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Wolf Mother

By Erik Peter Carlson

(projector rattling)
Jump nigga, jump nigga
Get that ass stomped nigga
You be talkin' shit when
you knowin' yous a punk nigga
Jump nigga, jump nigga
Get that ass stomped nigga
You be talkin' shit when
you knowin' yous a punk nigga
Jump wrong, get jumped on
And you don't want it holmes
'Cause my clique mobbin' deep
And we fuckin' with the toast
Kick the door in to your
home with a black mask on
Leave your clique tied up
Won't leave
until the cash gone
Talkin' like robbin'
banks in fashion
Ain't gonna quit that
- [Zelda] Manhattan.
I got pistols on deck
So you better show respect
Otherwise I'll
jerk your ticket
- Why come here?
- I heard y'all like bad girls.
- You're an actress.
- [Zelda] That's original.
- Yeah, yeah, you younger.
You movies.
You older.
- Thanks for the reminder.
- You are the Wolf Mother
he was talking about.
Zelda, yeah, yeah, that's you.
Why Wolf Mother?
- Stage name when
I'm not on stage.
- You in new movie?
- Nope.
- Yeah, yeah, I saw something.
- I haven't had a gig in years.

- You working tonight?
- Yeah.
- Prove it.
- Do your thing.
Finger it, damn
it, don't be shy.
(moaning)
(speaking in foreign language)
(moaning)
Jump nigga, jump nigga
Get that ass stomped nigga
You be talkin' shit when
you knowin' yous a punk nigga
Jump nigga, jump nigga
Get that ass
(hip hop music)
- [Ben] You like that
white ass, don't you?
- Fuck my black
jacket, white boy.
- Startin' already.
See, that's what I'm talkin'
about with you people.
- Who the fuck you callin'
you people, white boy?
Come here, I'll make
you my bitch too.
- My associate here has a bullet,
if you failed to notice.
And I'll let you in
on a little secret.
He's not afraid to shoot a load,
and I'm not talkin' about
some sweet cracker jizz
either, motherfucker.
- Man, fuck you, honky.
Come over here, bitch.
Comin' here thinkin'
you're big and bad
just 'cause you got a gun.
Man, fuck you.
Shove that right up your
fuckin' ass, white boy.
Put the fucking gun down, bitch.

- I'm not gonna put the fucking gun down, motherfucker.

- You ain't nothin' but a bitch.

- I'm not a bitch, I got a fuckin' dick. You're sittin' with a bitch who's my fuckin' woman. Take your fuckin' hands off her, do you understand? Come on.

- How was I supposed to know they were gonna wanna play dress up, huh? Am I magician?

- You were supposed to text me! That was the plan, we went over it a thousand times over. So was that the place or not, yes or no? Was Kaitlin there?

- There were chicks there, but...

- I mean, there were chicks there. I know there were chicks there! I was there, I know there were a lot of chicks there! I'm askin' was Kaitlin in there. Yes or no, goddamn it.

- It was a whorehouse in Chinatown, Ben.

- I know it was a fuckin' whorehouse. I was asking you if she was there. Do you know? What the fuck was that teen twit from San Francisco talking about? Tell me. She could've gotten us fucking killed.

- What would it have mattered, Ben?

- [Ben Voiceover]
Jealousy is a bitch.
I decided love wasn't me
after three marriages.
Every year since, it's
proved to be true.
Then she had to show
her fuckin' mug.
("Down the Line" by
The Mind Flowers)
If you didn't catch
it, it's Benjamin.
Some people call me Benny,
but I just prefer Ben.
Benny sounds like a kid's
name or somethin'.
I don't need that.
My whole life's been
one, big, long-ass fuck
of a hide and seek.
I robbed everything, grocery
stores, service stations.
Stole this wreck from a poor
bastard while she was pumpin'.
You know you've got
trouble on the line
You know the seeds turn
to flowers in your mind
- [Ben Voiceover] I find myself
indulging in the nightly
ritual of puttin' a
gun to my tonsils.
Call it guilt, call
it whatever you want.
Maybe age.
I woke up one morning
and I said to myself
I don't wanna do
this shit anymore.
I guess I started
to have feelings,
yet at the same time I hated
every single motherfucker
who walked the face of the

Earth, especially pussy.
Yeah, don't try to
figure that joint out.
But see, if you've been in
this racket since a rugrat,
what choice do you
really have, really?
What I needed was somethin'
to get my ass out of it all,
and one day that somethin'
licked my sack.
I used the greasy spoon across
the street when I needed
a change of vibe.
I had to rob some poor
maw every morning
just to reserve my seat and
gobble up some grub and OJ.
I even got to know all
the meat flaps by name.
I screwed one a week,
sometimes two at a time.
There was Lauren, Dakota,
Kim, Chris, Sarina.
Oh man, she was black
as the ace of spades.
Oh, and Hayley, she had
a stuttering problem.
- Aye, aye, aye, aye aye.
- [Ben Voiceover] I enjoyed
makin' 'em feel uncomfortable.
Gave me an enjoyable rod.
I'd stare at them
as they walked by
as if there was somethin'
wrong with their appearance.
Shit paper stickin' out of
the bottom of their shoe.
Panties stickin' out.
Maybe even a string
hanging from under
their greasy spoon apron.
It's fun, you should try it
when it takes any longer

than 20 minutes to get two scrambled eggs and hash.

- Hi, want a top off?

- Oh Jesus, my dear,
I would love to see you
with your top off.

You know, you look like
a Hollywood movie star.

- Really?

- Yeah.

I know people, I can
make that shit happen.

- I would love that.

- I'm sure you would, Erica.

Turn around, let me
see your backside.

Oh, even better, nice.

You work here a lot?

- Just a couple months, you
know, until I make it big.

- Oh, you're gonna make
it big, I promise.

- I'm Erica, and
I'll be your server.

Oh yeah, that's right, can
I start you with a drink
or a coffee or?

Oh God, I'm gonna cum.

I'm gonna cum.

Yeah.

(moaning)

Oh God, oh yeah.

Oh my God, you're so rough.

- [Ben] Yeah, fuck
me harder, come on.

For weeks, I'd watch
every person who entered
from nine in the morning
to four in the afternoon.

I jotted down what they
wore, their hair styles,
their shoe color.

I figured I'd use
it for somethin'.

