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One False Move

By Billy Bob Thornton

Who is it?
Fantasia.
Hey, girl.
- Haven't you left for Star City?
- Tonight.
You think you're bad
with that camera.
Come on.
You're ruining the shot
with your lousy dancing.
Bobby, look who's here.
- How you doing?
- Fine.
- Is Ray with you?
- No.
- That's good.
- Real good.
You're always welcome here.
Bobby's about to blow out
the candles on his birthday cake.
It's your birthday?
How old are you, sixty?
That's your I.Q., woman.
This is Darren and Danielle.
I left my purse in the car.
I'll be right back.
What are you guys doing?
Everybody get on the floor
and be quiet.
- What the fuck?
- Get on the floor, goddamn it!
Let it go, Ray.
Down.
Fantasia!
Be quiet
and everything will be okay.
Where does Marco live?
I don't know.
- I said, where does he live?
- I don't know.
- Where, goddamn it?!
- I don't know!
How do you get your shit?
Does it fly over here?

- Ray, please.
- Danielle and me don't know nothing.
Let us go.
If we tell where Marco lives,
he'll kill us.
What do you think we're going to do?
Tell me or I'll slap your head off.
Leave us alone!
You don't have to hit her like that.
Tell him and everything will be okay.
Jackie don't know anything.
I deal with Marco, not her.
Leave her alone and I'll tell you.
Who is it?
It's Bobby, Marco.
I got to get some stuff.
- I told you not to come so late.
- Come on, man.
I got to get something tonight.
Come on in here, man.
This is a pretty woman you got here.
Look at those titties.
I like those.
Ray, what are you doing?
- Hey, man!
- I want some of this.
What you want is on that table.
I got \$200 in my wallet. Take it.
- I ain't fucking around.
- Take the money and the coke.
- This is lighter fluid.
- You're sick.
I'll fuck her up.
I don't want your little \$200.
Fuck you.
I don't want your \$200.
Stop it.
- Then you got the money?
- Put it out!
- I'll light her up!
- I'll tell you.
- Fuck you!
- Put it out!
Fuck you!

Motherfucker!
Goddamn.
Goddamn.
Got it?
They got a fucking kid.
Goddamn it.
Where's your kid, you motherfucker?
Where's your goddamn kid?
Go look for the kid.
We can't leave him here.
I've been all over the house.
I don't give a shit! Go look.
He might be hiding.
Mommy! Mommy!
Honey, what's wrong?
What is it, baby?
It's okay. Daddy's here.
Bad dream, I guess.
- It's okay.
- You okay?
I'll take her in our room.
It's going to be okay.
Dale, are you coming to bed?
Yeah, I'll be right there.
Oh, good. Come on, Dud,
let's get to the wallets.
Watch your feet.
I need a name.
Let's do this body first.
I think this is our stranger.
What do we got?
John, meet Robert Prost.
How do you do, Robert?
Watch your feet.
We're out of here.
Isn't that a light
on in Robert's window?
Yeah.
10 o'clock in the morning.
Oh, shit!
John!
Anything on that tape?
Background voices.
You?

Nothing.

How did you I.D. This Ray Malcolm?

A neighbor recognized Ray's car parked out front.

Did she see him?

She did see a black guy with glasses come out, get in Ray's car and split.

She didn't know Ray's last name, but we checked it out with some dopers.

You separated it?

Not yet.

Is that Ray's package?

So who's this black guy?

They call him Pluto.

He's been hanging with Ray the last couple of weeks.

I'd say he's from out of town.

Pluto? That's it?

For now.

Who's the girl?

- Fantasia.

- Bullshit.

Good-looking. Ray's old lady.

Listen to this.

Hey, girl.

Haven 'f you leff for Star City?

Tonight.

Bobby, look who's here.

She said, "Haven't you left for..."

What?

It sounds like

"Haven't you left for Star City?"

Then the other girl says something.

Play it again.

Hey, girl.

- Haven't you left for Star City?

- Tonighf.

It is Star City.

"Haven't you left for Star City?"

Dud, check this out.

A robbery arrest from '79.

In case of emergency, notify.

"Jeremiah Malcolm.

Relationship:

"Star City, Arkansas."

I'll be damned.

Jimmy. Jimmy, are you there?

Yeah, Dale. Come on back.

I went to the courthouse and checked the records on Ray Malcolm.

He was born here,

but hasn't been back in 20 years.

I'm heading to the uncle's place.

Do me a favor. Call Charlie, tell him to come to work early tonight.

I'm staying out there

in case those folks show up.

If they do,

we're gonna be laying for them.

This could be a big one.

I'll talk to you later.

10-4 and out.

Just give their names,

Ray Malcolm and Pluto Franklin.

Say the victims

were stabbed to death.

How many stab wounds?

