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# Angels in Stardust

By William Robert Carey

Best glazed doughnut I ever had  
was down the road  
in Muskogee, Oklahoma.  
That's the truth.  
I was just passing through town,  
and there it was  
in a little  
hole-in-the-wall joint.  
Sweetest  
melt-in-your-mouth  
glazed doughnut  
in all of creation.  
I love glazed doughnuts.  
I know.  
We got similar tastes.  
Funny coming on a prize  
doughnut in Muskogee.  
Yeah, you don't expect that  
in Indian territory.  
Not like beads.  
Or drums.  
Or war bonnets.  
Okie ain't so Indian anymore.  
Nah.  
Not pure.  
It's a lot like that nowadays.  
Everything's mixed up.  
Yeah,  
especially around Tardust.  
I don't understand folks  
around here.  
Land's fat with highways,  
got three rivers  
bleeding into each other,  
take a soul almost anywhere.  
Everybody sticks here.  
Hey, Vallie Sue!  
Hey, yourself, Loretta!  
Well, come on, girl!  
I see you talking  
to yourself again.  
So?  
So? You're  
too old for that.

People think that you're loopy.  
Uh, why are we  
driving backwards?  
Thought your dad  
let you have the car.  
Not entirely.  
He gave me 20 miles max,  
so I gotta keep the mileage down  
so we can go to the  
Two Kiss after church.  
Shouldn't we be driving  
backwards from the church?  
Do you want the guys to see me  
driving down the drag like this,  
like I'm great or vain  
or something? Uh-uh.  
Brethren, there's one man  
who can save your souls  
from the flames  
of eternal damnation.  
What's his name?  
Jesus! Jesus.  
Jesus.  
What's his name?  
Jesus.  
Jesus.  
That's right.  
Millie, so glad things  
are working out.  
Thank you.  
Oh, yeah. Heh.  
Vallie.  
Well, how nice to see you.  
Hi.  
And you, too, Loretta.  
So where are your folks tonight?  
Oh, well, mine's  
at Cheney's Tavern  
getting stinko, probably.  
Aha.  
And your mother, Vallie?  
Uh, well, Reverend,  
I heard something  
about a two-headed dog,

a fearsome thing  
running wild in Tardust,  
so of course a bunch of folks and  
my mom went out looking for it.

Aha. Well, I see.

Uh, well,  
you girls have a nice evening.

Night.

Good night.

Bye-bye.

Why did you say the damn  
fool thing about that dog?

It's not a fool thing.

I seen one.

In your dreams.

Uh-uh.

One of Mrs. Stubblefield's  
magazines.

Also showed a woman  
gave birth to a...  
baby with horns.

Ha! I've seen  
some boys with those.

Mrs. Stubblefield  
showed me a picture of...

An angel of God  
lynched from a tree  
is in one of them rags.

Oh, it's a bad sign, child,  
a bad, bad sign.

Shows the forces of evil  
are gaining on us.

Even around Tardust?

Oh, especially here.

We got devils living  
all around Tardust.

You gotta be careful  
out there, child,  
very, very careful.

You see a saucer?

No, just a crop duster.

But they's out there.

Why are you listening to  
that old scarecrow anyhow?

It's not like the preacher  
could have known  
that Mom hasn't been home  
most of the weekends.  
I suppose.  
Mm-hmm.  
But still...  
A two-headed dog?  
Two-headed dog  
ain't nothing.  
There's all kind  
of strange creatures...  
squirrels that fly,  
people with pink eyes.  
I saw a woman with a beard  
once at the carnival.  
See what I mean?  
Probably had hair  
on her chest and back.  
I don't want  
to ruminate on that...  
but it shows  
that nature is peculiar.  
Here. Give me your hand.  
So Mom could have been  
chasing a two-faced dog, huh?  
Most likely has.  
Thanks for the ride, honey.  
Same to you, darling.  
Mm.  
Hey, hon.  
Hi, Pleasant.  
Hi, Ma.  
Land sake,  
turn that thing down, Pleasant.  
What are you, deaf and dumb?  
You're too close, too.  
Look what I brought you.  
Your favorite.  
Thanks, Ma.  
Mm-hmm.  
I see you spying on your  
mama out that window, hon.  
No, I wasn't.

Well, you should've.  
Mighty pretty boy  
that dropped me off.  
You're old enough  
to appreciate that.  
Well, I'm gonna take a bath...  
I'm so tired...  
and go straight to bed.  
Night, Ma.  
Night.  
Hey, bud,  
it's time for bed.  
Look, Vallie.  
Your favorite.  
I told you I'd come back.  
Hey, Ma?  
Mm-hmm?  
Mr. Sunday called,  
said he'd like you  
to come in early tomorrow.  
Why?  
A big wreck out on 30.  
Three were killed.  
Great. Was hoping  
for a quiet week  
at the bone parlor.  
So am I gonna meet this one?  
Who?  
Oh, that boy?  
Doubt it.  
Why?  
Ain't much future  
in a 99-cent musician.  
You ain't gonna see him again?  
Ain't the point.  
We need a man who can help us,  
not hobble us.  
I ain't getting any younger.  
You're 31.  
Exactly.  
Why?  
You want to meet him?  
Not especially, no.  
Well, good thing I didn't ask him in,

then, huh?  
I'd say your mama's  
got a thing for cowboys.  
Looks that way.  
I can't say I blame her.  
Your daddy was  
a cowboy, wasn't he?  
That's what Mom says.  
Pleasant, too.  
Never met neither of 'em.  
Well,  
she's got a cowpoke persuasion for sure.  
You ought to bring her around,  
introduce us.  
Oh, you got money?  
None to speak of  
Then forget about it.  
Thank you very much.  
You should sit down,  
Mr. Hogan.  
You may still be weak  
from the accident.  
Oh, thank you, ma'am,  
but I should greet the guests.  
Do you expect many more?  
Not really.  
We haven't lived here for long,  
don't know many folks.  
You and your dearly departed  
just bought that big Seminole  
Valley spread, didn't you?  
Yes, we did.  
Well,  
if there's anything I can do for you,  
you just let me know,  
Mr. Hogan,  
anything at all.  
Well, thank you, ma'am.  
Bet you don't have anybody to  
help you with that owie do you?  
Well...  
I knew it. I knew it.  
I'm gonna come over to that  
lonely old house of yours tonight

and cook you a good dinner.  
Oh, well, now, I can't ask that.  
Well, you ain't asking.  
I'm giving.  
Just think of it as part of our services,  
Mr. Hogan.  
Well, when you put it that way.  
Ain't no other way to do it.  
And don't you worry  
about the turnout, okay?  
I'm gonna make sure there are  
plenty of folks at the  
funeral procession.  
Okay?  
Okay.  
Where are your friends?  
Melody had to work at the DQ,  
and Loretta said I couldn't  
force her down here  
with a tow truck  
and six hot mechanics.  
Then offer her a dozen.  
You promised.  
Ma, I did not promise.  
It's hard getting folks  
to go to a funeral  
of a body they don't know.  
Just try again, please.  
Go.  
All right, I'm going.  
I could get Pitney.  
That silly  
red-haired kid?  
He's got nice clothes.  
Go. Call him.  
What is it with Goofy?  
Pitney is taking baton  
twirling lessons.  
He wants to lead parades.  
Well, this here is  
a funeral procession.  
Close enough.  
This is so...  
queer.

