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Black Dog

By William Mickelberry

[Man] All right, people.
This is Agent Ford.
We're almost there.
Let's make it count.
This is a surveillance op.
We do not want this guy.
I repeat. Do not let him
I.D. You. He's just the driver.
Eagle One.
Gimme a heads-up.
Eagle One has
target in sight.
Target moving east
on Third. Over.
Roger, Eagle One.
C.P. Is following.
Packages are right there in back.
[Ford] Eagle One, you copy
the black Mustang?
[Eagle One] Roger, C.P.
There's a second one closing in also.
Shit!
[Ford]
He's made us. Maintain pursuit.
Repeat. Maintain pursuit.
Get the plates
on those Mustangs!
Do not lose that driver.
He's our only link to the buyers.
[Horn Blaring]
[Gasps]
- F.B.I.! Freeze! Freeze!
- Don't shoot! A.T.F.!
- Agent McClaren, A.T.F.
- What the hell's A.T.F. Doin' on an F.B.I. Operation?
- And you are?
- Allen Ford.
I'm sensing a lot of hostility here.
There's no reason to get defensive.
You've got yourself a dead driver
and a cute little shipment of guns!
But ya don't have the seller,
and ya don't have the buyer!
All you've done is shown

the man we're on to him.

A.T.F. What does that
stand for, anyway?

Alcohol, Tobacco
and Fuckups?

Definitely a lot of hostility.

[Foghorn Wailing]

[Ship Horn Blaring]

[Man]

Change your nozzle!

Hey, Tommy, you're takin' a little
longer than you should with that!

Let's go! Let's go!

Come on. Come on!

- Come on! Let's go!

- Find out what that problem was?

Supposed to be 3/16ths!

Jeff, do I have to remind you
what happened last week?

Come on, Billy.

Get a mop and clean that up.

- Crews!

- Yeah.

I need this one today.

[Man]

Manuel, main-end rod bearing!

- Mr. Cutler said tomorrow.

- I don't give a shit what Mr. Cutler said.

I got a bunch of loads going out.

I need this one today.

- [Mutters]

- Is that a problem?

Uh, no, sir... Just I told my wife I'd
pick my daughter up from school and...

Well, that's real fatherly of you,
but if you want to keep this job,

you're gonna stay here

till it's finished.

- Hey, Greg, can you give me a hand over here?

- If you need it, it'll be done.

- Mr. Cutler wanted to see me?

- He's expecting you, Jack.

- [Knocking]

- Come in!

[Phone Ringing]

- Yes, sir. You wanted to see me?

- Sit down, Crews.

- You've been with me, what, Crews, three weeks now?

- Yes, sir.

Says here, you used

to drive a truck.

I think, uh, "used to drive"

is the operative phrase.

Come on, Jack. Don't be so modest. Your

parole officer says you could drive...

an ice truck through hell

on the 4th of July.

Bet you miss that life,

don't you?

- Being your own boss and nobody tellin' you what to do.

- Sometimes, I guess.

I bet you miss the money

all the time.

How'd you like a chance

to earn some extra cash?

I got a load I need

brought up from Atlanta.

- Off the books, you know what I mean?

- Sir, if you know I can drive,

you also know that I lost my license

permanently when I went to prison.

The way I see it, you only need

a license if you get pulled over.

You made that Georgia run before,

right? You know how easy it is.

It's 15 hours. Nobody even

has to know you're out of town.

Not even your parole officer. Nobody.

I don't think so.

I'll tell you

what I'll do, Jack.

I know some people. Do this for me, I

might be able to get your license back.

- Job pays 10 grand.

- I can't do it.

[Laughs]

Why don't you sleep

on it, Jack?

Seein' how much you like your job, I'd hate to see you make the wrong decision.

Why don't you check with me tomorrow?

- Federal Bureau of Investigation.

- [Woman] D.N.A. Is a match.

[Man]

One moment, I'll check.

Today!

Today.

- Excuse me, Holly, is this the file?

- Yes. That's it. Yeah.

From now on you'll be working with A.T.F. On this.

With all due respect,

I know we've had our setbacks, but the A.T.F. Directly interfered with our operation.

- What happened was their fault.

- I'm hearing your defensive voice again.

- I am not being defensive!

- You say that whenever you're getting defensive, Allen.

You want me to be defensive.

All right.

You might see yourself

as all over the 6:00 news on this thing,

but the reality is, you're putting a serious operation at risk.

Now, I'm hearing some very real masculinity issues.

What the hell's

the matter with you?

We've got a lead on another shipment.

We don't need this interference.

Allen, this is

hardly my call, okay?

Coordinate your efforts with Agent

McClaren, and you'll both report to me.

That's the way

it's gonna be!

[Man] I agree with you.

Very little I can do.

- [Timer Buzzes]

- Tracy, dinner!

- Hi. What are we having?
- Only the absolute best, homemade.
- Did you wash your hands?
- Yep.
- How's practice?
- Good!
- Yeah?
- Yeah.

Dad, can you help me
with my foul shots tomorrow?

- We have a game on Friday.
- Yeah. You bet.
- I'm not missin' this one.
- [Giggles]

[Crickets Chirping]

You truly are gorgeous.

You know that?

- Do you remember...
- Hmm?
- That night at Grover's Point?
- Mm-hmm.

The thunder...
and the lightning...