Don't mention that.

Or the hog-tying and pillowcases.

- And the other three?

- Say they were strangled.

What about the kid?

Don't explain.

Just say someone survived.

And that we think the suspects fled the state. We might get national coverage.

You got to give me something.

The press is all over my butt.

- Say they're as violent as we've seen.

- Really?

Thank you.

What's the story

on this Star City thing?

Somebody, come on. Dud.

What if you went down there?

We've been lucky so far.

And we can tie Ray there.

I talked to the police chief.
He didn't know of Ray or Fantasia...
but he would check the uncle out.
I'm waiting for his call.
What about an I. D.
On the second suspect?
Pluto. His real name
is Lenny Franklin.
He's originally from Chicago.
He and Ray got busted
about six years ago...
for another drug rip-off.
Same shit.
They did two years together
in San Quentin.
Prison buddies.
Pluto's a piece of work.
I.Q. Of 150
and a college graduate.
We think he did the stabbings.
His package indicates
he's very fond of a knife.
He has three priors.
For some reason,
he left the videotape.
Sick son of a bitch.
There were no prints,
so he left a calling card.
He's here.
Cole here.
Put him through.
Chief Dixon, this is Dud...
I'm fine, thank...
Put him on the box.
What did you say his name was?
Chief Dale Dixon. Chief,
I'm putting you on the speakerphone.
Chief Jenkins is here.
Los Angeles Chief of Police Jenkins?
No shit.
It's a pleasure to meet you.
Good to meet you.
Now what we want to talk about...
I guess you're pretty busy

out there, huh?
You got six people dead out there
at the same time.
That don't happen much here.
Sometimes we get a stabbing.
Colored boys, generally.
One of them sticks another
over a card game.
We should discuss the...
Craps sometimes.
Now you wanted to know
about this boy's uncle.
I think we hit the jackpot.
I went to the uncle's place.
It's the damndest hideout I ever seen.
It's in the woods
6 miles north of town.
You have to cross
a rickety old bridge.
You'd never find it
if you didn't know where to look.
You city boys would be lost
in ten minutes.
But I'm ready, don't worry.
Damn, Bonnie.
- Excuse me?
- Nothing.
They were out of onion rings,
so I got you Tasty Taters.
It's L.A., Cheryl Ann.
Chief Jenkins and them.
Yes, sir.
You think this is a promising avenue
of investigation?
It's promising, all right.
Me and my deputies
can set up a surveillance now.
Chief Dixon, why don't we hold off
on that until we get a game plan.
If you say so.
That would be best.
It's my job. We'll get these
sons of bitches. I'll be waitin' on ya.
What are you doing here?

When did you get back?

- Wednesday night.

- Wednesday?

That's no honeymoon.

You should have stayed longer.

Earl had to get back to work,
and I'm starting a new job.

What are you doing?

Bookkeeping at the Rice Mill.

Muriel retired...

so I talked to Old Man Hosey,
and he hired me.

Take it easy.

Dale?

Well, that's good. Congratulations.

- Thank you, Dale.

- We better be going.

You want some of this?

Why don't you put some clothes on?

I told you to put some clothes on.

Ray, those people are dead.

Those people are dead.

No shit.

And you were there.

Don't forget that.

Didn't I tell you

to put on some goddamn clothes?

We got enough of this shit

to last us until 1995.

We got enough to last

until we get to Houston.

We're not selling this shit.

We're selling it to Billy in Houston.

I'm going to Chicago.

I don't give a fuck what you do.

Riding up and down the road

don't make sense.

What do you think will happen?

We'll get in trouble?

I was planning to sell some to them
country sons of bitches in Arkansas.

Man, I don't like
this Arkansas shit.

We'll be in and out.

Don't worry.
We're not building a house.
It's not a problem.
What are you worried about?
What the fuck do you think?
I don't get you.
Why don't you loosen up
and have some fun?
Why don't you get high
with Ray and me?
Don't you want to feel good?
This is the biggest thing
to ever happened to us.
And you just sit there
like a little brown turd.
Goddamn it!
Watch yourself, Ray.
Listen up, motherfucker.
Listen up!
This is what will happen. We will
go to Houston and sell the shit...
because this little \$15,000
won't last.
Until then,
I will hold onto the blow.
And, Ray, I don't want to hear
any more bullshit out of you...
or her.
You son of a bitch!
Fucking son of a bitch!
Why don't you
just go to sleep, fucker?
You forgot just one fucking thing.
You forgot about the money.
I have all the goddamn money.
You keep that little \$15,000, Ray.
He's right, baby.
We'll sell it in Houston.
Think of all the money.
We'll be okay.
Pluto knows people in Chicago.
We can live off that money
a long time.
Come on, baby,

