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Bullet Head

By Paul Solet

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[heavy breathing]

[thunder rumbles]

[rain patters]

[truck beeps]

[heavy breathing]

[animal snarls]

[footsteps]

[panting]

MAN 1:

Come here.

Yeah.

Good boy.

MAN 2:

Evening, sir.

[metal door sliding closed]

[machinery rumbling]

[animal panting]

[crowd shouting]

MAN 1:

Watch me.

Watch him.

[crowd cheering and shouting]

AUDIENCE MEMBER:

Just do it! Kill him!

MAN 1:

We're the competition.

PIT WORKER:

Good evening, sir.

[barking]

[dog growling]

Sit.

[dogs barking]

PIT BOSS:

Release your dogs!

[dogs snarling]

[police sirens wail distantly]

MAN:

Eddie...huh? Hey.

[car horn blares]

[men shouting]

[loud crash]

Eddie.

Yo.

Eddie.

I don't think
he's listening.

Eddie?

Why don't I hold onto that
for you.

Whole precinct's out there.

But they're looking
for four guys in a Cadillac.

We can split up the money,
just go solo on foot.

You got a 200-pound mag drill
in your back pocket

you been holding
and not telling us about?

The car is hidden from the
street unless they get close,
but we're sitting ducks
down here if they do.

[metal creaking]

Municipal storage facility.

Anyone with a car
owe you a favor?

Short notice,
short money?

Not in my Rolodex.

GAGE:

What the fuck's a Rolodex?

Don't talk for a while, okay?

Watch yourself.

A lot further to fall.

STACY:

Car troubles.

Yeah.

Wild card came up a deuce.
Take us a day
to crack it.
I can make you whole then.
Right. Right.
What'd he say?
He said we're
all over the news.
Told us we're on our own
till nightfall at best,
and that he'd need
at least 50% hazard pay
to think about
sticking his neck out.
He said, "Call back
an hour before sundown."
He'll know if he can send a van,
if it's cooled off by then.
Fucking sundown?
What?
You stupid
piece of shit.
No one told me
there was alarms.
Yeah, that wouldn't
have mattered
if you stuck
with the fucking safe
instead of making a detour
to the pharmacy section
on your own initiative.
I saw an in,
I took it.
Look, I can-- I can flip dope.
That's good loot.
You fucked us!
No. We should have
had pieces.
Pieces? This was a soft in,
soft out.
This is no guns needed.
This is candy from a baby.
You going
to shoot a cop?

I don't know
who I'm going to shoot.
You watch that.
Look, we got the safe
and we got out.
That's a fucking score.
Oh, yeah. Why don't you
tell that
to our wheelman's wife?
I'm sure she'll be
very proud of us.
Maybe you give her a couple
hundred from your cut
for the casket.
Yeah, I-- I didn't need
to bring you in.
To your low-rent
box store job? Huh?
We'll be lucky if we pull
30K from this shit-show.
If you even give us a chance
to fucking crack this safe.
Thanks for the lead, ace.
Fuck you.
Fuck, you're stupider
than your fucking cousin.
Morons.
What?
What the fuck?
He's sick.
Christ.
What the fuck
would you know?
Son, I've spilled more dope
than you'll ever live to shoot.
Look, I...
I just didn't have my wake-up
this morning, all right?
So you figured you'd nab one
while we were on the clock?
Just let me get well.
All right?
Come on, man.
It's...

WALKER:

Your show.
I should let you
fucking sweat it.
It's the small bottle.
It's yellow powder.
Yeah.
[drops bag]
They got a sink
in here?

WALKER:

longer than you have?
Yeah, whatever.
Stay away from
the street-side windows.
And don't go
the fuck outside.
Ah, f...
[panting]
You said this was
going to be easy.
Come on.
Almost there.
[traffic ambience,
cars passing distantly]

STACY:

Sometimes I pretend
the sounds of cars passing by
are waves on some little black
sand beach, far away from here.

GRACE:

You don't have to pretend.

