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The Paperboy

By Peter Dexter

(male interviewer) Just
tell me when you're rolling.

(cameraman)

We 're rolling.

A lot of people...

have questioned
what really happened.

And when the novel
was first published,
it didn't take long
for there to be even
more questions asked.

It's always
remained a mystery.

And that's why

I wanted to thank you
for coming
in to meet with us.

To help shed some light on the events.

Okay.

He dedicated
the book to you.

Can you tell us
how much of his novel
was based on fact?

All of it.

[clears throat]

It was 1969...

[raindrops drumming]

[female voice moaning]

(interviewer, off) What can
you tell us about that summer?

Question? What was
the question?

[overlapping] What do you
remember about that summer 1969?

[overlapping] It was
hot. It was real hot.

God must have been
sweatin', it was so hot.

[chuckling]

[rain drumming]

[thunder]

Tell me

about the murder.
Hey, how much, how much
I'm gettin' paid for this?
[clears throat]
Well, Sheriff Call
was this evil, nasty,
disgusting son
of a gun.
[female voice oohing]
Black people
hated Sheriff Call
because he killed
so many of us
during his two terms
in service.
[thunder crashing]
Some of my family
was included.
White people
feared him too.
[grunts and groans]
So somebody got fed up with
his fat ass, and killed him.
That's what happened
that summer.
[soft music]
[birds chirping]
[wipers rubbing]
They say he dragged
his intestines
for a mile
before he died.
Crazy white people even
built a statue for him.
How did it come about
that you worked
for the Jansens?
I was cleaning
for them part time,
right when his mamma
ran off.
And Ward and I,
Ward was his brother,
he was in high school

at the time
and we raised
him together.
Little Jackie
was five at the time.
Where was his father?
W. W. was just
chasing girls,
you know.
And running
the local newspaper.
The M oat County T ribune.
(man on bench)
How's Ward?
(Jack) He's good,
he's good. Real busy.
Ward was a writer...
uh... for the Miami Times.
He used to write
about, uh...
well, he was kind of famous, you know,
'cause he wrote about
the Civil Rights Movement
and the poor
and the unjustly accused.
That's how come
that lady Charlotte
started writing
letters to him.
Stuff like that.
Yeah.
And then Jack, like I
said, he was a swimmer.
And, uh...
almost professional,
very close but then
he got kicked
off the swim team,
he got kicked
out of college,
and he came back home to his
papa's house to deliver newspapers.
He didn't want
to come back home,

but he didn't have
nowhere else to go.
[water rippling]
['60s beat music playing]
(female voice singing)
??? Yeah???
??? Mmm???
(Anita) Jack, you better
turn that music down.
You know W. W.
gon' be mad at you.
??????
Dang it, Anita, can you please knock?
I could've been
jerking off in here.
Please, it ain't nothing
I ain't seen before.
What are you doing?
I'm picking up your stuff,
like I do every day.
(Anita) Oh come on, not
today. It's too hot for that.
I'm just helping.
You're not helping me.
You don't have to help me.
Come on.
Get off the bed
so I can make it.
Go fix me
some collard greens.
It's my bed.
I know it's your bed.
Really?
Because it's your bed,
you should fucking make it.
They cancelled
"The Smothers Brothers. "
Oh, no, that's your show.
Well, I love that show. I
love Dick and I love Tommy.
Lay down. Let me be you for a second.
Oh, yeah, right. Get me in trouble.
You want to be me,
I get to be you? Okay.

Okay, I'll love this.
Jack, may I come in?
Oh, good, okay. Go away,
go out. Go back out.
Okay. I better start
jerking off first. Okay.
Jack, sorry to interrupt
your masturbation,
but I'm here
to clean the bed!
I could've been jerking off!
I'm gonna clean everything!
I could have
been jerking off!
Get out!
Clean my shit up!
...get all that we
have received in return,
is just another
smooth exercise
in political manipulation.
(male voice) Good girl.
Deceit and deception,
callousness and indifference
to our individual problems,
and the disgusting playing
of divisive politics,
pitting the young
against the old,
labor against management,
north against south.
Did you want
to see me?
Have you spoken
to Ward this week?
No.
Hello, Jack.
He didn't mention anything
to you about coming here?
I can't believe your father's
making me report on this.
I mean, look at her.
...to open our society.
(Ellen) She plans to

run for president next.
They want to talk
to Hillary V an Wetter.
Don't you let that
Pulitzer Prize fool you.
[typing]
He don't know
everything yet.
Ain't no reason
to come up here
stirring up shit
with that asshole.
I just wanted to say
that it is very important
for all Americans
to recognize...
(Anita) Charlotte Bless
loved her some dangerous men.
She wrote men in prison.
She finally fell
in love with one.
She was determined
to get him out.
(friend No. 1) Why y'all
ain't got no ice in here?
(Charlotte) You want
ice, go to your house.
Charlotte.
Oh, that's my show. What
you think, Charlotte?
I don't like it.
Make it looser.
That's that nigger
you've been writing?
No. This is
my white man.
Ohhh.
What happened yesterday?
I missed it.
Listen to this. He thinks I'm his angel.
His angel? Shhh. Shut your face.
Bitch, how old is he?
Oh, my God.
He's a fine motherfucker that's trying to fuck

you. "Ever there was an angel in the world,
"my angel,
it must be you,
but no angel would do the
things I dream that you want. "
Your angel, his angel.

Mm-hm.

That's hot.

He say, "If you truly exist,
I may become a religious man. "

Ah!

"All my life, my heart
has tried to find a place
I cannot name... a home. "

You need to find
yourself a young one.

He'll fuck you
real good.

[laughing]

He says

I'm his home. Hm.

Got a hundred
different men
writing her
from the penitentiary.

That's her man.

Oh, no.

This is my man.

This here's the one.

M m-hm.

(Anita, off) Ward came
home to investigate
the conviction
of Hillary Van Wetter.
The town wasn't
too happy about it
and neither was his papa.
(Yardley) Oh, shit. Ugh.

(Yardley)

Ward...

[British accent] there's
a horse in the parking lot.

(Ward, southern accent)

It's our ride home, Yardley.

[laughing]

Uh, where is everybody?

[groaning]

It's Sunday.

People's either at home

or at church.

It's a shithole.

[approaching car]

Hey, man.

Hey, you.

[chuckling]

(Jack)

How you doing?

Jack, meet Yardley Acheman. Hey.

My little brother, Jack.

The swimmer, right?

Yeah, he's our driver now.

Right, good.

Here, let me get these.

That's my typewriter.

You've gotten big, boy.

Just be careful

with the typewriter.

Got all pumped up.

Is that from swimming?

Not anymore.

[thud]

No! No! No!

Yardley's real particular

about his suits

and his typewriter.

Well, it's very expensive.

Yes. Thank you.

[groan]

How do I get in?

Watch your head.

Watch your head.

Don't touch my head. (Ward) Tell

him where you're from, Yardley.

[sigh]

London.

Ah!

