



Scripts.com

Throw Momma from the Train

By Stu Silver

"The night was... "

(thunder)

"The night was... "

"The night... "

(grunts)

The Phantom of the Novel...

.. is coming to haunt

the pages of Larry Donner.

Jeez, what the hell am I doing?

Hello, Op. Remember me?

Professor Blank?

We're back. Well, I'm sure

you all know the name Margaret Donner.

- Unless you live under a rock.

- No!

Ladies and gentlemen, the author
of the best-selling novel "Hot Fire".

- Author of the best-selling novel?

- You must be very proud of yourself.

- Well, I... I am.

- The woman stole my book!

- What's to be proud of?

- .. and there's just you,...

.. you facing you in that mirror,

do you say "Margaret, you did it"?

- Yes, I do.

- Slut!

She's a slut! Look at her! Slut!

- Hey! Hey, man, your wife's on TV!

- Ex-wife, Lester. Ex-wife.

- She looks good!

- Criminals don't age. It's a common fact.

- What the hell do you want?

- Something for a gig.

- You got anything in green?

- You borrowed all my green.

It is a lot more difficult for women

to get themselves published...

How about women thieves, Oprah?

Big difference.

I would say that, once I was divorced,...

.. blissfully divorced,...

.. a freedom overcame me, and I was

allowed to be the writer, the artist,...

.. that I was never allowed to be within the confines of my prison-like marriage.

Did you think about writing when you were with this beast?

- Well, I did. I did, yes.

- (laughter)

Because he fancied himself a sort of a hack writer.

I watched him at the typewriter and

thought:

Then did, clearly.

How do you think he will feel now about your success?

- Frankly, I don't really care how he feels.

- (laughter)

- Well, Margaret...

- (applause)

So she stole your book.

Write another one and forget it.

- I am writing.

- Oh, you're writing?

- Yes, I am.

- Yeah, right! "The night was... "

- The night was what?

- I just started.

- You been on "The night was" since July.

- It takes place in the Yukon.

.. severed the ties. You live in Hawaii now.

- Yes. I just adore a tropical climate.

- Look at those earrings, man!

It's your money.

How was it that you, Margaret Donner,...

.. produced such a brilliant piece of writing in... just your first time out?

Well, Oprah, I mean...

it's the story of my life.

It's my life, Margaret! And I want it back!

"Hot Fire", ladies and gentlemen. Thank you so much for being on the show.

- My pleasure.

- I want it back!

- Owen!

- (thunder)

Owen!

Owen!

Owen! Owen!

- What?!

- Get me a soda with some ice in it!

- Owen, hurry up!

- Momma...

- Chop chop, Owen! Come on!

- All right!

- You were writing a letter!

- No, Momma!

You were writing to tell them to take me away! You want them to take me away!

I'm writin' a story for class, Momma!

I don't want 'em to take you away!

- Yes, you do!

- Owen loves his momma!

(mimics) "Owen loves his momma. "

(singsong) Owen loves his momma,

Owen loves his momma...

- Hurry up with that soda!

- Coming, Momma.

(mimics) "Coming, Momma. "

I'm choking to death, you moron!

- You're too damn slow!

- I'm sorry, Momma.

(mimics) "I'm sorry, Momma. "

- Where are the salted nuts?

- The salted ones are no good for you.

The unsalted ones make me choke!

Aarrghhh!

Momma!

You clumsy poop! What'd you do that for?

Come on, move it, lard-ass!

Pick up every piece!

" 'Dive,...

.. dive!' yelled the captain

through the thing. "

"So the man who makes it dive pressed a button or something and it dove,...

.. and the enemy was foiled again. "

" 'Looks like we foiled them again'

said Dave. "

" 'Yeah' said the captain. "

"We foiled those bastards again,
didn't we, Dave?"

"Yeah" said Dave. "

"The end. "

OK.

Here we have all the elements of drama.

We have the tension, the horror of war...

Uh... Mrs Hazeltine, when you're writing
a novel that takes place on a submarine,...

.. it's not a bad idea to know

the name of the instrument...

.. that the captain speaks through.

- I used to know that.

- And your similes... need a little work.

"His guts oozed nice
like a melted malted. "

Well, it's, um... a little...

- Too harsh?

- A tad.

Otherwise it was, um...

.. very good, it was, uh...

.. very real.

Here's another one.

This is a real classic by Mr Pinsky.

It's entitled 100 Girls I'd Like to Pork.

Pork?

It's a coffee-table book.

100 Girls I'd Like to... hm.

"Chapter 1:

"Chapter 2:

Chapter 3:

"Chapter 4:

in the Taco Commercial. "

"Chapter 5:

Chapter 6:

"Chapter 7:

Mr Pinsky, this is not literature.

Well, you know,

I would put in photographs,...

.. a brief character sketch,

like a biography,...

.. and a nice dust jacket.

- Mr Pinsky, what is this?

- It's... literature. It's a fantasy.

Like Melville. This is

my great white whale.

- It's whacking material.

- Isn't that literature?

How do you associate Moby Dick to a list
of women you'd like to have sex with?

- I think it's brave.

- (Mrs Hazeltine) He's vulgar.

- They said Twain was.

- I'm saying he is.

- I think you're vulgar.

- You're a no-talent shit.

- Maybe I should change the title.

- (man) I like the title.

- (bell)

- OK, I'll see you Wednesday, class.

Good work today. Remember,
a writer writes... always.

Argh! Oh!

- This is your tie.

- Oh, God.

- You dropped it.

- Oh. How'd that get in there?

It got wet. I was afraid it would be ruined.

Thanks.

- Hi. I'm Owen.

- I know.

Why didn't you read my story in class?

- Your story?

- Yeah. Murder at my Friend Harry's.

Why didn't you read it?

- I did.

- You did? What'd you think of it?

It's raining, Irwin.

Can't we discuss it tomorrow?

Owen. Didn't you like it?

- Well... no. No, I didn't.

- Why not?

It was three pages long.

It was a murder mystery...

