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The Motel Life

By Micah Fitzerman-Blue

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Can you tell me a story, Frank?

Tell me something good.

Make me the hero, or...

maybe I can get the girl.

I got one.

A long time ago...

you and me were fighter

pilots in the war.

"The Flannigan brothers."

We were famous.

One morning, we were heading over

to Germany when we got ambushed.

You and me versus

20 German fighters.

It was a mess. A real dogfight.

It was touch and go

but we were winning,

until a Nazi came out of the fog,

and started firing away at you.

Luckily, I came down and

blew the son of a bitch up.

"Thanks Tiger-Five"

you said over the radio.

Problem was your plane was hit

and your controls were stuck.

You were heading towards Iceland.

There was nothing you could do.

You disappeared into the clouds.

Frank...

Frank.

Frank.

What?

Where are your clothes?

- Something happened.

- What?

I don't even wanna tell you, Frank.

I don't understand why

this is happening...

What happened?

- Jesus Christ.

- What the fuck?

We gotta go.

I can't drive.

I fell deep this time.
Didn't I, Frank?
I don't know.
I don't know what happened.
Polly Flynn got mad at me.
She was yelling at me really hard.
So I went to go get dressed.
She starts pointing a gun at me.
She starts waving it around, pointing
it at me, so I grabbed it from her.
Then she takes my pants.
She goes outside...
and she lights 'em on fire
with lighter fluid.
She's crazy, Frank.
She's fucking nuts.
I got in the car.
I was driving home.
Just driving down Fifth
Street, like always.
And then...
a kid... a kid comes out of nowhere,
on a bike in the middle of the road.
And I hit him.
So, I can't leave the kid
there, the poor kid.
I gotta put him in the back seat and
take him to the hospital, right?
Then when I went to pick him up...
he was dead, Frank.
I mean...
It was the most horrible
thing I ever fucking seen.
I drove a block from Saint Mary's
I dropped him in the frozen grass
in front of the office building...
And then I came to see you, Frank.
I don't think we should
go back to Reno.
Now...
There's an old wooden box in
my closet, behind my sweaters.
Inside the box is 500
dollars and my will.

The will gives you instructions
on what to do with my body,
how and where to pay the rent, title
to the car, that sort of thing.
Also, there's your dad's fancy gun.
Don't let anybody fool you.
That gun's worth money.
Now, if I can hang on...
you'll soon both be old
enough to live on your own.
But...
if I do die...
they may try to split you up.
Jerry Lee!
No matter what...
I want you two to stay together.
Sorry.
I really am, Frank.
Let's go eat something.
I don't feel like
being around anyone.
I'm gonna get you some...
some soup or something.
Alright.
One day you were feeling like shit,
so you stole Dad's credit card and
drove to the Cotton Tail Ranch.
You met this girl there, Candy.
And in the course of a week you
spend 4,000 dollars on her.
She was good. You made that
clear, she was damn good.
You read her one of your stories
while she sat on her knees.
When you were done, she told you
the hummer was on the house
'cause your story was that good.
You were on a roll so you got a room and
became a shut-in. A man on a mission.
You didn't sleep for two days,
and wrote four stories.
Th last one, your masterpiece, starred
Candy as a lonely Asian stripper.
It was called "Hey Candy,

it's me Romeo".
You decided to get some rest and see the
last frontiers, so you drove to Alaska.
But it's colder than
shit in Alaska,
and you started to feel guilty
about Dad and his credit card.
So you drove back to Reno, and bought
a solid gold watch with diamonds,
and gave it to him.
He didn't know what to think.
A couple of days later he
got the credit card bill
and the son of a bitch had you
committed to a mental hospital.
But it sure beat working.
You had all kinds of meds...
and green grass as far
as the eye can see.
And you didn't feel bad about Dad anymore
because that watch you gave him...
was a nice fucking watch.
What the fuck were you
thinking, Jerry Lee?
Frank, Frank!
Hey Polly Flynn.
Jesus, you were in there forever.
Thanks for leaving the note.
He said he didn't have the nerve
to shoot himself in the head.
You know he stole my gun? My gun.
What'd he do?
Whatever it is,
I didn't do anything.
Frank...
I'm doing really well.
I've moved to Elko in
a small apartment.
I still think about you.
- Do you think we'll see any bears?
- Maybe.
Come on.
It would be really wonderful
to hear from you.

