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# Killshot

By Hossein Amini

You gotta know what you're  
doing when you go in.  
You gotta have it figured out.  
Those are the rules.  
How you get in, how you get out.  
How many shots you gonna need.  
Make sure you know where everybody is.  
Make sure nobody sees you.  
Don't hang around. Don't get interested.  
Then you don't make mistakes.  
Yeah...  
I'd just like to go to Detroit and  
see a man in the hotel Friday morning.  
I don't do that anymore.  
I'll double your price.  
You can do whatever you want.  
Can't hear you chief.  
I'm thinking this guy in the hotel,  
is somebody you don't  
want to look in the face.  
I'm thinking maybe it's the old man with  
the big house you want to move into.  
Guy passes time...  
and he don't like how you do things.  
- Fuck you. I'll get somebody else.  
- You don't have no somebody else.  
You call me when  
your people won't do it.  
You want to leave it all behind  
chief, here's your chance.  
You have a Cadillac.  
- The blue one.  
- Yeah  
Throw that in there you  
never see me again.  
You can collect your money next Tuesday.  
Union Station. The usual place.  
He'll have a girl with him.  
She'll let you in.  
You got something for me?  
From your son-in-law.  
Ah... Christ!  
I told my daughter don't marry  
that punk. She don't listen.

They gave me six months.  
Throw me another funeral  
You want him done sooner  
than that, you tell me.  
- Who the hell are you?  
- You don't remember.  
Should I?  
You know Walpole Island, Papa?  
It's an Indian reserve.  
My grandmother lives there.  
She's a medicine-woman.  
She was going to turn me  
into an "Owl" one time.  
I told her I don't wanna be no "Owl".  
I want to be a Blackbird.  
- That's how I got my name.  
- Blackbird...  
You remember now? The Degas Brothers.  
One killed working for you.  
Shot dead in the hospital.  
The other one doing life in Kingstown.  
I'm the only one left.  
Can she do that?  
Turn you into an "Owl"?  
If she wants to.  
I could use a woman like that.  
I'd like to be dressed.  
Is that okay with you?  
Whatever you want.  
- Are you through?  
- Not yet.  
It can be used equally as  
a recreation room or den.  
And more than a distinctive  
entrance hall.  
It's so practical,  
and yet elegant.  
Thank you.  
What?  
What?  
Don't call me  
about coming back!  
Mrs. Palino? Richie Nix.  
You were my foster mum for a while.

Got a collection of old  
Elvis vinyls I left here...  
a while back.  
My girlfriend she's a big Elvis fan.  
Thought we'd come by  
and pick 'em from ya.  
Last time I saw you...  
you drove off in my car.  
Fuck off.  
Before I call the police.  
If you're looking for your  
grandmother, she's gone.  
We buried her last winter.  
- Here.  
- Thanks.  
Wait.  
- Yeah...  
- You looking for another job?  
I don't know... try my hand  
in real estate, maybe.  
- Put you in an office and a suit.  
- You bet!  
Hey, Lionel!  
Where's your team?  
I'm sorry about your grandmother.  
The band office's been trying  
to locate the next of kin,  
to find out  
what to do with her house.  
Hey, I've been thinking...  
When I get paid for this job I done,  
maybe I could fix the place up.  
- You could sell it the way it is  
- I mean fix it up and live here.  
A guy like you,  
used to living in the city?  
There's no life for you here.  
I could always be a friendly Indian,  
like you. Maybe even a guide.  
- You wouldn't like it.  
- Why not, you do?  
Come on. You telling  
me I can't live here?  
Hey!

You wanna ride in a Cadillac?  
Come on we take a drive,  
go to Algonac, have some drinks.  
You go. I gotta go home.  
- Hey.  
- Hi.  
- Didn't let myself in.  
- Right.  
Which is kinda weird.  
Well I made a start.  
I thought I'd leave  
the hunting things for you.  
Okay.  
All the guns,  
I understand, but...  
why the suit?  
You gonna rob a bank?  
You mind if I leave some of  
this stuff here till next time?  
- What's this?  
- Don't fuck around with.  
Oh...  
- God it smells like hell.  
- Don't fuck with it I told you.  
So when is next time?  
Tomorrow after work?  
It could be anytime tomorrow.  
What happened  
at 350 Jefferson?  
They wanted to put me on a  
detail gang on the ground.  
I said no.  
It's an old man's job.  
Nelson Davies Realty.  
Nelson Davies speaking.  
Nelson, this is Wayne Colson.  
Nelson Davies Realty.  
Nelson Davies speaking.  
Them Tangelwood homes  
are going fast, huh?  
They sure are sir.  
Let me tell you what...  
I'll bet they'd go even faster,  
if they caught fire.

