



Scripts.com

# The Fugitive Kind

By Tennessee Williams

Tell the clerk your name.

- Xavier.

- With an "x" or an "s"?

I told you before,

but you just don't remember me.

I remember you though,

you're also known as Snakeskin.

Now, Xavier, will you give...

an account to this court of the precise offense that led up to your arrest?

Well...

my guitar was in hock...

down at

the South Rampart Street pawnshop.

It was on display...

in the loan shark's window.

It's my life's companion.

- And...

- Are you drunk?

No, just...

I'm tired.

You want to rest for six weeks

in the house of detention?

No, sir, I don't want to do that.

My guitar was in hock...

and it was the first time in my life.

And, you know,

it gave me a real bad feeling.

I can't explain it to you.

But everybody has...

something that's very important to them.

With me...

it's my guitar.

And you know it was...

a gift from a very great man, Leadbelly.

I ain't asking no questions

about your guitar.

What happened the night

before the party was raided?

Well, I had to find some way, you know,

to get my guitar out of hock.

- So I ran into Charlie Five.

- Charlie who?

Well, his name is...

Cinque, Charlie Cinque,  
but they call him Charlie Five because...  
"cinq" means five in French...  
and you can hit on him for \$5  
if you really need it.  
And so he came up to me  
and approached me in the Starlight Lounge.

**It was about 6:**

in the p. m.  
And he came up and approached me  
and offered me the job.  
What job?  
I thought you already knew about the job.  
You know, the court could hear you better  
if you'd hold your head up when you talk.  
I am.  
What did he ask you to do?  
He asked me to...  
Well, he wanted me  
to entertain at this party...  
and I told him my guitar is in hock.  
He says, "It doesn't matter,  
you don't need your guitar. "  
And he says, "All you got to do is just,  
you know, be part of this...  
"you know, party. "  
He offered to pay you for taking part  
in this party which was raided the night...  
on the premises of Bourbon Street,  
over at the Club Rendezvous?  
- Is that it?  
- Yeah.  
And you started this disturbance  
at this party?  
Yes, sir, I did. I just...  
I was fed up. I got disgusted.  
I was sick and...  
I felt like my whole life  
was something sick on my stomach...  
and I just had to throw it up.  
So, I threw it up...  
and I started to bust up the joint.  
- You smashed up the place?

- Yeah.

Well, Snakeskin, if I let you go...  
how soon can I expect you back here again?  
I'm never coming here again.  
I'll never be down here again, Your Honor.  
It's about time for the...  
pawnshop to open there  
on South Rampart Street...  
and I'm going down there  
and get my guitar out of hock...  
and I'm going to split out of this city...  
and go for good.

All that, you know, bunch, all the people  
that know me or thought they'd known me...  
they're never going to see me again.

Well... And I'm all through  
with those parties, too.

And that's the truth.

That's the truth.

Eddie!

Ed!

I thought you were that boy  
that broke out of the lockup.

No, ma'am.

My car quit on me down the road  
and this is the only lighted window I seen.

Well, my husband's Sheriff Talbot.

He's out with the posse  
tracking down that poor boy.

Yes, ma'am.

- Your car quit on you?

- That's right, ma'am.

Come in.

Well, I don't know who to call at this hour.

I'm just looking for a little dry place  
to sleep, ma'am.

I don't need a bed or nothing...  
just a little dry place.

If it wouldn't make you too nervous,  
you could sleep in the lockup.

I don't want to put you  
to any trouble, ma'am.

No. No, it's no trouble.

Did somebody break out of here tonight?

Yes. Eddie.

I'm rarely disappointed  
when I put trust in people...  
but I was this time.

Tonight, when I brought him his supper...  
instead of putting it  
through the slot in the door...

I unlocked the door of the lockup...  
and he just shoved past me and he ran out.

And he said, "Excuse me. "

I think they got him.

Stop now.

It's all over, ma'am.

I think I'd like a cup of coffee.

- Would you care for a cup?

- Yes, ma'am.

I've been painting all night.

There's nothing more exhausting...

than that kind of work  
on the face of the earth.

It just leaves you burned out inside.

Still, but when you're finished  
with a picture...

you feel elevated.

- Is this the picture?

- Yes.

Yes, that's the Church of the Resurrection.

The church supposed to be blue?

No, that's how I felt it.

You see, I paint a thing how I feel it.

Thank you, ma'am.

- You know what I mean, Mr...

- Yes, ma'am. Xavier is my name.

Valentine Xavier.

Are you a musician, Mr. Xavier?

Well, I used to be a sort of  
entertainer in nightspots in New Orleans.

Well, if you're looking  
for that kind of work...

you won't find

that kind of work around here.

No, ma'am, I quit it. I'm...

Today's my 30th birthday, and I...

- Thank you.

- Here.

That's nice.

- I'm not young anymore.

- You're young at 30.

You're not young at 30

if you've been on a party since you were 15.

You mean...

that you want to turn over

a new leaf in your life?

That'd suit me perfectly.

If you're sincere, and you're really through  
with night places...

I think I could help you to find a job.

- Well, what kind of work would that be?

- It'd be clerking.

That's at the Torrance Mercantile Store.

Jabe Torrance is coming home

from the hospital in Memphis tomorrow.

But they say he won't be well enough  
to handle the work by himself.

- Would that kind of work suit you?

- I'd be happy to try it, ma'am.

Well, I'll speak to Lady...

that's Mrs. Torrance,

when she brings Jabe home tomorrow.

Well, if you're sleepy, maybe you could  
go on down and bed down there.

Well, I sure appreciate it.

Well, that's all right.

Man, all I want is something hot to drink...

a cup of coffee or a shot of whiskey.

Huh, Jordan?

I'm soaked clear through.

Look at that gun. It's going to take me  
two weeks to get that clean.

Why'd you leave the cell door open, Vee?

- Howdy, Mrs. Talbot.

- Howdy.

- I put my trust in Eddie.

- Yeah, you put your trust in him, all right.

Who's the boy you got sleeping  
down there now?

Mr. Xavier.

His car broke down. He's a musician.

Yeah, I'm sick of you making  
a fool of yourself over every stray tramp...  
that wanders into this county.  
A musician.  
What you gonna put  
on the coroner's report, Sheriff?  
Killed, attempting escape.  
That boy said, "Excuse me,"  
when he broke out.  
That makes it fine, don't it?  
They'll give him a crown in heaven.  
- What time is it?

