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Carjacked

By Michael Compton

My dad used to call me Klutzy.
This one time he took me
to a shooting range
and I dropped the loaded pistol
and it shot his best friend
in the butt.
And so all he could say was,
"Well, Klutzy's gone
and done it again."
How did that make you feel?
Not so good.
Not as bad as the guy
that got shot.
Anyway, Gary picked up on it.
And after that
we'd all get together
and they would trade
Klutzy stories.
And of course there were
a lot of them.
I don't know what it is
about me.
You know, I really... I try
but I always mess up.
I always mess up.
Don't you think, Daddy?
Hello.
Hi Grandma.
No, she's sleeping.
Uh-huh.
Okay.
It's out.
Good night, Grandma.
Everyone is here
because of mistakes they made...
myself included.
That really doesn't make me
feel any better.
Well, at least you know
you're not alone.
You're right. I'm sorry.
Lorraine, you're apologizing again.
So I hear that Gary has filed
for sole custody of Chad.

Yes.
Mommy, ice cream. Mom.
Mommy, ice cream.
How are you feeling about that?
Helpless.
Angry?
Guilty.
Why guilty?
Because it was
my responsibility.
Do you think it's your fault?
Well, I guess so.
I can't blame Gary.
I can't go blaming
the ice cream man.
I'm the one who let him
run out in the street
and nearly get hit
by an ice cream truck.
It's not about blame, Lorraine.
It's about coming to terms
with your anger.
You have a right to be angry.
Who are you angry with?
Myself.
Anyone else?
It's like...
it's like Gary said...
it was on my watch.
Gary was the one
who deserted you and Chad.
That doesn't give me an excuse
to be careless.
Lorraine, you fell asleep after a hard
day's work. That's not a crime.
Well, it is in the military.
They can shoot you for it.
Is that what you want?
Get me a gun.
I'll shoot you myself.
Okay, Betty, we've talked
about these outbursts.
It's okay. it's not her fault.
You have your own pain, you know.

We all do.

You know what?

You know what your problem is?

You're too nice.

She's too nice.

That's what her problem is.

I mean, look at you.

After all the stuff that
that jarhead did to you,
you still can't even say
a word about him.

Look, she's still wearing
the bum's ring.

Betty.

- Listen... and he's not a jarhead.

- Yeah, he is.

No, he's not.

He's an army sergeant.

And it was my dad
who was the marine, remember?

You know what?

GI, jarhead, daddy, husband...

what's the difference
when you're still taking orders?

I mean, correct me if I'm wrong,
but didn't Sergeant Gary
get court-martialed?

He ought to be in jail.

You know what?

Don't be a wimp, Lorraine.

Who cares if you have
the right to be angry?

Just be angry, for God's sakes.

- Come on, Max.

- See you next week.

- Bye, Mrs. Burton.

- Bye, Sal.

Mom, I thought you quit.

I did.

Let's go get some pizza.

You got enough money?

Sure Mom's got some money.

Okay, come on, hon.

I'm playing my game.

No, Chad, you've got to come inside
with me, all right?
I want to beat this level.
All right,
but you stay in the car
where I can see you.
- Okay.
- All right.
Thanks, Mom.
Look at 'em.
Some guy probably ran a red light
and got the whole force after him.
But where are they when you need 'em?
That's what I'm saying.
Hey, in my line of work
they're my best friends.
Yeah, you're right.
But I bet you've got a better friend...
under this counter here, huh?
Have a nice day.
A lot of creeps out there, huh?
Would you like something else?
Uh, yeah.
A pack of American Spirit blue, please.
Okay.
- Thank you.
- Thank you.
Here you go, bud.
I thought we were gonna
get pizza.
It is pizza, sweetheart.
Real pizza.
It is real pizza.
You'll see, it's good.
Oh Shit.
Mommy, you said "shit."
Don't say "shit," honey.
I didn't say it. You did.
I know, I know, I know, I know.
Okay.
We need gas again?
Yes.
I forgot gas.
How much?

Yeah, let's see.
Hold on.
\$65, please.
Excuse me.
Hey.
I'm sorry.
Yeah, I know.
I'm sorry, Gary. Please.
Listen to me.
Why are you doing this to me?
I can't do this, okay?
I can't do this.
Chad's waiting for me, okay?
Okay.
I mean it, Gary. Stop.
Please stop.
You're the one who left me,
remember?
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Are you ready for pizza?
Do we have enough for Roy?
Who's Roy?
Oh please.
Oh my God, please don't hurt us.
Please get out of our car.
I'm not gonna hurt you.
I'm not gonna hurt your boy either.
We don't have any money.
We don't have any money.
- Believe me, we don't.
- I don't want your mo... shh.
I don't want your money.
You got a car, don't you?
Just drive.
Nice and easy.
Just drive.
Sure you want to get
such a good look at me?
May be healthier not to.
Oh man.
Oh God, you're bleeding.
Huh?
- On your hand.