.. that, by the way, was no big trick
in finding the murderer.

- What gave it away?

- You only had two characters,...

.. one of which was dead on page two!

Well, one guy killed the other guy.

- It wasn't motivated!

- Sure it was.

A guy in a hat killed
the other guy in a hat.

I have to go now, Owen.

Thanks.

- (bleep)

- Hi, Beth. It's me. It's, uh... 10.30...

.. and I did it again. I'm sorry.

It's just that... Margaret was on the...

Oy, there I go again. It's...

I'll... Look, I'm sorry. That's all. Bye.

(tuts)

So Margaret's a big star. That's life.

This is life, too.

That goes on, this goes on.

Hm.

The night was hot.

Wait, no. The night... The night was...

.. humid! The night was humid.

No, wait. Hot. Hot! The night was hot.

The night was hot and wet. Wet and hot.

The night was wet and hot... hot and wet...

That's humid. The night was humid.

Maybe the night isn't humid.

Maybe... the night isn't humid.

Maybe it was humid in the morning and

at night it was cold. That gives you fog.

Ha! The night was foggy.

The night... The night was...

The night was...

The night... The night was dry,

yet it was raining.

The... The... The...

The streets were wet,...

.. but the night... was as bright...
.. as... the...
.. earrings in Margaret Donner's ears!
My God! I'm goin' outta my mind!
Fuck it!
The... night... was... humid!
That's it and that's all.
(grunts)
Stop it, dammit!
I got a wax ball in my ear. Get it out.
- Momma!
- You were writing to her, weren't you?
Don't start that again, Momma.
And don't hit me!
- You love her.
- There's no "her", Momma.
- You were writing a letter.
- I'm writin' a story for class, Momma.
- I take a class. I take a nice class.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
- And I'm gonna be a writer some day.
- You know how that typing upsets me.
I'm sorry, Momma. A writer writes.
You're gonna be nothing.
You're gonna be nothing.
You'll never get to first base.
All you do is type, type, type, type, type!
You sit there typing all day
like a fat little pigeon.
You won't ever hear it again, Momma.
I promise.
Aarrghhh!
- Momma...
- I think you got it, sonny.
I don't know what I'd do
without you, Owen baby.
- I know, Momma.
- Owen, my little baby.
- I know.
- Owen, my little baby boy.
(Owen) And even though
he was mortally wounded,...
.. the guy in the hat got up...
.. and pulled himself up and...

.. staggered out into the dark night...
.. like a milkman...
.. going out on his route.
(man) There he is, Owen.
- Professor Donner...
- Not now, Owen. Another time.
- Beth...
- Don't bother.
- I gotta talk to you.
- You're 16 hours late.
And I'm sorry. It's just that...
she was on the television.
Margaret was on TV
and my mind went nuts.
My mind went crazy. I saw
nothing but hate and death.
And I'm sorry, and I did call.
I called you around 10.30.
- Where were you?
- Did you think I'd stay in all night...
.. staring at my tandoori chicken?
I know you're angry
and... you have every right to be angry.
It's just that I...
- It's my class.
- Ah. How do you do?
(all) Hi.
- What's your name?
- Beth Ryan.
She teaches anthropology.
Beth... Ryan?
Don't even think about it.
(man) Hang in there, Pinsky.
Come on. I'm sorry. Do you know that
we are this far away from having a date?
We're just this far.
- (as Beth) Hello, you're late.
- I'm sorry.
- You probably made tandoori chicken.
- (as Beth) Come on in, Larry. Oh...
Come on, gimme a second chance.
What do you say? Come on!
- I can't believe I'm saying this. Yes.
- Yeah? Great!

Professor Donner,
I saw your wife on Oprah!
Ex-wife. Ex!
What's with him?
(sighs) I can't get over this.
- Why?
- Why? Why?!

She steals my book! OK?
- She goes on national television...
- I'm not gonna sit here and be barked at.
Wait. Listen to me, Beth. The problem is...
.. I can't write. I'm dead inside.
I have no passion.
You have passion. When you talk
about Margaret, you have passion.
Slut!
No, my ex-wife is a major slut.
- But you're not a slut.
- Thank you!
I'm talking about passion!
It's selfless, committed, overflowing!
Not hate and murder!
And slut! I hate her! I wish she was dead!
Chill out.
Thank you.
It's so beautiful!
It's very good, Phil. Very, very good.
Forty yards of Naugahyde, a girl
and a dream. What can I say? It's...
Well, I wrote it just like I lived it.
Which is what you've been

teaching us:

It's very good. It'll blow the lid off
the upholstery business as we know it.
- Thank you.
- OK.
Next is Murder at my Friend Harry's
by Owen... Lift.
"Chapter 1. The night was humid. "
Class dismissed.
I have an enormous headache in my eye.
Yuck.

OWEN:

(sighs)

(car door closes)

(Larry) I'm so sorry about the cafeteria.

It was Norman Bates in concert.

It's just that I see her and I...

- You wanna kill her.

- Metaphorically, yes.

Specifically, without a doubt.

- I'm glad you called.

- Me, too.

I like trains.

Every great romance or mystery

has a train in it.

- Is this gonna be a great romance?

- Could be.

We have a train, we have the moon,

we have compatible body parts.

- Would you like to kiss me?

- I don't know.

You don't know?

Oh, you're so sweet, Beth.

Oh, Larry, would you like to date me?

- This isn't a date?

- Mmm... I was speaking euphemistically.

- So you're... you're saying...?

- Yeah, yeah.

So you're saying...?

Yeah, you are. I can feel that.

- You're saying no?

- Kids are gonna sit here tomorrow.

- I wanna make love to you, Beth.

- Oh, Larry...

Sometime in the very near future.

- Huh?

- I can't.

- What?

- I have writer's block.

- Everywhere?

- Yeah. It's no good. I can't.

- On the train?

- Oh, I wanna ring the bell.

(moans and sighs)

- (Beth) Oh, take me, Casey.

- Who?
- Take me, Casey.
- I'm taking you, I'm taking you.
- Hi.
- Oh, God!