- [Together] And the candles.
- [Laughing]

[Whispering]

Be right back.

Foreclosure.

[Whispering]

I wanted to tell you, but I...

thought you should have
some breathing room first.

\$9,000?

After they cut my hours,
I just couldn't make ends meet.

God! Melanie, why didn't
you say something? I could've...

You could've what, Jack?

You were inside.

Look, we'll rent a place back in Newark
till we can get back on our feet.

- We'll make it work.
- No. No.

We moved out of Newark,

so Tracy could have a yard...
and go to a school without
metal detectors in the halls.
We are not going back!
I worked my ass off for this.
I'm not gonna let us lose this house.
Jack, even with what we both
make, we are too far behind.
I was offered
a job today... driving.
One load.
Atlanta to here. Cash.
Melanie, I'll make enough
money to get us out of this.
The last time you said one
more load then we'd be okay,
we weren't.
I can't go
through that again.
[Thunderclap]
[Chattering On Radio]
[Animal Growling]
[Animal Snarling]
[Dog Snarling]
[Tires Screeching]
- [Thunderclap]
- [Panting]
[Jet Engines Roaring]
[Woman]
(music) Tryin' to make a livin' (music)
(music) That's the bottom line (music)
- (music) It ain't easy tryin' to stretch a nickel into a dime (music)
- Appreciate it. Y'all take care.
(music) Scratchin' for a dollar
workin' for the man (music)
(music) Half goes to the landlord
and half to Uncle Sam (music)
(music) I can't get no consolation
I don't get no faith again (music)
- (music) I can't get no satisfaction and my tractor (music)
- King me. King me.
- (music) Ain't gettin' no traction (music)
- Earl back?
[Man]

No.

I need them damn
Sunday throwaways.

You gonna play, or you gonna
do somethin' else?

- You the driver from New Jersey?

- That's me.

- You got a name?

- Jack Crews.

[Hammering]

"And they shall beat
their swords into plowshares... "
Isaiah 2, verse 4.

You read your Bible?

- Probably not as much as I should.

- You try and lead a good life?

When I can.

That's the most
important thing.

- [Engine Whining]

- Excuse me, Mr. Crews.

- Where have you been?

- Puttin' her through her paces.

This ain't
a damn NASCAR rally.

Did you get
my Sunday throwaways?

- You know, it slipped my mind.

- It slipped your mind?

Did you know there's coupons for 50
cents off luncheon meats at Winn-Dixie?

I ask you to do
one simple thing.

Mr. Cutler
sent us a driver.

Earl. Jack Crews.

You'll have to forgive

Earl's manners.

He was hopin' he'd get to drive.

[Chuckles]

- Uh, I'm not takin' that.

- What?

It's brand-spankin' new.

I don't need

that kind of attention.
Junior, come down here
and show Jack Crews a tractor...
that's more to his likin'.
Come on.
I think Mr. Cutler suspects something.
He sent down a new driver.
It don't make a damn bit of difference,
Red. Our deal's with you.
I know that.
Things are gettin' more complicated now.
I'm gonna need some more cash.
You listen to me.

6:

or cash'll be
the last thing you need.
- So, what's it got in it? - 3406
"Cat," turbo-ed, four and a quarter,
- Fuller-Eaton ten-speed, pro-shift.
- Got a Jake brake?
Yep.
- How are the brakes?
- New. Put 'em on myself.
- And the rubber?
- Almost new. Ain't no recaps.
All right. Fire her up.
- Earl's gonna be riding with ya.
- What do ya mean, he's gonna be riding with me?
Somebody has to drive
that tractor home.
Right as rain.
Sonny's here.
I guess we can hit it.
You're late.
Yeah. Yeah, I know.
I may be late, but I'm always on time.
- Hey, Wes. [Laughs]
- Hey, Earl.
- Who's that?
- He's drivin'.
- Since when?
- Since an hour ago.
- Came down from the top.

- From the top of what?

You make him seem like
he's goddamned Moses.

- Don't you take the Lord's name in vain.

- I'm goddamned sorry.

You gonna be sorry. If you don't like
it, Sonny, you can get out right now.

What I don't like is you, him or anybody else
changing the plans every time I turn around.
That's what I don't like.

- I'm Sonny.

- And I'm Wes.

And I'm Jack Crews.

We'll be cruisin' right behind ya.

Cruisin' behind "The Crews. "

What do ya mean,

you'll be right behind me?

- [Red] Protection.

- Protection from what?

It's policy. We send
a car with every truck.

Come on. Let's do it.

[Dog Barking]

- This your dog?

- Tiny ain't nobody's dog but his own.

Easy, boy.

Toilets. Can you believe it?

Five-gallon flush.

- Wanna look any closer?

- I'm just here to drive.

(music) I was born on a bus

they say goin' south (music)

(music) Left at a truck stop

I never knew my mother (music)

(music) And ever since

the highway's been my home (music)

(music) Like a restless wind

I keep movin' on and I (music)

(music) Can't seem to stay

in one place too long (music)

(music) I'm a road man (music)

(music) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (music)

Over there,

you have your starter.

Down there's your clutch,
brake, go pedal.

- Thanks for reminding me.

- Let's see what ya got.

[Engine Starts]

- [Air Whooshes]

- [Sighs]

[Sighs]

[Engine Shudders, Stalls]

I thought

you could drive.

First time.