- Mm-hmm.

There's a first-aid kit
under the seat in the back.

What?

I have it in case
there's an accident or...

It ain't my blood, lady.

Whose blood is it?

Oh, it's just general blood.

Like an army general?

You're funny.

You got a cute kid here.

My daddy is in the army.

No way.

Where's he at tonight?

He's at home.

We just stepped out
to get something to eat.

Oh yeah?

What did you guys get?

Mind if I take a look?

Check it out...

two whole mini-pizzas.

You were planning quite a feast
for the three of you, huh?

Could have invited the neighbors.

Just kidding.

You see that park
up here on the right?

Want to pull over there, please?

Okay. Oh man.

That's good.

Hey there, bud.

I'll be back in a jiffy.

It's gonna be all right.

Oh my God.

Yeah, it's Roy.

Did you make it there all right?

What?

Fuck.

God damn it.

Same shit happened to me.

There's roadblocks everywhere,
all over the goddamn place.

No, you stay there, all right?
It'll take me six hours.
I'll be there.
Stay there.
Yeah.
It's okay. All right.
Hey, bud, why don't you
hop in the back seat, all right?
Go ahead.
Get on in there. Yeah.
There you go.
Nice and clean.
Now we're one big,
happy family, huh?
Where are you taking us?
Well, it's more like
where you're taking me, huh?
You know how to find
the highway from here?
Um, I think so.
Do you know how to find the highway
from here? it's a simple question.
Yes, I do.
Sorry, I just...
my shrink tells me I have a hard time
dealing with ambiguity.
That means let's cut the maybes,
the I-don't-think-sos, the probablys.
You know what I mean?
- Mm-hmm.
- You understand?
I do. Actually it's really funny,
because my therapist says
that I am too ambiguous.
I am too ambiguous.
Let's just go to the highway.
Right.
Mommy.
Yeah, hon?
Are you crying again?
- Who's crying?
- Mommy's crying.
I'm not crying, honey.
I think you're right, buddy.

I think your mom is crying.
Now why are you crying?
Chad says you're crying again.
Why would he say that?
- What's your mom's name, bud?
- Lorraine.
Lorraine? Holy shit.
Mommy, Roy said "shit."
- Don't say "shit," honey.
- Now you said it.
I'm sorry. I apologize.
Lorraine... you know,
such a beautiful name.
I had a very special woman
in my life named Lorraine actually.
Really?
She had an intimate relationship
with my backside in my formative years...
yeah, her and her little
hickory stick.
Never mind there, buddy.
You wouldn't understand.
But that's my tale of woe.
We've all got 'em, right?
Yeah.
- It's a joke.
- What?
Lorraine, "backside, tail"...
- You get it? What's that called?
- Yeah yeah, I get it.
A pun.
- Huh?
- It's called a pun.
- A pun, yeah.
- Yeah.
You're right.
You've got a smart mama there, boy.
I hope she's a better mom
than mine was.
Mom wasn't nice to you, huh?
I'm sorry.
Just find the freeway, okay?
Yeah, okay.
Um, there's a roadblock.

- You see that?
- Yeah. Oh yeah.
And that's for little old me.
So I'm gonna turn around, okay?
No, I want you to do
what I tell you to do.
I want you to relax
and drive the car.
So why don't we be the nice little
happy fake family that we are?
And we'll go through smiling, okay?
Just relax.
Just drive.
Easy, Lorraine.
Evening, folks.
What's going on, Officer?
We've got a couple bank robbers
on the loose.
Don't be alarmed.
We got them bottled up.
You folks heading out of town?
Um, yes.
Where to?
We're just going a couple exits
down the highway
to that new steak joint.
You been there?
Yeah, it's pretty good.
Look, I'm gonna need
to see your ID.
Yeah, no problem.
Do you have a description
of the robbers, Officer?
Maybe we've seen something.
There's not much of one.
Two white males...
one medium-build, one heavysset.
What did they do?
Walked into a bank in broad daylight
and took a whole bunch of money.
We've only got one witness who saw
anything. it's the sheriff's deputy.
He's in the hospital right now
getting bullets taken out.