it's going to be okay.
We can buy all the blow we want
when we get there.
And we'll be safe.
Pluto will take care of us.
We'll be safe, baby.
This is really beautiful.
It's as green as hell.
You know I'm a country boy.
What crap. You were born in L.A.
Malibu.
What the fuck?
Howdy. Dale Dixon.
Welcome to Star City.
We got a lot to do,
so follow me to the motel...
you can unpack,
and we'll get something to eat.
When I saw you drive by, I knew
you were the boys from California.
Cops looks the same everywhere, I guess.
Follow me.
Oh, shit.
You boys are in for a treat.
Fern, can we get some more biscuits?
- Sure, Hurricane.
- And more coffee.
Hurricane?
Some folks call me that.
I never figured out why.
We can wait in the woods.
When the bad folks show up...
we'll put the stopper
in the bottle.
They'll be sorry they came to Star City.
This is good.
My mother used to make food like this.
Thanks. How's Walter?
He had gallbladder surgery...
Good for him. You know,
you boys have my full cooperation.
Me and my two deputies...
we'll take turns watching the place
around the clock.

So you boys can just relax.
Drink beer, chase chicks, whatever.
We'll help.
- We'll help you.
- Suit yourself.
Another thing. Old Man Malcolm.
I guarantee he don't know jack-shit
about what his nephew did.
You talked to him?
Not yet. I just know. There aren't
even any telephone lines up there.
He's a hermit.
Hardly ever leaves his property.
We oughta let him know.
- Yes, but...
- Charlie! Get on in here.
This is my deputy.
Retired police officer.
Charlie, this is Dud Cole.
- How are ya, Dud?
- Pleasure, Charlie.
- And Dan Macintosh.
- Nice to meet you, Dan.
John. John McFeely.
Oh, right.
All them Mac names sound alike to me.
- You eaten, Charlie?
- Yeah, Jocelyn fixed me...
Charlie's a Yankee from Detroit.
Dale, if we talk to this guy
and he's involved...
- I told you he's not.
- Hurricane... I mean, Dale.
These are dangerous people.
I understand that.
You boys about ready?
Just a second.
Here, Fern.
Keep the change.
There ain't no change, Hurricane.
It's a \$12-check,
and you gave me a ten!
Catch you later.
Is he gone?

I haven't had a full meal
since I met the son of a bitch.
Go ahead, Jimmy.
It's Harlan Childress. Lureen called.
He's raising hell.
Unless he's trying to kill her,
I don't have time.
She said he's trying to kill her.
I'm just lefting you know.
Okay, 10-4.
I have to make a stop
before we go to the Malcolm place.
Open this door!
Goddamn it! Lureen!
Harlan! Goddamn it.
Settle down, Harlan!
- Let go!
- Settle down!
Harlan, goddamn it!
You calm down now.
Calm down.
Do you want to take a ride with me?
- Calm down.
- He was out all night drinking.
Who are those men?!
It's okay.
She locked me out of the kitchen.
I understand.
You were out all night drinking.
You knew she was going to do this,
didn't you?
If you apologize, she may let you in.
I will.
We'll go to church, he'll feel better.
All right, Lureen.
What about them?
They're with me. They're from L.A.
Pull yourself together.
Okay. Come on.
Come on. Get up.
Now come here.
Do me a favor.
Put this ax back in the shed.
All right?

I don't want to have to come
back out here. Are you okay?
I'm okay.
Put that ax in the shed.
And fix this window.
Tell Cheryl Ann and the baby howdy.
Tell them hi.
- Sorry about the window.
- That's all right.
It's okay, boys.
I'm out here twice a week.
Motherfucker!
Goddamn it! They know me now.
Do you realize that?
They know my face, my name,
probably how long my dick is!
That goddamn kid! Why didn't you
tell me about that fucking kid?
I swear to God,
I didn't see any kid!
He must have been hiding.
Quit lying!
Don't hit me no more.
Pluto, don't let him hit me no more.
Get rid of her, Ray.
- We'll be okay.
- Shut up.
We'll dump the car.
They won't find us.
They won't find you, maybe!
They won't find us!
- It'll be okay...
- Get your hand off me.
We'll be okay.
Isn't there another way, Dale?
Watch your step.
The timbers are rotten.
Yeah, rotten.
I crashed my motorcycle
on this bridge when I was 14.
The volunteer fire department
had to get me out.
You can still see some
of the burn marks there.

Perfect hideout.

- Is the old man there?

- Yeah.

- I wonder who else is.

- He's alone.

Dale, wait a minute.

It's okay, boys. Come on.

How you doin'?

You doin' all right?

You doin' all right?

- I'm doing all right.

- That's good.

I'm Chief Dixon.

I'm fixing to do what?

I'm Chief Dixon.

I'm fixing to feed the chickens
before it gets too hot.

You heard from your nephew?

