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Love and a .45

By C.M. Talkington

Any similarities
to real people or events
is purely coincidental.
The Crime Channel.
All crime all the time.
Excuse me, son.
Where do you keep the anti-acids?
That aisle, right-hand side.
Third shelf from the bottom.
That'll be \$3.72.
Aren't you a little young
to be working the night shift...
...hombre?
I lied about my age.
How old are you, son?
Fourteen.
Shouldn't you be doin'
your homework
for school or something?
Don't go.
Just sittin' around reading
"Girls and Guns"
and smokin' marijuana in the
walk-in freezer,
and dreaming about pussy, huh?
How'd you know?
Been there.
Sometimes I watch TV.
Oh, yeah?
What do you watch?
Them reality kind of shows.
Like, people get killed
and stuff.
Tell me, son...
you plannin' on selling
cigarettes for the rest of your life?
I haven't really thought
about it.
I guess you might have noticed
that 45 laying on the counter.
Yeah. I was kinda wondering
about that.
Think you can grab it...
faster than me?

Yeah.

Well...

That's pretty damn good,
small fry.

I want you to give me all that
money out of the cash register.

Well...

what about my gun?

It ain't loaded.

Well...

Yeah, that's right.

After you put the money
in that smiley face bag...

hand me that night drop, too.

We ain't got no night drop.

You must think I'm a lot
stupider than I look, hombre...

'cause I know that night drop
turns over at exactly 1:35 a.m.

If you're thinking that armored
car's gonna be pulling up soon,

and you might be privy
to a hellacious gun fight

where yours truly just might

buy the proverbial farm...

you're dead wrong.

'Cause right about now,
the driver of the said vehicle
will be pulling over
to the side of the road
to help a beautiful young lady,
in roadway distress.

Hi.

My goodness, mister,

I'm so glad you stopped.

I was starting to get a little
scared being out here all alone.

With hardly anything on
to protect me from the elements.

- Uh-huh.

- Ohh, wow!

Wow!

Look at all those tools.

I bet you have yourself

a ripe 'ol time.
Handcuffs...
I just love handcuffs.
- Really?
- Um-hmm.
Hey, can I play with them?
Come on.
Just for a little while.
It might be fun,
don't you think?
Okay.
Okay.
Oh, thanks.
Wow!
Boy, that's some mighty
hard steel, isn't it?
Mmm-mmm.
Oh, it's so...
Wow. Look at you.
Such a big, big strong man.
Oh, baby.
Come to daddy!
- Oh, baby.
- My cuffs... anything you want.
My goodness, aren't you a live one.
Gee wiz...
You know what?
Baby, I just don't think
I know you well enough
to be sharing your saliva.
Whoo!
So, he'll be unzipping
his pants...
and wanking his hooter
right about now,
and have a right fine story
to tell the boys at the bar...
and I won't be having
no trouble with the police.
Right on time.
That sound's pure music
to my ears.
Gosh, mister...
you sure know your

convenience stores.

It's my business to know
convenience stores.

- Yes.

- Okay, squirt...

fill up the rest of that smiley
bag and I'll be on my way.

Hey uh...

how much money you figure's
in this here bag?

Uh, right about
five-hundred dollars.

What's this?

Ten percent of the gross.

Don't spend it all on dope.

Thanks.

Hey, man...

you forgot your gun.

It's yours, kid.

Get your ass out of the rat race.

That's right, son...

you got yourself a real
occupation.

Man, why are you giving me
this gun?

Well, when I was your age...

someone did the same for me.

I was a lot like you, and...

he was a lot like me.

Just returnin' the favor.

I got two pieces of advice

for you, small fry...

never believe a word

anyone says...

and never rob a store

with a loaded gun.

Never!

Yes, sir.

That way no one gets hurt.

People ask me why

I chose a life outside the law.

They say,

"Watty Watts you're a smart man.

Why do you feel you gotta hold up

every two bit convenience store,
between Dallas and Tyler?"
And I say to them...
"You ever think to ask
Merle Haggard or Loretta Lynn
why they sing country?"
"You ever wonder why Morrison
became a rock star?"
Hell no.
Things just happen.
You see, I'm an artist.
Whether it's cooking breakfast
or ripping off convenience stores,
I'm an artist.
Disabysmal.
Through repetition of danger,
we become accustomed to it.
Difficulty at the beginning.
To find one's place
in the infinity of being,
one must be able to both
separate and to unite.
You see if you want something in life,
you gotta be able to
go out there and take it.
Nobody's gonna
hand it to you on a plate.
When I was a young boy...
my granddaddy, who had been
a professional bounty hunter,
he said to me, "Watty only
two things you need in life
to get by on this planet.
Love and a 45."
Well howdy, young lady.
What is a fine looking
young woman such as yourself
doing on one these dangerous,
deserted, back country Texas roads?
Hey, baby.
Did you get us some
grocery money?
I just might have.
Perhaps you'd like to join me

in my chariot
for a little romp
in the moonlight?
Perhaps I would.
Her name is Starlene Cheatham.
I'm Watty Watts.
We specialize in risk management.
Stop that Watty Watts.
You better quit it
or I'm gonna whip your behind.
Hey, that felt kinda good.
You know what?
I was just thinking of something.
Oh yeah, what were you thinking?
I was thinking how today's
gonna be the day.
What day is that?
The day you make
an honest woman out of me.
Where's that damn ring?
Come on, Star. You've been saying
that everyday since you were fifteen.
There ain't gonna be no ring today.
Mm-hmm.
I know today's gonna be the day.
Yes.
I think I'm gonna have
to tickle you
till you ask me
the big question.
And if that doesn't work...
I'm gonna hold that gun
up to your head...
till you ask me what I like.
Wait.
- Huh?
- Did you hear that?
I don't want to hear it, baby.
Listen.
Wait who is that?
Go see who that is.
Oh shit.
Okay.
Rain down on the bugs.