When I came here...

from New York,

I was interviewing
for the job...
and I was in advertising in New York
and I mentioned that it was
simply different in New York.
So how'd you get
from New York City
to the metropolis
of Lately, Florida?
[phone ringing]
Jansen residence.
So I came down South and
I interviewed at the paper.
(Anita) W.W., Miss
Roberta's on the phone.
No, no, no.
We don't take phone
calls. (W. W.) Anita...
Who's Miss Roberta?
No calls, Anita.
(W. W.) What part of
London you from, Yardley?
Um, all over London.
Is there a good dry
cleaning here? Excuse me?
[clears throat]
Dry cleaning.
Dry cleaning?
Yes.
You ain't gonna eat that,
are you? (Jack) uh-uh.
How you gonna win those
swimming meets if you don't eat?
I'm retired.
Retired. Jack, you ain't even
tired enough to be retired.
(W. W.) How is it exactly you guys work?
I mean, like that boy
drowned at his initiation?
Well, Yardley's the writer...
And I'd guess you'd say
Ward is the nuts and bolts.
Yeah. When I was
a reporter,

we had rewrite men who took
the stories over the phone.

(Yardley) No, no, no.

I'm not a rewrite man.

I'm the writer.

I'm the one who puts
the facts into perspective.

Oh!

Yes. It's a different
world now, Mr. Jansen.

Clearly.

(Ward) Times have changed a bit, sir.

(W. W.) What interest
does "The Miami Times "
have in Hillary
V an Wetter?

He murdered
somebody in jail?

Even if he was guilty...

I t was a lynching, pure and
simple... he had certain rights.

And even
if he was guilty...

Hillary has rights that the
process completely disregarded.

(Ward) And that's why we 're here.

I'm very sorry, everybody,
but I'm going to have to leave.

I'm sorry, sweetheart.

I have early evaluations
first thing in the morning.

Come here, sugar.

I apologize.

[indistinct]

(Ward)

All right, buddy.

(Anita, distant)

Ward?

(Ellen)

Good night, boys.

Ward?

(W. W.) Seems mighty sure
of himself for a colored.

Ward said

they need a driver.

A driver?

(Anita)

What you do out there?

So you meet anybody new
out there in Miami?

I met a few.

Oh, yeah. All types
down there, you know?

You stay away
from those rough ones.

Remember what happened
the last time.

[sounds of washing dishes]

How your kids?

You look beautiful, babe.

They're doing good.

They're doing really good.

As soon as I get
out of here,

I'll go see them and make
dinner all over again.

[chuckle]

You should come
to that dinner, too.

[laughing]

I'll come
to that dinner.

I think Ellen is
maybe number four...

since you left.

Yeah.

That's why I don't take
them bitches too seriously.

They come and they go
and they come and they go.

You know

what I mean?

[Martha Reeves and the Vandellas
sing Third Finger, Left Hand]

??? A t last

My dreams come true???

??? Today he said "I do "???

??? Friends said

It couldn't be done???

??? But all his love

I know I've won???

How you doing there, Yard?

Oh, jeez.

??? That's where he placed

The wedding band???

(Anita) Hey, close that door, boy.

I don't want your daddy

screaming about all the flies

getting in the house.

Hmm.

Who is that, Jack?

Uh...

I'm looking for the

office of Mr. Jansen.

Ward Jansen

of "The Miami Times. "

(Anita) I said who is

it? I work for the Times.

You do?

Yeah.

[thud]

Huh.

Well, I'm Charlotte

Bless. I'm Jack Jansen.

Here, let me get that.

Oh.

[groan] Hey. All my files.

The office

is in the garage.

You look a little young

to be a journalist.

I'm really just the driver. Oh.

But I do write.

So do I. I write

letters. I'm pretty good.

??????

Hey, guys!

This here is

Miss Charlotte Bless.

Oh, not for long.

Hillary and I are engaged to be married.

Hello, Miss Bless.

I'm Ward.

Oh, Mr. Ward, good to finally meet you.

You didn't mention the engagement in your letters. Go clean yourself up.

Well, it only just happened. He just proposed.

Oh, that looks nasty.

Well, how did I do that?

(Ward)

Excuse me a second.

Get Miss Bless something to drink. I'm Yardley Acheman.

We thought you and Hillary hadn't met.

Well, only in pictures,

but we been writing

each other for months

and we understand

ourselves just perfect.

(Yardley) Ward, where should I put her files?

Everything you need to know about Van Wetter

that's been in the papers,

is here in these boxes.

Our exciting correspondence is in that box.

In case

you're interested.

[laughs]

My desk, Jackie boy.

Mr. Jansen, I really just wanted to thank you.

I wanted to thank you for returning my letters.

And for helping me get Hillary out of that hellhole.

Well, I wouldn't go booking the honeymoon just yet.

But we are going to fight his sentence

and the way

it came about.

Thank you.

Thank you so much.
Nobody deserves the
death penalty, Miss Bless.
Not even
Hillary Van Wetter.
um, excuse me. So, everything
is ordered alphabetically.
I was telling, um...
what's your name?
Yardley.
Yardley.
U m, that all
of the files,
U m, everything that's
been in the papers,
is in the top box. This
is gonna be a great help.
He's an innocent man.
You're gonna find that out.
Wrongly convicted.
This is gonna get us
off to a great start.
I've done a lot of research. I see that.
In the meantime, you need
to freshen up or anything?
Jack, show Miss Bless to the
washroom. I think I'll just stay here.
You might have some questions
that you need answered.
I can freshen
up just here.
Cold beer for me, Jack.
You're adorable, Jack.
I will take an iced tea if you have it.
You want anything,
Ward? (Ward) I'm good.
You'll see, uh...
[indistinct]
it's an enormous amount of
work... What's with the boxes?
(Ward) I don't know what to
do here. What's with the boxes?
Well, we 're
gonna start on it.

(Anita, off) My Jack was in
love with Charlotte Bless.
I could tell
that horny little boy
wanted to jump her
on first sight.
Everybody was confused why she
was engaged to Hillary Van Wetter.
Nasty, white trash swamp.
(Yardley, reading) "All the
killers who have written me
want to press their
mouths into my vagina
and some, even the crack of my behind,
except Hillary Van Wetter.
He has no such desire.
He wants to be
sucked off himself.
I consider this psychological
proof of his innocence. "
[groan]
She is one nasty
little nut job.
Think we've been taking
her a little too seriously.
You sure get
bored quick.
No. Can tell I'm not going
to get laid anytime soon
in this Floridian
shit pit, so...
Listen...
Hey, Kathy, it's me.
Hillary tells her
that the knife
Yardley.
and the bloodied shirt
that the deputies claim
to have found in his house
somehow got lost
before the trial.
Yeah, I miss you, too.
What?
Hello, Kathy.

(Anita) Miss Bless wanted
to look at the prison.
Jack's first assignment
was to take her there.
I bet he knows
I'm here.
See, people who fall
in love outside...
of a normal relationship,
they have these powers...
telepathic powers.
Hillary and I have that
kind of connection, you dig?

??????

[music from radio]

[bell ringing]

Now why ain't you
in college?

Huh?

Uh, I was a swimmer
when I was in school.

No kidding?

Yeah.

I was a swimmer.

You were?

uh-huh. I'd swim
like a mermaid
if it wasn't
for my damn curly hair.

I think straight hair
gives me class.

All right.

Good.

??????

So?