But I understand.

- Who's place is it, again?

- I don't know.

Love, Annie.

Aah, whiskey.

It's like they knew we were coming.

I wish we lived here.

I could make apple pie,
you could hunt deer.

- You know how to make apple pie?

- No.

It's okay.

I don't think I could shoot a deer.

Jerry Lee could even
have his own room.

Or maybe you'll play
for the Yankees,
and we'll come here to get away from
all your fans, and the reporters.

Like a secret hide-out
or something.

God, I wish we lived here.

Hi. I'm getting a
check for Flannigan.

Here you go.

Flannigan!

Where the hell've you been?

I had to hire someone else.

I know, I just came by
to pick up my check.

You should've called. You know, whatever
it was, maybe I could've helped.

Yeah?

Do you have a phone book?

Say goodbye to Daddy.

Look after your sister, all right?

I can't go to jail, Frank.

You're not gonna go to jail.

Okay? Nobody knows
anything. We just lay low.

If anyone finds out, if the
police or anyone finds out,

- you gotta get me outta here.

- They ain't gonna find out.

This TV's starting
to drive me crazy.
That poor kid.
You see Polly Flynn?
I pretended like I was asleep.
I ain't never been in love, Frank.
Marge is the only
girl for me, I guess.
And she's just a picture I draw.
It sure don't feel like
love with Polly Flynn.
If it does at all, it's
when we're fucking.
Sometimes I feel like
I love her then.
Never anytime else, though.
But then...
I used to feel that when I
used to fuck that fat old lady
when we were staying
at the Silver State.
Even then when I was about to let go,
I felt like I wanted to marry her.
Here you go.
Thanks.
At least you've been
in love, Frank.
I don't care what you say,
that girl really did like you.
All she ever did was
talk about you.
Hey.
- You want one of these?
- Alright.
- Hey Gary.
- Frank.
I went by and I sat
with him yesterday.
Seeing him there like that...
it's hard not to think about the night
that you guys jumped the train.
Yeah, I've been thinking
about that too.
Why do you think he did it, Frank?

I don't know much...
but what worries me is you
guys just fucking split.
- Did you at least cover it up at work?
- No. We just left, I was...
drunk, and Jerry Lee was so
upset, he was out of his mind.
But that looks bad.
I mean, somebody starts asking around...
and now you're both fucked.
I know.
Why don't you ever come
down on him, Frank?
'Ey.
Come on.
Luck of the Flannigans.
Almost worse than mine.
Almost.
Uh...
Jerry Lee said you
owe him some money.
Yeah, I do.
Yeah, look, I owe him that
money and I'd pay you, Frank.
I would pay you but...
I've been betting the playoffs and I
fucking lost the last three weeks.
I'm down a couple grand, man.
I should've bet it on the Tyson Douglas
fight, that's what I should've done.
Buster Douglas is gonna
win that fight, Frank.
Christ, Tommy.
Besides Jerry Lee, you're
the unluckiest guy I know.
Don't you read the papers?
Jesus, nobody thinks Buster Douglas is
gonna make it outta the first round.
Hey guys.
- Guess where I've been.
- I don't know, where ya been, Al?
I've been in the loony bin.
- Could I get a vodka cranberry?
- Sure, hon.

Ugh, come on.

I happened upon a bottle of liquid acid. And I couldn't stop taking it.

I ended up walking down Virginia.

Right down the center of town.

All I was wearing was my underwear and flip-flops.

Luckily I'm still half sane, though.