Sounded intelligent anyways.
Abandoned by someone,
now lying there restlessly
Searching the landscape
for a signpost to follow
What can a soap bubble do
to fill what feels hollow
I so long to see it
I so long to see it
- Hello.
- Hello.
- Yes, I would like
to open a box please.
- Safe deposit?
- You got it.
- Fill out this form.
I need to see your I.D.
and proof of residency.
- I didn't know you needed
that residency thing.
Why would you need that?
- Well, in case I need
to reach your family.
- Why would you need
to talk to my family?
- In case of a death
or something.
- Okay, listen, I don't
have any family, okay?
But I got I.D., is that good?
- Mr. Levinson.
- Yes.
- I need to see a utility
bill or something
that shows your name on it.
(crying)
- Jackie, honey, you'll be okay.
You can do better than him.
- I loved him so much.
- This has been absolutely
the worst day for me.
It keeps on gettin' worse too.
Listen, I'm in the
middle of a divorce,

and I'm in the middle of places
that I really don't
wanna talk about.

(crying)

Please, do you have any
tissues or something?

- Yeah.

- So embarrassing for me.

Oh, thank you.

She just upped and left
me just like that.

I mean, you know, took everything,
took my baseball glove,
took the kids, took
everything, you know?

Didn't even tell me anything.

She told me nothing.

Just gone, I go home
and it's all gone.

- That's horrible.

- It is horrible.

- You know, my...

(clearing sinuses)

- [Ben] Yes?

- You know, my husband
and I just separated.

- No shit.

You know, sometimes
I think things
are just meant to be, Jackie.

- How do you know my name?

- I'm sorry?

- I lost my tag.

- Are you an actress?

- Maybe.

- See, see, now how
did I know that?

I know people in
Hollywood, you know.

I can make that shit
fuckin' happen.

- [Jackie] Oh shit.

- [Ben] Oh, you have great tits.

Oh yeah.

- Oh yeah.
- Oh, I want you, yeah.
You're not wearing anything.
You're not wearing underwear,
you naughty thing.
Jesus Christ.
I know, I know. - Tonight.
- Tonight, yeah, yeah.
Where do you live,
where do you live?
(whispering) Where do you live?
See you tonight, right? - Yeah.
I'm out the window
at the count of two
'Cause it's a dirty lie
and I'm not gonna ride
- I gotta get my
shit together, man.
Oh, she's nice.
I'm not gonna ride
One-eyed old moon
Tell me can't you see
I am one of those that'll ride
(moaning)
- Oh, that's hard, Terry stop.
Fuck.
Oh, it hurts.
Fuckin' asshole.
What's wrong with you?
- You think I could
spend the night here?
- [Jackie] Fuck you.
- [Ben Voiceover] Now
you're probably askin'
how the hell was I gonna
get in after hours?
He was young and impressionable.
All I know is that while I was
toolin' his uncircumcised
managerial longhorn, my eyes
were anything but focused
on his sack.
Oh, and about those cameras.
Yeah, I didn't have

to worry about that.
The queer had it off.
What can I say?
It was the only thing
I was ever solid at.
If I had learned
how to walk on water
I would have my sea legs
carry me back to the shore
- [Ben] Someone stole my pearls.
(laughing)
Somebody's not going to
college next year or ever.
These are bullshit.
I'm takin' you with me.
Being a little kid thief,
it gave me some
popularity in school too.
It's not like my rents
gave a fuck about me.
Nah, it was all about
the thirst to live.
(buzzing)
Hey little sister,
don't be afraid
Even though that's what
the newspapers seem to say
- [Ben Voiceover] In one
weekend, two night sleepover,
I walked away with enough
cheddar stacks to start
a fresh existence.
I never need to finger
another individual again.
Honestly, that
thought set me free.
No more bein' a loser, robbin'
stores, mothers, homeless.
See, I had to do this one
final bad to do good,
and if that's what it took to
end this fail I was livin',
so be it.
Yeah, well, keep

dreamin', people.

(sirens blaring)

It ended just a tad differently.

God damn it.

Fuck!

Fuck, fuck!

The fuck do you want?

The decision that I'd make
next would change everything.

- She said you raped her.

- What?

Rape?

No, I don't think so, Joe.

I don't remember her
runnin' away when she paid
for that roach motel.

- You have proof of that?

- Proof of what?

- That she paid for the room.

- Fellas, take a look at me.

Take the time to take
a good look at me.

- You like treatin' women like that, Mr.

- Brooklyn?

- Alright, wait a second.

- This ain't the first time
we had you in here for
somethin' like this.

- Wait a second.

- Yes?

- Before I answer your question,
which is a good one by the way,
what you're telling me is
that I'm here because some
bank clerk said I raped her?

- It could be classified a
non-consensual situation, yes.

- And that's it?

Well, let me tell you
something, Columbo.

They're only good for one
thing, and that's the wet spot.

You dig?

- Well, while we have you here,

by chance, just by chance,
you wouldn't happen to
know who shot a cop
in the valley last Monday?

- No.

What the fuck is this?

- Oh, that's Panda Bear.

He's kind of a
celebrity around here.

- The fuck is he doin'?

- [Detective] Go ahead, Panda.

Yeah, that's right, and
you have no idea, do ya,
who may have put our
officer in a coma?

- Coma?

- That's right, a coma!

- No, I don't!

- Go on, Panda.

Let him have it.

Come on, buddy, I
want some info.

Whenever you're ready.

(pounding) (shouting)

I want some information.

I want to know who the
fuck shot that officer!

And I want to know why he's
in a coma, goddamn it!

That's a nice 45.

- [Ben Voiceover]

Can you believe it?

After everything, they brought
me in 'cause I was rough
in bed with the clerk.

Now, before I continue,
let me just be real.

I shot the cop in the leg.

I didn't know the impact
of his melon smashing
into the pavement was gonna
cause a goddamn coma.

I never shot anyone in my life,
and I sure as hell didn't

plan on a cop being my first.
I never had any intentions
to hurt anybody,
but what was I supposed to do?
One second you think you're
gonna spend the rest
of your life in prison
only to find out
it'll just be for a handful
of days for stolen plates,
which is why my raunchy
ass was pulled over
in the first place.
(sirens blaring)
- Yo, man, goin'
anywhere special?
I'm stuck in the '70s too.
- A little dark to be
wearin' those shades,
don't you think whore?
Oh God, you leeches are
nothing but trouble.
- Oh, why's that, huh baby?
We're honest, right?
We give a service for
an agreed price tag.
It's not like we're
robbin' banks or nothin'.
- What I said was, bimbo,
your gender as a whole
is a bullshit joke.
- What, I'm not
good enough for ya?
I'll do anything you want.
Primo stuff here, man.
Anything, name it.
- What do you think, you
think I'm a fuckin' idiot?
- I'm not a cop.
- Well, how do I know that?
- I'm hungry, okay?
I'm embarrassed, man.
- [Ben Voiceover]
It was her eyes.

Nothin' else, it was her eyes.