[echoing]:

Let's fly away.
[helicopter flying overhead]
I fucked up.
Taking down rinky-dink scores
with punks that can't keep their
hands out of the cookie jar

long enough to finish
the main course?
I dropped the ball, Walker.
I'm sorry.

WALKER:

I've seen this.
Guys gets shaken up, you know,
partner dies,
their kid gets sick.
Maybe their wife
balls someone else,
and they start making
their own chaos.
Walker...
There are only three kinds
of last score, Stacy.
The kind where you serve life,
the kind where
you're served a bullet,
and the kind--
The kind where you walk away.
Man's got to know
what he is.
Yeah?
What are you?
You know, I did this score
when my kid was little.
Christmas Eve,
I couldn't have been, what, 25?
Pet shop job.
I knew this guy,
he was the manager.
Says there's going
to be 5 grand in the safe.
I guess these places
do good on holidays.
You know, what with the kittens
and bunnies, and all that.
I'm counting on this score
to put something under the tree
for my little girl, so I go,
you know, I crack this safe.
It's a four-number,

mechanical combo.
Eyes and ears only.
I am so proud of myself.
I pull this thing open...
There's nothing.
Not a note.
Turns out this manager's
a fucking degenerate
like everybody else,
and he's already dropped
all the money it at the track.
[door closes]
Remember, my little girl
has been listening
for sleigh bells all week,
so I go looking for
a bunny or a cat to get her.
But all they got left
is puppies and fish.
So I find this fish.
Tropical one.
Beautiful.
Bright yellow.
Different than the others.
Perfect.
I grab the whole tank.
Must've weighed 60 pounds,
cord hanging off the back.
And I'm about to take off.
And I stop and think,
"Am I really about
to walk out of a job
with one goddamned fish?"
So I go fishing.
Long shrimp-looking ones,
leopard-type guys,
big old black ones
with those big bubble eyes.
Just dropping them in the tank
with Yellow.
I'm pretty happy
how this worked out, you know?
I never would've come up
with this on my own.

It would've been a teddy bear,
or a doll if I was
really flush.
But this,
this is inspired.
So I slip in, I set up this
tank right under the tree,
because I just got to see
the look on my daughter's face
when she sees this.
But lugging that aquarium
around is hard work.
I'm out as soon
as I hit the chair.
Then I wake up,
and there's this screaming.
Nothing like that sound.
Sound of your own kid,
just screaming.
[girl screams]
All these fish are dead.
All bloated up
like some East River dump job.
All except
that yellow tropical.
Turns out that freshwater fish
don't make it in the salt.
Me, I'm a freshwater fish.
I know I'm in
the right tank.
Maybe we should go check on
that kid before he, you know,
takes a selfie
up on the roof.
Posts it to Instagram.
Fuck you.
Testost-- Fuck.
[heavy breathing and snarling]
[footsteps]
[dog whining]
[chains rattle]
[doors creak]
[door closes]
Shame.

He's finished.
I'll handle it.
We'll be back
for the count.
[dog whines]
Come on.
[chains rattle]
[thunder crashes]
Up.
Stay.
[footsteps]
[water lapping]
[metallic click]
[electricity powering up]
[electricity crackles]
[man screams]
[dog snarls]
Fuck!
[striking blows]
[striking blows continuous]
[man grunts]
[metallic object clatters]
[sighs]
[low growling]

WALKER:

Walk away.
Nice and slow.
[grunting and snorting]
[barks]
Shit. Run!

WALKER:

Jesus! Fuck! Shit.

GAGE:

Holy fuck.

STACY:

WALKER:

GAGE:

It's coming!

WALKER:

Shut the fucking door.
[panting]
What the fuck was that?
Beware of still water
or a silent dog.
You know, I bunked
with this gangbanger.
He used to fight pits
in Chicago.
So, this guy, he tells me,
the big organizations,
they hop from place to place,
and that someone
sticks around
to put the losers down
when the show is over.
There's a fire escape.

GAGE:

the fuck out of here.
Go back for the money.
Ride knows
where we're at.