Oh, one of them shot him?
Jesus. it's too bad.
So is he the only one
that got shot or... ?
No, we think we got
one of the bank robbers too.
I guess you used to be
in the military, huh?
Can't say I blame you
for letting it grow.
Yeah.
Is there anything else
we can do for you, sir?
Yeah, there's just one thing.
You know you're breaking
the law, don't you?
Your son needs to be
in a seat belt.
Oh. Chad, what did I
tell you, buddy?
Are you gonna give us a ticket,
Officer?
- You gotta put your belt on.
- Not right now.
Little man, do me a favor. Make sure
that seat belt's buckled at all times.
Yeah, we got it.
I'm sorry, Officer.
You folks have a good night.
Thank you.
Drive.
Why did that officer think
I used to be in the military?
Did you?
Maybe he could tell.
That's a theory, Lorraine,
except I never was in the military.
Let me show you something.
This is my ID.
Not a bad shot, huh?
I want to see yours.
Oh, my... no.
It's such a terrible picture.
I hate it so much.

Yeah, but I want to see it.

Oh, here we go.

Come here.

What have we got here?

Aha. Hey, little man,
who's in that picture, eh?

That's me and Mommy.

- And?

- And Daddy.

And Daddy.

Not me.

- I'm sorry.

- Well, I think I'll be in charge
of the family finances
from now on,
except there's no cash.

You've got no credit cards.

What do you guys do for money?

I don't get paid till Friday,
all right?

Well, that seems weird.

So what do you do Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday...

all the days... ?

- We get by.

- Get by on frozen mini-pizzas
is what you get by on, huh?

You could buy a loaf of bread
and a jar of peanut butter for Chad

- with all the money that it cost for...

- Are you questioning
how I feed my child?

- Whoa, put your hands on the wheel.

- I'm sorry. Okay.

- Control the goddamn car.

- Okay.

Are you forgetting what this is?

No.

Who do you think has control
of this situation, huh?

You do.

Well, that's good
you know that.

It's strange, 'cause a guy

with a deadly firearm in your car...
I thought I set
the ground rules for you.
But your mom... she's a bit...
loopy.
She's forgetting some details.
- I was just trying to...
- Well, now you're a little fuzzy
on the details, so what I want to do
is start over and lay them out for you.
As long as I'm in this car,
there's gonna be no more crying,
lying or chit-chat.
You understand me?
Fine. You're just not
understanding what I'm sa...
Uh-uh, that sounds like chit-chat,
Lorraine.
We just covered that.
If you take me where I gotta go
and you don't lie,
everything's gonna be fine.
You and your boy will be safe.
This is what we call
a little grace period
and it starts now.
What have you got
in that pocket there?
What?
Now don't play innocent
with me, Lorraine.
In your little pocket.
What?
Oh. I... I quit.
I'm trying to quit.
- Sorry, buddy.
- It's okay, Mom.
- Have one. It will calm your nerves.
- No. No, thank you.
- How about you, bud?
- No.
I'm kidding.
You're not gonna be a smoker.
It's a horrible habit.

What?

You're a beautiful woman.

You seem a little sad though.

I bet you clean up real nice.

Looks like we're running out
of gas.

So why don't we stop?

We've got a long trip ahead of us.

Well, as you have seen,

I don't have a dime.

- Yeah, no shit.

- Mommy.

Sorry. That's two strikes for Roy.

I'm sorry.

I'm rather flush at the moment,
so it shouldn't be a problem.

Let's get some gas.

Hi.

Let's go to that diner over there.

- Are you hungry, bud?

- Pardon me.

I'll get you whatever you want.

What do you like?

I want chocolate milk.

Chocolate milk, huh?

Let's go over here, Lorraine.

And pie... he likes pie.

That's a lot of sugar, but okay.

Let's get some burgers too, huh,
with some pickles, some ketchup?

Can I still have
the chocolate milk?

Sure. I told you,
whatever you want.

I have to go to the bathroom.

Come on, buddy.

Okay, well, Chad is gonna...

he's gonna stay with me.

We're gonna order our food,
right, bud?

Be quick, all right?

Come sit with me, bud.

Lorraine, we'll be right here,
so hurry up, okay?

Oh my God.

Shit.

You want a pork rind?

Don't hurt my mom.

- I'm not gonna hurt your mom.

- Are you listening?

I'm listening to you.

I'm not gonna hurt you or your mom.

You've just got to do what I say
a little longer.

Hancock... near Hancock.

Off Highway 61.

I need some help, please.

- What city, please?

- I don't know what city.

Can you speak louder?

I can't hear you.

What?

Hold on.

- You play baseball or what?

- Tee ball.

Tee ball? What position?

You don't know?

Your dad never told you?

What's he doing... this guy?

He's got to step it up a notch.

Me... I played second base.

So if you want to hit

those home runs,

you've got to get ready.

You've got to wait for that pitch.

Bang!

A mile away.

You see that thing go?

Come on, you try.

You try.

You're a righty, huh?

All right, now you want to wait
for that pitch.

It's all in the hips.

Look at that pitcher in the eye.

Three, two, one.

Boom! Whoa.

