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# Real Time

By Randall Cole

# Sometimes I want to kill, kill #  
# times I want to kill, kill #  
# times I want to kill, kill #  
Too soon to say how this will affect  
an already unstable situation  
in the middle-  
# If when one of us is dead #  
# When I die #  
Listening to Rockin Johnny's'  
all vinyl afternoon  
on CL 97.3.  
It's a crisp bright day  
here in the hammer.  
Looks like spring  
is right around the corner.  
This one by The Jive Five  
is going out to all of you  
counting down the hours  
till quitting time.  
# Tick-tock #  
# listen to the clock #  
# Tick-tock #  
# listen to the clock #  
# What time is it? #  
# I've just got to know #  
# What time is it? #

**# It's 5:**

# Three more hours to go #  
# till I hold her #  
# in my arms #  
# and tell her #  
I got it.  
I got the feeling.  
I can taste it.  
I got it.  
I got it.  
I got the feeling,  
got the feeling.  
I feel it.  
Okay, okay, okay, okay.  
"Weapon of Mass Destruction  
in the fifth race. "  
Weapon of Mass Destruction

in the fifth.  
Weapon of Mass Destruction  
in the fifth.  
Weapon of Mass Destruction  
in the fifth.  
Don't waste it.  
Don't waste it  
on anything stupid.  
I got that feeling.  
I got the feeling.  
I got the feeling.  
Fuck are you staring at?  
Should I piss?  
No, don't piss.  
I got the feeling.  
I got the feel-  
careful, don't step on any  
fucking cracks, man.  
What you lookin' at?  
Don't fucking look at me,  
you bad luck cocksucker.  
Hi, there.  
Can I get a scratch off  
for there?  
Ten bones.  
Thank you.  
# Tick-tock #  
# Listen to the clock #  
# What time is it? #

**# It's 7:**

Give me something.  
Give me something.  
Ah, cocksucker!  
Fuckin', fuck, oh, fuck.  
Yeah, the fuckin' store  
was cursed.  
Should have just gone  
to the fuckin' track.  
# The moment in #  
If there's a taxi coming,  
I go to the track.  
Oh, yes, yes, fucking A.  
Oh, yes, yeah!

Fucking A, I still got it.  
I still got the feeling.  
You cocksucker!  
Ah, cocksucker.  
Oh, cocksucker.  
Fuck.  
Ah, cocksucker.  
Motherfucker.  
What a fuckin' day.  
God damn it.  
Oh.  
Hey, hold that cab!  
The Jive Five.  
Hold that cab!  
Wait, please!  
Hold that cab!  
Please!  
Wait, just-  
ah, fuck!  
Ah, fuck!  
Oh, yeah, now you see me.  
Great, so thanks for that,  
you fucking bad luck old lady.  
Fucking had to live just  
long enough to kill the feeling.  
God damn it.  
A fucking conspiracy  
or something.  
Ah, shit.  
Oh, fuck.  
Get in the car, Andy.  
Andy.  
He's still following me, okay.  
Oh, hey, Reuben.  
Hey, where the hell  
did you come from?  
Get in the car, Andy.  
Get in the car.  
Okay.  
Reuben, I swear to God, man,  
I was this fucking close  
to having your money.  
I-I totally had the feeling.  
Put that cigarette

out of my car, Andy.  
What?  
Oh.  
So...  
I thought you-  
you'd retired or something.  
Hey, did you go on vacation?  
You look like you got some sun,  
lost a little weight.  
Look, I swear to God.  
I was this fucking close, Reuben.  
But then some fucking old  
bad luck lady fucking cursed me  
and killed the feeling.  
What's that?  
Is that Cleo?  
Why?  
Why do you have my Cleo?  
Oh.  
I get it.  
You're gonna hurt my poor,  
defenseless little cat  
just 'cause  
I owe you a little money?  
In the meantime-  
What are you doing?  
The fuck's it  
look like I'm doing?  
I'm getting  
my fucking cat.  
Get back in your seat.  
Please.  
I said get back in your seat, Andy.  
How's my favorite kitty?  
Ow!  
Ow!  
Are you fucking crazy?  
Punch me in the fucking ear,  
Reuben?  
Fuck this shit.  
What the fuck  
is the matter with you?  
Why are you doing this?  
Shut up

and I'll tell you.  
You know what?  
Reuben, you've gone  
fucking crazy.  
I said shut up, Andy.  
Ow, God.  
Shut the fuck up!  
You shut the fuck up!  
Ah!  
Stop hitting me!  
Ow!  
I'm trying to be  
a nice guy here.  
Now, listen, Andy.  
You're gonna die today.  
Come on.  
Ow!  
Fuck balls!  
Today.  
Fuck!  
Now, there's five other guys  
who wanted to do this job,  
but I said that I'd handle it.  
You want to know why?  
Because...  
I wanted to give you a chance  
to prepare, to make peace.  
Anybody else, you'd already have  
a bullet in your head.  
You understand?  
I got shit to do.  
Now, I've got

**a meeting at 3:**

I have to be  
somewhere else at 3:00.  
So that's how much time  
you've got.  
But if you reach  
for that door again,  
I'll do it now,  
I swear it.  
All right?  
I'm a fucking retard.

I'm trying to be a nice guy.  
Oh, yeah,  
thank you very much, Reuben.  
You're super swell.  
You're welcome.  
So...  
what do you want to do, Andy?  
And I suggest you make good use  
of this time.  
I don't know.  
I-I can't think.  
I got to take a piss.  
You can take a piss  
when you're dead.  
I got to piss now,  
Reuben.  
I've been holding it in  
for, like, a fucking hour.  
I will go in here if you want.  
Do you have, like, a cup  
or a bottle or something  
for me to pee into?  
Wait there.  
Come on, then.  
Don't try anything stupid.  
Go on that post there.  
What if I got some money?  
I could always sell my TV set.  
TV's not worth 68 grand, Andy.  
It's 68 now?  
Jesus.  
Don't be looking at my dick.  
Well, fuck, could you  
turn around, please?  
You're really making me  
very nervous.  
Go on.  
What if I got ten grand?  
Well, I'd take the ten grand  
and shoot you anyway.  
Really?  
I got 60 bones in my pocket.  
We'll go to the casino,  
play some high stakes slots.

It's not about  
the money anymore, Andy.  
It's about you  
going around town,  
bragging about how  
you're not gonna pay people.  
It's about you going around,  
making fun of the way  
one of those people looks.  
Well, he's-  
he's got a fucking-  
Yeah, he's got a harelip,  
and guess what.  
He doesn't like people who  
owe him large amounts of money  
calling him  
Mr. Funny Mouth.  
Now, are you gonna piss or what?  
I can't.  
I'm having trouble here.  
Could you make, like,  
a waterfall sound?  
What?  
Just like Niagara Falls,  
just go-  
It'll help me go.  
Andy, you've got three seconds  
before I shoot  
your fucking dick off.  
Okay, okay,  
here we go.  
Oh, there we go.  
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.  
Idiot.  
Oh.  
Let's go.  
Fuck!  
This is the sort of  
fucking luck I have.  
I smell like  
a fucking hobo right now.  
Get in the fucking car.  
Now, put your seat belt on  
and stop dicking around, Andy.



Man.

Ah, such a classic  
track to hear on the station  
that plays all your favorites,  
CL 97.3.

Up next, we're jumping ahead to 1970  
with Lighthouse  
and One Fine Morning.

# One fine morning, girl, I wake up #  
What are you doing?

The fuck's it look like I'm doing?

I already told you no.

What do you mean, no?

I already told you,  
you can't smoke.

Now, put it out.

What, are you fucking kidding me?

I don't want to breathe that crap.

I'll roll the window down.

Didn't you smoke for, like,  
20 fucking years, Reuben?

Yeah, and then I realized  
it was disgusting.

Now, put it out.

So we're just gonna sit here,  
driving around all day?

They just got some  
polar bears at the zoo.

We could go to the art gallery,  
check out some paintings.

Anything you want, Andy.

You just figure it out  
and let me know.

It's hard to think  
without a smoke, you know?

I don't know.

What?

Spill it.

There's a woman,  
works over on Regent,  
looks kind of like Rosie Perez.

Is that what you want to do,  
get a hooker?

I don't know, Reuben.

Hey, if that's what you want,  
I mean, then fine.  
I'm-I'm just asking.  
Man, let's see.  
Art gallery,  
Rosie Perez look-alike naked.  
Stare at fucking polar bears,  
see Rosie Perez look-alike naked.  
I mean-  
It's your hour.  
If that's what you want to do.  
You don't like Rosie Perez.  
You-you don't think  
she's a good actress.  
No, I like her fine.  
And she's fucking hot as balls, right?  
Yeah, hot as balls.  
And I don't want to die  
knowing that I could have fucked  
a piece of ass  
that looked just like her, do you?  
Like I said, Andy,  
it's your hour.  
Well, here's Regent.  
You want to head down that way?  
There's no right answer, Andy.  
If that's what you want to do...  
Hmm.  
Let's go in, Andy.  
Okay.  
I mean, look, it's definitely  
not gonna take an hour, Reuben.  
I don't think I even really  
want to fuck her.  
I just want her to, like,  
take her clothes off  
and look at her,  
you know.  
We can go see the polar bears after,  
if you want.  
Hey, it's not about me,  
honestly.  
- Do what you want.  
- Yeah.

Okay, it's just up here  
a little bit more.  
Here?  
That don't look like  
no Rosie Perez to me.  
That's your idea of Rosie Perez?  
No, fuck.  
That's, like, her mother  
or fucking aunt or something.  
That's-ah, jeez.  
No, no, it's okay.  
No, no, no, it's okay.  
No, don't.  
Don't-it's okay.  
No, it's okay.  
Do you want a date?  
No.  
No, thank you.  
No?  
No, uh...  
Is your daughter working today?  
My daughter?  
Or-or your niece?  
Looks like Rosie Perez?  
Do you want head?  
No, thank you.  
Maybe some time later.  
Awesome, but thank you.  
You see?  
That's the sort of luck I have.  
I finally get the nerve  
to come down here, and-shit.  
What?  
Is your daughter working?  
What?  
I was perfectly cordial.  
How much money you got?  
I already told you,  
60 bucks.  
Give me \$50.  
Why?  
Just do it.  
Oh, motherfuck!  
Hey, sugarpuss.

Say, my young friend here,  
he got so excited at the sight  
of your sweet face  
and your-your hot body,  
that he-  
well, he threw a little party  
in his pants.  
So, I figure  
he owes you this.  
Okay, fine.  
Yo, what the fuck was that?  
Is getting hookers  
really what you want to do  
with your last day on Earth, huh?  
Well, what am I supposed to do, like,  
fuckin' find that special someone,  
settle down, have a family?  
Now what are you doing?  
Am I gonna have to take my seatbelt off?  
Get out.  
Now take a look around.  
What?  
Just around.  
Well, we live in a shit hole.  
I already knew that, Reuben.  
It's not a shit hole.  
It's home.  
It's where we live.  
Don't you feel anything  
when you look at this, Andy?  
Yeah, sure.  
Anger, depression, hepatitis.  
Come here.  
- Get up there.  
- What?  
Get up on the hood of the car.  
- Why?  
- Just do it.  
Ah, fuck.  
What do you see?  
A shit hole from a slightly  
higher perspective.  
Try taking a harder look,  
funny man.

What do you see?  
Ugly street...  
ugly ass fucking buildings.  
That's you, Andy.  
That's you out there.  
Almost everything  
that ever happened to you  
happened right here,  
right here in this city.  
Right?  
Yeah, right.  
Get down.  
Jesus.  
What are you,  
Fred Dryer?  
Buckle up.  
I just can't believe you.  
You don't care  
about anything...  
or anyone.  
Isn't there somebody out there  
that you want to look at  
one last time, huh?  
Say good-bye to?  
What, did you want to go see  
Mom's gravestone  
or meet my fucking deadbeat dad?  
Or we-you want to watch  
an ex-girlfriend  
chuck a plate  
at my fucking head?  
Come on, Andy,  
now, there must be somebody.  
I don't know.  
Maybe we could go see my grandma.  
Where's Grandma?  
East.  
Great.  
We have to head that way anyway.  
So you close with your grandmother?  
Yeah, we're pretty tight.  
That's weird.  
You never talked about her  
over the years.

That's weird?  
Yeah, I don't think  
you've ever mentioned her.  
Well, what the hell  
was I gonna say to you?  
Hey, Reuben, you know  
what's pretty cool?  
My grandmother actually plays  
bingo every Tuesday night.  
Or here, interesting fact:  
I don't think my grandmother's  
had sex in 38 years.  
Fair enough.  
Besides, you know,  
I haven't seen her in a while.  
No?  
How long?  
I don't know, like, three,  
four years, maybe.  
Four years?  
I thought you said you were close.  
We-we were.  
When I was little, you know,  
Dad was gone,  
and Mom was doing her thing,  
so I ended up at Grandma's a lot,  
and, oh, she had so much food,  
Ding Dongs and Twinkies  
and Jos. Louis  
and-and all sorts of pop,  
like, every fucking color of pop,  
the red pop, the white pop,  
even fucking green pop.  
Bunch of fucking cats  
to play with.  
Bought me a Nintendo,  
bought me a BMX,  
one of those Play-Doh  
barbershop kit things  
that you make the hair with.  
I mean, fuck.  
Why haven't you kept in touch?  
I, you know-  
I owe her some money.

Hmm.  
And I stole some shit from her,  
pawned it all off  
and then lost it all  
at the native casino.  
That's a pretty shitty thing  
to do to your grandma.  
Oh, I know,  
I know, I know.  
I-I thought I was gonna win,  
and I'd buy it all back, you know?  
I was sure I was gonna win.  
I want to show you something.  
Do you want to go play golf?  
No, I hate golf.  
There's a story  
behind that club, though.  
What, you, like, beat somebody  
to death with it or something?  
No, I made a hole in one with it.  
I thought you hate golf.  
I do.  
But a friend, he dragged me out  
to play with him one day.  
This was, '85, maybe,  
a few years  
before I came over.  
And I got to the first tee,  
and he showed me  
how to strike the ball.  
So I hunker down over it,  
and I take a swing,  
and I hit the ball  
straight for the green.  
It bounces four times  
and goes plunk,  
right in the hole.  
No.  
Yep.  
Your first fucking shot ever?  
Yep.  
My buddy fell on the ground.  
He couldn't believe it.  
He said-he said,

"Most golfers never get a hole in one  
in their whole life, ever."

Jesus.

So what'd you do?

Well, I told my friend,  
"I'm keeping this club,"  
and I left.

- You left.

- Yeah, I went home.

I figured it wasn't going to get  
any better than that.

What was the point of going on?

I like to keep it with me.

Little reminder of something I got right.

Not the shot.

That was bullshit,  
but actually walking away  
at the right moment.

How often do we do that?

# Four men in a rock and roll band #

# Fly at night,

in the morning we land #

# Fly at night

till we're satisfied #

# See the morning

from the other side #

# And when you close your eyes #

# Sleep comes fast #

# When you fly the universe #

You want to hear my

one in a million hole in one?

Yeah.

All right.

About five years ago,  
back when I was still living  
on the east end,

I wake up one morning,  
and I have got the feeling  
like I've never had it.

I got the fucking King Midas  
going big time.

Like, I knew it,  
knew it, knew it, knew it,  
knew I was gonna



rip a big win that day.  
And I had this voice in my head  
that just kept saying,  
"Go to the track.  
"Go to the track, Andy.  
Go to the track."  
'Cause there was this 80 to 1  
long shot called Egyptian Fin.  
Egyptian Fin?  
Egyptian fucking Fin.  
I was sure she was gonna win, right?  
And I-I just got paid.  
I had this stupid  
fucking construction job,  
and I was prepared to bet  
the whole bloody check  
on Egyptian Fin.  
I-I thought I'd be up  
around 30 grand or something.  
Only problem is, the track  
didn't open till lunchtime.  
So I got fucking five hours to kill.  
Anyway, idiot over here  
gets so excited,  
I smoke the whole fucking pack  
of smokes in the first hour.  
Part of me's saying,  
"Hey, just sit tight.  
"Stay here.  
"Wait till the track opens.  
"Don't risk going out there  
and wasting that luck  
on something stupid."  
But I figured  
maybe I can just run  
to the corner store,  
grab a pack of smokes,  
and run right back.  
Of course, I got fuck all  
in my fridge,  
so I grabbed a bottle  
of ice tea while I was there.  
Motherfucker.  
What?

