGHT, THEN?
ALL RIGHT, TAKE CARE.
HEY, MAN.

SO WHAT DID:
YOU DO TODAY?
GOT TO FIND ME A JOB.
TOMORROW'S SATURDAY.
LET'S GO TO BED
CATCH A RAT, CA
THAT AIN'T RIGHT.
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO
ABOUT IT NOW?
OH, HERE, TAKE THIS.
THANKS.
I'LL PAY YOU BACK.
NO, THANK YOU.
AND SEE WHAT MY GUES TS ARE DOING.
slam!
GET IN THE GAME, MAN?
BACK 'EM UP NINE, YEAH.
THAT LOOKS LIKE A BIRDCAGE.
FIRE TO HER JIBS!
MAN, WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?
GENES GONNA DRIVE ME
TILL I SWEAR.
THATS A LONG SHOT.
LOOK, LOOK, LOOK.
AW, SHIT.
I AIN'T GOT NO SPARE.
WE'LL RIDE BACK
ON THE RIM.
I'M GONNA KILL THAT BOY.

AND THE ROOF:
STILL NEEDS FIXING.
WHY, IT'S THE DEVIL
BEATING HIS WIFE.
IS THAT ALL I GET?
HMM.
STAN JR.?
STAN JR.!
YOU KNOW YOU HEAR ME
CALLING YOU, BOY!
I KNOW THAT BOY HEARD ME
CALLING HIM.
OH, GIRL.
LOOK WHO'S VISITING.
BUT I SEE HE'S DROPPING BOMBS
ON OCCASION, I GUESS.
BE SO BITTER AFTER ALL

GOING HOME: