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Try Seventeen

By Charles Kephart

Test, test, test.

This is a test.

One, two, test.

Kid?

Are you lost, kid?

-Hi. Where's your big brother, kid?-I don't have one.

Yeah? Don't you look a little too kiddy like to be in college?

You still wetting the bed?

Oh, congratulations. Now, here's the deal.

I listen to ska music, right? Just ska.

No rap, punk, hip-hop, heavy metal...

...classical, classic rock, new wave, New Age...

...bluegrass, blues, jazz and no fucking country.

I am not bumpkin like the rest of you pukes.

And I get the bottom bunk.

-Better watch your ass, punk!-Yeah, punk.

You see us again, you'd better watch out, kid.

Yeah, kid.

Hello, my name is Jones Dillon. I'm calling about the apartment.

I can show it to you now. Tomorrow's fine too.

No, now would be good.

I got the St. Louis blues

And I'm blue as I can be

-Because my baby---That's very pretty, miss.

Oh, thank you.

I don't know. Aren't you a little young to rent an apartment?

No, miss. I'm a legitimate border.

-What's that there?-Just my things.

I see, but most people I rent to like to see the place before they take it.

Okay.

There are two white girls upstairs, and a white man has the first floor.

You'll be just fine here, Jones. Snug like a bug.

Thank you.

-What is this?-My rent check?

-Twelve thousand dollars?-Well, that was the figure on the lease.

It's my grandfather's money. Or it was, anyway.

He went to college here, and the will said I had to too.

I didn't want to go to Texas.

-What's in Texas?-Just my mother.

You'll be glad to know I dropped out of college.

You told me all a writer needs...

...is his eyes and ears and sense enough to use them.

Besides, you know I don't play well with the other kids.

-Better watch your ass, punk!-Yeah, punk.

You know how much this means to me. Don't be like that.
Look, I'll be here-- Don't be this way.
I'll just hang up right now.
I'm hanging up now! Asshole!
Well, well, well. Come in, come in.
I don't know what you're after, but make no mistake...
...you have come to absolutely the right place to get it.
You can call me "Mother." I am the woman of this house. And you I call...?
Jones. Jones Dillon.
You listen to Mother, because she speaks the truth.
There is nothing, absolutely nothing as important as a bed.
-Nothing?-Nothing.
A happy bed makes for a happy home, Mr. Jones...
...if you take my meaning.
Jones.
Jones. I knew a man named Jones once. Yes, indeed.
Maybe he was your daddy.
-I doubt it, miss.-Well, I wouldn't be too sure, now.
He was a handsome devil, just like you are.
-Phone?-I don't have one yet. I'll get one.
Well, you be sure and let Mother know just as soon as you do.
-Hi, Mother.-Oh, boys, this is Mr. Jones.
Will you tell him when you can deliver him his furniture?
-Be a week at least.-Be at least a week, maybe two.
-Could be two.-That's okay. Fine.
-We arent asking.-No one's asking you nothing.
Now, you boys shut the hell up...
...talking to my customers like that. Now, get out.
-Sorry, Mother.-Go on.
Get.
From my second husband.
Kid, you arent 21.
Twenty-two, 23 in December. You can see there.
My mother, she was deep into all of it: booze, pills...
...everything she could get her hands on.
I was born 1 0 weeks premature.
By the time doctors discovered the bone disease...
...it was too late to treat properly.
I've been suffering since before I was born.
Damn.
Do you need anything else?
-A pack of cigarettes.-Just a second. Anything else?
A pack of cigarettes.
Scheiss auto.

Shit.

Brad?

Come on.

Hi. I'm--

Think you can mess with me, you little bastard?

Think you can?

-Hi, Jane.-Hi, Brad.

-Who's your friend?-Asshole tried to attack me.

Bad boy. Think I should shoot him?

No, I'll do it.

Well, well, well. Look here.

-Caught yourself a deviant, did you?-I live here, you lunatics.

-What?-Boy says he lives here, miss.