- I moved to New York when I
was 14, then back to Austin,
then to the Boulevard
of Broken BJs.

Anyways, what I was sayin',
this girl and her pooch
were sittin' on the subway
platform in New York.

Homeless as shit, real bad.

This pup, this pup was
all she had in life.

And wouldn't you know it,
someone called the SPCA on her.

They came and they
took the only thing
this girl had in life.

Her best friend, her partner.

It upset someone that they had
to see this animal suffer
every day on their way

to their cubical,
yet this gal, this human bein',
which hundreds of thousands
of rich white fucks
passed every fuckin' day,
not once tried to help.

But a dog.

So I ask you, what kind
of world do we live in
when we're willin'
to help an animal,
but we're unwillin'
to help each other?

'Cause we have it wrong,
we're the animals.

The man who believes
he knows everything
is the man who learns nothing.

Remember that,
whatever your name is.

- Ben.

- What in the world did a
chick have to do to you, Ben,

to make you all, I don't know.

You're like a putz.

- This isn't a Q and A, Zelda.

- So you know.

- I might've seen you

on a couple of those

Hollywood trash rags years ago.

Child star turns street crawler.

They lift you up as

high as they could

before they had their

fun tearing you down.

Your eyes haven't changed.

- So you have a

car or somethin'?

You wanna go back to your place?

- I don't have a place,

so let it be yours.

And we're not hitchin'

together, okay?

You find your own way.

Let's make it 11.

- I believe I was just

promoted from whore to escort.

- No, you're still a whore.

(light string music)

- Well, here we are.

- This Kaitlin, the

one from the movies?

- Yeah.

- I said pigtails.

I wanted pigtails.

- Pigtails.

Well, who'd you speak to?

- I don't know.

- Sherlock, where are the tails?

- I don't know, man.

I mean, is he serious?

- Shh.

Bobby, I can't do tails.

Can you do tails?

- No.

- Momma, can you do tails?

There you go, we got tails.

- Can you make
sure they're even.
They don't look even already.
(laughing)

- [Man] Even.

- Even.

- So is it true what
they say about you guys?

- What's that?

- That you're into
some weird shit.

(laughing)

- You got that one right.

- Are we?

- Weird shit.

Let me ask you a
question, Bobby.

What does a highly
successful man like yourself
consider weird?

Would you say it's weird
that a distinguished,
married gentleman like yourself
paid us to lick the hole
of a girl as young as his two
sleepin' daughters at home?

Is that weird?

Is that uneven, Bobby?

- [All] Bobby, Bobby,
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby.

- [Ivan] Chantin'
your name, Bobby.

- How do you know
about my daughters?

- Well.

- I just wanna make sure
that she's not
diseased or anything.

I haven't done this before.

- Yeah, me too, this
is our first time.

So we're all in the
same boat here.

(laughing)

- I wanna do things.
I wanna do bad things to her.
Can she hear any of this?
Does she bite?
- She ain't a snapping
turtle, Bobby,
but now if you want her
to bite, she can bite.
- Bobby, she can bite.
Look, she has.
- I don't want her
biting or struggling
or anything that like.
I just want her to sit there
and let me do my thing.
I don't want screaming
or struggling.
- Hey, Bobby, sir.
That little cunt won't even
know you're in the room.
Bobby, just take it.
- Come on.
- There you go.
To the start of a new
business, Sherlock.
There's a lot more green
in tater tots, you see.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
(glass shattering)
- What the fuck?
- I owe you, you shit.
(gurgling)
My bad.
He never felt like he
was part of The Band.
Now I got a confession,
I'm not a real doctor.
We need to clean the house,
make room for all this
new young candy, right?
I need you all to gather up
all this primordial pussy
we've been dealin' with

and bring 'em to me.
Let's just say their
snappers are retired
startin' right now.
Hey, remember, no more
hair betwixt their legs.
No, sir.
Give me one of them tacos.
- Sure.
- [Ivan] Bobby,
how's it feelin'?
(shouting)
- [Pimp] You got a
problem with me?
You got a fuckin'
problem, whore?
(shouting)
- [Ben Voiceover] Look at
this stupid fucking idiot.
- It's a fuckin' customer, yes?
Let's see the fuckin'
merchandise, people.
Stand there on the curb,
that's where you belong.
That's your fuckin' playground.
Gonna get a little slim
next week, goddamn it.
- The fuck am I doing here?
- Here we go, here we go.
Come on, prize heifers, ladies.
- Police are still trying
to figure out exactly
what's going on here.
They're not even certain the
nine-year-old Hollywood actress
was being held at this complex.
They did find the Halloween
mask that Kaitlin was seen
wearing downtown with her
abductors yesterday afternoon.
What police did find
was a crime scene.
The decapitated body of a
Los Angeles real estate

businessman alongside the
mutilated body of another victim
with known ties to the
Satanic group The Band.

The Band has been linked
to several murders...

(knocking) And a
prostitution ring
here in L.A. County.

(knocking)

A woman found me lost at sea
Strange words she said to me

Lose yourself,
it'll set you free

Lose yourself,
it'll see you free

- You don't have time to
fumble with ammo with a cock
in your ass.

- I'll take your word for it.
Let me feel your tits. - What?

- [Ben] Take off your bra
and let me feel your tits.

- You know who I am.
I'm not the fuckin' cops.

- Well, I don't believe
you, Deep Throat.

Now do it.

Bingo.

- [Zelda] You're a little
paranoid, don't you think?

- I told myself I'd never
do this shit again.

Pussy keeps sucking me back in.

Do you have anything to drink?

- I don't usually offer
drinks to Johns.

- Well, I usually don't
stick around when I find
a loaded gun two
inches from my dick,
but I guess there's a first
time for everything.

- Why are you so paranoid

of the cops, hm?
You on the run or somethin'?

Here, don't get excited,
it's a five-dollar bottle.

- Why do you do this anyways?
I'm a petty thief who thought
he could loot a bank,
and I almost got away with it.

- You're not serious.
A bank, you?
Takin' the American
dream free of charge.

- That's not funny.
- Don't take it personally.
You just don't seem hip
enough to, you know.

- I was brought in
a few weeks ago
for what I thought
would've been my ass,
but it was because I screwed
one of you, no offense.

- Wow, pickin' up a date.
That's bad ass, no offense.
And just look where you are now.

- Well, she really
wasn't a whore.
She was a bank clerk.
So I don't know, maybe
she was a whore.
She just didn't ask
for a deposit slip.
A whore that cared about
my financial stability.

- You're not that bank
guy who shot a cop
a couple weeks ago, right?
I heard it on the news.