**- About 1:**

What's that boy's name again?  
Xavier. Valentine Xavier.  
Not that boy, you fool.  
The boy who broke out.  
Pull it tight, now. Real tight.  
I want it tight, now.  
- Cannonball's coming into the depot.  
- Pee Wee!  
Pee Wee, get on down to that depot.  
Cannonball's coming in!  
- Hurry up, you two.  
- Pee Wee, get a move on.  
You can move faster than that,  
I've seen you.  
Come on, Dolly. We got to fix the buffet.  
- Hi, Mrs. Talbot. Where's the Sheriff?  
- He's gone down to the depot to meet Jabe.  
That's where we're going now.  
Hey, Snakeskin!  
Snakeskin!  
Thank you, Uncle Pleasant.  
Beulah, I'm sorry.  
I never can remember your last name.  
My name's Binnings, Beulah Binnings.  
Get him out of here!  
- He's gonna mark my baby.  
- Shoot, Dolly.  
It's just that crazy conjure man  
that sells trinkets on the turnpike.  
What have you got here, Uncle?

It's a bone of some kind.

- Well, it's just a bone.

- No.

- It's just a bone.

- Please get him out of here!

- It's a bone!

- Now, I'm getting mad!

Uncle Pleasant, you take this bone...

and you leave it on a bare rock

in the rain and the sun...

till every sign of corruption

is burned and washed away.

And then it will be a good charm.

You know, they say that if you...

break the heel of your slipper

in the morning...

that means you'll meet

the love of your life before dark.

Of course, it was almost dark

when I broke the heel of my slipper.

I suppose that means I'll meet

the love of my life before daybreak?

Somebody don't seem to realize

this store is closed.

She's a Cutrere

and thinks she can do as she pleases.

Why are you pretending

not to remember me?

It's hard to remember somebody

you never met.

Are you afraid I'll snitch?

Snitch? About what?

Can I see your wristwatch?

Well, that's all right. I saw it already.

It is my cousin Bertie's Rolex Chronometer.

Of course, it doesn't matter.

I won't tell anybody.

But I can prove that I know you, if I have to.

It was last New Year's Eve in New Orleans...

and you were providing the entertainment...

in the Club Rendezvous,

or was it the Music Bar?

Miss Carol, Mr. Xavier wants to

turn over a new leaf.



As a matter of fact,  
you told my cousin Bertie and me about...  
this lady osteopath that you met  
somewhere in your travels.  
And you said, anytime you were broke...  
You said, anytime you were broke...  
you could wire this lady osteopath collect.  
And no matter how far...  
How far away you were or...  
how long it had been  
since you had seen her...  
she would send you a money order  
for \$25 with the same sweet message:  
"I love you. When will you come back?"  
Why are you so anxious to prove  
that I know you?  
'Cause I'd like to know you  
better and better.  
I think they're coming!  
If Lady catches you two old maids...  
snooping around upstairs,  
she'll let you have it!  
They got separate bedrooms,  
not even connected.  
Take it easy, Jabe. I'll help you.  
Here, lean on my arm.  
- Good morning, Jabe. Take it easy.  
- Watch your step.  
Attaboy.  
- I'll just go open the door.  
- Does he look good, Dog?  
- Here, watch your step now, Jabe.  
- Attaboy.  
Dolly! Beulah! We're home. Jabe's here.  
He's back!  
You look marvelous, Jabe.  
Stop it, Eva.  
It's so wonderful to see him!  
- Look at that color on his face.  
- I don't think he's been sick.  
I think he's been to Miami  
and got himself a Florida suntan.  
You see, Jabe, we've got  
a reception committee here to meet us.

They've prepared a buffet supper.

I see there've been some changes made here, huh?

Yes.

How come the shoe department is back there now?

Well, Jabe, we always had a problem with lights in the store.

So you put the shoe department further away from the window.

That's sensible.

That's a very intelligent solution to the problem, Lady.

Tomorrow...

I'll get me some men and help move the shoe department back front.

Okay. It's your store.

Glad you reminded me of it.

That man'll never come down those stairs again.

Never in this world, honey.

- He has the death sweat on him.

- Yellow as butter.

Sister!

- Lady?

- No, thank you.

I don't suppose

you feel like talking about it?

- But Dog and me are so worried.

- Pee Wee and me was worried sick about it.

About what?

About Jabe's operation in Memphis.

- Was it successful?

- Was it too late for surgical interference?

We hope and pray it ain't hopeless.

I'm sorry.

I've got to go up. Jabe's knocking for me.

I'll speak to Lady upstairs. Lady!

Speaking of knocks...

I've a knock in my engine.

It goes knock, knock and I say,

"Who's there?"

I don't know whether I'm in communication with some dead ancestor...

or my motor's about to drop out and  
leave me stranded on the Dixie Highway.  
Do you have any knowledge of mechanics?  
Well, I'm sure you do.  
Would you like to be sweet and take a ride  
with me so you can hear that knock?  
Look, I'm waiting for a job in this store.  
So...  
- Well, I'm offering you a job.  
- Yeah, but I want a job that pays.  
- Well, I expect to pay you.  
- Maybe sometime tomorrow.  
I can't stay overnight in this county.  
I'm ordered to stay out by the Sheriff  
and paid to stay out by my brother.  
What are they saying about me?  
That I'm degraded?  
Is that what you're saying about me?  
That I'm corrupt? Degraded?  
I'll be waiting outside in my car  
if you decide to change your mind.  
There is something definitely not normal  
about that girl.  
- She'd better stay out of this county.  
- Absolutely degraded.  
Absolutely.  
Now, since you're a stranger here...  
I think we ought to tell you  
a little bit more about her.  
We don't want you to think that...  
Hey, Snakeskin, give me a hand.  
Miss Cutrere,  
you ain't allowed to drive in this county.  
I'll drive you.  
Move over.  
Just get your legs  
on the other side of the gearshift.  
Both of them.  
Well, here we are.  
I've got to call Cousin Bertie...  
and tell him I'm irresistibly detained  
on the Dixie Highway.  
You get us a booth and setup, Snakeskin.  
Tulane-0374.