They say they try to get you straight...

but they make you crazier than hell.

I ain't never going back to that place again.

Don't get thrown in a mental hospital

Frank. It's worse than you think.

It's alright, kid.

- Are you alright?

- What?

I said are you alright?

- Hey Barry!

- Yeah, Dad?

- We're gonna go grab a bite to eat.

- Okay.

- Okay, just get me something.

- What do you want?

I don't know, where're you guys going?

We're gonna eat the ass-end out of a dead skunk.

Get mine with ketchup!

The boy's sick.

I'm sure sorry to hear about your brother's leg.

What, six months after losing your mom?

And you're only what... sixteen?

I just turned fifteen.

I hired you when you were fourteen?

Yeah.

Jesus.

Well, there you go.

What were you thinking out there?

I mean, when you were just standing there.

I don't know.
Guess I was just... scared.
I'd be scared too.
Look, son...
What you gotta do is think
about the life you want.
Think about it in your head.
Make it a place you wanna be.
A ranch, a beach house, penthouse,
doesn't matter what it is, but a
place you can go hide out in.
Then when everybody's on your ass,
or you can't stop thinking about
your mom, you can go there.
- Could it help my brother?
- I don't know.
Tell him yours.
I used to tell Barry stories all
the time when his life was rough.
They seemed to help him out.
Gave him a place to escape to.
Gave him some hope. Hope's the key.
Hey, boy.
What an asshole.
Come on. Come on.
This is Mission Control at Houston,
at three hours, two minutes
into the flight of Discovery.
It's hard to tell if
they're awake or not.
You look better.
I feel better.
- Did they say anything about your leg?
- They ain't sure.
Depends if they can stop some
sort of infection I got.
At least I shot myself in the
leg that was already bad.
Yeah.
You're drunk, huh?
Yeah.
You should drink more milk, Frank.
Hey.
You find anything

out about the kid?

Not much. His name was Wes Denny.

He lived in a house, some
sorta foster place I think.

I talked to a guy who
knew him. Said...

his parents died in a car crash,
and he'd been shuffled between
homes his whole life, you know.

I mean, nobody really
gave a shit about him.

For real?

Yeah.

- You ain't making it up?

- No.

He was like us, you know.

He didn't have anybody left.

- I might have got us a dog.

- What?

- No shit.

- Oh yeah.

- Where... where'd you get it?

- Stole it from some guy's yard.

I mean, he was gonna have frozen
to death if I hadn't, but...

We always wanted a dog.

Damn, that's something, huh?

- Frank, that's really something.

- Yeah.

Frank?

Can we go somewhere else, Frank?

What happened?

- It's nothing.

- Here, sit down.

Can we leave leave?

Just stay here.

You gotta get away from your mom.

Can you at least just tell me a story
like the ones you tell Jerry Lee?

Yeah.

What do you want it to be about?

Maybe it could be you
and me on an island...
in the Pacific Ocean.

With the sun.
And we could go
swimming all day long.
And sleep on the beach.
I'm Officer Cook,
this is Officer Mori.
We'd like to ask you a few
questions, okay?
What kind of car do you
drive, Mr. Flannigan?
It's a Chevy Caprice.
- Where is your car?
- It was stolen.
Why didn't you report it?
It's a real piece of shit.
It's been stolen a
few times before.
Uh, we found your car, Mr. Flannigan.
It was burned and abandoned.
Where was the car stolen from?
Uh, The Sands... Sands parking lot.
I leave it there all the time.
I live down... Rancho Sierra,
it's just right down the street.
Are you aware that someone
might have been killed...
by an old beat-up car like
yours in a hit-and-run?
- No.
- A nurse getting off work...
reported seeing a brown and grey
station wagon parked right outside.
She said she saw someone moving
something out of the car
- right where the body was found.
- What color's your car?
It's brown and grey.
Whoever stole it probably
did that, right?
Why are you in the
hospital, Mr. Flannigan?
- My leg...
- What happened to your leg?
Please, I'm just tired,