I'm in 2B, upstairs. I just moved in.

He's making it up.

-Listen, hot stuff, are you 2B or not?-Yes, damn. I'm 2B.

Well, all right. I just got you wired up...

...for the great wide world and everything in it.

I saw the whole thing.

It was a mistake.

-Don't be so sure. Are you okay?-Yeah.

Come on.

This makes us neighbors, I suppose.

-I'm Lisa.-I'm Jones. Hi.

Hi. You can keep them if you want. Call it a housewarming.

Thank you.

I'd ask you to stay....

And I'd ask you, where would I sit?

You can sit here.

I think it's much too soon for that, don't you?

Goodbye, Jones.

-Hello?-Hello, Blanche. Guess who.

Lovely, my only begotten son.

They kicked you out of school already?

I wasn't expecting this call for at least a month.

Relax, Blanche, you'll spill your drink.

I'm calling with good news.

I'm calling from my very own phone...

...from the comfort of my Very own apartment.

You're what? Have you lost your mind, Jones?

If there's anyone in this world who cannot take care of himself, it is you.

-Do you hear me?-No, you're right.

In fact, I've been interviewing help all week.

I'm leaning towards this beautiful Asian girl.

-Cantonese.-Cantonese, I mean.

She's expert in ancient massage techniques.

See there? I knew it.

All those prep schools turned you into a little sex monster, didn't they?

-I called to ask you something.-Oh, God, here we go.

I'm going to need a copy of my birth certificate for school.

Yeah, I bet. Well, have the school get in touch with me, then.

-I have a right, Blanche.-For Christ sakes, Jones...

...couldn't we have a conversation...

...where you didn't dredge pail the footnotes of your ancestry?

What if I called your father a footnote?

Just don't call him a manipulative son of a bitch.

I'd hate for us to agree on something.

I think my own father would like to know where I am, what I'm doing.

It's late. You probably have school tomorrow. Jones?

Don't you dare-- Jones? Well, son of a--

Bitch.

I have done something to make you angry?

No, not you.

Yes, indeed, Mr. Jones.

A happy bed makes for a happy home...

...and Mother here is going to show you just how happy a home can be.

-My bed hasn't been delivered yet.-Just you leave everything to me.

I'd have called first if I had that number.

Yes, indeed, Mr. Jones.

Get comfortable, Mr. Jones.

Oh, Jones, you area handsome devil!

Oh, my. Yes!

Let me feel how happy you are!

Mr. Jones, you're a happy daddy now.

Kinky! Wild!

Mr. Jones. Rough, just like your daddy was.

Jones!

Damn.

Jones!

No, don't!

-One, two....-No!

Boy, there's something you probably ought to know.

You got shit-wipe sticking out of your fly.

-Don't. Please.-One, two--

Freeze.

Put it down, fellows. Nice and easy.

We can't very well do nothing, being as we is frozen and all.

Bad joke, daddy-o.

One more and I blow your little sisters best friend right out of your trousers.

Think they treat all customers that way?

-No, you're just lucky.-Lucky you were there.

-There, that's all of it.-Wow.

If you hadn't shown up, I don't know. Let me get you a beer.

"Freeze." The looks on their faces.

-Hi, Brad.-Who guessed they could be polite?

-You go easy on him.-Okay.

Easily the most exciting thing Ive ever seen in real life.

-Hi.-Hi. Where is...?

Gone.

Look. Now you can stay.

-You want a beer?-I'm going to have to take a rain check.

-I have lines to learn.-You're an actress?

-The female lead.-Wow.

Besides, I still don't know where I would sit.

Are you sure that's clean?

Your stalker has furniture.

Hi.

You okay?

Yeah, sure. How are you?

Great couch.

Dear Dad:

Dear Dad:

I know it was more your stiletto move around a lot, place to place...

...but I think I'll stay right here for now. And why not?

It seems like every time I turn around, I make new friends.

Jiminy! Let's get!

Oh, I'm coming, I'm coming!

