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Crazy Heart

By Scott Cooper

Jack, you bastard.
Fucking bowling alley.
Jesus god.
Bad Blake, welcome to Pueblo.
I'm proud to meet you, sir.
- Hi there.
I've listened to you for a long time.
Good trip?
- Long, but good.
Played Clovis, New Mexico last night.
Pretty country. Glad to be here.
There's the bandstand.
I'll speak to you later. Good to have you.
Makes my day. There's no smoking in the alley...
but you can sure finish that one.
I'll take a McClure's up, with
a beer back, darlin'.
\$ 4.75.
- It's on the tab.
No tab.
I'm Bad Blake darlin'.
I'm the band.
Jimmy? Tab?
Mr. Blake.
We have a nice room
for you at the Starlight Inn ...
and of course your meals are covered...
but I'm afraid you can't
run a bar tab.
It's in the contract.
Mr. Greene, of Greene and Gold...
put that in himself.
-Did he.
Yes, sir.
If you and Jack have an agreement,
we're gonna have to stick to it.
Don't worry about it. How much?
\$ 4.75.
Mr Blake, let me offer you all the free bowling you want.
Hold that, would you?
Hey Ben, Jack here.
Listen, I didn't want to tell you 'til you finished the swing...
but the label cut "So sweet so bad".
But that fucker's still selling.

It was slowing down a lot.
The chains don't want it any more.
Plus Tommy Sweet's got 9 albums out.
What about his new album?
I finish in two weeks. I can get right to it.
Tommy wants to know if you
have new material.
New material?
You know I don't.
Nothing wrong with the old stuff.
Tommy thinks he's leaning
too heavy on the old stuff.
He doesn't want people thinking
he's riding the gravy train.
That son of a bitch...
has a lifetime pass on the gravy train.
Hey Bad, who's asking who for a record?
Jack, you jerkoff, when you get your ass
to Clovis, New Mexico...
and play in a bar or a fucking bowling alley...
get up at 5am and drive 300 miles
with hemorrhoids so bad...
its feels like you got fire ants up your ass...
THEN you can tell me about the gravy train!
You and Mr. famous Tommy Sweet.
Both of you try that some time!
Why don't you sit down
and write some songs?
Keep talking, keep talking. Jesus God.
What's the matter, can't do it anymore?
I'm tired of listening to your griping and everything.
Jack.
You go out every night drinking...
Hey, hey, listen to me.
I'm 57 years old ...
and I'm broke.
I got \$10 in my pocket.
I sent you money
when you were in Texas.
So spend it wisely, my friend.
Yeah, fuck you. Goodbye.
Thanks a lot.
Mr. Blake?
I'll be god-damned, it really is you!

I can't believe it.
Bad Blake in my store.
I'm Bill Wilson,
I'm a big fan.
Here's your McClure's.
I try to keep track of
what the stars drink.
Hey, you know what, my wife, Beverly ...
is one of your big fans.
She'd die if she knew you were here.
We're going to the show tonight ...
and if you could sing "I Don't Know" for Beverly ...
You got it.
- It'd mean the world to her.
"I Don't Know" for Beverly.
You can count on it.
Come here.
I wanna be able to tell everyone
I bought Bad Blake a drink.
You're kidding.
- No.
Thank you.
"I Don't Know" for Beverly and Bill.
- Yes.
Ok. Hold on.
Hi Mr. Blake, I'm Tony.
"Tony and the Renegades",
your band for tonight.
Yes, of course.
We're setting up in the bowling alley ...
and were wondering what
time to start rehearsing.
As soon and as often as you can.
That's the secret.
Mr. Blake?
Sorry to bother you ...
but what time are you coming over?
I got some sheets here
if you can read music.
Chord charts if you can't.
Here. This CD's for you.
The whole kit. The playlist's in there.
Watch your hand.
I'll meet you there.