See, now that would have been

a home run, buddy.
Don't forget
what I taught you, okay?
Your mom's awfully slow,
isn't she?
Let's go see what's going on.
Lorraine, how is it going
in there?
- I'll be right there.
- Lorraine, turn the water off.
We've got to get moving here.
Hello. Um, is this 911?
- This is Information.
- Who are you calling?
- Wait, it's not 911?
- No, this is Information.
Hello? What?
Oh my God.
Oh my God.
Are you talking to somebody
in there?
Hold on.
Oh my God.
Oh my God.
All right, you've got 10 seconds
or I'm taking Chad with me.
Okay okay.
Hey, Lorraine,
how are we doing in there?
Oh.
Yeah, we're gonna
leave you behind.
What the hell are you doing
in there, Lorraine?
Excuse me.
I was praying.
Mm. Good, huh?
Mm-hmm.
Sure you don't want
a burger, Lorraine?
I'm not hungry.
You don't know what
you're missing, Lorraine.
These are truck-stop burgers,

right?

None of those prefab fast-food crap,
right, bud?

You've got a good boy here,
Lorraine.

Look, how about
some French fries?

At least have a fry.

You've got to eat something.

Come on.

You need to eat something.

Thank you.

Yeah. Here.

It's pretty good.

What is that?

- Huh?

- Under the bag.

Oh, show your mom.

How about that, huh?

Amazing.

You can get anything
in a truck stop these days,
even love, so I'm told.

Well, he already has one.

His dad bought it for him.

Actually you're wrong about that,
'cause I asked him. He doesn't.

I'll see you in a bit.

I'm going up front, buddy,
going up front.

Jesus, Roy.

So remember

when I told you we had
a long drive ahead of us?

You never asked how far.

Well, I figured you'd tell me
if you wanted me to know.

You're in control

of the situation, remember?

Good girl.

You're learning.

Basically I've got a rendezvous
with a partner of mine
about 350 miles away.

You think you can make it there
with no hiccups,
no speeding tickets?
I think so.
I mean, yes.
Definitely yes.
- You're a fast learner.
- Yeah, thanks.
Slow down, Lorraine.
What are you doing?
There's a cop behind us.
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.
I'm nervous.
God damn it. Just take it slow
and calm down now.
We got lucky.
Oh, he's pulling somebody over.
That dude is wasted.
How do people go and drive
in that condition, you know?
It amazes me.
You're awfully self-righteous
sometimes for a bank robber.
Really?
Oh, I didn't know
that in the ground rules
I asked you to comment
on my character.
Sorry.
But I'll let it slide.
It's funny... it reminds me
of that shrink again.
I mean, he called me
a rigid moralist.
How about that...
a rigid moralist?
Well, if you really want
my opinion,
I mean,
I'd say you have
sociopathic tendencies maybe,
but, um,
I don't really know
what a moralist is, to be honest.

Well, it means that I have
a very strong, strict code
for what's right and wrong.
It means I don't deal
with compromises.
I don't accept them.
I believe what's right is right.
It's funny, you know,
'cause all these people out there...
they think if you're a criminal,
- you don't have any morals.
- Right?
It just isn't true.
It's garbage.
I mean, you look at all these
law-abiding people everywhere
and they don't know morals
from molasses.
And then these people...
they think, "Oh, I'm gonna play it safe
and I'm gonna do it this way."
And that makes them feel righteous.
They're nothing but sheep.
I think I'm a sheep.
What?
You think I'm a sheep?
Um,
no, I think you're a whole other
class of something else.
I think things got twisted up
for you.
You don't know
which way to jump.
That's what I find.
Tell me about your old man.
What's your tale of woe?
No tale. We're divorced.
So you divorced him
and he's not getting any tail, right?
Get that?
- "Tail"... you see what I did there?
- Yeah, a pun. I get it.
It's funny.
Yeah, it's funny.

Did he ever hit you?

Did he ever hit you?

Once.

Well, see, there you go.

You do know right from wrong,

'cause you didn't take it.

You left.

You took your boy

and protected him and yourself.

What else is there?

I think I've taken very good care

of my boy, you know?

Now why would you care

what I think?

- I'm a criminal.

That's what I am, right?

You care what a criminal thinks

of your parenting skills?

- That's a little crazy.

- Yeah.

This is nice, you know?

It's nice to just be able to have

a conversation with you.

I think the more

you get to know me,

the more we get along.

I think what it all

boils down to

is I like talking to you.

I haven't had that in a while.

So...

when are you gonna let us go?

I mean, you're probably gonna

let us go soon, right?

Huh.

Talk about the fickle females.

I mean, here we are.

We've just... kind of just had

a great conversation.

I'm opening up to you.

- I'm feeling kind of vulnerable and...

- No, that's not what I meant.

- That's not...