Do you know Owen?

This is Owen. Owen is a dead man.

- Did I come at a bad time?
- Owen... I'm dating.

You read it, right? My story?

- Yes.
- Good.

Owen, you cannot follow me around asking me questions.

This stuff belongs in the classroom.

Not on my time. Do you understand me?

Oh.

I'm sorry.

Good night, Miss Ryan.

- Did you like it?
- No!

(ringing)

(Owen) Why didn't you like it?

Because in a novel people have to have more of a reason to commit a murder.

If they just do it because they're crazy, it's not strong enough for a novel.

You mean, if someone ruined you permanently, then you could murder 'em?

Yes. Which brings us to the second point.

The motive:

- Eliminate the motive.
- Correct. I'll give you an example.

My ex-wife. I hate her guts, right?

Yeah. I overheard you in the cafeteria.

She really ruined you.

Yes, she did. And I hate her with a passion. But I would never murder her.

- You'd get caught.
- Absolutely right.

I would get caught because

I have a motive and people know that.

I got a similar problem with my momma.

Well, look at this, Owen. This is amazing.
You and I have something in common.

- We do?

- Absolutely. Think about what I'm saying.

And then you just draw on
your own personal experiences.

You mean... how do you murder
and not get caught?

So how do you not get caught?

Owen? How do you not get caught?

By eliminating the motive
and establishing an alibi.

- How?

- I can't tell you everything. I don't know.

- Go see a Hitchcock film.

- Wanna go to the movies with me?

No, I don't wanna go to the movies.

It's real late and I...

I'm gonna go now.

You're gonna be fine. OK?

- Thank you, Professor Donner.

- Good night, Owen.

Eliminate the motive.

Eliminate...

Elim...

Eliminate the motive.

Motive.

Hitchcock.

Let's say that you'd like
to get rid of your wife.

Let's say that you have
a very good reason.

- No, let's not...

- No, no. Let's say.

You'd be afraid to kill her.

You know why? You'd get caught.

And what would trip you up? The motive.

Ah. Now here's my idea.

It's so simple, too.

Two fellows meet accidentally,
like you and me.

Each one has somebody
that he'd like to get rid of.

So... they swap murders.

- Swap murders? (laughs)
- Each fellow does the other's murder.
Then there's nothing to connect them.
Each one has murdered a total stranger.
Like... you do my murder, I do yours.
Your wife, my father. Crisscross.
Some people are better off dead.
Each one has murdered a total stranger.
They swap murders.
You do my murder. Crisscross.
I do yours.
They swap murders. Crisscross.
Crisscross.
(Beth) "Choo-Choo Charlie said

to himself:

"He opened up his throttle and pushed
and pulled and pushed and pulled...
.. and it spluttered some more
and then... and then he... and then... "
- How's that blockage problem?
- All aboard!
- (Beth) Woo-woo!
- (phone rings)
(Beth) No, no. Don't. Don't.
- I'm buying a gun, Owen.
- You must wonder what happened to me.
- Uh... no, not at all.
- I saw that movie.
Uh-huh, uh-huh.
I know now what you tried to tell me,
Professor Donner.
- Oh, good.
- Crisscross.
(Momma) Owen!
- I'll call you in a few days, pal.
- Take your time, Owen. OK?
- Bye.
- Owen!
- Coming, Momma!
- Who were you talking to?
- I just called the weather.
- You were talking to a machine?
Two minutes ago

you were my agent, and now...
Larry, I'm sorry.
That's the way the mop flops.
After seven years I get
"That's the way the mop flops"?
Larry, you must feel like this is
the lowest point of your entire life.
Arnie, what are you doing?
Don't bend the fern. Fluff it!
How, as a human being, can you give up
on somebody after seven years?
Larry, this is a whole other agency.
Besides, you've never written anything.
What about Hot Fire?
This may be a tad bit disturbing, but
we've just signed your wife on as a client.
Get me a doctor, Joel.
I'm having a heart attack.
The book sold two million copies! Arnie...
But I wrote that and you know that!
Arnie knows that!
Margaret couldn't write
her name in the snow!
Larry, for seven years I've given you
assignments. I've made your deals.
And for seven years
you didn't want to "compromise your art"!
Oh, boy. It is just like an agent
to think that a writer can't be an artist.
- Don't change the subject. Where was I?
- You were letting me go.
Thank you.
For four years you've been writing
a novel no one has ever seen.
So you get the shaft from your wife.
It's another excuse for not writing.
Well, go ahead, Larry! Go! Go to Mexico!
Write your heart out! Andele, arriba!
But I handle writers, Larry, not artists.
You go be an artist.
Let the rest of the world make a living.
Here. It's my favourite fuchsia.
Live and be well.
That's the house. This is good here.

- I'll be right back. I'm gonna visit my aunt.

- OK, bro.

- (object drops)

- Oh, shit.

(Hawaiian music)

Why, Mr Lopez.

Can I borrow that... towel?

My big Chihuahua.

- Oh!

- (Mr Lopez growls)

(Margaret laughs)

Grrr! Ruff, ruff!

Ruff, ruff! Ruff! Grrr!

(phone rings)

Ruff, ruff, ruff!

- Ruff! Ruff!

- (Margaret moans)

(phone still ringing)

- Ruff, ruff!

- Hello?

Oh, hi, Joel. It's my agent.

- Ruff!

- My agente.

How's LA, darling?

Oh, nothing much. I'm having

a little trouble with the... gardener.

- Ruff... ruff...

- What sound, sweetie?

Oh, that's the... the TV.

- Ruff! Ru-ruff!

- Uh... Old Yeller.

Yes, I know they shot him in the end.

Huh? Yes, darling.

I'm aware of the book signing

tonight... in Maui.

I'll be there. Kiss, kiss.

(growling and moans of pleasure)

(motor starts)

- (toots horn)

- Bye, Mr Lopez.

(Hawaiian music)

Last boat to Maui!

This is my first trip to the islands.

