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Never Die Alone

By James Gibson

We reap what we sow. | That's what the Bible says.
Payback's a motherfucker.
I think James Brown said that.
Same shit. | We all know the story...
or at least we pretend we do.
The Hindus have | a word for it--karma.
They believe in reincarnation--
that a man pays in the next life for all | the shit he's done in the previous
one.
Keeps on payin' too, | till he gets it right.
Now, if I had to do it | all over again...
well--
Responsibility. Redemption.
In order to be truly redeemed, a man | has to own up to his responsibilities.
Hey, sweet thing, | what's your name?
Bitch.
"Makin' amends."
The cats out in Cali | like to use that one a lot...
especially when they get back | from a stint in rehab.
Of course, those be | the same motherfuckers...
sky-pagin' my ass in the middle | of the night a week after they got out.
Ain't that a bitch? | Still, they had a point.
I been away too long.
Runnin', hidin'.
Today's the day | I stop runnin' from my past.
Today's the day... | set shit straight.
End of chapter 12.
Quit it. | Damn pervert.
Quit what?
Oh, shit. Check it out.
The wolf | is the motherfuckin' mack.
Enter the motherfuckin' | dragon.
- Why you still here? | - We were just kickin' it.
Just kickin' it.
I'm gonna kick your ass, | you don't get yourself to school.
- Damn, dog-- | - Stay the fuck outta this, Blue.
- It just don't concern you. | - Wh-What?
Come on. I ain't gonna ask you again.
Hey.
- I'll pick you up after school, all right? | - Whatever.
Damn, dog. I thought | my moms was tough.
I wouldn't know.
- Moon give you that address? | - Yeah.
This is what the fuck will | happen every time you don't pay me.!

That's the fuck I'm talkin' about! You told Moon you was gonna have his two grand.

- Where the fuck is the money at? I'm sorry.|- I'm trying to get it. I really can't hear you, man. Why don't you repeat that for me, huh? This really ain't the time to be playin' that Bruce Willis bullshit.

- Put your motherfuckin' hands where I can see 'em at!|- Okay, I'll-- Fuckin' deadbeat!

This what I'm talkin' about|right here. Hey, don't worry.

I'll leave you enough|to buy you a pack of Newports.

That's for a new shirt, nigger!|Fucked up my boots!

- Please!|- Stupid motherfucker.!

You make your point?

That for sure.

- Got you a little bonus.|- That belongs to Moon, man.

Fuck Moon, man. He gettin' his. This interest.

Then give it to him. Shit, you know|I don't play him like that.

So now you about to give me|this big-ass speech...

about what a great future we got|if we trust in Moon.

And they ain't gonna|do fuck about you, man.

After 10 long years...

the King has returned to reclaim|his rightful home, sweet home.

And goddamn,|if it don't feel good!

What else can I say?

Enter the motherfuckin' dragon.

- Lookee here, lookee here.|- Well, I'll be goddamned.

You're still uglier|than a motherfucker.

- You miss me?|- Nigger, are you insane?

Ain't nobody never missed|a rattlesnake.

How the hell could somebody|possibly miss you?

Oh, baby, you ain't gots|to be that cold.

Why don't you fix me a drink.

Gin and Squirt?|Still drinkin' that shit?

You don't forget shit, do you?

- Keep the change.|- You gonna have to do a hell of a lot better than this...

if you want to keep|my ass from callin' Moon...

and tellin' him what kind of suicidal|fool just walked into his bar.

- Is that so?|- That's right.

You just saved me some money. I was about to give you \$1 00...

to get him on the horn for me,|but you fucked that up.

Go on. Get him on the horn. Go on now.

Sorry to disturb you, boss, but there's|somebody here you might wanna talk to.

Where's somewhere private|I can talk?

You see a champagne room|in this motherfucker?

Go to the toilet,|you want some privacy.

Bitch.

Well, if it ain't Hemingway.|A little early for you, isn't it, hon?

- One of those days. Know what I'm sayin'?|- Try this on.

Thank you.

King.

Nigger,|I thought you were dead.

You gonna be dead, motherfucker,|if you ain't got my goddamn money.

Well, today's your lucky day.

I'm here to make good, you know,|put things right between us.

Nigger, things ain't never|gonna be right between us.

But I'm gonna be out|a whole lotta paper if you kick it.

Give me a second and let me calculate|how much you into me for.

Bring me my book, goddamn it.

"See Snake."

It's rare you see a fuckin' snake.

Says here 1 5,000.

That's not takin' into account|interest and all that other shit.

That sounds fair. Thirty. Call it 30.|But you call off the wolves.

Look, nigger, my word is bond.|It always has been...

unlike some other shiftless|motherfuckers I know.