- Well, Lorraine, you do me right,

and I'll send you
and your boy off
with a smile
and a fond farewell.
But you do me wrong,
and you and little Chaddy
are really fucked.
Are you threatening my son now?
I'm threatening you
and your son.
- You got your brights on?
- No.
Well, just slow down.
I think there might be
a speed trap up ahead.
Hello. Lorraine.
Hello, crazy woman.
Lorraine.
Don't be a wimp, Lorraine.
Who cares if you have the right
to be angry?
Just be angry, for God's sakes.
Lorraine, I said slow down.
Damn it.
Come on.
Come on, honey.
- Come on, come on.
Oh God. Help!
Help!
Lorraine!
Help!
- Come here.
- Chad, Chad!
- Get up.
- We're just playing tag, buddy.
- Run! Chad, run!
Get up.
What the fuck
are you trying to do?
Huh? What did we
just talk about?
- Don't hurt my boy.
- What did we just talk about?
- Don't hurt my boy.

- Mommy.
Listen to me.
I thought you maced me
back there.
Is that Binaca?
I didn't even know
they still made that.
Fucking... I smell like
a fucking candy cane, Lorraine.
Thanks.
Let's get back to the car.
Come on.
Hey, Chad, you're gonna
get in the back, okay?
Mom's up front with me.
I'm gonna drive.
- Okay, go ahead.
- I'll get him.
You get in. You get in.
Your mom's a real pistol, huh?
A real pistol.
It's okay.
Okay okay okay.
- Okay, let's try this again.
- Oh my God. Okay.
So I've got about 250 grand
and another 350 and some change
waiting for me
at the end of this road.
Good for you.
So if I get away with this,
I've got everything to live for.
If I get caught,
I've got nothing to lose.
I have to go to the bathroom.
Can you pull over, please?
No, we were just there.
You should have gone there, bud.
- I'm sorry.
- I have to go.
Please just pull over and I promise
I won't give you any more trouble.
You always say that.
Here, little buddy.

Got a cup.
I've done it before.
No. No no no.
Honey, put on your earphones.
Pay attention to your video game.
We'll stop soon, all right?
You can hold it.
We're not stopping, Lorraine.
I'm betting we are.
Okay, you want to bet?
Let's do it. Ante up.
- What?
- I've got 550, a little more,
saying that we're not stopping.
What have you got?
I don't want your money.
What are you gonna bet, Lorraine?
You've got to put something up.
I have nothing.
That's not necessarily true.
Okay.
Okay, how about this?
If I win, you let us go.
And if I lose,
I won't be any more trouble.
Hmm, that's what
you said before.
You already lied once to me.
And now your jacket's buzzing.
- What the hell is that, Lorraine?
- I don't...
- Lying to me again.
- I don't know what that is.
- Give me the goddamn phone.
- Stop it.
Who's calling?
- Who is it?
- Gary.
- Gary? Who's that?
- My... my ex-husband.
- Hello.
- Give me the phone.
Hey. Gary?
Well, yeah. Hey. How are you?

This is John.
Yeah, Lorraine's here,
but she's a bit tied up right now.
Is it true you've got this
little pee-pee the size
of a baby gherkin?
'Cause Lorraine told me you did.
And unfortunately
I was thinking about that.
Being a divorced man and all,
and you're going out,
probably trying
to meet some ladies.
Uh-huh.
Well, that's...
that's kind of insulting,
since we've never met.
Why don't you listen to this, Gary?
This is the sound of you
being tossed out on your ass.
Why did you do that?
All right, bud, you can go
take a leak now if you want.
It's okay, hon. Just stay right outside
the door, okay, so Mom can see you.
- Yeah, be safe.
- Just stay right close to the car, okay?
Me and your mom are right here.
Good boy.
Yeah, just right there.
Listen to me.
I want some answers
and I want some fucking answers
right now.
You had a phone in that bathroom.
You were at the gas station.
Did you make a call?
- Did you make a phone call?
- Yes. Yes, I did.
Who did you call? Gary?
That fucking prick?
- No.
- Who? You call 911, the police?
No.

So who'd you call, Lorraine?
I'm not fucking around any more.
I tried to call 911,
- but I didn't. Instead...
- Don't lie to me.
I am not lying, I swear.
I promise you that I called 411.
And the operator" she asked me
what city I was in
and I didn't understand
what she was asking me
and I got confused.
I tried to call 911.
It didn't work.
So you're telling me
you called 411
instead of 911.
- Yep.
And then you're telling me
that you forgot to turn your phone off.
- Yep.
- Well, you're a fucking train wreck.
Maybe you don't want me
to let you go.
- You must really like me.
- I'm done.
Hey, bud, come on back in.
- Come on, hon.
- Come back in. Come on.
You feel better?
- That's my boy.
- All right, let's keep going here.
Okay, baby, why don't you
lie down and get some rest?
Okay, Mommy.
Are you into politics, Lorraine?
Like which way do you vote?
I don't know.
I voted the way
Gary wanted me to.
Well, that's silly.
You don't have your own opinions?
I wouldn't let you do that.
I'd want you to do what you want to do.