How about some spareribs?  
Hey, Bertie.  
Hi, doll. What happened?  
Did you trip over something  
when you picked up the phone?  
I thought I heard a crash.  
Bertie, guess what?  
I got my allowance back.  
Yeah. On condition I stay forever away  
from Two River County.  
What?  
You with that gal, buster?  
The one on the phone?  
Yeah. We come in here together.  
Well, she's been eighty-sixed out of here.  
Get her out.  
But you come back alone sometime.  
You hear?  
Bertie, guess who's with me.  
No. You'll never guess.  
- Well, you remember last New Year's Eve?  
- Mr. Cutrere...  
- No, not that one.  
... your sister's here.  
The good looking boy.  
You remember the one...  
in the snakeskin jacket with the guitar.  
- Your sister's here.  
- Well, he's with...  
- What are you doing?  
- They want us out of here.  
What? Who?  
You!  
You take your hands off my sister.  
I'm trying to get her out of here, Mr. Cutrere.  
I'm going.  
There are plenty of other juke joints  
on the highway.  
Mr. Xavier, would you like to go juking?  
Come on. Let's you and me go juke.  
What you mean, go juking?  
Juking?  
That's when you get into a car...  
which is preferably open

in any kind of weather...  
and then you drink a little bit...  
and you drive a little bit...  
and then you stop and you dance  
a little bit with a juke box.  
And then you drink a little bit more...  
and you drive a little bit more...  
and you stop and you dance  
a little more to another juke box.  
And then you stop dancing  
and you just drink and you drive.  
And then...  
you stop driving...  
and you just drink.  
And finally, you stop drinking!  
Well, what you do then?  
Well, that depends on  
who you're juking with.  
What's the matter, can't you see he's drunk?  
- He can take care of himself.  
- He can't take care of anything. Come on.  
This country used to be wild,  
but now it's just drunk.  
Why do you make  
such a crazy show of yourself?  
'Cause I'm an exhibitionist.  
I want people to know I'm alive.  
Don't you want people to know you're alive?  
I just want to live. I don't care  
whether they know I'm alive or not.  
Well, I want to be noticed,  
and seen, and heard, and felt.  
I used to be what they call...  
a church-bitten reformer.  
You know what that means?  
Well, that's a kind of benign exhibitionist.  
I used to make stump speeches.  
And I wrote letters of protest against...  
the gradual massacre  
of the colored majority in the county.  
And you know, when that  
Willie McCoy thing came along...  
Poor man got sent to the chair, you know...  
for having improper relations

with a white slut.  
I made a fuss about that.  
I put on a potato sack...  
and I set out on foot for the capitol.  
And you know how far I got?  
Six miles out of town.  
I was hooted and jeered at  
and even spit on every step of the way.  
Then I got arrested.  
And you know what for?  
Lewd vagrancy.  
Oh, me! That was a long time ago.  
And I'm not a reformer anymore.  
I'm just a lewd vagrant.  
And I'm gonna show them.  
And show them all  
just how lewd, a lewd vagrant can be...  
when she puts her whole heart into it,  
the way I do mine.  
Hey, turn off here.  
You live around here?  
Nobody lives around here.  
This is the local bone orchard.  
You hear the dead people talking?  
Dead people don't talk.  
Sure they do.  
They chatter away like birds  
here on Wisteria Hill.  
But all they can say is one word...  
and that word is "live. "  
Live. Live. Live. Live. Live.  
That's all they know.  
That's the only advice they can give.  
It's simple.  
It's a very simple instruction.  
Please. Let me.  
Who are you trying to fool,  
besides yourself?  
What is this?  
A human wrist with a bone?  
Feels like a twig.  
I could snap it with two fingers.  
Little girl, a man holding himself  
against you...

would break you like a bundle of sticks.  
Let's go.  
What are we doing here?  
I'm gonna see about that job.  
You won't drive on with me to New Orleans?  
That's where I come from.  
It's not where I'm going.  
Hello?  
Hello. Get me the drugstore, will you?  
I know the drugstore's closed.  
This is Mrs. Torrance.  
My store's closed, too...  
but I got a sick man here  
just back from the hospital.  
Please, wake up Mr. Dubinsky, huh?  
Keep ringing till he answers.  
Keep ringing till he answers, yes.  
I wish I was dead.  
Dead.  
No, you don't, ma'am.  
Who are you? What are you doing here?  
- Didn't Mrs. Talbot talk to you about me?  
- What?  
Mrs. Talbot brought me here  
when you got back from Memphis.  
- You've been here all this time?  
- No. I went out and came back.  
- What for?  
- Well, you know that girl that was here?  
Carol Cutrere. I know her.  
Well, she...  
She told me that she had something wrong  
with her car and could I fix it.  
Did you fix it?  
- Well, that wasn't her trouble.  
- No? What was her trouble?  
- She made a mistake about me.  
- What kind of mistake?  
Well, she thought I had a sign hung on me:  
"Male at stud. "  
She...  
Hello?  
Mr. Dubinsky. Yes, this is Mrs. Torrance.  
I'm sorry to wake you up,

but I just brought my husband back...  
from the Memphis hospital.  
I left my box of Luminal tablets in...  
Well, I got to have some.  
I haven't slept for three nights.  
But... Then bring them yourself!  
Yes, because I'm going to pieces  
right this minute!  
Okay. Thank you.  
I'm shivering.  
It's cold as an ice plant at night  
in this store.  
What do you want? I got to go up now.  
Here, ma'am.  
Why don't you just put this on you, ma'am.  
How's that?  
What is that? Snakeskin?  
That's what it is. Snakeskin.  
What are you doing with a snakeskin jacket?  
It used to be a trademark. I was a...  
I used to be an entertainer in New Orleans.  
It feels warm, all right.  
Probably warmth from my body.  
You must be a warm-blooded boy.  
- What are you looking for around here?  
- Well, some work.  
Mrs. Talbot said that  
you might have some work for me.  
Boys like you don't work.  
What do you mean, "boys like me"?  
Ones that play the guitar...  
and go around talking  
about how warm they are.  
That happened to be the truth.  
You know, my temperature's always  
a couple of degrees above normal.  
The same as a dog's.  
- You don't believe me?  
- I have no reason to doubt you. Believe me.  
Well, I couldn't hire no stranger...  
with a snakeskin jacket and a guitar.  
And a temperature as high as a dog's.  
- Keep it on, ma'am.  
- No, thank you. I got to go up now.



- You better go.

- I got no place to go.

Well, everyone's got a problem.

That's yours.

Ma'am, I do all kinds of electrical repairs.

I do odd jobs and I need the work real bad.

What's the matter with your guitar?

- Are you tired of it?

- No, ma'am.

