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# The Mexican

By J.H. Wyman

(Car horns)

(Crash)

(Radio) '..in downtown Los Angeles  
right now. Here with the traffic...'  
I've been waiting for 15 minutes.

- Thought you were stuck in traffic?

- You late?

- You got all the paperwork?

- Yeah.

Are you pissed off at me?

I'm just doing my part.

- I know, I know.

- You're my guy, Jerry, my guy.

'Margoese Holdings,

how may I direct your call? '

- Yes, I'll put you through.

- Hey, Estelle.

Is that Nayman's little nephew?

- Yeah, that's Big Tom.

- Big Tom! Sure, it is?

- How's it goin' there, Big Tom?

- Hey, hey. Look.

Shh. See? See?

Why are you scaring the kid?

- I-I was just...

- Did you get that passport?

Yes.

- I have issues.

- Issues, Jerry.

It burns my ass to write you  
a check every week.

I can explain what happened.

You say that

when it's once in a while.

- It's every time, Jerry.

- It's every fuckin' time.

And I can certainly

understand that perspective.

But I've been having

some personal problems...

uh, with my life.

My girlfriend, she's a great girl,

but she has complaints.

I don't but, she does.

If you want to know the truth,  
I can't even believe this,  
but we go to a group.  
So...last week,  
when you guys told me to pick up  
the thing at the thing,  
well, Samantha says she needs  
the car to pick up some things.  
And, I don't have to tell you boys,  
I mean, things got heated, right?  
And she hid them.  
She hid them?  
Oh! The keys. She hid them.  
She... You know, and I couldn't  
get to the thing on time,  
and it all got messed up  
and I think that maybe...  
Maybe some things  
aren't meant to happen.  
Jerry, you're a fucking moron.  
Here are your options. Number one,  
I roll you up in a carpet,  
stuff you in a Sedan  
and set fire to you.  
- You with me? Choice one.  
- Yeah.  
Number two. You like sex and travel?  
What, you like to have sex?  
You like to travel?  
Get on a flight to Mexico. All the  
hookers you can shake your stick at.  
Pick up a pistol  
that belongs to Margolese.  
- What's it gonna be?  
- OK, I was under the impression  
with Margolese getting out of jail,  
that the last job was my last job.  
- You fucked up that job.  
- You fucked it up.  
This job will be your last job.  
OK, but a trip right now...  
He asked for you. Want me to call him  
and say you can't go?  
Because I'll call. I'd love to.

You're goin' on a fucking trip.  
The town's called San Miguel.  
You look for a kid in a bar,  
the El Alamo.  
This is a simple fucking task.  
Write it down. Roll up your sleeves.  
- Get involved!  
- Ow!  
The kid's name is Beck. He's got this  
particular gun. He's waiting on you.  
- Beck.  
- When you find him, bring him  
and the gun back Stateside, got it?  
Last chance, Jerry.  
I'm telling you. The last.  
Even he's getting tired of your shit.  
I'll take care of it, Bernie.  
Vaya con Dios, motherfucker.  
You're in coach.  
Baby, what are you doing?  
You said this was your last job!  
What do you want me to say?  
"Sorry I can't,  
"the old lady wants me to quit.  
Fuck off."  
Yes! Something like that.  
Like exactly!  
I'm not in insurance, sweetie!  
If you get on that plane, you will  
never, never, ever see me again.  
You got me?  
We talked about this. I told you.  
I wanted us to go  
to Las Vegas for me.  
- Not you, me.  
- Baby, you're overreacting. OK?  
Don't do that! Don't you do that!  
Don't diminish my needs.  
Sweetheart, I don't have a choice.  
I gotta go.  
- I go down there, I come right back.  
- "I, I, I, I, I!"  
I wonder what the group  
would have to say about that.

No. You cannot use that against me!  
We are not even married, but I go.  
The group thinks we're married.  
I accepted the potato slicer  
for our anniversary.  
Right, sweets? I go along.  
That's it. That is it.  
You... You... You go along!  
You don't want to get married.  
And this is the way you deal with it!  
Huh? You're back to  
the same old selfish,  
self-involved, vile, disgusting...  
- Oh, God. You are...  
- ..self!  
You're missing the grand design here!  
If I don't go, I'm dead.  
Yeah. And it's difficult  
to have a relationship  
if I'm stuffed with formaldehyde.  
- Now, if anyone is being selfish...  
- Oh! Now you blame-shift?  
- You are blame shifting?  
- Stop analyzing!  
I'm calling a time-out!  
Ah!  
All right...  
Jerry, I want you to acknowledge...  
that my needs mean nothing to you  
and you're selfish.  
- Oh, my God!  
- Jerry, acknowledge.  
I... OK.  
I will acknowledge that I promised  
I would go to Vegas with you.  
But now we're just slightly delayed.  
If you want to construe my wanting  
to stay alive as being selfish, OK.  
I have every intention of going with  
you. Your needs are important to me.  
Come on. Look at all my stuff here,  
all over the pavement.  
Come on, baby. Huh?  
What do you say?

OK?

I'm going with or without you, Jerry.

What's it gonna be?

- A bastard!

- A bastard.

What happened to, uh,

"sweetheart" and "big love"?

All those things

you called me last night?

The only thing I'm interested

in calling you is a cab!

(Singing in Spanish)

(Automated telephone

instructions in Spanish)

Excuse me, speak English?

Excuse me, you speak English?

- (Speaking Spanish)

- What?

All set, Mr. Welbach.

If you go to the front,

a shuttle will take you to your car.

- What kind of car is it?

- It's a Chrysler. Brand-new.

Yeah.

Is there a problem, Mr. Welbach?

You know, it's my first trip

to Mexico and...a Chrysler?

I mean,

I drive a Chrysler in America.

I thought you might have something

more authentic, a little more...

- Mexican?

- You know, get into the spirit?

- Your first time?

- Yeah.

Wow. Exciting.

(In Spanish)

Do you speak Spanish, Mr. Welbach?

Huh?

(In Spanish) I didn't think so. Just

what you learned on Speedy Gonzales?

Yeah, Speedy Gonzales.

Let's see what we can do for you.

Oh, I think I have just the thing.

How would you like...an El Camino?!

Ooh! I like that. Yeah.

(In Spanish) You're going to get into a lot of trouble here, sir.

Raoul!

(In Spanish)

Who wants him, a two-dayer?

He looks like a lead foot and a brake rider.

No. At the count of three.

Uno... Dos... Tres...

(Engine revving)

Yeah, man. El Camino!

# El Camino excelente,  
El Camino excelente... #

(Woman speaking Spanish)

# El Camino...

# In my El Camino... #

(Truck horn blares)

(Fuck me.)

Fucker.

(Chatter and fireworks popping)

You are in the wrong place, America.

Yeah, I'm aware of that.