Who is this?  
It's happening now. 27 Pine Ridge  
you'll notice a rearrangement.  
Just a little wear and tear,  
but it can happen again.  
Or you could pay, so it won't,  
like insurance.  
- Sorry, I don't understand...  
- You get...  
pick it up sometime.  
If you don't have it when I come to  
collect, you're dead. You be ready.  
'Cause you don't know when I'm  
gonna walk through that door.  
Or which one that comes in  
I'm gonna be.  
I'll tell you something else.  
You remember a guy...  
worked at the Amaco Station  
way out in Port Huron.  
Got shot dead last year  
during a hold-up.  
I... I might have read  
something about that.  
Yeah... that's me.  
or you're a dead  
real estate man.  
Yeah.  
- You owe me some money.  
- The fucking money is the...  
price on your fuckin' head,  
you piece of shit.  
Who the fuck told you  
to kill the girl.  
She saw my face.  
Who cares if she saw your  
fucking face, she worked for me!  
You better listen to me,  
you half-breed fucking moron.  
You're dead, you understand? I don't  
care if you shoot your own brother,  
you soak drunk, if you touch  
what's mine, you're dead...  
That's a cool car.

- I'm looking for a ride.
- Well, good luck.

**You say:**

**And I say:**

Don't worry,  
I ain't gonna hurt you.  
Just need your car for a  
little business I'm planning.  
You see, usually I rob banks.  
This time I got something  
way bigger in mind.  
- You got Indian blood, don't ya?  
- Enough to own a casino.  
You got a cool name?  
- A cool name?  
- Yeah, like...  
"Red Elk" or  
"Running With the Wolves?"  
- Blackbird.  
- Blackbird?  
That is pretty cool.  
Well, my name's Richie Nix,  
in case you ever heard of me.  
That's N~i~x...  
not the way  
Stevie Nicks spells hers.  
Turn left here.  
Alright...  
now let me have your wallet.  
Hey! what the hell  
do you think you're doing?  
You want my wallet.  
Yes, but nice and slow.  
What's L & M Distributor?  
- The company I used to work for.  
- Oh, what are they distributing?  
Pepperoni.  
Pepperoni Company gives  
you a Cadillac to drive.  
What the fuck you do for them?  
I shoot people.  
Sometimes for money,

sometimes for nothing.  
Yeah, I told him about this Amaco  
station I held up a while back,  
up in Port Huron,  
you might've heard about it.  
I told him, I ended up having  
to blow a guy away up there,  
so now he's scared.  
That's why he'll pay me...  
or you're fucking dead.  
I could hear the phone  
shaking in his hand.  
You scare a guy enough,  
he'll pay every time.  
A man scared, don't always do  
what you expect.  
Yeah, but...  
You don't wanna talk to much,  
don't let him know what you're thinking  
You wanna take him by surprise.  
You have something to wear, a suit,  
or something? You wanna look the part.  
See, that's why I need a  
fucking partner, man. I mean it...  
now, I've no patience  
for details, like that.  
- You ever worked with anyone before?  
- My brothers.  
One is in prison for ever.  
And my kid brother is dead.  
You remind me of him.  
He was a stupid guy.  
So, huh...  
Black... Blackbird,  
how's 10,000 sound?  
Bird.  
Bird?  
That's what my kid brother  
used to call me.  
Alright, Bird, we got a deal?  
I told you wouldn't know which one  
I'm gonna be when I came in.  
Remember it?  
What?



On the phone?  
I think you wanna talk to somebody  
downstairs that'll help you out.  
You see that?  
He's playing dumb?  
Well, he's fucking with you.  
You're gonna try to tell me  
I never spoke to you?  
Huh?  
No, I think he said  
he don't believe...  
what you told him  
on the telephone.  
Show him you mean it.  
Am I making my point?  
Give me the cash,  
or you're a dead  
fucking real estate man.  
Okay, you win.  
It's downstairs, in the car.  
Welcome to Nelson  
Davies Reality.  
You own this business and  
you still drive a pickup?  
I like to think  
success hasn't changed me.  
Wayne.  
- Who the fuck is Wayne?  
- Beats me.  
Hey, let's go.  
- Wayne  
- What's going on here?  
Hey, forget it,  
let's get out of here.  
No, he ain't...  
Lock the door!  
Call the cops!  
Fuck!  
For a job.  
Wait a minute, I said that  
Nelson knew I was coming by.  
It was hardly an appointment.  
His wife's an employee, no need  
to talk about Wayne dropping by.

Hence the suit.

- But you're an iron worker?

- Hence the boots.

I'm looking at other things, OK?

It's just an odd time

to appear, that's all.

- Lunch? There's nobody here.

- I was here.

Because I could be

making some claims.

- Like the window... damages.

- You didn't know these guys?

No, sir.

Because nobody witnessed

you arriving separately.

Wait just a minute,

they shot at my husband.

- He probably saved my life.