Come on, little bugs.
- Creepy, You pissin' again?
- Drink it up.
Well, if it ain't my favorite
two homicidal maniacs...
Creepy Cody and Dinosaur Bob.
How you boys doin'?
Watty Watts.
I hope we didn't wake you
too early this fine morning.
Yeah, we been partying
all night.
Yeah, I see you boys are lookin'
proper and prim this morning.
Man, we've been
in a different time zone.
For us it's four 'o clock
in the afternoon.
Well, it ain't four o'clock
in the afternoon for me, boys.
We didn't think so, Watty.
What ya doin' to my tomatoes, man?
- He's watering 'em.
- I eat those tomatoes, assholes.
Well, we stopped by to remind
you today is payday.
Why don't you two speed freaks
get lost?
I haven't eatin'
my breakfast yet.
You know, I hate breakfast.
It makes me want to puke.
You just...
Go on back to...
Whatever it was you were doing.
Oh...
How's that pussy?
I don't think I caught your
meaning there, Bob.
As least for your sake
I hope I didn't.
Watty...
Hey, we just came by
to remind you that today,

Pecro wants his
fucking money.
You know how Pecro can get.
- Get the two grand.
- Get the money, fucker.
I got your money, boys.
I just need to retrieve it.
Good. We're gonna see you again
sooner or later.
Sooner than later.
Hey, Watt, who was that?
Two asshole Bible salesmen.
What'd they want?
To save my soul.
Hey...
Come over here and hold me.
Uh-huh.
Do you love me, Watt?
More than anything.
More than your car likes oil?
More than my car likes oil.
More than a preacher likes God?
More than Jimmy Swaggart
loves to sweat.
Well, I think you'd
better kiss me then, huh?
Is that who I think it is?
Yeah.
You promised me you weren't
gonna have
anything to do with him, Watt.
Man, you promised me.
I gotta make car payments,
don't I?
I told you I didn't want
anymore of your
Goddamn prison buddies
over at the house.
Especially not him.
Why can't y'all meet at
a pool hall or something?
I told him to call me
if he had any leads.
Why can't he use

the damn phone?

'Cause he thinks all the lines
are bugged.

Look, I don't like him, okay?

He's an drug addict

and an asshole.

And he's a male chauvinist pig.

- Watty.

- Keep your voice down.

Star, listen.

All I want is a little
financial solvency.

I told Billy to come by
if he had anything cooking.

There's just some things
that you just don't understand.

Hey, you understand this,
all right.

You're not gonna let
that asshole in this house.

Watty!

- I'm serious.

Watt!

- Fuck!

- It's about time, Hoss.

- How you doin' there Watty?

- All right, Billy.

- Oh, Goddamn.

- See you in a minute.

Starlene. How are ya?

Mmm.

You know, your lookin'
awful pretty today.

Hurts me.

But you know, you always
looked real good to me.

- You know that, don't you?

- You look the same, Billy...

but I can't say that

I like it that much.

Mmm.

Hey, Star...

- Let me ask you question.

- I probably couldn't stop you.

How come you don't like me
so much, huh?
'Cause you're scum.
Pure and simple.
Watty might not see it,
but I do.
You're a piece of white trash.
And I don't trust ya
for as far as I can toss ya.
Damn it, I know you wanta
have sex with me.
Yeah, have sex with that.
Ohh! Goddamn!
Ain't you sassy.
- Hey.
- Hey, Watty, what's up?
What's goin' on, Billy?
Nothin'. You know, she's joking
around like she always does.
Hey, man. I'm having me
a good fuckin' day today.
You interested in makin'
the best score of the year?
Tell me about it in the car.
Oh, okay.
Hey I'm gonna see you later, honey.
I'm uh, I'm gonna be goin', okay?
Hey...
Just don't do anything stupid,
all right?
Take a look at that.
- That ain't for me, is it?
- No, it's not for you, stupid.
It's a weddin' ring.
What'd you...
Watty, did you take
a stupid pill?
What do you mean by that, man?
- Just what I said.
- What are you saying?
- What the fuck are you...
- Hey, fuck you, man!
I have no time for your
bullshit.

I've got a problematical
situation going on.
I borrowed two-thousand dollars
from Father Pecro
to buy that wedding ring.
See, you're a stupid asshole.
Well, I couldn't help it, man,
it was on sale.
How much of the money
do you have?
Four-hundred and fifty bucks.
You're bitch whipped, man.
You're fuckin' bitch whipped.
I if don't get that money to Pecro,
I'll be wiping me up
in the same hand, you know?
Well, it looks like you're in
world of shit partner.
But, today just happens to be
your lucky day.
Yeah, what's the score,
Billy boy?
I found us a choice fuckin'
spot, man.
Over in Creedmore
by the box factory.
You mean that bait shop that's
got the Orange Knee-Hi sign?
I'm not talkin' about that
fuckin' place.
I'm talkin' about a place
about a hundred yards over.
You mean that place that's got
them real good hot links?
It's got a big red billboard.
What about that place?
It's penny-ante bullshit.
Just hold on to your horses,
Watty, okay?
Have you no faith in me?
I've been gettin' real sweet on
the girl who works the day shift.
She told me...
that the owner's gettin'

himself a brand new bass boat.
Oh, well, that's bad ass, Billy.
I'm real happy for him.
There's some damn
good fishing around here...
But what the fuck do I need
with a bass boat?
He's buying the boat
with cash, Watty.
He's got it locked up in
the safe,
because he thinks his wife's
gonna take it,
and go out on a shopping spree.
You know how them bitches get.
He's all paranoid.
The money's right there
in the safe.
How much money you figure
he's got in there?
What I'm figuring is
ten-thousand dollars, man.
Ten grand?
Where in the hell did you get these?
I got 'em at the discount store, man.
They were in the bargain bin.
Oh, God, Billy.
Just give me my gun.
Okay, Billy, Let's check to make
sure these babies ain't loaded.
- Check.
- Check.
Hey, man, you sure you don't
want any of this?
I don't think it's such
a good idea
for you to be doin' that shit
before a job.
Cleans out my brain.
Turns your brain into
chewing gum.
- I'm cool.
- You better be cool.
- Are you ready?