Hey, at least  
you're getting paid.  
Aww. Well,  
I will take you  
to the Two Kiss after  
and buy you a sodie.  
Me, too?  
Sure.  
We can sit in the backseat  
and make out like lovers.  
Yuck.  
Here. Put this on.  
What, that ratty old thing?  
Put it on.  
The way you're dressed,  
it looks like we're  
mourning your lost virtue.  
Just wear it.  
Pitney! What...  
What are you doing?  
Give me that.  
Thank you, Mr. Sunday.  
Everything was splendid.  
It's never enough,  
Mr. Hogan.  
Bye.  
See you later, Fred.  
Fred?  
What are you up to?  
Nothing.  
I told you before  
this is a business,  
not your personal mixer.  
He's a decent man.  
How else am I supposed  
to meet such a fella?  
How 'bout a church social?  
That pitiful lot?  
May as well raffle myself  
off at the VA hospital.  
Am... Am I  
hurting anybody?  
Mm, mm, mm.  
Hmm? If I am,

I'd sure like to know.  
What are you doing?  
Come on. Let's go.  
Uh-uh. In a minute.  
Ain't you been here before?  
Uh-uh.  
Jeez, you are out of it.  
This is a regular  
make-out zone at night.  
He's got cowboy boots on.  
So?  
It's weird.  
Uh, not around here.  
Seems kind of sacrilegious,  
that's all.  
No, you want to see sacrilege,  
you just come out here  
on a Saturday night.  
This is a regular  
Sodom and Gomorrah.  
Really?  
Mm-hmm.  
Come on.  
Let's go.  
This place is creepy without  
a car under your butt  
and a boy stuck to your face.  
Okay.  
Come on.  
Come on!  
Coming.  
Hey, Mrs. Dinwiddie.  
Hey, Tammy.  
Hey, Addie.  
Does she ever talk?  
Not to me.  
Did you have a good day?  
Passable.  
Put a poor soul in the ground.  
Oh, no, not his soul, honey,  
just his body.  
How's about a lemonade?  
You look parched.  
Thanks.

Spot any UFOs today?  
Nope, but they's out there.  
I tell you, Addie,  
we've been busier  
than a june bee  
on chocolate lately.  
Oh, I heard about the wreck.  
Got two  
and two more from the gas  
explosion at Hartley's.  
Oh, I heard that was terrible.  
Did they look frightful?  
Picture charbroiled tater tots,  
and you get the idea.  
Oh, dear, you have  
got a hard job.  
I've had worse.  
Come from tenant farmers.  
Picked cotton and collards  
till I was a teenager.  
Oh, I hear you, honey.  
Called 'em sharecroppers  
back in the day.  
That's where I got the lung  
disease put me on relief.  
Heh. My daddy worked my body  
to death in them fields.  
Only reason sharecroppers  
have young'uns.  
Oh, ain't that the truth?  
Take planting corpses over  
pulling cotton any day.  
I hear you.  
Ever been yonder?  
Where?  
Over by the sun.  
Suppose that's  
where our Pas went.  
Why are you thinking about that?  
It must be better there.  
Why'd they go?  
Why do you want to go  
when you ain't ever been?  
Well, nothing really

here for us, Pleasant.  
Ain't you scared?  
Hmm.  
Scared both ways.  
Hi.  
Oh, you boys are  
wasting your time.  
Yeah, peach fuzz don't  
turn Francine on nohow.  
Wouldn't talk if I  
was you, Big Bird.  
Only thing that's  
gonna mate with you  
is a horny old whooping crane.  
Whoo!  
Jerk.  
Never cared much  
for that Mickey.  
His buddy Old Ray's a piece of work,  
too, isn't he?  
I see kids going in and  
out of there all the time.  
What do you think they're up to?  
No good, most likely.  
Whoo!  
What do you suppose  
they're doing in there?  
They're picture taking, dope.  
Well, duh.  
But of what?  
Good question.  
One way to find out.  
What? Loretta!  
No, wait. Damn it.  
Careful.  
I can't... I can't see.  
Whoo!  
Okay, just see if you can see.  
What? Somebody  
might catch us.  
Do not be a pussy.  
Come on.  
Oh, my...  
Whoo-hoo!

Hee hee!  
Oh, my God.  
What? What?  
I can't really...  
What the hell  
you think y'all doing?  
Nothing.  
Uh...  
We ain't doing nothing.  
Mm-mm.  
Come on.  
Bye.  
Stay away from here,  
or you'll come  
to no good, you hear?  
Tenkill, what's going on, boy?  
Hey!  
Ahh.  
I'll be right there, sugar.  
Come on.  
Think Tenkill's  
in cahoots with 'em?  
Let's see if  
I got this straight.  
We're trying to figure out  
if Tenkill's doing something  
we haven't figured out if Mickey  
and Old Ray are doing yet?  
Is that right?  
Yeah.  
Tough call,  
but you best keep  
your distance, anyway.  
Hard to do.  
Hey, there, girlie.  
How you doing?  
Fine.  
You know, I seen you  
nosing around my place  
last night.  
Ah, it's okay.  
It's okay.  
Maybe you'd like  
to come in sometime.

Nah, it's okay.  
Mm. Well,  
maybe when you's  
a little more grown up, then.  
I think maybe you and I  
are gonna do that dance then.  
I tell you what, girl,  
gonna change your life.  
What'd you see  
looking in his window?  
Not sure.  
Francine probably knows  
what they're up to.  
Francine's  
worldly-wise.  
Mm-hmm.  
Oh, come on. Please?  
Come on. Stop it.  
Come on.  
No.  
Why not?  
Francine!  
I swear on my mama's grave.  
We won't tell nobody.  
When'd your mama die, Loretta?  
I saw her just today down  
at the Piggly Wiggly.  
Well, she's going  
to die sometime.  
Forget it.  
You're too young.  
What is that supposed to mean?  
We are the exact  
same age as you.  
Yeah, age don't mean nothing.  
'Sides, there's no telling  
what they'd do if I snitch,  
so stop. Go.  
Damn it.  
Should've snitched.  
Guess she was talking  
about experience, hmm?  
Yep.  
Well, all I know about sex

is what I seen in the movies.  
Nothing wrong with that.  
But it's not real.  
Nope, but it's safe.  
Bad side, baby  
War day or night  
Bad side, baby  
War day or night  
Been spying on folks  
a lot lately.  
It was Loretta's doing.  
Counting the other morning?  
That was different.  
Yeah, that's right.  
Come on.  
Jeez, Ma.  
Wife's barely cold  
in the grave, huh?  
I'm just helping a man  
through a trying time.  
It's part of my job.  
Till dawn?  
If I wait for Mrs. Dearly  
Departed to get cold as charity,  
somebody else'll  
sidle up to him before me.  
Yeah, wow.  
Doesn't seem that much  
of a prize, anyway.  
Look here, girl.  
There's lots of men  
out there, good and bad,  
and it ain't easy telling  
the chaff from the wheat,  
so you got to cast  
your bread on the water  
looking for the right nibble.  
But you shouldn't  
be worrying about me.  
Gotta be thinking  
about yourself.  
Well, here, what's that girl,  
you know,  
married the buffalo boy?

Buffalo boy?  
Yeah, you know, um...  
Oh, Cody and Lisa?  
That's the one.  
Yeah.  
Well, she... she found  
herself a man at 14.  
Now, not that you want  
to aim as low as her,  
but there ought to be a  
nice boy out there for you.  
Just don't be coming home  
with your belly all blown up,  
or I'll kick your butt out.  
Last thing I need  
is more kids around here.  
Two of youse to love is enough.  
Just 'cause you and my ma  
got married young, Lisa,  
don't mean I'm gonna.  
All I know's I like it.  
That's 'cause Cody  
knocked all the  
sense out of you.  
Loretta!  
What?  
It's not like everybody  
can't see this for themselves,  
huh?  
He only does it  
when I rub him wrong.  
Besides, making up's nice.  
I'll bet.  
You know, I'll bet  
that your ma just  
wants you married off  
so that she could be free of you,  
Val.  
My ma loves me as much as yours,  
and you're dirt  
to say crosswise.  
I think her ma just  
wants her to be happy.  
Yeah.