- Mr. Colson.

you knew nothing about

these blackmail calls?

- Hey, I don't know about any calls.

- What blackmail calls?

There were some calls last week.

Huh, creeps, I told the police.

But not us? Those creeps

had guns, Nelson.

- Please.

- Wayne.

Asshole.

I'm bleeding something fierce here, man.

Let's go to Marine City, I wanna see Donna.

- Who the fuck is Donna?

- She's this woman I'm staying with.

Now, she's cool, man,

I told her about you.

It's on the way to "Port Hell".

My brothers and I come up here

one time to kill a guy.

No shit.

- What'd he do?

- I didn't ask 'em.

That, doesn't make sense to me.

I gotta... be pissed

at a guy when I kill him.  
Why didn't you just shoot him?  
He was standing right there  
in the fucking window!  
You wanna learn something?  
The only time you ever  
take out your gun...  
- is when you gonna kill somebody.  
- Yeah, well you could've right there.  
It's the same as a hunter.  
The guy who knows what he's doing,  
he don't take the shot...  
if he thinks he can miss.  
If he does, he's gotta find  
the animal and finish it.  
Two apart.  
Are you saying there were  
woman there? What...  
What the woman do?  
She saw my face.  
You don't ever  
leave things undone,  
even if you think somebody's  
not going to remember you.  
Some people were asking  
after you this morning.  
What people?  
They said they were friends  
of yours, from Toronto.  
What you tell 'em?  
I told them  
I hadn't seen you in years.  
You see my friend's face, Lionel?  
Fell of a ladder.  
Got cut up,  
couldn't go to work.  
I said, hey...  
let's go duck hunting.  
You free to take us?  
Weather's supposed to turn.  
Why don't we go anyway.  
- Richie's never seen a marsh before.  
- I've seen a marsh  
Come on, Lionel.

This won't take long.

You okay?

Guess so.

That Indian guy freaked me out.

Walk you in?

- So, what things are you looking at.

- Huh?

Back there with the police you said  
you were looking at other things?

Yeah...

I'm looking at anything. You said  
I'm a dinosaur, either change or die.

- I never said that.

- Then I'm saying it.

So, today is the day you decide to  
come in about a job in real estate.

- Well, I could sell a house.

- Absolutely.

Anyway... thank god  
you showed up in that suit.

Yeah...

Dangerous suit.

- Got married in it, got shot at in it.

- And you look great in it.

- Anyway, thanks.

- Anytime.

Wayne.

It's a deer. Get some rest.

If you need anything,  
just call the Hillcrest Motel.

- I don't see any birds.

- You wanna hunt ducks?

You watch the sky.

- It looks different. All this water.

- Maybe you never came down this far,  
you and your brothers.

There're no cats and dogs  
around here to shoot.

Last time I saw you,  
you were...

you were hunting with some...

guy in a tan working jacket.

Seemed like a nice guy.

What was his name?

- Karl.

- Wayne.

If you can't remember the rest,  
we'll go back and ask your...  
wife and daughter.

- Wayne Colson.

- Where does he live?

Alkeneck.

Is he married?

- Kids?

- They couldn't.

Hey, there's something.

Looks like you're gonna  
have trouble with this one.

He might shoot

the wrong bird.

What's that supposed to mean?

Ducks don't land in trees.

Why don't we go over there?

Stretch our legs.

You want to go first?

You know you really piss me off!

Tell me ducks

don't land in trees.

I know ducks

don't land in trees.

Bird, you coming?

Excuse me.

This is my house.

Oh, yeah...

- It's a dump.

- You certainly have your nerve.

Donna.

Donna...

this is Bird. He'll be staying  
with us for a few days.

- What happened to your face?

- I got in a fight. We got any beers?

Well, why don't you fix us  
something to eat...

and I'll go get some.

Richie...

don't call me Bird no more.

What'd you want me to call ya?

My name... Armand.

Ar~mand... Armand?

Are you serious?

Listen...

When she's making all this

fucking noise in there,

it means, she's pissed off.

Why don't you go in there...

and give her a pat on the ass.

You want the Weight Watchers

chicken patty or the regular?

Two Weight Watchers please.

Ritchie said you used to be

a hack in a joint.

That how you met?

I was in catering services.

He said you got... fired

for screwing the inmates.

You drive that school bus

out there?

If you could be

any kind of bird there is,

what kind of bird would you be?

What're you doing here?

- Just need a place to stay.

- For how long?

Couple of days. Got some

business to take care of.

You want some bacon

with your chicken patties?

- Thanks.

- Sure...

oh... my pleasure.

I was busy, but, huh...

I jacked myself away from

staring at the ceiling.

Anyway, it turned out to be

nothing... I'm so jumpy, sorry.

- It's okay.

- I'm sorry.

No, no, go to bed, I'll grab a beer

at least till you're asleep.