Come on! Come on, baby!

No, no, darling, theyve waited long enough. Ive waited.

Oh, how I've waited for you.

Each day a lifetime centuries longer than the day before it.

And it would've been....

Would've been....

Almost bearable.

And it would've been almost bearable...

...if just once, you'd written me a letter to tell me that you were still alive...

...and that your love for mews still alive too.

How could I have known you lost both your arms in battle?

Damn you. Haven't I told you never to speak of that?
You foolish, proud man! Dont you see it doesn't matter?
You can still touch me. Still a heart to love me.
Still lips to kiss me. You can touch me without arms...
...and I need you to, darling, desperately.
Please touch me. Touch me now.
Touch me right now.
Blah, blah, blah. God, it's awful.
-Well, you're good.-Really?
I mean, not just compared to you?
-A glass, please?-Oh, well, I don't have any yet. Sorry.
-You know, I find it awfully sad, really.-Well, I'm going to get some.
No, not that.
You know, a person can pursue something.
A girl can go after her dreamland give it her...
...energy, labor, sweat, tears...
...and this is where it gets her.
A two-room apartment and a role in some moronic period play.
-Things take time?-Right, things take time.
I suppose, but I can't wait forever.
-Can I ask you something?-Sure. You can ask me anything.
Who's the girl with the camera?
She's called "Jane." Why?
Well, she took my picture out here.
She didn't say a word, just took my picture and disappeared.
-it was weird.-She is weird.
You know what? Id be careful if I were you.
She took pictures of me once, and now she hates me.
-Hates you? Why?-I have no idea...
...except I think shes maybe slightly insane.
Insane?
Wow.
Hey, this is Steve. Im not here right now--
Hello?
Hi, I'm Jones. I'm your neighbor from down the hall.
-I think we're past that.-Right.
I noticed you take pictures, and I can't seem to figure this out...
...so I thought maybe you could....
I don't know much about them. Is this one any good?
Yeah, it's fine. Fine if you're going to Disneyland with the wife and kids.
Right. Well, I guess I'll have to planar trip, then. And a wedding.
-Here. Point and shoot.-Right.
How did that picture come out, on the roof?
Not so hot.

-What did you say your name was?-Jones.
I'm Jane.
-Hi.-Bye, Jones.
-Ready?-Ready.
-Beer?-Oh, my, no, no, this calls for wine.
I have a terrific bottle I've been saving. You have a corkscrew, right?
Damn.
Here, let me. It's a sticky one.
And that's how it started.
She opened the wine and started to pour...
...and pour and pour, like words on a page...
...big words like "ambition and "inspiration" and "passion".
Me? I didn't say much, but she didn't mind.
She knew I was watching her.
I think she likes to be looked at, but I wanted to do more than look.
After all, I couldn't type, could I, if I didn't touch the keys?
And she was so close. It should have been easy...
...but somewhere, somehow, I think I missed something.
-You know what I mean?-Yeah.
-You do?-No.
-You don't?-I don't know.
I'm sorry. It's late. Im drunk. I have to go.
Morning, partner.
Shouldn't I have handcuffs too?
Sorry, partner. I've only got one pair.
Don't you think we should drink them first?
No. You'd never hit them that way.
That's right. Steady. Use your sight. Line it up.
-Now, what are you going to do?-Squeeze.
Squeeze.
-What are you not going to do?-Pull.
Beautiful. Whenever you're ready.
Perfect. You squeezed.
-So, what do you think of Lisa?-Lisa?
-So, what do you think of Lisa?-Lisa?
Yeah, upstairs Lisa.
How do you mean?
-Well, you're seeing her, aren't you?-Did she say something to you?
No. I just know.
-How?-It's an old house. I know the creaks.
I know what goes on.
When she's in her bathroom brushing her teeth...
...putting on a bit of eye makeup.
I hear her move from her apartment to yours.