Have you heard from Ray Malcolm?

He's my brother's boy.

I heard of my own kin.

When was the last time
you talked to him?

- Who?

- Ray Malcolm.

Ray is my brother's boy.

I got to feed these chickens.

It's going to get hot.

I hope you and them chickens have
a goddamn heatstroke.

Can I help you boys?

"I'm fixing to feed these chickens."

I say, "Have you heard from
Ray Malcolm?" Put that on my plate.

He says,

"Ray Malcolm is my nephew."

"My brother's boy.

I guess I heard of my own kin."

So I said:

"Have you spoken to him?"

He said, "Who?"

I said, "Ray Malcolm."

He said, "Ray's my brother's boy."

Lmagine the conversation
when Ray shows up.
Rolls?
Is this great or what?
This looks great, Cheryl Ann.
There you go.
I hope he does show up.
'Cause I got news for you.
That white trash
and them two niggers are...
Cheryl Ann, you nearly broke my...
Bonnie, pass me the pickles.
I never got any beans.
May I have some?
Did you think I was going to cut you?
I wouldn't hurt you
for anything in the world.
I'm glad you didn't kill
that car salesman.
What do you think we are?
That don't mean nothing, Dale.
What concerns me is that
we left ourselves so goddamn exposed.
So out there.
I could see the old man
wasn't involved.
You can't assume anything about anybody.
That's the guy who will fuck you.
Shit. I've been
police chief here for...
hell, going on six years.
I've never even drawn my gun.
Here we are.
Come kiss your favorite mommy.
Get in the bed.
Get in there.
See you in the morning.
Enjoying yourself?
Gettin' enough to eat and drink?
Just about.
Isn't that your second bottle?
Yes, it is.
I want to apologize
for that last comment before.

I bet John feels terrible.
Dale didn't mean it.
He grew up talking that way.
I understand.
I'm sure John does, too.
These people are dangerous,
aren't they?
Yes, they are.
I've never seen Dale
this excited before.
This case is the biggest thing
that's ever happened to him.
He really likes you and John.
I can tell.
I think he looks at you
like you're heroes.
Well, we're far from that.
You might want to tell him that.
I have a little girl
who needs her daddy.
Dale doesn't know any better.
He watches TV. I read nonfiction.
We better head back.
No, come on, guys.
The night is young.
- You want cookies?
- We all do.
- Very serious meal.
- They're in here.
- I got to go pee.
- Pee off the porch.
Like shit.
You know, Dale...
this case is our problem.
What I'm saying is,
you can be as involved or...
uninvolved in the apprehension
of these guys as you want.
Assuming they show up.
If they do, I'll be there.
You got a nice spot here.
Nice house, nice family.
You're a lucky guy.
I guess I am a lucky guy at that.

I hardly ever lose a coin toss.
I go to the horse races,
bet a long shot and it always comes in.
My mama used to say
I was born under a lucky star.
Here's an article
about Julie from "Dark Memories."
That ain't Julie.
That's that damn twin sister.
No, it's not.
Ma'am, can you tell him
who this is?
That's Julia on "Dark Memories."
I told you.
You got any maps of Houston?
We don't need no map of Houston.
Be cool, Ray.
How are you, Bill?
It's real quiet out there.
I think we got
the two most exciting jobs in town.
Your other burrito is ready.
He's watching me.
He knows who I am.
- No, he doesn't.
- He does.
Baby, let's go.
Back up. Just back up.
Ray, stop it.
Stop it.
Shit.
I'd never get up on a horse.
- Get your hand off me.
- Let's go.
Let's go.
Let's go, okay?
Don't fuck up, man.
- Will that be all?
- That's it.
Is it okay we opened things up?
As long as you pay for it.
You going to drink that beer and drive?
No, we wouldn't do that.
This is for later.

Just kidding.
\$7.95, please.
- Have a nice night.
- You, too.
She's too young for you, Bill.
I like them young.
Shit! That trooper is behind us.
Don't look back.
Just be cool.
What if he pulls us over?
He won't.
Slow down, Ray. Don't panic.
He recognized me back there.
I know it.
If he had,
he would have arrested you then.
He's just looking us over.
A white boy and a nigger girl
in Texas. That's all it is.
He's probably running our plates.
542?
Go ahead.
On your out-of-state plate....
New Mexico license number
Nora-Edward-2-4-5...
the vehicle is recently purchased.
There are no warrants.
No current registration available.
10-4. Could you check the teletype board
for the past few days?
I seem to recall a teletype
from California...
of a male and female black...
and a male white wanted
for a couple of murders.
Speed up, Ray.
You'll make him suspicious.
Speed up, slow down.
Make up your fucking mind.
Did you find that teletype?
Still looking, 542.
10-4.
I'm going to pull them over.
Fuck!