What you want here?

Uh...tequila.

I asked because no one like you...  
comes to this place.

It's death, this town.

Only farmers...and bandidos.

And I don't see a hoe.

You a bandido, America?

Uh, no. Uh, actually

I'm looking for a Seor Beck.

Seor Beck?

Right.

OK?

(Football commentary on TV)

- You Beck?

- (Men jeer)

- I know who you are.

- Good. That makes things easier.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa!

- (Beck speaking Spanish)

- We cool?

- You're all the same.

Prepared.

This ain't America. You want a drink?

- Yeah, all right.

- Sit down.

Somebody using this chair?

I guess you wanna see it, right?

- Yeah.

- You want to see it, don't you?

Yeah. I'm afraid I'm gonna have to.

Hey.

You know what? Come with me.

Sorry. Sorry.

This is what they call The Mexican.

Wow. Yeah, that's pretty.

Are you shitting me?

"Yeah, it's pretty."

- Can I?

- Uh-huh.

It was made for a rich landowner,  
a nobleman,

by a poor Mexican gunsmith.

He fashioned this gun as a gift  
to go along with the hopes  
that the nobleman's son would take  
his daughter's hand in marriage.

(Beck) 'The townspeople  
waited three months

'to catch the first glimpse  
of the pistol.

'Finally, the day had come.

'No one had ever laid eyes  
on a more beautiful gun.

'It was all they thought it'd be.

'Some even thought  
it was too beautiful to look at.

'It was considered  
to be an honor and good luck  
'to be the first to fire  
a newly fashioned gun.

'Especially one as beautiful as this,  
made for the hand of a nobleman.

'The townsman was in a trance



at the gun's flawless craftsmanship.

'It backfired...

'killing him instantly.'

(Church bell chiming)

Legend has it

that it's been cursed ever since.

But it hasn't harmed me any though,  
you know? I... I love to look at it.

(Let me show you something.

Look, there's a bullet in there.)

(It's handmade. Hand-fucking-made.)

You don't even want to know  
what this gun is worth.

We could sell that gun, man.

It's... It's a great fucking gun.

And I'm not just talking shit either.

You don't have to be a... Fuck.

I've been pissin' on myself. Fuck.

Anyway, the old man

is nothing to be afraid of.

As a matter of fact,

last week I told him to fuck off.

- Yeah, you did!

- That's what I said too!

I said, "Fuck off, Margolese,  
you old prune shit-ass! If you..."

Come on, fella. Get up. Huh?

Man, you're soaked in your own urine.

Don't make me carry you.

Hey!

Ah, this is my life.

All right.

Yeah, baby. I got the touch.

- (Groans)

- Oh!

Buddy, you whacked your noggin!

Hey.

Oh, f...

Ooh.

Hey, man. Hey.

Oh, shit!

Oh, shit!

Stop that! Stop!

Christ!

I found the gun.

'The gun is in your possession?'

As we speak.

But, like I said, there's, uh...

There's a problem.

What? You lost the kid? He's a souse,  
he'll be in another bar.

The kid's dead, Ted.

Ted, are you hearing me?

Yeah. I-I heard you.

How?

Bad luck, act of God, fuck if I know.

All these maniacs shooting  
guns up into the sky.

It's Independence Day or something.

The kid got tagged by a loose one.

Right in the fuckin' head.

I mean... Fu...

He's dead! The kid's dead.

The little fucker's in my car  
right now, dead.

Geez, Jerry,

that's not a little problem.

- 'That's a big problem.'

- I know.

Jerry, that little fucker  
is Margolese's grandson.

What? What?

'Geez, you really  
fucked it this time.'

What did I have to do with it? One  
minute he's pissin', next he's dead.

'Don't even move.'

I'll phone the office now.

I'll get me on a plane  
and straighten shit out.

Ted, you gotta get word to the old  
man. I didn't know who he was.

- OK. Just sit tight, Jerry.

- (Crackling)

- Hello?

- Ted? Ted? Hello?

(Line cuts out)

(Car engine revving)

Hey! Wait!  
Oh, no!  
Excuse me, Bernie.  
There is an issue.  
It's that fuckin' Welbach.  
# You keep sayin'  
you got somethin' for me  
# Something you call love,  
but confess  
# You've been a-messin'  
where you shouldn't been a-messin'  
(PA) # And now someone else  
is gettin' all your best  
# These boots are made for walkin'  
# And that's just what they'll do  
# One of these days these boots  
are gonna walk all over you... #  
(# Pipe organ music)  
# You keep lyin'  
when you ought to be truthin'  
# And you keep losin'  
when you ought to not bet  
# You keep samin'  
when you ought to be a-changin'  
# Now what's right is right  
but you ain't been right yet  
# These boots are made for walkin'  
# And that's just what they'll do  
# One of these days these boots  
are gonna walk all over you  
# Yeah  
# You keep lyin'  
when you ought to be truthin'  
# You keep losin'  
when you ought to not bet  
# You keep samin'  
when you ought to be a-changin'  
# Now what's right is right  
but you ain't been right yet... #  
You need to know straight out,  
I don't stand  
for any motherfuckin' shit.  
- Mm-hmm.  
- Mm-mm.

No shit at all.  
This is what you're gonna do.  
You're gonna stop crying. Shh.  
And you're gonna walk  
out of here with me.  
Can you feel me, Sam?  
- Mmm.  
- Good.  
(Door opens)  
Shh.  
(Sit down.)  
# ..and what he knows  
you ain't got time to learn  
# These boots were made for walkin'  
# And that's just what they'll do  
# One of these days these boots  
are gonna walk all over you  
# Are you ready, boots? #  
Now, Sam, as I was saying...  
# Start walkin' #  
No, please! Please don't hurt me!  
Help me! Help me!  
(Screams)  
Please!  
- Please!  
- Where's your car?  
- Where's your fucking car?  
- It's there!  
- Are you hurt?  
- No.  
Yes. I don't know.  
Truck, truck, truck!  
Um, um... Sir?  
- Can you stop the car? Please.  
- Why?  
- I'm gonna be sick.  
- Just open...  
She told me, "Don't go. I don't want  
you on that highway alone."  
I said, "It'll be fine, Mom.  
It'll be OK." But it's not, is it?  
- I'm dead.  
- Well, you're not dead.  
You would have been dead

if I hadn't saved your life.  
Would you rather  
it was you back there?  
I didn't think so.  
Are you gonna kill me?  
Depends on  
too many variables to answer.  
Are you gonna rape me?  
That's not likely, no.  
Well, what do you want?  
I suspect the same thing  
as the other guy.  
The pistol.  
The one that Jerry's havin' a hard  
time coming back from Mexico with.  
Jerry?  
I work for Bernie Nayman,  
who works for Arnold Margolese.  
- You heard of these people.  
- Yeah, I have.  
- And your husband works for 'em.  
- No.  
Well, he does.  
I know the selfish, no-good liar  
works for them. He isn't my husband.  
Well, whatever he is to you,  
Jerry is in the shit books.  
When you're in as much shit as he is,  
you get skittish about your future.  
Clouds your judgement.  
There's a lot of people  
interested in that gun.  
So what we got here is a...  
"he who controls the girl,  
controls the pistol" situation.  
I'm a hostage? You blew that guy  
to pieces for a fucking gun?  
This is so Jerry. Look...  
Sit down. Sit down.  
Um...  
Uh, uh...  
Look.  
Jerry and I broke up,  
so if he's doing...