I've had enough, okay?
Can you just leave me alone,
just for a little bit?
Doesn't look like
you're going anywhere.
We have your room number
at the Rancho Sierra.
We'll be back to see you soon.
Fuck, Frank. What are we gonna do?
We're not gonna do anything.
They don't know shit.
They already know, I can tell.
- They already know.
- No they don't. Okay?
They don't know anything for sure.
They will, they'll find out. You know that.
You gotta get me outta here, now.
No. Okay, you gotta stay
here until you get better.
I'm gonna go crazy if they come back.
Just get me outta here, Frank.
What are you doing
with a Winchester?
- What's he got there?
- His dad's rifle.
What is it?
It's a custom gold-plated
Winchester 1894...
and I don't think this
thing's ever been fired.
My brother and I never shot it.
My mom said my dad got it on
one of his lucky streaks.
I think he got it just
before he took off.
Who'd he win it from?
I'm not sure.
I looked it up before.
It ain't on any stolen list
that I've come across.
- What're you gonna do with it?
- I was hoping you could buy it.
I don't think I can give you the
kind of money this thing is worth.

You should put a ad
up on Gun Trader,
or wait until the next
gun show in March.
I'm in a spot.
All I could give you is 400. And
I don't recommend you take it.
That's just all I could
give you for it.
I'll take the 400.
Okay.
Tommy, get him some coffee.
And make him take these donuts.
You guys are leaving, aren't you?
That's what you need the money for?
I don't know.
400 bucks ain't much to hit the
road with, if that's your plan.
Yeah, I know. And we
don't even have a car.
You can get a piece of shit
for 300, I don't know.
I was thinking of going over to Earl
Hurley's lot, he'd set up credit with me.
Yeah, you could do that.
I might have a better option.
The Tyson Douglas fight.
- I don't think so, Tommy.
- Hey.
Frank, Frank! Come here.
Listen, look, I know
this one's good.
And... and... and I just...
I just need help getting there.
- I just need a little bit of money.
- Tommy.
It's Jerry Lee, okay?
Hey man, I'll give you my car.
The odds are 40 to 1.
We bet 250 cash. Alright?
That means, worst case,
you're walking out of there with at
least 150 bucks cash and my car.
When's the fight?

Tonight.

I want the keys to your car.

Right before we place the bet,
okay, I get the keys.

- Deal?

- That's a deal, Frank.

And don't tell Jerry Lee about
selling the old man's gun.

My brother loved that asshole.

Jesus, Al, what the
hell happened to you?

You're not gonna fucking
believe it, Frank.

Walking home last night,
after I rented a movie,
a couple of those fucking
redneck bastards

were waiting for me outside
that gay bar on Virginia.

The one with the numbers on the outside.

Near the vegetarian joint, you know.

A-a-anyway...

they, uh, called me a queer,
they pushed me down, and, uh,
kicked the shit outta me, man.

I thought I was gonna die.

It was that bad.

Finally I just curled up
into a cannonball,

- and tried to wait it out, you know?

- Yeah.

All 'cause I was walking by that place and
wearing my acid-washed jean jacket.

- I mean, what the fuck?

- Jesus, let me see.

It's just a jacket.

Fuck, I didn't even know who
the fuck those guys were.

I never seen them before
in my life, Frank.

Hi.

Gue-gue-guess what
movie I was renting.

What?