Well, we was drunk one night, and, uh...

I just...

I lost my temper
and just...

well, I emptied the pool.

At your college?

The university
of Florida.

They called that vandalism,

I guess.

It's actually not as easy
to do as it sounds.

So you lose
your temper often?

Mm.

This place is full of boys
just like you
who lost their temper
one day.

I'm getting horny
being this close to him.

[deep sigh]

Oh, baby.

[sucks in air]

I bet he's horny
for me all the time.

Yeah.

Mmm.

Oh, I can feel him.

Can I help you folks?

Oh, no.

Yes, Officer.

Uh... hm.

We just wanted to sit in your
parking lot for a little while.

What for?

His daddy's in there and we
wanted to send him good vibrations.

Some good what?

Oh, these special things
called good vibrations.

[chuckles]

Sorry, ma'am.

Y'all can't park here.

Oh.

Yes, Officer.

[engine starts]

(Anita, off) The story that
Hillary told the deputies
was never investigated.
He simply told it once
from the witness stand
and was never asked

to elaborate,
not even
by his own lawyers.
[indistinct]
Good to see you again,
Ward. Nice to see you.
Sir, this is my writing
partner, Mr. Yardley Acheman.
[clock ticking loudly]
Of course.
I suppose
the best place to start
would be
the beginning.
I was born
in this county.
1897, to poor
but proud parents.
(Yardley) Mr. Pine,
could we skip 65 years,
save everyone some time?
Hillary V an Wetter, 1965?
Oh, I can't agree to talk
to you about that matter.
Not without
my client's permission.
He's entitled to his privacy,
just like anybody else.
You have his permission.
He wrote you.
I'll have to check
that out.
I'm sure the letters would
be in your files, Mr. Pine.
That's what you say, but
I have a client to protect.
Look here.
If we have to get a
lawyer of our own down here
to sort this out,
then while he's here,
we're gonna have him look through
every aspect of Mr. Van Wetter's case.
Including the competency

of his defense.
There was nothing wrong with the
defense Hillary Van Wetter got in court!
Then you have nothing
to worry about from us.
We just want
to talk to him.
Then we'll be
out of your...
You don't know a thing
about this person!
You've been in this world
for five minutes, boy!
(Ward) Now that's just
not necessary, Mr. Pine.
Yes. I talk the way I want in my office!
All right. Then you'll
arrange the meeting, will you?
Quick!
We're gonna be late!
You get
the marriage license?
[laughter]
I can't believe
we 're doing this!
[kissing sound]
Fuck! Jack, go knock
on the door again.
(Ward) There she is. Whoa, baby
Well, I say... (Ward)
Good morning, Miss Bless.
Look at Daisy Mae.
(Charlotte)
Morning.
(Ward) You look just fine.
Hope he likes it.
[sigh]
Uh...
Would you mind putting
up the windows?
It's gonna muss my hair.
Are you serious?
I'm sweating like a
pregnant nun back here.

[engine starts]
unbelievable!
[music]
Hi.
(officer)
You got 15 minutes.
No physical contact
of any kind.
No tape recorders.
No object may be passed to the prisoner.
I'll be right
outside this door.
[angry voice distant]
[door closes]
(Ward)
Mr. Van Wetter,
my name is Ward Jansen.
This is my associate, Yardley
Acheman... You look like your picture.
(Charlotte whispers sexy) Mmm. I do?
Thank you.
[giggles]
These your
paperboys?
Mm-hm.
What they gonna do
for us?
They gonna save you.
They're gonna save us?
Mm-hm.
Shit. They can't even
save themselves.
Mr. Van Wetter,
we wanted to ask you
about the lost evidence
in your case.
Shut up. Can't you see I'm busy?
(Hillary, whispering) Will you
do something for me right now?
Oh.
Oh, I wish I could.
Spread your legs open
a little bit.
Mmm.

Yeah.
Now tear off
them pantyhose.
Rip those off.
Yeah.
Mm-hm.
Move your hands away.
Mmm.
Yeah.
[panting]
Now open
up your mouth...
you picture what you
wrote me in your letters.
[moaning]
[groaning]
[moaning continues]
You bitch!
[sigh]
[panting]
[gasping loudly]
[deep groans]
[gasps]
Oh, I love you.
[door opens]
(officer) What the
hell's going on in here?
You're a good girl. I warned
y'all! This visit's over!
I told y'all this visit was... come on!
Come on, Hillary.
N o!
N o!
There's nothing going on!
Shit! N o! [laughing]
What the fuck? I didn't touch that girl!
No!
No!
What the fuck
you laughing about?
[laughter continues]
(Ward) Come on now,
Miss Bless. [wailing]
(Anita, off) Jack came home

and threw up after that.
He couldn't believe
he still loved her
after what he saw,
but he did.

(clerk) You're Ward
Ward's boy? (Ward) M m-hm.

Most contrary man
in all of M oat County.
What may I do for you
gentlemen today?

It's about the murder
of Sheriff Call.

I understand that there's
some physical evidence
relating to the case
that was lost?

Yes, sir.

I believe there was.

Well, we was wondering
what sort of explanation
the department might have.

I wish I knew.

Mr. Van Wetter once cut
a deputy's thumb off.

Did you know that?

It was over a traffic ticket,
if I remember.

You can't do much
without your thumb.

It's what separates us
from the primates.

For a little thing like
holding your wife's titty.

You're not married, Mr. Jansen? No.

A little thing like that,
you can't do it.

Maybe I'll just go talk
to the deputies
who was involved
in the arrest.

You can talk
to whoever you want
as long as they'll talk

to you. But they won't.
And why is that?
They haven't forgotten what
Hillary did to one of theirs.
The judge
allowed testimony
based on evidence
that he never even saw.
He took the officer's word
over Hillary's.
I can't say I blame him. Nobody does.
[tinging]
[boxing sounds]
[Jack, laughing] You
got me in the face there.
(Yardley) So you've got to ask him.
Where was he

between 2:

(Ward) I'm gonna ask him
about some things he wrote,
some letters to Charlotte.
[footsteps]
[buzzer]
[door opens]
Here we go.
(officer)
H old.
[door opens]
Good morning,
Mr. Van Wetter.
Hey.
[Ward clears his throat]
Where's your dress?
You don't like me
like this?
You know a prisoner
by the name of...
Ward, Ward, Ward.
You know a prisoner
by the name
of Mr. Bobby Valentine?
Mr. V an Wetter?
Mr. Demarcus Williams,

Mr. Bobby Hinton?
Another prisoner
by the name of Jimmy Edwards,
another one, Demarcus.
I think his name is Curt.
I forgot his last name.
Anyway, you know what
they all have in common?
Hey, Martin Luther King.
You know what they all
had in common? (Ward) What?
They all wear pants.
Every goddamned man
in here wears pants!
How am I supposed to tell
you apart from them?
Don't talk to her like
that! Sit down, Jack.
(officer)
Sit the fuck down.
Mr. Van Wetter, we don't
have a lot of time, all right?
We got to move on.
You're gonna move
on one way or another, Ward?
Ward's in charge!
He's gonna get his way...
till he don't.
Maybe that's how he got
his scars on the face.
You mentioned in one of
your letters to Miss Bless
that you was working
Turn around, bitch!
An Uncle Tyree...
Yeah, yeah.
at the time
of the murder.
What kind of work you doing? Lawn work.
Lawn work.
You wear a dress
in here next time
or you don't bother coming!
Bitch, look at me!