Yeah, nigger,|I'm talkin' about you.

If anything happens to you,|it ain't gonna be because of me.

- I can promise you that.|- I know I can count on you.

I'll see your boys, right? Maybe we'll|grab a drink, catch up on old times.

- Don't push your luck, nigger.|- Yeah.

'Catch up on old times.'|Ain't that some shit?

Jasper, give everybody|in this motherfucker a drink on me.

Today, I'm a free man.

I ain't never known you|to be so generous before, King.

Yeah. Keep the change and,|uh, buy yourself a dick.

So I'm, like, cool.|Back to the room, right?

- I'm ready to do the thang.|- What's the password?

Fuck your mama, bitch.|Stop playin'. Open the door, nigger.

Anyway--

Hey, Blue, why you wanna talk|to poor Rockie like that?

You need to learn|some manners like Mike.

- Ain't that right, Mike?|- Yes, sir.

Rock, we cool, right?|The hell with you then.

- You got my money?|- Damn, is that all you care about?

What else is there? Money...

pussy and money.

It's all there, plus the interest.

Cool. Always know|I can count on you, Mike.

- Damn, what about me?|- What about you, motherfucker?

I got another job for y'all.|You really gonna like this one, Mike.

You'll never believe in a million years|who suddenly came back from the dead.

- Tupac?|- You're a funny motherfucker, boy.

Who?

Somebody you been waitin' for|for a long time.

- D-David.|- You know, you never cease to amaze me.

Aren't I always telling you|how smart this motherfuckin'boy is?

All the time.

- Where is he?|- Hold on, Mike.

You want me to keep thinkin'|you're smart, you gotta act smart.

King David already made an arrangement|to pay back the money he owes me.

In return, I promised him|he'd be in the clear...

and you know I always|keep my promise.

You know that about me, Mike.

I want you and Blue to make the pickup|and bring me back my 30 G's.

- End of story.|- That's fucked up, man.

Why don't you send Rockie|to collect it, or somebody else?

'Cause I don't wanna send|no-fuckin'-body else.

You keep fuckin' with me, Blue--

Now, I want you|to view this as a test--

see how you handle yourself|under pressure.

Don't fuck this up. I don't want it|traced back to me. Understand?

- Where?|- Blue Room. 6:00.

You'll recognize the car|when you see it.

Mike.

Don't make me regret this.

That's bullshit.

- Ella, let's go.|- Hold up a second.

- Ow!|- I gotta do somethin' before we go home.

- Get in the car!|- Damn!

What the hell|crawled up his ass?

Yo, just be quiet and do|as you're told, a'ight?

You want a refill, college boy?

I do have a name, you know?|It's Paul.

Whatever. You want another drink,|or what? It's paid for.

- What's that guy's story anyway?|- Who, King David?

Shit.

Just look up ''back-stabbin' cocksucker''|in the dictionary.

It'll tell ya everything|you need to know.

- Cheers.|- Cheers.

Let me handle this. You ain't in the right|state of mind to deal with this.

No. We gonna handle this. We gonna|do this just like Moon said we gonna do it.

No. We gonna do this like|I'm sayin' we gonna do this.

Just stay in the car and let me|take care of this, a'ight?

- Mike, tell me what's goin' on.|- Yo, Ella, this ain't the time right now.

- I wasn't askin' you, Blue.|- Don't get fuckin' smart!

Man, what the hell is wrong with you?

That's it, man. You stayin'.

I'm sorry. All right?

I'm sorry.

- You King?|- Do I look like Prince, motherfucker?

Let's get this shit over with, man.

- Here it is. 1 5,000.|- Moon said you owe 30, man.

He did? Ha!|I'm just fuckin' with you.

Never can be too sure.

- You ain't gotta count it. I said it's all there.|- Don't tell me what to do.

You stiffed Moon, not me. Lucky|he even takin' your motherfuckin' money.

Most niggers cross him|won't even get that chance.

At least count it in the car, man.

- What, you goin' campin' or somethin'?|- Excuse me?

You see a brother in that getup,|look like he's goin' campin'.

That's the problem with you young motherfuckers|nowadays. You don't know how to dress.

What you need to do is take some|of that money that you're gettin'... go down to Canal Street, get you|a chink tailor, make you a nice suit. 'Cause, see, the women, they appreciate|a man who knows how to dress.

Thanks for the tip, man.|I'm gonna give you one though.

I advise you get the fuck outta Dodge|and stay that way.

- Unless you want more trouble. Understand what I'm sayin'?|- I'm not in the habit...

of takin' advice from Grizzly|Adams-lookin' motherfuckers.