(sings along with music)

Oh!
Oh, my God!
(scream merging with laughter)
The night...
.. was... n't.
Oy.
There's probably halibut right here
who could write better than me.
Boy. The night was...
If you got a line, fish, just yell it out.
I'm up for grabs.
- (engine fails to start)
- Perfect.
(sighs)
(faraway phone ringing)
(phone still ringing)
What about Brenda Lee?
You like Brenda Lee?
- The jockey?
- No.
(ringing)
- Cloudy.
- (Owen) Aloha.
- What?
- I said aloha.
- Hello.
- Professor Donner?
- Hello?
- Hello!
- Hello.
- Professor Donner, stay by the phone.
I don't want 'em
to be able to trace the call.
(dialling tone)
(groans)
(phone rings)
- Who is this?
- Professor Donner?
- Aloha! Hello!
- Who is this?
It's Owen!
- Owen?
- Yeah, from class!
What do you want?

It's done. You want anything from Hawaii?

- Hawaii?

- Wiki-wiki.

Aloha 'oe

- What are you doing in Hawaii?

- Crisscross. You know.

Owen, I'm hanging up on you now.

Oh, yeah, right! I got ya!

Boy, are you smart!

(phone rings)

She didn't feel a thing.

I know how important that is to you.

- Who?

- Your wife.

She had a little trouble walkin',
but that was from the gardener.

- You saw my wife?

- She was kind of a tart, Larry.

But I can see why you married her.

She was very beautiful.

Owen, you stay away from my wife.

(Owen hangs up)

(phone rings)

Did you hear what I said, Owen?

You stay away from my wife.

- I told you, it's done. Nobody saw.

- What the hell are you talking about?

Crisscross, like in the movie. Done!

Owen, what the hell

did you do to my wife?

I... I don't wanna say on the phone.

All I can tell you is

that I killed her last night.

(dialling tone)

My God! Oh, my God.

Oh, my God.

(phone rings)

Owen, what the hell did you do?

Tell me the truth.

Meet me tonight at 7.30 at

Mulholland Drive and Cahuenga Pass.

- We'll discuss your end of the bargain.

- What are you talking about?

- You gotta kill my mother.

- Kill your mother?!

7.30, Cahuenga Pass. Crisscross.

- Owen, I...

- (Owen hangs up)

Crisscross... Criss...

Holy shit. He did it.

He did it! The little bastard did it!

He killed my wi... No, he didn't do it.

He couldn't poss... No, he didn't do it.

I'll call her up, call her up on the phone.

She'll answer the phone,

I'll hang up, and she won't be dead.

That's it and that's all.

(phone rings)

Come on, come on, Margaret. Answer
the phone. Answer the phone, Margaret.

Why the hell isn't she
answering the phone?

Because she's dead. That's why
she's not answering the phone.

You don't answer the phone
when you're dead!

They're gonna think I did it.

They're gonna think that I did it!

Why would they think that I did it?

Because I hate her guts!

That's why they'll think
that I did it. My God...

I have no alibi.

Lester! I was with you yesterday! Lester!

- I was with you yesterday, right, Lester?

- Right. And now I'm with Ms Gladstone.

I left the club at one.

I couldn't have done it!

That's right. You couldn't have done it.

Close the door on your way out.

I couldn't have gone to Hawaii and back
in that time. So what am I worried about?

That's what I'd like to know. Hawaii
and back? No way, man. You're cool.

Well... Now, if he left the club at one,
he could catch the three o'clock flight.

You could be in Hawaii by five,
given the three-hour time change.

- She's got a point.
- You could spend four hours there...
.. and still catch the last flight out by ten.
- That's true.
- You'd arrive at LAX by 6am.

An hour on the freeway...

You'd be home by seven.

Whatever it is, you're fuckin' guilty, man.

Meet Senior Flight Supervisor Gladstone.

Hi. Pleased to meet you. Listen,

I've got a flight schedule in here.

- I was on a rock!

- A rock?

They're gonna think I did it!

I'm all motive and no alibi!

I have no alibi! Motives are no problem.

I'm up to my ass in motives.

I'm majoring in motives.

Alibi, nowhere near my neighbourhood.

But motives:

- I gotta go! Can I borrow your car?
- Sure, man. The keys are on the table...
.. next to the door. Goodbye.

I gotta find Beth.

What am I doing?

What the hell am I doing?!

She's not dead.

I'm crazy. I'm a crazy man.

She is not dead. He didn't kill her.

News from Hawaii: Novelist Margaret
Donner is missing and presumed dead.

- According to the police...

- Holy Christ!

I'm not crazy! She's presumed!

She was last seen boarding a boat
to Maui. She disappeared along route.

- A search is on for the body.

- Margaret is dead! Poor Margaret!

She is the renowned author

of the best-selling novel "Hot Fire".

That slut! She is a slut! Slut!

Foul play has not been ruled out.

I'm gonna fry!

(didgeridoo playing)

(door shuts)

I'm in really deep shit, Beth.

Ah. Look who's decided

to breeze back into my life.

- I gotta talk to you.

- You have to talk to me?

You don't return my calls or get in touch.

But hey, you need something from me?

Make yourself at home. Have a seat.

Can I offer you something? A cool drink?

Would you listen to me?

I'm in a lot of trouble!

- I'm on the edge of my seat.

- It's Margaret.

Don't tell me! She's come back.

- She's...

- Pregnant, put on weight...

She's dead!

Oh, God.

- It's awful.

- Larry, I'm sorry.

- Did she suffer?

- He said she didn't feel a thing.

- Her doctor?

- Her killer.

- She was killed?!

- She's dead. It works that way.

Wait! Did the police find a clue

or have a motive or...

If there was a motive, the fat little bastard

never would've killed her! Don't you see?

Eliminate the motive, establish an alibi.

- Just like I told him!

- Just like you told him?!

- We were speaking hypothetically.

- Larry Donner! Did...

- Did you pay a man to kill your wife?

- No! He just did it.

- Oh, my God!

- Hey, look. I told a guy something...