What do we do?

- I'll blow his goddamn head off.

- Pull over.

We're going to be cool
and play it by ear.

We won't kill him unless we have to.

We're not going to be stupid.

License and registration, please.

Hi, it's you again.

You have a California license and
New Mexico plates and registration.

We had California plates...

but our car died in New Mexico
and we got a new one.

Told you we wouldn't make it.

He wouldn't listen to me.

This one will make it.

Make it where?

Philadelphia. My mother lives there.

She's sick.

Ray, my boyfriend,

got the job of taking me there.

Richard's our friend.

He's just along for the ride.

Were we speeding or anything?

No, ma'am.

Then why the fuck

did you stop us?

I want you to get out of the car,
one at a time.

You first, ma'am.

Get your hands up!

Calm down. You said get out.

"You first, man", right?

Step to the rear of the car
and keep your hands visible.

You said get out of the car, so I am.

What's wrong with you?

Do what he says.

Stay where you are, ma'am.

Put your hands on the car.

Spread them out.

Now spread your legs.

Same thing, hands on the car.

Spread your legs.
Okay, ma'am, come back here.
Hey, just what did we do-
Keep your hands on the car!
Okay, ma'am...
Goddamn! Yes, baby! Yes!
You motherfucker!
Let's go! Get her in the car.
Come on! Now!
You motherfucker!
Pluto, we're going the wrong way.
We're going back to town. Turn around.
- Ray, did I kill that man?
- Yes, but you did good.
What the fuck are you doing?
Turn the fucking car around.
The car's been I.D.'ed.
We have to get rid of it.
Yes, you killed him, goddamn it.
Would you fucking turn the car around?
We're going the wrong way!
We'll pass the motherfuckers, get it?
The cops will see us.
We got no fucking choice.
If we head out of town,
they'll catch us. So shut up.
- Mornin'
- Morning.
- How are you?
- I got a hangover, but...
Nothing here.
Quiet as a Sunday morning.
When did you arrive?
I relieved Charlie around four.
You want some coffee.
- No, thanks.
- No.
I was thinking
about what you said last night.
- No wonder you were pissed off.
- I wasn't.
No, you were right.
If that old man hadn't been deaf,
I could have blown the case.

Well, I don't know.

No, I was wrong. You know more about this stuff than I do.

I don't want you thinking we're incompetent.

Dale, you have the energy and dedication of ten cops.

- No shit?

- No shit.

Let me ask you something else.

If I'm full of shit, you just tell me.

I want to move to L.A.

And join up.

- Join up with what?

- Police department.

Been on the force here since I was grown.

After ten years of busting peeping Toms, I'd like a crack at the big time.

I realize getting on the force is no walk in the park, but...

once we wrap up this case, and with your recommendation...

well, who knows?

You, me and Macintosh could make a great team.

That's, uh, that's an interesting idea.

How you doing, Hurricane?

Hey, Larry.

This is Larry Gibson, our local Smokey.

Larry, this is Dud Cole.

He's from L.A.

- How are you?

- Good. Hi.

Last night, some folks killed a Texas State Trooper.

It says here they may be headed for Houston.

They may fit the description of the folks you're after.

Son of a bitch.

They got a photograph of them

in a convenience store.

- Surveillance camera?

- Yeah.

Texas.

Looks like they're headed

our way, boys. Let's go.

Got another cup?

- You don't mind drinking after me?

- Not at all.

Goddamn. Texas.

Think our people whacked that trooper?

We'll know when we see the photo.

Hurricane is waiting on the bad guys

the way a kid waits for Christmas.

Hurricane is a force of nature.

I like old Hurricane.

He's a tremendous guy.

Guess what he told me?

He wants to come to L.A.

And join the force.

- You're kidding.

- Honest to God.

He said he thought

that me and him and...

"Macintosh" would make a great team.

No shit.

He said he wanted a crack

at the big time.

What did you say?

I told him

it was an interesting idea.

That's the funniest thing

I ever heard.

Can you imagine that motherfucker

roaming around Parker Center?

He'll put a stopper in the bottle.

That yokel won't last ten minutes.

Put a stopper in the bottle.

Hurricane, you know

no one's allowed back there.

- Just getting a candy bar.

- You gonna pay for it this time?

I saw your car parked out front.

Charlie relieved me a half hour ago.