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang for Christ's
sakes. Chitty Chitty Bang Bang!
It was a Saturday and I felt like
being in a good mood, you know?
Yeah.
Fuck, man.
Shit, I remember one of
'em stole the movie.
He-he-he-he picked it up and looked
at it, and then he just took it.
- What kind of sick fuck steals a movie?
- Hey, Al...
- your nose is... starting...
- Fuck. Ah, shit.
Jesus Christ, I thought you
weren't gonna show up.
- I told you I'd be here.
- Fight's starting in an hour.
You're a crazy bastard
if you go through with it.
Hey, shut the fuck up, Al.
Heh, I wouldn't bet dead
dick on Buster Douglas.
Hey, Frankie, don't listen to Al. Remember
he just got out of the loony bin.
Yeah, you're fucking crazy.
Buster Douglas is gonna
bust the shit out of him.
No he ain't.
Hey.
The Tyson Douglas fight
is about to begin.
Please place your final bets
in the sports book upstairs.
And good luck from your friends
at the Cal-Neva Casino.
250 on Douglas, please.
The undefeated heavyweight
champion of the world!
Mike Tyson!
We're almost 90 seconds
in and as yet,
Tyson has done no real
damage to Buster Douglas.

All that can change with one big
shot. It's always sudden death.
That was a good round for Douglas.
Probably the best round
I've ever seen him fight.
Let's see if Douglas
can sustain it.
Tyson seems less aggressive
than is normally the case,
perhaps a little frustrated.
This is totally uncharacteristic of
Mike Tyson. He's just... he's not on.
That's a good right hand,
and a good right uppercut,
and two good right
hooks by Douglas!
He got it, he got it,
he got it, he got it.
I don't think I've
seen Tyson absorb
this kind of punishment ever
in his professional career.
Another right hand and now
Tyson seems to be wobbling!
Buster Douglas is completely
dominating this round!
Please move out of
the way, thank you.
And down goes Douglas!
As suddenly as that!
- Fuck, fuck, fuck get up!
- I told you.
Come on! Get up! Come on! Get up!
Tyson came off the ropes with
that terrific right uppercut.
Buster! I love you Buster!
Let's see what Mike
can do to finish.
And the bell sounds to save Buster
Douglas at the end of round eight.
Tyson needed something
like that desperately,
to show the real
champion that he is.

Let's see what Douglas can do when
he comes out for the next round.
Clearly he was out on his
feet as the bell sounded.
Oh! What a right hand by
Tyson to begin the tenth round!
Douglas comes back with
a left and a right!
Three solid shots,
right on Tyson's face!
Douglas comes back with
a left and a right!
Tyson is wobbling!
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Holy shit! Holy shit!
9,450.
Holy fuck.
That's more money
than I've ever had.
- That's more money than I've ever seen.
- It barely fits in my wallet.
Let's go to the strip club.
Have fun, Al.
Here.
I was right, Frank.
This time I was fucking right.
You were.
I just don't want a minivan or
another fucking station wagon.
Okay.
Hey, now that we've
got some dough...
We'd probably be able to
find the kid's folks easier.
- They gotta be out there somewhere.
- I don't think he's got anyone.
Frank, everybody's got
somebody, alright?
And if we find 'em we can
give 'em some of the money.
- What if I can't find 'em?
- You will.
And when you do find 'em...
maybe we'll get 'em some

subscriptions to magazines.

Who knows what they like, but...

most people like magazines.

- I'll try.

- Okay.

How the hell are you,

Frank Flannigan?

What the hell are you doing out
there in this goddamned weather?

I haven't seen you in a long fucking
time. It's been years, ain't it?

- Well... I need a car, Earl.

- Today?

It's goddamned Ice-land out there.

Seems like a strange day
to be buying a car.

Well, hell, kid, what kind
of car you want to buy?

I got 1,500 to spend. I don't wanna
set up a payment plan or anything.

I was hoping to just
pay cash on it.

- You have anything in that ballpark?

- Well, I got a couple that might do ya.
A 1985 Honda Civic.

Maybe something bigger, Earl. Maybe
something you might be able to sleep in.
Jesus, that's a horrible
fucking thought.

I got a Dodge Dart
that Barry picked up.

- Like the kind on the walls?

- Not that nice, but yeah, the same car.
I'll take the Dart.

I'll knock off a
couple a hundred...

if you can go out there and
get it started yourself.

Well, don't do anything stupid.
Trying not to.