But there's really no need.

Oh...

now you're not scared,  
I can't have a beer...  
Wayne you shouldn't really  
even have keys to the house.  
I'm confused, because for a second  
there... I thought you called me.  
I did call you,  
and I am nervous, but...  
if you can just let yourself in  
whenever you want...  
Which I've never done.  
But you could. I don't know.  
I know you've been here.  
- But not when you're here.  
- So you have been here.  
I fixed the porch light.  
Come on, I waited till you've gone out,  
so we didn't have to get into a fight.  
Which means  
you were watching me,  
which might be why I'm feeling  
watched all the time.  
- Come on.  
- Alright, you know what?  
I'm thankful to you for  
fixing the porch light.  
- And the faucet in the bathroom.  
- And the faucet in the bathroom, too.  
But that's supposed to be a change.  
Nothing is changing.  
Wayne, I'm moving.  
I don't like being this person who's  
blaming you for all things I'm blaming for.  
No, there's no, uh...  
middle, huh?  
I mean this is it with you...  
You're either fine or you  
are leaving the country.  
We don't have kids, fine.  
We can't have kids, fine,  
no, suddenly...  
we are killing ourselves,  
we are getting a divorce,  
we are leaving the country.

I mean, it's like...  
it's zero or ten. I mean...  
What happened to five?  
Five's pretty great.  
Now I'll take five again  
in a fucking minute.  
See what I'd tell you.  
He's fucking that woman  
from the real estate office.  
I got him! You get the woman!  
- Hello?  
- It's me.  
Mom...  
Oh...  
ask me something else.  
How are you, how are you?  
Oh, he's out, he'll be back.  
Mom?  
I have to call you back.  
You're going hunting, miss?  
Was looking for your husband,  
have a talk with him.  
He's not home.  
I know that.  
I was wondering  
maybe I come inside and wait.  
We've met before. Remember?  
At the real estate office.  
You're gonna shoot me?  
- The police should be here any minute.  
- You had time to call them, huh?  
I don't think  
you're gonna shoot me.  
Hi.  
Alright...  
it's your big day, honey,  
it's a double feature.  
Get your cash laid out on  
the counter, and get some gum.  
Get out of there!  
Get the hell outta there!  
Get up!  
Are you Indian?  
You look Indian.



You should do something with  
your hair, use a shampoo  
and conditioner in one.  
Give some body.  
Look at me.  
Are you sure you're not Indian?  
Doesn't matter.  
How many times  
are you gonna ask me...  
did I see him shoot the girl?  
I thought she'd gotten  
outta there.  
How many times are you gonna look  
at that bullet hole on the tree?  
My wife told you that she  
wasn't trying to hit him,  
you guys act like  
you don't believe her.  
Not one of you guys has said, "Nice Going"  
or "that was a brave thing my wife did".  
These maniacs are trying to kill us  
and what are you doing about it?  
Mr. Colson.  
Mrs. Colson.  
I'm Paul Scallen,  
Federal Bureau of Investigation.  
That's the same color as the guy's car a big  
goddamn Cadillac, nobody can seem to find.  
We found it. On Walpole Island.  
Only there wasn't a lot of paintwork left.  
Mr. Colson...  
- Do you know a Lionel Adam?  
- Yeah, sure...  
I'm afraid I have some bad news.  
Would you mind telling us who  
the hell these assholes are now?  
Why would they  
wanna kill Lionel Adam?  
We really don't know for sure,  
we think they're trying to find you.  
It seems you and your wife  
had a good look at them.  
So what?  
All they're doing at that point was...

shaking down a real estate business.  
How's this gonna make it look?  
This one's got all the history,  
His name's Armand Degas.  
He's known as the Blackbird.  
He's a Contract killer  
for the Detroit Mafia.  
It takes an awful lotta nerve  
to stand up to a man like that.  
What does the Detroit Mafia  
have to do with us?  
Last week the head of the family was  
shot dead in a Detroit hotel room.  
Along with a girl  
who had seen it happen.  
We think it was an inside job.  
Thanks to you, we know that the guy  
was in the area at the time.  
So if we can, huh...  
pick him up, even if it's  
just for extortion,  
there is a chance,  
he may wanna cut a deal.  
Wait...  
You want us to testify  
against a Mafia Hit-man?  
He's gonna come after you anyway.  
Without you, there's nothing  
to say he was even here.  
So, what're you suggesting?  
Well, your life's are in danger,  
so we figure you qualify you for...  
Federal Protection under the  
witness security program.  
- You want to move us someplace else?  
- Until we find them.  
We'll provide you with  
new identities, temporary employment.  
You won't need  
to sell the house.  
I'm sure you can make a deal  
with Nelson Davies...  
and his company appearently  
if you wanted to sell.

- Hello.

- It's me.

Why the fuck

are you calling me here?