And stop bringing
that fucking nigger
think he
Muhammad Ali with you!
Mr. Van Wetter,
come have a seat.
Cassius Clay, nigger.
We can get a dress
here in five minutes.
Why don't you
have a seat?
Go home, boy!
I don't know...
Charlotte, where does one get
pants like that from anyway?
Well, I think we got
the case licked.
This is
a fucking circus!
(Ward, off)
In this town,
Weldon Pine helped get
Sheriff Call re-elected.
(Anita, off) Tension
was brewing in the house.
Jack was getting jealous
of Hillary and Charlotte.
[indistinct]
And he was getting jealous
of Ward and Yardley, too.
Ward wasn't somebody who
attached himself to just anybody.
(Yardley) Your dad's
girlfriend, what's her name?
Jack couldn't understand why he
was so attached to that Yardley.
N o, you didn't.
(Ellen) What is the hottest temperature
that you've
ever been in?
(Jack)
(Ward)
How about you?
Just put your hand out

and it burns off
The hottest was when I lived
in Florida. How about you?
It doesn't bother me. I
never pay attention to it.
Cold and wet just goes fucking
through you like a knife
but... I don't know.
So how's Mr. Van Wetter
today? He still innocent?
I don't know.
If he is...
he sure as hell didn't
have no help proving it,
not from that
Weldon Pine guy anyway.
Could I have a fork
or something?
The chicken legs, you
eat those with your hands.
Maybe at your house.
(W. W.) This is the South, sugar.
Anyway, you know
how I feel about that.
Do you eat your mashed potatoes with
your hands? Do you really want to...?
Do you really want to...? Do you really
want to...? Bring me some chopsticks, Anita.
Do you really want
to take the shot...
on putting to death
a man or a woman
when maybe they're
innocent? I mean, I don't.
I don't want to try to
have to live with that.
On the other hand... Are you
gonna eat that or torture it?
T old you,
I'm not hungry.
That's 'cause
you're in love.
I know who you're
sniffing around, too.

Anita, please don't
tease him at the table.
On the other hand,
if somebody's guilty,
well, you want to pay
their room and board 365?
(Ellen) Absolutely. Ah!
Whoops.
I'm so sorry.
Anyway, it's just iced tea.
It ain't even gonna stain.
(Anita) You'da thought Jack
would had a girlfriend by now,
but all he did was jerk
off to the pictures
in those nudie magazines
that was under his bed.
Now she was all he could
think of night and day.
Oh, yeah, he was
definitely in love.
He needed her.
What you reading?
You give it to me.
What is this shit?
" Lolita. "
Porno, I bet.
Oh.
You need a girlfriend.
[laughter]
[lively chatter]
Look at them girls
over there.
Go on and introduce yourself.
Go on.
I'm just fine
right here.
You want me to blow you,
don't you?
You don't have to answer.
I know it's true.
I'm not gonna blow
a friendship...
over a stupid

little blowjob.
You hear me?
Look, why you talking to me like that?
See that one in blue?
She'll blow you.
I don't want someone
like that blowing me.
It's a good thing
you're not in prison
because you wouldn't have
a choice there.
Fuck you.
[pop music,
male voice sings]
[laughs]
??????
Jack, come back here.
??? Well, well???
??? I passed the corner
Where we first met???
??? Yes, I did???
??? Memories of our love
Linger there yet???
??? Oh, I'm sitting
On top of the world???
??? Just to know
That you're my girl???
??? I'm just lucky???
??? I'm lucky, lucky,
Lucky in love???
[bubbling]
??????
[gasping]
[bubbling]
[muffled shout]
??????
??? Our love is here...???
[bubbling]
[muffled shout]
[gasping and panting]
??? Lucky, lucky, lucky
In love...???
[coughing]
[panting]

??? Oh, I'm sitting
On top of the world???

??? Just to know
That she's my girl???

??? That makes me lucky???

(girl No. 1) Oh my God. Pam.

??? I'm so lucky lucky
Lucky in love???

??? Let me sing
One more time??????

(girl No. 1) What is that? Is he okay?
Is he having
an allergic reaction?
A jellyfish sting
or something?

(girl No. 3) A fucking
jellyfish did that.
You're supposed to piss
on a jellyfish sting.
We're gonna have to do
something embarrassing.
You got to hang in there. Hey!
Well, you're gonna...
You'll piss on him?
(Charlotte) What are you doing to him?
Call an ambulance.
He's having a reaction!
Shut the fuck up!
Don't push me!
You're supposed to piss...
Get the fuck out of here!
I can see this.
I can see he's poisoned.
You don't pee on...
Don't push me!
I will slap your face.
Get the fuck out of here. All right.
I said, I will kick your ass!
I'm going to call the police.
Move it!
Fine.
If anyone's gonna piss
on him, it's gonna be me!
(girl No. 2)

Fine, fuck you!
He don't like strangers
peeing on him!
Come on. Come on.
Come on, baby come on!
Wake up!
Come on! Shit!
??? La la la???

[grunt]
[groan]
??? Zippeydoo da???

Come on.
Come on!
[gasp]
??? No matter
What people say???

??? I know our love
Is here to stay???

??? And I'm so lucky???

You're gonna be okay!
??? Lucky lucky in love???

??? I'm mister lucky???

??? I'm so lucky
Lucky lucky in love??????

(Anita)

Jack.
What are you doing here?
What do you think
I'm doing here?
Told you to knock
on my door
before you come
in my room.
Oh, hush up.
Here, I brought
you something.
Take these pills.
I smell awful.
That's because that blond
lady peed all over your face.
Ugh. Here,
drink this.
Does it hurt?
[gulping]

I'm cold, I'm cold, I'm cold.
[groan]
(Yardley) Congratulations,
Jack. We 're in the paper.
" Fast action saves
Lately man at beach.
"Miss Charlotte Bless
of Mobile, Alabama
apparently saved
Mr. Jansen's life
by urinating over the areas of his body
where he was attacked.
These included the victim's
arms, genitals and face. "
(Charlotte)
Jack, I had no idea.
I had no idea
that your own father
would print
something like that.
It made the AP wire.
You're famous
all over the country.
" Home Remedy. "
Good title.
What's Dad trying to do to me?
It's called the newspaper
business, Jack.
[gagged shouting]
Oh, shit.
[choking]
Let him go, Jack!
You're gonna kill him.
[choking]
Jack, let him go.
You put your hands
on me again,
I will fuck you up!
Yeah?
[kicking can]
Fuck you, nigger!
[coughing]
(Charlotte)
He needs to get laid.