You're not a loser, kid.

But if you keep acting like
one, then I don't know.

What I'm saying is... don't make

decisions thinking you're a low-life.

Make decisions thinking

you're a great man.

At least a good man.

And don't be a goddamned pussy.

Got a girlfriend?

I used to.

Well, there you go, see? Some

broad thinks you're alright.

Take care of yourself.

- Frank. Frank!

- What?

Shit, Frank! Where the

fuck have you been?

- What happened?

- Two cops were at my place.

Jesus Christ, are we doing it?

- Yeah, but we gotta go now.

- Alright.

Get me my boot.

Thanks for coming to get me, Frank.

Ah!

Alright, let's go.

Come on, Frank.

Excuse me, sir!

- Where are we gonna go?

- Elko.

- What's in Elko?

- I don't know.

Yeah, this way.

- Right there.

- No shit?

- A Dodge Dart?

- Yeah, it runs good!

Hola amigo! Hey!

Cousin Harvey, you know, he was big.

Tall as a mountain, six foot five.

Aunt Shea thinks he's a

gold mine. A pile of gold.

She was so mean to him, eventually

he ran away, went to San Francisco.

That's horrible.

Wanna come out of the

blanket? Come on buddy.

He gets beat up at every single game
he plays. Every single game.
Ended up being some kind of
computer genius. A millionaire.
Who's got my fucking key?
Tell me about that one
about the pirates.
Nice and warm?
After Mom died...
we left Reno and set
sail for Hawaii.
But on the way we got shanghaied
by a bunch of crazed pirates.
The captain was a cross-dressing
homicidal maniac.
Lethal with guns,
knives, and nunchakus.
And the crew... they were
just a bunch of lunatics
that the captain kept
addicted to morphine.
We spent months trapped on
that ship. Working like slaves.
Then, one night, Captain comes out
of his quarters in a yellow bikini.
He does this amazing swan dive.
Like in the olympics.
The crew all followed him in.
You and me saw a school of
sharks around the boat.
It was a real bloodbath.
The sea was rough.
But you took control.
You were a natural.
We washed ashore on this island.
We were nursed back to health
by this guy. Old Man Jenkins.
He taught us how to shoot guns.
And man, he looked just
like Willie Nelson.
And the girls there,
they were beautiful.
Turns out they thought
we were kings.

So we decided to stay a while.
Man, it's a mess.
Can we go?
I just wanna get to
where we're going.
Okay.
I missed my Marge.
I like the indian chopping the
cowboy's head off with the tomahawk.
Yeah, that's a good one.
I'm gonna go get something
to eat. What do you want?
I ain't hungry. Sort
of thirsty, though.
Get me some water?
Maybe some popsicles?
Yeah.
The three amigos.
Be back soon.
Oh, thanks
- That's the girl.
- Oh yeah?
The real bad-ass.
- How was it?
- It was good.
Who the fuck is that?
Hello?
Annie.
- Hi Frank.
- Hello.
I work at a bakery.
It's a good job.
I live in an apartment
not far from here.
Smaller than any motel I've ever
stayed in, but it's pretty nice.
I painted it.
It has a full kitchen.
What color did you paint it?
Um...
The bathroom I painted white.
It was dark green.
And the front room...
I painted a sorta cream color.

Look's good.

So, you guys on vacation?

No. No, it's, uh...

nothing like that.

- You two ready to order?

- I'm too nervous to eat.

I'll have a piece of
apple pie and coffee.

You got it.

I still think about you.

All the time, I do.

I think about you too.

I'm really glad you're here.

Alright?

I don't know how long I
can stand here, Frank.

Okay.

My hair smells pretty
fucking bad though.

Shampoo.

- Alright? Yeah.

- Yeah.

Yeah.

- I'm fucking naked in front of you.

- That's okay. That's okay.

You got a pretty big
dick, Jerry Lee.

Thank you.

Holy shit! Luck of the Flannigan's.