Take your ass back to the motherfuckin'|woods and start a campfire or somethin'.

Go on now.|Excuse my back.

You still wanna wax this motherfucker,|man? 'Cause I got a plan.

Hey, girlfriend.|Where you headed?

Whassup?|Where you headed?

- How old are you anyway?|- Old enough.

So, uh, where you headed?

Heaven, baby.

- Do you wanna go?|- Maybe.

Get out the fuckin' car.!!|Get out the motherfuckin'car.!

- Shit, Grizzly! What the fuck you go and do that for?|- Get out the

motherfuckin' car!

- Shut up.! Get out the car.!|- All right. Hold your horses.

Look at this shit. You know|what this gonna cost to fix?

- Shut the fuck up!|- Hey,yo, man.!

Hey, Scarface.|Tell your boy to chill.

- I'm sure we can work this out.|- What'd you call me?

I'm just admirin'|your beauty mark, boy.

You're a regular Tony Montana,|ain't you?

- Do you know who I am?|- If that was your bitch, she came on to me.

I'm askin' you a question.|Do you know who the fuck I am?

Nigger, do you?

- Gotcha, motherfucker! Gotcha!|- Let's go, Mike! We got company, man.

What the fu--

Get in! Come on!

Open the door.! Open the door.!

Hey!

Hey. Somebody call 91 1 !

Don't let me die alone, mister.

I got money. I can pay you.

Just don't let me die in the gutter.

Shit!

They what?|Motherfucker! Goddamn it!

All right.Jasper--|No. No, no, no, no. I appreciate it.

I apologize to you right now for|any heat that might come down on you.

Now tell me. What about David?|What about David?

Where the fuck is he?|Who seen him?

What the fuck did they do|when they went there?

- Huh? Hold on, hold on.|- Mike's on the line.

- Who's this?|- Mike's on the line?

Jasper, let me hit you right back.

- Fuck! Mike!|- It-It's Blue, a'ight?

He's hurt real bad.|Real bad.

- Fuck!|- I fucked up. I know. But we gotta get him to a doctor.

- Stupid motherfuck!|- Moon! Moon, you still there?

- Moon!|- Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Listen to me, Mike.|We can't take any more chances.

Where are you right now?

Uh, 1 1 8 and, uh--|1 1 8 and Third.

There's a parking garage|on 1 27 th.

Tell the owner that I sent you.

Drive in the back,|park your car in the back.

- You got that?|- Yeah. Yeah.

I'm-a have some of my boys|bring over a clean car...

and-and we gonna take Blue|to the hospital.

- Are you clear on that, Mike?|- Yes. Yes.
Is there anybody else|in the car with you besides Blue?
- No.|- Mike, listen to me.
You did good, baby.|You did good. Shit like this happens.
You know how I take care|of our family, take care of my own.
I'm just glad you came to me first.
- Calm down and get to the garage.|- All right. Thanks.
Mike? Are you sure|you can trust him?
He's all we got right now,|all right? Just drive.
Jesus Christ.
Shit.|Goddamn Mike.
Now I gotta worry about|the fuckin' cops again.
Hit the fuckin' button.|Hit the button.
- Red, Alvin.|- Yo, boss. What's up?
I got a job for ya.
It's not fair...|after all I've been through...
everything I've done.
- It can't end like this.|- Save your strength.
Talkin;|It helps ease the pain.
It's all I have left.
I'm not gonna make it.
- Just leave me here.|- You're gonna be okay.
I'm gonna take you to the hospital,|and I'm gonna stay there...
as long as I need to|until I'm sure you're okay.
Brothers see each others|buying it every day in the street.
No one lifts a finger.
White boy like you comes along,|saves my life.
It's crazy.
Help! Help! I've got a man|hurt real bad in here!
- Whoa. Whoa, whoa.|- Come on, help!
I got a son, you know,|I never knew.
Maybe you could find him.
Tell him his old man|was a warrior.
- Sir, you can't go any further.
Oh, my God.
- You should take off.|- I'm not leaving you.
Oh, God.
Hold on, dog, all right?
Here they come.
Stay with him.
No!
Baby, girl.|Oh, God! Jesus!
Oh, God. I got you.|I got you. I got you.
Shh. I got you.|Oh,Jes-- I got you.