You know what?
You're right.
I need to be more in control.
I'm gonna make some changes
when I get home, I'm telling you.
Well, if everything
goes to plan for me,
I'd like to make
some changes too.
You should, you know.
Settle down.
Find someone to settle down with.
Get yourself a nice wife
and a boy of your own.
Is that an invitation?
I'd love to have my own family.
I'd love to have a little boy
like Chaddy back there.
Yeah, I want three girls too.
Man, if I had
three little daughters,
I would protect them so much,
they'd never have a worry in the world.
I'd raise my boy
to be real strong
so after I'm gone
he'd look after them.
You ever been to Mexico?
Tijuana once.
That's a shithole.
No, I'm talking the real Mexico,
up in the mountains" pueblos.
I mean, it's cool. it's dry.
The air is crisp.
I always wanted to go
to a pueblo.
You know, in fourth grade you build
those sort of clay models.
And I used to pretend I was one of
the guys in there and I lived there.
And the people are so great
in the pueblos.
I mean, it's the opposite of
what we were talking about earlier.

And talk about living...
I mean, a man with a little money...
we'd own that town.
I mean, we'd have a big house,
hunt and fish
and drink tequila every day.
Come wintertime, we could also
drive down to Cabo San Lucas
and get a big villa on the beach,
even have servants.
Wouldn't that be something?
Yeah.
And you don't have to worry
about the language,
'cause most people
speak English.
Oh really?
I actually always wanted
to learn how to speak Spanish.
I always wanted to travel too,
but then, I don't know,
I guess I got married too young.
I was even gonna go to college,
but my dad said
I was too dumb and too pretty.
Are you really going to Mexico?
You're not getting it.
We're going to Mexico.
I...
We're going to Mexico,
Lorraine.
I can't.
Roy, this is crazy.
I can't go to Mexico.
I can't take Chad there.
I mean, we have a whole life here
and he's just...
Right, yeah, a big life...
You, Chad and all those
frozen mini-pizzas.
I'm trying to give you
a way out, Lorraine.
What's going on with the car,
Lorraine?

- Oh God.
- Hold on.
- Oh God, oh God, oh God.
- Let me pull over. Hold up.
We've got to stop for gas.
- We have half a tank.
- No. I know.
There's water in the tank.
I mean, it's run out,
but when it goes...
the gauge goes down to half,
it means...
it starts to sputter and then
we have to stop for more gas.
It's a pain in the ass, I know.
So why didn't you
just get it fixed, Lorraine?
You're pathetic.
Okay.
What the hell are there so many kids
out here for, Lorraine?
It's nightttime.
Maybe it's a field trip.
Stay in the car.
Hey, bud, come here.
- It's time to go to the bathroom, okay?
- I already went.
I know, but you're
gonna go again.
Now you listen to Mommy and promise
you're gonna do what I say.
- Okay, Mommy.
- Okay.
Get in the car, Lorraine.
Chad has to go to the bathroom.
Hey, buddy, come on out.
You gotta go to the bathroom
again, huh?
You got some bladder on you.
You go straight there
and you come right back, okay?
Mm-hmm.
Your mom's gonna wait here.
Go for it.

Why don't you get in the car,
Lorraine?
Do you want my balloon?
Come on, man, don't talk to her.
Just go to the men's room.
You can have it.
You don't need that balloon.
We've got to get moving soon.
There you go.
Motherfucker.
I know you're mad.
I'm... I'm sorry, Roy.
Look, I promise
it's not what you think.
Okay? Gary doesn't
give a crap about me, you know,
but he really cares about Chad.
If he was with us, he'd have
every cop in the country after us.
Fuck you, Lorraine!
I'm sick of your goddamn lies!
I'm not lying.
I didn't do it.
- You know what? Fuck you.
- I am not lying.
You've been fucking with me
from the beginning.
- No, I haven't.
- I told you what you needed to do.
- I just wanted my son to be safe, okay?
- Be a good girl
and I would have kept you and him safe.
You know what?
No more Mr. Nice Guy, okay?
- Come on.
- No. No.
Come on, Lorraine.
You don't trust me, huh?
- You're going in the fucking trunk.
- Listen to me.
You're going in the trunk.
You're going in the fucking trunk.
- I didn't want my boy to get hurt.
- That's it.