It's a lot nicer being married,  
doing it with  
just one man, you know.  
Oh.  
Well, it is.  
You do it a lot?  
Every morn and night.  
Get out.  
On weekends,  
he likes it midday, too.  
Cody gets a stiff worked up  
pretty regular.  
Aw, damn. I gotta  
get me a man.  
I need one.  
Shh. Cut that.  
Here comes Cody.  
Hey, Vallie.  
What's doing?  
Nothing.  
Hey, Loretta.  
Hi, Cody.  
Lisa was just telling us  
what a sweet man you are.  
Well,  
that's mighty nice  
of you, sweet pea.  
Just the truth.  
Come here.  
Wow.  
We better be heading.  
See you!  
Bye.  
Bye.  
Don't do nothing we wouldn't do.  
Hey, what is that  
supposed to mean?  
We don't do nothing.  
You speak for yourself.  
Maybe I should cast my bread  
on the water more.  
All things considered,  
I think your dough  
could use some rising.

Suppose anybody'll  
think I'm pretty?  
Oh, yeah.  
Yes, honey, they will.  
More than that,  
you're smart and talented.  
Makes you a triple threat.  
There's more to the world than  
Tardust and birthing babies.  
What's a pollywog like  
you know about the world?  
I watch movies and read.  
My teacher tells us stuff.  
Uh-huh.  
Did you hear  
what Mrs. Bowes said  
about that woman scientist?  
What, about being  
born as poor as us?  
No, Gomer.  
Dying radioactive.  
How messed up is that?  
I do not want to be a scientist.  
I want to be like  
Agatha Christie,  
a great writer.  
Heh.  
How are you ever  
gonna be a writer?  
Poor kid from the sticks.  
Mrs. Bowes says Agatha didn't  
have a father, just like me.  
Except her pa died.  
Yours just up and ran away,  
loser in chief.  
Loretta says men  
want one thing and women got it.  
I don't know as men are that predictable.  
Some of us are quite  
complex and sensitive.  
I know somebody like that.  
I know you do.  
Not you.  
Ah, that pretty boy at school

you're always gawking at.  
He is not a pretty boy.  
Well, hell, he better be.  
That's a lot of hanging  
around and waiting for ugly.  
I do not gawk at him.  
You stare at him like  
a hound dog after a hambone.  
That's gawking.  
Well...  
he's very affecting.  
Hey, I saw you  
fighting with those  
boys at school.  
What was that all about?  
I stepped on their  
dumb old baseball  
cards by accident.  
Where'd you learn those  
nasty words you called him?  
I've been around.  
Well, stop it.  
You're using 'em wrong, anyway.  
And pay attention to  
where you're going.  
Gosh.  
I pay attention plenty.  
Only to that darn  
Indian, Tenkill.  
Do not.  
Do so.  
I don't like it.  
I don't trust him.  
Hey, Pleasant,  
I ever told you about  
the native fire legend?  
Uh-uh.  
Well...  
well, in the beginning  
of time...  
this world was cold.  
It was very cold.  
But the thunders,  
see, they brought lightning.

Poom!

Crack!

And struck a hollow tree afire  
on a distant island.

And, see, a raven,  
a screech owl,  
they flew out there  
to try to get that fire.

And, Raven used to be white,  
tried to pick that fire up,  
and he burned himself,  
and that's why he's black now.

Oh.

Yeah, and Screech Owl,  
he rubbed his eyes  
so hard from all that smoke,  
that now that's why owls  
got the big old eyes.

Hoo!

Hoo!

Hoo!

Anyway, they couldn't find  
a way to pick up that fire.  
So finally a water spider...  
she came crawling  
across that water.

She spun a tutsi bowl  
on her back.

A what bowl?

Tutsi bowl.

Mean like a Tootsie Roll?

No, it's just a bowl.

It's not important.

Can I finish my story?

I just don't get  
the Tootsie Roll part.

Forget that.

This is a plain old bowl, okay?

Okay.

All right.

So that water spider,  
she... she put that ember  
in her tut...  
in a bowl and brought it

back across the water  
to all the other creatures,  
and forever after,  
that's how the world had fire.  
Do Indians believe that?  
Eh, not so much anymore,  
but that's  
a pretty good story, eh?  
It's okay.  
Not as good as those  
Saturday-morning cartoons,  
I suppose?  
Not the "X-Men."  
Shoot.  
You didn't tell your mother about  
him hanging around Tenkill?  
Nah, 'course not.  
She'd be pissed.  
That a mighty queer family.  
Mother's hot for cowboys,  
and brother's  
chasing after an Injun.  
Well, Mom thinks he's slow.  
Doesn't seem like she'd  
know too much about that.  
No...  
but schoolwise, he's rickety.  
Pleasant's teacher and I  
feel that he needs  
tutoring, Mrs. Russell,  
in a special education school.  
That's for retards, ain't it?  
Challenged is the term.  
I think that it would be  
better for his self-esteem  
if he were with children  
who didn't outperform him.  
You think it'll be better  
for Pleasant's self-esteem  
to be situated  
with a bunch of morons?  
I think that's not the best way  
of looking at it, Mrs. Russell.  
Well, you look at it any way you want to,

okay?

I'm gonna need to think on it.

Um, but you won't be kicking my boy out,  
will you?

No. No,  
of course not.

Okay. Thank you.

Come on.

...part with the  
father rescuing...

There you are.

Hi, Ma.

Hello, Mrs. Russell.

Hello. Ready?

I was hoping  
I could talk with you.

Oh? You're not  
gonna tell me  
my girl's an idiot, are you?

Oh, my gosh, no.

Why would I say that?

She's quite talented.

Really?

Yes. Vallie is  
a very good writer.

In fact, she wrote a story  
I'd like to enter  
in a national contest.

What's that gonna cost?

Well, um,

I'm sure the school can pay any fees.

Okay, then.

Uh, you should really think  
about sending Vallie  
to the Latin School  
in Oklahoma City.

Latin? What good's  
that gonna do her?

That's just the name  
of the school, Mrs. Russell.

Miss.

Oh, I'm sorry. I...

No, it's okay.

It's a common mistake.

Well, thank you,  
Ms. Bowes.  
Mrs.  
Good for you.  
Night.  
Come on, Pleasant.  
Let's go, bud.  
Thank you.  
Bye.  
Appreciate it.  
Hey, Ma...  
Mm-hmm.  
What do you think about me  
getting into that Latin School?  
Oh, Vallie, how are we  
ever going to afford that?  
And to what purpose, hon?  
Do you think you're gonna  
be President or something?  
She thinks I could be a writer.  
Oh, hon...  
Yeah?  
You gotta be sensitive to the  
limitations of your birth.  
Your best bet is to do  
like Elaine Howser did  
or my pitiful mama  
for that matter,  
found a nice man,  
take her away from  
a hardscrabble life.  
Ain't seen hide nor hair  
of her since I was 10.  
Don't that make you mad?  
Mad? No.  
Who could blame her?  
Daddy worked us like dogs,  
worse than dogs.  
Evening, ladies.  
God damn it, you got  
some airs about you  
for trailer trash, chickpea.  
I hate him, Ma.  
Some bitches.