WALKER:

here when he comes,
otherwise he takes
the safe,
he tells us it's
in an evidence room downtown,
we don't see a fucking dime.
All right, we hole up here
till the van comes.
Bust out the window
and take the stairs.
Get the safe.
Oh, fuck.

STACY:

GAGE:

What the hell

do you think you're doing?
I'm fucking sick.
And?
And my dope's in the other room.
Did you...?
Did we not almost get eaten
by a giant fucking dog?
[coughs and retches]
Jesus, man.
Fuck you.

WALKER:

Calm down. What the fuck's
the matter with you?
[grunts]
You broke my fucking nose.
I should've thrown you out
of the fucking car,
is what I should have done.
Jesus Christ.
See, now I feel bad.
And he was going for you.
Jesus.
Just try and get in between
a junkie and his stuff.
Fucking hell.
Walker.
[tinkling]
[loud crash]
Jesus.

HANDLER:

Said you had him six months now?

BLUE:

Mm-hmm.
Been letting my little niece
play with him.

HANDLER:

You making a pet?

BLUE:

Could do it.

Big paws.
Mm-hmm.
Raise him right,
could be a wrecker.
If he's game.
You going
to roll him?
Only way to know.
I'll start the work.
[whimpers]

WALKER:

You think I'm helping you carry
that kid down that fire escape,
you're out of your fucking mind.

STACY:

I can fucking carry him.

WALKER:

Bet you wish we had pieces now.

STACY:

Listen, man, I've done
plenty of dirt,
but I ain't shooting
no fucking dog.
[Walker laughs]
This shit's funny to you?
Well, it's just that I've always
known you to be a cat person.
Fuck you.
Back at you.
I'm not.
Not, what?
I'm not a cat person.
You just switched?
I like cats.
I still like them.
I just-- I got a preference
for dogs now, that's all.
It's all right
to be a cat person.
I know it is.

I mean, they're smart,
they're independent,
you don't have to pick up
their shit.

I just-- You know, I had a thing
happen on a job that,
you know, made me re-think
the thing. That's all.

You had another dog thing
happen on a job?

Long story.

Yeah, well, it's not like
we have a paucity of time.

It's personal.

What kind of job?

I told you,
it's personal.

Listen, you know,
being a cat person
doesn't necessarily
make you less of a man.

Will you stop?

You had to be there.

I mean, it doesn't make you,
like, a giant pussy.

Truffles.

It was a truffles job.

Truffles...truffles,
like chocolates?

No, like mushrooms.

The fuck-- You did
a mushroom job?

Not mushrooms.

Truffles.

[laughs]:

What the fuck?

Are you fucking
kidding me?

I'm serious.

I mean, figured dope boys get,
what, 18K for a key of blow?

A kilo of White Alba's will
get you a hundred fucking K.

Fuck.
How did you get
plugged in with that?
I knew this crazy kid
from East Boston.
Used to work in the kitchen
with me in the joint.
Pretty good chef when he wasn't
robbing armored cars.
I finished my stint,
I get out,
this guy is in Gourmet
fucking magazine.
Ah, and he needed truffles.
Yeah. Fifty cents
on the dollar.
But where the fuck
is the product?
It's in the ground.
You got to dig it up.
Except he tells me
about this auction
that they hold
once a year, right?
The fucking thing
is simulcast,
Florence, London, Macau.
Sold.

STACY:

Now, these things get brought
in the country chained
to some ex-Mossad's wrist.
High security.
But the guy that runs
the auction decides
he's going to cut costs.
Puts them in a regular old
storage unit
right here in town.
I case the place.
There's only one guard
on night shift.
Poor bastard humps mail

all day for the post office,
so he's out like a light
soon as the guy before him
takes off.
But I can't for the life of me
figure out
what unit these truffles
are in.
I get this method-out
Bulgarian hacker,
dresses like Obi-Wan Kenobi,
to try and check
client records for me.
No dice, man.
Place is old-school.
Strictly paper files.
I pull a favor with Mr. Clean
and borrow a truck.
I start digging
through this place's trash
for billing statements,
invoices, credit card receipts,
anything I can find
to track these things down.
But this place shares an alley
with a Korean fish market,
and the only thing I'm going
to get out of these Dumpsters
is fucking cholera.
I tell the chef
I'm throwing in the towel.
I mean, this place
is 12 floors, 50 units each.
But he begs me to stay on.
Tells me he's going to pay me
70 cents on the dollar.
So I do a little research,
find out about this guy
in New Jersey.
Crazy South African
living in a shack
way out in the Pine Barrens.
Got that disease where he's got
no hair on his body.

He trains truffle dogs.

WALKER:

Truffle dogs?

Yeah, well, they're better
than pigs

because pigs eat
the things.

Dogs will just dig them up,
as long as you've got food
they like better on standby.

Makes sense.

STACY:

Turns out there's

only a handful

of real deal ace truffle dogs
in the whole fucking country,
and this guy owns two.

Now, as you know, at the time,
I haven't yet cultivated

an appreciation

for the canine species,

but I'm looking at this little
Jack Russell and I'm thinking,
maybe I can make this work.

Get one of those

carrying cases,

like what's-her-name

with the sex video?

Sneak him right into the place
and sniff the shit out.

[barks]

Whoa.

This little bastard must smell
my cat or something,

because he won't even
let me get near him.

That ain't going
to work.

So I have to take
the other one.

WALKER:

there's another one?

STACY:

I already told you.
This guy's got
two of these things.
Keeps the second one
in a big-ass cage
he's got built out back,
because he says
it ain't housebroken yet.

WALKER:

a big-ass cage
for a Jack Russell?

STACY:

No, man.

WALKER:

a hound or something?

STACY:

Mm-mm.
Goddamn standard poodle.
Haircut and everything.
We cover nine floors,
and old boy
is doing his thing,
but he's not getting
any hits.
At this point I'm getting
nervous, you know,
because the morning crew
is going to relieve
Sleeping Beauty
in half an hour,
and Pom-Poms
ain't seeing shit.
And just when I'm starting
to think I got conned...
it's all there.
The goddamn
truffle mother lode.

Come on.
So I give Pom-Poms
his reward,
I start loading these things
out into the hall.
And there's Sleeping Beauty.
I don't know what must've
happened to this guy
at the post office that day,
but the way
he's looking at me,
I can just tell he's getting
ready to put me down.
I mean, I can do a stretch
just fine,
but the prospect
of getting killed
over a bunch of mushrooms?
Truffles.
Whatever.
It's not sitting right.
So I start praying to God.
And the damndest thing happens.
I mean, if I'd have pulled
two .45s,
this guy wouldn't
have thought twice
about peeling my scalp back
right then and there.
But this mailman...
he sees a dog
and he's in the wind.
[laughs]
Come on. That's bullshit.
On my life, man.
Took old boy
straight to the groomers,
dropped \$200
getting his pom-pom fluffed.
Been a dog lover
ever since.
What the shit?

WALKER:

Fucking kid.
[flies buzzing]
[sighs]
[indistinct voices]

STACY:

Kid!
Kid!
Nothing.
What is it?

OFFICER:

Dispatch, this is K-309.
Checking out the municipal
storage facility,
Conrad and Gardener.

DISPATCHER:

Copy unit K9.
Oh, fuck.

OFFICER:

Got a jimmed door here.
Possible signs
of forced entry.
Going to let Charlie
have a sniff around.

DISPATCHER:

Copy that.
I need an additional unit
at Conrad and Berger.
OFFICER [over radio]:
Dispatch, this is car 210
responding.
I'm about eight blocks
from Connie, on Lerner.
I'll head over now.

DISPATCHER:

K-309,
car 210 is en route
to you now.
They fucked us.

The kid fucked us.

DISPATCHER:

Be advised, we are looking
for a late '80s
gold-colored Cadillac.
Castillo suspects are armed.
[huffing and panting]
[growls]
210 is checking
the perimeter now.
Other units,
please stand by.