This driver comin' down,

does that change things?

You're not plannin' on havin' kids,

are ya, Junior?

I don't know.

Find the right woman, maybe.

- Why? - 'Cause you suffer
from a sorry-ass lack of balls.

(music) Well, the midnight headlights
blinds you on a rainy night (music)

(music) Steep grade up ahead

Slow me down, makin' no time (music)

(music) But I gotta keep rollin' (music)

(music) Those windshield wipers
slappin' out a tempo (music)

(music) Keepin' perfect rhythm
with the song on the radio (music)

(music) Yeah, I gotta keep rollin' (music)

(music) Ooh, I'm drivin'
my life away (music)

(music) Lookin' for a better way (music)

(music) For me (music)

"Virgo:

the day to begin...

a business relationship
with a new friend. "

Guess you're
my new friend.

(music) Well, the truck stop cutie
comin' on to me (music)

(music) Tried to talk me into a ride

Said I wouldn't be sorry (music)
We in the middle of committing a felony.
That's what you want to do, litter?
- We're not committing anything. We're just following a truck.
- Yeah, right.
- Ya wanna play Pididdle?
- Pi... what?
Pididdle... Ya see a car
with one headlight, you yell "Pididdle. "
First one to yell wins.
- It's daylight, Wes.
- Ya got a point.
[Laughs]
I got it. Yes.
This is what I do.
This is my passion.
I'm a...
I'm a songwriter.
That's what I do.
Listen to this.
(music) Do you still read my horoscope
in the paper every mornin' (music)
(music) To see exactly what
I'm gonna do (music)
(music) Do you still read my horoscope
in the paper every mornin' (music)
(music) To see if I'll be
comin' home to you (music)
What do ya think?
Uh, I... I don't listen
to very much country music.
Well, I do.
Take my word for it.
This is the beginning
of a good song.
See, a good song has to have
a good hook. That's what it's all about.
You reach out and... and you grab with
"horoscope. " See, you give 'em the twist...
- Pull over, would ya? I gotta take a leak.
- Again?
I got a bladder
the size of a pea.
Breaker 1-9 from 10-36.

What do you want?

[Sonny]

Wes has to drain his lily.

Think I'll hit

the head too.

I'm gonna see if they

got any books on tape.

All that stuff about Moses and all that.

That wasn't personal, you understand.

- No problem.

- I just wish for once these clowns...

- would stick to the plan, you know what I'm sayin'?

- I hear you.

Hello!

- [Chuckles] He... Hello. Come to Papa!

- In your dreams, Wes.

(music) He's been gone

for ten long days (music)

(music) Burnin' up that interstate (music)

(music) He's got a run

from coast to coast (music)

- (music) I got one more night to go (music)

- See, I told you we could play Pididdle in the day.

- What?

- Pididdle, right behind us.

- [Gun Cocking]

- Oh!

What the...

- [Grunts]

- [Glass Shatters]

- [Tires Screeching]

- [Horn Blares]

Ah... Aah...

[Screams]

Oh-oh.

[Both Grunt]

That's D.W. And Leroy

from Red's place.

What the hell

are they doin'?

Now, we got ya.

[Grunts]

- [Grunts]

- [Engine Revving]

- That Red's truck?
- He's tryin' to hijack the load.
Good ol'
Southern hospitality.
Crews?
Huh? Jeez!
What are ya doin'?
[Grunting]
[Grunts]
Oh...
Son of a bitch!
What the hell you waitin' on?
Move it! Move it!
Let's go! Let's go!
Get out of that truck! Come on!
I should've seen this comin'. For all
his talk of Jesus, Red is a greedy man.
[Grunting]
[Tires Screeching]
Sonny, next time he backs off,
floor it. Can you do that?
Okay, I'm gonna try!
Watch out!
- Sonny, now!
- Go! Go! Go!
[Tires Screeching]
- Yeah. You can drive.
- It's comin' back to me.
Damn! Look what he did
to my car, man!
Can't believe this!
Will you look at this!
If people are willing to kill me to get this
load, I ought to know exactly what they want.
"The gates of Babylon
shall not be shut. "
That son of a bitch can drive.
[Red] We're gonna have to work
a little harder to get that load.
- Maybe we ought to give up.
- Junior, never underestimate the power of prayer.
- [Barking]
- Hey, Tiny. Rough ride, wasn't it, boy?
What a surprise.

AK-47, Chinese assault rifles.

Twelve rounds per second.

- One tug on this baby, and it'll cut you in half.

- Box it up.

- [Man On Phone] Yeah, Frank Cutler.

- Yeah, it's Crews.

Hey, good to hear from ya, Jack.

How's everything?

Well, I did have a little
run-in with your friend, Red.

It seems he's tryin'
to hijack your load.

- Is the load okay?

- You didn't tell me I'd be hauling illegal artillery.

Well, the truth is, Jack,
if you wanted to know...

what was in the back of
that truck, you would've asked.

The reason I hired you, Crews, is 'cause
I knew you could get the job done.

But if you can't handle Red,
you tell me now.

I want those guns... tonight!

Now, you just go back and get
in that truck and do the job...

I'm paying you to do, because
I don't think your parole officer...

is gonna be nearly as
understanding as I am.

- You understand what I'm sayin', Jack?

- I'll do what I have to.

- [Sighs]

- [Phone Beeps]

This guy's
gonna be trouble.