Being neighborly is all.  
All right! Bikes!  
Why do you always get  
the good stuff?  
I'm a wish-book beast.  
Yeah.  
I take that one and that one,  
ooh, and that one.  
You'd be  
a three-bike boy.  
Yeah.  
Your turn.  
All right.  
Come on. Be good.  
What...  
Lawn furniture?  
We don't have a lawn.  
Yeah, exactly.  
Wait a minute.  
What's that?  
It's a Black & Decker  
bug zapper.  
Cool. I'll trade you  
one of my bikes for it.  
Okay.  
But I want the Razor.  
Okay.  
Tenkill says  
Thunderbird makes thunder  
to protect us  
from witches at night.  
Hey, that's heathen stuff.  
Vallie.  
Pleasant, you're  
supposed to be asleep.  
I can't.  
Can you give me  
something to dream on?  
Yeah.  
Ready?  
Yeah.  
Imagine you're  
in a ferocious battle.  
Your men are pinned down

on Slaughterhouse Hill.  
Only one person has  
the speed and daring  
to make it up the hill  
and save 'em...  
Sergeant Russell,  
fighting man of fury!  
This one's cool.  
Can you take it from here?  
Yeah.  
Night, Vallie.  
Night, Pleasant.  
We got some cool stuff  
for Mom's Birthday, Val.  
Yeah, we sure did.  
What are we looking at?  
...really perform.  
I just...  
I can't even tell you how  
much that meant to me. Just...  
That's so kind of you to say.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Such a pleasure.  
Goodbye.  
Thanks. Goodbye.  
Hello.  
Hi.  
Did you want me to sign a book?  
Oh, I... I don't have one.  
Oh. Would you  
like a book?  
Yes, please, ma'am, I would.  
Thank you, Bobby.  
What's your name?  
Vallie Sue.  
That's very pretty.  
Thank you.  
Goodbye.  
Bye.  
What'd she write?  
"Turn your dreams and ambitions  
into tomorrow's daily bread."  
What's that mean?

She thinks we should  
change our diet.  
Wow, cool.  
How's she know what we eat?  
Come on, bud.  
I don't see her.  
Is that her?  
Oh, no.  
Some dumb old guy's with her.  
- Oh, great.  
- I'll be there.  
Give me five minutes, darling.  
Shh. Quiet. Quiet.  
Get down. Get down.  
Surprise!  
Surprise!  
Now, what the...  
What are you two up to?  
Happy birthday, Mom.  
Look what we got you!  
Happy birthday, Mom.  
You two are so sweet.  
All this for me?  
It's your presents, Ma.  
Me and Val have been  
saving forever.  
Well, I expect you have.  
Now, how 'bout we do this later,  
though, okay?  
I got somebody waiting.  
Aw, Mom.  
He wants to take me out  
for a birthday dinner.  
Ain't that nice?  
Look, I'll blow out the candles,  
and we'll celebrate later, okay?  
Make a wish.  
Mmm.  
Okay, I gotta get a move on.  
Later, okay?!

She don't like the stuff, Val.  
She does.  
She's just busy.  
Want some cake?

Nah. I don't want any.  
Check this out.  
You know, Natives believe  
that spirits  
can inhabit animals.  
Do you believe that?  
I think that there's  
guardian spirits,  
so, yeah, it's possible.  
He won't run away, will he?  
I'll make sure he doesn't.  
Wow.  
We'll put a bell around this,  
and we'll tie it  
around his neck.  
Then you'll always  
know where he's at.  
I'm gonna name him Spirit, 'kay?  
Well, that part's up to you.  
He's your cat.  
Yeah.  
Vallie, look what I got!  
Wow, it's cute.  
Where'd you get it?  
Tenkill gave it to me.  
Uh-uh.  
Ma...  
What are you doing?  
Take this.  
Hey...  
What are you thinking?  
I was just trying to do  
something nice for Pleasant.  
But...  
What's wrong with you?  
Just stop it.  
I don't have time to watch  
Pleasant every minute.  
You have to help me  
keep a better eye on him.  
I know.  
Ma, why do you dislike  
Tenkill so much?  
My God, he's like a primitive,

full of heathen stories  
and god-awful savage myths.  
Thinks he can wheedle his way  
into our family through Pleasant,  
improve his station  
marrying a white woman.  
Our people civilized  
this country.  
We got no business sinking  
back into savage ways,  
trashing the family tree.  
Bad enough we gotta contend  
with a boy that's slower  
than a slug in May.  
Where is that boy, anyways?  
I don't know.  
He ran off somewheres.  
Well, you better go find him  
before it gets dark.  
I don't know how  
people stand smoking.  
Common appetite.  
Part of being human.  
Looks stupid.  
Thanks for sugarcoating it.  
Loretta says Ma's got  
a powerful appetite for men.  
Well, that's  
a whole 'nother story.  
Hmm.  
Francine,  
you filthy little slut.  
Is that what I raised you to be?  
Ma, I'm sorry!  
You're hurting me, Ma!  
Go!  
Leave me alone!  
You go! Now!  
You move it!  
Mom!  
Go!  
Leave me alone!  
Hey, Ma.  
Mm-hmm?

Uh, I heard Francine's ma  
screaming at her  
'cause she came out of a  
concession stand with a boy,  
and he was pulling his pants up.  
Ah, Tenkill ought to tear that  
damn old concession stand down.  
Never used  
for nothing but no good.  
Think Old Ray sold  
drugs out of it once.  
Mm.  
Did you mess around  
with lots of boys  
when you were Francine's age?  
Not exactly a proper question for your mom,  
hon.  
But I had my share of beaus.  
How come you never  
marry any of 'em?  
Marrying's a serious business,  
gotta be worthwhile.  
Hmm.  
What about that widow man?  
Up to his ears in debt, hon.  
Good thing I went  
through his desk.  
We don't need no more problems,  
do we?  
Nah.  
No, ma'am.  
Going after a man  
is like wildcatting, hon.  
You're searching  
for a good claim  
in a land of doubtful  
productivity.  
And even though  
I like the prospecting,  
I ain't hanging around  
no empty wells.  
Remember, hon,  
the man does the drilling,  
but it's us women that

takes most of the risk.  
See how pretty  
this makes your feet?  
Yeah.  
Hey, is that important?  
Like honey to bees, sweetie.  
Hmm.  
Would you marry anyone  
with plentiful well?  
Not anyone.  
Can't marry beneath yourself.  
Like Tenkill?  
Exactamo.  
I bet he was hot when he was young.  
Ma says he was  
an all-state halfback,  
says he's real strong.  
Used to twist nails  
around his girlfriends'  
fingers for steady rings.  
Wow.  
Ma says that your ma  
had a thing for him.  
Nuh-uh!  
Mm-hmm. Swear!  
My ma says he  
followed her around.  
Yours says more, she's a liar.  
Okay. Don't get mad.  
I'm just saying what I heard.  
Ah, look at old Dinwiddie  
garbage picking.  
Suppose Tenkill  
pays her for that?  
No. She's just  
got no life.  
What you doing?  
Nothing.  
Just hanging.  
Hey, you got a cigarette?  
Sure.  
I say can't you see  
I want to believe  
Take me away

Take me away...  
I love your car, Cody, man.  
Yeah? That's cool.  
I try to live it...  
Hey, hop in.  
We'll go to the Two Kiss  
and hang.  
We can do that.  
Yeah?  
Can't we, Vallie Sue?  
I mean, I got no money.  
Oh, no sweat.  
I got Andy Jackson  
burning a hole.  
Okay.  
Give her some room, dude.  
What?  
In the back, dope!  
Come on.  
Oh. Oh, yeah. Yeah.  
So take me away  
Hi, Vallie Sue.  
Hey, Boyd.  
Bang it.  
Take me away  
Where the milk and honey  
run just like...  
Boyd, ain't you part Indian?  
Uh, yeah. Yeah.  
You know your tribe?  
Uh, Choctaw,  
but ain't like  
I live out on the res.  
You know,  
nothing to be ashamed of.  
Eh, nothing for pride, neither,  
not like winning  
the lottery or something.  
No, I guess not.  
Hey, y-you want  
to go out sometime?  
Hey, Loretta!  
What?  
Well, jeez.

