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Looper

By Rian Johnson

Time travel has not yet been invented.
But 30 years from now,
it will have been.
It will be instantly out/awed,
used only in secret
by the largest criminal organizations.
It's nearly impossible
to dispose of a body in the future.
I'm told.
Tagging techniques, whatnot.
So when these criminal organizations
in the future need someone gone,
they use specialized assassins
in our present called loopers.
And so,
my employers in the future
nab the target.
They zap him back to me,
their looper.
He appears,
hands tied and head sacked.
And I do the necessities.
Collect my silver.
So the target is vanished
from the future,
and I've just disposed of a body
that technically does not exist.
Clean.
How's the French?
Slow.
How's the coffee?
Burnt.
...the devil bring you into hell!
You have to heal yourself.
Two, Jed.
Hey, Joe.
Be at the club tonight?
Yeah.
Four, Jed.
Bang.
Hey, walk around.
Around the bike. I'm not kidding!
Wide around, you shit!
Rude! If you had a mama,

she didn't raise you right.
That's funny. I'm going to pick
your mother up later on my bike,
and I'm gonna take my blunderbuss...
Hey, Seth.
Hey, Joe.
That's new.
Yeah, thanks.
Goddamn thing
won't fucking start.
So you going to the Belle?
- So you bought a slat bike?
- Yup.
How much that thing set you back?
How much?
I was gonna pull up in it tonight.
Well, congratulations.
You're pulling up with me instead.
Don't. If we're going in,
don't do that.
Chicks dig TKs.
They do not.
Yes, they do.
It's tacky. Don't do it.
About 10 percent of the
population has this TK mutation.
When it first appeared, everyone
thought we were gonna get superheroes.
But it turns out this was it.
Now it's a bunch of assholes, think they're
blowing your mind floating quarters.
It's like this whole town.
Big heads, small potatoes.
Full house tonight, Joe.
We'll stick backstage.
Just meeting up.
Packing your blunderbusses?
- Hardly. Right, Seth?
- I'm with Joe.
- Just meeting up, in and out.
- Go on.
Suzie!
Hey!
You working a shift tonight?

Yeah.

Yeah?

A gat man bought me out
already for the night.

Oh.

Sweetie, I've got to work.

Hey, Joe.

What?

Zach. He's in there right now with Abe.

For what?

Closed his loop.

No shit?

There's a reason we're called loopers.

When we sign up for this job,
taking out the future's garbage,
we also agree

to a very specific proviso.

Time travel in the future is so illegal,
that when our employers
want to close our contracts,
they'll also want to erase any trace of
their relationship with us ever existing.

So if we're still alive

they'll find our older self,

zap him back to us,

and we'll kill him like any other job.

This is called closing your loop.

Eh, you get a golden payday,

you get a handshake,

and you get released

from your contract.

Enjoy the next 30 years.

This job doesn't tend to attract
the most forward-thinking people.

So we celebrating?

Yeah! Yeah!

Whoo!

Look out!

Shit.

Jesus.

Fuck, Joe.

Ooh, la, la.

What, fourth loop
closed this month?

Loop closed. Here we go.
Loop closed, baby!
Yeah.
Seth?
Jesus.
Shh. They could be here
any minute.
Are they here?
No. Who?
Oh, Christ. Joe, Christ!
What are you doing?
Give me the gun.
Oh, right. That's smart.
Get away from the window.
Christ, Joe.
Just quiet down.
You can protect me.
So they...
What did you do?
Oh, jeez.
This is like a nightmare.
This is a nightmare.
I knew then what he did,
so I don't know why I asked.
What did you do?
He... He was singing.
Through the gag and sack,
but I could hear the tune.
Deep memories,
my mom in a dark room,
taking care of me, singing that tune.
Once I knew he was me...
I...
Joe, I couldn't.
I couldn't. I had to see.
He told me... I remember, he told me,
there's a new holy terror boss man
in the future,
and he's closing all the loops.
The Rainmaker, they call him.
He told me it.
Then he wanted a cigarette.
So I untied him,
and he gives me this look.