- For a second, I thought
about spillin' my beans.
The idea of gettin' some of
this weight off my shoulders
sounded better than a
Hollywood blowjob.

No.

- So why rob banks, hm?

Why not try to get a
job or somethin'?

- You don't know what
you're talkin' about.

With my record?

And I don't rob banks,
I robbed one bank.

- You could still try,
you know, to get a job.

- Oh, I see.

Advice from a 30-something
street snatch.

You like suckin'

off L.A.'s finest?

Getting paid with street tacos?

- Wow, aren't we two depressed
misfits on a Friday night?

A wannabe whore and a
coward pickpocket.

- Don't kid yourself.

We're no different from the
rest of 'em out there.

You ever feel lonely here?

- In the motel?

- No, here.

(knocking)

- Get in the bathroom.

No, hide, hide.

No, no, no, go in the bathroom.

Get in the bathroom.

- If it's the cops, I'm goin'
out the fuckin' window.

(knocking)

(wooden smashing) (screaming)

- Where's the money?

Where's the money?

- On the table.

- You know they wanted me
to kill your useless cunt.

You're no tater tot.

Hey.

Why don't you come outside

so we can play a little
game of hide and go seek?

What do you say?

(gunshots banging) (screaming)

You think it'd be okay if I
was to have one last lay
with your corpse, huh?

I promise it's gonna be so good
they're gonna be feelin' it
in the afterworld.

(knocking)

- Sir.

I'm the manager of this motel.
I have to ask you to be just
a little more considerate
with the noise.

- Mr. J., can't you see
what's happenin' here?

(gunshots banging)

(glass shattering)

(gunshots banging)

- [Ben Voiceover] I
bailed from the window.
I'd be lying if I said
it didn't eat me up.
Left her ass for dead.
She told me all about it.
The Swiss cheese face
of the motel manager
and her homemade bullet
holes in Bitches the pumpy.
What the woman didn't
tell me at the time
was she decided to pack the odd
couple to cover her tracks.
Sneaky little thing.

(phone ringing)

I wasn't prepared.
You just caught me off guard.
What are you gonna do?

- [Zelda] What's your
advice, pickpocket?

- [Ben] You know, I'm gettin'
pretty sick and tired

of you thinkin' I'm some
sort of a selfish prick.

- You fuckin' left me
there, you coward.
(surf rock music)

Rape!

Get off of me.

- Shh, listen.
- Don't fucking touch me.
- Listen, I'm broke and
I have nowhere to go.
- Oh please, explain why
I would give a fuck.
- Because you're broke and
you have nowhere to go.
- I have cash.

Don't you pretend to know the
ins and outs of my shit.

- You listen to me, woman.
You agreed to meet me here, why?
'Cause you had to get the
weight of last night
off your shoulders.

Well, I got some
weight of my own.

He didn't die.

Don't get all freaky on me now.

I'm no cop killer.

That said, I shot a cop so
I'm good as bein' dead.

So whatever you're mixed up
in, you're not alone, okay?

At least you didn't shoot
an innocent person.

- Why are you telling me this?
- Why?
- Yeah.
- [Ben] You wanna know why?
- Yeah.
- I don't know why.
- Ever kill anyone?
- No, never.

What'd you do with the body?

- I left him there at the motel.

(laughing)

- You just left him.

The manager of the
hotel as well?

- Yeah.

(laughing)

- That's great.

That's fuckin' perfect.
You little stutterin'
little thing you.

- I'm not stutterin'.

- No, no.

You can say we
bonded over pizza.

We also both confessed
to being losers
who couldn't even
take our own lives.
I knew she had more
baggage, but I didn't pry.

- That cop is eatin'
you up, isn't it?

That's why we can't pull
the trigger, you know.

If we leave the world with
that kind of baggage,
we fear what will be waitin'
for us on the other side.

I have a proposition.

We can't start this life over,
but we can do the
next best thing.

What if I told you I knew
of somethin' that would
allow us to feel human again,
and then we could rest in peace
by pullin' that trigger.

- You still have life left.

- I think we can find that
missin' Hollywood girl.

The kidnappers fled to
San Fran after the cops
raided their shit
the other night.

- Do you know these people?

- Only Bitches.

I know as much about the others as anyone else.

- Bitches, the pimp you made into Swiss cheese?

- Right, he used me as kind of a side business.

I never met the rest of The Band, but you best believe they certainly know about me.

- The Band?

- Mm hm.

They call themselves The Band.

Some Manson wannabes.

They're killin' off
all the workin' girls
who show any signs
of pubic hair,
keepin' their girls
preteen across the board.

Probably figured little
movie star Kaitlin
would be big biz.

- Well, what makes you think
we could find these people?

- You have anything
else on your interary?

- But we don't even have wheels.

I left mine.

A Mustang.

Oh, Pimpy did well.

- There's this teen
gal up there, Jennie,
who I know works
closely with The Band.

She'll help.

She's a sweetheart who just got
wrapped up into their shit.

I've been tryin' to
get her ass straight,
but she has no
guidance to speak of.

She must know more, you know,

give us their whereabouts.
She'll be tight, so we're gonna
have to give her some cash
to get her to spit the
details, you know?

- My brother lives
in San Francisco.

- And?

- You just said that
they're killin'.

How do you know this Jennie
chick isn't rottin' already?

- I don't, but the
last time we spoke,
she gave me her address in
case I was ever up in the Bay.

May be a coincidence they
went there, may not.

- Well, we still have to
do bad before we do good,
so if we have to pay this
little San Fran teen bimbo...

- Cool it, okay?

She's chill.

As far as dough, we'll get jobs.

Both of us, just
outside of San Fran,
just until we have enough
cash to follow through
with the plan.

If we're gonna do this thing,
we have to do it legit.

Otherwise what's
the fuckin' point?

- Listen, I just wanna
put this out there.

I see the way you been eyin' me.

So if we do this thing,
we're just partners.

That's it, okay?

- You're not serious.

- No, I'm just sayin'.

Let's say we find this
Jennie chick who helps us

find this actress

girl, then what?

- Then we accept forgiveness
from whoever it is
we're seekin' it from,
and we stop bein' pussies and
we blow our brains out, Ben.

- [Ben] You got a deal.

- Groovy.

Night is the time when
I write love songs to you
With the desert in my
mind, I can't see you

- [Lopez] And no resumes, huh?

- No, sir.

No, but we would
really love to work
at your wonderful
establishment here.

- [Lopez] Why?

- 'Cause.

- [Lopez] 'Cause?

- Well, sir, this is a
little embarrassing.

How do I say this?

Your establishment here has
a really special place
in our hearts really.

- You're kidding me, right?

- [Ben] No, actually...

- No, what he's tryin' to say.