I got you. I got you.
You gonna be all right. | You gonna be all right. I got you.
I got-- I ain't goin' nowhere.
Don't leave me. No, don't--
Don't leave. Don't leave! No!
Oh! No!
Ella.
Ella, don't leave me.
Don't leave me! Oh, God!
- Mr. Paskoff? | - Yeah.
He didn't make it. | I'm sorry.
Well, uh, I guess we... tried.
That should be worth somethin'.
Yes. Look, if you'll come with me, sir.
There are some formalities | we have to go over.
- 'Formalities'? | - Yeah. Just a couple of questions we have.
Like I told you before, | I didn't know the man.
- I just gave him a ride. | - Really? Come with me.
Do you know if he had | any immediate family?
He did mention that he had a son.
Well, he decided to make you | his beneficiary.
What's up?
I admit it seems strange to me too, | but he was insistent on this point.
- I didn't know this man, so-- | - Don't get too upset.
It would appear to me that you've | made out very well in this transaction.
Pink slip to his car. | He signed it over to you.
- He left me his car? | - And that's not all.
He asked only one thing-- that you | take care of the expenses of his burial.
Of course, you'll be notified | when we release the body.
Now, ordinarily, in a homicide...
we're supposed to fill out | a police report...
turn over personal effects | to the authorities.
But, you know, that-- | that can get complicated.
Of course.
Very well. I'm glad we got this | straightened out.
What do we say if someone | gives us a present?
- Thank you, daddy. | - That's right, baby.
All right, sugar. | Now it's your turn.
Yeah, you like that, huh?
Don't give you no cavities either.
Save some money on those dentist bills.
You know what I'm sayin'?
Daddy got somethin' hard | for both of y'all, but it ain't candy.
You wanna see?

- Who the fuck is that?|- This important.
Shit.|It better be important.
Be right back, baby.

- Rockie, what's up, man?|- I just got word from the hospital.
- David passed 10 past 7:00.|- That's good.
Somebody took him there,|left him in the car.
Now, what if David talked?
- Who?|- A white kid.
White kid.
Well, make some calls|and handle it for me.
It's Mom. How'd your big job interview go?
Did you get it?
It's Nancy.|We're still on for tonight, right?
Give me a call, okay? Bye.
Mr. Paskoff,|this is Phillip Waters, Sun-Telegram.
I hope I didn't give you the wrong|impression in our meeting today.
Your writing samples are top-notch...
and I'm genuinely interested in seeing what|kind of story you can come up
with for us.
I'll see you on Friday.
The Autobiography of a King.
Chapter One. "The Getaway."
Today|is the first day of the rest of my life.
I copped my stash from Moon. Now it's time|to wave good-bye to that
motherfucker.
I was gonna stick around|till Mother's Day.
I figured some of my bitches would have|some extra cash for a nigger, you
know...
along with those government checks.
But that stupid bitch Edna|fucked that up.
Had to make the phone call,|screaming her fuckin' head off.
Well, you know, shit happens.
Anyway, plan's still on track.
Been long months of footwork for Moon,|slowly gainin' his trust.
It finally paid off. Had him front me|a half a brick on consignment.
Dummy.
What the fuck|was that nigger thinkin'?
Definitely not|what I was thinkin';
- You know--|- Hold-- Hold it!
- I got it. I got it.|- Moon will be lookin' for a nigger.
No doubt about that. And I'm sure|the pigs is gonna be on my ass too...
thanks to my little, uh,|misunderstanding with Edna.
But fuck you, and good luck|tryin'to find me.
Everything's been|buildin'up to this point--

gettin' outta this hellhole|and reinventin' myself.
L.A., here I come.
Whoever said there was no such thing|as a second chance in life...
was a stupid motherfucker.
This is America.
All you need is a dream|and the will to make it happen.
It feels good havin' a clean slate.
Got the world on the half-shell|with lemon and hot sauce.
Folks out here better get ready,|'cause they ain't gonna know what the fu--
- Hello. Nancy.|- You're still there? Do you know what tonight is?
I know it's our anniversary. You are not|gonna believe what I experienced
today.
You're still at work.|You don't hear me complaining.
Because I'm waiting for you|to fuckin' pick me up!
- You know what? I don't wanna hear it.|- I'm sorry.
I'll explain it all when I get there. Plea--
Good-bye!
- Rockie, you heard anything?|- Not a word.
Jesus Christ.|Ain't this a bitch? Goddamn!
This shit--|This shit is fucked up.
I got plans, me and the twins, to go hear|this singer I'm thinkin'about
signing...
and all this shit with Mike--
- So how you wanna play it, boss?|- If that bastard Mike...
is breathin' out there anywhere...
I want him taken care of.
And the white boy witness motherfucker--|I want him taken care of too.
I cannot have this shit come back|and bite me in my goddamn ass.
Everything I've worked for-- everything--|can come tumblin' down on our
fuckin' heads.
Shit. You runnin' shit. Handle it.
This is Mike.|Leave a message. I'll get back to you.
- You didn't go to the police?|- Please, Nancy, keep it down.
No, I will not keep it down.
A pimp bled to death|in that-- that thing...
and you're acting like everything's|just fine and dandy.
I can't explain it.
If you just could've been there.|He had this... nobility.
- 'Nobility'?|- I need to find out why this man died.
- For my story.|- Your story.
Do-- Do you even hear|what you're saying?
This is not a rap video|or a Quentin Tarantino movie, Paul.
This is real life, your life.
Your whole slumming thing,|you staying uptown in that hellhole...