Sorry I put you on the spot, Dud.
Dale, we didn't mean...
Oh, that's me.
This is 210.
I just got back from Little Rock
with that picture.
10-4. That's us.
You leave it.
Jimmy, you got it?
That's Ray.
And so that must be
our mystery girl, Fantasia.
Her name's not Fantasia.
It's Lila Walker.
Hey, Pluto.
What's happening?
How are you, Beaver?
They're cool.
Come on in.
- Come on in.
- Go ahead.
This is Fantasia. That's Ray.
That's Joey.
And the whining one on the couch is Kim.
She had a tooth yanked out.
Fuck you, Beaver.
Grab yourself a chair.
You want to sit down?
That's okay. I'm fine.
So where's this multitude of coke?
- Where's Billy?
- He ain't here.
I can see that. Where is he?
He's still in New Orleans.
New Orleans?
When will he be here?
Tomorrow night.
He didn't tell me that
when we spoke.
He got hung up.
He didn't know that would happen
when he spoke to you.
We'll wait for him.
We can't wait. We have to go.

We'll wait until tomorrow.
We'll stay here.
I don't think
that's such a good idea.
We don't have much room, and...
Yeah, what the fuck, man.
You can have my room.
I've slept on the couch before.
Fuck you, Beaver.
I'm not moving.
Give me the phone.
Sometimes I think you haven't got
a brain in your head.
I'm going to Star City. The only reason
I got involved in this shit...
is so we'd get some money and I
could go home and see my people.
That was before
all this shit happened.
Now we have to get where we're going.
So what's the problem?
All you have to do is...
pick me up on the way.
You know that Pluto isn't going to
do that. You heard what the man said.
I think it's a good idea.
If she goes ahead of us,
it will be safer to travel.
We won't fit the description so easily.
No problem.
Ain't that some shit.
Can you make it a whole day
without me?
I don't know.
It looks like just
her brother and mama are there.
What kind of people are they?
Good people. Christian people.
I can't believe she got mixed up
in this shit.
Hurricane, how is it that
you know this Lila Walker.
I arrested her for shoplifting once.
She was just a kid in high school.

All she took was lipstick
and shit to put on her eyes.
Wasn't worth ten bucks.
I could tell right off she wasn't bad,
just high-spirited.
So I decided to try to help her out.
You know, talk to her.
Then one day, she just disappeared.
Somebody said...
she took off for Hollywood
to become a movie star.
Anyway, that was about five years ago.
I didn't hear of her again till now.
She's moved up from stealing lipstick.
I don't believe she killed anybody.
That kid in the closet. She opens
the door, sees him, closes the door.
That proves she's not a killer.
Hurricane, that don't prove shit.
So, do we talk to the mother?
- What if she tips off Lila?
- She won't.
She wouldn't do that, not Lila.
Have you heard from her?
No, I haven't.
Not since last summer.
Some time around June or July.
Mr. Dixon, you know Lila.
She wouldn't do
what they're saying she did.
She must have been kidnapped.
Brainwashed.
Some of the best policemen
in this country...
are after Lila and those fellows.
They'll catch them, too.
It will help Lila
if she turns herself in.
Chief Dixon is right.
We can't promise anything,
but if she cooperates...
that will be
taken into account later.
I haven't heard from her, but if I do,

I'll tell her what you said.
Ronnie, have you heard
from your sister?
No, sir.
Would you tell us if you had?
Yes, sir.
Grandma...
I'm hungry.
Byron, don't bother us now, honey.
Who's that?
That's Lila's boy.
Didn't you know Lila had a boy?
And he's a pretty boy, too.
Thanks for your time.
That's all we need for now.
They're not going to Jeremiah's at all.
No. Fantasia's coming home
to see her kid.
Hurricane, just how well
do you know this gal?
What do you mean?
You know what I mean.
Ha-ha. That's real fucking funny.
Fuck!
Goddamn her.
Ronnie.
Look at you.
You done gone Hollywood.
Look at you, all grown up.
Stand back.
Let me have a look at you.
Yeah, you still ugly.
I'm just playing. You look fine.
I'm feeling fine.
I'm going to see my baby.
I'm going home.
You can't go home.
The cops are after you.
- What did they say?
- Get in the car.
I didn't do the things
they said I did.
I know that.
Being on the run

makes you look guilty.
I already look guilty.
Looking guilty is being guilty
for black people.
You know that.
I won't get a fair trial...
and I won't go to prison.
Chief Dixon said that...
- Dale Dixon?
- Yeah.
He was the one
who came to the house.
Didn't you used to know him?
Yeah, I used to know him.
Ronnie, I didn't come
all this way not to see my baby.
They'll be watching our house...
so you have to take me someplace
outside of town.
Then tonight you bring my baby
out to see me.
Then tomorrow I'll be gone.
Ronnie, please.
I'm your sister.
I need your help.
Okay, Lila.
A friend of mine's grandma died
a few months ago.
She had a house off the highway
past the bait shop.
No one's living there now.
I'll be out there all night,
so don't wait up.
Are Dud and John
going to be with you?
No, they're not.
We don't need 19 goddamn people
to watch a house.
I know you're capable of...
Just because I'm not from L.A.
Don't mean I can't watch a house.
Okay?
I love you.
You know that, don't you?