And he just starts running.
I had my blunderbuss,
so I know I've got about 15 strides
till he's out of my range.
And they come and they go,
and I just watch him
till he's gone.
This is called letting your loop run.
It's not a good thing.
What do I do?
You're the only friend I've got, Joe.
You've got to help me.
You're a fucking idiot
coming here.
You can't be here.
I'll give you some money.
Joe! A little money?
Where am I gonna go?
You hop a freight train.
You beat it the hell out of town.
Shh!
Just don't move.
Tell Court,
watch the window outside.
You got it, window.
- Kid Blue, Joe! Come on!
- Just a minute!
Open this goddamn door!
I can't do anything for you, Seth.
You've got to hide me!
Please, Joe! Hide me!
Please! Just buy me some time
and then I'll go! Please?
You gonna make
me blow this door down?
Yeah, hold on!
Please?
Move. Move.
Come on, Joe! Open up!
Jesus.
That took a while.
You think it's easy looking this good?
Tye's gonna watch your apartment
while we go have a talk with Abe.

There's coffee in the tin.

Thank you.

Give me two minutes.

Know why they call that pea shooter
of yours a blunderbuss?

Because it's impossible to hit
anything farther than 15 yards.

Impossible to miss anything closer.

It's a gun for fuck-up turkeys.

Not like a gat.

A gat has range.

Accuracy.

Kid, cut it out.

Don't blow your other foot off.

Fuck!

What the hell is going on out there?

How you doing, Abe?

Hey, Joe.

You didn't shoot your
other foot off, did you, Kid?

All right.

My great-grandfather told my
grandfather, "Men are like spiders.

It's the little ones
you've got to be careful of."

Don't know I agree with that.

Yeah? Huh.

What the fuck did my
great-grandfather know?

This man is from the future.

He was sent back here by the mob,
a one-way ticket, to run the loopers.

That's low effort, even for Abe,
so to pass the time,

he recruited some real muscle,
the gat men. Now he runs the city.

Any other city,
that would be impressive.

How can you kids
stand to wear those chokers?

Cravats?

Ties.

Ridiculous. You're aware
we don't have a dress code?

Fashion.

You know... Well, you don't know.

The movies that you're dressing like
are just copying other movies.

These goddamn 20th century
affectations.

Do something new. Huh?

Put a glowing thing around
your neck or use rubberized...

Just be new.

Okay.

It was nice chatting with you, Abe.

I do like you, Joe.

But we're sure enough
that Seth paid you a visit.

We have to do something.

Seth?

You're expecting we're gonna
break your fingers with a hammer,
or something awful.

But I'm gonna defuse that tension right now.

That's not gonna happen.

What is gonna happen
is that I'm gonna talk for a little.

Not even that long.

And you're gonna give up
your friend.

My friend? Seth?

Sorry, I'm confused.

Well, then I'll talk a little.

You know, you were
the youngest looper I ever hired.

You looked goddamn ridiculous,
they said.

Blunderbuss up to here on you.

They brought you in. I forget what for.

Watch shop.

Yeah. You rolled one of our fronts,
a watch shop.

And they had you, you know.

This kid, like an animal.

But you looked at me,
your hair stuck to half your face,
just one eye looking at me.

I could see,
like seeing it happen on the TV,
the bad version of your life.
Like a vision,
I could see how you'd turn bad.
So I changed it.
I cleaned you up
and put a gun in your hand.
I gave you something that was yours.
I'm grateful for that, Abe.
I gave you something
that was yours.
And I remember that kid.
And I think if you ask yourself, you ask,
Who would I sacrifice for what's mine?"
I think Seth would be deep and cozy
inside that circle.
I'll show you how much
I know you. Ahem.
I'm not even gonna break you.
I'm just gonna set you back a ways.
We know that you've been
stashing half your bars.
Which is smart, no law against it.
You're gonna get out.
You're gonna go overseas.
Studying up your Mandarin?
French? French.
You give him up
or you give us half your stash.
You willing to dump
your silver in the dirt
for Seth?
You're gonna kill him.
Not if we can help it. Be too
cataclysmic a change for the future.
What we'll do is dangerous
in that regards,
though not as dangerous
as killing him.
On top of which a man from the future
runs free long enough,
this time travel shit
fries your brain like an egg.