I don't know what he's doing.  
It's got nothing to do with me.  
You seem like a very nice girl.  
Thank you.  
But it's a fact,  
in these life-threatening situations,  
human beings...lie.  
So you are gonna kill me.  
All right, look.  
If everything goes OK and Jerry comes  
through without this getting funky,  
I don't think that'll happen.  
He gives me the pistol,  
I give you to him.  
I'm just here  
to regulate funkiness. OK?  
Go on.  
Great.  
(Donkey braying)  
Hyah. Hyah!  
Hyah!  
Come on, buddy. Come on, OK?  
Just you and me. Yeah.  
Go!  
Go. Oh! You're such an ass.  
What are you...? No, no, no!  
I'm sorry! I didn't mean...  
Fuck!  
Fuck!  
(Horn)  
Hey!  
- Que pasa?  
- Buenas noches.  
- Buenas noches.  
- I need a lift to the next town.  
(Speaking Spanish)  
I need a ride  
in your automobile to the next town.  
I can't pay you.  
I have no money. No dinero.  
- De Niro?  
- S. None.  
Robert De Niro?  
Robert De Niro!

Yeah. Uh, I need a lift  
in your el truck-o  
to the next town-o.  
- Uh, village-o. Uh, uh, pueblo.  
- Ah, pueblo.  
- Yeah, s!  
- Al otro pueblo. OK.  
- Yes?  
- Seor De Niro!  
Self-winding. You never have  
to wind it. It's very fine.  
Yeah. Shake like...  
Perpetual calendar.  
It's good.  
Is this even gonna run?  
Yeah?  
Hey. That your ball?  
Shit. Hey. Hey, man.  
You got a rabid dog back here.  
Go. Go!  
Go. Out.  
You gotta do something  
about this dog.  
(Operator) 'I have a collect call  
for Samantha from Jerry Welbach.  
- 'No one there, sir.'  
- (Jerry) 'Give it a second.'  
Sam, pick up the phone.  
Sams? Samsonite?  
Baby, please don't do this.  
- 'Please try again, sir'  
- No!  
Just give it a second. She's there...  
What are you doing?  
- You're gonna make a call.  
- To whom?  
To Jerry.  
You're gonna tell him that Leroy  
is with you then you hang up.  
- Leroy?  
- Yeah. Leroy, that's right.  
Then you're gonna hang up. Simple.  
That's it?  
It's enough. Believe me.

You gonna make the call  
or do I have to make you? Cos I will.  
- No. I'll call.  
- Good.  
Dial it.  
OK. What's the number?  
You have the number.  
I don't know where he is.  
You should have the number.  
What are you tellin' me? You don't  
have a number, a motel, nothing?  
What's the matter, don't you listen?  
We broke up. No longer together.  
Why would I have the number?  
I'm sensing you have trust issues.  
You got one minute.  
I'm a professional.  
I do this for a living.  
Goody for you.  
You're wasting your time.  
(Radio) # You're nobody  
till somebody loves you... #  
I think I believe you.  
# You're nobody  
till somebody cares...  
What's in Vegas?  
Uh, well...I'm gonna be a waitress,  
then make a career as a croupier.  
They can make \$100,000 a year but you  
have to have the hands, which I do.  
I got them from Grandma Vega,  
which is a good thing  
cos my Granny Barzel  
had hands like a circus midget.  
How come you can't live with Jerry?  
Do you know Jerry?  
He has trouble expressing feelings.  
He had a fucked-up childhood.  
His mom is nuts. One of those people  
who thinks the iron is always on.  
- Don't you love him?  
- I think that's the problem.  
We love each other too much.  
But he's... He's so selfish.



It's like we've been living  
his life forever.  
He'd tell you a different story,  
but I give and he just keeps taking.  
Our counselor totally  
agrees with me, by the way.  
I don't put much stock  
in those counselor types.  
All they do is sit around  
and smoke joints.  
Maybe, but Jerry is still a taker  
and I'm a giver.  
It's obvious.  
A lot of people  
are under the impression  
that you get to choose who you love.  
I'm sorry, are you...  
Are you taking his side?  
You're a man, of course.  
- You're taking his side.  
- You love him. You said so yourself.  
It's all that matters.  
You're a very sensitive person  
for a killer.  
Thank you, Sam.  
Shit.  
Get. Get out. Out.  
Look, you gotta get out.  
Get out!  
(Muttering)  
Go!  
(Truck horn blaring)  
(Speaking Spanish)  
Hola, shithead! Where's my stuff?  
Get back! Where's my stuff?  
- Pistol. Pistolero. Get back.  
- La pistola.  
Get back!  
Stay calm. Get back, get back!  
Don't move.  
What the f...? Give me those.  
Back! Back, back.  
Get in the car. Get in! OK.  
Is that my...? Is that my jacket?

Put it in the car! What is wrong  
with you people? Get back!

- (Sam) You don't have to be in here.
- I go by track record.
- I don't hear any tinkle, tinkle.
- Stage fright.

Look around,  
there's not even a window.  
So what's with this "We've been  
livin' his life forever" thing?  
I didn't mean it literally.  
Jerry's been working for Margolese  
for five years less a day.  
It just feels lifelong.

- Sounds like jail terms.
- It is.

Arnold Margolese is in jail  
because Jerry put him there.  
Jerry ratted out Arnold Margolese?  
No. Jerry was coming across Ventura,  
over there by Laurel Canyon.

- Yeah?
- He wasn't paying attention,  
ran a red light,  
smashed into Margolese's Cadillac.  
The cops came, Margolese got busted  
cos he had a person in the trunk.  
That's how Margolese  
got sent to jail?!

Mm-hmm.

- Live person or dead person?
  - Live person.
- Huh. What's the big deal, then?  
He probably wasn't  
gonna stay that way.  
He was taped up in a trunk  
for a reason, wasn't he?  
I would think this was  
right up your alley, Swifty.
- He saw something?
  - Whatever it was this guy saw,  
or was going to say to the cops,  
he got the chance.