when you could be living|down here with me--
- I've put up with it.|- That's a cheap shot, Nancy.
What? ''Slumming''?|I'm sorry. I forgot.
You're a serious artist injecting|yourself into an exotic milieu...
for research purposes. |Isn't that how you once put it?
So, what, is, um--|Is dating me a part of your research?
Call me when you get a life.
Snatched up a little crib near the beach.
Figured I'd check shit out for a few days...
before settin'up shop,|see if I could make some connections.
I made a connection, all right.
So, you ready to go again?
Are you?
Yeah.
Her name was Janet.
I ain't been in Cali but 24 hours...
and already copped me a white broad|look like a motherfuckin' movie star...
or TV anyway.
The show is called Surf Beat.
My character's Pepper.
She's the scatterbrained|but lovable associate...
at the Zuma Beach Detective Agency.
Gotta be serious money in that.
Oh, it's not as good as it sounds, sweetie.
It's just cable and...|it's only reoccurring.
Oh! Watch out,|watch out, watch out!
- Those are the new shoes you got.|- I know.
Can we go back to the hotel|and do some more blow?
Oh, damn, David.
This is strong. |Maybe you oughta cut it.
The stupid bitch|ain't even know the difference...
between coke and heroin.
Fuck. It's all I had, and I didn't|have the heart to tell her.
Oh, well, she'd find out eventually.
They always do.
Within a few weeks,|business was boomin!
Everybody wanted what I had to offer.
I ain't even have to act|like it was coke no more. As for Janet--
Cut! Cut, cut, cut. Geez!
- Let's do another one.|- She wasn't doin' too hot.
What's the matter, honey? You just|can't seem to get any energy goin' here.
Hey! We need you for the shot.
- She still had her job though.|- Asshole.
Yo. Janet had it bad,|but I took care of her.

After all, she was really good about|hookin' me up with her coworkers.
Sometimes I'd get|a kick out of just watchin' the show...
and wonderin' if the rest of the world|could tell which members of the cast
were strung out.
Just lookin' at the motherfuckers|made me laugh...
'cause I knew I could bring|their whole world crumblin' down...
whenever I felt like pullin' the string.
- You're a fuckin' asshole.|- Yeah, but you can't live without me.
Oh, really?
I used to think that you livin' in L.A.|for too long would give you a big
head.
- Thank God, I was wrong.|- But what would you do without me?
Whatever.
You'll see.
Oh, yeah. She'd definitely see.
- We're closed, man.|- Come on, man. My window's busted.
- You're the only garage around.|- Sorry.
- I'll make it worth your while.|- Okay.
I'll get you a ticket.
What's the password?
Put that thing down, man.|Mike, Moon's not here.
- Where is he?|- Don't go out like that, my brother.
Mike, me and you'll|work somethin' out.
What we gonna work out, Rock?
Ella's gone.
She's gone?
Where is he?
I pretty much burned through|the stash I copped from Moon.
Those entertainment types|in L.A. are fiends. Who knew?
It was a good ride.
I cleared 25 G's easy.
But if I was to keep this shit goin;|I needed to do some re-in'up...
make myself|a West Coast connection.
Easier said than done.
Who could've guessed that|a two-bit chump like Moon...
would have better dope|than anybody in L.A.?
I guess the real junkies-- the ones|who know their shit--are all back East.
They scared of the sunshine.|Way I see it, though...
that means a golden opportunity|for anybody out here...
who could provide some quality shit.
Yep. Ain't no doubt about it.
Heroin is definitely an industry|with some serious growth potential...
and I planned to invest heavily.
Eventually I hooked up with some|Vietnamese cats out in Alhambra.

I hear brothers screamin' all the time|about ''dirty gook motherfuckers. ''
Say what you want, them motherfuckers|know how to conduct business.
Janet could've learned a thing or two|about a thing or two from them.
For real.

- Just a minute.|- No. Now!

This is David. Leave it.

David, it's me. I don't|give a fuck where you are.

Please. I--|It's a fucking emergency.

I ran out, okay?|So, please--

I really need you, okay?

So call me back.

- You know the bitch lost her job...|- Sorry.

right before the third season.