You let her in. She looks great.
She takes a seat on the couch, makes herself comfortable.
You offer her something to drink and excuse yourself to the kitchen.
"Mineral water? Or I have a light beer. "
"Mineral water, please. In a glass, if you don't mind?"
-Mineral water?-Oh, come on.
It's not like I'm snooping, really. I just hear it.
There's a lot of turnover upstairs. Everybody leaves a story behind.
Now, I could tell those stories, but I don't.
And I won't tell yours either, Jones.
Together this time. Six on the left are mine, right are yours.
I love what you're doing with the place.
Thanks.
-It's called acting.-Right.
-That, that....-Thing?
That thing is a product of....
Product of....
Hello? Hello? I can hear you breathing.
Jane?
-Listen to me, you pathetic bastard!-How did you know it was me?
You think you're cute, don't you? Oh, for Christ sakes, Jones.
You know, you cook a meal for a man just once--
He thinks he can call you on the phone.
What he thinks is that he's got God-given right to tell me...
...what to do, where to go, and what time to be there.
Maybe he wants to show youth world. Istanbul. Mozambique.
-What are you talking about?-You know what I'm talking about.
My father. You said he'd been everywhere, seen everything.
That he'd written it all down. Every sight, every sound.
-So that he could show you the world.-I never told you that.
He told me that. I remember more than you think I do.
-I'm getting dressed here, Jones.-What did you do, Blanche?
What did you do that was so bad left both of us?
You know, if you gave school half the energy...
...you give this little genealogy project...
...I bet they'd name building after you.
I am taking it seriously.
In fact, there's an instructor here right now.
-Oh, instructor, hell. What instructor?-It's art class.
We're doing nudes this week.
Wow. But she said I could sketch some gin bottles for extra credit.
I'll send you one.
How I've waited for you.
Each day a lifetime centuries longer than the day before it.

And it would've been almost bearable...
...if just once, you'd written me a letter to tell me that you were
alive...
...and that your love for me was still alive too.
Damn you.
I thought I told you never to speak of that.
Never!
I know you got it, you chicken shit!
You can still touch me. Still a heart to love me.
Still lips to kiss me. You can touch me without arms...
...and I need you to, darling, desperately.
Please touch me.
Touch me right now!
At least someone's been rehearsing.
It was bad, wasn't it?
You can tell me.
You were good.
Can you say that again, please, with just a little bit more feeling?
You were good.
Jones?
Will you kiss me?
Okay.
Okay because you want to, or okay because I asked you to?
-I want to.-Will you do it now, please?
Okay, I will, but--
-Sorry. I'm not very good at this.-Oh, but you will be.
You will be.
What are you waiting for?
This isn't your first time, is it?
-What?-What?
Are you serious?
Jones, my God. What do you think this is?
-Nothing. I mean--God, exactly. You know what?
You can't do this with me. Not like this. I mean....
You're really sweet and everything, but my God...
-...how old are you anyway?-Seventeen.
Seventeen? My God, what am I doing? You know what, Jones?
-You need to fall in love first.-Love?
Yes, love. Seventeen-year-olds can fall in love.
By the time I was 17, I'd already loved three or four boys.
-Like really, truly, loved them.-You're right.
-Of course I'm right.-Trust me. You don't want to do this.
-You're right.-You think you do, but--
-What did you say?-I said, you're right.

-Right about what?-About this, about us.

-I don't want to, like you said.-What?

Okay, the show's over. Im through being an audience.

Just looking on and listening. I want someone who's more than words...

...because if Ive learned anything so far, it's this: Talk is cheap, partner.

So you say it's a party you want, huh? Hell, woman, I'll show you a party.

What did I say about coming down and celebrating?

Damn it, I got dishes at home that need washing.

You done crossed me for the last time. Speak up, damn it! I'm talking to you!

Oh, dear God, help me.

It's Jones Dillon, coming to kill me.

Please, Dillon. I wasn't going to hurt her. Honest.

You'd best say goodbye to them buttons, you no-arm son of a bitch.

Mr. Dillon.