(Yardley) He needs a
fucking straitjacket.
He's sexually repressed.
Sexually repressed
is a 40-year-old woman
who's obsessed
with prison cock!
That's not nice. (Ward) Calm down now.
No, fuck calm down!
I'm not having
some kid call me a nigger.
I want him
out of here now!
[dog barking]
Yardley?
Jack, let's go
to the prison.
You two can stay here
and keep arguing.
This time I'm talking
to Hillary by myself.
(Charlotte)
Come on.
He's not even
gonna look at you
if I'm not there
in a pretty dress.
Well, that's too bad
for him.
Ward.
You'll see.
[music]
(Anita, off) I knew Jack
didn't mean to say it.
But those were the times
we were living in
and it was
what it was.
Yardley, on the other
hand, well...
[Patti Labelle singing
"Take the Night Off"]
??? Get out of the cold???
??? Take the night off???

??? Be your own boss???

??? When you're near me???

??? Can you hear me???

??? Or do I have to shout
In your ear???

??? Mmm???

??? Take the night off???

??? Turn the light on???

??? Take the night off???

??? Turn the light on???

Forensic report says
that the sheriff
was stabbed
between 2 and 3 AM.
Yep. Like I told you,
I was with... my Uncle
Tyree doing lawn work
in Ormond Beach
at the time.
Lawn work?
Yes, sir.
You mean stealing?
Yes, sir.
Stealing sod
off a golf course.
A developer paid through
the teeth for that shit.
We sold it and we didn't make it back
to the river
till sunrise.
What kind of developers?
Condominiums, man.
You got a name?
No, I don't.
Deputies say they found the
sheriff's body at 6 AM...
but it was the way
he was killed.
That's what makes
everybody assume it was you.
What you think?
You tell me.
I ain't the only one carrying
a machete around here.

True.

The deputies
went to Tyree's house,
he said he'd been
sleeping in bed all night
and had a whole bunch of family
members there to confirm it.

Then they go
to your house...
where they find the
bloodstained shirt and knife.

Yeah, all right.

Listen to me.

Every knife and shirt that
I own is stained in blood.

It's what I do
for a living.

I'm gutting alligators
for their skin.

Okay?

I was a bachelor.

I didn't have nobody
to do my laundry.

You probably got somebody
to do your laundry.

What you think?

I bet you do.

They never matched the blood
to the sheriff's, did they?

Tell me how to find Tyree.

The arms of mercy
are so wide

they will accept any man,
but they will not accept
any man wearing pants.

Where is my woman?

Where's my woman?

The only one you need to
talk to right now is me, baby.

The only one

I need to talk to?

I'm the only one.

I'm your mercy.

I'm your arms wide open,

I'm your pants.

??????

Ward's in charge!

??????

If you wanna go see Tyree,
I'll give you directions,
but you got to make that choice
because he's a violent man.

(Anita)

Now stay with me now
because this is
when it gets tricky.
Ward called Charlotte
and told her to drive
Yardley to Ormond Beach.
He wanted to verify Hillary's
so-called golf course story.
The boys went on to
visit this uncle Tyree.

(Jack) M an, this is
stupid. Where are we going?
N o one lives out here.
N o one could live out here.
You talk to Anita about
your... choice of words?

(Jack)

It was fucked up.

I know.

[groan]

Goddamn it.

Sure you don't me
to watch the car?

[heavy breathing]

Goddamn it! This stuff
ain't working, man.

It's like they
like this shit.

Better than jellyfish,
I bet.

[spitting]

Fuck!

Oh, my God!

Watch it! You're way too
close to him. Ward! Ward!

You better jump him.
It's better in here
where we have to get lower.
Ward, you're sinking!
This whole place
is just floating.
You ever think
about Mama?
I wonder
where she at.
[sigh]
She is
in Tucson, Arizona.
You got a girlfriend?
Why?
[laughing]
[spitting]
You don't remember this, but
Mom used to go on about, uh...
don't make love to a woman until
you get married, right? Mm-hm.
[deep sigh]
I followed that
until I was...
Oh, fuck that. We'll
talk about it later.
Let's go.
[pig rumbling]
Mr. Van Wetter?
Good afternoon, sir.
My name is Ward Jansen.
I work for "The Miami Times. "
We're here on behalf here
of your nephew, Hillary.
You lost a shoe.
You're lucky it was
just the one.
Snakes all around here.
We need to talk to you about
your nephew, Mr. Van Wetter.
Little late for that,
isn't it?
He gonna be strapped
to a chair and electrocuted.

Well...

[trickling]

you come all the way up
here just to tell me that?

You could've saved
yourself a trip.

He tells me

that he was with you
the night Sheriff Call
was murdered,
stealing sod,
which you later sold.

Let's hope

nobody believes him.

Stealing's against the law,
ain't it?

Now he's still got time.

[flies buzzing]

I don't much care
for you.

Come up here

in my home...

and call me a thief.

I ain't up here about
thieving, Mr. Van Wetter.

I'm up here about whether a man's
life needs to be taken or not...

for the murder
of Sheriff Call.

But if you was with
your nephew that night,
it's vital for Hillary
that you admit it.

[pig rumbling]

I don't think
he likes you much.

I don't like him
much either.

[laughing]

[trickling]

(woman)

Where's the ice cream?

It's coming.

[baby crying]

Keep that baby quiet.
What's wrong
with that baby?
All right,
well, sit on it.
Yeah.
[muffled]
You want...?
[baby crying]
You want
a little ice cream?
You don't want
to have any ice cream.
You take this chair
out here with me.
N o sense you staying
over there.
Thank you.
Little man, get yourself a chair there.
Get yourself a chair.
[deep sigh]
Was you with him?
Yeah.
Well, I...
I was with him.
Where?
Golf club.
Ormond Beach.
Stole sod, sold it...
[inhales deeply]
to this one
condo developer.
[finishes exhaling]
Where's Hillary
live from here?
We didn't get back
till the morning, sunrise.
He lives that way.
So why are you
telling me now?
You seem like the only person
thinks Hillary's innocent.
No, sir, Mr. Van Wetter.
No, sir.

I didn't say that.
Your boy...
[screen door opens
and closes]
he's getting
nervous over there.
Let's go. I'm done talking to you.
What you hiding? (Jack) Ward?
I'm sick...
of your questions.
Eugene?
(Jack) Ward, remember the first
day when I was with Charlotte? Yeah?
We went and stopped
at the prison.
We didn't go in.
I saw him.
Tyree?
Yeah.
What you think? They was
getting their stories together?
I don't know.
I'll tell you this.
They ain't as dumb
as they look.
[spits]
Oh, shit, man.
Fuck.
What the fuck, man?
Leave me
at the fucking hotel?
Jesus!
In Yardley's room,
no less.
Fuck, man.
Look at you.
You're becoming obsessed
with this case.
Wake me up.
[laughter]
Wake me up.
Come on.
(Yardley)
You look terrible, Ward.

Those mosquitoes eat
you for breakfast?
Yardley found
the golf course.
You found the golf course?
What's he doing in my clothes?
The car broke down.
we had to walk
into town,
stopped by the motel
to freshen up.
Get out of my clothes now.
(Charlotte)
Come on.
Come on, Jack.
What are you doing?
(Ward) Miss Bless. Come on, stop it.
Jack!
(Yardley) On the morning of the murder
the grounds superintendent
of the Ormond Beach Golf Course
phoned the
Police Department
to report that four of his greens
had been stripped
in the night.
You talked to the superintendent? No.
He died, but I found
another guy who remembered
that the club
called the governor
to ask him to declare
them a disaster area
so they could get
federal funds
to replace the greens.
It gets better.
I found the builder, too,
the guy who bought
the stolen greens.
He remembered
Hillary and Tyree.
They showed up
at 6 AM in a truck.