I need a car.

A clean one with papers.

Word is...

you really upset the man.

- He was fucking that girl you blew away.

- Can you get it or not?

You can't come here.

They got everyone looking for you.

We'll transfer

your baggage overnight.

Replacement vehicles will be

waiting for you in the morning.

Your home will be held till

you're released from the program.

You won't care about that, do you?

could be now with his confession?

Destination location,

it's good 2 hours, that's...

about another 2 hour drive south,

down the Mississippi river.

You'll be checking in here

under your new names.

You must be Pam Wenkovsky.

I'm your husband, Matt.

It's best to stick as close

to truth as possible, that way...

you're less likely to have trouble

with your invented histories.

- How long you've been married?

- 15 years.

Where'd you meet?

On a building site in St. Albourn,

June 4, 1991.

- Who asked who out first?

- I did.

How long after that

were you married?

- A week?

- How many children?

Almost one.

Well, if they moved, how come  
all their furniture is still here?

- Hey, Bird!

- What?

You gonna kill Donna too?

I mean you gone to all this trouble  
finding witnesses, she's a witness.

What does that make you?

But you need me.

Leave my fingerprints everywhere.

Steel cars and shoot people.

Do all your dirty work for you.

Who is it?

Huh, yes ma'am,

I'm looking for Wayne Colson.

Who gave you my number?

Exuse me, ma'am, there's that new fellow  
that works here, just asked to call you.

We've been trying

to get hold of Wayne, and huh...

he gave us this number

before he left.

He gave you my number?

Well, as a matter of fact, he gave it  
to the boss, the boss gave it to me.

Only he isn't here right now,

because it's so late,

but, huh... he said

you'd know where he was.

Wayne, that is.

I don't know where Wayne

gone away with my daughter,

they never tell me anything.

You see 'cause, I got this check

that I'm trying to send him.

Mr. Wenkovsky.

Mrs. Wenkovsky.

- Good morning. Welcome.

- Good morning.

- Hello.

- Hi.

Shall we?

If the... neighbors ask,

you paid about \$200,000 for it.

Looks more like 150 to me.  
Sure ain't much privacy  
around here.  
You want privacy,  
you close the door.  
But I don't think  
that's what you want.  
Well, I guess you're gonna do  
whatever it is, you want.  
There's no way on earth  
I can stop you.  
There'll be a slight delay  
in the divorce proceedings...  
while the couple hides out  
from the killers.  
This is Elvis Presley Boulevard  
on a rainy day. This...  
is the Lisa Marie... the jet liner he  
bought and named it after his daughter.  
Her and I have the same birthday.  
And I tell you something else.  
My life number is nine.  
What's a life number?  
Okay, huh...  
when you add up  
your days birth day...  
um... like February  
is the 2nd month, that's two.  
I was born on the 1st, that's one,  
so two and one is three,  
Then you add in the year  
when you were born.  
I'm not gonna tell you when that was.  
But my number comes out to nine.  
If you were born in 1900,  
that would still add up to... ten.  
- Yeah, see ten counts as one...  
- Donna!  
Get dressed...  
go buy some fucking beers.  
You think he cares  
about your queer photos?  
- You're just jealous.  
- Jealous of what?

You know the difference  
between me and Elvis is?  
- Yeah... You're ignorant.  
- Nope, I'm alive, and he's dead...  
Well, I got news for you.  
After you die,  
you think anybody's gonna go  
and visit your grave?  
Not even your mama  
if you had one.  
But a 100 years from now people  
will still be going to Graceland.  
Donna...  
you're so goddamn stupid.  
Let me ask you a question, Donna...  
would you rather have Elvis  
sing to you, or fuck you?  
I know what you think  
I'm gonna say.  
And you probably gonna  
call me a liar, but I'd...  
I'd rather  
have him sing to me.  
You know I believe her though.  
'Cause Elvis wouldn't have come.  
He wouldn't have been dirty  
or smelly enough for Donna.  
Hey...  
- leave her alone.  
- Who Donna?  
Why don't you shut  
the fuck up for a while?  
If you ever talk to me  
like that again...  
Oh, yeah? What?  
This is Elvis's billiard-room,  
it made 750 yards of matierial...  
Can I have a word, "Armand"?  
- What the fuck is your problem?  
- You are.  
And from now on, you don't  
leave my fucking sight.  
How about when I go to the  
bathroom, you wanna watch?