Why the fuck French?
I'm going to France.
You should go to China.
I'm going to France.
I'm from the future.
You should go to China.
I'm going to France.
You're going...
The floor safe, under the rug.
Six seven four two.
It's the little ones that get you.
Why don't you kill an hour, Joe.
On the house.
Call the doc.
Wait.
Wait!
Wait.
You know, I can't
remember my mother's face.
She used to run her hands
through my hair.
Just like this.
I think I just let my best friend
get killed tonight.
For silver.
Shit.
Yeah.
Shit.
Sorry.
I'm gonna give you some money.
I've been stashing my silver for years
and I'm gonna give you half of it.
You can raise your kid right.
You wanna give me half your silver?
Silver's got strings.
I got my job.
You got yours.
It's sweet of you to worry about me,
but I'm doing fine.
Why don't we just stick
to services rendered.
Is this what you want?
Shit!
Then it just becomes a

mess, like a pig fucking a football.
You know what I'm saying.
Let's finish this up.
There's 24 there.
I'm keeping count.
Two more trips
should just do it.
Goddamn it! Aah!
Kid, I'm sorry!
Tell Abe I'm gonna fix this!
Tell him I'm gonna find my loop
and I'm gonna kill him! Tell Abe...
Motherfucker!
Rainmaker....
Shit!
You got any aspirin?
Uh-huh.
All of them, please.
I'll take that coat too.
What are you doing?
What are you doing?
Joe, I told you to run.
Don't do it, you idiot.
Hurry up, Blue!
That's the second loop we had
run this week. It's getting endemic.
Fucking Kid Blue.
About two more trips
should do it.
Shit.
You stupid little shit.
Pound the pavement,
sweep the train yard.
Every second that passes is bad.
Get on it.
Stupid little shit.
I can fix this.
I can find him!
Go home.
Let the grownups work.
Kid Blue.
You bastard. How do I find you?
Coffee?
Please.

Black. And some water.
Anything else?
We eating?
I ordered something.
Steak and eggs.
Rare and scrambled.
Two steak and eggs, coming up.
Must hurt.
I wasn't sure you'd remember her.
I put it together.
Clever.
You know, there's another girl
who works here on the weekends.
Jen?
Right. Less letters.
That'd be better.
How's your French coming?
Good. You gonna tell me
I ought to be learning Mandarin?
I never regretted
learning French.
I know you have
a gun between your legs.
No? Well, you'll get it eventually.
Obviously. All right, listen.
This is a hard situation, but we both
know how this has to go down.
I can't let you walk away
from this diner.
This is my life now. I earned it.
You had yours already.
So why don't you do what old men do
and die? Get the fuck out of my way.
Why don't you take your gun out
from between your legs and do it?
Boy.
It's hard staring into your eyes.
It's too strange.
Your face looks backwards.
So you know what's gonna happen?
You've done all this already?
I don't want to talk about
time travel shit.
If we start talking about it,

we're gonna be here all day.
Making diagrams with straws.
It doesn't matter.
I hurt myself, it changes your body.
Does what I do change your memories?
It doesn't matter!
My memory is cloudy.
It's a cloud.
Because my memories
aren't really memories.
They're just one possible
eventuality now.
And they grow clearer or cloudier
as they become more or less likely.
But then they get to the present moment,
and they're instantly clear again.
I can remember
what you do after you do it.
And it hurts.
So even when we're apart,
you can remember what I do after?
Yes.
But this is a precise description
of a fuzzy mechanism.
It's messy.
All I know... I know two things.
I know what's happening in my head.
And I know that you're gonna meet her.
Who?
She's gonna save your life.
For a long time, she thought we'd...
We'd have a baby.
She'd have been a great mother.
She wanted it so much.
Yeah, but she...?
How...?
So she saves my life?
Yes.
Let's take a look at your life.
You're a killer.
And a junkie.
A fucking child mentality.
What's mine." "My life."
Save your life. You're asking me how?