"Well, jeez," what?  
Nothing.  
I'm sorry. What?  
Uh, go out, like to a movie?  
Oh, yeah. I guess.  
Maybe we'll go see "Pocahontas"?  
Okay.  
Oh, th-that was a joke.  
Yeah.  
Oh.  
Think you can marry an Indian?  
I don't know.  
Lot of bad blood.  
Hmm. Like  
the Little Big Horn.  
Or "Little Big Man."  
Or Wounded Knee.  
You know, some folks  
just don't mix well.  
Yeah,  
but half the state's got Indian blood.  
Guess when people  
got their clothes off,  
all that bad blood  
just turns hot.  
Wait. Okay.  
This is a peculiar territory,  
awful pretty in places,  
but you look close,  
and the grounds full of rocks  
in the worst  
damn dirt in creation.  
Not good for growing at all.  
I hate it when she  
brings 'em home.  
I hate it.  
Sounds dangerous.  
Exactly.  
And disturbing for sure.  
Yeah. You don't  
know the half.  
Oh, my God.  
Hey, Ma...  
Yeah?

Why'd you bring him home?  
You never bring them home.  
Please, Vallie.  
It's too early.  
He saw me in my underwear!  
He didn't touch you, did he?  
Nah, 'course not.  
Well, then?  
Ain't right.  
It's not.  
Why didn't you go  
to his place, Ma?  
We couldn't.  
He said he was  
getting his place  
redone or something.  
Redone?  
He's married, Ma.  
You're screwing  
married men, stupid.  
Don't you talk to me  
like that, young lady.  
I hate you!  
After all I've done  
for you, you snot!  
Get off me!  
Stop it!  
You're bad.  
You're bad people!  
I hate you!  
I hate you both!  
You're ugly  
pieces of hose-beast!  
Pleasant!  
Pleasant!  
Christ.  
Gosh damn it.  
What did he call us?  
I don't know.  
He hears things and mixes  
'em up sometimes.  
Damn it.  
I'm not no home-wrecker.  
You're getting older now.

You need to be  
finding yourself a man  
like I did when I was your age.  
I don't know how much longer  
we can live under  
the same roof. Get me?  
Yeah, I get you.  
Pleasant.  
Sorry.  
I'm really sorry.  
I, uh...  
I love you more than anybody.  
You know that.  
Hey, you and me has gotta  
always be friends, okay?  
No matter what.  
You promise?  
Promise.  
Okay, let's go.  
I don't like it under here.  
Where we going?  
I thought we'd head  
over to the cemetery,  
see what's doing.  
Y-You ever been?  
Oh, not at night.  
Ah.  
What's that?  
Oh, it's... it's, uh,  
Buzz Biker's Easy Living.  
It's cheap, but it's good.  
Um, no, thanks.  
You gotta loosen up, Vallie Sue.  
All that's gonna loosen  
up is my dinner.  
There she is, darling.  
Wow.  
It's huge.  
It surely is, darling.  
Come on. Let me  
show you the works!  
Whoop!  
Hey, is that Cody's car?  
Uh, yeah, it is.

Aww.  
He brings Lisa here?  
That probably ain't Lisa.  
What are you... No.  
Vallie, stop!  
What are you...  
Can't be bothering people when  
they got their heads down!  
Hey!  
Jesus.  
I knew it!  
Vallie.  
What are you doing here?  
I can't believe you, Loretta,  
or you either, Cody.  
Boyd!  
Boyd, get the hell out of here!  
What's the matter with you?  
I'm trying to get her.  
Vallie...  
Get your shirt on!  
Get out of here!  
Please, I told you,  
Vallie. I told you...  
Hey, y'all two got no class!  
You know that?!  
No class!  
Where you going?  
I don't do orgies, moron.  
Lonnie, get this bitch  
out of here.  
She's spoiling the vibe.  
Hey!  
Get your hands off me!  
God damn it!  
What's the matter  
with you, you jackass?  
You trying to kill me?  
Wait. What? Wait!  
You can't leave me here,  
you dirty, lowdown scum!  
S-So now what?  
Home.  
Yeah.

I don't want to preach, Tammy.  
Then don't put yourself out.  
But I think coming out in  
the middle of the night  
gives me some rights.  
You're too old for this, dear.  
Really?  
How old is fitting and proper  
to get chucked off a bus  
into a mud hole?  
You know what I mean.  
How many of those girls  
with you tonight  
had two kids at home?  
We didn't trade family pictures.  
Not many, I bet.  
I thought you didn't gamble.  
You're not a young mare  
anymore, dear.  
You got miles.  
It's time for you  
to face up to it.  
It's time for you  
to settle down.  
It's time?  
When's it my time?  
Hey, Vallie Sue.  
Mickey.  
Come here a sec, darling.  
Come on.  
Yeah?  
So I heard that,  
uh, you and Boyd,  
y'all set the Guinness record  
for short dates last night.  
Who told you that?  
Well, it made all the papers.  
Uh, listen here, darling.  
Boyd, he ain't the man  
for you anyhow.  
Sweet young thing like you,  
mmm,  
you need an experienced  
old hand like Mick.

I'll take you for a ride.  
Just ask Francine here.  
Ask me what?  
I was just offering my services  
to Vallie here,  
She is way too good  
for you, Mickey.  
Now, what the hell's  
that supposed to mean?  
Vallie's smart.  
She's gonna be  
a writer or professor  
or something,  
get out of this place.  
Is that so?  
Yeah, that is.  
Hmm. Well, you just  
a sweet young chicken  
to me, darling.  
I ain't a chicken.  
Come on, lover.  
Ugh! Your hands  
are sticky.  
Get off me.  
Kick your ass out...  
Hey, Vallie.  
Home-wrecker.  
I ain't wrecking nothing, okay.  
Cody don't like Lisa no more.  
He's getting a divorce.  
Says who?  
Says Cody.  
Vallie.  
He must love me.  
Ahem. Look.  
What is that?  
A bee sting?  
It's a hickey, you dope.  
Ah, gross.  
Okay, guys don't just  
give anyone a hickey.  
Look. He gave me one  
on my chest.  
Don't go showing me that,

especially when I'm  
going to the revival.  
You are?  
Yeah.  
Do you want me to come with you?  
Lightning'll strike,  
you get anywheres near it.  
Oh, Vallie, come on.  
He don't like Lisa no more.  
Sure. He don't  
like her so much,  
he only screws her twice a day  
and three times on Sunday.  
You shock me sometimes,  
Vallie Sue!  
You know that?  
You do.  
Wait.  
We have so many temptations  
paraded upon us day after day,  
billboards and bumper stickers  
and televisions  
and T-shirts,  
all leading us away  
from the true path  
of righteousness.  
Now, I saw something earlier  
I found very disturbing.  
I have seen a statue  
in your cemetery...  
of Jesus in cowboy boots.  
Is this the Jesus  
of Matthew's gospel?  
No.  
Of John's?  
No.  
No, no, this is Jesus  
according to John Wayne.  
Beware of false prophets,  
brethren...  
who come to you  
in sheep's clothing.  
Repent,  
and know the one true Savior.