Had the nerve to blame me, like|I had somethin' to do with that shit.

And me, I wound up losin' interest.

She found herself a new job.|Paid the bills.

Left me with time to focus...|on other things.

I'd offer to buy you a drink,|but you probably get 'em on the house.

Gee, I, uh-- I've never|heard that one before.

- So, what's your name, girl?|- Busy.

- Oh! I'm so sorry.|- Don't worry about it.

It's only vodka. It won't stain.

- So, what's your name?|- Look, I'm sorry. I'm really busy.

Lookin' as good as you do,|I just wanna know your name.

- Juanita.|- Pretty name.

I'm David.|Friends call me ''King.''

Oh, well, let me guess.|You're lookin' for a queen?

You don't cut a brother no slack, do you?

Well, you know, we meet|a lot of creeps in here.

Look, sorry again about your drink.

How about you make it up to me by letting|me take you out to dinner this weekend?

I can't. I'm studyin'.

Oh, college girl.|Should've guessed.

You don't really fit in|with this crowd.

- How about next weekend?|- Midterms.

- Can I call?|- I'll tell you what.

I'm workin' next Thursday. Come back|and ask me then, and we'll see.

- Okay?|- I'll do that.

Now, if you'll excuse me.

She was everything a man could want--

beautiful, intelligent, uncorrupted.

I promised myself right then and there...

she'd be mine.

I'll be right back. | I gotta hit the head.

Shit.

Who the fuck is this?

No. It's okay, Jasper. | You didn't know.

What's goin' on?

Now slow down. | Slow down.

Give it to me again.

I'm on it. It's all good.

Okay.

Give me a second. | This is business, okay?

Yeah.

- Yo, Larry. You at Mike's? | - Uh-huh.

- Did he show? | - No. No sign of him.

Go down to the Blue Room. That | white boy's there. Make him disappear.

- The Blue Room? | - Yeah.

A'ight.

Daddy, take this cold wind | from me.

This is on the house, honey.

Don't go nowhere. | I'll be right back.

Wait.! Wait.!

- There she is! | - Hi!

Hmm! You already missed him. | Nice goin'.

- Where the fuck did he go? | - How the hell should I know?

But considerin' he's the only | white boy around here...

and he's drivin' around | in a pimped-out Stutz...

he shouldn't be | that fuckin' hard to find.

Thursday came...

and not a moment too soon.

Operation Juanita was in full effect.

Again? Girl, who they from?

- Shh! | - What does it say?

After I finish this semester, | I plan to stay on...

and get my graduate's degree in social work-- | you know, help out disadvantaged children.

It's important to give back, | you know?

I think we should check the car.

- You might have left your halo in the backseat. | - Are you makin' fun of me now?

You're not like any other girl | I've ever dated before.

You're a strong sister. | Ambitious.

- But I know what your weakness is. | - Really?

Okay, well, I'm all ears.

Same thing make you laugh | will make you cry.

Your strength... | is your weakness.

Turns out|that wasn't her only one.

Shit.

David!

- Can I try some?|- Sure.

Guess they ain't a bitch alive...

who don't like a little coke|every now and then.

Makes 'em kinda freaky too.

Truth be told,|they were freaks to begin with.

- What's this?|- I think it's about time you got your own place.

You're breakin' up with me?

David--

You gonna help, or you gonna stand|here talkin' about ''David, David.''

- What's her name?|- Does it matter?

She movin' in here with you?

You know, I haven't asked her yet,|but I'm hopin' she will.

You must really like her.

Guess I can't say|I didn't see this coming.

Look, it's not like I'm firing you.

You're a smart girl|and a damned good worker.

You got a job as long as you want.

Great.

You're a real motherfuckin' saint.

- Oh, Mom doesn't drink.|- Sorry about that.

To the most beautiful member|of the graduating class.

So what line of work did you say|you were in again, Mr., uh--

David. My friends call me David.

Um, various investments|around town.

I'd have to say my primary source|of income would be exporting.

- Hmm.|- I have to go to the little girls' room.

Excuse me.

I think we should move in together.

You're kidding, right?

Do I sound like I'm kidding?

I can't move in with you, David.

Why not?

I don't approve of your lifestyle.

I don't recall you complaining when you were|snorting up everything in front of you.

- You're missing the point.|- Check it.

I got, like, 150 grand saved up.

Pump it up to, like, 250,|get a house in the country...

just get away from all this shit.

Baby, you're small-time,|and you always will be.

You think a quarter of a mil|is enough to retire on?