- All right, Tiny.

- They hit us once,
they might try it again.

You know, I was thinkin',
we could switch to I-85.

There's a turnoff
about 20 miles up.

That way, if Red comes back,
we won't be where he thinks we'll be.

- Sonny, you ride with me.

- Let's do it.

Crews? Wait a minute!

You think I was in on this?

- Crossed my mind. Yeah.

- I wasn't. I swear.

Red never tells me anything.

You can ask anybody.

Earl, you got that right.

Hey, man, they were

shootin' at me too!

You ever thought about bein'

a professional singer?

Don't.

Did I miss something?

Get in the car, Wes.

- Tried to sing you songs?

- Ugh...

Well, no wonder you want

the pleasure of my company.

[Engine Revs]

[Tires Screeching]

[Ford] Okay, they're

on the move again.

First sign of trouble,

I'm bringing them in.

- There's over \$3 million in automatic weapons on that truck.

- I know that.

Then you know the array of tragedy

those guns are going to inflict when...

- they hit the streets of Jersey?

- I want the man who puts them on the streets.

We don't take him out,

he'll have \$3 million in automatic...

weapons comin' up from Georgia

this time next week.

I mean, that might keep you in a job,

but it's not the solution.

Guy driving is Jack Philip Crews.

Did two years in Bayside.

That sounds like just the kind of man

you want hauling a load of artillery.

No priors. He was released three weeks

ago, early parole for good behavior.

- Looks like he's just the driver.
- What'd he do his time for?
- Vehicular manslaughter.
- Thank you.

[Ringing, Beeps]

- Crews residence.
- Hey, little one.
- Dad!
- So, how was school?

Great. We had a half a day. Are you still gonna help me with my free throws tonight?

Well, I, uh...

I can't tonight, honey.

If I wanna buy you those high-tops, I gotta work late.

But, no way

I'm missin' your game.

- So, can I speak to your mom?
- Yeah.
- Mom.
- Go get your homework started, okay?

Okay.

- Jack? Where are you?
- North Carolina.

Look, I know you didn't want me to do this but...

Melanie, I can't let us lose that house.

I think we both know this is about more than the house, Jack.

It's about you.

[Sighs] Well, I'll be home as soon as I can. I love you.

Be careful.

[Phone Beeps]

[Beeps]

- How long you been drivin' trucks?
- Since I was 18.
- Not much for school, huh?
- Had to make a living.

I was gonna be a football player before I screwed up my knee.

So, now you run guns instead of footballs.

I'm gonna make me
some serious money.

Buy a house on the lake.

Hell, I might even buy me a lake.

Find a nice little honey,
settle down.

- How about you? You got big dreams?

- I'm workin' on it.

[Crews]

Oh, shi...

What's wrong?

There's a weigh station
on both of these roads.

- One of 'em is bound to be open.

- So, we got a 50-50 chance.

- That's right.

- Earl said take 85.

Where the hell is he goin'?

I told him not to take 26.

[Sighs]

[Man] Okay, let's see
your next set of axles.

Hold it there.

Pull forward, driver.

Next two.

- [Engine Idling]

- Gonna go grab a smoke.

Pull forward, driver.

- How are you, sir?

- All right. How are you?

- Okay.

- You know you got a headlight out up there?

- What'd ya do to your front end?

- She was that way when I picked her up.

It's not my usual rig.

Pull up, driver.

Next two.

Hold it there.

[Air Brakes Hissing]

Hey, uh... Bobby Lewis
still work here?

- Big guy. Wrestler.

- You talkin' about Pooh Bear.

- Pooh Bear... Yeah.

- No. He took a private job...
down in Orlando
about a year ago now.
So, you haven't made
this run in a while, have you?
No, sir, not in
a couple of years.
Pull forward, driver.
[Engine Revs]
[Air Brakes Hiss]
- You're right at the limit.
- Aw, you know these guys.
They try to ring
every dollar from a load.
- You pull for this outfit often?
- Not when I can help it.
Got a load of bathroom
fixtures, huh?
Yeah. Toilets.
[Chuckles]
I tell you what. Why don't
you pull up right over there?
And I'm just gonna take
a quick look in the back.
All right. Will do.
Yeah. Yeah.
I'll get back with you later.
Who you talkin' to?
My mother.
Your mother, my ass.
She's in a cancer ward
at Good Samaritan in Philly.
You wanna give 'em a call?
Ask for Nadine Boxer.
Don't keep her on the phone too long.
She doesn't have a lot of strength left.
Here.
Good Samaritan.
- [Sonny] What's goin' on?
- They wanted to take a look.
I've hauled a lot of things, but this is
a first for a truckload of shitters.
Yeah, it smells like somebody's
already been usin' some of 'em.