That's my life's companion...

but I had to hock it once

and I don't want to do that anymore.

I need a steady job.

What's all that writing on it?

Well, that's...

All that's...

All that's autographs

of famous jazz musicians.

See this name here?

Leadbelly.

That was the greatest man that ever lived  
on 12-string guitar.

He played that thing so good,

he broke the stone heart...

of a Texas governor

and won himself a pardon out of jail.

His name's written in the stars.

This one here.

Jefferson. Blind Lemon Jefferson.

Is his name written in the stars, too?

Yeah.

His name's written in the stars.

You're a peculiar somebody, all right.

You got any character reference?

Yes, ma'am, I do.

I got this letter here.

- Let's see.

- Right here.

"This boy worked for me three months  
in my auto repair shop.

"And he's a real hard worker  
and he's honest.

"But...

"he's a peculiar talker..."

"and that is the reason I got to let him go.

"But would like to...

"Would like to keep him. Yours truly. "

- Is that what it says?

- Yeah. Some reference.

I guess it ain't.

However, what people say about you  
don't mean much.

That's the sandman  
with my sleeping tablets.

I'm so sorry.

Waking up people  
in the middle of the night...

- No. I'm very sorry to wake you up.

- I'd like to get some sleep, too.

Yes, I know. You're right.

That's a little difficult.

You know, I told you that I haven't slept  
for three nights.

What a miserable man.

- You ever have trouble sleeping?

- No.

I can sleep or not sleep  
for as long or as short as I want to.

I can sleep on a concrete floor.

Go without sleeping for 48 hours  
without even feeling sleepy.

I can hold my breath for three minutes,  
not even blacking out.

I made a bet once for \$10  
that I could do it and I did it.

I see.

I see what that auto repairman  
was talking about when he said:

"This boy is a peculiar talker. "

Well, what else can you do?

Tell me some more about your self-control.

Well, they say that

a woman can burn a man down, you know?

But I can burn a woman down.

I'm saying that I could.

I'm not saying I would.

What's the matter? Have they tired you out?

No, I'm not tired.

I'm just fed up.  
- You're right.  
- You know, Lady, there's people bought...  
and sold in this world  
like carcasses of hogs...  
in butcher shops.  
You might think that there's many...  
There's many kinds of people in this world.  
But there's only two kinds:  
The buyers and the ones that get bought.  
No, there's another kind.  
What kind?  
It's a kind that don't belong no place at all.  
There's a kind of bird that...  
don't have any legs  
so it can't alight on nothing.  
So it has to spend its whole life  
on its wings in the air.  
I seen one, once.  
It died and fell to earth.  
Its body was light blue colored.  
And it was just as tiny as your little finger.  
And it was so light in the palm of your hand  
that it didn't weigh more than a feather.  
And its wings spread out that wide...  
and you could see right through them.  
That's why the hawks don't catch them...  
because they don't see them.  
They don't see them way up  
in that high blue sky near the sun.  
What about in gray weather?  
They fly so high. In gray weather,  
the hawks, they'd get dizzy.  
See, these little birds  
don't have no legs at all...  
so they have to live  
their whole lives on the wing.  
And they sleep on the wind.  
That's what they do, they just...  
They just spread their wings out  
and go to sleep on the wind.  
And they only alight on this earth  
but one time...  
it's when they die.

I want to show you something.  
Come with me.  
You see?  
This is going to be the confectionary.  
It's going to open in a short while.  
I'm going to compete for the nightlife  
in this county.  
The after-the-movies trade.  
It's going to be like an orchard  
in the spring.  
My father, he had an orchard on Moon Lake.  
He made a wine garden of it.  
They burned it up one summer.  
Who burned it up?  
Take this dollar...  
go to eat...  
and come back tomorrow morning.  
I'll put you to work.  
Maybe when the new confectionary  
will open...  
you can sing, you can play  
the guitar in there, who knows?  
Take it.  
Okay?  
- Let's get one thing straight.  
- What thing is that?  
You don't interest me no more  
than the air you stand in.  
If that's understood,  
we will have a good working relation.  
Otherwise, trouble.  
Oh, can I...  
- Could I leave this here?  
- Your life's companion?  
Yeah, my life's companion.  
- Leave it here, if you want to.  
- Thank you.  
You know, I...  
I don't know much about you...  
but I think that you and Mrs. Talbot...  
are just about the nicest people  
that I ever run into.  
And I'm going to be steady...  
and honest and hardworking to please you.

And if you ever have any trouble sleeping,

I know how to fix that.

You see...

I met a lady osteopath one time...

that taught me how to make

little adjustments in the back of the neck...

and spine.

Give you a sound, natural sleep.

Okay?

- Goodnight.

- Goodnight.

I don't believe I care for this pair of shoes.

I'm coming, Jabe.

- What you want, Jabe?

- Hypo.

Jabe, I can't do it.

I can't. You ought to have a nurse.

What in hell can you do?

I run your store for you.

I thought you hired a boy

off the road to run it?

He's not a boy. Val's 30.

And how come you never brought him

up here for me to look at?

He been here three weeks now.

- You never asked me.

- I'm asking you now. Go get him.

Not now. I'm not dressed.

Don't you want him to see you

in that new silk wrap?

I know your plans.

I know what your plans are, Lady.

But before I die, you'll be too old for a lover.

Time will be past for you

to work out your plans.

Stop it! Don't do that!

You're still my wife!

You're not my widow yet!

Stop it! It makes my skin crawl.

Did it used to?

It did.

Always.

Mr. Xavier, where have you been

keeping yourself?

- You ought to show yourself around more.

- Janie!

Shoot, Connie. Mr. Xavier understands.

Don't you, Mr. Xavier?

Yeah, I understand.

Okay, Val, I'll take care of them.

What is it?

- I believe we have changed our minds.

- That's fine.

What did they want?

They said they were in the market  
for some shoes.

But I guess

they weren't in the market for shoes.

What then? Thrills?

- No, it's nothing to bother about, Lady.

- No?

Thrills are not marketed in this market.

Your shoes squeak.

Pick up that match.

Why do you move that way?

Why do you walk that way?

What way?

- Everything you do, it's like...

- What?

You know you are... You know what I mean.

Yeah, I know what you mean.

Val, what are you doing?

I'm giving you back your suit  
you gave me to work in.

- I'll change my pants in there.

- Please, no. I'm sorry.

You hear me? I said I'm sorry.