A quarter of a mil ain't shit!
Did I hurt your feelings?
Look. I'm just tryin'|to be honest with you.
Baby, look at me.
Look at me.
Now, I like partying with you...
and I love fucking you.
But that's where it ends.
Now, why turn it into|something that it's not?
Let's just have fun while it lasts.
Okay?
Yeah, we'll do that...
while it lasts.
She had me wrapped|around her little finger, and she knew it.
I used to laugh when I heard|niggers talk about bein' in love.
Even writin' the word makes me|feel helpless, but it's true.
I'd never felt this way about another|person in my life, except my mother.
And I didn't like it. I mean this|from the bottom of my heart.
I hated this feeling|that I had for Juanita.
It made me feel like I was--|like I was weak.
We couldn't have that.
They say revenge|is a dish best served cold.
I was about to take my shit|right out the motherfuckin' freezer.
Bitch thought she was gonna|get by without me...
she'd be thinking again real soon.
Might as well call me|a broken-down trick.
Using me for my money, then telling me|a quarter mil ain't good enough.
A quarter mil's always good.!
It was good then, and it's|sure in hell still good now.
It was good then,|and it's sure in hell still good now.
It was good then,|and it's sure in hell still good now.
Still good now.|Still good now. Still good now.
- Don't shoot. I give you--|- Shut up. Shut up. All I need is a ride.
Get in.
Just keep drivin'.
Whoa. Stop the car.|Stop the car.
Back up.
Slowly.
Right here, right here,|right here.
- Why was the tiger scared of the movie?|- Why?
It was rated ''R-R-R-R.''
- That's some funny shit.|- Oh, yeah.
Come here.
- What do you say?|- Thank you, daddy.

That's right, baby. | Now give your sister some.
Come on, baby.
But don't drop it. What the fuck?
What the fuck did you do? | Goddamn it!
Oh, shit. Get my phone.
Shit.
Hello?
Motherfuckers hung up.
A'ight, bitch. | Tell me another joke.
Mike. Son.
- Yeah. | - Hey, Moon.
We spotted the white boy | at the garage.
We followed him north | on Fifth Street.
Responsibility. Redemption.
In order to be truly redeemed, a man | has to own up to his responsibilities.
Tuesday. Moving day.
It didn't have to come to this, | but the bitch left me no choice.
Three months | of planning had finally paid off.
Unfortunately, a little too well.
You bastard! Why haven't you | been returning my calls?
I went out of town, man. | I didn't tell you?
No, you didn't tell me. | Aren't you gonna open the door?
- Not if you continue in that tone of voice, I won't. | - Open the fucking door!
- Try asking nicely. | - Please.
So what seems to be the problem?
You know damn well what the problem is. | You did this to me.
I did this to you? I didn't put a gun | to your head and make you sniff no coke.
You didn't give me coke, | you fucker. You gave me heroin!
That's right. I did.
So what do you want me to do?
Baby, I just need a fix.
Look, just for the day, okay? You know, | just to get me through it. Please?
- Right. | - Just one, okay?
Yeah. But you know | us small-timers.
You know, we gots | to watch every penny...
and, um, it don't look | like you have a penny.
You're enjoying this, aren't you?
She was right.
I did do this to her, | and I was enjoying it.
Funny shit was, | I still loved her.
Maybe more now than ever...
because I finally | felt needed, appreciated.

Come on back. Anytime.

Juanita got more|strung out than I ever could have imagined.

Bitch started shooting right away.

Most girls are scared of needles.|Keeps 'em from getting out of control.

Not Juanita.|Turns out she was diabetic.

For her, sticking herself was like brushing|her teeth or going to the bathroom.

Don't take a rocket scientist|to figure out that eventually... something had to give.

They bought two.

- Yeah?|- I-- I need help.

Look, there's a clinic up north.|It's the best in the state... and I wanna check myself in.

But it's expensive.|It's 1 0,000 a month.

And I know it's a lot of money,|but I need this.

You have to help me.|If you don't, I'll go to the police.

One thing bitches don't realize...

is that they should never|joke about the police.

Breaking a man's heart is one thing, but|fucking with his livelihood is something else.

I knew you'd see things my way.|I'll meet you at 8:00.

I wonder how she|felt inside after hanging up that phone.

What was on her mind?|Like the sunset that day.

Do you think it occurred to her|for a split second...

that it was the last one|she was ever gonna see?

You know that thing|Yogi Berra used to say..

"Dja vu all over again."

Might as well|have been talking about me.

Here I am trying to resolve|things with Juanita...

Here I am trying to resolve|things with Juanita...

and it's just like the mess|I'd gotten myself into...

the day I left the East Coast--|that shit with Edna.

I mean it, King. I need money.

For what? So you can shoot it|in your fucking veins?

I told you. I-I'm clean now.