No. No.
Little bitch.
Roy! Roy!
You fuck with me?
Everything was fine.
Everything was fucking fine,
Lorraine.
How's the trunk
back there, honey?
You could have been nice
and cozy up here with me.
I fucking warned you.
I warned you, honey.
Yeah, keep banging.
Keep banging.
You bang your car all you want,
you fucking bitch.
You just pushed me.
She just...
I mean, who are these fucking people?
I just picked the wrong two people.
You make all the noise you want,
Lorraine. I can't hear you, all right?
OW.
You had to fuck it up.
Jesus Christ.
Come on, buddy.
Let's get you home.
There it is.
There it is.
- What the fuck, man?
- What are you doing?
I thought I had the wrong house.
Taking a crap, man, you know.
What I've been through
getting to this fucking place.
Jesus Christ.
Tell me what happened with the money?
Why did you go to the steel mill?
I mean, it's kind of like home.
You know, it's empty.
Freaking cops everywhere...
what do you want me to do?
What, man?

Are you stoned?
I'm not stoned, man.
No, not at all.
You're wasted, huh?
I am not wasted.
Got too much to do tonight.
All right.
Oh. Oh God.
Don't hit him, Lorraine.
He's already dead.
No! Roy!
- I wanted you to have some company.
- No!
No-0-o!
Roy!
Roy, no!
No.
Please.
Please, Roy.
Roy, please.
Let me out. Roy.
Excuse me, do you have
a phone, please?
- What city?
- Whitfield County.
I'm looking for the Whitfield County
School District headquarters, please.
One moment.
Okay, do you have a pen?
- The phone number is...
- Go ahead.
Thank you.
Please deposit 50.
I'm sorry.
I hate to bother you again,
but I'm having a little trouble.
Can you please give me
I can't give you change
unless you buy something.
Buy something?
You don't understand.
I don't have any money.
I don't want change.
You said you needed change

for the phone.

Yes, I want 50.

Okay, fine.

Here, 35, okay?

If you can spare it, I need to make
a phone call. it's an emergency.

What kind of emergency?

It don't cost nothing to dial 911.

Jesus Christ.

Whoa whoa, you don't need
to take the Lord's name in vain.

- Here's your 50.

- Thank you.

Have a blessed day.

- Whitfield School District.

- May I help you?

Yes, I'm trying to find my son.

He got on one of your buses by mistake.

Which school
does he attend, ma'am?

No, he doesn't
go to school. He's...

I'm sorry.

He's not one of our students?

No no no.

Listen, it's hard to explain.

One of your buses
was at a truck stop
on Highway 61
early this morning.

There were a bunch of kids.

I think they were on
a field trip or something.

Okay, did you get
the bus number, ma'am?

No, I didn't get
the bus number.

Jesus, how many buses
do you have out that time of day?

I just started my shift

I'm so sorry. I'm upset.

I lost my kid.

I don't know what to do.

I'm sorry, ma'am.

What was his name again?

His name is Chad.

One moment, please.

- Ma'am, are you still there?

- Yes. Yes, I'm still here.

Did you say Chad?

Yes.

Seven years old, light hair?

Yes yes.

You have him?

- Ma'am.

- Is he all right?

- Yes, ma'am, he's fine.

- Oh, thank God. Thank God.

We turned him over to the Whitfield
Country Sheriff's Department.

Would you like
that number so you can call?

Yes, thank you.

- Thank you.

- Thanks.

I need another 50.

Yes, hello.

I'm trying to find my son.

His name is Chad.

This is his mom.

Hello hello.

You got anything to eat
around here?

Honey, when are you gonna let me
take a picture of you?

Why?

'Cause I want Santa to know exactly
what I want for Christmas.

Now why would I want
to be with you?

'Cause I'm funny,
financially stable
and I've got a very interesting
DNA structure.

I'll get you a seat. Take your coat off.

You look like an Eskimo.

Well, it's cold in here
because of you, baby.

Oh Jeez.

- Hey hey, take these.

- Lord, are you trying to kill me?

Maybe, if you don't
give me some.

How's everybody doing?

Yes, hello.

I'm trying to find my son.

Hi, Mommy.

Hi, honey.

Is that you?

Are you all right?

Uh-huh. But man,
that was a long bus ride.

It's so good to hear
your voice, sweetie.

Mommy's gonna
pick you up soon, okay?

- I love you so much.

- I love you too, Mommy.

Put the deputy back
on the phone now, okay?

Okay.

Ma'am, this is

Detective Walsh again.

If you give me a location,
we'll send a car to pick you up.

Yes, hold on.

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

Where are we, please?

Imperial Diner and Truck Stop,
Highway 61,
just north of the I-20 junction.

We're at the Imperial Diner
Truck Stop, Highway 61,
just north of the I-20 junction.

Okay, and can you give me
a name and a description
of the man you say attacked you?

Okay, his name is Roy.

He di... I don't know his last name.

He was about 5'10", I guess,
medium build, brownish eyes,

shaggy brown hair

and dirty jeans, sweatshirt.