Or when I'm giving Donna a jump and  
you're out there wishing it was you...  
Or you can keep pretending...  
you're not trying to fuck her?  
Hey...  
you listen to me.  
Keep your big fucking mouth shut  
and don't worry about it.  
- So you're a welder, huh?  
- That I am, AWS certified.  
Can you weld plates watertight?  
I can weld a goddamn building  
so it won't fall down.  
I got a job  
you might wanna a look at.  
Hey...  
Maybe today... she can't tell us  
where they are.  
But tomorrow... she might.  
What job were you and Wayne  
working on?  
Well we've been on different ones.  
Anyway. What I started  
to tell you,  
I don't see what difference it makes  
who mails the check, you... or us.  
But... the boss says we have to do it.  
Now I told him you're a nice lady to offer...  
I told you I don't have their address.  
She never gave it to me.  
The only thing I have  
is their phone number, you want that?  
Oh...  
well, you didn't mention that,  
did you? You have their number?  
Not on the phone I didn't.  
I wasn't absolutely positive,  
whom I was speaking to.  
That's how they find out  
if you're home...  
so they can come in  
and rape you.  
I understand.  
Can't be too careful.

You give him a check, and  
you'll know where he'll cash it...  
don't you?  
The nearest bar.  
- Oh...  
- What's up?  
I should never bend  
that far from the waist.  
It's like somebody...  
stuck a knife in me.  
That's your "Sacro Ileac".  
Why don't you...  
lay down on the couch.  
No, no...  
let's get you down here...  
on the carpet.  
I'm gonna give you a back rub.  
I had a foster mom at one time...  
named Jackie, she was  
some kinda therapist...  
worked with cripples,  
she showed me how.  
I assume...  
you know what you're doing?  
Yes, ma'am.  
You're not gonna hurt me, are you?  
What the fuck did you do?  
Cut it out...  
I just gave her a back rub.  
Jeez...  
It's a Missouri code.  
Did a bank there once.  
Hi, it's Matt and Pam.  
We're not here. Call you back.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hey, it's me... I tried  
calling you a couple of times...  
Wayne.  
No, I'm fine.  
What?  
I'm losing you... What?  
- We gotta make a plan.



- That's my fucking phone!  
You wanna wait  
till they change the number?  
It had all  
my fucking numbers in it.

- Why don't we go to Missouri?  
- We will.  
- Yeah, when?  
- When they stop looking for us.  
Or when they think we've  
stopped looking for them.  
So... Gerald,  
this is the Master bedroom.  
I love how you guys say  
"Master bedroom".  
Yes, we guys  
like our guy words.

- You're not from here.  
- That's right.  
Where're you from?  
- Detroit way.  
- I know Detroit.  
We didn't look at the kitchen.

- Are you following me?  
- What is it?  
- Are you following me?  
- Mrs. Wenkovsky, hello.  
How the viewing work out?  
Well, you should know.  
You were outside this morning.  
Did you make a sale with Gerald?  
I know he's been looking  
at a lotta places.  
Do they know we're here?  
Are they coming after us?  
Yes, you come by  
the office anytime,  
it's always good to see you.

- What if we're bait?  
- What're you talking about?  
What if we're being used as bait.  
What if the FBI...  
just waiting for those 2 freaks  
to find us, so they can find them.

- What if they showed up here, Wayne?

- They get caught.

Oh...

Before they kill us?

Sure... yeah,

I vote for before.

I can't even begin to  
pretend to do my job.

I show a house and I'm just waiting  
for someone to pull a gun on me.

What's the choice? I don't understand.

Sit here and go crazy...

- I don't know. Why don't you tell me.

- Listen.

Can we try something different?

Come down after work one night.

Meet some of the guys and their wives

You know, they're good people.

There's a lot of places along the  
river we can get something to eat.

- Does nothing bother you?

- Sure, yeah, this bothers me.

You and me...

Not gangsters.

I need you to do something for me.

Is that why you dragged me  
out here to tell me?

You got some balls on you chief,  
I'll give you that.

I don't give a fuck  
what you need.

Yes, you do.

That's why you come  
when I called.

You don't want the cops  
picking me up, if for some reason,  
they start asking me  
was I in Detroit...

when the old man's killed.

And how the fuck they're gonna  
connect me to a half-breed...

piece of shit they dragged up  
from the bottom of this lake.

That blue Cadillac you gave me.

The one with the papers  
in the glove compartment...  
registered to your  
pepperoni company.  
Anything happen to me, a friend  
gonna drive the car to some precinct.  
They gonna find the piece I used...  
to whack the old man for you,  
wrapped in a letter.  
From me... about you.  
Not a love letter.  
This is what you're gonna do for me.  
There's a cemetery in Port Heron,  
my kid brother is buried there.  
He never had the kinda  
funeral he deserved.  
You'll be walking around  
on that skinny little beam...  
and you've got clouds  
around your head.  
I mean some days you think  
you see things so clear,  
The place you live,  
the store you shop in.  
The church you got married in.  
I could see everything...  
Everywhere I've ever been my whole life,  
from the top of a building.  
So why the hell  
did you quit and come here?  
The job quit me, man.  
You get to an age,  
they start pulling you down.  
One floor a year,  
end up to near the ground.  
- I got my pride. Too much maybe.  
- I've been watching you, honey.  
Maybe you should talk less  
and drink more.  
I think these poor folks deserve  
another a round, there... Linda.  
Hey, Pam honey, how did you... huh,  
fall for a... shy guy like Matt?  
- His muscles...