He's talking about you, Loretta.  
You know, I feel  
the Spirit, Val.  
You just feel guilty.  
I can be saved  
just as good as anybody.  
No, you just want  
to get off easy.  
Eh, so's everybody.  
That means that you  
can do anything.  
Well, folks usually do.  
13-35.  
Hey, what's going on?  
Well, you'll never believe.  
Francine's missing.  
What?  
She run away?  
Some say.  
I think she was murdered.  
Murdered?  
Why would anybody kill Francine?  
'Cause she's a slut!  
Sluts always get it  
in the movies.  
Hey!  
You suppose Mickey and Old Ray  
had anything to do with  
Francine disappearing?  
Could.  
They're lowdown enough.  
She said they'd do something  
if she told anyone.  
Pretty strong evidence.  
And what about Tenkill?  
Indians can be mighty fearsome.  
I wish you could help.  
You best stay clear  
of those boys, darling.  
Don't I know.  
Get your ass in there.  
Vallie.  
Stay away from here.  
Car D-25,

code 6, 105 North Avenue, 202.  
It'll take some time.  
To sort through your  
daughter's accusation.  
Gotta talk to these fellas,  
find Mickey  
and look for Francine.  
I can't believe Tenkill  
had anything to do with hurting Francine,  
Sheriff.  
Well, if he didn't,  
Miss Russell, we'll find out.  
Those fellas are  
gonna be as mad as hell.  
They won't bother you.  
I'll make sure of it.  
Talk to you soon.  
Come on. Oh.  
Hey, Ma.  
What?  
Why'd you stand up for Tenkill?  
Known him half my life.  
But I saw him.  
Well, I don't know what you saw,  
but Tenkill wouldn't help  
Old Ray change a tire,  
much less kill somebody.  
Thought you didn't like him.  
Liking's got nothing  
to do with it.  
You're accusing him of murder.  
I can't believe  
you accused Tenkill.  
He wouldn't hurt nobody.  
If I never see him again,  
I won't talk to you no more!  
But...  
See what you done?  
You gotta have sympathy  
for my girl, Sheriff.  
She fell off a pony when she  
was little right on her head.  
Ever since,  
she's been different.

Some of your neighbors,  
I'm afraid, think she's touched.  
Exactly, full of fancy ideas,  
Sheriff.  
Please call me Clint.  
Clint?  
Oh.  
I love that name.  
Reminds me of Clint Eastwood.  
You do, too.  
Hey. I didn't make it up.  
Francine's missing.  
But there is no evidence  
that they hurt her.  
Maybe you dreamt it, honey.  
Dreamt it?  
Sure. Sometimes you get  
disturbing thoughts in your head,  
and you wake up,  
and you think that it happened.  
Right, Clint?  
It's happened to me.  
You are so understanding, Clint.  
You really wallop your head?  
Ma drags that story out  
every time I embarrass her.  
I don't remember any such thing.  
You think you dreamt it?  
I don't know. They do.  
So they let 'em go, huh?  
Yeah.  
Not good.  
Nah.  
They's pissed.  
Well, if it ain't  
our old buddy Vallie Sue.  
I ever tell you how much I love  
the name Vallie Sue, Mick?  
Oh, sure.  
You always tell me  
how much you love Vallie Sue,  
so much you could eat her.  
That's right.  
I'd eat her all up.

Why don't you smile  
for the birdie, girl?  
Hey, you got no right  
to do that!  
Oh, rights?  
Heh.  
We just begun exercising our rights,  
darling.  
Jerks!  
Whoo!  
What'd Ms. Bowes want?  
Uh, She wanted to talk to my mom  
about trying  
to get me a scholarship  
to the Latin School  
in Oklahoma City.  
Well, she'll have to call  
missing persons for that.  
Speaking of missing,  
I saw Francine  
on a missing-person  
poster.  
Oh, no, she ain't missing.  
She just ran away.  
You said she was murdered.  
Daisy Shoop said someone saw her  
at the bus station  
the day she vanished.  
And 'sides, you need a body  
or bloody clothes for murder.  
Why would she run away?  
Well, her father found out  
that she was donating the family  
jewels to the local stud farm.  
Huh.  
You know, she probably  
ran off to Hollywood.  
She always did want  
to be a movie star.  
Either way,  
she ain't coming back.  
That is so cool.  
I'm so happy.  
Hey, what's going on?

You'll never guess.  
Well, if I gotta guess,  
then I don't want to know.  
Lisa's pregnant.  
Pregnant?  
Uh-huh.  
Two months.  
Wow. Well,  
congratulations.  
Whoo!  
Whoo!  
Yeah, boy!  
Hey, Ma...  
Mm-hmm.  
I need to talk to you.  
Oh, I can't talk right now.  
Well, Mickey and Old Ray  
are after me.  
Oh, ignore them.  
They're just trying to scare you.  
Yeah, they're doing a good job.  
They just ran me off the road.  
Oh, what did you expect,  
that they'd love you?  
I don't have time  
to deal with your crazy  
stories right now.  
The Sheriff'll keep 'em in line.  
What are you doing that's  
so damn important?  
I told you.  
I got a date  
with that guy I been seeing,  
the rancher.  
So?  
"So"?  
He's an ex-rodeo star,  
and he's so nice.  
Okay.  
Uh-huh.  
All right.  
What's his name?  
Hooty Hargrove.  
Hooty?

That's his stage name  
or corral name or something,  
but I call him Hoyt.  
That's his Christian name,  
Hoyt Hargrove.  
Ain't that nice?  
Great. Yep.  
Oh, that's him. Okay.  
So you need to stay away  
from those mangy characters,  
you hear?  
Mm-hmm.  
Wish me luck.  
Yeah.  
This guy isn't like the others.  
How so?  
Well... Heh.  
Think he's the gusher she's  
been prospecting for.  
Says he's gonna be our savior.  
Tall order.  
Heh.  
Yeah.  
Hey, look.  
It's Hooty!  
Look at that.  
Hey, Hooty.  
Oh, yes, it is.  
Hooty, how are you?  
Oh, good. Good.  
I'm your biggest fan.  
Boy, I seen you ride  
a million times.  
Yes, he has.  
Ah, thank you.  
Thank you very much.  
Oh, uh, this is my wife, Denise.  
Hi.  
Oh, pleasure.  
It's so nice to meet you.  
I just adore your ads  
for Mammon Meats,  
Mr. Hargrove.  
Oh, well, thank you, ma'am.

We do our best.  
Now, are you a rodeo star, too?  
Oh, no. I'm just  
here with Hoyt.  
Sure looks like  
a movie star, Hooty.  
Yes, she does.  
Ah, she sure does.  
Mr. Hargrove,  
I don't want to put you out,  
but do you mind signing  
an autograph for my son?  
Why, sure. Why, sure.  
I'd be happy to.  
Oh, thank you so much.  
You got it.  
Denise. Mm-hmm.  
It's Denise.  
There it is.  
There it is!  
Would you sign it, too?  
Me? You don't want  
my autograph!  
Yes, I do!  
Yeah, she does.  
She does. Gotta keep  
the public happy, hon!  
Okay.  
Thank you.  
You are such a lovely couple.  
Ah, thank you.  
Do you have children?  
Nah. No. No.  
We don't want no young'uns  
running around here.  
Been there, done that!  
When we had  
a rock-'n-'roll band...  
Thank you.  
That's really nice.  
So nice to meet you.  
Thank you very much.  
Nice to meet you folks.  
You guys have fun now.

Ooh, honey.  
Look at 'em.  
There they go.  
Hooty!  
Vallie...  
did Ma come home last night?  
Nah. Come here, bud.  
That's three days.  
She hasn't never stayed  
away three whole days.  
Yeah.  
Well, she called,  
said she'd be home later.  
This one gonna be our dad?  
I... I don't know.  
If he's gonna be our dad,  
we ought to meet him,  
don't you think?  
Well, he's not marrying us.  
Not too high.  
Hey, look it right there.  
That's that little shit's cat.  
Let's get him, man.  
Whoo! Whoo!  
Yeah, boy!  
Pleasant!  
Wait...  
Vallie...  
Oh.  
Someone killed Spirit.  
Spirit.  
He looks terr...  
No, no, don't touch it.  
I'm sorry.  
It's not an it!  
Okay.  
It's a him,  
and I can't just leave him here!  
I know. I know, bud.  
I'm sorry, okay?  
Look, um, uh,  
go... go get his box.  
Okay, hurry.  
I'm gonna watch him.