Damn it, I'm sorry.

God, it's just so
emotional, man.

- Are you okay, Boo-boo?

- Huh?

- Well, you know, this is
very emotional for us really.
This whole thing here.

- Oh, I just can't stop.

This shit bothers me.

You know that, Theo.

- Theo?

(speaking in foreign language)

- I'm sorry, why are you crying?

- Well, Mr...

- Lopez, Mr. Lopez.

- Right, Mr. Lopez, yes.

You see, well, how

do I say this?

You see your parking

lot out there?

Well, that was the

first place we...

- Excuse me?

- First place we made love.

- [Lopez] You two.

- Yes.

Why is that so hard to believe?

- Well, you're like.

Are you married?

- Oh no, sir.

No, we're not even a

couple anymore, right?

We're just chill friends.

- Yeah, that's right.

We fucked once in your parking

lot, and that's it, you know?

We're just partners now, you

know, it can happen to ya.

It will happen, right?

- What I mean is do you have
any references at least?

- What do you mean, like
actual people references?

Well.

Can I ask you why you have bags?

I mean, can we just stop and
think about that for a second?

- The first place we
fucked, really Ben?

I mean, sincerely romantic.

Genius stuff there,

man, let me tell you.

- I'm hungry.

- Can't you say first date?

I mean, say somethin', we are
trying to get the jobs, right?

- Did you hear what I said?

I said I'm hungry.

I mean, you can't even
carry that damn thing.

(sharp cracking) (crying)

- [Dad] Gonna be
an actress, yeah?

- I don't wanna do
it anymore, Daddy.

- [Dad] You do what
I say, you hear?

(baby crying)

(phone ringing)

- Yeah?

Uh huh.

(children chattering)

Good morning, good morning

We've talked the
whole night through

Good morning,
good morning to you

We've sung a tag or two

Good morning, good morning

It's great to stay up late

Good morning,
good morning to you

When we all began to sing

The stars were shining bright

But now the

milkman's on his way

It's too late

to say good night

So good morning, good morning

Sun beams will

soon shine through

- Aw, what happened?

Damn it.

Motherfuckin' goddamn it!

Fuck!

- We're employed, convict.

(speaking in foreign language)

- I can't read this.

Some of your waitresses
can't write English.

I don't know what it is,
it's all in Spanish.
So this is basically useless.
(speaking in foreign language)
- What the hell?
Get the plates out of there.
- There's your food.
Another plate of food.
- [Manager] Hey, don't
fuckin' be eating the food.
- Very good, I did a great job.
(speaking in foreign language)
- Yes, I see the Gulf of Mexico.
- What the hell is
wrong with you?
(speaking in foreign language)
- What table is 14?
Hi.
Does any of this look familiar?
- I didn't order
bacon, I had sausage.
- Okay, that's, well.
(speaking in foreign language)
- Oh, you're tellin'
me to shut up?
Oh, I got that, look at that.
(speaking in foreign language)
Blood Mary, I don't see
any booze in this place.
Where am I gonna
get a Bloody Mary?
You got booze back there?
I know he's drunk as a lord.
I know he is.
- Okay, well, why don't
you have bacon today?
- You're kidding right.
- You can finish that.
That looks good.
Everybody shut up!
What table is 14?
(speaking in foreign language)
- I didn't understand
a word you said.

- It's hard.
- Yep.
- This job thing.
- Bank was easier.
- Suckin' off a black
cock was less demandin'.
- You suck black cock?
- Yeah, why?
- Just wondering.
You ready to get back?
- What would be the worst
thing that would happen
if I didn't?
- You wouldn't find
that missing girl.
Then kill ourselves afterwards.
- Yeah.
Good reason, partner,
good reason.
- Lopez is a piece of
shit, I know that,
but we have to work hard.
Every day we have to work hard.
(speaking in foreign language)
What are you doing?
I had an egg and bacon and
chicken and I had the potatoes.
'Cause my name is
Julio the Mexican.
Oh, enough.
- Hey, you wanna play a game?
- What, are we 10?
- You ask a question, and
then I have to answer it
- with 10 seconds on the clock.
- What?
- Back and forth.
Has to be fast, otherwise
it's not fun, you know?
- What, like anything?
- Anything.
- Where did?
- Fine, okay, let me go first.
Miss home?

- New York?

Yeah.

If you had \$10 million,
what would you do with it?

- Move to Paris,
maybe further away.

- Further away from what?

- I don't know,
just further away.

One question, remember?

Did you love her?

- Who?

- Wifey.

- What makes you
think I was married?

I thought I loved them all.

- Them?

- Three.

I thought they all loved
me until one of them
cut off my ball.

- What?

- She cheated on me, so
I returned the favor.

That was my first wife.

Second and third, they just
thought it was some sort
of a birth defect.

(laughing)

What happened to all the money?

- Parents and
agents had a blast.

- Well, how much did
they take, steal,
or whatever you wanna call it?

- Seven films, two
million a pop,
minus 30 or so percent
for an agent.

I'd say 10.

- 10 what?

- Million.

- Ouch.

- The American dream.

- Well, on that note, I
am going to take a leak.
What's that?
- What's what?
- [Ben] Those.
- Open 'em and find out.
- [Ben] It's wrapped, wow.
- I wanted to get 'em
for you, so I got 'em.
It felt right.
Finally spent money without all
the dirty baggage, you know?
Kill me.
Sorry, that's a bad joke.
- [Ben] Oh, wow.
- It's for your writin'.
It's not real leather, but
it has that smell, you know?
This is not special
or much or anything,
it's just somethin'
that I know you need.
It's prepaid, you're
gonna need it.
- Oh my.
What'd we agree on?
- Ben, you're gonna need
the phone in San Fran,
and the smokes and the
journal are just gifts
if you wanna call 'em that.
From one partner to
another, that's it.
- This is somethin' a friend
would give another friend.
- What, partners
can't be friends?
- [Ben] Fuck.
- What?
- What the fuck the
are you doin'?
- Me?
- You're allowin' me to do that.
- What, are you testin' me?

- Yeah, maybe I am.

- Fuck you.

- What's with all this fuckin' bitchin' and moanin' like you're actually fuckin' enjoyin' it. You can cut that fuckin' horseshit out. You know, you're not gettin' paid.

- Wow.

- If any of that kinda shit fuckin' happens again, I'm fuckin' out of here, okay? Done, out, finished.

- You can take the floor.

- [Ben] Can you pass me the journal and the phone please?

- Get 'em yourself.

- So does this mean that I have to get you something now too? I mean, I'm beginning to feel a little obligated.

- Suck your dick.