- Born on a green light, Daddyo.
Let's go.
Okay, honey, just remain real calm.
I'm here to rob this place
and I aim to do it right.
Give me all your money.
Look at the funny man.
Y'all say this is a robbery?
Y'all say there's some money?
There ain't no money.
So, why don't you two jokers
get lost?
Oh man, she's high as a kite.
What the hell's goin' on, huh?
Okay, lady...
now you just tell me
where the money is...
and we'll get it ourselves, okay?
Hey...
you're kinda cute.
Wanta get high with me?
You do not wanta fuck
with me lady.
Tell me where that money is.
The money for the bass boat.
- Where the hell is it!?
- I told you...
I put all the money
in my main line.
Quit fucking around with us,
you stupid bitch.
I know there's some fucking
money in here
for some Goddamn bass boat.
Get it out of the fucking safe now!
Billy Mack?
Is that you, hon?
Honey!
Oh, man!
That is fucking great.
That's fucking beautiful, man.
She seen your face.
Billy, you stupid asshole.
Watty...

you hear them fuckin' sirens?
What the fuck did you do?
Fuckin' trip the fuckin' alarm?
You stupid fucked up bitch.
Fuck me again
like you did last night.
You called the cops you
fuckin', fucked up bitch!
Billy, what the hell you doin'?
She seen my fuckin' face, Watt.
What the fuck.
The cops are on their fuckin' way.
You seen my fuckin' face, bitch.
She seen my fuckin' face, Watty.
She seen my fuckin' face.
Calm down, Billy.
Just calm the fuck down!
You done fucked up now.
You seen my fuckin' face.
You fucked up.
I think I shot her.
Oh, Christ, Billy.
What have you done?
Oh shit!
I think I shot her.
Do you hear that sound?
It's the fuckin' cops...
and you just blew your girl
friend's brains all over the place.
- She was my face, man.
- Shut up!
Now I'm not leaving here
without the money...
so you gotta go get it now!
Find the fuckin' money!
Come on, man!
Come on!
Get off of me.
Watty, she doesn't look good.
Hurry up, Billy!
Hurry up, man!
I got it.
Damn them fuckin' pigs.
He's chasing a speeder

on the highway.
Get off of me.
Come on, man.
Let's get out of here now!
That stupid fuckin'
bitch!
That stupid fuckin' bitch!
Bitch! Bitch!
Why did she have to fuckin'...
I killed her!
Fuck!
Damn!
Watty...
Watty.
Watty I did a bad thing.
Watty!
Up until now,
I always considered myself happy.
I had a beautiful girlfriend...
a car and a trailer home.
But at this moment I knew
my life had taken an unwelcome turn.
I'd been a con and a thief
for twenty-five years,
but I never hurt no one.
Billy had violated the code,
he'd packed a loaded gun.
Speed snortin' psychopath
sittin' next to me,
had interrupted the flow
of my happiness.
He had killed someone
in my presence...
and in all likelihood,
my life had been fucked.
Hey...
I'm hungry, man.
I think I need to eat.
I need to get me some breakfast.
Billy, you are crazy.
You're gonna take me
to some fuckin' breakfast,
and you're gonna pay for it now.
You got that fuckin' right?

Now!
I really fucked up.
Just eat your damn eggs.
They're gonna find me.
You know they fry you that shit.
They gonna fry me.
Remember when we was
back in Huntsville?
They fried Clarence.
I know you remember
that fuckin' smell.
You could hear him screaming
all the way down the cellblock.
His eyes were comin' out
of his fuckin' head.
Shut the fuck up, man!
They ain't gonna do shit.
You know they will.
I got my prints all over that safe.
Hell, you didn't do shit, man.
You're practically in the clear.
They'll probably
let you off on probation.
Shut the fuck up, man!
We're getting out of here
right now,
before somebody calls
the freakin' cops.
Come on, let's go.
We're not goin' nowhere till
I finish my damn breakfast.
Christ, Billy, put that
fuckin' thing away, man.
Okay.
I want you to...
I want you to take your
car keys,
and I want you to drop them
fuckers in my plate now.
You're crazier than
a road lizard, Billy.
Maybe I am, but I ain't
goin' back to that place.
And I ain't goin' to that

fuckin' chair.
I'm gonna go down south,
take that money...
go get me some margaritas
down there in Mexico.
'Cause I know what you'd do...
You and your stupid girl friend.
You'd take that money...
and you'd turn me in, wouldn't you?
That's what you'd do!
I'm not stupid, man!
Now you take them keys
out of your pocket,
and you put 'em on my plate now.
Before I paint the fuckin' wall
with the back side of your head.
Now!
Fuck you, Billy!
Have a nice day.
Get it out!
Get this fuckin'
fork out of my neck!
Run, Watty Watt.
You better watch your back.
I figured that Billy Mack
would probably bleed to death
at some rest stop off the highway.
I regretted having
to fork him in the neck,
but, I swear to God
he'd have shot me if I hadn't.
I'd often liked Billy,
but he was crazy...
And I hope that he was killed.
I got a I Ching,
where the hell is it?
I don't know.
What the hell happened?
The job got fucked!
Fuckin' Billy
shot the counter girl.
Then he made me
take him to breakfast...
then he tried to kill me

so I stuck a fork in his neck.

I'm not sure if I killed him or not.

In any case, I got the money

but we gotta go on a little vacation.

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Did I just hear you say

you think that y'all killed someone?

I didn't kill anyone.

Billy killed that counter girl,

except for maybe

I killed Billy. I'm not sure.

Maybe? What the hell

are you saying?

I told you I stuck a fork

in his neck and it looked to me like

he was getting ready to bleed to

death in the not so distant future.

- What you do that for?

- I told you!

He killed that girl and it looked

like he was ready to kill me!

I can't believe that asshole

actually killed someone.

Well, he sure as hell did.

And we sure as hell got to get

the hell out of Dodge pronto

till things cool off a bit.

- You got the money?

- It's in the car.

Where we gonna go?

Well, I was thinkin' Mexico

sounds pretty good.

- How about you?

- Mexico?

Watty, are you shitting me?

Your gonna take me to Mexico?

Oh my God!

That'll be so much fun.

- We can practice our Spanish.

- We sure can.

What should I bring?

What's the weather like?

- Hot.

- I don't have to bring much, do I?

- Hey...

- What?

You know you don't have
to come with me, Star.

Baby, I'd follow you to Oklahoma.

- You mean that, baby?

- I sure do.

Well all right.

- Wait, wait.

- What?

- Come on, Star.

- I just wanta take a picture.

I wanta remember you face.

Come on.