The question is why. Why would
someone sacrifice their life?
Cut your high and mighty bullshit.
I don't need my life...
Shut your fucking child mouth.
You're so self-absorbed and stupid.
And she's gonna clean you up
and she's gonna...
You're gonna take her love
like a sponge.
And you think,
Maybe I'm clear of the past.
Maybe I'm safe."
Yesterday.
Yesterday what?
Thirty years from now
is yesterday.
You're not gonna remember it.
I'm gonna tell you what happens
to this beautiful woman
who saves your worthless fucking life.
Have you heard of the Rainmaker?
Yeah, Seth said that night.
New boss in the future?
He used the words "holy terror."
Yeah. A reign of terror.
Mass executions. Vagrant purges.
Everywhere at once.
Legend is the Rainmaker
came out of nowhere.
In the span of six months, he took total
control of the five major syndicates.
That'd take an army.
He didn't have an army.
The story is
that he did it alone.
Alone alone.
So how did he do it?
That's the mystery. There's no pictures
of him. Even if it is a him. It's insane.
There are stories he has a synthetic jaw,
saw his morn shot, shit like that.
Word spread through
the ex-looper grapevine

because the first thing he did
was start closing loops. All of them.
You know what this is?
This number?
Dale, wait. Slow down.
It could lead us to the Rainmaker, Joe!
It's in the hospital records.

Write this down:

This is a piece of
identifying information on the Rainmaker.
He's here. He lives here now.
In this county.
And I'm gonna use this to find him.
And I'm gonna kill him.
I'm gonna stop him
from killing my wife.
Fuck you. And your wife.
None of this concerns me.
This is gonna happen...
it happened to you.
It doesn't have to happen to me. You got
her picture right there in my watch?
Show me the picture.
As soon as I see her, I walk away.
I'll fucking marry someone else.
Promise.
When I see that picture, that fog
inside your brain should just
swallow up all the memories,
right? She'll be gone.
If you give her up, she'll be safe.
Give her up?
You're the one that got her killed.
If she never meets you, she's safe.
You don't understand.
We don't have to give her up.
I'm not gonna give her up.
I'm gonna save her.
Get to the fields.
We can lose them in the fields.
Hop a train. Get out of town!
What the hell is everybody doing?
You wait for my signal!

- Out back! He's running!
- He ran out the back!
Shit!
Alive!
Fuck! Shit! Come on, come on!
Come on, you piece of shit!
Come on!
Get the tracker! The tracker!
Go! Go!
Fuck! Fuck!
Shit.
Come on, baby. Time to get up.
Listen up, fucker!
I have shot and buried
three vagrants in the past year!
So I don't care
what hobo sob story you've got.
I get a dozen a week, pal.
It cuts no cash with me.
But if you show your face here again,
I will cut you the fuck in half!
Well, you found him.
Tracking Seth's bike,
that was clever.
Then you rustled up a posse
and went out to get him.
I could do it again.
You can fuck up again? Really?
I've got too much riding, Kid.
I can't afford a fuck-up
playing cowboy.
Put your gat on the table.
I wanted you to say I did good.
That's all I wanted.
This is all I have.
Please give me one more chance?
I'll bring him here alive and hold him.
And you can put a bullet
in his brain yourself.
No!
Get off me! Get off me!
Hey, who's there?
Stop right there! I will shoot you.
You stop! Stop right there!