I crack open the ice tea,  
and it starts to make a noise.  
What kind of noise?  
Like, music, like, some fucking  
reggae shit or something.  
And-and I call up  
the tea company.  
I'm like, "Excuse me,  
my tea's making music."  
And the woman  
on the phone says,  
"Oh, congratulations.  
You've won the grand prize."  
You know, and I'm thinking,  
"Fucking A, validation."  
"I knew it."  
Today was the day."  
I-I felt so happy.  
I was so fucking happy.  
Well, what'd you win?  
Well, she goes away for a little bit.  
She has to check something  
on the computer.  
I hear-  
Comes back on the phone  
and says,  
"Sir, you've won  
a Caribbean cruise for two."  
And I'm like,  
"You've got to be  
fucking shitting me."  
"I hate boats."  
"I hate the water."  
I- I don't even really like  
the sun that much. "  
I asked her if I could-  
if I could sell it, please.  
She said, "No."  
It was, like, nontransferable  
or some shit.  
And what happened to the horse,  
you know, Egyptian Fin?  
Finished dead last.  
Oh, well, you see?

There you go.  
It saved you from losing  
your paycheck.  
That was lucky, wasn't it?  
You really don't fucking  
get it at all, do you?  
Yeah, I-I get it.  
You feel like you wasted  
your luck on a crappy prize.  
Yeah, but not just any luck.  
The chances of winning that thing  
are, like, one in a million.  
But you said that you felt  
lucky again today, right?  
Lucky.  
Not a million-to-one fucking lucky.  
Just turn up here, please.  
- Here?  
- Take a right.  
Fly at Night.  
The West Coast's own Chilliwack.  
It's 17 minutes past the hour here  
with Rockin' Johnny's  
all vinyl afternoon.  
Your grandmother works  
at Jollop's Chicken?  
No, no, she just  
really likes it, though.  
Her and the cats do.  
You're not gonna try  
anything stupid, now, are you?  
No.  
All right, let's go.  
Jesus.  
I worked at this joint when I was 17.  
Worst fucking year of my life.  
Hello.  
Not very talkative.  
Um...  
Are there  
any specials today?  
Number two?  
Number three?  
No, I-I mean, like, isn't it

Toony Tuesday or some shit?  
Number two.  
With a Coke?  
Number two, that's-  
that's the special?  
Yes, number two.  
Yes, number two is the special?  
You like a Coke?  
Do I like Coke?  
Number two?  
Jesus, you really love  
that fucking number two,  
don't you?  
Andy.  
- What are you doing?  
- What?  
I'm just trying to help  
an immigrant learn English.  
Let me see your wallet.  
Why?  
Just give me  
your fucking wallet.  
Fuck's sake.  
You have ten bucks in here.  
So?  
So why are you looking  
to spend two when you got ten?  
You got plans for the rest  
of that money?  
No.  
So why are you haggling to save  
a few bucks on fast food?  
Fuck, you want me to pay  
full price like a schmuck?  
Fine, I don't give a fuck.  
I'll do it.  
Just tell me what it is  
that you want me to do here.  
There's nothing I can accomplish  
in an hour that's gonna save me  
from wherever the fuck it is  
that I'm going, Reuben.  
Mr. Funny Mouth.  
Yeah.

Impatient fucker.  
Honestly, Andy,  
I want you to do whatever you want.  
Bullshit.  
It's your time, Andy.  
All right.  
I'll do whatever I want.  
Number three, please.  
- Three?  
- Three.  
Hey, listen, does  
fucking Donny still work here?  
He used to be  
the assistant manager.  
Donny, please.  
What's up, Kwan?  
Can I help you?  
Do you know who I am,  
Donny?  
I am the ghost  
of employees past.  
Is that fucking Andy?  
Yes, fucking Andy and others.  
I am made of the ghosts  
of all the employees  
you abused  
over the years.  
Abused?  
I caught you putting your dick  
in the macaroni salad,  
and I fired your ass.  
Yeah, but not before you ate a whole  
shitload of my cum, you didn't.  
You know, you're a class act, Andy.  
All right, look,  
you've had your fun, okay?  
Can-can you give him  
his chicken, Kwan?  
Kwan, read my lips.  
Give him his chicken, please.  
You see?  
That.  
That's the shit right there  
I'm talking about.

You don't got to scream  
at Kwan like that.  
You don't have to tell me  
what to do.  
You got your chicken.  
Now, why don't you  
get out of my store?  
Oh, right, you got more  
employees to abuse back there.  
I understand completely.  
What is with this abuse thing?  
I don't ever recall  
abusing you, Andy.  
What?  
No, in fact,  
you want to hear  
something funny?  
Yeah.  
I actually liked you.  
Oh, for fuck's sakes.  
You know, I got a kid  
in the back.  
- He reminds me a bit of you.  
- Oh, yeah?  
Yeah, a real punk,  
talks a lot of crap.  
Hey, good for him.  
He sounds awesome.  
Awesome?  
That's awesome to you, huh?  
Well, why don't I get him out here?  
Maybe you can tell him  
what a big success you've become, huh?  
I don't have time for this.  
I don't have time for this crap.  
Let's go.  
Ah, fucking shit.  
I got to go back in.  
- Why?  
- I got to go back.  
Hey.  
Fucking piece of shit.  
Donny!  
Donny.