- What are you doin'?

- You know what I'm doin', baby.

You make me feel so good.

It's the sole reason why
the good Lord put me on this earth.

Huh-Hum.

I apologize for the rude
interruption, ma'am.

You shouldn't be hanging around with
this larcenist variety of white trash.

Well, well.

If it isn't my favorite
ex-convict, Watty Watts.

Why Ranger Rex,
what a pleasant surprise.

I'm so glad
you could stop on over...
but seeing how you don't
have a warrant...

I'm afraid I'm gonna have
to cut our visit a little short.

Oh, how thoughtless of me, Watts.

I plumb forgot all about my warrant.

Here, let me reacclimate
your privates for you.

You mother fucker!

Easy there, missy.

Simp just had four cups
of that Italian coffee.

He's a little twitchy.

Fuck you!
Whoo, I bet that hurt
pretty good, huh cowboy?
With all the go-go juice up
in your little cojones.
Yeah, me and Simp were just
cruising the neighborhood,
knowing your feeling towards
robbing and stealing
we just stopped on in
to have us a little chat.
Well, I've been livin' the
straight and narrow
so why don't you take your
chicken-fried, fascist ass,
out of my fuckin' house
before I call the cops.
We are the cops, shit brain.
You know what it feels like
to hold a gun up to a punk's head?
I don't really like guns.
Feels real good.
I guess you wouldn't be knowing
nothin' about a particular messy
convenience store job
over in Creedmore?
The way I see it,
a few jokers went in there...
looking for a big score...
lost their cool and blew a
two-by-two hole
in the back of one pretty
little cashier's head.
Now normally...
...this would be just another
big night in Texas.
But, it just so happens the cashier
was a local sheriff's little girl.
You know what
that makes her, Watts?
A very bad trip.
A very bad trip for whoever
pulled that trigger.
And seeing how the sheriff of

Creedmore happens to be my brother,
what do you think that makes
that dead little girl to me, Watts?
Huh?

Your wife?

- Watty.

- That's right...

that makes her my niece.

And what does that mean?

It means I might have to smoke the
low-rent punk that blew her away.

And seeing I got my sights on you,
you might want to consider
something very seriously.

You see I'm on the right side
of the law.

That means I can get away
with murder.

Course you being on
the wrong side...

that puts you in rather
a bad pinch, don't it?

I can smell that job
all over you, Watts.

Like a six-day-old
pair of underwear.

I didn't do shit, man.

I'm sorry.

Fuck you, you son-of-a-bitch!

I'll fuckin' take your life.

I swear to God.

I'll kill you.

Goddamn you, son-of-a-bitch.

Get this fuckin' bitch
off of me!

I'll fuckin' kill you!

I swear to God I will!

Simp, shoot this piece of shit.

Oh fuck.

It's beautiful.

It's so fuckin' pretty.

We were heading to San Antone
to say good-bye to Star's parents
and I just couldn't get the

image of Clarence out of my head.
Billy had been right;
Once you smell someone frying...
you can't ever
think clearly again.
Before all this happened,
I'd entertained notions of moving
out of Texas with Star as my wife
and tryin' to make
a straight go of it.
I'd begun to feel that luck
was an unrenowable resource
and my days as a felon
were numbered.
If we made it across
the border...
I would definitely
entertain the notion
of taking up auto mechanics.
Which is the only other thing
I know how to do.
I didn't feel much
for the cops that we killed.
They would have done
the same thing to us,
and walked away smiling.
Hello?
Hello. Mrs. Cheatham.
- Yes.
- Hi. This is Woody...
...Woodpeck.
I'm a friend of your daughter.
Starlene?
You're a friend of Starlene's?
We haven't heard from her
in along while.
Hello? Hello?
Are you there?
Hello?
Turn that down a bit,
please Star.
There's something
I wanta ask you, Star.
Well ask it.

I just don't know
what the future will hold...
and if I should ever end up
face down in a narrow grave
I just don't know
what you'd do.
Yeah?
There's somethin'
I just need to know.
There's somethin'
I just gotta ask you.
Yeah?
Starlene, you know I love you, baby.
I'd go to hell and back
just to see you smile.
And I know you'd do the same for me.
The killers of the two
Texas Rangers have been identified
as Watty Watts
and Starlene Cheatham.
They're described as a Caucasian
male and female...
in their early twenties...
and are suspected to be driving
a blue 1972 Plymouth Roadrunner.
If you have any information
related to this insidious,
senseless and violent crime,
please call 1-800-FOR-CRIME.
Now back to the hits that made
America great.
Starlene...
Yeah?
Will you marry me?
Wattford Reynold Watts,
I sure as hell will marry you
right here and now.
Goddamn! All right!
I can't believe it.
Hey, hey, hey...
Look at what I got you,
sweetheart.
Oh, my God.
Oh my...

Oh my God.
You got me a ring!
- It's for me?
- Uh-huh.
It's so beautiful.
Would you look at that?
It looks like real diamonds
and everything.
Well they are. I drove clear
over to Tyler to get 'em.
Baby, how did you ever afford
to buy this for me?
I've been saving up.
Well... are we ready to begin
with the ceremony?
We are your honor.
Okay, kids, here we go.
Now, do you, ah...
Wattford Reynold Watts.
Wattford Reynold Watts...
take this woman...
to be your lawful wedded wife?
I do.
And do you, ah...
Watty and Starlene.
Crazed killers with drop-dead
good looks...
murders, movie stars or both.
Next on Crime Spree.
Um, I'm awfully sorry to be
pointing this here gun at you,
Justice Thurman, sir, but...
it looks like we're wanted
and I wanta marry this girl
right here and now.
Looks like it's gonna be
a shotgun wedding, hon.
And what if I say no?
Then I probably have
to shoot you dead.
So, where were we
in the ceremony?
Well, I just said "I do."
Right. So, do you, um...