He took one look at them
and what they had
and thought they'd stolen
it from a cemetery.
But of course, he doesn't want to
be connected to this in any way.
And who was he?
Well, the only way
he'd talk to me
is if I promised
to keep him anonymous.
Come on now.
What's his name?
No, no, no.
I've got to keep it
anonymous. I gave him my word.
He's got, well,
he's in a position
to get some work from
the state, so you know.
(Yardley)
But good, huh?
Outstanding.
How'd you find him?
Building permits.
Damn building permit.
Time to get out of Lately.
[sigh]
(Jack) Did you sleep with Yardley?
You know, people like
Yardley, you just...
got to get him
on your side.
You know what I mean?
[sigh]
You fucked him for that?
Fucking a man is the most
natural thing in the world, Jack.
It is.
It is.
??????
I kind of like it
out here.
[music]

This was
a good idea.
??????
[laughing]
Ooh!
Come on!
Let's dance.
Come on!
No!
Come on, Jack.
Got to have fun!
[laughing]
??????
You wanna dance?
Yeah! I wanna dance
with you!
[music]
Woo! You're good!
??????
This is not me
apologizing, you dig?
I just don't like
to see you sad.
??????
(Anita, off) Yardley told their
editor about the new evidence
from Ormond Beach.
This was enough to show injustice
in the legal system of Lately
and enough for a good story.
Yardley wanted to get
out of town
and Ward knew it.
All these peanuts
on the floor.
Pigs. Bunch of pigs
living around here.
Sick of this shit.
I can't find
Mama's ring.
Oh, well, a nigger
must have come
in the middle of the night and stole it.
I'm sorry, Anita.

I didn't mean to say...
[sigh]
I didn't mean
to say that.
And I'm really sorry.
You know, Jackie, you
got to watch your mouth.
Somebody'll cut your little
ass over some shit like that.
You understand me, boy?
Yes, ma'am.
And you miss
your mother?
Sometimes.
It's a dis-damn grace
the way she left you.
And I been here.
[sigh]
Well, let's find
this ring, I guess.
N o, that's all right.
I can find it.
Ohhh.
Sorry.
All right.
Okay.
I ' m really sorry.
Okay.
All right, Jack.
(Ward) What's makes
this story any different?
What makes your story
different than the others, John?
What makes this case so different
that you want to pull the plug now?
(John, on phone) The
facts. What's left to do?
You've been up there
a month and a half.
I want
your ass back here.
Save that shit
for someone else.
I'm not comfortable with it

and you shouldn't be either.

I'm going to Ormond Beach
to get the facts.

[phone bangs
in cradle]

(Ellen) I want to get
some alligator shoes.

(W. W.) You run this article,
this shit could hurt me.

I got advertisers
to think of.

(Ward) Advertisers? You
want me to be concerned
with the advertisers
for your newspaper?

Ward, you don't
know everything.

H e knows
what he's doing, Pa.

Shut up! I'm not
talking to you.

H e knows
how to get stories,
but what he doesn't
fully appreciate
is that the stories
go out into a community.
They resonate.

Oh, like the jellyfish?
Like getting pissed on?
You notice Anita's been
acting mighty bossy recently?
She's always been that way. Yeah.

[glass smashes]

Oh, shit.

Darling, let it go.

Don't get yourself hurt.

Sit down.

I'll get Anita. Anita!

Hey, I'll take
care of it.

Anita will get it. Anita! Does she
have children? I can't remember.

She got two kids. (W. W.) Oh, yeah.

How you doing, baby
doll? Where you going?

Hoo.

A baby shower.
um, Anita, uh,
before you go,
could you clean
up this mess.

I said I got it. It's
all right. Anita's got it.

I got it.

I got it.

We're going
to Ormond Beach.

Oh, just come right
out and tell them.

I've named Ellen
editor-in-chief.

And...

we 're getting married.

[door opens]

It's an antique.

I know it is.

This belonged
to my mother.

(W. W.) It was a gift from
me. Give it back, Jack.

Just give it
back to her.

I t's all I got.

(Anita, off) Ward never
believed Yardley's story.

Building permits
and anonymous sources.

He took Charlotte and Jack
back to Ormond Beach

to get
to the bottom of it.

Yardley went back home
to Miami.

??? That man is dangerous???

??? Loving him is dangerous???

??? That man is dangerous???

??? Loving him is dangerous???

??? That man is dangerous???

??????

What is that builder's name,
Charlotte?

What builder?

You know

exactly what builder.

The one Yardley

says bought the sod.

I don't know.

He went alone.

I went

to the hairdresser's.

Takes a lot

to look like this.

Charlotte Bless,

you is a mess.

And you'd do anything

to get your man

out of jail...

wouldn't you?

??????

(Charlotte)

Thirsty, huh?

Oh, yeah.

??? That man is dangerous???

You keep staring

like that,

we're gonna have

a problem.

What really happened

down there, Charlotte?

After you went to the

hairdresser, what happened? Hm?

Jack, would you tell your brother

to get his hands off of me?

Come on, man. Let's go somewhere

else. Easy, little brother.

Just fucking relax, boy.

Miss Bless ain't got

no answer, huh?

??????

I didn't think so.

Your brother's

acting strange.

Not used to drinking

like this.

??? Is this love affair for real

Or is it just one and done????

??? I'm telling you???

(Charlotte) A little more than that.

??????

[song ends]

Why is Ward doing this?

We got 50 places

to be tomorrow.

??????

What is that?

??????

It's beautiful.

??????

Don't turn it down.

No one's ever given me
something like this before.

Well, you just tell me
when you want it back, huh?

It's beautiful.

(Charlotte, distant) You
want me to fuck you, Jack?

Then I'm gonna fuck you
any way you want.

[echoing]

Jack.

(Charlotte, nearby)

Jack!

(Ellen, distant) I want to
get some alligator shoes.

(distant)

Mmm, Jack.

(male voice) You
wanted your ass whipped.

Is that what you wanted?

Tell me

what you want.

You're a dirty pig.

I'll fuck you

any way you want.

Little white pig.

[continuous banging
on door]
(Charlotte)
Jack? Jack! Jack!
Jack, wake up!
[banging]
Something's going
on in Ward's room.
Hey! Hey!
Stop it!
What the fuck?
??????
Help!
We need help!
Where's the fucking keys?
Where's the fucking keys,
you piece of shit?
Motherfucker, wake up!
[panting]
Help!
Where are the fucking
keys? [siren approaching]
Ward, what's
the plastic for?
What is the plastic?
[panting]
What the fuck?
(female voice on television)
I've watched you so often.
You sit here, and I heard
that you play a little drum.
You didn't get up and do
anything. (male voice) No.
I heard you could sing,
but with me you
are going to sing.
[audience laughing]
[sniffing
and sighing]
[sigh]
He's gonna be fine.
[indistinct voices
on television]
You don't have to sleep

all the way down there.

[clears throat]

All right.

Just this once.