- [Ringing]
- Highway Patrol.
[Tiny Barks, Snarls]
- Does that dog belong to you?
- No. He came with the load.
- [Snarls, Pants]
- Jim!
- Hey, Jim!
- Yeah!
- I need to talk to you for a minute.
- [Tiny Growls]
You put a leash
on that dog.
[Growling, Snarling]
[Snarling]
- Something is...
- What?
I get the feeling somebody wanted us
to get through here.
That was too close. You played
this thing with no margin for error.
You should always leave a margin.
You've got to have margins.
Do me a favor,
huh, therapy boy?
Work your unresolved stress
out later... in group.
This is a control issue
for you, isn't it, Allen?
This is a surveillance
operation, McClaren.
- There are layers.
- Oh... Layers.
- What else do we know about the driver?
- He works the Jersey docks.
He's got a wife
and kid in Milburn.
That phone call you made
before, that was your wife?
- Didn't tell her you was comin', did you?
- Let's just say, uh,
she doesn't like it
when I drive.
Yeah, well, it must

be nice to be missed.
You got any pictures?
Yeah, I know you got some pictures.
Come on. Come with the pictures.
Ah!
Little girl too.
Nice-looking family.
Can't be mad
at you for that.
[Chuckles]
So, let me ask you
a question, man.
How come you doin' this?
I mean, you know, you got a nice family.
- Must make good money drivin'.
- Know that dream you were talkin' about?
I'm about
to lose mine.
- Tracy, you ready to go to the store?
- [Knocking]
- [Sighs] Who is it?
- Department of Corrections.
[Sighs]
- Hi.
- Hi.
I'm Grady Cooper,
your husband's parole officer.
Could I see
some I.D., please?
- [Chuckles]
- [Gasps] Ohh!
- [Screams]
- [Grunting]
Tracy!
Tracy!
Where are you?
- Tracy!
- [Pounding, Grunting]
Tracy!
Oh!
Let's go. Come on!
[Both Scream]
Go! Go!
Go! Go!

- Stop!

- [Grunts]

Ladies. Let's step
back inside, shall we?

Come here. Come on.

[Lock Clicks]

[Gears Upshifting]

We gonna make it up this grade
with a load this heavy?

It's not the gettin' up.

It's the gettin' down.

Now, check him out. He's cocky
because he's got a light load.

But over on the back side, if he misses a gear
or doesn't brake just right, he's gonna lose it.

- Can't you just hit the brakes?

- Load this heavy, we'd fry 'em.

- What if something jumps out in front and you have to stop?

- You don't.

- What was that?

- A Mazda.

[Both Chuckle]

I shouldn't drink apple juice.

It gives me gas.

You listen to me, Wes.

One fart and you're walkin'.

[Sighs] This guy can't drive.

Now he's slowing down.

Maybe there's a cop.

What?

[Grunts]

What is he doin'?

[Grunts]

[Thudding]

That was no Mazda.

[Grunts]

- [Thudding]

- [Grunts, Pants]

- Pull over!

- I got your game, sucker!

Red's put us in a box. They're gonna try
to pull us over at the top of the hill.

We'll see about that.

Junior, he's pushin' me

up the damn hill!
Ride your brakes.
Ride your brakes.
- [Grunts]
- [Tires Screeching]
Ain't nothin' like
a Caterpillar engine.
Ease up, Crews.
You're gonna burn it up.
[Horn Blaring]
All right. Watch this.
[Tires Screeching]
[Grunting]
[Gasping, Panting]
[Grunts]
[Gasps]
[Gasps, Groans]
If he doesn't catch that gear,
he's outta here!
[Grunts]
- Look out!
- [Glass Shattering]
[Horn Blaring]
[Grunts]
- All right. He's gonna ram us.
- All right. We'll make it hurt a little more.
[Engine Downshifting]
[Grunts]
[Grunts]
[Horn Blares]
Oh!
[Car Horn Blares]
[Grunts]
No... No!
No!
[Screams]
You know what I told you about
gearing down and braking just right.
- Yeah. Yeah.
- Tsk, tsk.
Man, do you put on a show!
I nearly pissed my pants!
We are all gonna die. One of you
is tellin' Red every move we make.

- Sonny made a call back at the scales.
- I called my mother.
- Yeah, right.
- What about you? You had plenty of time to make a call.
If I wanted the guns, I'd have
killed you as soon as we pulled out.
What about Wes?
What am I supposed
to do about it?
- Son of a bitch.
- What?
What did I do?
What did I do, man?
What'd I do?
- You piss too much, Wes.
- I got shot two years ago.
Had to carry a catheter bag
for a year and a half.
So when I say I gotta take a piss, you
can believe that I gotta take a piss.
- Who were you talkin' to?
- I was checkin' my messages. I got a life.
What about Crews? You tell him
to take 85. He takes 26.
- Drives right up to that weigh station.
- Man's got a point.
Believe what you want.
All I know is, Red keeps findin' us, and
it ain't me tellin' him where to look!
Gotta believe me.
I'm on his side!
I don't believe a damn word you say and,
if you ever want to take another piss,
you better convince me now.
[Sobbing]
- Okay! Red paid me to call him.
- Aw, shit!
I told him where we were before.
But this time I told him the wrong way.
He tried to kill me too.
So the hell with him. Please!
Please! Please,
don't kill me! Please!
- Please.

- Get off me!
- Get the hell off of me!
- Back off!
Don't do it!
I'll kill him. I'll kill him!
Put it down, man!
I'll do it!
I'll kill him.
And in the one second it takes
you to turn that gun to me,
I'll blow your ass away.
[Panting]
Go ahead. Shoot him.
- [Phone Rings]
- Crews, tell him to put the gun down.
- [Phone Rings]
- You're gonna die, son. Put it away.
- [Ringing Continues]
- Not me, man. Them!
- What! - Hello!
- It's for you.
Huh?
[Groans]
[Phone Rings]
- Crews.
- Jack, just checkin' in.
- How's the merchandise?
- Still here.
And your friend, Red, is hanging on like
a pit bull. Three of his men are dead.
Look, the Highway Patrol
are gonna be all over this.
You do what you want,
but I am out!
I'm real disappointed
to hear that, Jack.
And there are a couple of people here
are gonna be real disappointed too.
- Jack?
- Melanie?
We're okay, Ja...
You got a real pretty
daughter, Jack.
I believe she's

got your eyes.