I'm telling you to stop! You stop!
Head's splitting apart.
My head.
Hey.
Look up at the light.
Look up at me.
How long since you dropped?
Dropped?
Dropped.
A day.
A day.
I can't feel my legs.
You're going through withdrawal,
you fucking junkie.
You gotta help me. I'm gonna die.
I'm thirsty.
Water. Water!
Thirsty...
Cid!
Come inside, baby.
Who is that man?
He's just a vagrant.
No, he's not.
Oh, yeah?
His shoes are too shiny.
Aren't you a smart monkey.
Is he sick?
Yup.
Will he get better?
Yeah.
Promise?
Just go to sleep, okay, baby boy?
Night, sweetie.
Night, Sara.
Hey!
The first time I saw her face.
First time I saw her face.
Look at me.
No.
The first time I saw her face.
The first time I saw her face.
The first time I saw your face.
The first time I saw her face.
Morning, monkey.

Do you want something to eat?
The man's up.
Is he staying here now?
No.
Toss it.
I'm about to finish cleaning it.
Put it down.
How are you feeling?
I'd say I'm at 30 percent.
You take it slow,
by the end of the week you'll be at 50.
I took you in so you wouldn't die.
You're not.
Take the morning to rest,
then get off my farm.
I can't do that.
I'm sorry?
I need to stay here for a little while.
I'm not cool with that.
Sorry.
You just lost your
take the morning to rest" privileges.
Get off my farm.
No.
Get off my farm.
You couldn't scare a retarded hobo
with that. Literally.
This is a Remington 870.
One blast could cut you...
In half. That's telling.
You're holding a gun.
I say I'm not afraid,
so you describe the gun to me.
It's not the gun I'm not afraid of.
What are you gonna do,
shoot in the air?
You wouldn't let me die,
you're not gonna kill me.
So that makes me weak?
I'm not a threat to you or your boy.
I need to be on your property.
I'd rather there's no contact at all.
I'm gonna stay in the fields.
There's one thing I need, then you'll

never have to deal with me again.
Verify this is your house
so I'm in the right place.
What's this?
It's a map.
That's my house.
Why is it marked?
Okay, doesn't matter. Look, I'm gonna
be out of the barn in an hour.
If you can spare it,
I'm gonna take this canteen.
Is there somewhere I can fill it?
This number, how did you get this?
That mean something to you?
What? Hey! Hey! Hey!
You're right. I'm not a killer.
But I'm fine with how a blast of rock
salt to your face won't kill you.
Now you're gonna tell me
who you are,
and what the fuck
you're doing on my farm.
Okay.
Time travel hasn't been invented yet,
but in 30 years, it will have been.
It's gonna be used by these criminal...
You're a looper?
I can't go back to the city
because Abe, the boss,
his men will be searching for me 24/7
until they find me. Or find him.
All I've got is that map.
He had three houses marked on it,
yours is one of them.
I know he's coming here.
You know about loopers?
You know what we do?
So he's coming here
to murder my son
because he thinks he might be
this Rainmaker?
Once he kills the Rainmaker,
what happens?
I think he thinks if he killed

the Rainmaker,
he never would
have been sent back.
He'd just vanish.
He'd disappear just like he appeared.
He'd be back with his wife.
Who is he, this guy you let run?
Just some random guy
from the future?
He's just somebody.
You know what the numbers mean?
This is Cid's birthday
and this is the med code
of the hospital he was born in.
How many kids were born in that
hospital that day with your son?
- Like, two?
- Sounds right.
Three kids, three houses
marked on his map.
One of them is the Rainmaker.
He doesn't know which.
What's he gonna do?
Oh, God.
Can he really do this?
Think about what doing this would fix.
What he thinks it would fix.
If he comes here, will you stop him?
I'm asking, can I trust you?
I don't care if you trust me.
I don't care about your son.
I lost my life.
I kill this man, I get it back.
He'll kill the other two kids and come here last.
Put off facing me.
All this goddamn cane
leaves us blind.
He can get within 50 yards of this
place without a hawk spotting him.
What makes sense is we burn the fields.
Level them.
How much gas you got
in that barn?
No, you can't burn down my cane fields.

This stuff is half dead anyway.
It's the seed for next year. It's
not gonna happen, you fucking nut.
Listen, use what you need
and set up anywhere.