Donny!  
Oh, yeah, okay.  
You better fucking  
stay back there, Donny.  
Yeah, you better stay back there.  
And-and you tell the punk kid in the back  
that, yeah, he's better off  
being a deadbeat  
than a fucking fascist  
fast food manager.  
And-and I-  
and you better be nicer to Kwan.  
I don't want to hear that you've  
been mean to Kwan ever again.  
Be nice to Kwan!  
So...  
What?  
Feel better?  
That's not true,  
is it, Andy?  
What?  
About the macaroni salad.  
Oh, no, it's-  
I may have tried it  
once or twice.  
Oh, Jesus, Andy.  
What, Reuben?  
I was 17, okay?  
I didn't have a girlfriend.  
And a  
tragedy that both its writers  
ended up hanging themselves  
after a argument.  
Hey, but you see the  
fucking look on his face?  
But why did he deserve that?  
I bet you were a crap employee.  
Crap employee?  
I-I wouldn't-  
I wouldn't be  
in this situation now, Reuben.  
You blame that bloke for your situation.  
Come on, Andy.  
No, he fucked me up, okay?

He disillusioned me.  
What do you mean he disillusioned you?  
How did he disillusion you?  
Always fucking staring at me  
and judging me and berating me.  
And it's like,  
you get done with your work,  
and you just try to relax,  
He'll be like, "Hey, Andy,  
go mop the floors."  
Or, "Andy, go clean  
the employee washroom.  
I just went diarrhea  
all over the motherfucker."  
And after a while,  
I started to realize  
if this is what it is  
to be in the workforce,  
then yeah, fucking A,  
I'm better off being a criminal.  
Well, let me ask you this, Andy.  
Would you want a dick  
in your dinner?  
I suppose not.  
That's what I thought.  
And I-I got to say,  
as someone who likes  
to order the occasional meal  
from a joint like that,  
I'm happy to know  
that there's somebody there  
to make sure the place is clean,  
the food's prepared right,  
and the employees  
aren't fucking the salads.  
Guy was just doing his job, right?  
Yeah, just following orders, right?  
Just-just like you, Reuben,  
just following orders.  
Right, Andy, just like me.  
So I'm a bad guy  
because I gamble too much,  
but you know what, Reuben?  
I've never fucking hurt anyone.



I've never killed anybody.  
That's not why  
you're a bad guy, Andy.  
This isn't even about you  
gambling too much.  
This is about you  
fucking people over.  
You know, when people  
give a guy chance after chance  
and he keeps fucking 'em over,  
I mean, pretty soon,  
it seems like that bloke,  
he just doesn't give a shit  
about anyone or anything.  
You went to school here, right?  
Yeah, here's where  
it all started to go to shit.  
Believe it or not,  
I was actually one of  
the smart kids in grade three.  
Oh, what happened in grade four?  
I'll tell you what  
happened in grade four.  
Sherry Lewis started wearing  
a fucking skirt to school.  
And then grade five,  
the teacher, Mrs. McDougal,  
looked exactly  
like Elizabeth Berkley.  
Like, I'm supposed  
to learn fucking math  
when I got Showgirls happening  
at the front of the classroom?  
Like, please.  
I didn't like school.  
I just stared out the window,  
waiting for recess.  
I liked recess all right.  
First football.  
First smoke.  
First goal.  
First fight.  
First fucking bet.  
She's the turquoise one up on the left.

Up next, news and weather.  
Bet you any money  
she's watching the TV.  
Onto the topic  
at hand, which is ex sex.  
Have you guys ever?  
Close, very close.  
Grandma?  
Hi, there.  
My program's over  
in five minutes, Andy.  
I brought you some chicken.  
Don't block my view.  
All right.  
Just put it there.  
Have a seat, sweetheart.  
I'm not gonna bite.  
I'm okay.  
Reuben doesn't like smoke,  
Grandma.  
I'll just stand here.  
Well, go on then.  
Have a look.  
Well, I just had my lunch  
not too long ago.  
What is this?  
Is this for everybody?  
No, Reuben and me  
already ate.  
It's just for you.  
Well, it's too much.  
What do you think I am,  
an elephant?  
Well, I mean, all right,  
I'll help you out.  
Get your grubby paws out of  
there if you've already eaten.  
Oh, yeah, it's all right.  
I'll have some later  
with my peas.  
Here.  
Put that in the fridge  
for your grandma, Andy.  
Yeah, sure.

You can keep me company  
while he's gone.  
I just need a glass of water.  
Here, come see this.  
Jesus.  
She live alone?  
Oh, look.  
She squeezes  
all the air out of it  
so it stays fresh longer.  
I mean, it-it lasts  
for fucking ever.  
You want some cream soda?  
- No.  
- No?  
Still got plenty of fizz.  
Grandma was right.  
Oh, look at this.  
Every night, the same thing,  
five cards.  
She-she never wins,  
but she never loses.  
She always breaks even.  
The woman has absolutely no luck.  
It's uncanny.  
She's got no bad luck,  
no good luck, just even Steven.  
And it takes her, like, a whole hour  
just to do one of these things.  
So, like, she'll do a square  
and go have a coffee  
and then do another square  
and have a bit of cake.  
What's going on in there?  
Nothing's going on in here.  
Stay away from my  
scratch tickets.  
Christ, how many friggin' cats  
do you have, Grandma?  
Just the ten.  
Just the ten?  
Well, I get some of those  
neighborhood cats  
coming in through