You touch them,

I'll kill you.

You just call when you get close,
and I'll tell you where to go.

[Phone Beeps]

- What the hell was that about?

- I'm gonna deliver that truck,
and nothing

is gonna get in my way.

Pull your pants up, Wes.

When you want

the job done right,

you just got

to do it yourself.

The boy never could drive.

[Chuckles]

[Man On Television] Now,

the largemouth bass cannot be coaxed.

He must be aggravated to strike. The trick is
to irritate him so much that he'll take the bait.

- Now, two things work real well.

- [Moans]

- The first is this here rubber worm...

- [Groans]

- I like the floaters myself.

- We're gonna stay off the freeways for a while.

The cops will be everywhere.

Who was that on the phone back

there in the bathroom, Crews?

They've got

my wife and daughter.

We are shutting

this truck down.

There's no confirmation

our vehicle was even involved.

Tennessee Highway Patrol has eyewitness
accounts of four tractor-trailers...

slammin' the hell out of each other
down seven miles of interstate.

Three of those trucks are destroyed,
and their drivers are dead.

We cannot keep pulling state cops off of
this every time they wanna play bumper cars.

You're not stopping our truck
until she's positively I.D.'ed.
I have tried to create
a dialogue with you, Allen.
- Spare us the psycho-babble, will you?
- If you screw this up,
shithead, I am not
goin' down with you!
There!
Didn't that feel better?
All right. Enough!
We have a man
on that truck.
We don't blow that cover
unless we absolutely have to.
[Wes Moaning]
- [Man Chattering On TV]
- I'm tryin' to watch the show.
- [Moaning]
- What? You gotta piss again?
[Man Chattering On TV,
Indistinct]
Let me take this off,
but you better not bug me.
[Wes Moans]
I didn't lie to Red.
I told him where we'd be.
He's comin'.
He's coming!
No, I think
he's already here.
No! Hey!
- [Grunting]
- [Tires Screeching]
Look out!
[Horn Blaring]
We got trouble
on the right.
I got him.
- [Bullets Ricocheting]
- Will somebody shoot back?
Aaah!
- Oh, roadkill.
- Come on, man. Untie me.

- You can use the extra help.
- Shut up!
Come on, man!
Untie me!
Come on.
Come on. Oh!
Ow! Ow! Damn!
- Come on! Let me up there.
- Come on!
- Untie Wes. I think we're gonna need him.
- Thanks, Crews.
- It's Red!
- [Gunshot]
- [Growls]
- Hang on!
[Horns Honking]
[Groaning]
Get him in the back
and check him out!
- [Groaning]
- Son of a...
[Air Hissing]
I gotta get this guy off the back
of the truck. Earl, get up here.
I got it.
I didn't mean for this to happen.
I didn't want this to happen.
Wes! Get a gun
and get up here.
Shoot that son of a bitch!
I can't see him!
- [Growls]
- Stay back!
[Electricity Crackling]
Damn! Damn! Damn!
You're finished, Crews!
Your ass is mine! God!
Sonny, can ya hear me?
Sonny! Hang in there!
Stay with us, Sonny!
Come on! Come on!
[Sonny Groaning]
- How's he doin'?
- He's bad!

- I'm cold.
- You just hang in.
I'm gonna take care
of you, Crews.
I'm gonna take care
of you, man.
You just stick with me
when this goes down, okay?
When what goes down?
[Panting]
They know where we are.
I'm F.B.I.
I know they got
your wife and kid,
but you got a truckfull
of death here, man.
And this shit
has got to stop.
I know that, Sonny.
[Sizzles]
[Sonny's Voice]
I'm gonna take care of you, Crews.
Box it up.
[Sonny' Voice] When this goes down,
you just stick with me, okay?
They know where we are.
I'm F.B.I.
(music) [Earl Humming]
(music) [Humming Continues]
(music) Please believe
you're all I ever wanted (music)
(music) If you should leave
I don't know what I'd do (music)
(music) I'd be like a child
afraid of darkness (music)
(music) The greatest fear I have
is losing you (music)
[Thunder Rumbles]
Hey, Earl, you know that thing I said
back there about you being a singer?
I'm really sorry.
I didn't mean it.
Thanks.
Hey, where'd you learn

the gunpowder trick?

I heard about it
in prison.

You were in prison?

Yes, sir, two years.

- [Earl] For what?

- Vehicular manslaughter.

- That's comforting to know.

- You saw the dog, didn't you?

- What dog?

- The black dog.

You mean like

the Led Zeppelin song?

No, Crews knows what

I'm talkin' about, don't ya?

I've heard truckers

talk about it on the yard.

They say it comes when you've been on
the road too long and pushin' too hard,
when you get greedy.

They say it comes to take
everything away from ya.

And it did.

I was, uh, hauling

a load up from Atlanta...

on my sixth straight

Georgia run.

It was my daughter's birthday, and

I thought I could make it home in time.