Since it was Jerry's fault, Margolese

had him work off the jail time.  
My whole relationship  
has been hijacked  
because he doesn't pay attention  
when he drives.  
I... I can't go with you in here.  
(Urinating)  
(Sam urinating)  
(Man) We didn't think we were getting  
a dead man with the car.  
I got no use for a dead gringo.  
Take a left.  
(Flies buzzing)  
Come on.  
If you're going to kill me,  
at least tell me  
who it is that's going  
to send me to God.  
Tell me!  
Look, I'm not gonna kill you.  
But I am gonna have to shoot you.  
But why, sir? Why?  
Why? Because you stole from me,  
you know about the pistol  
and you'll steal again.  
I can't have you coming back  
like a fly in the ointment.  
I won't be a fly!  
You'll never see me again.  
You're gettin' shot, that's it.  
It'll take time to walk to town,  
especially limping...  
Wait, wait. Limping?  
Can't you just tie me up some more?  
Fuck! You shoot me? Tie me!  
Yeah. I don't have a rope.  
So you shoot me?  
It's the American way.  
Where do you want it?  
OK.  
Not the leg! There's arteries.  
I could bleed to death in seconds.  
The foot.  
That's fair where I come from. OK?

It'll hurt, but it'll heal.

What if you take off a fucking toe!

Wait, wait, wait. Not the left.

Oh, sorry.

On the count of three.

- One...

- (Screams)

Look, I'm agreeing with you.

But there's a few ways to look at it.

Sex is, no matter what anybody says,  
a very important part  
of any relationship.

The fact that Jerry  
is a considerate lover says a lot.

- You lost me.

- Well, he's a considerate lover.

You gotta find a way to get him to  
expand this quality he has during sex  
to other areas of your relationship.

Even if it only comes out in sex,  
it's there just the same.

That's a good point.

If a person's a considerate lover,  
he can't be all selfish, right?

Unless of course he's...

- He's, uh, being a considerate...

- What was that?

What?

That. That moment you had.

What moment?

Leroy, you just checked out  
that guy and had a moment.

That was a moment.

I don't know if it was a moment.

(Are you gay?)

- As in happy?

- As in homosexual.

What does my sexual orientation  
have to do with our conversation?

Nothing.

Nothing. Except something that you  
said back there really bugged me  
and this would kind of  
help it make sense.

Yeah? What's that?

I asked if you were gonna rape me,  
you said, "Not likely."

You said it so coldly,  
like I was repulsive  
and it was ludicrous to think I was  
actually at risk of being raped.  
First of all, it's a crime of anger,  
not attraction.

Second of all, you're not repulsive.  
You're very beautiful.

Thank you.

- You want me to rape you?

- Are you gay?

- You want me to rape you?

- You're gay.

You're gay. I knew it!

Oh, I so knew it.

I just knew it. What a relief.

Do you want a medal? A little trinket  
saying you identified a homosexual?

No.

Are you full throttle?

Full throttle?

Yeah, I guess I am.

Oh. I'm not... I mean...

I'm not trying to be a smart-ass  
or anything like that.

I just... I think this is great.

Wow. This is...

This is...major, OK?

I...know the kind of people  
in your business, OK?

- Yeah?

- And to me, it seems that...

Well, being gay isn't really...  
conducive to the environment.

Like I should be an interior  
decorator. That's insulting.

- I am very good at what I do.

- Do you have a boyfriend?

No, I don't.

Unfortunately,

I seem to be unable to keep...

relationships together.

Seems like everybody's having trouble keeping relationships together.

It's ringing, seor.

- Thank you for that.

- No, no, no. No necesario.

Really?

That's so kind.

You have no idea what...

'Hi, this is Ted. Leave a message.

'If this is my guy in need,

I'm on my way.

'Go to the Hotel de la Plaza.

Wait for me there, OK? Sit tight.'

OK, OK. Forget aeropuerto.

Uh, Hotel de la Plaza.

- (Muttering in Spanish)

- Hola.

- Is this your dog?

- Sort of.

Came along for the ride.

He has a personality

and that does count.

- He's a good guy.

- Is this your car?

It's a rental. I'm an American.

- No shit? Really?

- Yeah.

I'm Mexican.

Cool.

Do you have a passport?

- Jerry Wellbatch, Los Angeles, USA.

- Welbach... Wellbatch.

Can I ask you a question, Jerry?

How long have you been in Mexico?

- A few days. Pleasure.

- I see.

- Pleasure, huh?

- Yeah.

I see. Can you tell me,

uh, what happened here?

That's not accurate, I'm afraid.

The gunsmith did craft this pistol

for a prospective husband,

and he was a nobleman's son, true.  
But the motif was darker, my friend.  
It's cursed, this gun.  
(Policeman) 'The key to this tale  
involves the gunsmith's assistant,  
'a poor, but honorable  
young man in blinding love  
'with the gunsmith's daughter.  
'For months at a time,  
the assistant took to the mines  
'gathering the precious metal  
'that would yield the most  
beautiful gun that ever existed,  
'only to discover that what he hoped  
could be a wedding gift for him...  
'was for another.  
'The gunsmith insisted his daughter  
marry the nobleman's son,  
'forbidding their love.  
'Angered in his bitter pain,  
the assistant cursed the gun,  
'vowing the creation  
would never prevail.  
'But the gunsmith  
was racing against time.  
'He had promised a pistol  
of unparalleled craftsmanship,  
'the nobleman's dowry  
hanging in the balance.  
'He worked day and night  
to correct the pistol's problems.'  
(Bullet ricocheting)  
(Church bell chiming)  
This gun never worked properly.  
Some say its very creation  
ended the gunsmith's life.  
Well, my friend, you're free to go,  
but without the gun.  
This gun doesn't belong  
to you or to your boss.  
Now it belongs to me.  
(Man) Yeah, Vegas.  
It can be tough that way.  
(Sam) Expensive?

(Man) Yeah, emotionally.

I had a serious relationship problem.

Well, you fit right in here.

- What do you do now, Frank?

- Now...I am a postman.

Get out of here.

- That's so rigid.

- Swear to God.

There's a seedy underbelly

to the postal service.

- Is that the key to it?

- That's the key.

You have no idea how many small,

unmarked brown paper packages

I deliver.

- What, porno?

- Yeah, daily.

Like what?

Videos, blow-up dolls,

dildos, pocket pussies.

- Don't leave nothing out.

- Oh, yeah?

But even with all that

dirty excitement at my fingertips,

I still have to take off

once a year.

I just get up and I know I'm going

to Vegas, I just don't know how.

All I've got is my wallet

and an attitude.

I don't know, it keeps me sane.

After all, guns don't kill people...

postal workers do.

OK, you're all set, Mr. Shurker.

If you go to the front,

a shuttle will pick you up.

What kind of car is it exactly?

It's a Chrysler, sir, brand-new.

You wouldn't happen to have

something a little more...