.. and he took it the wrong way.

What, uh... What did you say to him?

- "Don't kill my wife", wink, wink?

- I don't like your tone.
- Oh, God. You better leave.
- I got noplacel else to go.
- My head is spinning.
- Oh, and my head isn't creamed corn?
You announced that you may or may not
have inadvertently murdered someone.
Mm-hm.
This puts me in a highly distracted
state of mind. I am nauseous.
Great! Margaret is dead, I have no alibi,
and you're mad that I upset your stomach.
Well, excuse me. I'll just go
so the police can start their manhunt!
One little murder and I'm Jack the Ripper!
Jeez, you think you know somebody.
Cahuenga Pass.
(Larry's voice)
Leave a snappy message. Bye.
Larry, it's Beth. Um...
Call me at home right now, OK?
As soon as you get in. I'm very confused.
You... came in with just...
murder and Margaret, and I just...
Call me... now. Thank you.
- Larry!
- Get in the car, Owen.
- This isn't your car.
- I borrowed it. Get in!
I thought you might like to have this.
It belonged to Margaret.
Get in the car. Get in the car!
Look what you did. You killed my wife!
No, I didn't. Yes, I did.
You're sick, Owen. You need care.
I am taking you to the police.
Did you know Hawaii
was a series of islands...
.. that was all spit up by the same
volcano? I never knew that.
You killed somebody!
You're a murderer! You took a life!
You're right. I'm no good.
How could I do that? I'm a sick, sick per...

Cows!

- Why did you kill my wife?!

- I thought you wanted me to.

You said you wished she was dead.

I told you I wished my momma was dead.

I kill your wife, you kill my momma.

That's fair.

I am not killing your mother.

- You have to turn yourself in.

- No. It was part of our plan.

What plan?!

There was no plan, you moron!

You killed a person and

I'm takin' you to the police!

I'll just tell 'em that you did it.

You got the motive.

- You're gonna tell them the truth.

- Huh?

You're gonna tell the police the truth
or I'll kill us both, I swear!

- I didn't do this only for me.

- Say goodbye, Owen.

Larry... Larry, slow down.

You're goin' a tad fast.

Please slow down, Larry!

I don't like goin' fast!

- Are you gonna tell 'em you did it?

- Please slow down!

Huh?

- Yeah. I'll do it.

- OK.

- Please stop the car!

- I can't!

- Stop the car!

- There's no brakes!

- What?! Watch out for that car!

- (car horn)

- Oh. You're a good driver, Larry.

- Just shut up!

Larry! Larry!

Larry, you're originally
from the East, aren't you?

- Owen!

- A man on our block was from the East.

Mr Brockman.

He was in the button business.

- Is that right?

- Yeah. This is good!

It's like the Flintstones car wash.

Larry! Ooh, I can't look!

(truck horn)

Whoa!

So are you telling me

you weren't driving that car?

Look, man. It's like I told you.

He borrowed the car yesterday morning
and I haven't seen him since.

- Did he say where he was going?

- No. Mumbled about motives and alibis.

Motives and alibis?

He figured that since Margaret ruined his
life, you'd think he killed her or somethin'.

- You don't think he did?

- No, I don't think so.

Personally, if the bitch stole my book,
I'd kill her. But that's me.

Larry? There's no way he coulda done it.

What makes you say that?

Because Larry never did...

.. anything.

OK. Here we go. Eggs a la Owen.

(sighs) Owen, get it

through your thick head.

I may be a lot of things,

but I am not a killer.

You don't have to blow her brains out.

Thank you! That takes

the pressure right off(!)

She's old. She's got a bad ticker.

All you gotta do is

jerk around a lot when you talk to her.

- "Nice to meet you, Mrs Lift!"

- Would you stop it?

Well, just meet her. Maybe she'd be
somebody you'd like to kill.

(Momma) Owen! What the hell's

going on out there?!

Nothing, Momma!

- (whispers) We woke her up.
- Who are you talking to? Who's in there?
- Nobody, Momma!
- (door bangs)
Who's this?
This is Cousin Paddy.
He's gonna be stayin' with us for a while.
Isn't that nice?
You don't have a Cousin Paddy!
You lied to me!
(Larry groans)
- That's it. That's all.
- Larry... Larry.
I'm sorry. She makes me so nervous.
Come on. Go in there and sit down.
I'll get you some ice.
So what do you think of her?
I think she could relax a little bit.
- Are you gonna do it?
- Owen...
I'm not gonna kill your mother.
If you wanna do it, you do it.
A guy kills my wife.
He can't even kill his own mother.
- You wanna see my coin collection?
- No!
I collect coins.
- I got a dandy collection.
- I don't wanna see it, Owen.
- But it's my collection.
- I don't care.
Look, Owen. I'm just not in the mood. OK?
Never showed it to anyone before.
- All right, I'll look at it.
- No, it's OK.
- Show it to me.
- No, you don't mean it.
- Show me the damn coins!
- All right.
This one is a nickel.
This one also is a nickel.
And here's a quarter.
And another quarter.
And a penny.

See? Nickel, nickel,
quarter, quarter, penny.
Are any of these coins worth anything?
No.
And here... is another nickel.
- Why do you have them?
- What do you mean?
The purpose of a coin collection is that
the coins are worth something, Owen.
Oh, but they are.
This one here I got in change...
.. when my dad took me
to see Peter, Paul and Mary.
And this one I got in change
when I bought a hot dog at the circus.
My daddy let me keep the change.
He always let me keep the change.
This one...
.. is my favourite.
This is Martin and Lewis
at the Hollywood Palladium.
Look at that.
See the way it shines on the little eagle?
I loved my dad a lot.
- So this whole collection is...
- Change my daddy let me keep.
- What was his name?
- Ned.
He used to call me his little Ned.
That's why Momma named me Owen.
I really miss him.
- It's a real nice collection, Owen.
- Thank you, Larry.
- Owen! Food!
- In a minute, Momma!
Don't you "in a minute" me! Get off
your fat little ass or I'll break it for you!
I want two soft-boiled eggs, white toast
and some of that grape jelly, goddammit!
And don't burn the toast!
- Kill her, Larry.
- I can't.
You gotta kill her for me, Larry.
Don't you understand? Crisscross.