Starlene Cheatham.
Take this man to be your
lawful wedded husband?
I sure as hell do.
Well then, uh, here,
give her the ring, son.
Oh, thank you very much,
Justice Thurman, sir.
Here you go, sweetheart.
You may kiss the girl.
Don't you try anything
Justice Thurman, sir.
Okay, Watt, smile.
Here, you don't mind taken'
one of us right quick,
before we tie your arms?
I guess not.
Thank you, sir.
I feel real bad about this, but...
I can tell you that you've performed
a most gracious and noble deed.
And don't think we don't
appreciate your cooperation.
Oh, hey...
one more time.
Okay.
Thanks. I mean we can't rightly
be spending our honeymoon
in the slammer now, can we?
No, they don't let you have sex
in the slammer, son.
Oh, Justice Thurman, sir,
I'm just gonna have to, uh...
disconnect your phone, but,
I'm gonna put it in the bushes
so you can retrieve it
later on.
Makes sense I guess.
Can I get you a book
or something like that?
Well, uh...
if you could turn me toward
the television,
I'd be much obliged.

Okay. The count of three, baby.

One, two, three.

Mr. Thurman, sir,

this is something I hate to do,

but I'm afraid

I'm gonna have to it.

You just tell me if it

feels real uncomfortable.

That feel okay.

- Honey, look at him.

- Yeah, well...

I'm afraid we're gonna have

to get goin', but...

I'm gonna have to steal your car,

but I'm gonna be leaving you

mine, okay?

So, she's a 1972,

Plymouth Roadrunner...

She's a bute. So we'll consider

this more than a fair exchange.

Now you take real good care

she's a collector's item.

Thank you very much.

Thanks for making our

relationship legal.

Oh...

We won't ever forget

this moment.

Just do it fast...

and keep doin' it hard.

Make sure you get

them wings right, okay?

You got it.

You are so radical now.

- Shut up.

- You shut up.

Look, I gotta concentrate

here, okay?

I'm gonna go to the store

and get some K-Y and some cigarettes.

Good.

Sorry about all the blood, man.

I've never done a head before.

Yeah, a lot of blood

in the head.

Yeah, whatever, man.

Ow...

What the fuck
are you doin', man?

Sorry, man.

Ow...

See now, I guarantee you
don't want to fuck with me.

Is that right?

Shit.

What the fuck y'all doin' here?

Givin' you a tattoo, baby.

Now, sit your ass back down
in this chair
so I can finish what he started.

Creepy...

Hey...

what the fuck is up
with you guys?

You think you can
just come in my place
and start fucking with the
customers, huh?

That is exactly what I think.

You have a problem with that?

No. You guys are cool.

Sit down, don't speak
till you're spoken to.

Okay.

Billy...

I almost didn't recognize you, Bill.

- Nice tattoo.

- Thank you.

Believe it or not, I used to be
quite an artist with a needle...

In all sorts of ways.

Put a needle in my hand,
I'm a regular Victor Van Gogh.
Van Gogh cut his own ear off.

That's right, Creepy.

Bet you didn't know that, Billy.

- Yeah, I did know it.

- I think I missed a spot.

Oh, there's another one.
Fuck you!
- You drive fast, Billy.
- Yeah, real fast.
But I admire that in a man.
I like a man who dances
with speed.
Hey, how is that crystal
treatin' you?
Look, it's fuckin' great.
I know you guys always
done me right.
That's right.
We always done you right!
Shut up, Creepy!
I wouldn't do that, Billy.
Now what Creepy
meant to say, Billy...
is that we always considered
you to be a good friend.
We done a lot of nice
things for you.
It's only logical that we'd
expect you to do the same for us.
Don't you think
that's logical, Billy?
Yeah.
I think that's fuckin' logical.
Now, why were you driving
so fast to San Antone?
You got some family down here?
I'm here to get a taco,
what the fuck is it to you?
You know what, Billy,
I don't like your tone.
This would have notin' to do
with Watty Watts,
and that little job y'all
pulled off over in Creedmore?
We're lookin' for Watty.
We want to see if he can give
a hand with this little problem
that we're having.
You that's too fuckin' bad,

'cause I haven't seen that
son-of-a-bitch in a month.
That's not the answer
I wanted to hear.
That's not the answer
we wanted to hear, asshole.
- Whoops, wrong place.
- Hey, up against the wall.
Sweetheart...
sit down next to Tattoo Joe
over there...
if you want to retain
that full figure of yours.
You guys mind if I smoke?
Smoke 'em up, honey.
Whoo-Whoo!
Choo-Choo-Choo.
Creepy, lock the door
and turn off the neon.
Billy...
Billy, Billy, Billy,
Billy, Billy.
I have something to confess to you.
I lied about being
a tattoo artist.
I really don't know what
the hell I'm doing.
Fuckin' shit.
It is gettin' a little unsanitary,
don't you think?
Yeah.
But the lure of the arts
have always held sway over me...
and I will be glad to continue.
That is if you don't want to tell me
the right answers to my questions.
You want to tell me the right answers,
don't you, Billy?
Yeah, I guess so.
Oh, Billy.
You gotta let me get a piece
of that action.
All we want is what we're owed.
Plus a little interest.

Yeah.
A little interest.
Come on, Billy...
let's get out of this piss hole.
Wait a minute.
Wait a minute.
I want to give you something.
You look a little tuckered out.
This is gonna perk you up.
This is extra special stuff.
We've been on it all week.
It will develop
your killer instinct.
Bulls eye. I'm gonna
fill you with love.
One one-thousand,
Two one-thousand...
Three!
Are you ready to rock, Billy?
I was born on a green light,
daddyo!
Hey, Billy!
I'll get it, honey.
Just go on watching your show.
Just a minute,
I'll be right there.
Hi, mom.
Starlene! Oh, baby!
I haven't seen you for so long.
Well, here I am!
Mom, what's with that gun?
Nothing honey.
I never answer the door
after dark without it.
Why don't you just hand me
over that gun now, okay?
Who is that good lookin'
young stud there with you?
Howdy, Tahylene.
You just come here right now
and get you some sugar, Watty.
You been stayin' out of jail?
- Yes, ma'am.
- That's good.

Um-hum.

Oh my God.

Look at that ring.

Oh! Oh my God.

Is that what I think it is?

Me and Watty tied the knot.

Far fuckin' out.

Y'all are married?

That's right, ma.

Oh, baby.

- Wait till your daddy hears.

- Yeah.

- Vergil!

- Daddy!

Vergil, you're not
gonna believe this.