OFFICER:

Dispatch, we've got possible
activity in here.
Charlie's all fired up
over something.
[growling]
[barks]
Easy. Easy, easy, boy.
Easy, easy.
Good boy, Charlie.
Good boy. It's okay.
Who's a good boy?
You're a good boy.
You're good.

[laughs]:

Hey, good boy.
Good boy, Charlie.
Good boy.
Who's a little boy?
Good boy, Charlie.
You're a good boy,
Charlie.

DISPATCHER:

210, we're all clear in there.
Just Charlie
chasing his tail again.
Copy that.
[loud bang]

GAGE:

Let me in.
[knocking on door]
[knocking persists]

STACY:

What about the dog?
It's out here playing Frisbee
with me.
The thing was half dead
to begin with.
Let me the fuck in.
[objects crash]
Are you rearranging
the fucking furniture?
Look, there's a van downstairs
in a loading dock.
I bet you my whole share
the key's sitting right there
in the dead guy's
fucking pocket.
Okay, let me the fuck in.
You pull that shit again,
you're going to stay out there.
Yeah, whatever.
[dog barks]
[growling]

WALKER:

Shit. Fuck. Shit.
[groans]
Fuck!
Hey!
[grunts]
Oh, fuck.
[barking]
Oh, shit.
[growling]
Run, man. Go.
[panting]
Run!
Fuck. Shit.
[barking]

Kid? You hear me?
Look at me. You okay?

WALKER:

Broke a rib. I'll live.
Help me with the fucking kid.

STACY:

Ah, Christ. Fucking shit.

WALKER:

Hang in there.
We're going to find something
to make you a tourniquet.
Okay?
[barks and growls]
Staunch the flow
and clean it up.
[panting]
Fuck!

WALKER:

Come on!
Come on. Jesus.
Shit.
[distant indistinct chatter]
[dog whines]

MAN 1:

Get the fuck out of here!

MAN 2:

I got-- I got a bag of marbles
around here...
[indistinct chatter]
[dogs barking]
[whines]
That's your prospect?
Uh-huh.

MAN:

I've been working him.

MAN:

Shit. What line he from?

HANDLER:

Scatter-bred.

MAN:

All respect due,
I don't think you want a tot
going 40 pounds uphill
on the Russian.

Do I look like
a yard boy to you?
Take the fucking dog
and put it in the corner.

Come on, boy.

[dog panting]

[growling]

[growls and barks]

[panting]

[barking]

You could call it
if it's ugly.

You can't.

[dog whining]

Shh.

[barking]

Release your dog.

[dogs growling and barking]

[bodies crashing,

flesh tearing]

[growling, flesh tearing]

[dog whimpers]

[body thuds]

Yeah.

No main cables.

Walker knows
a good doctor.

He came up doing cuts
for Chuck Wepner,
so he's seen a lot worse.
He'll get you squared away,
as soon as we get the fuck
out of here.

Sorry about...

Yeah, well...
sorry about your face.
Fucking Weeble Wobble, man.
What the fuck's
a Weeble Wobble?
It's a toy.
Fucking Weeble Wobble,
you know?
Weeble Wobble?
Don't fall down?
Like-- Like a--
Like a Slinky.
Forget it.
Tournament brackets.

WALKER:

Looks like it.
Fucking hell.
What are these? Purses?

WALKER:

Note 25, 50, 100, two.
This is chump change.
Look at this guy.
Was he fighting pairs?
Tough motherfucker.
Jesus.
Nobody wins.

WALKER:

Jesus fuck, this was last night.
Christ, how long
until sundown?