But one thing:

I don't want you talking to Cid.
I watch my son, you watch the cane.
That's the deal.
Good by me.
Fine.
Jesus.
All right, hold still.
It's easy for things
to get infected on a farm.
Start falling off.
Pussy.
I'm out here and you're in the house.
We need a way to communicate.
There's a dinner bell in the barn.
You can ring that if someone's coming.
Dinner bell. We need buzzers
or walkies or something.
I don't know what we've got,
but I'll look.
Cid!
- How's the math coming?
- I want to help the man.
Help him with what?
I could help him with my toys.
No. Let me talk to you.
I need you to stay away
from that man. Okay?
Let him do his thing,
but stick with me.
Okay?
Is he not good?
Well, we're gonna see
what he is. All right?
But I need you
to stick with me.
Good boy.
Shh.

Hand me that Phillips.
Tell me if you hear her coming.
What are we doing here?
Commundication.
But I need to make it stronger.
And how do we do that?
Bigger battery.
Smart.
Do you kill people?
Uh... Let's say I kill people.
With your gun?
Uh-huh.
You want a gun like mine?
Yeah.
What are you gonna do with it,
pole vaulting? It's bigger than you.
Stop bad things from happening.
Shit!
So how long you and your mom
been out here on the farm?
She's not.
She's not what?
Sara doesn't know,
but I remember my real mom.
When I was a baby,
I couldn't stop it.
Couldn't stop what?
I couldn't stop her from getting killed.
I saw it, but I couldn't stop it.
I wasn't strong enough.
You should, uh...
You should talk to your mom about this.
She's not my mom. She's a liar.
Spotted him coming out of a sewer tunnel
on the west end. He's on the run.
Think he's heading
to the west on Talbott Street,
possibly to Whore's Alley.
We have a visual.
You can't take that thing out
with a plow or something?
Uh-huh.
Listen, I found a, uh...
In the barn, I found some parts

and I made a thing.

Here.

So if you see something,
just push that.

When?

Last night he woke me up.

Don't tell him I told you. He didn't...

You said you were his morn.

Yeah.

He told me you're not.

He said that?

Yeah.

If he's not your son, who is he?

He's my son.

I had Cid when I was 22.

But I didn't want to give up
my life in the city.

So I dropped him here on the farm
with my sister,
and she saw how I was living,
so she took him.

And my sister, she raised him.

She loved him.

He called her Morn.

How did she get killed?

Jesus Christ.

He remembers it.

You've gotta talk to him.

I told you one thing.

I told you to stay away from my son.

He asked about my gun.

Stay out of it!

And stay the fuck away from my son!

Where does 56 go?

Oh, good. You're smart.

Twenty-one?

How long can you not sleep?

I don't know. Probably a while.

It's a good question.

Where does it go? Come on.

Good.

Thirty-two?

You should help Joe watch.

Joe?

Because he can't stay awake
all the time.
Isn't our business. Okay?
He's keeping us safe.
Let's do this now, okay?
You have 32 there.
I know you know this one.
No. Eight times three is what?
Thirty-two.
Eight times three is what?
Thirty-two.
I want you to count three eights.
Eight, sixteen...
thirty-two.
You telling me you want alone time?
No.
Then why don't you put that
where it belongs?
Alone time.
He's protecting us
because you can't do it.
I told you to stay away from him, didn't I?
I never did anything.
Do you think I'm stupid?
So?
I told Joe to leave...
So?!
You do what I tell you!
You can't tell me what to do.
You're not my mom!
You're not my mom! You're a liar!
You're gonna get killed
because you won't stop lying!
Cid, calm down.
You're lying! I hate you!
You're lying to me! I hate you!
Cid...
I hate you! Liar! You're lying!
Calm down. Calm down.
Liar!
Liar!
You're not my mom! You're a liar!
You're not my mom!
I hate you!

Liar!

Liar! Liar!

I'm sorry.

It's okay, sweetie.

Holy shit.

Evening, ma'am.

Evening. How can I help you?