that damn door, though.  
What the hell do you need  
ten cats for?  
Well, they're company.  
It's not like I get  
a lot of visitors here, Andy.  
Your friend's awful shy.  
Have a seat.  
Honestly, I prefer to stand.  
Who likes to stand for a visit?  
What do you do at bedtime,  
stand like a horse while you sleep?  
Hey, Grandma,  
do you still have that  
Play-Doh barber shop kit?  
The what?  
Remember?  
The friggin' thing  
where you crank out the hair.  
I don't know.  
It's up in the attic there somewhere.  
You boys seem a bit old for that.  
Well, you can go drag it out  
if you want.  
I don't care.  
Nah, it's okay.  
It's okay.  
Actually, Grandma, do you mind  
if I turn off the TV a sec?  
Well, that Touched by an Angel  
is coming on.  
It'll be real quick.  
I just-  
It's kind of important.  
I don't have any money  
to lend you, Andy.  
I don't want any money, Grandma.  
Okay, fine.  
Grandma, I-  
I'm sorry that I haven't  
been here in a while.  
And-no, honestly, Grandma.  
I-I just-  
I wanted you to know

how sorry I am  
for all the things  
that I've done.

Grandma.

No, 'cause-'cause-  
no, 'cause honestly,  
I've done some bad shit.

I'm so sorry, Grandma.

All right, never mind that.

All right.

You were the only person that  
was actually ever nice to me.

It's all right.

Oh, fuck, I'm sorry.

Oh, God, I'm sorry.

Hey, Grandma, is-  
is Miss Manu still alive?

Yeah?

Yeah, she's up on my bed.  
She's got the diabetes, though.

Do you think it would be okay  
if I went up and got her?

She's very fragile, Andy.

No, I'll be careful, I promise.

All right,  
then go bring her down.

Yeah, all right.

I'll go get her.

I'm just gonna get Miss Manu.

Is he in some kind of trouble?

Hello, baby.

Who's a baby?

Are you a baby?

Who is my little baby,

Miss Manu?

Who's a baby?

How's my baby?

Eww, what the fuck happened  
to your face?

Are you cleaning  
your ears now?

You lived here a long time?

Oh, Lord, going on 35 years.

It's nice.

Cozy.

Do you mind if I turn the TV back on?

No, go ahead.

Do you have any programs  
that you like to watch?

No, whatever you want  
to watch.

Oh, shit.

I got to-

I'm sorry.

Hey, Andy.

Andy?

Oh, fuck you, Reuben.

Andy.

Fuck you, Reuben.

All right, you know what?

You know what?

You just-

You know what you do?

Just fucking shoot me then.

Just shoot me, Reuben.

Fuck!

Oh, God damn it!

You fucking shot me!

I just grazed your leg, Andy.

Little flesh wound is all.

Jesus Christ!

Oh, fucking pussy fart.

This'll stop the bleeding.

You're lucky

I'm such a good shot.

Hey, go fuck yourself.

All right, Andy,

let's get back to the car.

Oh, fuck you.

Andy.

My grandmother

called the police, okay?

You better get the fuck

out of here, Reuben.

We can do this here and now if you want.

I don't really think that'd be fair

to your grandmother, though.

Do you?

I'd hate for her  
to have to see this.  
You fucking bastard.  
Come on, now.  
God damn it.  
I made that jump a dozen times  
when I was a kid,  
not so much as  
a fucking scratch.  
Well, your body goes to the shitter  
the older you get, Andy.  
No, I got a fucking curse on me,  
born in the fucking curse.  
If you say so, Andy.  
Let's go.  
You all right?  
Oh, I'm just fucking dandy, Reuben.  
Open up that glove box.  
Take one of them  
yellow ones.  
What is it?  
Don't worry about it.  
It'll take the edge off.  
You got any water?  
Just swallow it.  
Don't be a baby.  
It'll take a few minutes to kick in.  
So I'm gonna assume that you  
planned your little escape  
long before you got  
to your grandmother's place.  
I've got to give you  
your props, Andy.  
You handled it nicely.  
I mean, not just the weepy bit  
on Grandma's lap,  
but all the rest of it,  
you know,  
all the details before.  
Any of that true?  
You'd think I'd actually steal  
from my own  
fucking grandmother, Reuben?  
I mean, I owe her

a wee bit of money, but...

Is there really a Miss Manu?

Yeah.

She just happened to pass away  
when I was 11.

Hmm.

So tell me this, Andy:

if you have the imagination  
to come up with all that,  
to plan that far ahead,  
and to fool a bloke  
who doesn't get fooled very often,  
how come you never  
got your shit together?

I already told you, Reuben,  
'cause I'm too far

in the fucking hole, aren't I?

I-I would have been better off  
if you just put a fucking bullet  
in my head an hour ago.

Do you really believe that, Andy?

You okay, Cleo?

Reuben, she's been asleep  
for a very long time.

What the fuck did you give her?

Same thing I gave you.

Half a dose.

Less than half.

A quarter, okay?

What does she weigh,  
like, 12 pounds?

No, motherfucker,  
she only weighs nine pounds.

- Really?

- Yes!

Only nine?

No worries,

she'll be all right, Andy.

She'll be fine.

Trust me.

What are you gonna do with her?

Are you gonna keep her?