I can't fuck
with this TV on.

[sigh]

(Anita, off) Feels kind
of awkward to be talking
while you see this.

[both laugh]

But it's kind of awkward that
they're doing it in the first place.

Most boys Jack's age
fall in love
with their high school
or college sweetheart,
but Jack never bothered
much with girls
after his mama left.

I guess you could say
he had abandonment issues.
With Charlotte, it was like
he was getting his mama,
his high school sweetheart,
and a oversexed Barbie doll
all rolled into one.

Any who, I think
y'all seen enough.

(Charlotte) My hair looks like
crap. Don't even look at it.

Oh, shit.

I got to go
to the hairdresser.

My wig
ain't acting right.

I don't understand
what the fuck
you're doing
with Hillary.

Oh.

Here we go.

You don't
love him.

Really?

M m-hm.

You don't know that.

You don't know anything.

You're 20 years old.

You're not that much older.

I'm a lot older.

It ain't gonna happen.

Look at me.

It's not practical.

I'm not as practical
as the murderer?

He's not guilty, Jack.

That's the point.

That's not the point. Fuck
this. I knew it would happen.

What?

I give you some ass
and suddenly...

[sigh]

Look... Hillary
ain't so bad.

(Charlotte, off)

And I'm not so good.

I've got another side.

I got a fucked-up side,
and it gets along
just fine with my man.

(Jack) You can't split
yourself into sides.

Sure, you can.

Just ask your brother.

What the fuck does Ward
have to do with this?

He has a dark side and I
don't mean him being a fag.

(Anita) Now these boys
lived for each other.

Jack wasn't hurt by Ward
being a homosexual
or the dark stuff
that he was into.

[knocking] He was just hurt
that Ward never told him.

Hi. (Charlotte, dryly) Hey, there.
H hes doing better. H hes
gonna be all right. Good.
So, I gotta go.
Go where?
Where you going?
I'm going back home.
You don't have
to go anywhere.
It's just the way
it works.
You shouldn't go anywhere
you don't want to go.
Who says
I don't want to go?
Why do you have to go?
'Cause I do.
T take this ring back.
Yardley called
the hotel.
Did you tell him?
I told him Ward got mugged
and beaten on the beach.
Well, what'd he say?
Not much.
Wanted to know
if he was gonna make it.
When I told him
it wasn't serious,
he kind of just lost interest. He's
not gonna be much help for a while.
Didn't sound like he needed much help.
He can't go write the
story alone, Charlotte.
Well, we'll just have to see.
He doesn't know enough about it.
This isn't about
a newspaper article, Jack.
I its about
a person's life.
That's the whole point
we're here, okay?
So it's about
someone's life.

Baby, don't go.
You're starting to screw
with my head.
Look, you're a good kid,
all right?
You're...
[sigh]
You got your whole life
ahead of you,
and you want me?
(Anita, off) Jack went
down to "The Miami Times"
to try to stop Yardley
from publishing the article.
[door creaks open]
He didn't want
his brother's name on it.
J ack.
[door closes]
Hi.
Hey. How's Ward? H
ow's your brother doing?
Been trying to get a hold
of you since yesterday.
Good. He's obviously
not doing so badly then.
Sorry, I didn't want any
distractions. Come, sit, sit.
He want
what you're writing.
A s soon as I'm done, he'll be
the first to read it, as always.
Damn it! I'm so sick of
your shit, man! [bangs desk]
His name
is on that, too.
[sighs] H e wants to read
it before it's published.
Okay? That's it.
uh-huh.
He just wants to read it
before it's published.
You got to get
those facts straight.

You got to get
all the facts straight.
You're starting to sound
like your brother.
Look, we have
a deadline here.
I've told you, this is
the newspaper business.
We don't have time
to get all the facts.
We both know the town
of Lately set Hillary up.
We've got the story.
It's not the fucking truth!
[American accent] You want to
talk about the motherfucking truth?
You thought
I was from London?
Ain't no Negro getting
a job up in this spot
unless he's a colored
motherfucking James Bond, you dig?
I got drunk once and
let Ward suck my dick.
He got a taste for niggers
and now he hates himself.
That's the truth.
Go back
to your brother, boy.
(British accent) I have
got a deadline to meet.
[tires screech]
[street sounds]
[phone rings]
[ringing continues]
Hello?
(Yardley) Put Ward on the phone.
Why'd you put his byline
on that article?
How could you sign
his name on that?
Tell him we got
Hillary out.
The governor's

gonna pardon him.

[hangs up]

Hillary's getting out.

(Jack, off) "I've had some time
to think over the past few months
about me,
about you.

I'm not sure I found
what I want out of life yet.
All I know is that I don't
want to live it without you.
Please take this ring back.
Love, Jack. "

[gospel music playing]

[banging on door]

Get the door.

[banging continues]

Get the fucking
door, bitch!

[music continues]

[banging continues]

Who the fuck are you?

(Hillary) I'm Hillary.

(woman) What you want?

Get the fuck out!

I'm with Charlotte.

That bitch took my...

I'll call you later!

[gospel music continues]

(woman) Charlotte, you

want me to call the police?

[gasp]

There she is.

I'm sorry.

I was gonna write
you a letter...

No, I don't need
your letters. Come here.

Uh...

Don't touch me.

Come on here.

Don't touch you?

Don't touch you?

[thud]

[giggle]
It's okay.
It's all right, baby.
[heavy breathing]
[moaning]
You want to do
something for me?
Anything.
[moaning]
[screaming]
That's all right.
[growling]
[heavy breathing]
[smacking and groans]
(Hillary) You told me you
loved me in your third letter.
Do you love me?
(Charlotte)
Yes!
[grunts]
[scream]
You always fuck
like this?
Like it was
the last time?
Do you think I'm pretty?
You fuck
those niggers like this?
[screaming]
Gonna get all inside here!
Now pack your shit
and let's go.
I don't think I'm gonna
like living in a swamp.
I don't want to live in
a swamp. I like it here.
[gospel music]
(Anita) And that was
their declaration of love.
So Hillary took
Charlotte to the swamp.
(female voice) So did you
hear about old man Henry? No.
He got drunk in his

back yard by the water,
and the alligators came out
and took a big chunk of his leg.
Ha. Just joking.
[laughing]
My daddy rooster,
he got jumped
by three of his sons,
so I need to find a
home for three of them.
So he's
in my house sitting,
so I need... I know
you only have hens.
That's why I was wondering, you
know, if you want to babysit,
you know, adopt three
of them for you.
But they'd be good though,
because you have hens. No.
You're my only hope.
No! I don't want any.
Come on, Charlotte.
I need you
to do me a favor.
I need you to post
this thing for me.
It ain't got
a stamp on it.
What's wrong with you
today? It's real important.
You think you can do
that for me?
You're not acting
yourself today.
[door opens
and closes]
[sigh]
Why's your door open, huh?
[indistinct]
Smells like piss
in here.
Ward Ward said
you might show up.