We're gonna...  
We're gonna hide him.  
We're gonna properly  
bury him after school.  
Okay.  
And Tenkill can help.  
We... We don't  
need Tenkill.  
We have to do it with Tenkill!  
Okay, okay.  
We'll do it with Tenkill. I promise.  
Go get the box, 'kay, bud?  
Oh, Spirit.  
Well, I think  
that's plenty deep.  
Spirit.  
Do you think there's  
a Heaven, Tenkill?  
Well, I think  
there's a unity in life  
and we share a kinship  
to everything  
that lives and dies,  
no matter how big or small.  
Hey...  
there's a Heaven...  
and Spirit's in it.  
Hi, hon.  
Hi.  
You going somewhere?  
Just getting some things  
to take to Hoyt's.  
I had to wear  
one of his shirts today.  
Can you believe it?  
Oh.  
Yeah, you been there a lot.  
Honey,  
we are having  
such a wonderful time.  
I can't believe it.  
It's so easy.  
Mm.  
Pleasant misses you a lot.

Oh, the sweetheart.  
Mm. Well, you tell him  
that I'll be home  
tomorrow night.  
Hoyt willing.  
You okay?  
Mm-hmm. Yeah.  
I'm doing this for us, you know.  
Yeah, sure.  
Oh, my God.  
You know, Pleasant's  
been spending  
lots of time with Tenkill.  
He has?  
Well...  
Tenkill likes him.  
He'll be all right.  
There's money for groceries  
on the counter.  
See you tomorrow.  
Hopefully.  
Might be...  
Oh, what is that?  
Pleasant, what are you doing?  
Thought I saw a rat.  
Wha... A rat?  
What's the matter with you!  
Get out of there!  
Groceries.  
Oh, yeah.  
What is it?  
Poster about Francine.  
Sweet. What's it  
say about her?  
Read it yourself.  
Writing's too small.  
You can't read that?  
What?  
Hey, girlie.  
Where's your ma at?  
- She's around.  
- Yeah?  
'Cause I ain't seen her  
around lately.

She went off with that  
broke-down rodeo star,  
leave her  
little chickens for us.  
Hey, I ain't no chicken.  
Heh heh.  
Keep that up, chickpea,  
I'm gonna have to squash you  
like that raggedy  
old cat of yours.  
Hey!  
You won't do nothing of the sort, you hear!  
You better leave us alone.  
Come on.  
Come on, Pleasant.  
Come on.  
It's too much talk.  
Hey, buddy.  
Yeah?  
I, uh... I think  
you might need glasses.  
Yeah?  
Mm-hmm.  
Don't know as I want them.  
Why?  
Look at Thurley Breakbill.  
Thurley? Who's he?  
Guy in school.  
Kids put tacks on his chair.  
That's mean.  
Yeah. He jumps a mile.  
And one time, Skeet and Rooch  
gave him the noogies  
with a file cleaner.  
I suppose Thurley wears glasses.  
Mm-hmm.  
Ahh!  
Whoo, yeah!  
All right.  
You... Hey.  
Hell of a shebang.  
Vallie Sue!  
Oh, my God.  
Hey, Vallie Sue,

come on out, little girl.  
What's going on?  
Mickey and Old Ray.  
Come on out with Old Ray.  
Sounds like a rhino is right...  
Shh. No, no, no.  
I know you're in there.  
I smell you, girl.  
Okay. Mm. Mm.  
Slide over in here.  
Where's your mom at, girl?  
Is she still riding that...  
that broke-down old cowboy?  
Ride us, Vallie Sue!  
Come out!  
Ride us like a cowgirl!  
Hey, you fools!  
Do you know what time it is?  
Hey, shut up, you old hag!  
Shut you up  
when I call the cops,  
you lousy stinking swine!  
Come on. Come on.  
Come on, Ray.  
We don't want no more  
troubles with Johnny Law.  
Whew.  
Get off my truck,  
you dumb bitches.  
Go on! Get down!  
Well, look who  
decided to show up.  
Now, don't get frosty, Ashley.  
I rushed.  
Huh.  
It's just Hoyt,  
he won't let me leave.  
It's kind of sweet, you know?  
No. And unless he's paying  
you for your time...  
Ashley!  
You tell him I am  
and you got responsibilities.  
Okay! Okay! Don't get

your feathers up.  
Who's the new stiff?  
"Decedent," please.  
Doris Dinwiddie.  
What?  
I know her.  
Hmm.  
Jeez.  
How'd she go?  
Turned on the gas.  
Oh, no...  
What is that stuff?  
Ah, some of her things.  
Tenkill dropped 'em off.  
She was pretty.  
Mm.  
What are you gonna do with it?  
She got no family I know of.  
Heard she had a son once.  
Yeah.  
Welcome back to...  
Hey, Pleasant?  
We've been discussing...  
Pleasant!  
Where are you?  
...sightings we've  
been having recently.  
Come on.  
Hey,  
Mrs. Stubblefield...  
...how many UFOs and...  
you seen Pleasant?  
No. Ought to be  
home this hour.  
Yeah. I know.  
Well, I'll keep eye out  
for him, though.  
Thanks.  
See any saucers?  
No, but they's out there.  
You have a good night.  
...regarding an alien  
that he had a relation...  
Pleasant, I ain't

messing around!  
Pleasant!  
Over here, Pleasant!  
Pleasant!  
Pleasant!  
Pleasant!  
Hey, Pleasant!  
Come on. I ain't  
messing around.  
Hello, little girl.  
Here, chick, chick,  
chick, chick.  
Where's Pleasant?  
Oh, Pleasant?  
Pleasant!  
Over here, Pleasant!  
Where is he?  
Shh.  
Don't you worry about Pleasant,  
little girl.  
'Cause I'm gonna  
show you pleasant plenty.  
So we got us some settling up to do,  
eh?  
Tenkill.  
Now, we ain't  
bothering you, Tenkill.  
This ain't none of yours,  
Injun. Move on.  
Hey, maybe he wants a piece of her,  
Ray, huh?  
Oh, is that it?  
You just want a piece  
of her, too, don't you?  
Come on over, big boy.  
Yeah, come on, T.  
You know what  
you two remind me of?  
That scum that  
collects on the creek  
where the current  
can't carry it away.  
You don't want to mess with us,  
Tenkill.

No, you don't, Injun.  
Yeah.  
Well, boys,  
even if you two can take me...  
which I don't think you can...  
then you better be  
up to killing me,  
'cause if you leave me alive,  
I'll get a knife or a gun,  
whatever it takes, and kill you,  
everyone near and dear to you.  
I'll erase every trace of you  
from the face of the earth.  
So the question you  
gotta ask yourselves is  
do you want to mess with me?  
What the hell's  
the matter with you?  
The girl almost put you in jail.  
Come on, now.  
What is it?  
You want her all for yourself?  
Is that it?  
Then go ahead.  
You take her, kemo sabe.  
She's all yours.  
Come on, Mickey.  
Come on.  
What the hell's the matter?  
Let's go.  
Val, you okay?  
Yeah.  
All right.  
Good.  
Where's Pleasant?  
He's safe.  
He's at my place.  
He is?  
Yeah.  
All right, now come on.  
Let's get out of here.  
All right.  
I was always scared of him.  
Understandable,

the way your mama  
badmouthed him.  
And he's really, uh...  
He's really...  
Indian.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
The world's damn confusing.  
Hard to know  
what to believe anymore.  
Hey, Vallie.  
Hi.  
I almost got you in trouble.  
Why'd you help me?  
Why'd you get me in trouble?  
Thought I was doing  
what was right.  
There you go.  
Why doesn't my mother like you?  
Well, it's not so much  
that she doesn't like me.  
It's my kind.  
Yeah.  
The Indians.  
Yeah.  
Except rich ones, maybe.  
Pleasant likes you a lot.  
I like him, too.  
You spend lots of time with him.  
Yeah, some.  
Hey, did you, uh...  
give this to my ma?  
I expect I did.  
He's your son, isn't he?  
Heh.  
Why didn't you  
tell us? Huh?  
You're his father,  
and I accused you  
of being someone that...  
Well, I...  
I thought you were  
a bad person. I did.  
Don't make any sense.