You guys go on
Mr. Blake, it would mean a lot to us
if you'd come over a little early ...
and go over some leads.
- Leads?
They're paying you more than me.
Maybe you could show us some of the
old stuff Bad Boys used to play.
You taught Tommy Sweet to play, right?
Listen to CD. Listen good, and uh...
go over those sheets.
I'll be there in about an hour ...
gonna grab some supper
- Thank you, Mr. Blake.
I didn't think you'd show.
Boy, I've played sick, drunk,
divorced and on the run...
Bad Blake hasn't missed a show
in his fucking life.
And now I'm playing a fucking bowling alley,
backed by a bunch of hippies.
You sure they ain't
paying you more than me?
Come on, showtime.
Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome to The Spare Room ...
The wrangler of Love,
Mr. Bad Blake.
Go to C.
Now F.
Hey Mr. Blake ...
all right man?
Yeah, I'm good.
- We're back on.
It's great to be here in Pueblo
with you all tonight...
If I've learned anything, it's to
give you people what you want ...
otherwise you won't want it ever again.
Here's a song I hope
some of you will want.
It goes out especially to
my dear friends Bill and Beverly.
God bless you.

Here we go.
Thank you Pueblo, thank you.
Drive safely. God willing
we'll get together soon.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the star of the show ...
the legendary Bad Blake.
Good night.
That's very good.
Very good.
Been a long time since I played
with a good piano player.
Thanks, Mr. Blake,
that means the world to me.
I'm Wesley Barnes.
- Mighty fine, Wesley.
Worked before?
- When I was a kid.
I just do this for fun...
and a coupla extra dollars.
I finally found someone on the road
who really is good. It'll be a pleasure.
Can I ask a favor Mr. Blake?
Bad, buddy, Bad. What can I do for you?
I hate to impose,
especially since we just met ...
but I have a niece who's a writer...
Trying to be. She writes local,
here in Santa Fe.
It's not the New York Times or anything...
but she writes about music ...
and you would love to interview you.
I haven't done one for years, but yeah...
you send her around.
I'll be glad to help her out.
Great!
Shall we play a little?
- Yeah, we can play some.
Mr. Blake?
Who the hell are you?
I'm Jean Craddock Sun Scene...
I'm Wesley Barnes' niece.
I'm here for the interview.
I just had a shower,

and I'm having dinner.
Sorry, I'll come back.
When's a good time?
No, just wait outside.
Let me get my clothes on.
All right.
Jesus God.
Be right there!
- All right.
Come on in.
- Sorry, I should've called.
No pictures.
You want some steak, or...
potatoes?
- Maybe later.
Which?
- Pictures. Maybe on stage?
Oh, that'd all right.
- All right.
You don't want a roll or nothing? Sit on down.
- No, thank you.
All right.
Do you mind if I eat?
- No.
Tape recorder okay?
Go ahead.
You always dress for dinner?
So...
how did you learn music?
My daddy. He had this old...
Washburn steel string.
He couldn't play it.
So I picked it up and started
fooling with it. Guess that's how.
Right, and what were you listening to?
A bunch of people you've
probably never heard of...
Lou Lubella, Scottie, Emmet Miller ...
the Georgia Wildcats.
Ever heard of them?
No, I've never heard
the Georgia Wildcats.
No, I didn't figure you had.
How about Hank Williams, Gene

Autrey, Waylon and them boys?
Right, Lefty Frizzel.
Want a drink?
- No, thank you.
So you said ...
you feel like your music
is influenced by the Blues?
Sam Howes, Big Bill Broonzy...
- We all owe our existence to them Delta boys.
Ever want to do something else?
I played baseball. I was
pretty good, too...
but for a while there I couldn't
hit the curve ball.
I decided to stick with the guitar.
And stayed where I was supposed to.
How about you?
You always wanted to be a writer?
I didn't know what I wanted for a long time.
But now you do?
Now I know what I don't
want to do again.
Yeah, amen.
Are you married?
- I was.
One of those things you
don't want to do again?
Not unless it's right.
- How the hell do you know?
You tell me. You've been
married five times.
Jesus Christ! Four times! Come on!
You gonna make another album with Tommy Sweet?
Two things I don't wanna talk

about:

All right. What's your real name?
I'm Bad Blake.
I was born bad.
When I die, my tombstone will
have my real name on it.
Until then I'm just
gonna stay Bad.
That's a long time for people

to have to wait to find out.
Maybe, maybe not.
Are you a daddy?
Got any kids?
Sweetie, I'm going to have to
get going here.
All right.
Can you give another half an hour
after the show?
Let's see how it goes.
I appreciate you having to do your work.
I understand that, but let's see how it goes.
Okay, thanks.
So Wesley's your cousin?
- He's my uncle.
That boy sure can play the piano.
- All right, thank you.
Wesley!
You were wonderful.
You haven't lost anything.
- Why thank you.
I think you're better than you were.
I'm Ann.
Hi Ann.
- Hello.
I have loved country music
my whole life.
Really?
- Yup.
I even know the B-sides
of your albums.
That's better than me.
I was thinking if you aren't
doing anything after the show ...
we could get a late dinner...
or a cup of coffee.
I would, but I promised
a reporter an interview.
That's alright.
I know you're in town
for another night.
Another time would be fine.
Gotta get back to work.
Could you play "Get a hold on you"

for me?
I'd love to. Right now.
Thank you Santa Fe ...
We'll be here one more night.
This is for Ann.
So how did you..?
You played a Gospel song in a bar.
- I did.
How did you get away with that?
How did you know?
If you'd been doing this as long as me
you'd know those things. Here you go.
All right.
- Cheers.
What else do you wanna know?
- Records.
What's your favorite?
I would say "Falling and Flying".
It made me a lot of money.
It turned my life around.
You get tired of playing it?
I have to play it twice, three times
a night, but you know...
It's been too good to me.
I can't turn my back on it.
So in today's world ...
of artificial country music ...
Who's real country?
What?
Is that a stupid question?
Is Tommy Sweet real country?
He tries covering it up, but
I taught him country.
He won't admit it. He's gotta
compete what comes from Nashville ...
but yeah, he's real country.
How'd you meet him?
I don't wanna talk about Tommy.
- All right.
What do you wanna talk about?
I want to talk about how bad
you make this room look.
Never noticed what a dump it was
until you came in.

I haven't seen someone
blush in a long time.
I can't help it, my capillaries
are close to the skin.
Where are you from?
I'm from Enid, Oklahoma.
Of course you are.
What's the most important thing about you?
I have a son.
Buddy.
He's four.
He's with the babysitter.
I'm gonna go get him.
Thank you for talking to me.
Did you get what you need?
I can always use more.
Well, come to the show tomorrow.
We'll continue where we left off.
- All right.
Okay, then. Nightie night.
Hey Bad, I have great news.
Now I'm bustin' my ass on this..
so write it down.
Cancel Benson, Arizona on your itinerary.
You're into Phoenix, Arizona.
Sun Pavillion. 8 o'clock sharp.
How's that?
The Pavillion.
Hey, I called to tell you
you're out of the Red Bison lounge...
and opening a major show
in Phoenix.
Opening? Shit, I don't know...
Bad, cut the shit.
Where else are you gonna play
in front of twelve thousand people?
Opening for who?
You open for Tommy.
No, no.
No god-damn way.
I haven't convinced them
to do the record yet.../ i
but at least I got them to do this.
No, no. I'm not doing it, Jack.

I'm not opening for Tommy,
I'll open for someone else.
Who else are you gonna open for, Madonna?
Want me to call her?
The dream of every sideman is that
some day the front man ...
whose ass he's been staring at
for years will open for him.
I don't owe Tommy Sweet
a fucking thing.
We both know.
Tommy owes you big.
But we also both know
how much this is worth.
I'll call you back this afternoon.
There is no time Bad. Yes or no?
I need time to think about this. Come on!
No time. Yes or no?
Yes, goddamn it! Yes, yes, yes, fuck yes!
All right. Okay.
Jesus Christ, it's like pulling it out of you.
Now don't fuck it up.
Let me ask you something.
Can I actually go backstage and
meet Tommy and everything?
That's very funny, but I don't
have time for this shit. Goodbye.
See you later,
you fucking asshole.
Okay boys, let's wing this thing
and put on the style.
I'll give you what you want.
Where does that damn wind go?
Thank you Santa Fe!
Good night and God
love you all!
God, I'm sorry.
I was waiting on the sitter for my son.
You know hard it is to find a sitter
at one o'clock in the morning.
I get off work at one o'clock.
I know how hard it is...
to find everything.
I'm just glad you found me.