Crisscross! You gotta do it, Larry!
If you don't, I will. I swear I will.
Move it, fat boy!
- That's it! I'm gonna choke her to death!
- No, Owen!
I swear to God, I'm gonna kill her!
- Calm down, Owen.
- Larry...
It's gonna be OK. It's gonna be OK, Owen.
I promise.
Will you do it?
Yeah. I'll do it.
Larry, you're the best pal a guy ever had.
Here. Look. I want you to have this.
Look. Here. It's a souvenir from
the London Bridge gift shop in Arizona.
Look. See? They brought this bridge over
from London, England, stone by stone.
See the little bridge?
See the stones there?
- Yeah, I see 'em.
- Here. You can have that.
Crisscross.
- When did you last see him?
- I can't remember. I told you.
- The day after his wife disappeared?
- I didn't say that.
- Miss Ryan, why are you protecting him?
- I'm not. I just don't think he killed her.
Where do you think he is, Miss Ryan?
I don't know!
- He's in a lot of trouble.
- He didn't do it.
Then who do you suppose did?
- Somebody else.
- So you do think it was murder.
- You know who killed her, don't you?
- No.
- Yes, you do.
- I do not! He wouldn't tell me!
Did Professor Donner
hire a man to kill his wife?
No! He said... not really.
And I heard him scream out

"I hate her! I wish she were dead!"

Yeah, I heard him. He said

"I hate her. I wish she was dead. "

That's what he said.

"I hate her. I wish she was dead. "

He called her a very bad name...

.. and screamed "I hate her.

I wish she were dead. "

It's a coffee-table book.

(TV on)

All right, Momma.

Turn off the TV.

OK.

Goodbye, Momma.

- She'll be sleepin' in a couple of minutes.

- I graduated from Yale.

All right. Out you go.

- Out? Out where?

- Out on the ledge. Go out on the roof...

- No, no. I'm not going out on any ledge.

- You gotta make it look like a burglar.

- You go in, you mess up things...

- No, Owen. This is going too far.

- You want outta this?

- Yes.

Then fulfil your end of the bargain. You go

in, stuff a pillow over her face and leave.

You walk out that door.

You never have to see me again, OK?

Oh, God!

- OK. Out you go.

- Shit. I hate heights.

Larry!

- You all right? Move your hand.

- Why?

Gotta close the window.

And like this you kill an evening.

Rats! Now I got Willard here.

I'm bein' held captive by a little troll who

should be hanging off a rear-view mirror.

I'm not doin' this.

- Aargh!

- What are you doin'?

I'm selling The Watchtower!

What do you think?!

You got rats the size of Oldsmobiles here!

Rats.

OK, forget about the burglar stuff.

Just go through her door.

It's less dramatic but I don't wanna make you uncomfortable. Here, use this.

- I really don't like you, Owen.

- OK, I gotta go.

If I'm late for my lane,
they tack on an extra buck.

Ugh. What a week.

Mrs Lift, I know you don't want to hear anything derogatory about your son.

I understand that. Because he's not a bad man, Mrs Lift. He's a nice man, actually.

He is a lunatic. No, Mrs Lift, he is.

He's a lunatic. And, um...

I don't have to be here now, Mrs Lift.

I could be in Mexico, out of all of this.

I'm only here to stop him fr...

How do you say this, Mrs Lift?

Listen to me, Mrs Lift.

Your son... killed my wife.

And now he wants me to kill you.

(snores)

- Mrs Lift?

- (snores)

- I'm gonna go read the paper now and...

- (snoring continues)

I'm just glad we had this chance to talk.

(snores)

I'm a fugitive. The little bastard turned me into Richard Kimble.

He shit and shoved me in it.

I gotta get outta here! I gotta go!

Where am I running? Evidence.

Incriminating evidence!

Nothing.

Ha! A lei.

Poha jelly.

Not enough!

Poha jelly, a lei and a doll.

I need some evidence.

Aha! Bingo. The mother lode.
A plane ticket!
A little careless, Owen, aren't we?
Los Angeles, Hawaii, 10am!
(cackles) I got you! A plane ticket!
With my name on it.
Oh, God!
(knock at door)
Cops!
(knocking continues)
Mr Lift?
(heart thumping)
We'd like to ask you a few questions.
I hope there's no trouble.
I was at the bowlin' alley all night.
I hope there's nothin' wrong.
No, we'd like to ask you
about Professor Donner.
- Professor Donner?
- Yes. Would you mind if we came in?
- In the house?
- Just a few questions.
I... I'm sorry. You can't.
My momma's real sick.
I don't think it's a good idea.
- It'll only take a minute.
- No, I...
OK! All right. Come on up.
If it'll only take a minute,
that won't be so bad.
Would you like to meet my momma?
We understand you take Professor
Donner's course at Valley College.
Yeah. Creative writing.
I'm gonna put my bowlin' ball away.
- I'm his star pupil.
- Do you have any idea where he is?
Did you try his apartment? He goes there
a lot. He keeps his stuff there.
You guys wanna have some tea?
We've got orange pekoe,...
.. we've got Irish breakfast,...
.. we've got Darjeeling...
Mr Lift, have you ever heard

Professor Donner talk about his wife?
Professor Donner? Oh, he... he always
talked about her like she was an angel.
He loved his wife.
He worshipped the ground she... Hi.
Hi, tea! Hi, tea. Hi.
You never heard him say
anything bad about her?
Oh. This is Irish breakfast.
I'll get Darjeeling.
Whatever you want, Mr Lift.
We won't be havin' any.
- What was that question again?
- (Momma) Owen!
Momma! You're alive!
Old people - you have to reassure them.
Mr Lift, can we get back
to Professor Donner?
Yes. By all means, let's get back to him.
- Mr Lift...
- Oh! You know what?
This... This box is empty.
Could you get me some tea in the pantry?
Sure. No problem.
(detective) You said that he loved his wife.
What gave you that idea?
Oh! I'm sorry, officer.
I have some tea right here on the stove.
It won't be necessary.
- Oh. No problem.
- What was that question again?
What makes you think
that he loved his wife?
But you know what you could get me
is some sugar.
Is it in the pantry?
- Yeah.
- No problem.
I shouldn't use sugar in my tea because
I'm carryin' around this spare tyre.
I'd like to get rid of it
but it's so hard to cut back.
- Owen! You did it, didn't you, Owen?
- No, Momma, I didn't.