You know, if you were half as nice  
to people as you are to Cleo,



you might not be in this jam, Andy.  
Yeah, well,  
Cleo doesn't fucking judge me.  
The cat doesn't look at me  
like I'm a hopeless fuck-up.  
She doesn't care if I gamble  
or smoke or whatever.  
Cat's too dumb to do any of those things.  
No, she's not dumb.  
She's easygoing.  
Easy like Sunday morning,  
aren't you, Cleo?  
You know, Andy,  
when I picked up Cleo,  
I snooped around your place  
a bit, and-and I...  
I found this.  
Who is she?  
This girl I knew.  
She's pretty.  
Yeah, she is.  
So instead of dicking around  
for the last hour,  
why didn't you look her up?  
'Cause she don't want to see me, Reuben.  
Trust me.  
You want to call her?  
You sure?  
Suit yourself.  
Here.  
Take a look in there.  
Cake.  
Go on, try some.  
Somebody took a fucking bite  
out of it already.  
So?  
What, you're gonna worry about germs now?  
Go ahead and try some.  
Good?  
No?  
It's nice.  
Great, delicious.  
A week ago, I never knew chocolate  
raspberry truffle cake even existed.

I didn't know some genius  
had figured out a way  
to make chocolate cake taste even better.  
I guess what scares me most  
about dying  
is all the stuff  
I'll never know about,  
you know?  
I mean, that cake there, that's-  
that's just a little thing, but what else?  
If you'd died 20 years ago,  
think of all the stuff  
you would have missed.  
You gonna finish that?  
No, I'm not really hungry.  
You still have a few minutes, Andy.  
Yeah, I'd maybe like to hear  
some music if that's okay.  
Music?  
What kind?  
Pop, rock, classical, jazz?  
Whatever.  
Just hit the search button,  
see where she lands.  
Would go on to be Murphy's only hit.  
Reaching number-  
Figures.  
What?  
It's a nice song.  
- Nice?  
- Yeah.  
It's the fucking  
saddest shit ever, man.  
This shit follows me around  
everywhere I go.  
What do you mean,  
follows you around?  
It's all part of my shit luck.  
Oh, come on, Andy.  
Are you saying that if  
a happy song had come on,  
you'd-you'd no longer  
believe in luck?  
I'll bet if Chuck E's in Love

had come on,  
you'd say, "Oh, I owe fucking  
money to Chucky Edge.  
"Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck.  
I must be cursed."  
I don't owe money to Chucky Edge.  
Well, yes, you do, actually.  
But the point is, if you keep  
looking for the same thing,  
you're gonna wind up  
with the same thing.  
You-you don't fucking get it,  
do you, Reuben?  
I'm cursed.  
I am fucking cursed.  
I really am.  
No, I got-I got two kinds of luck.  
I've got bad luck,  
and I've got fucking shit luck.  
The only good luck I ever had  
was wasted because of my shit luck.  
That is horseshit, Andy.  
You can't waste it.  
Listen, the guy who  
just won the lottery, okay?  
He can go back  
to the same damn store  
and play the same  
goddamn numbers  
and have exactly  
the same chance of winning  
as he did the week before.  
Random things happen.  
Sometimes you benefit;  
sometimes you don't.  
That's all luck is, Andy.  
You really believe that shit?  
I sure do.  
All right, hit the fucking  
search button again.  
Fine.  
# I can't live #  
# if living is without you #  
# I can't live #

I mean, come on, please.

It's about a guy and his girlfriend.

Jesus.

# If living is without you #

# I can't give #

# I can't give anymore #

# Well, I can't forget this evening #

# or your face as you were leaving #

# But I guess that's just

the way the story goes #

# You always smile #

# but in your eyes #

# your sorrow shows #

# Yes, it shows #

# Can't live #

# if living is without you #

# I can't live #

# I can't give anymore #

# I can't live #

# if living is- #

Reuben.

No, Andy.

We still have a minute or two.

Any last requests?

Oh, jeez, Reuben, you think

we could go to Walt Disney World?

No.

We could talk about it if you want.

Is that a place you have

fond memories of, huh?

Disney World?

I never went

to fucking Disney World.

You wish you had,

though, huh?

Nope, not really.

Okay, so suppose

that we could go somewhere.

Where would you go?

What would you do?

I've never been anywhere, Reuben.

The only place I'm going now

is straight to hell.

You think there's a hell, Andy?

I sure fucking hope not.  
What about heaven?  
What do you think that's like?  
Sometimes I think I'll get up there,  
and they'll, like,  
take a look at my file and say,  
"Fucking A, Andy,  
you got a shitty-ass deal.  
You got a raw deal. "  
And they'll send me back.  
Only this time, I've got, like,  
Einstein's brain,  
and I look like George Clooney,  
and I-I'd use the Einstein brain  
to cure fucking AIDS and cancer  
and use all the Clooney looks to...  
get a lot of pussy.  
But, you know,  
on the other hand,  
they might say,  
"Well, hey, you were actually  
one of the lucky ones, you know?"  
And send you back to live  
in some war-torn third-world slum.  
No-yes, you're right.  
That's it.  
With my luck, I'd get reincarnated  
as some dirty old bug  
that fucking eats shit  
for half a day and dies  
or, like, one of those fucking  
retard inbred dogs  
that can barely breathe, right?  
- What?  
- What?  
Your constant bad luck  
bullshit is what.  
You know, people have wanted  
you dead for years, Andy.  
Yeah, that's right, years.  
I've been making excuses for you  
for God knows how long.  
You remember when you were 13,  
and you placed all them bets