Vergil ripped
his own throat open
during a heavy acid trip
in the early sixties.
Vergil was born poor...
and when he read that
the government was paying students
to participate in experiments
with psychedelic drugs...
he volunteered.
They dosed him with something
called BZ...
Vergil lost it.
He won a huge settlement
in court...
which allowed him to live well
without workin'.
Later in his life...
Vergil lost the function
in his legs
due to an amphetamine
addiction he acquired
while tryin' to lose weight
so he could avoid the draft.
He threw a clot
and lost the use of his legs.
But Star's parents
have never been addicts...

they're just handicapped,
suburban hippies.
Praise the Lord!
Well, Vergil,
I can't say I have as of yet.
Well, yeah, Vergil,
I think that I do...
I'm nothin'...
till I'm nothin'.
Hey, thanks.
What is it?
It's a far-out trip!
Gee, thanks, Daddy...
maybe you shouldn't have, huh?
Yeah, well, thank you kindly,
Vergil...
See, me and Star we're headin'
down south to Mexico...
for a long-term honeymoon.
Well!
So, what've you kids
been up to today?
Well, we killed two cops
on the way over here...
we got married and saw
ourselves on TV for the first time.
Well, my goodness,
that does sound like a full day!
Starlene, I swear you ought
to be a fiction writer!
You've got the weirdest
way of talking!
Well, I hate to be
rushin' things...
but me and Star we're on a
particularly tight time-table.
We kinda gotta get going.
At this hour?
Y'all just got here!
Mama, it's my wedding night.
Ready for a little sex?
- Mom!
- Goddamn, Thaylene.
God!

Your daddy and me
want you guys to have this...
as a stake for the future!
What is it?
Holy shit, Mom,
that's 30 thousand dollars!
Your daddy's been savin' up.
That settlement pays us
pretty damn good, right?
Whoo!
Daddy!
We're just happy knowin'
that y'all have it.
Well, I don't know how
to thank y'all...
that's about the nicest thing
anyone's ever done for us.
Yeah.
Well, Mexico's callin'!
Yo vivo por Rojo Grande!
Whoo!
What's that mean?
I live for Big Red.
That's all I know in Spanish.
Hey...
maybe we ought to stop
in one of those small towns.
We could hold up
in one of them little motels...
and maybe you could give me
something that I kinda need.
Oh, yeah?
What's that?
I think you know.
Well, why don't you pull out
that road map there
and find out where
the hell we are
and where the hell
we oughta be?
I love bein' on
the run with you, Watt.
Coverin' the great state
of Texas like tornadoes...

drinkin' that cheap diner
coffee with non-dairy creamer...
runnin' from the cops,
runnin' from the Feds.
They'll try and stop us,
they'll try and hold down
on Watt and Starlene...
but they can't...
because we're movie stars.
Desperadoes and outlaws
on the road to freedom.
I swear to God, we remind me of
Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty.
It's going to be just like
the movies, Watt.
Just like the movies.
Thank God we brought
the Polaroid.
Umm...
everybody, uh...
gets caught and killed
in those movies, Star.
Summer's upon us,
and as we all know
the season brings with it
a heatwave of robbery...
assault, rape...
and murder.
Remember folks...
the only think standing between
you and the criminal vermin
are your doors.
So secure those doors
with the best.
Titanium coated,
explosive dead bolts.
From Hyperlock.
Don't stay home without them.
Next on Suburban Minutes...
A retired school teacher buys
a gun and get even...
Oh, who the hell could that be?
Wouldn't that be nice.
Howdy, Miss Cheatham.

I'm a friend of your daughter's.
We had summer camp together.
These are my friends
Bob and Creepy.
Can we have a moment
of your time?
Okay, you gonna do it
to me now?
Uh-huh.
We swear...
on the sacrament
of our own blood...
That we will die...
before fallin' into
the hands of the law.
'Cause stayin' free is better
than livin' in a cage.
Now we burn it.
You understand?
Yeah.
There's no turnin' back now.
Goddamn, there's nothin'
good on.
Fuckin' cable goin'
to the fuckin' dogs.
Remember Thaylene, I'm gonna
take this gun out your face...
when you're ready to say
something, okay?
Vergil, why can't you tell me
how this thing works?
It's the coolest thing
I've ever seen.
Hey, speak up.
I can't hear you.
Oh yeah...
Oh, Vergil!
Shame on you.
I love this thing.
Hey, Creepy, we oughta
set you up with one of these.
- Suck it, Bob.
- Okay.
Now, Vergil...

I wanna talk to you
man to hippie...
I know that you don't want
to see pretty, trippy...
Thaylene's brains blown out
all over the place.
And I want you to know
I'm a man of honor.
I've never hurt a bitch
unless she had it comin'.
Now...
You know that we are lookin'
for Watty Watts?
Yeah, we want to see
if he can give a hand
with this little problem
that we're havin'.
That's right.
A helpin' hand.
I was hopin' that you...
would also give is a hand
with the same situation.
More specifically, I was hopin'
you would give us a finger.
It's like someone turned the
volume down on his ass.
He's flippin' me off.
Maybe we oughta let her talk.
She's all crying and shit.
Fuck you, Billy!
You always were a little
fuckin' bleedin' heart.
But I guess it's a good thing
for you and Vergil, huh?
All right.
Sure.
Let her talk, Billy.
You fuckin' piece of shit!
I'll kill you.
I'll kill you if you touch him.
If you touch him...
I'll kill you, you bastard!
Tell me where they went.
- No! No!

- Give me your finger, Vergil.

Oh! No!

- Thay...

- No!

Thay...

Oh my God.

They're probably in Mexico by now.

You fuckin' piece of shit.

Thank you!

Back off of me!

Shut up!

Shut the fuck up!

Creepy...

get that Eisenhower

out of your pocket.

'Cause I'm gonna play

a game with y'all.

Doesn't that sound fun?

Creepy here, he's gonna throw

that coin up in the air...

Billy Boy,

you're gonna call it...

if he gets it right

then y'all get to live.

Doesn't that sound fair?

Huh?

All right, Creepy...

Chuck it.

Call it, Billy.

Heads.

Tails.

Y'all lose.

Oh, shit!

There's that son-of-bitch's
girlfriend on the Goddamn TV.

Patching into a live,
on-the-air interview...

...with Starlene.