STACY:

Call our ride in 50,
then get out that fire escape.
Yeah, well,
what say you, kid?
Hmm?
Are you a cat person,
or are you more of a dog person?
Dogs.
I used to love them books

when I was little
where they got them
acting like people.
You know, driving around
in cars,
and making deposits
at the bank,
and buying ice cream cones
and all that.
Dad kept on having to whup my
ass for trying to talk to them.
To dogs?
Yeah. I'd see them
tied up outside the store,
and I'd ask where they parked
their trucks.
[chuckles]
I always wanted one,
but Pops said he could hardly
keep us fed.
So I had chickens
and stuff.
You a farm boy?
No, just-- Just country.
A few egg hens,
a busted-ass old milk cow.
I found this one dog by the side
of the road when I was 6.
It couldn't have been
more than a couple years old.
He-- He must've got hit
by a car or something.
His leg was busted up
real bad.
He was a-- He was a shepherd,
I think.
[whimpers]
I knew my pop wouldn't
let me keep him.
The dog catcher
would just put him down.
So I hauled his poor ass all
the way back to this old shack
we had out

behind our house.
And Dad was drinking
so much by then
I knew the toolshed's
the last place he'd be.
But this little dog was crying
so loud from the pain
that first day,
I was sure he'd hear
no matter how loaded he was.
I stayed in there
all night,
petting him and begging him
to be quiet
till he finally
calmed down.
Started bringing my lunches
home from school.
At first all he wanted
was that cheese you peel off.
But a few days in I had him
grubbing on meatballs,
and smiley face tater tots,
and chicken nuggets,
and all that,
like a regular schoolboy.
Had to clean the shit
off his fur every day,
because his leg was still
too fucked to stand up.
But I didn't mind.
Nobody'd ever been that happy
to see me my whole life
as when I walked
in that room.
Tail wagging so hard
against the ground
he's kicking up dust
all over himself.
[door chime dings]
I'd hide food under my bed
to save up for the weekends,
you know,
but it was June already.

Pretty soon school was done.
I busted open my piggy bank,
sold some baseball cards
I had from Christmas
and bought him some food,
but I ran out after a week.
Had to swear I wouldn't come
back to the only store in town
after I got caught
racking Alpo
to convince them
not to tell my pop.
Only one place
left to go for food.
I was having nightmares
just thinking about it.
But the look on that dog's face
after a couple days,
it was like not eating
wasn't the worst of it for him.
Like he thought
he was in trouble, you know?
Like he thought I was punishing
him for something,
and he couldn't figure out
what it was he did wrong.
Started to get this froth
around his lips.
Tail slowing down.
Two more days, and it wasn't
hardly moving at all.
It got so I couldn't
stand it anymore.
Waited till late at night.
Never been so scared
in my whole life.
Took a big old block of hamburger
from the fridge.
Buried the wrapper
with the chickens.
I can still see that dog's face
when he saw me come in with it.
Swear to God he's grinning at me
just like a little kid.

Tears running down his nose,
because he's crying
he's so happy.
Next morning I came back in
from my chores.
Chickens.
They must have dug it up.
I was praying
while I ran.
Like if I prayed hard enough,
everything was going
to be okay.
My dad...
he was waiting for me.
Worst part of it was,
dog's got that same look
he always did
when he saw me come in.
Like he's smiling at me.
Tail just wagging away
in the dust.
[dog yelps]
I was stupid.
[clears throat and sniffles]
Stupid kid.
I'm really tired.
[sobs softly]

STACY:

Yeah, well, what am I
supposed to do,
drag that fucking safe
out of here on foot?
All right. Whatever.
Yeah. Yeah.
Thanks for fucking nothing.
Still too much heat.
Said maybe tomorrow.
Miss January.
Hmm.
Stole her out of my neighbor's
mailbox last week.
[hinges creak]
Those purses

in the other room.

I know, missing
a couple zeroes.

STACY:

Somebody's coming back for this.

It's a lot more
than we got in that safe.

Not too much
to carry out.

I'll pack.

I'll get the kid.

[clears throat]

Fuck.

Might be your lucky day...

Kid.

Stupid kid.

History's a rock.

Can't swim

if you're holding it.

Whenever you're ready.

I'm going to meet you
out there.

Couple more jobs,
then I'm on a plane.

I won't wait.