You have a shave scheduled, Mr. Dillon.

A shave.

And a bath.

That's me.

But, Jones, this animal said he was going to roll me down Main Street!

Down Main Street, right out of town, one kick at a time!

Squeeze.

With spurs on, Jones!

I need a ride.

-You didn't have to do this.-That's okay.

I've been meaning to buy some records.

We don't sell records.

I thought you said it was a record store.

It's just called a record store. Its all CDs.

Right. Well, I dont have a record player anyway.

I don't care if you dont like the picture, okay?

-What picture?-It's not going to hurt my feelings.

You could've at least acknowledged the damn thing, you know.

-What picture?-The picture I gave you.

The picture I slipped under your door! I put it in an envelope and--

Look, there's no way you didn't--Oh, goddamn it. She likes you, right?

-Who?-Who? The bitch that--

Just forget it, forget it. Im sorry.

-Are you coming in?-No. I don't have a CD player either.

-Will you need a ride home?-No. I'll manage.

How about you?

Okay, shut it off.

That's great. How do you know all this stuff?

-I learned it from Rocky.-Who's Rocky?

-That motorcycle in my apartment?-Yeah?

That's Rocky.

He left that behind, the rogue.

He was my last.

He lived in your apartment for a while, but he spent most of his time in mine.

Then he moved on.

That was three years ago.

-Jones?-Yeah?

It's been three years since I had sex, Jones.

Didn't you say "whoa"? Three years and you say "whoa"?

Listen, you, three years of celibacy deserves more than "whoa."

-"Whoa" doesn't come close.-Try 1 7.

-What, years?-Well, the first 1 2 were pretty easy.

But what about...?

So you're a...?

It's great.

It's really great.

It's the pain.

The pain?

That's why I like it. Because it's honest and it's real...

...and it's nothing you can faker hide.

To me, it's like you're feeling pain for the first time in your life.

And before this moment, you didn't even know it existed.

I broke my arm once when I was a kid.

How is it someone you've just met, a person you hardly know...

...can somehow know you? Can take one look at you...

...and see more in that instant than most people will ever see?

I suppose there's only one way to find out.

-Hi, Jane.-Hi.

Hi. I was wondering if you would, you know...

-...if you'd like to go out or--?-You're a little young for me, Jones.

-Besides, I don't date.-Well, it wouldn't be a date.

I don't know many people here, and I thought maybe we could--

Maybe you should get a record player.

Well, we don't have to.

I don't do movies.

No dinners, no picnics...

...no walks.

How about you decide?

I hear you typing a lot. What are you writing?

-Letters, mostly.-Letters to whom, your girlfriend?

Girlfriends.

There are several.

Is that right?

Get the fuck out of here.

Superfecta is the big one.

The first four horses in order area bitch to win, but top-dollar pay.

Trifecta is the same deal, but first three horses in order.

Still's a bitch, still good money.

Exacta bet is firsthand second in order.

Quinella is the same, but in any order.

So those are good. Win, place or show bets...

...you can figure out for yourself.

Are you talking to me?

Yes, dummy. How do you want to bet?

I have no idea. How about you bettor me, and I'll get us some drinks?

Sure you will.

-How did you do that?-A trick I learned from my mother.

So, what are we drinking to?

Close your eyes and point.

-New in Town.-New in Town.

Yes! New in Town, run, run, run!

Baby, run!

Shit!

-Yes! Go, go!-Go, go, go!

-Yes! Yes! Come on, come on!-Yes! Yes! Come on!

-Little Bee!-Little Bee! Go on!

-Go, go, go!-Little Bee, run!

I used to go there a lot with Steve...

...and he always lost his ass. I guess thats why I can still stand it there.

This is the part where you ask me who Steve is.

No, it isn't.

Fair enough.

Then I'll ask you something.

-Name?-Jones Dillon.

-Age?-Seventeen.

-From?-Texas.

-No funny accent.-I grew up in the East, mostly.

Me too.

Boarding schools and summer camps.