Ma'am, there's one other thing.

Because of your record...

- My record?

- Yes, ma'am.

The recent complaint

filed by your husband.

- My ex-husband.

- Yes, ma'am.

We'll have to turn your son over to
the Department of Children's Services.

What? We were carjacked.

Well, I understand, ma'am,

but when a child is abandoned like that,
the state feels

it has to investigate.

Excuse me, the state felt?

How about how I felt?

I thought he was going to kill us.

- I'm sorry, ma'am.

- The report's already been filed.

I did not abandon my child.

Do you hear me?

You have no right to say that.

I did what I had to do

to protect him from that lunatic.

Oh my God, he's right outside. He has
a woman and a little girl with him.

- I didn't get that, ma'am.

- Could you repeat, please?

- He's here.

- The carjacker... he's right outside.

- Are you sure it's the same man?

- Yes, of course I'm sure!

- Okay, you just stay calm.

- We've got a car on the way, okay?

It's too late. He's getting in a car.

He's getting away.

Is it a Chevrolet or a Ford?

What kind of car is it?

Which way is it headed?

Ma'am, are you there?

- South.

- Can you describe the car, ma'am?

- It's... it's a car.

- Ma'am, just calm down.

It's being followed

by a beat-up green Bronco.

Damn!

Hello, peaches.

Bitch, what are you doing?

Psycho!

Psycho bitch!

Shit.

- What's your name?

- Kristen.

Kristen, I'll let you go

as soon as I get to where I gotta go.

We don't have much further.

All right, should be

another couple of exits

and we'll be there finally.

- So how old are you, little girl?

- It doesn't matter.

You want to tailgate me or you want
to pass me? What are you doing?

Shut up.

God damn it.

What the fuck?

Shut up.

Let them go, Roy, now!

You point a gun at me...

I point a gun at you.

Shut up, God damn it.

Don't point that fucking gun
at me, Lorraine.

I'm gonna blow

your fucking head off!

Oh God.

Lorraine.

Let's go get that money.

What money?

The money at the sugar mill!

Lorraine, let me explain, all right?

Maybe if you just listen to me.

Argh!

- God damn it.

- Forgive my outburst,
but I have a problem
dealing with ambiguity.
That means no maybes, shoulds
or I-think-sos.
Get it?
- Do you?
- Yes!
Now get in the fucking car.
All right.
It's good to get angry, Roy.
Drive!
Get out.
Where's the money?
This way.
Relax.
You want to fuck with me?
Is that what you want to do?
Fuck you.
Yes.
I want my fucking money.
You've got to be
fucking kidding me.
Stop, Roy.
Just stop.
What are you gonna do, Lorraine?
Are you gonna run me over, honey?
Give me my fucking money!
Come and get it.
Fuck.
Show me your hands!
Get out of the car.
What happened?
There was" there was a man.
Shots fired.
Requesting immediate...
Roy, let's stop this, okay?
You want to keep playing
with me, huh?
- Is that what you want?
- No.
No.
What are you looking at, huh?
Are you looking at his gun?

What are you gonna do?
Are you gonna go for it?
Why don't you try?
You're not that far.
Look, I'll make it
easier for you.
Did that feel good?
Now you're even closer, aren't you?
What, are you a foot,
maybe two feet away?
You can make that.
Come on, honey, you can do it.
You can make that.
You know what?
Fuck it.
I guess Mexico is out, huh?
On the matter of
the custody of Chad,
I find that Mr. Burton has not shown
any convincing evidence
as to the child neglect
on the part of Mrs. Burton.
- Therefore she will retain custody.
- But Your Honor, you don't...
And frankly, Mr. Burton,
considering your recent legal troubles,
I am amazed
that you had the chutzpah
to even bring these charges.
But I must commend you
on getting a good job
so soon after your
court martial.
And you can share your good fortune
by paying Mrs. Burton
\$400 a month in child support.
\$400? She just got
a \$20,000 reward
for that bank robber
she supposedly caught.
She ought to be paying me.
I can make it \$500 if you like.
Is there anything
you'd like to add, Mrs. Burton?

Yes. Thank you, Your Honor.

I'll be going by my maiden name now...

Miss Serrano.

Right you are, Miss Serrano.

Good luck to you.

Court is adjourned.

Mommy!

Hi, buddy. Hi.

Love you so much.

- Oh, be careful.

- Who's ready for some pizza?

Hey, Mom.

Can it be real pizza?

Oh, I think you can have
all the real pizza you want.

Why do you say that?

I dropped one of my
earrings down
near the end of your bed
this morning.

It would have rolled
right underneath
if that big duffle bag
hadn't been there.

What about ice cream?

You want ice cream
instead of pizza?

No, ice cream and pizza.

- How about ice cream pizza?

- And root beer.