- Yes, you did!
- No! Honest to God, I didn't do it!
You told them to take me away!
Oh. No, Momma. No.
- You came to take me away!
- I'm sorry. My momma's not feelin' well.
Not feeling well, my foot!
- I'm sorry.
- You little bastard!
I said you'd desert me, and you did!
The only way they'll get me
outta here is to drag me out!
You're gonna have to
take me out in a pine box!
Get out! Get outta my house!
Owen!
You're grounded!
I can't believe that you brought them here!
- Why didn't you kill Momma?
- Because I'm not a killer!
I can't put a pillow over her face
and squeeze the life out of her!
- You see that door with the hook on it?
- Yeah.
Every night around nine o'clock, she yells
"Bath" and hangs her shawl on that hook.
- I'll bet that's where I come in.
- Yeah.
- Now, how did I know that?
- Come on, come on.
- Watch out for my skates.
- Ow!
(hinge falls down stairs)
She'll get out of her chair,
she'll go to the door,...
.. you go behind her and pow!
Down the stairs she goes.
- And where are you gonna be?
- Howie's Lanes. Come on.
To hell with this guy! What am I? Crazy?
I'm outta here. I can't stay here.
- I can't stay in this house!
- (siren)
Stand back, please.

Milk and Mallomars...

Bath!

- Who the hell are you?!

- I'm Owen's friend.

- Owen doesn't have a friend!

- That's because he's shy.

No, he's not. He's fat and he's stupid.

Get outta my house! Where is Owen?

- Owen went bowling.

- I want Owen!

- He'll be back soon.

- I want my bath and my medicine!

- I can get it for you.

- Who the hell are you?

- Let me hang that up.

- I can do it myself!

- I know, but I'd like to hang it up for you.

- Get out of my way, you black bastard!

What?!

Mrs Lift!

- He tried to kill me.

- What?

I said, he's tryin' to kill me!

Mrs Lift! Don't...

I can hang up my own goddamn shawl.

He's trying to kill me!

I asked for the salted nuts!

He brought me the unsalted nuts!

The unsalted nuts make me choke!

Aargh!

Pain in the ass!

Oh, no!

Your friend had an accident. He's dead!

You go bowling and leave

a corpse to take care of me!

- He's dead?

- See for yourself!

Larry! My friend!

- My friend! Larry!

- (mimics) "My friend! My friend!"

You little crybaby!

Go bury him in the yard

before he stinks up the place!

Larry, you're alive!

You killed her.
Holy shit! What a dream I was having!
Louis Armstrong was trying to kill me!
- Mrs Lift?
- Get away from me, you horse's ass!
(groans)
She's not a woman. She's the Terminator.
(dinging)
The ex-husband of missing novelist
Margaret Donner...
.. is wanted for questioning
but has now himself disappeared.
If you have any information regarding his
whereabouts, contact your local police.
Owen! There's a murderer in the house!
Hello, police? I found him!
The wife murderer!
- He's here!
- Gimme the phone!
I'm on the next train to Mexico.
- No! This is no time to panic.
- This is the perfect time to panic!
She turned me in! Do what you want
with her. I gotta think about myself.
Larry, don't leave me!
Larry!
(cracking)
I'm sorry, Larry.
It's OK, Owen.
- I messed everything up.
- Owen, it's gonna be OK.
I ruined your life.
Come on, Owen. Sometimes
things happen in life for a reason.
No, really. Maybe I was meant to go to
Mexico to be a writer. You never know.
This is a great ending.
I don't have the beginning,
but this is a great ending.
Story of my life. I always have
great endings and no beginnings.
That's not good for a writer, is it?
No, it's not.
How about "The night was humid"?

- It's hot in here.
- Yeah, hot and close.
- Moist.
- Right. "The night was moist. "
This is what I'm talking about.
It's writing. Finding the perfect word.
The perfect start. "It was the best
of times, it was the worst of times".
"Now is the winter of our discontent".
See what I'm saying?
Perfect beginnings. Perfect words.
It's like us. We're on a train
to Mexico. We're on the lam.
It's exciting, it's kinda mysterious.
Do you say "The night was humid"
or "The night was moist"? That's writing!
The night was sultry.
I'm getting the hell outta here!
Too goddamn sultry in here!
Where you goin'?
I'm gonna kill the bitch.
- You want anything?
- You can get me a Chunky.
- Come here, Mrs Lift.
- You stay away from me, you murderer!
Momma...
Mrs Lift!
- (Owen) Momma!
- Murderer! Murderer!
Momma... Momma...
Sultry? I'll show you
something sultry, Mrs Lift!
G, 54.
Stupid bingo! Don't you idiots know
there's a murderer loose on this train?!
- Mrs Lift, come back here.
- Bingo bastards.
My mother's a little overmedicated.
Murderer! Murderer!
There's a murderer on the train.
Wake up, you nutheads! Murderer!
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Wake up! There's a murderer on the train!
Mrs Lift?

Aarrghhh!

- Mrs Lift, be careful!
- Get away from me, you murderer!
- No!
- (Momma yells)
- Mrs Lift...
- Let me go, you murderer!

Owen!

- Larry, you'll kill her!
- Save me!

I'm not tryin' to kill her!

I'm tryin' to save her, you toad!

Come on, Mrs Lift!

Owen! Save me!

Aarrghhh!

Owen! Save me!

Owen!

- What are you doin' to my momma?!
- Making a wish! What do you think?!