Raoul!

Yeah, man!

Yeah. Never fear, Teddy's here.

How are you?



- 'Rosco!'

- (Speaks Spanish)

Come on, Jerry.

The Mexican thief, the dirty cop?

The word is out.

It's a big-ticket item.

A lot of fucking people  
are interested in that gun.

No fucking...

Is that what they think?

That I'm selling them out?

Maybe they think you're scared  
and might do the wrong thing.

- Ted.

- You know, I don't know.

- I'm just doing my portion here.

- Yeah, and what is that?

To find out what's going on, assess  
the damage, try to calm you down,  
help find the pistol, get us home.  
I get on that plane, pistol or not.  
it'll be the last flight I ever take.

- Oh, come on, Jerry.

- "Come on"? You know it.

- I know what I have to know.

- Doing your part.

I know what I have to know.

You sound like Schultz  
from Hogan's Heroes.

(German accent) I know nothing!

I don't like Nayman  
running things either.

I got a few years on you and I'm  
telling you, keep your nose clean,  
look straight ahead  
and do what you're told.

That's why I nearly paid off  
Boca Raton. I do my fuckin' portions.  
I don't care how you look at it,  
the first step out of this  
is to get the pistol back.

I never took a pay-off in my life.

Jerry, look,

I know where your loyalties lie.

But the kid's dead.

The pistol's gone.

I mean, you can see  
how it looks, right?

Come on.

You're my guy.

(Phone)

(Ringing continues)

# We can dance if we want to

we've got all your life and mine

# As long as we abuse it,  
never gonna lose it

# Everything will work out right

# I say, we can dance if we want to

# We can leave your friends behind

# Cos your friends don't dance  
and if they don't dance, well they're

# No friends of mine

# I say, we can dance, we can dance,  
everything's out of control

# We can dance, we can dance

# They're doing it from pole to pole

# We can dance, we can dance,  
everybody look at your hands... #

- (Music stops)

- Not the safest dance!

I'm not going anywhere.

(Sam) We are in the city  
where I'm going to be living.

(Go.)

Go.

What's wrong? Huh?

You know when you're in  
a bad relationship and you separate?  
All of a sudden, everywhere you look  
there's love and possibility.

I'm worried about Jerry.

All right, don't worry.

I'll call Nayman  
and check in on everything.

You want me to stay?

I want you to go.

You sure?

I really want you to go.

(Clicking)

(Snoring)

(Ted) I couldn't sleep all night.

Yeah. No, he said he followed  
the cop to the pawn shop.

He's taking me over there  
after breakfast.

We're booked on the seven o'clock  
if all goes well.

No, now wait... No...

No, you wait a minute, Nayman.

Now what do you gotta go  
and say that for?

Well, now or later?

How could I misinterpret?

No, you didn't send the wrong guy.

I'm handling things.

But I never signed up for that.

Listen, I promise you, when I tell  
him, it'll make a difference.

Bye.

(Toilet flushing)

Hey, sweets. I keep calling  
and I haven't heard a word from you.

I'm starting to wonder.

I know you're angry with me,  
but, uh...

You know,

"Ain't no sunshine when she's gone".

OK?

I think she actually went to Vegas.

I keep telling you,

these women are problems, you know?

You should try to be like me -

I answer to myself.

No hassles, nobody ridin' my ass like  
a goddamn horse in a saddle. Free.

You close yourself off so you have  
no shot at meeting the right woman.

Any woman can be the right woman  
if the numbers work.

No way. Not me.

You settle. You open yourself up.

You become vulnerable.

What's the insight  
into my relationship?  
OK, look, Jerry. She is in Vegas.  
What?  
Hey, shit falls down, you know?  
Shit falls down?  
Margoese called Nayman all pissed  
off cos you were fucking this up,  
told him to keep an eye on Sam  
in case...  
In case I get any funny ideas.  
You're just telling me this now?  
- There's other things to consider.  
- Like what?  
That gun's worth a lot. People know  
you have it. Sam could be in danger.  
No shit. Who did they put on her?  
You don't know him,  
but you know of him.  
- Who?  
- That fucking psycho Leroy.  
- Leroy!  
- Nayman had to. It was an order.  
Margoese would know if he didn't.  
Wait.  
They're just trying to scare me.  
Well, that would sure do it for me.  
We've all heard  
the kidney story, Jerry.  
Nayman wants us on that seven o'clock  
flight, pistol in tow. No buts.  
They'll meet us at the airport  
and then Leroy will take the pistol.  
Yeah.  
I had to borrow...  
Do you mind?  
Sleep well?!  
Yeah. You?  
Who's Winston?  
Somebody I don't like very much.  
You can have that removed, you know?  
Yeah, maybe I will someday.  
You wanna get some breakfast?

**(# War:**

(Knocking)

(Knocking)

# I've seen you round  
for a long, long time  
# I really remember you  
when you drank my wine  
# Why can't we be friends?  
Why can't we be friends?  
# Why can't we be friends?  
Why can't we be friends?  
# I seen you walking  
down in Chinatown  
# I called you  
but you could not look around  
# Why can't we be friends?  
Why can't we be friends?  
# Why can't we be friends?  
Why can't we be friends? #  
At first,  
I thought this guy is all right.  
And then I'm thinking he's more than  
all right, he's terrific.  
But there's no way he's gonna  
feel the same way about me.  
Then I find out he does.  
Then I'm thinking...  
what happens when  
he finds out what I do...  
and who I am and what I've done?  
You know, who am I kidding, right?  
Let's get serious.  
What are you gonna do about it?  
That's it.  
I didn't have to do anything.  
It happened absent of my will  
to consciously make it happen.  
Oh, really?  
I was a little drunk last night.  
I took my gun and I put it in  
the towels in the bathroom, you know?  
And he found it.  
And he said,  
"The past doesn't matter.

"It's the future that counts."  
Leroy.  
See, life can change.  
People can change.  
I haven't cried in 12 years.  
What are you lookin' at?  
Don't look at me like that.  
You're makin' it worse.  
What are you, Barbara Walters?  
It's just beautiful.  
Let's talk about somethin' else.  
- What do you wanna talk about?  
- Anything. Anything else. Whatever.  
What was it over,  
the last time you cried?  
Let's talk about that.  
Oh, yeah,  
that'll bring the sun right out(!)  
(Ted) I heard  
it was this guy Leroy's mother.  
OK, that's what we call bullshit.  
If I told one guy  
at the next convention  
that you kept your mother  
cut up in the freezer,  
you'd have a reputation too.  
Fact or not, it makes no difference.  
Jesus, Ted, you can't be so nave.  
- The guy's a star.  
- Oh, my God.  
Why are you so worried  
then if you think it's bullshit?  
I met Leroy once.  
It was for all of two seconds.  
I shook his hand.  
He seemed like a nice guy.  
Whether or not he lives up  
to his legend isn't the point.  
Or if he sits in his garage  
soaked in gasoline lighting matches,  
I don't care.  
What concerns me  
is he was hired in the first place.  
- Are you with me?