[Crews] I was on this long,
dark stretch of I-75...

with nothin' to look at but
the white line when I saw it.

It was in the middle of the road,
comin' straight at me...

with his teeth bared
and red eyes staring.

- [Growling]

- So I swerved to miss him.

- [Tires Screeching]

- Look out!

[Tires Screeching,

Metal Crashing]

And I lost control.

Where do you come up
with this shit?
It's for real, Wes.
Yeah? And I bet you seen O.K. S
and aliens with big eyes.
No, just the black dog.
[Engines Revving]
(music) [Man Singing
Country-Western, Indistinct]
Uh, yeah, is this the F.B.I.?
Okay, listen, I need to talk to an agent
about a gunrunning investigation,
Atlanta to New Jersey.
I'd rather not say. Just let me talk
to the agent in charge.
Look, your undercover agent is dead,
and I have information
about the shipment he was with.
Sonny. I don't know!
He didn't say.
Look, just let me talk to the agent
in charge of the investigation, please.
Oh, forget it!
(music) Then maybe you
don't understand (music)
(music) Oh, we might never be (music)
Well, it's only gonna
get tougher from here on.
So if anyone wants out,
now is the time.
If I stick with you,
am I gonna get my money?
Probably not.
I got nowhere else to go.
I'm out.
Okay,
but there's one thing
I'd like you to do for me.
Appreciate this, you guys
lettin' me leave and all.
Eat shit, Wes.
Crews, good luck!
(music) I gotta tell her
I was wrong (music)

- (music) I gotta show her I still love her (music)

- Did you ever play Pididdle?

(music) I've been drivin'

all night long (music)

[Beeping]

They're heading south out of Richmond,
back the way they came.

- South?

- Unless you, in your infinite wisdom,
know something which I don't know,
I think now is the time.

I agree with Agent McClaren.

We haven't heard from Sonny,

and for all we know,

they've already made the damn drop.

- All right then! Let's go.

- Damn it.

[Sirens Wailing]

[Man On Bullhorn]

This is the F.B.I.!

Stop your vehicle immediately!

- Get 'em up!

- Get out of the cab!

Out of the cab!

Get out!

- Don't shoot!

- [Ford] Get down! Get down!

Get down! Hands up!

Get down!

Hands up.

It's for you.

This is Ford.

- You the F.B.I.?

- Yeah, that's right.

Okay, if you want your guns,

you listen carefully,

and I'm gonna tell you exactly

what I want you to do.

[Man On TV] Punched it,

and I punched out "B."

[Phone Ringing]

Yeah?

- Where's my family?

- They're right here, watchin' TV.

You know, Jack, everybody's always complaining about violence on television. Violence, violence, violence. Violence is not the problem. It's these damn sitcoms. They lie to everybody. They tell everyone that life is nice and easy. And we both know that's not true, don't we? Just let me talk to my wife. Jack?

- Honey, you all right?

- Yeah, I'm okay.

- Tracy?

- She's fine.

Listen, Melanie, you gotta trust me. I'm gonna get you out of this, okay? How you gonna do that, Jack? I got your guns. You want 'em, you're gonna have to come get 'em. Don't you fool with me, Jack!

You do what I tell you to do. I don't wanna say this in front of your wife, but if I do not have my guns by midnight, I am gonna kill her and the kid, and I am gonna do it ugly. No, you're not gonna do that, because you want your little guns too bad. So I'm gonna tell you where to bring Melanie and Tracy, and we will trade my family for your guns. Well, there's always room for negotiation, Jack.

- I'm listening.

- Port Authority dock, south end.

I'm about, uh, two hours out, maybe a little more.

- You be there.

- [Phone Beeps]

You better hope that your daddy
knows what he's doin'.

- Ready for this?

- Let's do it.

Okay.

Come on.

- Dad!

- Don't move, honey. It's gonna be okay.

Where are my goods?

- Earl.

- [Machinery Whirring]

I give you a job.

I offer to get your operator's license
back, and this is how you say thank you?

You let them go, or the whole
load goes in the water.

I can always get more guns.

Can you get a new family?

- Dad!

- Keep still!

- Leave her alone!

- Get your hands off my daughter!

Shut up! Everybody!

Shut up!

- I want my guns.

- I told you not to touch them.

Earl, give Mr. Cutler
some of his goods.

Damn it!

All right, here's the deal.

I'm gonna give you the kid.

Let her go, Vince.

- Let her go!

- [Whimpers]

You tell that monkey to straighten
out that load and put it onto the dock,
and I'll give you
your wife.

[Tires Screeching]

Let's go! Come on!

- Honey, come on. Come on.

- Jack!

Move, move, move!

Up. Up, up, up.
- Ow!
- Move! Come on! Go up!
Stay here. Keep your head down.
I'm gonna go get your mom.
- [Gunfire]
- Keep... goin'!
Aaah! Aah!
[Groans]
- Clear!
- Come on! Let's go!
Grab the other side!
- Come on. Keep movin'. Come on!
- [Melanie] Ow!
- Come on. Move, move, move!
- Let go! Oh!
Move, move, move.
Come on!
Jack!
- [Groans]
- [Cutler Screams]
Jack!
Crews, freeze! F.B.I.!
Put that gun down!
Put it down!
Crews. Come on, Crews.
Let him go.
- It's over.
- [Gaspings]
Jack?
- Oh, my God. Are you okay?
- I'm okay.
- Where's Tracy?
- [Ford] She's okay. Kid's okay.
Thank God.
I love you.
[Machinery Whirring]
[Chattering]
Okay.
Crews. Thanks for
bringing Sonny's body back.
- I know it'll mean a lot to his family.
- He was a good man.
I was in contact with him

on the truck,
and we would have done all right by you,
even if we hadn't had our little discussion.