- Ah...  
- and the short shorts.  
- Uhh...  
I had to show off  
to get her attention.  
Every guy in town's  
chasing after her...  
not only is she gorgeous,  
she's smart as a whip.  
Don't exaggerate, Matthew.  
Her mother's always saying,  
Carmen, honey...  
because... that's what  
her mother called her.  
'Cause she's a great singer.  
She would say, Carman honey...  
You're a talented beautiful girl...  
don't go wasting your life  
on an iron worker.  
You're gonna wake up in 20 years  
and realize he never deserved you.  
- He's such a liar, my mother adores him.  
- We got karaoke here on Friday.  
- You gotta come.  
- Oh, no.  
- Yeah...  
- You wait, she's a knockout.  
I will knock you out, Matt.  
I've been watching you honey,  
you should talk less  
and drink more.  
Why is it that I feel  
I knew you best,  
when you were talking  
with other people?  
It felt good tonight.  
I like this town.  
Telling all your stories.  
There ain't nothing  
I said tonight back there...  
wasn't God's truth.  
No... don't turn on the light.  
Are you married?  
No, sir, I'm on a break.

- Live around here?  
- I can't tell you where I live.  
It's a government secret.  
We found them last week.  
Two bodies. Probably shot.  
In a remote location  
and burnt in the car.  
Nothing much left  
to be identified.  
The Indian  
has a surviving brother.  
He's doing life in Kingston  
correctional facility.  
We run DNA tests,  
we checked them against his.  
Match is positive.  
What happens to us now?  
After we close the case,  
you can go back to your life.  
- But if we don't wanna go back?  
- That happens.  
But what you're saying is,  
if we wanted to, we could?  
That also happens.  
- Still busy.  
- Try her again.  
I'm not your fucking kid brother,  
you can't order me around.  
I know that, Richie,  
I buried my kid brother.  
So lighten up, we're dead.  
If they dig around some more,  
we're alive. We just bought us...  
some more time, that's all.  
Now try the old lady again.  
She's... huh, packing tomorrow,  
let me go find her.  
She says she'll call you  
when she gets back to the house.  
No, as a matter of fact I'm  
staying down here for a while.  
Kind of a...  
trial separation.  
I don't understand.

I'm not sure we do either,  
but... that's where we're at.  
No, no, say it.  
There's no way the lord's  
gonna let you break up.  
Okay, mom, appreciate it.  
She says no way we'll break up.  
The Lord knows I prayed for it,  
it'll never happen.  
Mississippi river, navigation  
and rules of inland water ways?  
- Homework. A lot of laughs.  
- I'll wait for the movie.  
Can we at least give it a try?  
Now that we're safe?  
Maybe Matt and Pam can fix the things,  
Wayne and Carmen never could.  
- You honestly believe that?  
- I honestly do.  
- Stay.  
- No.  
- Stay.  
- No.  
- Fight with me.  
- No.  
Don't say no.  
It's not one thing.  
It's not one... day.  
It's not... a baby  
or... no baby.  
It's... years.  
And I need time, Wayne.  
Time to remember  
what I cared for you...  
and what you cared for me.  
Okay, let's fix that.  
I think we can fix that.  
I think we started  
to fix it right here.  
Who is it?  
Are you leaving?  
Richie too?  
What did he tell you...  
about me?

You know how he is,  
he brags about you a lot.  
- What I do for a living?  
- That's none of my business, Armand.  
I've enjoyed your company.  
And I think you're a nice person.  
And I wish you all the best.  
I forgot something.  
Please pick up.  
Hi, that's  
I'm not here...  
Hungry?  
Your mom told us,  
you'd be home by breakfast,  
you could've driven  
a little faster.  
We're getting hungry.  
Oh...  
you got nice hair.  
Why don't you scoot over.  
I wanna get something here.  
You wanna fix the Bird  
some lunch?  
We brought our own food.  
- What'd you want?  
- Just waiting for your husband.  
And then what?  
What, you can't say it?  
I know why you're here.  
Last time you held a shotgun,  
the 12 gage,  
you wanted to shoot me,  
didn't you?  
But you couldn't.  
- Where is it?  
- In Missouri.  
- So, your husband has it?  
- I hope so.  
Why don't we shoot her now Bird  
and take care of her husband later?  
- Yeah? What if he calls her?  
- Don't answer the phone,  
he thinks she went out  
get food, fix some lunch.