Ahem. You can start by accepting
my apologies re the hour.

Hope I didn't catch you at supper.

That's fine.

I've been walking
between empty farms all day.

Thought I'd just
tick this one off the list.

Not have to come back tomorrow.

What's this about?

You alone here, ma'am?

My husband should be back any time.

Happy to hear it.

Mm-hm.

Could I trouble you for some water?

I'll get you some.

You can take the glass with you.

Actually, ma'am,
my business today,
this ticking off the list business,
is gonna require me coming in,
if that's all right.

Will you tell me what this is about?

I will, yes.

Can I come in?

Ma'am?

I'm a deputized police officer,
looking for an escaped criminal.

Anyone through here
in the past two days, vagrants?

Vagrants are always
passing, nobody near the house.

That man there?

He's young. No.

We're looking for his father too.

Similar looking build, late 50s,
may or may not be traveling together.

Do you recognize them?

No.

Keep them.

Your kids with your husband?

Yeah, just one.

How old?

Ten.

Ten...

I'm gonna show you
the barn and house.

And then you can be on your way.

I took the liberty
with your barn. Apologies.

So the house.

Ten, you said? Your boy?

Yeah.

And your husband?

Mm-hm.

I've just gotta check in
with the home office.

The boy's in the city with his father.

When they getting back?

Couldn't tell you.

Ah.

This goddamn thing.

I can never get a signal
this far out of town.

Ah. Piece of shit.

Okay. Here we go.

Is this man dangerous?

He shoots men down for a living.

He's a stone-cold killer.

My boss has half the city
looking for him.

Half the city and me, so...

And if you find him,
there's a hell of a price.

Chunk of money like that,
you should think on it.

I will.

All right. Show me upstairs.

There's drafts in the house.

My granddad built this tunnel
when the vagrant raids got bad.

- Nana said he was nuts.
- Thank you, Granddad.
That wasn't the man.
No. It's funny. I know that guy, though.
His name is Jesse.
I like him. He's good.
He's gonna go away
once he doesn't find me.
He won't hurt your morn.
Sara.
Where's your morn?
Where's my mom?
She, uh, gave me up.
I was younger than you.
We were vagrants,
and she was alone.
I thought she was stupid
for getting on the drugs she was on,
but now I see she was
just so alone.
It's what she had.
She sold me
to a panhandle gang.
I got away and I ran
and ended up on this train.
I remember I was sitting there
in an empty car.
And I saw myself
over and over again,
killing those men that bought me,
that got my mom on what she was on.
Just finding them and tearing them apart.
Saving my mom.
But you didn't.
No, a man in the city found me,
put a gun in my hand.
Gave me something that was mine.
That's just men trying to figure out what they
would do to keep what's theirs, what they've got.
That's the only kind of man there is.
I'm not gonna let Sara get killed.
I think we're clear.
Sara!
Baby.

All working girls, yeah?
This whole block
and a couple of blocks over.
Hello, Joe.
If you want to check those,
too, I can arrange.
I'm an arranger, stranger.
If you don't see
what you want to see, no refunds.
What?
What happened?
That's pretty good.
In the city, young guys would
hit on me
by floating fucking quarters.
And I wouldn't tell them
I was TK,
but I would keep
their quarters down.
This one guy just busted a blood
vessel in his eye trying to get it up.
He's you.
Your loop.
You lied to me.
But I know you're not lying
when you say you're gonna kill this guy,
your own self.
You protected Cid
from that gat man.
Uh...
Yeah.
He saved your ass, didn't he?
He saved my ass.
Yeah.
He's a...
He's a good kid.
Yeah, he is.
You know, when I came back,
after my sister died,
I remember seeing him
for the first time in two years,
just sitting on the porch.
I drove up crying. I'd been at this
party all night in the city