Starlene, are you there?

- I sure am.

- How are you doing?

We're doin' great.

Look, I just wanta call up
and let all our fans know

that we did
what we had to do for love.
We're not blood thirsty killers,
we're just newlyweds.
I apologize to the families of
those cops that got killed, but they...
...We'll be right back
with more of our exclusive...
on-the-air, live telephone
interview with Starlene.
On the Crime Channel.
Tough people. Tough news.
Tough reporting.
We'll be right back.
Trip on this, Thaylene.
Fuck! Fuckin' bitch!
Fuck it!
Oh, shit, my guts.
My guts are comin' out.
Creepy, somebody...
put my guts back in.
Bite on this.
Bite on it. Bite on it.
Bite!
Don't even think about it
mother fucker!
Don't even let the thought
cross your fuckin' mind.
'Cause I swear to God
I will kill you.
I ain't thinkin' about nothin',
all right?
What is that smell?
Damn that stinks.
You tell 'em, Bob.
You tell 'em, man.
You're gonna make it.
You'll make it, Bob.
You'll make it, 'cause...
'cause you gotta make it.
Right?
Bob?
Fuck you, Creepy.
Bob?

You okay, Bob?
Bob, what's happen?
Oh fuck! Oh fuck!
Oh fuck.
Shit man, Bob just died.
Oh, man.
Why'd you say that to me?
Why'd you have to say that?
I was just tryin' to do
the right thing, Bob.
Oh man!
Oh fuck!
Bob died, Billy.
That's just too fuckin' bad,
Creepy.
Son of a fuck...
Fuckin' son-of-a-bitch!
Why you doin this to me, man?
'Cause I fuckin' like you.
Cool nickel plated 45,
burnin' into my hand.
I prayed that I would have
to shoot no one with it...
but I know that I'd kill
twelve men dead,
before I'd ever let Star face
the cold, steel bars of jail.
Okay, baby, this is it.
We gotta go.
We'll cash the check
across the border...
We'll be sippin' margaritas
by sunset.
- Baby?
- Yeah?
I was havin' a dream
about you.
Uh-huh. A good dream?
We were movie stars.
You're the movie star, baby.
- Hey, hon...
- Uh-huh.
I guess you got a pretty good
idea how to use this.

- I guess I do.

- Yeah.

You just remember what
you promised, okay?

I remember.

Come on, baby move those
sweet little cheeks

'cause we gotta vamonos.

Make sure you get those
travelers checks, okay?

We don't want to get
ripped off.

Okay.

Hey...

be cool, baby.

Watt, I was born to be cool.

Did you ever have the sensation

that there were eyes

in the back of your head?

And those eyes were lookin'

at something

that was lookin' at you.

And you didn't know what it was

they were lookin' at

but you knew it was somethin'.

I just kept tellin' myself,

that life

has only as many pressures

as you create for it.

And I was concentrating extra

hard on minimizing ours.

Watt!

Get down! Get down!

What the hell are you doin'?

What the hell

are you doin'?

Nothin' I got the money.

Let's go.

Why were you runnin'

like that?

- Like what?

- Like a bat out of hell.

- What about them cops?

- What about 'em?

They was makin' a deposit.
It's a bank.
They didn't see you
or nothin'?

Yeah, they winked at me.
It's would be so easy Watt.
Easy as pie.
Would you get in
the fuckin' car!
I almost blew the whole
fuckin' place up!

- Goddamn, Star!
- Sorry.

Watty, look.
Yeah, I can see it.
Isn't it good luck to pass in
front of a funeral procession?

- You think so?
- Yeah. I think so.
- Oh, shit!
- What?
- We're out of film.
- So?

I can't believe I let you
talk me into this.
This is a bad fuckin' idea.
Just simmer down.
Worry, worry wart.

- It's just gonna take a minute.
- I'm gonna wait outside.

Fine.
- Hi there.
- Howdy.

I want me three cartons of
that Polaroid 600 film, please.
Yes, ma'am.
Instant happiness.
Yeah.
Just a minute, I gotta go
in the back and get it.
Okay.
...movie stars or both?
You decide.
Have you seen these

larcenist lovelies?
This just in...
We have the results
of the Watty and Starlene poll.
And seventy-five percent say
the two misguided lovebirds are...
Innocent.
Ohh!
What the hell you doin'?
I just wanted to see if we won
them polls, honey.
Here you go, ma'am.
Thank you.
Hey, mister?
Can I have your autograph?
What are you talking about?
What the hell do you want
my autograph for?
'Cause you're on TV mister.
Here you go, man.
We gotta go now!
What's your fuckin' problem?
- That is my fuckin' problem.
- Oh.
What about your change?
Consider it a bonus.
Merry fuckin' Christmas.
Thanks.
Don't you make me
drop this film.
Brilliant fuckin' idea, Star.
We almost got made in there.
I know, honey.
But we got the film.
Fuck the film!
The fuckin' film almost
fucked us permanently
and put the fuckin' possibility
of it fuckin' us further
out of your fuckin' mind.
Six times.
You just said fuck or fuckin'
six times in three sentences.
- Oh... Oh great.

- What?

Great. It's the fuckin' cops.

Okay, Star.

We're gonna play this real cool.

Cool as ice cream.

This guy doesn't even know

who the hell we are.

Excuse me sir,

I have to tell you I noticed your...

...registration sticker's

gonna expire this month.

Well you don't say.

Didn't I tell you about that

the other day?

You sure did, sweetheart.

And I put the check in the mail.

You see officer,

we got everything in motion.

This car should be legalized

in mere days.

And you can rest assured

that we'll do our part

in keeping the rules and regulations

that make this country great.

Well...

Y'all have a good day now.

- Drive safe.

- Bye-bye.

Thank God he's gone.

I hope y'all don't mind

me askin', but uh...

Haven't I seen you

somewhere before?

I don't think so.

I swear to God,

y'all look so familiar to me.

- I don't think so.

- We gotta be goin'.

We're gonna be late for church.

I swear to God...

I could of sworn

I seen you on the TV.

Okay.