- Geez, Jerry, you really met him?  
Oh, my God!  
Ted is not gonna let anything happen,  
OK? I'm here.  
Thanks, Ted. I feel real safe.  
- Hola.  
- I no fuck around, comprende?  
Gun, gun, loaded.  
Bang, bang. You, dead.  
Do you have a speech impediment?  
- Give me the gun. The pistol.  
- The pistol?  
You know what I'm talkin' about.  
- The pistol?  
- OK, what's your name?  
Joe.  
Joe, do what he says and we'll  
be out of here before you know it.  
- The pistol, please.  
- OK.  
Thank you.  
Excuse me.  
Come on. Go.  
Got it.  
Just have a seat right here, amigo.  
Jerry! Have you lost your mind?  
What were you talking about  
on the phone?  
Put the gun away.  
Was it to off me?  
Is that what you two were discussing?  
- Jerry, I would never...  
- Go ahead, deny it! Go ahead.  
- Go ahead!  
- OK, OK.  
Jerry, that's what he said.  
So you were lying when you said  
I'd walk away from this?  
- No, Jerry, that's what he said.  
- Then you're lying to me now.  
No, no. Nayman told me to do it,  
Jerry, but...  
- But?  
- But...

But you're just doing your portion.  
Isn't that how it works?  
17 portions left for Boca...  
Boca Raton, right?  
I wouldn't do that. Come on, I swear!  
They tell you to bring me in,  
then they tell you to take me out.  
Why are you being told  
two contradicting things?  
- You don't ask a question?  
- I-I just... I... I don't know.  
- You don't think it's weird?  
- Yeah, it's... It's weird.  
Right! Because something's going on.  
What is it?  
Exactly. You don't know,  
you're just doing your fucking part.  
Well, I'm not going down  
because you don't know!  
You see my predicament?  
You're my guy, Ted.  
(Handcuffs locking)  
You're my guy, Jerry.  
Wait. What happened here?  
Someone killed themselves.  
Swan-dived off the balcony.  
Let's go.  
Stay back. Nothin' to see here.  
Walk on.  
Thank you very much.  
Sorry to have disturbed you.  
(Man) Hotel security.  
No.  
Please, no.  
(Knocking)  
No. No.  
(Leroy) Coming.  
Sir, there's been  
a terrible incident.  
Are all parties  
in your room accounted for?  
Yeah. Yeah.  
Just me and my wife. Honey!  
No, that's OK, sir. Thank you.



- What happened?  
- Sorry to disturb you.  
Everything all right?  
Leroy...  
Pack your shit.  
Shh, shh.  
(Leroy) Psst.  
You're a stupid motherfucker,  
you know that?  
You're well dressed,  
I'll give you that, but stupid.  
Wear Kevlar? Huh?  
Yeah.  
Leroy.  
Please don't do this. Please.  
You think I should  
listen to her? Huh?  
What do you think?  
Huh?  
Wanna know what I think?  
Kevlar is for pussies.  
This is for Frank.  
(Woman speaking Spanish on PA)  
- My bag will make the flight?  
- They'll run it down.  
- I just need to see your passport.  
- Yeah.  
- I'm afraid there's been a mistake.  
- What?  
No! No!  
Mr. Shurker most probably has yours.  
(Leroy) I told you, if Jerry makes it  
and nothing gets funky, it'll be OK.  
- Well, shit got funky.  
- Why isn't he here? Why? Why?  
Give me a second,  
I'm trying to get the story here.  
Take it easy and stop acting like a  
kidnapped chick on a carton of milk.  
Hmm. Yeah, you're right.  
This is an offer for the gun.  
Yeah. I can see how this looks.  
I've just been trying to get  
some better numbers together.

You have no intention  
of giving the gun to Margolese.  
Look, Bobby.  
You know, I know that you're loyal.  
That's good.  
I mean, nobody's debating that.  
Let me ask you,  
in your skulking around,  
going through private things  
in people's offices,  
did you discover  
that he's shutting us down?  
That's right. You, me, everybody.  
I don't... I don't understand.  
What, you didn't get the memo,  
the bonus? No?  
No. Nothing.  
Me neither. Difference is I know  
when I'm being fucked and you don't,  
cos you're standing  
on the wrong fucking line.  
Let me help you get on  
the right side of the line  
and do for you what  
he should've done, Bobby.  
He's changed in prison.  
I'm telling you,  
something's changed him.  
- He's not the same guy.  
- (Door opens)  
They're still holding.  
What shall I tell 'em?  
Can I count on your co-operation?  
Yeah, yeah, Bobby. I'm here. Yeah.  
Yeah, that's his hotel.  
Yeah, all right. Sure.  
- What?  
- Plan B is now in effect.  
I hope you don't get airsick.  
Get in the car.  
- Hola, seor.  
- Hola, Seor Welbach.  
Has the US Consulate called back yet?  
No, sir, not yet.

Look, this is a muy, muy important call. I've lost my passport, OK? I'll be sitting right there.

I'm not gonna move.

Do you see that man over there?

Yeah.

- That's Mr. Williamson.

- So?

He's been waiting

for that very same call.

Really? What, the whole morning?

- Since March, seor.

- Oh, come on!

(Phone)

Hotel de la Plaza.

Yes, as a matter of fact, he's right here.

Seor, it's for you.

Oh. Oh. Hey. Yes, hello?

You bastard. Hello? Like, "Hello, my life is great. Everything is fine."

- Sam?

- 'I thought you could be dead.'

I was worried sick

and you answer "Hello,"

like you're confirming

a room service order?!

Sam? Sam?

I'm done with Mr. Jerry Welbach.

Mr. "Hi". No, no.

- (Leroy) 'Ask about the gun.'

- Is that Leroy?

- 'Did he fucking touch you?'

- Do you have any idea

what I have just been through?

Multiply it by 1,000 and you'll have a vague conception of where I'm at.

Oh! Oh, isn't that typical, Jerry?

It's all a competition!

- Tit for tat, tat for tit...

- Stop yelling, for Christ's sake!

How are you? Are you OK?

Are you all right?

- 'Where are you?'