What about your parents?

What parents?

How many orphans got boarding schools?

Lots. Who's Steve?

I thought you didn't want to know.

He's your old boyfriend?

One of several.

Are you telling me you're an orphan?

Not exactly. How many is several?

-Wouldn't you like to know?-I just want to know about one.

-That's it. Out of film.-That's it?

Why? You thought you were getting somewhere?

So is there anything else should know about you?

I don't think so.

-Unless....-What?

No.

Spill it.

I'm a virgin.

Never?

All those girlfriends and no action?

I almost did once.

Really, when?

Recently.

-How recently?-Pretty recently.

I want to tell you something.

If you want to hang out with her, you don't hang out here, okay?

I'll hang out here.

Okay.

Jane?

-Yeah?-I'm sorry.

I'm sorry about the kiss.

So, what do you know about Jane and Steve?

Can't do it. Sorry.

-Can't do what?-Can't say.

It's one of those upstairs stories, partner. Sorry.

-But you know?-Can't say.

But there's something to know, right?

Is there?

Damn.

Partner.

She's at your door.

Hi!

-I didn't think you were home.-I'm not. I wasn't.

But I am now. Now I am.

Want to go for a ride?

In a half an hour?

Blanche is in Texas.

-Who?-Blanche, my mother.

You asked me about my parents.

She lives alone. Drinks. Dates mostly men from the country club.
She ran my father off when I was 3. Or 4.
Her story always changes.
What?
This is the part where you tell me about Steve.
Is that right?
I used to working this shitty little bar.
Steve came with his band, like...
...they were playing a stadium shower something.
And for the next three nights, he sang every song for me.
I had never met anybody like him.
He said all the right things, did all the right things.
Everything was so right.
Then he fucked it all up. Me especially.
You seem okay to me.
I used to be better than okay.
Oh, shit! Fuck!
New in Town.
How are you?
How do I look?
You look great.
How's your arm?
I'll pull through, I think.
Thank God.
I'm miserable, Jones.
That must hurt pretty badly.
No. I'm so bored.
Right. Maybe you should get a record player.
Shut up.
You know what I want?
I want you to write me a letter.
A letter?
Yeah, like the ones you write to your girlfriends.
But just a "letter" letter, not a love letter.
I don't have any girlfriends.
-I write them to someone else.-Well, I'm someone else.
-Write one to me.-No, I mean.... I don't send them.
It's complicated.
Jones, I'm in the hospital, for Chris sake.
I think I deserve at least a letter.
I knew that something like this was going to happen to you.
No, Blanche, really, I'm fine. Im going to pull through.
You see, Jones, this is what happens.
I tell you things, and you don't listen.

You don't ever listen to me, do you?
Well, you don't ever tell me what I want to hear.
Don't you start. This is about you, Jones. This is about reality.
I'm going to have to hang up. I've got breakfast coming.
There's a place that delivers bagels and belly dancers.
-It's fantastic.-Are you drunk, Jones?
What are you talking about?
-Here she is.-Jones?
You can set that down anywhere.
-How did he find out?-I called him.
You were bored, so you called.
Wrong. I missed him, and I wanted to call him, so I did.
Didn't he fuck you up or something?
What's your problem, Jones?
I thought we were friends.
He came 2000 miles, Jones.
She can't help herself, Jones. It's a biological weakness...
...for the black-leather/guitar-player type.
I've experienced bouts of it myself.
It's powerful stuff.
Well, it's good. Really.
I'm happy for her.
She seems happy too, which is good.
It's great.
Grab your hammer, partner.
-Hi, Jones.-Hi, Lisa.
Did you see Jane's car?
What happened to your arm?
You were with her.
Well, I'm glad you're okay.
What about Jane?
-She's okay.-I'm glad.
You know, when something like this happens...
...it kind of makes me wonder if I should tell her I'm sorry.
Well, it was the deer's fault, mostly.
Is that for me?
I write them to my father.
I don't send them, because don't know his address.
Because I don't know if he's alive or dead or anything else.
Nothing.
Only you.
Okay.
Say it.
Only me.