- What discussion?

- Your husband told us where to find Cutler,
and he brought us the guns.

With the testimony and the extenuating
circumstances, I think you'll do fine on this.

[Avery] I also think we can find
a way to save your house.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Mr. Crews, we were wondering if you wouldn't
mind driving the truck cab to the impound yard.

Can we, please? Can we?

Can we, Dad?

I don't have a license.

The way I understand it
from Agent Ford,
you do.

Thank you.

(music) He drew first
and I shot faster (music)

Easy, boys.

- Hold this. I'll be back.

- I'm a songwriter.

[Earl] That's what I really do
when I'm not drivin'.

Hey, could you get
my book out of my vest?

All this shootin' and such,
I got an idea for a new song.

[Laughs] Well, you know what.

I bet it'll go platinum.

I hope so.

Thanks for stayin', Earl.

Don't mention it.

I reckon it was worth it.

Hey, Dad, look at this.

Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

- [Tracy] Good doggy.

- Hey, Crews.

You mind lookin' after Tiny
till we get all this sorted out?

You got it.
Good luck.
You take care.
Oh, oh, yeah.
So let's go for a ride.
- You're such a good dog.
- We've got a lot to talk about.
I know.
I'm sorry, Melanie.
I love you, Jack.
I love you too.
Does this mean we can all go
to my game tonight?
As long as you think we have time to stop
and pick up a pair of high-top tennis shoes.
[Truck Horn Blaring]
- Oh!
- [Grunts]
Welcome to
the Garden State, Crews!
- What was that?
- The hound from hell.
Brace yourselves.
I'm gonna get us out of this.
- What does he want?
- Me.
You wanna play games,
do ya? You wanna play?
He's comin'.
Come on!
[Laughs, Grunts]
Witness the resurrection,
brothers and sisters!
Witness Jack Crews,
you miserable, low-life son of a...
- [Grunts]
- Hang on, sweetie!
[Crews]
Hold on!
Mine is the kingdom
and the power and the glory! [Laughs]
[Groans]
Come on! You wanna play? I'll play!
You wanna play? Let's play!

"Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death!"

"I will fear no evil!"

[Train Horn Blowing]

Jesus, Jack.

- You all right?

- Yeah, Dad, I'm all right.

[Air Hissing]

(music) Sometimes many miles

may lay between us (music)

(music) But only for the job

I choose to do (music)

(music) And one thought helps me

through my darkest hours (music)

(music) Each mile brings me

closer to you (music)

(music) Please believe

you're all I ever wanted (music)

(music) If you should leave

I don't know what I'd do (music)

(music) I'd be like a child

afraid of darkness (music)

(music) And the greatest fear

I have is losing you (music)

(music) Alone I wandered

through this world (music)

(music) No meaning in my life (music)

(music) Then I found you

and finally saw the light (music)

(music) So please believe

you're all I ever wanted (music)

(music) If you should leave

I don't know what I'd do (music)

(music) I'd be like a child

afraid of darkness (music)

(music) The greatest fear

I have is losing you (music)

(music) The greatest fear I have (music)

(music) Is losing you (music)

(music) It's the kind of night

that dreams are made of (music)

(music) Not a cloud in the sky

and the full moon above (music)

(music) I could swear the stars

have all been aligned (music)
(music) To be leading
to this moment in time (music)
(music) Summer winds
breathin' down our necks (music)
(music) It's too early
to go home yet (music)
(music) I lay my head down
on your chest (music)
(music) And our hearts
are poundin' together (music)
(music) It won't never be
to last forever (music)
(music) Hold me until (music)
(music) We find a way of makin' time
stand still (music)
(music) Don't waste one kiss (music)
(music) Oh, I wanna remember this (music)
(music) Oh, I wanna remember (music)
(music) This (music)
(music) Well, the midnight headlights
blinds you on a rainy night (music)
(music) Steep grade up ahead
Slow me down, makin' no time (music)
(music) But I gotta keep rollin' (music)
(music) Those windshield wipers
slappin' out a tempo (music)
(music) Keepin' perfect rhythm
with the song on the radio (music)
(music) Yeah, I gotta keep rollin' (music)
(music) Ooh, I'm drivin'
my life away (music)
(music) Lookin' for a better way (music)
(music) For me (music)
(music) Ooh, I'm drivin'
my life away (music)
(music) I'm lookin' for
a sunny day-ay-ay (music)
(music) Well, the truck stop cutie
comin' on to me (music)
(music) Tried to talk me into a ride
Said I wouldn't be sorry (music)
(music) Oh, but she was just a baby (music)
(music) Hey, waitress, pour me

another cup of coffee (music)
(music) Pop it down, jack me up
Shoot me out, flyin' down the highway (music)
(music) I'm lookin' for the mornin' (music)
(music) Ooh, I'm drivin'
my life away (music)
(music) I'm lookin' for
a sunny day-ay-ay (music)