- Toluca airport, Jerry.  
And things are shitty, really shitty!  
Tell him if he shows up with  
the pistol, it'll be OK.  
'He doesn't care.  
He only cares about himself.'  
Why are you airing  
personal matters with strangers?  
Oh, let me see. Uh, I don't think  
that you really classify  
someone who you just perpetrated  
a killing with a fucking stranger!  
And I can't find my Kotex cards  
or my credit cards...  
Sam, what did you say?  
Jerry, just settle down.  
What'd you do to her?  
- Jerry, just settle down. OK?  
- Yeah.  
We had a situation  
but I'm a professional  
and I know what I'm doing.  
So why don't we chill out  
a minute here?  
- 'Now, what happened? You get lost?'  
- Yeah, five years ago.  
- What did you...? I can't hear you.  
- No, nothing. Nothing.  
Nothing. I hope you have something.  
Yeah, you just... You don't...  
Make sure you return her  
with all ten toes.  
- Huh?  
- 'I understand. I understand.'  
'Just come down here, pick us up.  
We'll square things away.'  
You got a very special woman here.  
But we all know  
how you can get, right?  
- 'So none of that.'  
- What?  
This is a time for selflessness.  
What? Wha...?  
- You all right?

- Yeah, come on.

Stupid gun.

Out!

(Leroy) I have to ask you a question.

And it's an important one

so I want you to think about the

answer before you give it to me, OK?

OK.

When two people really love each

other but they can't get it together,

when do you get to that point

where enough is enough?

That... Oh, well, that's...

You know?

Um, you know it's over when...

OK, I have, like, these psychosomatic  
insomniatic manifestations of...

Well, here's the thing about me.

I'm a product of my emotions, not a

product of my environment, like him,

which he is, exactly,

just that environmental...

I-I need sunshine to grow.

That's who I am.

And with the projection of...

I have goals.

- That's your answer?

- Yeah.

That's not right.

I mean, there's a right answer here,

but that's not it.

Look, in my business

you're surrounded...

by loneliness and finality.

I don't care what your take is

on an afterlife,

when people die, it's scary,

and they go alone.

Now, the people that I send off,

that have experienced love...

They're a little less scared.

They're still scared,

but there's a calmness to 'em.

I think that comes from the knowledge

that somebody somewhere loved 'em  
and cared for 'em and will miss 'em.  
Now, I see that from time to time  
and I am awed by it.  
I don't think I'd be telling you this  
if it wasn't for Frank.  
Anyway, it's a loaded question.  
Look, when two people  
love each other, totally, truthfully,  
all the way love each other,  
the answer to that question  
is simple, especially in your case.  
When do you get to that point  
where enough is enough?  
Never.  
Never.  
I just hope Jerry's not stupid.  
What is he driving?!  
It's a funky rental.  
I know we're all  
a little grouchy right now.  
We'll get something to eat,  
you'll get the pistol  
and then we'll go our separate ways.  
- Really separate ways.  
- Don't start.  
Shut up.  
I'll start because I have the...  
Why do you do that?  
Do not tell me to shut up.  
- I count.  
- We had an agreement.  
- Shut up.  
- Why don't we all shut up a bit?  
- I swear, I will crash this car.  
- Jerry, don't do that.  
I will. One more word out of you.  
Another word, Sam. One more word.  
I swear to fucking God.  
Naugahyde.  
- All right.  
- Jerry!  
- You finished?  
- Yes!

- You gonna shut up?  
- Yes, yes, yes!  
Jerry, I will, I will!  
(Sam screaming)  
Stop the car, Jerry!  
Stop the car.  
(Sam) Stop, stop, stop!  
Oh, my God!  
(Horn)  
(Driver) Pendejo!  
Jerry...I want you to know,  
you're the craziest fuck I ever met.  
You know what? Go!  
Go to Vegas. I've had it!  
Son of a bitch!  
I had a flat down in Florida once.  
Out in the middle of nowhere.  
So I go to the trunk,  
there's no spare.  
Four hours in the baking sun,  
waiting for a truck to come by.  
Ow!  
Now I always check.  
Let me give it a rip.  
Sometimes you need a little more  
torque, you know what I mean?  
Wouldn't kill the bastards  
to oil these every once in a while.  
Fucking car rentals.  
Yeah.  
(Gunshot)  
- Walk away, baby.  
- What did you do?  
He was gonna kill us.  
What the fuck did you do?  
Look at his head!  
Stop! Stop! Listen, listen.  
I met Leroy in 1997.  
- And that's not him!  
- No, no, Jerry.  
You made a terrible mistake.  
He was my friend!  
You made a terrible mistake!  
Baby, Leroy is black. Leroy's black.

- OK?

- No.

- Yes! He's black.

- No.

African-American. A person of color.

The guy he killed in Vegas is Leroy.

That's Margolese's Leroy.

So, this guy...

Oh, I'm such an ass.

Such an ass. Of course.

"Give the gun to Leroy. He'll get it  
down to Margolese." Ha fuckin' ha!

You see? Do you see?

I'm being set up!

Nayman hires this prick

to take out Leroy,

get the gun and pin it all

on Jack-off Jerry.

Isn't that right, Mr. Winston Baldry?

I met Leroy and there's no way

you could have known that.

And that's your mistake.

You fucked up.

I can't believe it.

Every fucking time.

Every fucking time, I fuck up.

Not this time. This time, I win.

This time, I win!

I fucking win! I win!

Oh, my God.

I'm lucky I didn't

lose you three days ago.

I wanna go home.

Did you call about your passport?

Did you call the consulate?

Yeah.

Do you have enough money?

Yeah, I'm all right.

I wanna ask you a question.

It's a good one, so think about it.

If two people love each other...

but they just can't seem

to get it together...

when do you get to that point



of enough is enough?

Never.

They'll call.

I've left 60 messages.

I said it was an emergency.

Why would Nayman ask you  
if you like sex and travel?

W-w-what is it supposed to mean?

That you fool around or something?

Is that...

I tell you the whole, long debacle  
and this you have a problem with?

Yeah, I do.

I think that when you ask someone  
who is involved  
in a relationship of the heart  
if they like sex and travel, that...  
that's m-m-mean-spirited.

It's stupid. I'll tell you this,  
we're not running any more, no.  
No, no. So done with the running.  
The packing and the running and...

Sooner or later,  
that phone is gonna ring.

We are going to get  
your passport in order  
and you are gonna give the gun  
to Margolese.

Nayman is fucking Margolese.

That has nothing to do with us.

By the grace of God,  
I don't know what,  
you have managed to Forrest Gump  
your way through this.

And just, if we run now...

we're gonna be running  
the rest of our lives.

We want our life back.

Yes, baby, we do.

(Jerry) No, that can't be right.

Can you just check again?

Ow! Baby, don't. Margolese.

M as in Mary.

Baby, can you turn that down?