Jones?

I'll be leaving soon.

I know.

I don't mean just from the hospital.

I know.

-Hey, guy.-Hey, Steve.

Oh, the famous copilot.

-Jones, right?-Right.

Yeah. How's the arm?

You fucked her, didn't you?

-What?-Lisa.

Oh, yeah.

You?

But it was nothing.

-Nothing?-Yeah.

Jane took pictures of her.

Sexy stuff, where she was wrapped in these scarves...

...and I wanted to find out what was under there.

But...

...it was nothing. And I mean, Jane took it pretty hard.

I mean, Jane takes everything pretty hard.

What am I telling you for?

You don't even have a CD player.

Dear Dad:

You'll be glad to know I'm recovering from the accident.

And that girl I told you about?

She's as good as new.

What I can't figure out is, how could I have been so stupid?

How?

You're listed.

That Brad person downstairs, he told me which apartment, so....

That Brad person?

Yeah. Do you know he made a pass at me? Wouldn't you know it?

-You look nice, Blanche.-Well...

...then ask me to sit down.

Well, thank you, Mr. Sophisticated.

I got a motorcycle.

Well, isn't that nice.

Maybe I should throw myself off this roof...

...save the trouble of having to bury you.

I don't think the fall would kill you, but you could try it.

Tell me about this Jane person.

Skip the part about her being lousy driver, though.

I don't know.

-She's a lot like you, actually.-That's exactly what happens.
Boys always chase after girls that remind them of their mothers.
She drinks, she's rude, and shes loud--
Yeah, okay. Shut up, will you?

Is she pretty?

She's beautiful.

What about you, Blanche?

Are you making anyone miserable on a regular basis?

If that's your cute way of asking if I'm in love with anybody...
...the answer is no.

Come on, Blanche.

Well, sure, there might be times when I'm sweet on a man.

I like to feel good as mochas the next girl.

But don't confuse feeling good with being in love, Jones.

No, those two roads, they rarely cross.

Rarely or never?

Why are you still dragging around that beat-up trunk?

That's all I have. That and his typewriter.

Well, why don't you see if youve got a blanket in there for me.

I guess it's getting late.

We'll talk tomorrow.

Okay.

Tomorrow.

Jones, watch the road!

It's beautiful. You guys are unbelievable.

Well, all I did was beat on it.

How would you like to drive it?

Around the block, or 2000 miles one-way?

Okay.

I'll do it.

Why would you do it?

We're friends, right?

Yeah, we're friends.

Poor guy. He's crying.

Crying, wow. I'll only be gone for a couple of days.

-Shut up, Jones, and drive.-Right.

"I'm sorry, Jones. I don't have any answers.

"I'm sorry, Jones. I don't have any answers.

Not many anyway, and probably none that would make you very happy.

No one ever looked at menthe way your father did.

He didn't see a pretty girl with a rich daddy."

He saw someone with hopes and dreams of her own.

And I would have followed him anywhere.

Well, we only got as far as a little cabin in a motor court.
I made eggs and toast in the kitchen, and we laughed, made love...
...and drank whiskey.
I wasn't more than 50 miles from home, but it felt like 5000.
And those two little rooms, they felt like the whole wide world to me.
But for him, I think it was just another dot on another map.
I'm sorry, Jones.
I know I told you a lot of pretty things about your father...
... things I wanted to believe too.
But the truth is, you never met your daddy.
One day he went out for cigarettes, and he never came back.
These letters of yours are hilarious.
I wish you'd let me show this one to Steve.
Where I'm tied up in the trunk and you come to my rescue.
I know what he did.
-What who did?-Steve.
I know what he did.
Jesus!
Trying to get me drunk?
I tried to pretend it didn't happen...
...that I didn't know, that I couldn't see it in his face.
But why? Why pretend?
Because I didn't want to go back to the way it was before.
With Steve, there's no yesterday, no tomorrow, just now.
Always and forever now.
For the first time in my life, I knew what it felt like to be free.
Let me try.
I could do it, Jane. I could rescue you.
You are so nice.
I could fuck Lisa if nice is a problem for you.
We're too much alike. I could see it in the photos I took.
I can see it now.
-Are you afraid of the dark?-I thought you'd want it.
You can switch it off.
Jones...
...this is not happening.
Say it.
This is not happening.
You know, I've been some places.
Texas. Delaware.
Three schools in New Hampshire.
Kansas.
Not everywhere, so maybe I'm wrong.
But I think you're probably the most beautiful woman in the world.