I didn't sleep well last night.

- Listen, Lady...

- Lady!

Lady, can I use your telephone?

Carol Cutrere's making a big disturbance  
at our service station.

She's demanding service.

I'm gonna call her brother

and tell him to get her away from my station.

Helen, give me the Cutrere place.

Anybody there. David Cutrere.

If you can't get him, give me Sheriff Talbot.

Miss Cutrere, I ain't gonna serve you.

Now get out of here!

Mike, get this car out of here!

My money's as good as anybody's!

Don't hurt her!

Let go of me!

Don't hurt her!

Come on. Here.

I woke up thinking about you last night  
in New Orleans.

I tried to pour oblivion out of a bottle  
but it wouldn't pour out.

So, finally, I just got in my car and I drove  
80 and 90 and 100 miles an hour...

because I was afraid

you'd be gone before I got here.

- Hello, Carol.

- Hello, Lady.

Is there anything you want?

I have to give him a message.

Can I see him alone, please?

- Her brother's coming to get her.

- David Cutrere is...

David Cutrere is not coming to my store.

Why, Lady, I thought you'd forgotten  
that old flame.

Listen, your brother's plantation  
is 10 minutes from here.

I won't let him come in my store.

I don't even want his hand  
to touch the door handle.

Give the message.

But when your brother comes,

I want you away from here...

like a shot from a pistol. That fast.

Give the message now.

Come on.

Now you're being kind.

I suspect that's your true nature.

What's the message?

Ashes on your shirt.

- Is that the message?

- No.

That was just an excuse to touch you.  
The message is...  
I'd love to hold something  
the way you hold your guitar.  
That's the way I'd love to hold something...  
with such tender protection.  
I'd love to hold you that way.  
With that same tender protection.  
'Cause you hang the moon for me.  
I'm done with the crowd you run with...  
and the night places you run to.  
Well, now you're not being kind.  
Why?  
Haven't I always been very kind to you?  
Did I even snitch  
when I saw my cousin's watch on you?  
Well, you take this Rolex Chronometer.  
It tells the time of the day...  
and the days of the week...  
and the month...  
and all the crazy moon phases.  
I never stole nothing before I stole this.  
And when I stole it,  
I knew it was time to get off the party.  
So you take this to Bertie.  
That's my message to you  
and the pack you run with.  
I run with nobody.  
I hoped I could run with you.  
You are in danger here, Snakeskin.  
You've taken off the jacket that said,  
I'm wild, I'm alone...  
and you've put on  
the nice blue uniform of a convict.  
I hoped you'd hear me...  
and you'd let me take you away from here  
before it was too late.  
Fly away.  
Fly away, little bird...  
before you get broke.  
Carol!  
- Snakeskin!  
- Carol!  
Carol, you broke our agreement.



Now, come on,  
and I'll drive you over the river.  
- Snakeskin, you're in danger here.  
- Shut up and come on.  
Wait, please.  
Hello, Lady.  
Carol, wait for me in the car.  
I told you once to never come in this store.  
If your wild sister comes here again,  
send somebody else for her. Not you.  
Not you.  
I hold hard feelings.  
And don't pity me, either.  
I haven't gone down so terribly far  
in the world.  
I got a going concern  
in this mercantile store.  
And back there is the confectionary  
which will open this spring.  
It's going to be like  
the wine garden of my father.  
You remember the wine garden  
of my father?  
You remember those wine drinking nights...  
when someone loved you better than  
anyone's loved you since?  
I don't remember anything else.  
No, wait.  
I have something to tell you  
I never told you before.  
I carried your child in my body...  
the summer you quit me.  
- I didn't know.  
- No. I didn't write you no letter about it.  
I was proud then.  
I had pride...  
that summer they burned  
the wine garden of my father.  
And you washed your hands clean  
of any connection...  
with a dago bootlegger's daughter.  
And took that society girl...  
that restored your homeplace...  
and gave you such wellborn children.

- I didn't know.

- And now you do know.

You know now.

I carried your child in my body...

the summer you quit me.

But I lost your child.

I wanted death after that.

But that don't come when you want it,  
you know.

So I took the next best thing.

You sold yourself. I sold myself.

You was bought and I was bought.

Sold and bought like things in this store.

Lady, please.

Get out of here!

Get out!

I just wanted to tell you my life ain't over.

You all right, Lady?

I made a fool of myself.

I threw away pride.

Jordan.

- Come on, Vee.

- Jordan.

Jordan, you'll have to help me  
with the floating island...

Can I help you, Mrs. Talbot?

Thank you, Mr. Xavier.

I brought this new painting  
to hang in Jabe's bedroom.

Hey, ma!

- Come on up here.

- I'm coming.

What's that boy like, Jordan?

He's a beauty, Jabe. A real beauty.

When you go out, you take another  
good look at him, will you?

Why don't you take a look at him, Jabe?

Go ahead. Call him up here.

Take a look at him.

There you are, ma'am.

I tell you, Mr. Xavier,  
since I took up my painting...

my whole outlook is different.

I can't explain it.

You don't have to explain it,  
I know what you mean.  
It's like me when I'm playing my guitar.  
I guess, when, before you started painting,  
it just...  
It didn't make sense.  
What didn't?  
Existence.  
No.  
My existence didn't make sense.  
You lived in Two River County...  
and you've seen some terrible things.  
Awful things.  
- Lynchings?  
- Yes.  
- Beatings?  
- Yes.  
You've been a witness and you know.  
Yes, I've been a witness and I know.  
We've both seen these things from seats  
down front at the show.  
You made some beauty, Mrs. Talbot...  
out of this dark river country.  
Hello.  
Torrance Mercantile Store.  
Why don't you come to my room,  
so I can have a look at you?  
I ain't met you yet.  
- Who's talking?  
- It's your boss, Jabe Torrance.  
Your boss upstairs.  
I hope Jabe likes this painting.  
I want to see that poor sick man  
brought back to Jesus.  
I brought Jabe some floating island  
for supper.  
You fit the description.  
What description is that?  
I heard you were good-looking.  
And sales have been picking up  
since you took over down there, boy.  
Yeah, business has been pretty good.  
I bet most of this lively new business  
comes from women, don't it?