You don't even speak Spanish.  
Real emotion  
transcends language, Jerry.  
You don't have to understand  
to hear their pain.  
No, that's impossible. That's...  
Do you know when? Ay-yi-yi!  
No, no, all right. All right.  
Margoese is out.  
He got out this morning. He's out.  
What's going on?  
He's not due out till Thursday.  
It is Thursday, hon.  
(Dog barking)  
- What is it?  
- Shh. Come on.  
Just stay away from the window.  
Shit. Shit.  
Here, give me it.  
Good one.  
What is it, boy?  
Hey!  
Get out of there.  
Come on, man. You're freaking me out.  
Huh?  
Ow.  
Where are you taking me?  
It's not your fault  
you know nothing about this gun.  
You're American.  
This gun does not belong to you.  
(Whispering)  
Mr. Margoese.  
Well, I-I... I don't understand.  
What's it gonna take, Jerry?  
What?  
For the gun, Jerry.  
What's it gonna take for you  
to give it to me and not to another?  
You... Man!  
What'll it take?  
I don't know what it takes.  
I'm new in the "fuck you" business.  
- You tell me, what does it take?

- I didn't fuck you, Jerry.  
I had Nayman send you down here,  
but I didn't know  
he was looking for a buyer.  
When I found out he was,  
I didn't know who on my team was...  
still on my team,  
or even if there was a damn team.  
Who...? Who the fuck are these guys?  
They work for this man, Tropillo.  
And who the fuck is Trop...?  
You know? Not important.  
Give me a good reason why I shouldn't  
fight to not give you the gun.  
If it comes to that,  
someone will leave here  
missing an ear  
or not being able to fuck any more.  
One reason, now that you let me know  
what you think I'm made of.  
Are you a fatalist, Jerry?  
Uh, I never really thought about it.  
Por favor... Gracias.  
When you do think about it,  
about that afternoon you smashed  
into my life, into my car,  
ever think there's anything to that?  
I honestly never thought about it.  
Because of that afternoon,  
I'm doomed to remember a backwards  
inmate with a paper clipping.  
When you're in jail, a small box...  
you learn a lot about the fella  
you're in a cage with.  
I grew to love that boy,  
like he was my own son.  
But he was his.  
One day the boy came to me  
with a clipping.  
"This is my destiny.  
This is my birthright."  
It was a story about the pistol...  
how they found it  
in the mines, stashed away.

When I asked why  
it meant so much to him,  
the story he told changed my life.  
(Tropillo's son) 'The night  
before the nobleman's arrival,  
'the assistant could not sleep...  
his heart in aching pain.'  
'The day was here when  
the gunsmith would present  
'his gift to the nobleman.  
'The nobleman's son  
was a notoriously vicious soldier,  
'worldly and wicked.  
'For him, his father demanded  
something more beautiful,  
'more perfect than  
he'd ever laid eyes on before.  
'But nothing, no words or description  
could have given justice to it...  
'or have prepared him  
for that gun's flawless grace.  
'When the nobleman's son  
saw his intended bride-to-be...  
'it was love at first sight.  
'The nobleman's son took  
the mighty weapon into his hands.  
'A perfect fit.'  
- (Click)  
- 'It did not work.  
'The nobleman took it as a bad omen.  
'The curse had rendered it useless  
in unworthy hands.  
'The gunsmith urged him to try it  
one last time, and so he did.'  
(Click)  
'The nobleman was insulted by the  
ineptness, angry with the gunsmith.  
'They argued.  
'When he realized that her heart  
belonged to the simple assistant,  
'a man far less than he,  
he was furious in anger.  
'He could not have that.  
'The assistant, realizing that

even if the gun should work,  
'she would certainly die next,  
begged his love to withdraw  
'and accept their fate.'  
'Some say you could actually  
hear her heart break.  
'She fearlessly surrendered  
her bitter spirit unto purgatory.'  
(Church bell chimes)  
'The pistol contains  
her damned soul.'  
Day after day I listened to that  
story and always he'd tell me,  
"When I get out, I will find that  
pistol and return it to my father,  
"whose father's father  
had crafted the gun."  
Eighteen months later,  
he took it in the belly for me.  
He died.  
I vowed to search, acquire the  
pistol and return it to his father.  
My grandson, Beck, headstrong boy...  
Sure, he was mixed up,  
he didn't understand the honor  
behind what I was doing.  
That's when it became clear  
I had to send you down here.  
Because you were the instrument  
in the situation, Jerry.  
His son is dead.  
My grandson is dead.  
All of it brought together by  
that afternoon at our intersection.  
Well, that...  
that's a pretty good fucking reason.  
(Speaking Spanish)  
Usted es un soldado de Dios.  
You are a soldier of God.  
(Speaking Spanish)  
She will be safe there, right there,  
and she can fly with the angels.  
(Spanish)  
No devils can catch her here,

right here,  
and now she will be able  
to fly with the angels.  
We square?  
I'll owe you.  
(Ringing)  
Jerry, honey?  
'I bet this is the queen  
of the idiot?  
'This must be Sam.  
This is Bernie Nayman.  
'Where's that stupid fucking Jerry?  
With Leroy?'  
Don't you mean Winston?  
I hope not, cos he's dead.  
'Then you're in a lot of trouble.  
'Especially if Jerry sold that gun.'  
- Jerry hid it.  
- 'A step in the right direction.  
'Are you there, Sam?'  
Yeah, I'm here.  
Yeah, me too.  
(Jerry) Nayman!  
What have you done with her?  
(Banging on boot)  
Sam? Don't shoot. She's in the trunk.  
- I swear, if you hurt...  
- It is hot in there.  
- Let her out!  
- Give me the pistol and I will.  
All right. All right, Nayman,  
where are the keys?  
I might have lost them.  
Well, you're out of luck.  
She's the one who hid the pistol.  
Oh.  
Sam, no!  
- Put it down. You'll damage it.  
- Shut the fuck up!  
Sam, do not, I repeat,  
do not pull that trigger. No.  
I... I will pull  
this fucking trigger.  
You toast that gun,

he's dead right after.  
Sweets.  
Put the gun down. OK?  
Put it down.  
I'm not worth it.  
OK?  
He's right, it's not worth it.  
Don't you know when enough is enough?  
Baby.  
Do you like sex and travel?  
As a matter of fact, I do.  
Wrong answer.  
(Church bell chimes)  
Sweetheart?  
We just witnessed a miracle.  
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.  
- Oh, my God.  
- Are you OK?  
Am I OK? Yeah, I'm OK. You OK?  
Huh?  
- May I?  
- It would be our honor.  
Yeah.  
Seal it.  
Do you love me, Jerry?  
I adore you, sweetheart.  
Then tell me it again.  
- I've already told you three times.  
- Just one more time. Please. Please.  
The pistol was crafted for a  
noble man by a poor Mexican gunsmith.  
- Nobleman.  
- Hmm?  
- It's nobleman. One word.  
- What did I say?  
What difference does it make?  
- It doesn't.  
- Why correct me?  
- English is your mother tongue.  
- I'm calling a time-out!  
- (Hotel clerk) Raoul!  
- (# Mariachi)  
(Sam) I love you, Jerry.