What did you say?

Nothing.

You said something.

I said, we're here.

Hey, guy! I can't believe this piece of crap actually made it.

-You can't do this.-Don't.

What's that?

That stays.

Oh, right, the top-secret funny stuff. What was I thinking?

-Last night did happen.-Please, Jones.

-What happened last night?-Nothing.

-Nothing happened last night.-Yes, it did, and it wasn't nothing.

-it was something.-Stop it.

-This something I should know?-No.

Yes, it is.

In your dreams, kid.

What are you doing, Jones?

Steve, stop it!

Stop it!

Get in the car, Jones. I want to talk to you.

-Why did you do that?-Jane, what are you doing?

-Come on, open up!-You're better than this, Jane.

-You're better than okay.-Come on--

-Give me a minute.-Jane!

Give me a minute!

Last night was now, wasn't it?

There was no yesterday, no tomorrow, and it still is now.

-It's not too late.-Jones, it is tomorrow.

I'm here. I cannot go back.

Does it hurt?

I want you to take the car.

-I don't want the car.-Take it anyways.

You fixed her. You put her back together.

-Oh, shit!-Somebody called the cops!

-Let's get the hell out of here.-Yeah, let's go, man!

Piece-of-shit car!

Let's go. Let's go!

-Hello.-It was me, wasn't it, Blanche?

-Jones?-All these years, I blamed you.

I thought it was your fault.

But it was me, always me.

Jones, where are you?

Why didn't you tell me the truth? He left because you got pregnant.

Because....

Oh, honey.

Because I didn't want you to feel the way I did.

I thought I could at least do that for you.

What, so you could send me away to school? And every summer.

No, that was your granddaddy's doing.

He said that I'd never make for any kind of a mother...

...and I should just take care of it.

You were my chance, Jones.

That he might come back.

I was your chance that he'd come back.

No. I knew he wasn't coming back.

You can't stop some people, Jones.

They come into your life destined to leave it.

You can wrap your arms tight around them.

The best that you can hope to do is just slow them down a little...

...because there's no holding on tight enough.

But you were mine.

You were my chance, and I blew it.

Blanche...

...no.

You didn't blow it, Blanche.

Jones!

-Guess what.-You're moving out.

Guess why I'm moving out.

-You got a part.-Yes!

It's a musical on a cruise ship, so my stuff is going into storage...

...and I'm going to sea.

-What happened to your eye?-Oh, it's nothing.

Congratulations, Lisa.

I left you something.

It's going to be worth something someday.

You want me to autograph it for you?

I'll just hold on to it.

Hi. Oh, brother, where you been?

Here, hit this, man. Check it out.

Hey!

Hey, what the fuck?

Hey!

What are you doing? What are you doing?

What are you doing?

No talk, no rock, no rap, no crap.

Nothing but today's best country, 24 hours a day.

Hey, you.

Wait a minute. I know you. What did I tell you, kid?

-What did I tell you?-I think you dropped this.

-Oh, my God.-Shit!

Shit! This is a new shirt!

This is a new shirt.

Shit. Shit!

Don't ever change that hair, okay?

What the hell did you do to my car?

-Sorry about that.-Liar.

What happened to your motorbike?

She just quit on me.

Nothing lasts forever.

Right.

Do you still think I'm the most beautiful woman in the world?

Shut up and drive.