when I got the call...
so I was wearing
this ridiculous party dress.
All my ridiculous shit.
And I don't know if he...
even remembered me,
but he looked at me...
I abandoned him.
I abandoned my baby.
And I've seen so many men
in the city,
who I look in their eyes
and they're just lost.
So whether he loves me back or not,
as long as I'm there to raise him,
he's gonna be taken care of.
He's gonna be safe.
He's never gonna get lost.
Hello, Joe.
Jesse.
Put this down and let her go.
Sara, Jesse here is the best shot
with a gat that I know.
When he lets you go, just sit on
the couch. Don't do anything stupid.
He's coming here, Jess.
My loop is coming here.
I gotta take you in.
I got 948 bars of pure silver.
I close my loop,
I get right with Abe.
Whatever he gives back,
I'll split it with you.
Was that your plan?
Okay, take all of it.
Are you delusional?
You ain't getting right.
Long as Abe's got one gat man standing
he's gonna hunt you till his dying day.
We're gonna go now. Gonna get
in my truck and you're just gonna...
I'm sorry.
The Rainmaker...
Cid!

Cid!
Oh, my God!
Cid!
Cid?
It's him.
What is he, some TK freak?
You knew.
What are you doing?
How did your sister die?
What are you doing with those guns?
Is that what happened to her?
No!
He kill her like that?
No. He was climbing a bookshelf
and it fell back on him.
He can get scared. It exploded.
Jesus frigging...
He'll learn to control it.
Imagine what he's gonna do!
If he did good with it, though.
If he grew up
with me raising him.
If he grew up good...
He doesn't.
You stay away from him, Joe!
Cid! Stay away from Joe, baby!
Follow me, baby!
Come to me. It's okay.
It's okay, baby.
Right now two things have happened.
My loop knows Cid's the kid
he's looking for.
And my gang knows I'm here.
That means in 15 minutes, one or both
of them is coming down that highway.
Pack up the truck.
Take everything you can and go.
Drive north away from the city.
Thank you.
Got everyone here, all our men.
Arm them up. Let's go.
I got him, Abe. I got him.
Well, shit.
That's right, motherfuckers.

Whoa.
I got him.
Knew he was sweet
on this one whore.
I checked her building...
They found Joe
in a farm on the east side.
That's why all the gat men are here.
The whole crew is arming up
to make a sweep.
Joe?
Fuck Joe. Save your bullets!
I've got the loop!
Not such a fuck-up now, huh?
I'm bringing him up to see Abe.
Get this asshole!
Motherfuckers!
Holy shit.
Joe!
Guess I put the gun
in that kid's hand, huh?
I guess
everything comes back around.
Like your goddamn ties.
Take this truck. And take your gold
and go live your life.
Nobody's coming after you.
I fixed it.
You go kill the boy.
That how you fix it?
You're goddamn right
I'm gonna kill that boy!
You just got your life back.
My life?
Your life. Becoming you.
Goddamn it!
You've lost your fucking mind!
You let this boy live, he's gonna
take everything you've got.
And everything I got!
See what he becomes.
I haven't seen that yet.
Goddamn it!
Shit.

Okay, baby, we're going.
Put your seat belt on.
Stop.
Duck down. It's okay.
- Stop, please. He can shoot us.
- Duck down.
Stop!
Stop! Stop! Stop!
Cid.
I'm sorry.
It's okay. It's okay.
I'm gonna get you down.
Okay, we're going into the cane.
Go. Go.
Go.
No!
No. Cid, no.
No!
It's okay, baby. You're okay.
It's okay, baby.
It's okay.
I love you. Calm down.
Good boy.
Mommy loves you.
Mommy loves you.
It's okay.
Mom.
Shit.
Oh. Oh. You did good.
You did so good. Good boy.
Listen to me. I need you to run
into the fields now.
No, Mom, I don't want to leave you.
It's okay.
- You need to go. Go!
- Move!
Move, goddamn it!
Move.
Then I saw it.
I saw a mom
who would die for her son.
A man who would kill for his wife.
A boy, angry and alone.
Laid out in front of him,

the bad path. I saw it.
And the path was a circle...
round and round.
So I changed it.
Cid!
Where's Joe?
He had to go away, baby.