- Six weeks.|- I've heard that one before.

No, you think I like|asking you for money?

There's no food in the house.

The kids need clothes for school.

You know, you owe this to me.

I-- I'll go to the police.

Oh, wait a minute, wait|a minute, wait a minute.

Don't do that.

I'll be right over.

Edna.

Yeah, I used to run around|with her back in the day.

Bad-ass bitch 'fore that junk|got hold of her.

Somehow she got it in her head|that I was the father of her boy...

and conveniently waited till now,|10 motherfuckin' years after the fact...
to break the news to me.

Maybe I was. Maybe I wasn't.

But she wasn't gonna do her kids|any good if she was still usin'..

and I sure in hell wasn't gonna|do 'em any good rottin' in a jail cell.

So I decided to give her a test|to see if she was on the level.

Well, aren't you gonna let me in?

- I'm glad you came.|- So am I.

I'm sure we can, uh,|work this thing out.

- Got somethin' to drink?|- Go ahead. Help yourself.

Ain't got nothin' to eat|in this motherfucker.

Do you mind? I don't want|to eat you out of house and home.

Damn!

It's hotter'n|a motherfucker out there.

David, I need help.

Come on, baby.|You ain't gots to be like that with me.

Come here.

Come here.

What the fuck is wrong with you,|threatening to call the police on me,
bitch?

Must be out your motherfuckin' mind!

Leave her alone!

Get the fuck outta here!

Leave him alone!

Look at you.

This what you want|the money for?

You better enjoy it.

It's the last thing|you're gettin' from me, boo.

Get the fuck outta my way!

Didn't stick around long enough|to see if she ever did pass that test.

What I did was hit the airport.|Got me a one-way to L.A.

Mom!

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

Mommy.! Mommy.! Mommy.!

Aren't you gonna let me in?

Dja vu all over again.

I drifted around|for a while, duckin' the law.

Worked my way east|from small town to small town.

Something was calling me back.|I missed my home.

Plus it's hard livin' on the run,|especially when you realize it's your

fault...

gettin' yourself stuck in the same sort of|fucked-up situation you ran away from 10 years ago.

The Lord takes care of fools and babies,|and I've never been either one. So I'm back, and it's time for King to put|things right, face up to my responsibilities--

to Moon, to Edna's boy, to myself.

Responsibility. Redemption.

In order to be truly redeemed,|a man has to--

Get out the car.!!|Get out the motherfuckin' car, white boy.!

Get out the motherfuckin' car!|Get out the car now!

- Okay.|- Do it now.!

- Get out the car!|- Please don't kill me!

Motherfucker, I'm gonna count to three.

One, two, three.

Don't come near me!|I'll kill you! I mean it!

You.

If you're worried about me|goin' to the police, I didn't. I swear.

I don't care about that.|Now put the gun down.

I won't hurt you.

- What's your name?|- Paul.

Fuck is a white boy like you doin'|uptown in a dead man's car, Paul?

He gave it to me before he died.

He give you that ring too?

Take your ass home, man.|You don't belong here.

I need to know why.

- Why what?|- Why did you kill him?

- He deserved it.|- Believe me, I know.

But why did you kill him?

He killed my mother.

Edna?

The man that you killed...|was your father.

You see, he has these tapes of--

I've been listening to 'em.

See, when he was dying, he--|he asked me to bury him.

He--

He begged for a decent burial.

Hallowed ground.

Oh. Man.

Hurry. Come on.

You gotta get outta here.|Take the car.

There's a quarter million|dollars in the trunk.

It's yours. You're free.|Go! Get outta here! Go!

Go.

An amazing story.

Truly amazing.

- But I can't print it.|- Why not?

This is a newspaper,|not a fiction magazine.

But it's true, all of it--|the stabbing, the hospital.

I had a gun pointed at my head!

You're a great writer. |If it's a job you want, you're hired.

But that--

Unfortunately, |I don't believe a word of it.

Tell you the truth...

I probably wouldn't |have believed it either.

After all, I did live |a pretty extraordinary life.

It's too bad it had to catch up |with me when it did...

before I had a chance |to turn the corner...

and write the final chapter.

Fate's a funny thing |when you think about it.

How everything is interconnected, |like a game of dominoes.

How one man's life can have |such a powerful effect...

however inadvertent, |on the lives of so many others.

How it can transform itself into |a gift that keeps on giving.

Like I said, I guess my life |was pretty extraordinary.

In the end, I suppose it all comes back |to the whole karma thing.

Who knows.

If it's half as real as the Hindus say...

I may just get a second chance after all.

I wonder, what lies ahead |for me on the other side?

In Memory of |Rudy "Kato" Rangel

Translated