Hi, hon.  
Hi.  
Been waiting for you.  
We gotta talk.  
Yep.  
Something wrong?  
Uh-uh.  
Got some good news, hon.  
Oh, yeah?  
Well...  
Hoyt and me's getting married.  
Married, huh?  
That's right.  
Wow.  
That's good, I guess, huh?  
It is.  
It is...  
and isn't.  
Why?  
Well, hon, I don't  
know how to say it,  
so I'll just do it plain.  
Hoyt ain't fond of kids.  
Fact, he don't want any.  
Which is fine by me,  
'cause I done that, but, you know,  
it presents a problem, 'cause...  
'Cause of Pleasant and I.  
Well, yeah.  
What's he want to do?  
Kill us?  
Don't be a smart-ass!  
He don't want no such thing.  
Don't even know about you.  
He doesn't know about us?  
I never told him.  
I just said I was keeping my sister's kids  
for a while,  
you know, for a favor.  
Ma, you don't have a sister.  
Well, that's not the point.  
The point is we  
don't want any trouble,  
so we gotta have a plan, 'kay?

A plan?

Yeah, suppose

you got one of those.

Well, I do. I do.

You sit down, and I'll

tell you that plan.

Sit. Sit down.

All right.

Ready?

Mm-hmm.

Well, you know Tinsy Johnson  
owns the Country Kitchen, right?

Well, she's offered to let  
you stay there for a while  
and to work at the restaurant.

Ain't that nice?

And, you know,

Tinsy's got a son,  
gonna inherit the place one day.

Uh, I don't want  
to work at Tinsy's.

Don't you say that, okay?!

You gotta help me!

You're trying to ditch me, Ma!

I ain't doing no such thing!

I done right by you,

and you're not gonna  
spoil it for me now.

This man is my deliverance,  
and I need something here.

I need something of my own.

Okay.

What about Pleasant?

Oh.

Well, Pleasant...

Pleasant likes Tenkill,  
and, Tenkill, well,

I'm pretty sure  
that he's gonna look  
after him for a while.

Fact, I know he will.

Okay, so you're  
going to split us up.

I'm not doing that.

You're gonna see each other.  
Ma, why can't we just stay here?  
Because if the county  
folks found out  
that you was here alone,  
I'd be in deep.  
Come on, baby.  
Come on.  
You're gonna like Tinsy.  
I promise. Honest.  
And Tenkill is gonna  
protect Pleasant.  
I know he will. He will,  
just like he did you.  
Okay?  
Pleasant, look at you.  
I got 'em,  
but I ain't wearing 'em all the time.  
Okay, honey, but who  
got 'em for you?  
If I tell,  
you won't take 'em away,  
will you?  
Of course not.  
Now, who bought 'em for you?  
Tenkill.  
He took me to the doc.  
He did?  
See?  
Mama knows.  
Why can't you do something?  
Isn't that a shame?  
Real shame.  
I used to watch a lot of  
movies on that old screen.  
All my boyhood heroes...  
John Wayne,  
Burt Lancaster,  
Charles Bronson.  
I dreamed of being  
just like 'em...  
thought if I dreamed enough,  
that it might come true.  
Hell, I just stayed around here.

Pretty soon, I stopped dreaming.  
So you gonna do that?  
Just hang around here  
all your life  
hoping for a miracle?  
I want to go to Oklahoma City.  
Oklahoma City?  
Heh. For what?  
Mrs. Bowes recommended me  
for a scholarship.  
Oh. Well...  
I've got an idea.  
What?  
You know,  
I know this woman in Oklahoma City.  
Heh. She runs  
a boardinghouse.  
It's for Indian kids.  
I bet we could get you in...  
if you was part Indian.  
That could be you.  
Come on.  
Hey, bud...  
Yeah?  
I love you.  
Love you, too.  
Come here.  
You be good, you hear?  
I hear.  
Bye.  
Bye.  
Bye, you.  
You know,  
most folks around Tardust  
thought lightning did  
the old movie screen in.  
Others said Mickey and Old Ray  
torched it for revenge.  
Others, well,  
they thought  
Tenkill got tired of it  
and burned the damn thing down,  
maybe to break its hold  
on Vallie Sue.

But Vallie,  
she decided it was her.  
She willed it to fire,  
'cause it was time.  
And I suppose she could've.  
Anything's possible in Tardust.  
Hey.  
Hi.  
Want a ride?  
Yeah.  
Okay. Hop on.  
Where you going?  
Oklahoma City.  
Whoa.  
I can't take you that far.  
How  
'bout the bus station in Acacia?  
Yeah, I could do that.  
Hold on tight, hon.  
Hey.  
Yeah?  
Don't call me hon, okay?  
My name is Vallie Sue Tenkiller.  
Injun?  
Yeah.  
Anything wrong with that?  
Not a damn thing.  
Oh oh, oh oh  
Oh oh, oh oh, oh  
Oh oh, oh oh  
Oh oh, oh oh, oh  
Feeling like a refugee  
Like it don't belong to me  
The colors  
flash across the sky  
This air feels strange to me  
Feeling like a tragedy  
I take a deep breath  
and close my eyes  
One last time  
Oh oh, oh oh  
Oh oh, oh oh  
One last time  
Oh oh, oh oh, oh

Forever  
I'm getting tired  
of diners and dusty roads  
There's gotta be  
something out there  
God, I hope  
I keep on dreaming about it  
Even though I've never  
been there before  
Wasting time  
at the drive-in's getting old  
Try to forget,  
but this feeling's taking hold  
That I should run, run, run  
To the city lights of gold  
To the girl  
Looking back  
At me in the rearview mirror  
Goodbye  
So long  
I'm going where I belong  
And I'll chase the sun  
across the sky  
Till it disappears beside  
I've been trapped  
in somebody else's world  
But I'm finally  
leaving tonight  
Exodus  
This is my exodus  
I know myself  
But even I don't understand  
Some say I'm crazy  
But I guess  
I'll take that chance  
But I keep hearing  
a far-off place  
Calling out my name  
Gathered my things  
And it's time  
to hitch a ride  
Thought it'd be harder  
But my smile is hard to hide  
I'm finally ready

To fall in love  
with the world again  
To the girl  
Holding back  
Those tears  
in the rearview mirror  
Goodbye  
So long  
I'm going where I belong  
And I'll chase the sun  
across the sky  
Till it disappears beside  
I've been trapped  
in somebody else's world  
But I'm finally  
leaving tonight  
Exodus  
This is my exodus  
Exodus  
Exodus  
Ah, ah, ah  
My exodus Ah, ah, ah  
Ah, ah, ah  
My exodus Ah, ah, ah  
Ah, ah, ah  
To the girl  
No longer  
Looking back  
in the rearview mirror  
Goodbye  
So long  
I've come to where I belong  
And I'll chase the sun  
across the sky  
Till it disappears beside  
I've been trapped  
in somebody else's world  
But I'm finally  
leaving tonight  
Exodus  
This is my exodus  
Exodus  
This is my exodus