I know where I seen

you guys now.
- Honey, what's he doin'?
- I real sorry, y'all...
I gonna have to ask you
to get out of the car real slow.
Put your hands on your head...
Who the hell
just shot that cop?
Start drivin'
or you're next fuckface.
Jesus, Billy Mack.
What the fuck are you doin' here?
I'm not havin'
a very good day today.
So don't fuck around
with me, okay?
You look like such a fuckin'
loser with that tattoo, Billy.
And I bet I can pull
this trigger faster than you can...
What do you say?
Put that damn gun down Star,
before I get killed.
No Watty, you put your gun down.
I know what I'm doin'.
But after Billy blows
my fuckin' head off...
It won't matter now, will it?
Well why do you have
to point that gun at me, huh?
I don't know, baby.
Just instinct I guess.
For your information,
I was only gonna blow his brains out
on your account.
You guys shut the fuck up
before I kill both of you, okay?
Oh yeah, Billy Mack.
How are you gonna kill both of us?
Yeah, Billy, you may kill me
before she kills you...
and you may not,
but you're bound to die either way.
You guys are fuckin' crazy.

All right, everybody just calm
the fuck down here, okay Billy?
You don't want to kill us,
and we don't want to kill you...
especially with a cop lyin'
here and everyone all around...
so why don't we just put our
guns down on three, okay?
Okay.
Okay...
Okay. Now, altogether...
One...
Two...
Three.
Just fuckin' remember
that I can kill one of y'all
before the other can get to me.
Then y'all will be separated...
Ooh!
Drive the fuckin' car.
Starlene, what the fuck
are you doing?
Puttin' on makeup.
In case we get killed,
I wanna make sure I look good
for those cameras.
You just remember, Billy Mack
you gotta die, die good.
How are you doing today?
We're doin' fine, hombre.
Right, guys?
That's right, honey.
"Hombre" means "man".
Yeah, and we're all excited
about practicin' our Spanish...
- Seor!
- That was good!
- Right, guys?
- Si!
And what are you going to be
doing in Acuna, Mexico today?
Buyin' stuff...
Go shoppin', get some piatas,
and stuff...

Whoops!
Look what I did!
Did you see what I did?
Okay if we go on, Seor?
Have a good day in Acuna,
Mexico!
Gracias.
Give me the fuckin' gun!
I'll blow her fuckin'
brains out!
Gimme that fuckin' gun!
Drop it!
Watty, drop that fuckin' gun, man!
Don't do it, Billy.
Don't fuckin' do it, man!
Whoo-hooo!
Get the fuck out of the car, c'mon!
I'm real proud of you guys...
you did real good back there!
I almost feel like
we're a team again.
I almost feel bad
about what I gotta do.
You don't have
to do anything, Billy.
I fuckin' do have to do
something, asshole.
See, 'cause I got
these voices inside my head...
What are they sayin' to you, Billy?
They're tellin' me
to get my ass in gear!
- Is that comfortable, sweetie?
- Go to hell!
'Cause I'm already there,
and you're givin' me a blow job!
Party's over, kids!
Where's the fuckin' money?
It's in the trunk, man.
You don't wanna hurt her,
I'm the one you want.
I know that, man,
I'm not fuckin' stupid!
Goddamn, I'm the king

of Mexico!
I'm the king
of the fuckin' world!
Can we just talk,
huh, Billy?
Just you and me, man...
just you and me.
What the fuck are you doin'?
Don't you know I'll fuckin'
blow her brains out? Right now?
You don't wanna hurt her, man...
she's your friend...
we're all friends... we're just
a little high-strung right now
this is a high-pressure
situation, remember, Billy...
your life has only as many
pressures as you create.
Don't make me fuckin'
shoot her, man...
I shot so many people today!
Billy, do you remember
in Huntsville on "D" Block?
When they flushed your head
down the toilet...
kicked you up something awful.
Do you remember what I did?
Sure I fuckin' remember, Watty.
I went out and beat the shit
out of every one of them, man...
I kicked their asses.
Me! And I'm not a violent man!
Don't that mean
something, Billy?
Don't that mean anything?
That's past fuckin' history, Watty.
This is the present...
and the point is,
you fucked me!
And I'm sick of people
fuckin' with me!
C'mon, tell the truth,
you're always fucking yourself!
This has got nothing to do

with her, man!
You just leave her alone,
you let her go...
I'll get you the money...
and you and me, man,
we can have it out.
I don't fuckin' know, man...
I been speedin' for the
past two days...
and I'm not thinkin'
very clearly.
Stay the fuck back!
Okay, go get that fuckin' money
out of the car...
and you bring it over here...
and maybe I won't blow
her fuckin' brains out.
And don't fuckin' try any shit.
Hey Billy, I'm gonna show you
a little experiment, okay?
No, fuck that!
I'm gonna reach into my pocket
and pull out a dollar bill...
so don't do
anything stupid, all right?
You know anything about
reflexes, Billy?
I know something about 'em.
People's reflexes are a lot
slower than you might think.
Take me, for example.
See this dollar bill in my hand?
I bet if I drop it, my left hand
ain't fast enough to catch it.
Let's see.
See that?
My left hand don't know
what my right hand is doing
before it does it,
and they're my hands, man!
What the fuck are you doing?!
Now think if those reflexes
were someone else's...
there just ain't

enough time to react.
Now let's pretend
that my left hand...
is that finger on the
trigger...
and my right hand's me...
there's a good chance you can't
pull that trigger
before I knock you
upside the head.
Know what I mean?
Check it out.
Motherfucker!
I got you, you motherfucker!
Yeah!
Fuck!
Who's sitting on top of the
fuckin' world now, huh?
Huh, motherfucker?
Not you, Billy!
What did you?
I just killed you, you asshole.
I Ching, Hexagram 29...
Six at the top...
When in the extremity of danger
a man loses his right way...
he's entangled in his sins,
and has no means of escape.
We had lost our way...
We would find ourselves
in Mexico...
I would work as a mechanic and
Star would appear on a talk show
all the infinite possibilities
of a straight new life
would spread out before us like
an ever-expanding pool of blood.
I thought of the people
who had died...
and I could hear all their
voices screaming in my head.
Screaming, that death...
is not sweet.
I didn't know where

we were goin'...
I didn't really know
where we had been.
But I knew that
we were going together...
and, for a fleeting moment,
I felt that we were free.
Really free.
SkyFury