He comes in,  
hi honey I'm home...  
Boom!  
So, what's...  
"Hot Doe Buck Lure"?  
Why don't you try some,  
maybe you'll attract a deer.  
Making the Bird's lunch?  
You put in an order for dessert yet?  
I eat chicken every meal,  
you know why?  
No.  
Because of Wade Boggs,  
he ate chicken before every game.  
That's why they called him  
the "Chicken Man. "  
Bird, you know who Wade Boggs is?  
No, Bird doesn't know shit.  
I'm was gonna be a Major  
League ballplayer.  
Till my deprived childhood  
as an orphan fucked up my chances.  
So I became  
a bank robber instead.  
Hey, Carmen...  
I got an idea... Why don't you  
take your clothes off.  
You don't have to take  
off all your clothes.  
You can leave on  
your panties...  
and your brassiere...  
If you wear a brassiere.  
Do you?  
Do you?  
Oh Bird, she don't wear one.  
Well, you can just strip down  
to your panties, and...  
be our little topless bunny  
and serve us drinks.  
God... damn.  
You need to kick  
harder than that.  
I think you're gonna feel



a lot better...  
go to the bathroom...  
take off your clothes...  
Wash yourself.  
Wait!  
Use that one.  
You need somewhere  
to sleep off that hangover?  
Give me five minutes.  
Okay.  
I said I want you topless.  
That's my husband's jacket.  
Take it off.  
Why don't we make a trade.  
I take off the jacket...  
you take off your top.  
I don't like your outfit.  
You look like  
a little school girl.  
Sherlock...  
now you're gonna answer  
the fucking phone?  
Let it ring.  
Hi! We're not in right now,  
go ahead leave a message...  
Jesus Christ, Bird!  
You ever stop eating?  
What's wrong with our little bunny?  
You scared, what?  
There's no reason to be.  
Old Wayne comes home, we're just  
gonna have a little talk with him.  
Isn't that right Bird?  
Hey Bird, you gonna ask  
if anyone else wants some...  
before you finish it?  
Man, what you gonna do  
when Donna asks you...  
to wear one of them  
Elvis jumpsuits for her?  
I guess you could always wear  
that pink one he had...  
after he swole up like a pig.  
I read about this guy once.

He weighed 1200 pounds.  
Can you believe that?  
For breakfast he'd have like  
two pounds of bacon.  
A dozen eggs, some rolls.  
Then for lunch he'd have  
four hamburgers,  
For dinner three ham steaks,  
six sweet potatoes,  
six or seven regular potatoes.  
Some stuffing...  
God!  
Can you imagine  
this guy taking a dump?  
See, Donna...  
that's the Bird's sweetheart...  
When this is all done,  
the Bird and Donna...  
are gonna go down to Memphis,  
hold hands...  
Look at all that Elvis shit.  
Isn't that right Bird?  
The only trouble is  
that Donna...  
is probably fucking Elvis  
as we speak.  
You get one Ritchie,  
just like everybody else.  
Do you know why I shot him?  
He wasn't who I thought he was.  
I had this kid brother.  
We were in a hospital  
one time... on a job.  
And when we were done, there  
was this nurse standing there.  
She saw us do it.  
My kid brother just stood  
there looking at her.  
He looked at her too long.  
Maybe he liked her face.  
Anyway, that's what killed him.  
Go put some clothes on.  
I have to go upstairs.  
I'm not like Richie.

I'm not the same as him.  
I know.  
You meet a woman.  
You kid yourself, she sees you.  
Sees who you really are,  
under all this shit.  
Turns out...  
she's just another bitch  
with a lipstick.  
You're wrong. I do see you.  
I panicked...  
I panicked when I saw  
the gun... I panicked.  
Shut up!  
- Where's your husband?  
- I don't know.  
- When does he get back?  
- I don't know.  
Then you call him.  
You call him and you tell him  
to get back here.  
I'm tired of waiting.  
I wanna finish this.  
He's not coming back.  
He's in Missouri.  
He's not even  
my husband anymore.  
Don't you get it?  
Don't you know anything  
about real life?  
Real life?  
What the fuck is that?  
Missouri huh?  
Carmen!  
It's me.  
I tried calling.  
Honey?  
You have to let me in.  
I... don't have a key.  
- Will you please go?  
- Okay, alright.  
Just hear me out.  
Look, I've had... huh,  
and 15 years

to think about this.  
See, five's terrible, right?  
That's what you said.  
So... let's go for six.  
And then...  
if we make it to six...  
then we can try for seven,  
'cause...  
I really wanna make it  
to ten for you.  
Carmen...  
'Cause I get it now.  
Carmen?  
I understand.  
So, huh...  
If you... if you're not  
gonna let me in,  
at least let me get something.  
In the car. A present...  
I left it...  
You gotta know what you're  
doing when you go in.  
You gotta have it figured out.  
Don't hang around.  
Don't get interested.  
It's empty.  
Then you don't make mistakes.