The older ones?  
Older ones are buyers.  
They got the money, Jordan.  
They sweat it out of their husbands and...  
throw it away.  
Doggone it, if that ain't the truth.  
Stay here, Lady.  
I'm tired, Jabe.  
You're not getting enough help down there?  
What was it that you wanted  
to see me about, Mr. Torrance?  
I just wanted to see who is working for me.  
Okay, boy.  
You can go on back down there now.  
All right.  
Bye.  
How much am I paying him?  
I said, how much am I paying him?  
\$37.50 a week.  
Getting him right cheap, ain't I?  
- Aren't you satisfied?  
- What about you?  
Are you satisfied, Lady?  
Or are you dissatisfied?  
Which?  
Would you drive me someplace?  
Sure, I will.  
This is where all the young couples  
would come to make love.  
They'd come here, in the wine garden.  
And you?  
Me? Well, me...  
I would sing with my father.  
We'd wander among the white arbors.  
Him with a mandolin, and me singing.  
My voice is cracked now.  
Maybe the face is cracked, too. I don't know.  
But then...  
How did it happen to burn?  
My papa made a mistake.  
One night, one summer,  
he sold liquor to Negroes.  
You heard of the vigilantes?  
Yeah, I heard of them.

They took action that summer.  
They rode out here with gallons of coal oil...  
and set the whole place on fire.  
Vines, arbors, fruit trees.  
The whole sky lit up with it.  
And all the way across this lake,  
you could hear my papa calling.  
Nobody answered the call.  
My papa took a blanket by himself...  
run up in the wine garden  
to fight the fire all alone...  
and he was burned alive.  
He was burned alive in it.  
I'm full of hate.  
Whenever I look at a man in this county,  
you know what I wonder?  
I wonder if he was one of the vigilantes  
that burnt my father alive...  
in his wine garden.  
I'm full of hate.  
I'm...  
- Hi, Lady.  
- Hi. What do you want?  
Jabe called about his car.  
He said somebody stole it away  
from the store.  
But you see it was me.  
Well, he said, he'd seen two people  
go down to the garage.  
A woman and a man.  
That's right, a woman and a man.  
Better go.  
Well, see you tomorrow, Lady.  
Where do you stay nights?  
I stay over at the...  
Wildwood Tourist Cabins.  
- You like it there?  
- It's all right. Yeah, it's nothing.  
You want to save money?  
Save money?  
I never could save a cent in my life.  
You could, if you stay in the place.  
What place?  
- This place.

- You mean his... Here?

- Here.

- Where could I stay?

Well, back of that drape.

A nurse slept there

when Jabe had his first operation.

And I'll get a plumber

to put in a hot and cold shower.

I'll fix it up nice for you.

- Well, I...

- Take a look at it...

and see if you like it.

- Okay, I'll have a look.

- Okay.

Well, go on.

You mean now?

Well, why don't you look at it,

see if it suits you or not?

All right.

Okay. I'll take a look at it.

Well, is it okay or what?

I like that picture in there.

That's a famous picture.

But I might have a little trouble sleeping  
with that naked lady hanging over me.

You know, it might keep me awake nights.

You with your dog's temperature...

and your control of all your functions...

it would take more than a picture

to keep you awake.

Lady.

Why do you want me to stay here, Lady?

I told you why.

Why, 'cause you feel nervous

alone here at night?

Naturally, now.

Jabe sleeps with a pistol next to him.

But if somebody broke into the store,

he couldn't get up.

What do you feel?

- Your hand.

- That's right.

The size of my knuckles...

and the heat of my palm.

What are you demonstrating now?  
That's how well we know each other.  
All we know is just the skin surface  
of each other.  
Why do you say these things to me tonight?  
Because nobody ever gets to know anybody.  
We're, all of us,  
sentenced to solitary confinement...  
inside our own lonely skins  
for as long as we live on this earth.  
Not to me.  
I'm not a big optimist...  
but I can't agree with something so sad.  
I'll go up and get some clean linen  
to make up your bed.  
- Here you are, honey.  
- That's it.  
Right there!  
- Come on. That's it.  
- How's it coming, Snakeskin?  
- What are you going to shoot?  
- Well, I'm swinging like a gate.  
It's that jacket. You know, honey.  
That snakeskin jacket, it's spooky, man.  
- Okay, 50.  
- Good.  
Come on.  
Who's going to shoot the moon?  
How about you, big boy?  
- I'll follow you.  
- Get on with it, Snake.  
- I'll take 20.  
- That's a lot of loot.  
- Give me 20.  
- I got a few cents.  
Baby needs carfare.  
I'm cutting out tonight and wide.  
You're going to lose, baby!  
You're going to lose.  
Last night  
I crossed the river  
with a heavy blanket roll  
I took nobody with me  
Not a soul

I took a few provisions

Some for hunger

Some for cold

But I took nobody with me

Not a soul

- Who's that?

- It's me.

You scared me.

- You didn't expect me, did you?

- No.

Take the light out of my face, please.

- You've been in a fight.

- Fight? No.

Your mouth looks bloody.

That ain't blood.

Lipstick.

Yeah. I guess so.

You even got some on your shirt.

- Did I?

- Yeah.

You had yourself a good time, huh?

Yes.

Why did you open the cash box?

I opened it twice tonight.

Once before I went out,  
and again when I come back.

Why?

Because I wanna

cut out of this county clean.

I don't wanna go away with nothing

I didn't come here with.

And tomorrow...

you're going to get yourself

a brand new boy because I'm quitting.

I got what I should have expected.

You robbed me while I was upstairs  
getting linen for your bed.

I guess I'm a fool to even feel disappointed.

You're disappointed in me?

I'm disappointed in you.

- Come here!

- Where?

Here!

See that?



There wasn't no bed in here  
when I came to work here.

- It was there.

- No, there wasn't no bed.

There was no bed here  
the day before yesterday. You put it there.

It was there, folded behind the mirror.

Folded behind the mirror? No.

- Yes.

- No, you're lying.

You're lying and I see through you, Lady.

I see through you.

- What do you see?

- You'd like me to tell you?

I'd love for you to.

I see a not so young,

not so satisfied woman...

who hires a guy in off the highway,

to do double duty...

without even giving him overtime for it.

Being a store clerk by day,

and by night, you know...

Whatever you wanna call it.

You cheap...

- Who do you think you thought was cheap?

- You cheap...

Who are you calling cheap?

Get out.

Why did you come back? Why?

To put back the money I took.

So you wouldn't remember me as...

not being honest or grateful.

Don't!

Don't go.

I need you to live.

To go on living.

Val.

These phony grapes got that bird fooled.