I think you got all that luck.

Alright out your head under.

Think I can rinse the back?

- Okay. We'll get the back.

- Alright. Okay.

Way back, a long time ago...

our dad got a job a a
salesman at Used Car Magic.

Aunt Bernie got him the job. She was
the aunt that used to give him...

Penthouse, and Hustler, and
Playboy for slashing tires.

Anyway... The lot was

owned by a guy named Ike,

who was like old Earl Hurley,

but was a Jesus Freak.
He drank and smoked and cheated on
his wife, but he also loved God.
One day, this bombshell Iris
walked onto the lot with Biff,
a great dane Russian wolf hound
cross. She was looking for a Mustang.
Dad went to get the keys
to the '64 convertible.
He says to Ike, "the woman of
my dreams just walked in."
Ike said, "remember:
let the words trickle down your
tongue, like the fruits of Jesus."
"You're cute." she said, and
moved her legs slightly apart.
"Hell yeah" Dad thought.
"Iris, I'm gonna blow your mind."
They pull over on a dirt road, and
Iris stood on the hood shooting lizards
with her stainless steel Winchester
.357, while Dad ate fried chicken.
They did it on the hood, while Iris
shot the gun off over his head.
Dad said it was the best
experience of his life.
Next thing he knows, they're stopped off
at Iris' house so she could shower.
Suddenly, the police broke in
and screamed, "Drug raid!"
They found a pound of weed, an M-16,
and a crate of Russian grenades.
Iris shouted, "Let him go! He's
just a man I found yesterday,
a man who would have changed my life, and
led me down the path to righteousness!"
After only a week in jail, Iris was
stabbed five times in the neck,
while getting a
prison-issued haircut.
Dad was sad as hell, 'cause
he really loved Iris.
It was a hard time, until one
day, about a year later,

our mother walked
onto the dusty lot.
Ike took Dad aside.
"Jimmy," he said,
"I think this might be
the next gal for you."
Then he gave him a hundred buck bonus,
and the rest of the day off. The end.
That's a hell of a story, Frank.
That damn woman, she
was something, huh?
I liked the part about fucking
and shooting the gun off.
It's too bad Iris had to die.
But then he wouldn't have met
Mom, and... we wouldn't be here.
I didn't want her to, but...
she just did.
You know...
a lot of the stories you tell,
the cool girl dies at the end.
I mean, that one about the
parachute didn't open for her.
Then the girl got
caught on the rocks.
She ran outta air in her SCUBA
tank before we could get to her.
And then there were
those sand people,
or whatever they were...
they tortured her to death.
Yeah.
It's good that we're here.
I'm gonna sleep to that story.
Let's not talk anymore.
I don't wanna lose it.
This is where I work.
Seems like a nice place.
Are you gonna stay
here for a while?
- Annie James, holy shit!
- Hi Jerry Lee.
I knew there was a reason
we came to Elko. I just...

- I couldn't figure it out.
- It's good to see you.
I told her everything.
Yeah?
I guess it doesn't really matter.
I just wish it was me instead
of that kid, Annie. I do.
No, don't say that. What
would Frank do without you?
Anyway, you guys, you should
go have some fun, huh?
You gotta walk her
home anyway, Frank.
No, he's gotta stay
and keep you company.
No, we're good, right?
We're pretty good here.
Annie James.
We gotta clean that.
Aah!
Alright.
Fuck!
Fuck.
- Thanks.
- Yep. Over here.
Hey boy. Hey.
Hi.
This is it.
Why are you here, Frank?
To see you.
- And to know that you're okay.
- I am.
Yeah.
So what now?
I don't know.
I know that I hurt you.
Yeah.
I know, yeah.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
I don't care.
I hated doing that. What
you saw, I really did.
She made me do it.