- No, that's your gig, not mine. (speaking in foreign language)
Deck the halls
with bows of holly

- Get out of the way.

- Yeah, who's the man?
Fuck you, motherfuckers.
Same to you.
Fa la la la la la la la la
Don we now our gay apparel
Fa la la la la la la la la
Troll the ancient
yuletide carol
Fa la la la la la la la la

- [Lopez] You like it, mommy?

- Oh yeah.

- You like it, mommy?
You like it? - Oh yeah.

- [Lopez] Hey, close the

kitchen door, pendejo.

- [Zelda] Ben.

Theo.

- [Lopez] Hey, hey!

- What the fuck are you
lookin' at, Pedro?

- Hey, hey where the fuck you
think you're going, man?

- I'm going the fuck
out of here, okay?

I quit.

I'm goin' home, I retire,
I'm out of here.

- What, you just gonna leave?

- Yeah, just gonna leave.

(speaking in foreign language)

I don't care about your
fuckin' lunch time

or this fuckin' shithole here.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

The fuck you lookin' at?

- Hey, leave that guy
alone and just go do
your fuckin' job, huh?

- I'm not doin' my fuckin'
job, motherfucker.

I'm fuckin' leavin'.

You fucked her back
there, didn't you?

- You fucked her.

- Yeah, yeah that's right.

I fucked your fucking
girlfriend, so what?

What you gonna do
about it, puto?

You know you're a real
cocksucker, you know that?

- What's this fuckin' bullshit?

Christmas, it's not
fuckin' Christmas here.

It's 150 degrees outside.

That's not fuckin' Christmas.

It's 20 degrees below
right now in New York,

and I don't fuckin' care.
- Go back to fuckin'
New York, asshole.
You know, maybe I ought to
just call you Benjamin.
I know about your shit, man.
(speaking in foreign language)
- He knew who we were, Ben.
He knew about Bitches.
We're all over the news.
You know, they even got you
on camera shootin' that cop.
(gunshot banging)
Kaitlin is being covered 24/7,
otherwise it'd be our ass.
- We're just partners, Zelda.
I don't give a shit what you do.
Fuck anyone you want.
Fuck that guy over there.
How 'bout this guy over here?
Why don't you fuck him too?
I don't give a shit,
just don't fuck me.
- Correct me if I'm wrong, Ben,
but I think you're jealous.
- Well, I am correcting
you, you're wrong.
Not that I give a shit,
but how many times?
- How many times what?
- How many times did
you fuck Lopez?
- Four.
- Did you blow him?
- Well, yeah.
- How many times, slut?
- Many times, okay?
I sucked his load many times,
so many fuckin' times.
Oh, he tasted so good, baby.
How do you think we got the
fuckin' jobs, huh, our MBAs?
- We were gonna do good
like little boys and girls.

That was all bullshit.
Once a whore, always a whore.
(cow mooing)
What are you doing down there?
That problem's not down
there, it's in here.
- Oh, well thank you.
I was checkin' for
an oil leak, Jesus.
Thanks for the help.
- Well, what do you
want me to do about it?
You know how to fix
this thing, huh?
- Do you know how
to fix this thing?
- No.
What's that smell?
- It's manure.
- It's cow poop, yeah right?
- Yeah, exactly.
- And somethin' else.
Shoo, go back.
Come on, hurry up, the cow's
gonna charge in about a minute.
Oh, I think you got it
now, that looks good.
Well, try that thing over there.
That thing that looks
like a garden hose.
Just wiggle it.
And you go in and you pump the
throttle like that, right?
What are you lookin' at me for?
You got any better ideas?
- You know what, let's
try it your way.
- Well, it says ecoboost,
so you give it a boost.
- [Zelda] Yeah, yep.
(light piano music)
- What are you doin'
in there, juicer?
Come over here.

Shake your ass, come in here.

- What writers do you like?

- What writers do you like?

(laughing)

- Stop, stop makin' me
feel stupid all the time.

I'm not dumb, you know.

I fixed the car, didn't I?

- Yes, you did, my dear.

Rose Lathrop.

- No fuckin' clue.

- I bet you didn't have a clue.

Daughter of Hawthorne.

- Give it to me.

- No, come on.

- No, let me see it, come on.

- No.

- Let me see it.

Just let me see it.

Come on, let me see it, please.

- I haven't written anything.

Oh my.

- Please, cop killer, please.

- Hey, come on, come on.

Come on, stop it.

- You shot him, right?

- Cut it out, you know

I didn't kill anyone.

You know, I think you're
enjoyin' this highway too much.

- Let me see the journal.

- Here, go ahead,
knock yourself out.

- Oh.

- Take it.

- It was far out.

No, I mean it.

I mean you're a great writer.

- Yeah.

- I didn't know you
were writin' about us.

- What's with the getup?

- My lucky dress.

You know, I was goin'

through our cash flow,
and I think we have enough
to get started tomorrow.
Meet up with Jennie, get the
details of the whereabouts.

I'm sorry for what I
said about the cop.

- Aw, well.

- It was a stupid joke,
and I'm sorry.

You didn't kill him, Ben.
You know we never.

We never talked about how
we would do it, you know?

I want you to shoot
me in this dress.

I wanna go wearin' this dress.

- I wanna kill myself.

I don't wanna kill you,
but if that's the way it's
supposed to be, then so be it.

- It means you would've killed
somebody, you realize that.

What really happened
back there with Lopez?

- The thought of another
guy inside you bothers me,
so I guess I'm having feelings.
But nothing can come from them.
So let's just keep our distance.

Let's get this over with.

We got the dough,
we're almost there.

I mean, look at you.

- I want you to make love
to me in this dress.

A woman found me lost at sea
Strange words she said to me
Lose yourself,

it'll set you free

Lose yourself,

it'll set you free

I left myself

on the ocean floor

She slammed open my front door
I'm in the
kitchen with a knife
Common place to end the strife
Awaken souls return to life
Awaken souls return to life
I sit and wave my arms
I'll come along but I'll be
- [Ben Voiceover] She was a
goddamn coward, yet so was I.
(knocking)
(laughing)
- Z.
(drumming)
- Will you stop that please?
- So like why are
we out here again?
- Z. and your woman
need to talk.
- I don't know, man, that
sounds secretive to me.
I usually don't sit in a car
like this unless it's moving.
- [Ben] How old are you?
- 22, man.
- [Ben] And what
do you do all day?
- What, like on a regular day?
- Yeah.
- You know, play some
PlayStation, smoke a doobie.
Why, do I come off as dumb?
People at school used
to say I was dumb.
I like to write little
poems and stuff like that.
I do it for Jennie, man.
She thinks they're nice,
but I don't know,
I think she's jerkin' me off.
I mean, not literally.
I mean, like she does, but not
while she's readin' my poems.
- You ever heard

of Rose Lathrop?