I know that.
And I love our little girl
more than anything.
I know that, too.
I would give you every dime
we talked about if I had the money.
The problem is, I don't have it.
Your partner's making me nervous.
Sit your ass down, ponytail.
I know you guys are on the run.
You need everything you can get.
It's better than nothing, right?
Let's lighten up.
This town is hot, and so are you.
You're on every goddamn channel.
You got no one else
you can trust but me.
I'm going to let you walk with one.
You can take it or leave it.
Fucker.
Eight fucking dollars. Who cares?
He has to have more money than that.
Let's go.
Pull over. We're splitting up.
What are you talking about?
Pull over. Everything's fucked up.
We'll split the money and the coke,
then I'm gone.
I ain't doing that.
Don't fuck with me.
Just give me my money.
I can't do that.
I don't have any money.
- Say what?
- I said I don't have any money.
Where's my money?
I ain't got it.
She took the fucking money.
I got \$56. She took it.
Now let me go before I have a wreck.
You're a pussy-whipped fucker.
Don't give me that shit.
It was your fucking buddies
who had no money.

Your good friend, Billy.
What the fuck am I doing with you?
You're a pussy-whipped motherfucker!
If you want any money,
you'll have to go to Arkansas.
Lila, we got to go.
Just give me a few minutes with him.
It's almost four in the morning.
I know.
It's time for you to go home, go to bed
and get up and see your grandma.
I love you, honey.
Will you be a good boy?
Give me a kiss good-bye.
Come on, Lila.
Take care of my baby, okay?
Will you be all right?
Ronnie, put the money
in the bank, okay?
Ronnie, put the money
in the bank, okay?
Dale.
- How you doing?
- Stop right there.
Turn around.
Put your hands on the counter.
Spread your legs.
Simon says.
Can I turn around now?
Just stay like that.
Where are your two pals?
Ray and Pluto?
They'll be here soon.
How soon is that?
I don't know.
They have to call first.
How do I know you're not lying?
They might show up here any minute.
I'm not lying to you, Dale.
What will you do with me?
Get in the other room.
Go on.
Go into the living room.
- What are you doing?

- Sit down.

What are you doing?

Two fellows from L.A.

Want to meet you.

- Put the phone down.

- Why?

Ray and Pluto will call here
to see if everything is cool.

I won't answer the phone
if you call those cops.

Yes, you will.

Goddamn it!

Lila, even if I wanted to,
I can't help you.

I don't have the legal authority.

You didn't have the authority
to fuck me when I was 17...
but that didn't stop you.

That's right.

Instead of spying on me...

why didn't you come in
and say hello to your son?

He's not my kid.

Not your kid?

He's nearly as white as you are.

That proves nothing.

Are you calling me a whore?

I was a virgin when we met,
and you know it.

Hear the whippoorwill?

Remember what you said
about hearing a whippoorwill?

It means somebody's going to die.

Why do we have to
sit here in the dark?

I don't want to be a sitting duck
if they show up.

I told you,
they won't be here until they call.

- Where you going?

- My cigarettes are in my purse.

- Get one of mine.

- I smoke menthol.

I'll get them.

I forgot that thing
was even in there.
Ray gave it to me for protection.
I don't know how it works.
You pull the damn trigger.
Why are you looking at me like that?
Did you think I would shoot you?
That's crazy.
Now can I have
my cigarettes, please?
You have a light, baby?
Does your wife treat you right?
Yes, Lila, she does.
That's good.
What's her name again?
Thelma Lou?
Cheryl Ann.
That's right.
And you and Cheryl Ann have
a little girl.
What's her name?
Bonnie.
How old is she?
Eight.
You don't like telling me
about your family, do you?
No, I guess I don't.
I don't blame you.
- I got something for you.
- Where are you going?
Don't shoot me, Officer.
What the hell are you doing now?
- Can I turn on the light?
- No.
I put it in here to keep it fresh.
Can we leave this open
to get some light?
This is our baby's birthday cake.
I don't want any.
Suit yourself.
It's good.
You should try some.
Today's his birthday?
No. It was in September.

I missed it.
I left him with Mama
before he was two years old.
That means
I've missed four birthdays...
so we celebrated all four of them
last night.
Does your mama know about...
Know what?
No, I never told her.
I never meant you any trouble, Dale.
I still don't.
Wouldn't Bonnie be surprised to know
she had a half-brother in Nigger Town.
You should have some
of our baby's cake...
Quit calling him that.
Why? That's what he is.
Damn it.
I told you I didn't want any.
- Do you want this?
- What are you doing?
- This is what you want.
- Cut it out.
Cut it out, goddamn it!
Why did you ever fuck with me?
Me and Ronnie's daddy was white,
did you know that?
Of course, we never knew him.
He had another family.
That's why I kind of look white.
Because my daddy was white.
And you figured
since I kind of look white...
you could fuck me,
what the hell.
Because I was kind of black...
you could dump me, what the hell.
211 to 210.
211 to 210.
211 to 210.
Dale, where are you at?
Hey, June.
Juney! How are you doing?