Listen, Lady. You know,

you didn't think about something.

One hard rain or windstorm

will wreck this place completely, out here.

I want to give you something.

What's that?

It's a Palm Sunday branch. It's blessed.  
Mr. Xavier, did Mrs. Torrance get back yet?  
- Not that I know of, ma'am.  
- You're lying.  
I heard her. She's down there.  
He didn't hear me.  
She heard me.  
I got a spy in the house.  
Well, maybe it'd be better...  
Better for you, if I went away for a while.  
Just for a while.  
No, even a while would seem like forever.  
But suppose I had to go?  
Don't.  
Hear y'all!  
Lady's Confectionary is opening tonight.  
Tonight's the gala opening  
of Lady's Confectionary.  
Lady's Confectionary on Main Street.  
My wife...  
My wife sounds happy these mornings.  
Shall I tell her you're coming downstairs?  
No, sir. I want to surprise Lady.  
Come in, Mrs. Torrance.  
He wanted to surprise you.  
I told him I thought I ought to tell you  
what was going on, but he wouldn't let me.  
Dressed?  
He put on his Sunday suit  
and now he's bound and determined.  
He's going downstairs  
and open up the store himself.  
You never expected me  
to come back down those stairs.  
- I'm going downstairs and take inventory.  
- You can't do that.  
I know what I can do. I'm gonna do it.  
Come on, Miss Porter.  
I'm right behind you, Mr. Torrance.  
Take it easy. Take it easy now.  
Easy now, Mr. Torrance.  
- Val. A chair.  
- I'm all right. Let me go.  
I don't want a chair.

I wanna take a close look  
at this confectionary.  
Yeah, take a look at it, Jabe. I'm real proud.  
Well, isn't this artistic.  
- Artistic as hell.  
- I never seen anything like it before.  
Nobody else did, either.  
Who done these decorations?  
I did it, all by myself.  
I'm real proud.  
What do you know?  
It sure is something artistic.  
Is there a carnival or a circus in the county?  
You mean that calliope?  
No. That's no circus calliope.  
That's announcing the gala opening  
of the confectionary.  
What did you say?  
It's announcing the opening  
of the confectionary.  
Make straight for the gala opening  
of Lady's Confectionary.  
Opening tonight.  
The grand opening tonight  
of Lady's Confectionary.  
Come one, come all!  
Grand opening of Lady's Confectionary  
on Main Street.  
Back of the Torrance Mercantile Store.  
Main Street, the gala opening...  
The air's a little too cold for you,  
Mr. Torrance.  
Lady.  
Shut the door!  
Boy, I married a live one.  
How much did that cost me?  
- It don't cost much.  
- She got it for a song.  
You sung for it, did you?  
What dago song did you sing?  
- Miss Porter, it's better you take him back.  
- O Sole Mio! Is that what you sung for it?  
Boy, I sure married a live one, didn't I?  
Didn't I?

Sure did marry me a live one.  
Her daddy, the wop, was just as much  
of a live one before he burned up.  
Yeah, he burned up.  
'Cause he made a mistake  
selling liquor to niggers.  
Will you stop it? Will you stop it, please?  
So we had to take action.  
We took action. Orders were given.  
We rode out there in 16 automobiles  
loaded with coal oil.  
We set the whole place afire.  
We burned him out.  
Burned down his house and his orchard.  
Not a single fire engine  
moved out of the place that night.  
Jabe, did you say "we"?  
I got kind of a... Kind of a cramp.  
I think you're getting yourself all excited,  
Mr. Torrance?  
I better take you back upstairs.  
Yeah, let's go. Better go upstairs.  
Jabe, did you say "we did it?"  
- You heard me. I said "we"!  
- No!  
One step at a time, Mr. Torrance.  
Careful now.  
Papa.  
One step at a time.  
Papa.  
My patient's hemorrhaging.  
I shouldn't believe it.  
He's bleeding. Call the doctor.  
Call Dr. Buchanan.  
My patient's hemorrhaging.  
I'm gonna take him up.  
Well, the hemorrhaging  
seems to have stopped.  
She still out?  
Yeah, she is.  
Been on a whole lot of cases in my life,  
but I never seen a wife behave like this.  
Somebody help me.  
I can't see.

I had a vision.

- I knew a vision was coming.

- Let me help you, Mrs. Talbot.

Vee!

- Let go of her.

- No.

Don't move. I'm coming back.

- I'm not going anywhere.

- Just see that you don't.

Pee Wee, stay there with that boy.

Hey, Dog, what's going on?

Sheriff caught the store clerk  
messing with his wife.

Stand back under that light.

I wanna look at you while I run through  
some photos of men wanted.

I'm not wanted.

A good-looking boy like you  
is always wanted.

How tall are you, boy?

I never measured.

- How much you weigh?

- I never weighed.

You got any scars or marks of  
identification on your face or body?

No.

Open your shirt.

- What for?

- Open his shirt for him, Pee Wee.

All right, boy. Come on.

- What did you do before?

- Before what?

Before you come here?

- I traveled and played.

- Played?

- Played what?

- With women?

I played the guitar and sang.

- Where is that guitar?

- In the store.

You want me to get it for you, Jordan?

Don't you ever touch that.

That's all right, Pee Wee.

Why don't you and Dog go over there

and leave me straighten this boy out?

Go on.

All right, boy,

I ain't gonna touch your guitar.

I'm gonna tell you something.

There's a certain county I know of

that's got a big sign that says:

"Nigger, don't let the sun go down on you  
in this county. "

And that's all it says.

It don't threaten nothing.

It just says, "Nigger, don't let the  
sun go down on you in this county. "

Well, son.

You ain't that nigger. This ain't that county.

But I want you to just imagine that  
you seen a big sign that said to you:

Boy, don't let the sun rise on you  
in this county.

I said rise, not go down.

Because it's too close to sunset for you  
to get packed and move on before that.

And I think if you value your safety here...  
you'll simplify my job  
by not allowing the sun tomorrow...  
to rise on you in this county.

Now, you understand, don't you, boy?

I hope so.

'Cause I don't like violence.

Hey, be careful with that stuff. You hear me.

I said be careful.

What's the matter with you today?

- Lady, they're calling for you again.

- Now!

That's better.

Jabe's a very sick man, Lady.

- Ain't you got no concern?

- Okay.

That's okay. No, no more. I have no concern.

Come on, boy! Hurry up!

Put everything back there.