Not even for you.

[door opens]

STACY:

I'll see you by the sea.

[door closes]

[Walker grunting]

Hey. Hey.

It's okay.

I'm all right.

I'm all right.

[groans]

Show me.

I'm all right. It's--

Fucking show me, Walker.

Fuck. I'm okay.

Here, look.

You fucking

kidding me, man?
What?
I seen a guy in the joint
take a boot party
from the screws,
he looked just like that.
Went to sleep,
he never woke up.
Fuck that. I just need
to sit for a minute, man.
What the fuck are you doing?
I'm calling an ambulance.
Hey.
What the fuck, man?
Solo, you get
out of here easy.
Just go.
Van.
Downstairs.
You heard the kid.
I'll go down there,
take the key off the dead guy,
I'll come back,
I'll scoop you.
Walk through that door,
that fucking dog's
going to eat you alive.
What am I going to do,
sit here and watch you bleed out
into your own gut?
No. I want you to go down
the fucking fire escape,
and walk away.
Listen, man,
people don't recover
from what you got
without a fucking doctor.
Get yourself a ticket.
Shut up.
Get on a fucking plane...
Shut the fuck up.
...and fly to the fucking beach.
What makes you think
I didn't try?

Man, when I walk
past a place,
I clock the traffic
three blocks around.
How far to the street,
how long to the nearest
precinct.
Whether the roof's
softer than the walls,
or if I can cut in
through the joint next door.
I see if the floors
can support a strongbox,
whether I should
load in a drill,
or if there's a pick-point
strong enough
so I can drop the unit
into a car downstairs.
Been the same way
since I was
popping spoilers
off of Supras,
doing housebreaks
through doggy doors.
I packed my fucking bags, man.
I even bought
one of those stupid things
you put on your nose
to keep the sun off.
But all I could think about
when it was time to go was...
how long before I blew it
all to hell.
So I went ahead
and pulled the pin.
Because why the fuck should
I postpone the inevitable?
She's gone, Walker.
Five years fucking gone.
And she said
she wouldn't wait.
All the books you read,
the great romances,

like runaway trains
that roll over anything
that gets in the way.
Didn't you ever think they might
not just be a fantasy?
You know, that you might
be getting in the way
of something
that was meant to be,
and you're just scared
so stupid
you're laying on the tracks
instead of getting onboard?
You know,
but every once in a while
even a degenerate gambler
can tell a guy
when it's time to cash out.
She said...
said she was going to get
a puppy when it came time
Told me I could pick it out
if I was ready to join her.
You said you couldn't leave,
she said she wouldn't wait.
But the way you two of you
looked at each other...
I think you might both
be liars.
We're getting the fuck
out of here.
Both of us.
If you say so.
It's your show.
[chain rattling]
[dog panting]
Up.
Sit.
[door closes]
Oh, fuck.
Oh, Christ.
Jesus.
Jesus.
[growls]

Easy.
Easy, boy.
Easy.
Easy.
[growling]
Easy.
[barks]
Shit.
[loud crash]
Fuck.
[breathing heavily]
You got to be
fucking kidding me.
[distant bark]
Oh, shit.
[sniffing]
[growls]
[barks]
[glass shatters]
Aah!
[barking]
[panting]
[footsteps]
[dog sniffing]
[sniffing continuous]
[footsteps galloping]
[loud crash]
[growling]
[loud crash]
Fuck.
[growling]
[groans softly]
[growling]
[dog whines]
[whimpering]
[dog whining continuous]
Fuck.
Easy, now. Easy, boy.
Easy. Good.
[loud crash]
We cool?
Walk?
Guess you really are
a dog person.