- Hawthorne's daughter.

Yeah, that's dope, man.

That's dope.

- Okay, they call me
when they need something
from the outside or somethin'.
They said they'd keep my head
attached if I help them,
so I have to.

- Okay, wait, what
do you mean outside?

- Ever since they kidnapped
Kaitlin, forget it.
They're scared to show
their fuckin' faces.
They were almost done in L.A.
a couple weeks ago.
Really freaked 'em out.
So I told 'em they
could come up here.
Only place I was familiar with.

- [Zelda] Where
are they stayin'?

- Chinatown, but I really
don't think you should
go down there, Z.
They'll kill you like
they did the others.

- I know what I'm doing.

- You think I'm stupid, Z?

I know who he is.

- Who?

- It's all online, he
killed that L.A. cop.

- Wait, what do you mean killed?

- And the cops are after you,
too, for killing Bitches.

And don't think The
Band doesn't know.

- J., back up, where did
you hear Ben killed a cop?

- Don't you go online?

- Guess not.

- Both of you are viral.
I'm comin' with you.

- Shut up.

- No, I am, Z.

- What's wrong with you, Jen?
Why do you want to get
wrapped up into this shit?
You just need to get away.
You and Dan need to
stay the fuck away.

- You know, I don't mean to
speak to you like this or
nothin', Z., but you should
kinda practice what you preach.

- Yo, Daddy, are we there yet?
(laughing)

Wait, seriously though,
where are we going?

- So which is it?

- It's that one right there.
I'm almost positive.

- Almost?

- Jen, yay or nay?

- Yeah, yeah that's
the pit for sure.

- Is that where we're eating?

- Like in the back or somethin'?

- Yeah.

- Ready?

- Keep your phone on.
Text me if it's dirty.

- [Jennie] I'm goin' with you.

- God, enough, Jen.
Why don't you and Dan go
for a walk or somethin'?

- Here?

- And while you're at it,
why don't you fill
Dan in a little?
What do you say?
Am I no longer Zelda, the
once-upon-a-time starlet?

- What'd you tell 'em your
name was when you called them?

- Wolf Mother.

Every actress has to
have a stage name.

- Hey, Z?

- Yeah?

What?

- I'm gonna have the phone.

- Groovy.

- [Ben Voiceover]

The next 40 minutes
will be the longest
40 of my life.

- [Zelda Voiceover] I heard
y'all like the bad girls.

- [Customer Voiceover]

You are the Wolf Mother
he talking about.

- You're sittin with a bitch
who's my fuckin' woman.

Take your fuckin' hands off
her, do you understand?

What the fuck was that
teen twit talkin' about?

She coulda gotten
us fucking killed.

- What would it
have mattered, Ben?

Hurry up, get in the car.

Come on, get in.

- [Dan] Why did we
park in the back?

- [Ben] If there's a God in
heaven, please don't speak okay?

- Okay, man.

- Promise me?

- [Dan] Okay, yeah.

(baby crying)

(knocking)

- [Jon] You don't know
who these people are
and you bring 'em to
my fuckin' house.

- I'm sorry.

- I'm not doin' this shit!

- Okay.
- I'm not doin' this.
- Alright.
- You don't know who
these people are? - No, I don't.
- You bring 'em to
my fuckin' house?
Come on, I'm your brother.
Why would you fuckin' put me
in this kind of situation?
I live here.
It's my wife and my baby.
You're fucking shitting me.
You don't know these
people do you?
You're out of your fucking mind.
- I'm asking you to
do one favor for me.
Just one favor, okay?
Just let me stay the
night, please Jon.
- Okay listen,
Ben, listen to me.
Listen to me.
You can't stay here.
You can stay the night,
but you can't stay here.
- I'm sorry I'm such an
embarrassment for you, Jon.
- You knew it wasn't the joint.
You knew it, and you
sent us in there anyway.
Look at me, Goddamn it.
Do you really wanna be me?
- I'm just afraid.
- [Zelda] Okay, I told
you if you'd tell us
where the fuck they are, we're
gonna take care of this.
You hear me?
Then you can go on.
Then you can move on from this.
Why did you send
us to Chinatown?

They're gonna kill us
if you don't help us
fuckin' get to them first.
Fucking tell me!
You could've killed us
by sendin' us there.
How many more are
gonna have to die?
- You're like family.
You're a sister to me, Z.
I just didn't want
anything to happen to you.
- You know where they are.
And you're gonna tell me
everything this time.
- Yeah.
- Cindy's freakin' out.
You're all over the
fuckin' news, man.
You and that slut actress
friend of yours.
I'm not havin' this.
Not in this house.
Not with Cindy and the baby.
Not now, okay?
Do you know what would happen
to my career if anybody
found out I was harboring a
fuckin' murderer in my home
with my family?
And my brother no less?
Come on, I have a life.
I have a career I
have to preserve.
- Who you callin'
a murderer, Jon?
I never... - And a cop.
A goddamn cop to top it all off.
- Ben, I need to chit-chat
with you for a sec.
- [Jon] You're shitting me.
What is is non sequitor
shit with these people?
This some kinda fuckin'

language, huh?

I need to chat with
you for a second.

What does that mean,
blow up the house?

- Turn it up.

- Why don't you fuck
yourself, alright?

Do it yourself from now on.

- [Newscaster] You're watching
a press conference being held
by the San Francisco police
department with Kaitlin Miller
and her grandmother
Janice Letch.

The child star was found alone
in the tenderloin district.

What police also confirmed
is that Kaitlin's mother,

Donna Miller, was behind
the abduction in what is

now believed to be a part
of a larger plan involving
sex trafficking of minors.

Questions are now being
raised if this entire scheme
was a publicity stunt by
the girl's own mother.

Donna Miller is in custody
and has given the names
of the remaining members
of The Band at large.

Ivan Wexler and Maria Abramov
and others yet unidentified
with The Band are
on their way north.

Residents have been warned
that the suspects are at large
and are dangerous. - Ben.

- I know I'm not you, and
I know I'll never be you.

I've made mistakes,
and I admit that.

But I'm here to do good now.

- You kill a cop, and
now you wanna do good?
Hey, look, I don't wanna be
the harbinger of bad news,
but there are some things in
life that you can't take back,
that are not reversible, and
I would think that taking
the life of an innocent
person would be one of 'em.

- I believe you might
be right, Jon.

- Jon.

- Hey, stay out of it alright?
Don't say my name either.
It's a family matter.
Shut your fuckin' mouth.
It's probably because of
you he's in this situation
he's in with this
murdered pimp of yours.
So just shut the fuck up, okay?
Back up, bitch.
Ben, you're my brother,
and I love you.