You got something for me?
Hi, Mr. Charlie.
Is this Ronnie? Ronnie, this is Ray.
Is Fantasia there?
Yeah, Lila.
Where is she?
Have you got a number
out there for her?
Give it to me, all right?
Ronnie! Ronnie, come here.
- Come here.
- I got to go.
If you know something
about Lila being here...
you tell these gentlemen.
I don't want you
being in trouble, too.
No, ma'am. I don't know
nothing about that.
June Hawkins told me he was
out last night digging frogs.
Driving back, he saw you driving
in front of him with Byron in the car.
Why were you out with Byron
at 4 A. M.?
We've been here all night.
June's mixed up. He's old.
He don't see so well.
I'll make the bastard talk!
He won't talk.
It's his sister.
Can I speak to the boy?
- How are you this morning?
- Fine.
- Pretty sleepy?
- I guess so.
- Did you go out with Ronnie last night?
- No.
- You sure?
- Yeah.
- You didn't see a pretty lady?
- No.
You sure?
- Did Uncle Ronnie tell you to say that?

- Yeah.
So this has just been pretend?
What do you say we stop
playing pretend and play really?
And you really should spend a night
in jail.
So you don't tell your sister.
You got to let me go.
I can't do that, Lila.
You can't let them put me in jail.
What's going to happen to our baby
with me in jail?
Your mom
will keep taking care of him.
I'll give her money for him.
Why won't you give him the money?
Why don't you just say,
"Byron, I'm your daddy?"
I don't see how that would...
I guess it wouldn't be
a good idea, huh?
I guess it would be better
just to put me in jail...
and forget about
your 5-year-old son.
Hi, baby.
Yeah, everything's cool.
Everything's real cool.
Ray, where are you calling from?
What's the name
of the gas station?
Ray, you missed the turnoff.
It's about half a mile back
up the highway.
You turn right at this place
called Cothorn's Bait Shop.
There's a little road there.
You're not far, baby.
Just about ten minutes away. Hurry.
Yeah, I miss you.
Is that the road, Byron?
I don't think so.
You don't think so?
When they arrive, get them

in the house and away from the car.
Open the door, talk to them.
Let them see everything is okay.
Then stay in the kitchen
until I say to come out.
Then if they get trigger-happy,
you'll be out of the line of fire.
Then you'll let me go?
I'll let you go.
Is that the road you went down?
Don't fuck around in there.
In and out. Got me?
What do you think I'd do?
Don't worry.
You sure this is it?
Yeah.
You got it straight? Do you?
Hi, baby.
Come on, Fantasia. Let's go.
It'll be a few minutes.
I have to pack my stuff.
What stuff?
All you had was your purse.
It won't be long.
Come on in.
Shit!
I'll be back.
That's bullshit.
I'm sticking on your ass.
She better not have bought
any clothes.
What does she have to pack?
- Come on.
- Be careful. I love you.
Did you spend any of my money?
Fantasia.
Where did she go?
Police officer, freeze! Hands up,
or I'll blow you to fucking hell!
- What the fuck?
- Get on the floor! Now!
Who the fuck are you?
- You bitch!
- Shut up!

- Shut up!
- Why the fuck did you do this?
- I'm sorry.
- Stay back!

210, A-1 channel 1.
Come in, goddamn it. Hurry up.
Hurricane, where the hell
have you been?
I need help out here.
What's your 10-20?
Oh, God.
Dale, what's your twenty?
Where are you?
I'm off the highway,
two miles down Sulphur Springs Road.
There's a house, and there's woods...
there's this house...
Is there an address?
I don't know the goddamn address.
Just send some help.
And an ambulance.
I got three suspects down,
and I'm hurt pretty bad.
Three suspects down.
You know Sulphur Springs Road?
Hold on, Byron.
Charlie, do something.
Dud, come on!
Charlie'll taking care of it. Come on!
This is 211 to base.
Send an ambulance
to Sulphur Springs Road right away.
That son of a bitch nailed them.
Hey, man.
The ambulance is on the way.
I'll get you some blankets, okay?
Are you dead, mister?
Are you dead, mister?
No, not quite.
Where's the lady at?
She's over there.
Don't go away. Come back.
Come stay with me.
Stay here with me.

How did you get blood on yourself?

I got in a fight.

What do you do with your keys?

I lock things up.

Come here.

I can't see your face.

Come a little closer.

Your name...

is Byron.

You're five years old?

Four or five?

Five.

Just come sit with me.