[laughs]
Let's get you up.
Come on.
Here, sit down.
Sit down.
Sit down, all right?
[groans]
Day we're having,
that'll be the wrong key.
[keys rattle]

STACY:

Come on, goddamn it.
All right. What's behind
door number two?
[door rumbles open]
Cops?
Bird's gone.
You sure you don't want
to stick around?
Yeah.
Right, let's do it.
[grunts]
Oh, boy.
You know, I'm thinking
maybe I'll retire.
Guy once told me there are only
three types of last score.
I've been wrong.
Okay.
Come on.
That ain't our ride.
Walker!
Walker.
Go!
Walker.
Fuck. Come on.
Come on.
Walker. Walker.
Fuck.
[gunshots]
Fuck!
[machine-gun fire]
[Stacy gasps]

Oh, fuck.
[inhales and exhales]
My mother had a garden.
It wasn't much more
than a sandbox, really.
But it was hers.
Bluebells growing there.
Beautiful.
Our neighbor had a dog.
Spanish mastiff.
Big bastard.
Did whatever the hell
he pleased.
Kept on coming into the yard
and digging up those bluebells.
[sighs]
My mom would cry each time.
She'd go out,
try to fix the mess,
put it all back together,
start fresh.
But that dog would go
and do it all over.
I went to talk
to the owner.
I asked him please to keep
his pet out of our yard.
He was a big guy,
even bigger than the dog.
And I was just a boy.
Well, this mastiff...
[laughs]
...he went and did it again.
And again, and again,
and again, and again.
[grunts]
So you know what I did?
I shot him.
The neighbor, I mean.
You see,
a beast cannot
be expected
to understand
private property.

But a man,
even a stupid one,
knows the difference
between mine...
and yours.
Like that bag
you got under there.
And what I'm guessing
you got inside it.
Motherfucker.
[panting]
[screams]
Shit.
[panting]
Whoa!
[gunshots]
[gasps]
[groans]
[gunshot]
[groans]
[light bulb buzzes]
That mastiff
I was talking about...
I took him in.
Dogs been a hobby of mine
ever since.
I find them fascinating.
As many ways
as we are different,
just as many
we are the same.
But here's this thing
I noticed.
An old dog been doing
something a while,
it becomes
almost automatic.
Like when you are making
the same drive home every day
for 20 years,
and the car just drives you.
Let me put it simply.
You know how it goes
teaching an old dog new tricks.

What they don't tell you
is why it never sticks.
You see, an animal been acting
a certain way for a while,
it gets to be
all he knows.
And even if that behavior
isn't working,
even if they are eating
pieces of the carpet,
or chewing up your shoes
and shitting out the laces
until their guts are so tied up
in knots they are half dead,
you reach a certain point...
Well, it ain't
unheard of for a bitch
to stop eating shoes,
but I ain't never seen it,
myself.
It's not that
complicated.
A dog that fights
is a fighting dog.
A man that steals is thief.
You want him to stop...
there's only
one thing to do.
[footsteps]
[whimpering]
[whines]
Well, look at you.
[whimpering]
Come here, boy.
[sniffing]
Come here.
Yeah.
Good boy.
Good boy.
Look at you.
Come here, boy.
Come here.
That's it.
That's it. That's it.

[panting]
Fuck you.
[growls]
[screaming]
[gunshot]
No!
[gasping and panting]
Don't!
[gunshot]
[growling]
It's okay.
It's okay, now.
It's okay.
[whines]
You're a good boy.
You're a good boy.
Good boy.
You're a good boy.
[children shouting]
[seagulls squawking]
["Every Day Will Be Like a
Holiday" by William Bell plays]
Every day
Will be like a holiday
When my baby
When my baby comes home
Now she's been gone
For such a long time
Ever since she's been gone
She's been on my mind
I got a letter today
Just about noon
She said, "Don't worry
I'll be home soon"
And every day
Will be like a holiday
Oh, I know it will
When my baby
When my baby comes home
I'll never
Have to worry
About sitting
By the phone
When she gets here

I'll never be alone
She said she'd get here
Sometime today
I know when she gets here
She'll never go away
And every day
Oh, yeah
Will be like a holiday
Oh, yes, it will
When my baby
When my baby comes home
Oh, every day
Will be like a holiday
Oh, yes, it will
When my baby...
[choral singing]
[dog panting heavily]