Left him a note.
You stink.
I can smell you
from over here.
Come here, boy.
Come sit down.
What you doing
back in Miami?
Yardley's gone.
He quit?
N o.
[slurping]
He's in New York.
Signing some book deal.
Hero of the new journalism or
some kind of shit. I don't know.
W.W. moved Ellen
into the house, huh?
Whatever.
Whatever makes him happy.
(Ward) There wasn't no developer, Jack.
All right, let's move.
[claps hands]
Come on,
go shower, Ward.
I'm tired.
Come on.
Jeez.
[turns shower on]
I keep thinking
I missed something, Jack.
Like I missed something
I was supposed to see
that was right
in front of me.
Like what?
The point of it.
Doesn't matter.
Things got out of hand.
You got hurt,
Yardley got
his fucking book deal.
Hillary got Charlotte
in the swamp.

The idea... is that...
you run the water
while you're
in there with it.
[chuckles]
Come on, man.
[claps four times]
Hey.
What if we didn't get
it right, huh?
[sigh]
Makes no difference.
It makes no difference,
Jack?
You don't know
what it feels like
to get it
exactly right now.
To get it down just
the way it happened.
You're going
back to see Hillary.
Fuck yeah, I am.
Do you ever hear
from her?
N o.
Miss Bless?
N o.
I wonder what she
thinks of him now, huh?
Can't see her sitting
on the porch stoop
holding a silver spoon
and waiting for the ice cream
carton to come her way, can you?
I dug around.
There wasn't no proof,
no how, nowhere
that they was ever
stealing sod that night.
They want me
to keep my mouth shut.
Don't want me to tell my
story. Well, fuck them.

I'm gonna tell my story.
I'm gonna write my story,
and they can publish it
wherever the fuck they want to.
Yeah, Mama always said
you better be...
right and be last before you
gonna be first and be wrong, boy.
Be right and be last before you
go gonna be first and be wrong...
Yeah, I know!
[wedding march begins]
[loud voices]
[loud chatter]
I heard...
They said things about...
Oh, yeah.
It's all true.
Just kidding. You
should see the other guy.
Smile.
Smile.
Thank you.
[music continues]
(Ellen, shouting) Everyone,
please. We 're cutting the cake!
Where's the photographer?
(Anita) Hey, Claire, can you hand me
that salt over there?
Thank you.
Hi.
You ain't supposed
to be in here.
You gonna get me in...
I got you a drink.
You know
W. W. fired me.
I'm gonna talk
to your boss
and tell him you're a
friend of the family.
No, Jack.
Yeah.
All I ever did was cook

and clean for you boys.
I wasn't never no family.
Anyway, go on back outside.
Well, Ward's out there.
You gonna come see him?
Are you trying
to get me fired?
I miss you.
I got something for you.
Wait a minute.
This came for you
about a month ago.
She told him to tell-
She told him
not to let you see it.
(Charlotte, reading off)
"Dear Jack, I can't believe
I'm finally writing you
this letter
or if it will get to you
or whether
you'll even read it.
Jack, I think I've really
messed up this time.
Don't misunderstand me.
Hillary loves me,
in his way.
It's just me that isn't
made for this place,
for this lifestyle.
I hope I can make it
to your father's wedding
so I can hear you tell me,
'I told you so. '
Take care for now.
Sweetly, your Charlotte. "
Is that from Blondie?
Thank you.
Where's your hat?
Oh, I forgot.
Get out of the kitchen.
I'm sorry.
Excuse me. I'm Jack
Jansen. I'm the groom's son.

My father wants to know what
exactly is taking dinner so long.
It'll be ready in a
minute, sir. Thank you.
Put the hair
under the hat.
I don't want your black hair in my food.
You can put your black hair in my food.
[choked laughter]
Cheers.
Bye, Anita.
Bye, Jack.
(Ward) You wouldn't leave
without me, would you?
Drop you off at the
motel. I'm going somewhere.
(Ward) Mind me asking where
you're going afterwards?
Going to Charlotte's.
Well, it gotta be tonight?
I got to get her
the fuck out of there.
I got to get her
out of there!
Charlotte's acting
on her own free will.
What do you want me
to say? Move.
I got to go
to the Van Wetters' anyway.
Come with me
tomorrow morning.
We're going now. It
ain't the right time.
Get the fuck out my way. You
ain't driving drunk like this.
What the fuck are you
gonna do about it, huh?
What?
Charlotte must be
a good piece of ass.
You look like a pirate.
I know. [chuckling]
Do this for me

one time. Go "Aargh. "

uh-huh.

Hey, you're driving
all squirrely, man.

Hey, Jack,
sit on down. Hey.

(Jack) You sure it's this way?

(Ward) I'm sure it's this way.

Ain't a good time to be drinking
too much out here, J ack.

(Jack)

Yeah, you're one to talk.

Keeping your promise
to Dad, did you?

Not to drink
on his big day?

How you holding up?

Let's see your hands.

Are they shaking?

They shaking, Ward, huh?

Don't drink.

Well, why do you take
after the worst of me, Jack?

'Cause you're my brother.

[switching radio stations]

Wedding party, Charlotte?

(Charlotte) I'm going to the wedding.

Don't be difficult.

I told you...

I don't want you to go.

No. I told you. I'm
going to the wedding.

Watch out.

God, it smells
like shit.

[loud crackle]

[groaning]

Electric fence.

You all right?

You all right?

[groan]

Goddamn.

You let me lead.

[distant thunder]

(Hillary) I don't want
to quarrel with you.
You're my little pony.
I just want to climb
up on you one more time.
I can't believe
she'd live here.
Charlotte!
[thunder]
[sniff]
(Jack)
Charlotte?
Charlotte!
(Hillary)
What you want?
[machete sliding]
She not here.
She gone.
What is it you want
with my wife?
Huh?
What is it you want
with my wife?
Just wanted
to say hello.
A quick hello and a quick
poke while you're at it?
How about you?
What you up to, Ward?
I know what you came for.
I got what you want.
Where is she?
How should I know? I'm not
leaving until I see her.
She not here.
She gone.
Let's go.
Where?
How should I know?
Last night
she told me
she was going
to your father's wedding!
You're a liar!

We just come from there!
And that's where you
should go back to, boy!
He's lying!
He's lying.
I got this.
Go back to the boat.
Where is she?
Where is she?
Stop provoking me, boy,
and do what your brother
tells you!
I said I'm not leaving
until I see her!
[gasping]
Goddamn it,
he killed her.
He killed her, Ward.
You killed her!
You son of a bitch!
That's all you were
good for is killing her!
Huh?
Run, Jack!
Come on, boy.
Show me.
I'm gonna fuck you up.
(Hillary)
Come on!
(Ward)
Jack!
Ward!
Ward!
Is this
what you wanted?
Yeah.
You got
what you come for.
[gasping]
Paperboy.
Where you going,
paperboy?
Ain't no way
out of this one.

Fuck you!

[panting]

[distant rumble of thunder]

[gasping]

[turns off motor]

[frogs chirping]

[water rippling]

[motor dies out]

[music]

(Anita, off) Hillary Van

Wetter was tried and convicted

in the murders of Charlotte

Bless and Ward Jansen.

He died in the electric chair

at the Florida State Prison.

Nobody ever found out

who murdered Sheriff Call.

My little Jack finally saw his

mama again at Ward's funeral.

He became a writer

of some renown.

He never did get

o over his first true love.

[slow piano music]