- Carol, this place ain't open.

- I have to stay here for a while.

I don't have a license, you see.

My license has been revoked  
and I have to get somebody...  
to drive me across the river.  
Call a taxi.  
I hear that boy who works for you  
is leaving tonight.  
- Who said he's leaving?  
- Sheriff Talbot.  
He suggested I get him to drive me  
over the river, since he'd be crossing it, too.  
You got so much wrong information,  
darling.  
Mighty wrong.  
Why do you keep coming back here  
bothering that boy?  
He doesn't care about you.  
My brother and sister-in-law  
have made a marvelous offer this time.  
That's fine.  
Almost limitless funds,  
unceasing horn of plenty.  
Providing I go and stay gone,  
across at least one ocean...  
and not just one river. Can you hear me?  
- Who are you talking to?  
- The offer's very explicit.  
It includes such items  
as a Mediterranean villa...  
perched like the nest of a sea bird  
over that coast...  
they call the Divina Costiera,  
where it's springtime always.  
Are you listening to me?  
Of course I'm listening to you.  
- Did you think I was talking to you?  
- No.  
You are my sister.  
You found out what I know.  
That there is nothing on this earth,  
you can do on this earth...  
but catch at whatever comes near you  
with both your hands...  
till your fingers are broken.  
There's something still wild in the country,

something free.

I'll be waiting outside in my car.

The fastest thing on wheels

in Two River County.

Ain't you going with her?

- I'm not going with her.

- Okay.

Now, get in your white jacket.

- I need you tonight in the confectionary.

- I want to talk to you.

- No, I have no time. Please!

- Yes, you take time, Lady.

You can't open a night place here this night.

You bet your sweet life I'm going to.

No, you're betting my sweet life.

Okay, I'll bet my life on it.

Sweet or not, I'm going. Let me go.

- No.

- You don't get the point.

There's a man up there...

that set fire to my father's wine garden.

I want that man to see the wine garden

come open again...

while he's dying.

Tonight, nothing can stop it.

It's just something got to be done

to square things away.

To be not defeated.

I won't be defeated, not again, in my life.

You get me!

Not again!

Val, that's not your white jacket.

No, it's not, Lady.

I have to go now.

- "Go," did you say?

- Yeah.

I got to take the 9:15 Southline bus

out of here.

At least as far as the county line.

Yeah.

I got myself into a situation here, Lady.

No, you're not fooling me, mister.

- She's waiting for you outside.

- No.



- In her car, yes.

- No.

- I want you to understand.

- What?

I got myself into a situation here  
that I can't get out of.

Not in a town like this.

I've been threatened with violence  
if I stay here through the night.

How about me?

- Let me go!

- Lady.

Listen. I could have cut out of here before...

but I wanted to tell you something  
that I never told anybody.

Never. I feel true love for you, Lady.

No. Don't talk about love. Not to me, please.

It's easy to say "love... "

with fast and free transportation  
waiting for you.

- Let me go, Val!

- Hey, you open?

No, not now! Later!

Val, come on.

Listen. I want you to listen to me.

You haven't understood one thing  
that I've told you.

No. I don't care.

- You will care.

- No.

My life has been threatened here.

- You know what that means?

- My life, too.

I will wait for you. I will meet you...

- as soon as I cross the state...

- I don't believe you. You're lying!

Don't you tell me I'm lying!

You listen to me, now.

You've been acting crazy  
since this morning.

Longer than morning.

What was I going to do, in your opinion?

Stay on here while you go without me?

You hear him? Death's knocking for me.

Ask me how it feels to be coupled  
with death all those years...  
and I can tell you, but I stood it.  
I stood it!  
I guess my heart knew  
that somebody must be coming here...  
to take me out of this hell. You did it!  
Now, look at me. I'm alive once more.  
Listen, Val, everything in this rotten store...  
- it's yours.  
- I don't give a damn...  
Everything that death scraped together  
down here...  
but death must die before we can go.  
You got that memorized now? You got that?  
Tonight is the gala opening  
of the confectionary.  
All right, Lady.  
I'll call you as soon as I cross the state line.  
Smash me against a rock,  
I'll smash your guitar!  
Stop it!  
You're leaving?  
I know what you mean, Mrs. Torrance.  
Yes, I've given Mr. Torrance medication.  
- I'll be back at 10:30.  
- No, don't.  
Don't be back at 10:30. That's all.  
Don't come back.  
I'm always discharged by the doctors  
on my cases.  
Well...  
this time you'll be discharged  
by the patient's wife.  
I don't think you belong as a nurse.  
You have cold eyes.  
I think you like to watch pain.  
I know why you don't like my eyes.  
You don't like them  
because you know they see clear.  
Why are you staring at me?  
The moment I looked at you,  
when I was called in on this case...  
I knew you was pregnant.

I also knew the moment I looked  
at your husband, that it wasn't by him.  
Thank you.  
Thank you for telling me  
what I hoped for is true.  
Why don't you get the calliope  
and the clown to make the announcement?  
Is it true, what she said?  
True as God's words.  
You should have told me.  
When a woman's been childless  
as long as I've been...  
it's hard to believe  
that you're still able to bear.  
Oh, Val.  
You know...  
we used to have a little fig tree...  
between the house and the orchard.  
It never bore any fruit.  
We said it was barren.  
But one morning in spring,  
I discovered a small green fig on that tree.  
It seemed such a wonderful thing  
for the little fig tree to bear...  
that it called for a celebration.  
I ran to a closet of Christmas ornaments,  
I took them out.  
Glass bells, glass birds,  
and icicles, and tinsel.  
And I hung the little fig tree with them...  
because it won the battle...  
and it would bear.  
Oh, Val, unpack the box  
of Christmas ornaments...  
and put them on me.  
Glass bells, glass birds, and icicles...  
and tinsel. Put them on me, Val!  
I'm celebrating...  
my life beginning again.  
Lady.  
The clerk is robbing the store!  
He's burning it!  
Help! Here! The clerk is robbing the store!  
- Get out of here.

- No!

Go on!

Jabe! Jabe, no!

No, Jabe!

Snakeskin!

Don't go back! Please, don't go back!

Release the pressure!

Val.

Lady.

What have you got there, Uncle?

I'll give you a gold ring for it.

Wild things leave skins behind them.

They leave clean skins and teeth  
and white bones.

And these are tokens,  
passed from one to another.

So that the fugitive kind  
can follow their kind.