She went on and on about all
the things she's done for me.
And how that guy you saw
was gonna kill her.
And he really did say he
was gonna kill her.
You should go. I'll walk you out.
I can't lose you, Frank. Really I can't.
I can't go back there. No, please!
Frank, please!
Frank!
Frank.
- Hey Frank, wake up.
- What time is it?
I don't know, all I know
is I gotta take a leak,
and I don't think I
can get up by myself.
Alright.
Well, come on, Frank.
I'm about to piss myself.
If I do, I'm taking your bed.
Ah, the greatest
feeling I've ever had.
I think this is the longest piss
I think I've ever pissed, Frank.
- I'm gonna be sick soon.
- I'm almost done.
Frank.
Maybe you should just
drink beer from now on.
I mean it looked like you
drank half that bottle.
You know Willie Nelson, he said whiskey was
the only thing that almost killed him.
More than any other drug, and I'm
sure he tried them all, you know...
Sure he has.
How ya feeling?
I'm having nightmares.
Mind if I have one of those?
We drank a lot of beers.
Didn't we, Frank?
Yeah, I guess so.

Hey, that probably ain't
too good for you.
It can't be that bad.
So, you think you
could live in Elko?
I think it could be pretty
nice, you know, it's, uh...
it's different.
- You gonna start seeing her again?
- I don't know.
You still ain't ever
told me what happened.
Yeah, well you probably wouldn't
like her too much if you knew.
I think I have a pretty
good idea, though.
You ever tell anyone?
No.
You never talk about
anything, Frank.
I know you better than anybody.
I don't even know what
you're thinking anymore.
It doesn't have to
be me, I guess...
It's just not good
to hold things in.
If you read the Willie
book, you'd know that.
I went down to the
Sutro that night.
And uh... saw her like that.
With some guy.
And uh... with her...
down to her bottom underwear with
her bare knees on that old carpet.
With her mom in the... in the room.
Well, she's had a hard life.
I mean, her mom's a
hooker for chrissakes.
I keep... seeing her knees
in my mind, you know?
We're fuck-ups, Frank.
We're gonna be with

people who are fuck-ups.

And to me...

to me that makes sense.

You're the loneliest

guy I know, Frank.

Everyone says that.

Even Tommy says that.

- All I've ever done is fuck up.

- Don't say that.

Oh come on. I ain't never had a woman

tell me that she loved me. You have.

Annie told you that, didn't she?

- Yeah.

- See?

- I ain't never done anything.

- We're just getting started.

Maybe.

No girl's gonna fuck a guy with
one leg. A guy who's killed a kid.

Now, I'm just telling
you the truth.

I'm just telling you the truth.

I made you something.

I drew this for you.

Oh, man.

That's funnier than hell.

Hey.

You're a good man, Frank Flannigan.

You are.

I love you.

You were heading towards Iceland
and there was nothing you could do.

Your plane crashes into
a goddamned blizzard.

You're almost snow-blind, when a polar bear
the size of an elephant starts chasing you.

You pull out your pearl-handled .45
and out one round right through
it's brain, killing it dead.

You take out your Air

Force issue pocket knife

and carve up a hole in the
polar bear, and jump inside.

You walk all night, and in the

morning you come across a cabin,
and hear a girl screaming inside. She's
naked, tied face down on the bed.
An old guy with a whip
stands over her,
and goddamn if he isn't doing a
line of cocaine off her ass.
A line the size of a deer antler. You
kick in the door, pull out your gun,
and say, "Sir, I am a lieutenant in the
American Air Force. Put down that whip."
Then the girl comes flying out and stabs
him in the throat with a kitchen knife,
and blood squirts everywhere. And
you leave his body to the wolves.
Her name's Marge. She tells you you're
the greatest man she's ever met.
You end up falling in love.
Goddamn if a meteor doesn't
come flying from the sky
and crash right next to your cabin. Oil
starts shooting out 100 years high.
- What's going on?
- Sir, please move back.
"Honey" you ask her,
"you own this land?"
"No, we own this land."
She says and hugs you.
"Goddamn." you say.
"We're gonna be millionaires."