- You still hunt?

- What?

- I never wanted to
hurt a soul, ever, Jon.

- What's wrong, baby?
Baby, did I do something?

- No, it's not you.

- Can I help?
Can I do anything?

- [Jennie] Just leave me alone.

- I love you, Jennie.

- They're on to you, Ben.
You're not gonna make it.
I mean, look at you.
You look sick.

- He's fine.

- Are you as dumb
as you look, huh?
I think maybe you are.

You're one dumb fuckin'
bitch, did you know that?
I guess hell was
built for two, huh?

- Hey, Jon.

- What?

- You talk to Z. like
that one more time,
I'm gonna knock you into
the middle of next week.

- What, are you
gonna shoot me too?

Fuck you and fuck this
whore right here, alright?

- Have you ever heard the
expression the man who believes
he knows everything is the
man who learns nothing?

- Yeah, I fucked him in the ass.
(sirens blaring)

Oh fuck!

This is not really good.
Really fuckin' good for me!

- Kill the lights.

- What?

- [Officer] Come out the front
door with your hands up.

- [Zelda] Ben,
they're gettin' out.

They're coming to the door.

- [Cindy] They're
gonna kill us, Jon.

- Cindy, honey,
what are you doin'?

- Put the gun down.

- They'll kill all of us.

- Hey, goddamn it, listen to me.
Put the gun down.

- They're gonna kill the baby.

- We have nothin' to
do with this shit.

- We're not gonna kill anyone.

- No, they're not.

- Put the gun down.

- Hey, look at me.
- Cindy, look at me.
- We're not gonna hurt you.
- Cindy, just put down the gun.
- Look at me.

Listen to me, put the gun down.

- I'm gonna shoot.

(knocking)

(gunshot banging)

- [Jon] No!

- [Zelda] Don't, Jon, stop!

(gunshots banging)

(crying)

- [Ben] Let me help you, Jon.

- [Zelda] We have to go.

Ben, we have to go.

- Gimme the gun!

- Let's go, Ben.

- Let's go, we have to go.

- Please gimme the gun!

Please! (gunshots banging)

Gimme the gun!

Gimme the fucking gun!

(gunshot banging)

- [Jennie] No, no!

No, no, no.

(gunshots banging)

(sirens blaring)

- Freeze!

- Get in the car!

Get in the fuckin'

car, Zelda, now!

Get down, get down,

get on your knees.

- [Zelda] Ben, come on.

Faster, Ben, go faster.

Watch out!

(gunshots banging)

Oh my God.

Oh my God, Ben, are you okay?

(gunshots banging)

Kaitlin was found, okay?

It's over, done.

- Ow!

Pull it, pull it hard.
Now lift I up a little bit.
Pull it, okay.
- Yeah, I had a baby girl.
Her father was a John.
She was my happy little
girl, and I aborted her.
(crying)
I'm a murderer of innocents too.
- What now?
- Let me finish this.
(hazy psychedelic music)
(wind rustling)
- You don't look
like no detective.
- We have reason to
believe people involved,
I believe they call
themselves The Band,
have found shelter here.
- You actually look like one
of those picture stars.
- I'd be lyin' if I said
I didn't get that a lot.
You have heard of the Kaitlin
Miller abduction though, yeah?
- You don't hear
about things here.
- But you know of it, right?
- I may.
- I have a soft spot.
See, I had a little girl once.
Smallest little thing
you ever did see.
She's no longer with us.
- Everything A-okay there?
- [Ben] Yeah, just gettin'
through the days, you know.
You know how it is, right?
- Looks like you
need a new uniform.
What, you fall in the
bay or somethin'?

- No.

- What are you
doin' around here?

- Just waitin' on somebody.

- Mr. Wilkinson.

- Yes.

- Do you believe good
people are capable
of doin' bad things?
Let's say Kaitlin Miller
was your little girl.
Let's just say that.
And the people behind the
kidnappin' came forward.
If they came forward and
asked you for Forgiveness,
would you accept that apology?

- What happened to your hand?
You gotta stop using
yourself for bait.

- Yeah, I bet the fishing's
good around here.

- It's not bad.
You're not from
around here, are you?
You gotta get a heavier jacket,
the wind will kill ya.

- Oh, I bet, yeah.

- Why would you ask me that?

- 'Cause I'm tryin'
to forgive myself,
but more importantly I'm
tryin' to forgive you.
I'm really tryin' very
hard to forgive you,
but I can't.

- I want you to leave now.

- What I'm sayin' is I'm
tryin' to forgive you
for everything you've done
to this innocent girl.
And you know what?
I can't, I can't do it.
I can't, I can't.

- I believe I may

know who you are.

- What are you gonna do,
man, call the cops?

- Seen these two
beauties anywhere?

- No, I can't say I have, sir.

- Alright, well, thank you.

What's your name?

- Terry.

- Well, thanks for
your time, Terry.

You tell Mr. Wilkinson
that I said hi, huh?

- I'll tell him, yeah.

- And tell him we missed him
at the poker game last night.

Usually robs us blind at poker.

- That's why I don't
play with him anymore.

Have a nice day, sir.

- [Officer] Yeah, you too.

(gunshot banging)

(intense dramatic music)

(crying)

(men chattering)

- Put the queen on the throne.

Oh my God, you're so pretty.

- Oh, hi.

(gunshots banging)

- We're not them.

- No.

- I can't do it to myself.

I need you to do it to me.

One week I've been pure.

- I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, Zelda.

I can't do it.

I can't do it.

I'm sorry, not you.

I can't do it.

I just wanna make
things alright.

I just wanna make
things alright.

- Screw it.
- Yeah, screw it then.
- Chill.
- Yeah, chill.
(gunshots banging)
- [Ben Voiceover] In death or
life, our love can only go.
Never forgotten is
the joy we know.
We follow memory
when life is gone.
No wave is lost in all
the tides that flow.
(dramatic Western music)
She left to wonderland
Left me a wondering man
All my good byes,
all my good byes
They come too easy
No crying eyes
Born around '83
That's when the
gypsies stole me
Adopted no, adopted no
I came along with
rough times you know
On an island in the sun
Where I don't mind being alone
And all the birds have flown
While my feet stood
firmly on the ground
I always felt that gravity
It pulled harder on me
So I am strong,
yeah I am strong
A hard one to
move, to push along
Open doors for fresh air
Rest in the electric chair
How to scare, how to scare
A determined soul
with just one care
On an island
In the sun

Where I don't mind
Being alone
And all the birds have flown
While my feet stood
firmly on the ground