Help!

Oh, no! Larry!

Oh, you saved me, my Owen!

- Mrs Lift, are you OK?
- Beat it, chump!
- Larry!
- Aarghhh!

Bye, Larry!

To tell you the truth,
it was all a little bit embarrassing.

My earring fell over the rail.

I bent over to retrieve it.

The last thing I remember,

I was in the water.

She fell off the boat. She fell off the boat.

The little bastard never laid a hand on her.

This wonderful Adonis of the deep...

Oh, I love that. "Adonis of the deep".

She's rescued by a fishing boat!

The woman is priceless.

- You gotta love this woman.
- Do you love this woman?

Shikamoto nursed me back to health,
and we're going to be married.

Who asked this guy

to pull her outta the water?

(chuckles)

Margaret Donner, author

of the best seller "Hot Fire",...

.. has sold the movie rights

of her ordeal at sea for \$1.5 million.

Will wonders never cease!

Back to you, Stan.

She's a genius. She's getting \$1.5 million
and I'm getting glucose four times a day.

I'm getting something down the hall.

- What?

- Anything. I can't take this any more.

Every ten minutes,

it's "Margaret this" and "Margaret that".

I'm sorry. I just can't help it.

Hate's no good. I'm not

living here with you in hate.

Get rid of it altogether, Larry,

or I'm leaving you.

Oh!

Oh, Larry!

Argh!

(static on TV)

(gentle snoring)

His name was Owen...

.. and he wanted me to kill his mother.

When I asked him why,...

.. he said because he didn't like her.

When I asked him why me,...

.. he said it was my idea.

I was teaching college...

(continues typing)

(rings)

- Hello.

- Aloha.

- Owen! How are ya!

- I'm fine.

- Where are you?

- In Topanga Canyon. I just killed Beth.

- What?

- Nah, I'm kiddin'. Look out your window.

You little couch potato!

- Hi, Owen!

- Hi, Larry.
- Owen, come on up.
- OK.
- I missed you.
- I missed you, too. It's been a year.
- Wow. You look terrific.
- Thank you. So do you.
- Well, thanks. How's Momma?
- Dead.
- Oh, I'm sorry.
- Mm, well...
Did you, um...
No!
No. Natural causes.
- That's good.
- Yeah, well.
- I see you're writing.
- I started the day I got outta the hospital.
And I haven't stopped, Owen. I'm half a
paragraph away from finishing my book!
- That's great!
- Yeah, it's really somethin'.
Well, you know what they say.
(both) A writer writes... always.
Well, look. I won't keep you from it.
- I just came by to say hello and...
- You just got here!
Actually, I gotta catch a plane. I'm goin'
to New York because... I wrote a book.
- What?
- It's gonna be on the stands in two days.
You wrote a book?
And it's gonna be published?
- Yeah.
- Owen, that's unbelievable!
It's called Momma and Owen
and Owen's Friend Larry...
.. and it's all about you and me and
Momma and our experiences together.
What's your book about?
You wrote a book called Momma
and Owen and Owen's Friend Larry?
Yeah.
- It's all about our...

- (both).. experiences together.

- Slut! You slut!

- Are you angry with me?

- I don't like you, Owen!

- You want me to leave?

No, I want you dead and in hell!

(Owen gags)

- I can't breathe!

- Because I'm choking you, you moron!

Here!

Here. I want you to have this.

- What is this?

- That's my book.

- What is this? You wrote a pop-up book?

- Yeah. Yeah.

See? Here's where we meet

in class. Pull that tab.

See? And... And this is you and me

and Beth on the choo-choo.

Toot, toot!

And here's where you meet Momma.

See her cane?

(mimics Momma) "Bath!"

- And these are my coins. See my coins?

- It's your coin collection!

And here's... See, instead of you chuckin'
her off a train, we go on a picnic together.

- What do we do? Devil-egg her to death?

- Oh, no. There's no death.

- There's no death?

- No, this is a kids' book.

- You wrote a pop-up book!

- Yeah.

- This is the cutest thing I've ever seen!

- Yeah, and here's the best part.

We all go on vacation in Hawaii.

You... and me... and Beth.

(Beth) "Hate makes you impotent,
love makes you crazy. "

"Somewhere in between
you can survive. "

- Gets better every time I read it.

- Thank you.

- Except for the last line.

- I beg your goddamn pardon?
Hate makes you impotent, love makes
you crazy. In the middle you can survive?
- Yeah!
- It's cryptic!
- Cryptic, he says.
- That's right. Cryptic.

Cryptic.

Watch this, Beth. Have you ever seen
a weeble snorkel? Look at him.

You know, actually,
I find it a little confusing.

- Are you kidding me?!
- Just that last line.
- Just the last line!
- Yeah.

This is great. So you
and Sancho Panza agree on this?
You're taking criticism from somebody
who had his book signing at Toys 'R' Us!
I don't believe this.

- You're really agreeing with him?
- He's got a point.
- He's got a point?!
- Yeah!

I'm a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate,
on the best-seller list.

With his book, you get a free balloon!
I don't understand it.

- (Beth) He's entitled to his opinion.
- I know he's entitled to his opinion.
But look at him. He's a buoy with hair.
Keep going a little further, Owen.

Maybe somebody'll harpoon you.

("Shikisha" by Siphon Mabuse)

People, get ready
Wherever you are
People, get ready
No matter how far
Everywhere in the village
People are dancing in the streets
It's the beginning of the new life
You can turn it up on your radio
Shikisha

Shikisha, wah, Shikisha
Shikisha
Shikisha, wah, Shikisha
People are dancing in the streets
Right across the Limpopo
It's the beginning of the new age
So turn it up on your radio
Stomp your feet to the beat
Feel the heat
Stomp your feet to the beat
Feel the heat
Stomp your feet to the beat
Feel the heat
Stomp your feet to the beat
Feel the heat
Wah, Shikisha
Shikisha!
Stomp your feet
Stomp your feet
Stomp your feet
Stomp your feet