on them college basketball games?  
Yeah, March Madness.  
Fucking Xavier beat Georgetown.  
March Madness turned into  
April where's our fucking money.  
And they sent me out  
to put a little scare in you.  
So I tailed you home  
after school one day.  
You were this little goofball  
riding a ten-speed bike  
in the middle of winter.  
You had a Walkman on.  
You were doing all this  
dangerous no-hands stuff,  
weaving in and out of traffic.  
And I said to myself,  
"You know?  
"I should really do a number  
on this little nitwit.  
Might do him some good. "  
So I-  
I pulled up beside you  
at an intersection.  
I rolled down my window.  
You didn't even notice me, though,  
'cause your Walkman was blaring,  
and the Stones must have  
just come on, because you were-  
you were singing that opening part  
to You Can't Always Get What You Want,  
you know, the really high part  
with the boys choir?  
You were making a terrible  
fucking sound, god-awful.  
I should have shot you  
right there just for that.  
But, you know, I went soft.  
I couldn't hit you.  
I just figured you were some dumb kid  
who made a dumb mistake,  
and I drove away.  
I pretended  
that you gave me the money,

and I-I paid it myself.

What?

That was you?

Yeah.

And I...

I apologize for that, Andy.

I truly regret it.

I mean, if I'd...

you know,

done my job properly,

I might have turned you around,

kept you from turning hard-core.

That's why I've been giving

you all these chances.

But, you know, I can only take

so much responsibility.

Right?

I mean, you're the guy

who kept pissing away

chance after chance.

You know, you're the guy

that owes us 68 grand.

I-I understand.

I understand.

But I swear to God, Reuben.

I swear to God, I think

if I had one more chance-

One more chance to do what?

Buy another lottery ticket?

Bet on another game?

No, I-I-

Reuben.

Andy, please don't.

What do you want me to do, Andy,

call him and say,

"Change of plans;

Andy doesn't feel like

dying today"?

Hmm?

It's too late, Andy.

I'm sorry.

Not too late.

It's not too late.

Reuben, I can disappear.

Okay, fine, disappear.  
But your head's not gonna be  
attached to your body.  
Yeah, that's what happens  
when you call a bloke  
you owe money "Mr. Funny Mouth."  
Reuben.  
Andy, stop.  
Now, I thought we had something  
real going here, finally.  
Reuben.  
No, Andy.  
Reuben, please.  
No.  
Let's go.  
Please.  
- Don't.  
- Come on.  
No.  
Andy, move your ass.  
No!  
No!  
Fuck you, Reuben!  
Fuck you!  
You fucking shoot me right here  
in your fucking piece of shit car, Reuben!  
Shoot me right in here.  
Fuck you!  
Come on, Andy.  
I'm supposed to get a last one of these.  
Andy.  
Open the door.  
I'm supposed to get one last smoke.  
Open the door, Andy.  
You all right?  
Top of the fucking world, Reuben.  
Okay.  
Reuben.  
No, Andy.  
Reuben, I-I just-  
No, Andy.  
Just listen to me.  
Andy.  
Listen, I really just want



to enjoy the scenery.  
I suggest you do the same.  
I-I-listen.  
No, Andy.  
Reuben.  
- Reuben.  
- Andy.  
Reuben, I'm begging you.  
Listen to me.  
The next sound you make  
will be your last.  
Don't even do that, Andy.  
This is it.  
Next fucking sound,  
next fucking move,  
it's all over.  
Take one last look  
at this world, mate.  
Are you ready, Andy?  
I have one last thing  
I want to tell you.  
Reuben.  
Don't fucking interrupt me.  
You want to talk about bad luck?  
Fucking up your life,  
making stupid bets,  
stupid choices,  
that's not bad luck.  
That's just stupid.  
I'll tell you  
what bad luck is, Andy.  
Bad luck is finding out  
that thing  
you thought was an ulcer  
is really a fucking tumor.  
Bad luck is realizing that you  
haven't done shit with your life.  
Bad luck is realizing  
what's really important  
when it's too fucking late!  
Unfortunately,  
it's too late for some of us, Andy.  
# I can make you scared #  
# if you want me to #

# I'm not prepared #  
# but if I have to #  
# I said I can make you scared #  
# It's kind of what I do #  
# If you're prepared #  
# here's what I propose to do #  
# You're in Russia #  
# and more than a million works of art #  
# are whisked out to the woods #  
# So when the Nazis  
find the whole place dark #  
# they think God's left  
the museum for good #  
# Make you scared #  
# 'cause that's what I do #  
# If you're prepared #  
# if I have to #  
# If I make you scared #  
# and you pay me to #  
# then that's the deal #  
# Now here's what I can do for you #  
# Now there's a focus group #  
# that can prove #  
# this is all nothing  
but cold calculation #  
# Tests have shown #  
# that suspicious or hostile #  
# their lives need not be shortened #  
# truth be told #  
# they can live a long, long while #  
# tickled to death by their importance #  
# If you make me scared #  
# if that's what you do #  
# if I'm unclear #  
# can I get out of this thing  
with me and you #  
# And if you feel scared #  
# a bit confused #  
# I got to say #  
# this sounds a little beyond  
anything I'm used to #  
# Now there's a precious few #  
# that can prove  
that at the root #

# This is all nothing  
but cold calculation #  
# Clearly entranced #  
# you're leaning back now #  
# Defanged destroyer limps into the bay #  
# Down at the beach #  
# it's attracting quite a crowd #  
# as kids wade through blood  
out to it to play #  
# Okay you made me scared #  
# You did what you set out to do #  
# I'm not prepared #  
# you really had me going there  
for a minute or two #  
# He said, you made me scared too #  
# I wasn't sure I was getting through #  
# I got to go #  
# it's been a pleasure  
doing business with you #  
@