Who's watching your boy?
A friend.
She just got there.
Wanna drink?
- All right.
Follow me.
- Okay.
Do you still have questions?
Just a couple. So...
where do all those songs come from?
Life, unfortunately.
Is this really what you
wanna talk about?
No, I guess not.
For some reason I can't explain...
I keep feeling obliged to apologise
for this ugly room.
and for being less than you
probably imagined me to be.
Is this that famous Country charm?
I was never famous for charm.
It's not too late to start.
Do you want something else for your article?
Let me get my recorder.
Come here.
I'm opening for Tommy
in Phoenix tomorrow.
Bad Blake's hit the big time.
- That's great, right?
That's what my agent says.
Will you come with me?
You're kidding.
I'm serious. Come on.
I can't.
How about...
I come over this morning
and fix you and your boy...
some of my famous Bad Blake
biscuits? What do you say?
All right.
Now you just hold that right there.
Let me see your other finger.
Hold it like that.
Can you do that?

Are you right- or left-handed?
That one?
Ok. Put that there
like that...
and cock this finger. Here's
your trigger finger, not like that.
Wait. Now here's the most important part.
Take a bite of that biscuit.
Yeah, that's it.
Do you feel that flour and butter
coursing through your body...
giving you a power you
never thought you had?
Is your shirt getting all tight with muscle?
The whole world has been
tamed by men who ate biscuits.
Shoot.
He scores!
- Did you score?
That's how to get it done in Texas!
- Yup!
Give me five!
He's a real nice boy you got there.
- Thanks.
He's not around men much.
I worry about that sometimes.
What about his daddy?
I've made many mistakes. I just
try not to make them twice.
Good boy, good mom.
Good biscuits.
Bye.
- Okay.
I'll see you after a while.
You take care, now.
- So long.
Come on, Betsy.
Jack, you cocksucker.
Thank you.
Glad to meet you Mr. Blake.
I'm Ralphie, Tommy's road manager.
A big fan.
We have a big show tonight.
Bear, this is Bad Blake.

Hey, how you doing man?
What's your equipment?
- A Fender Tremolux.
That's it?
- That's it, pal.
Do you have a preference?
Marshall? Peavey?
I like my Fender.
- Okay, no sweat.
We'll mike it right into the PA.
Where's your stuff?
- '78 Suburban, out back.
All right, I'll take care of it.

You go on at 7:

You get 45 minutes.
Stay on that.
You can't go more than...
three minutes over. Tommy's
on at 9 and off at 11.
These are the Bum Steers, your backup.
This is the big time, boys.
How are you doing? Bad.
Looking forward to playing.
Let's drink some of this booze.
- Do it, baby.
Two bars of D, then we hit the top of
the bridge. Count 'em off, Johnny.
No, no.
Bear, Bear.
I need kick and snare. Turn down the damn
guitar, you're drowning out my lyrics.
The mix is good, man. You can't
hear what I hear.
You'd be surprised,
Set it the way I tell you...
and leave it.
The mix is just fine.
Trust me.
Bear, I'm an old man. I can get grumpy.
Humour me.
Damn sound man.
Fucking up the opening act
makes the headliner sound better.

That's his fucking job.
- You have half an hour, cowboy.
We're gonna be on this stage 'til
we get the mix the way I want it.
Set the mix the way I want it or
we'll rehearse right through Tommy's set.
Let's take it from the top of the bridge,
see how Bear does.
Now the guitars are sounding right.
Thank you Bear, much better.
Well, well.
Heard you might be here.
You son of a bitch. Sit down.
You always knew
the right thing to say
How the hell are you, Bad?
I'm worse.
- That's about right, I reckon.
You gave up on the Southern Comfort?
I still drink it on stage.
It's good for the throat.
So they tell me.
Too sweet for me.
I never liked it either.
But when you're one of Bad's boys...
you gotta be able to
put away the whiskey.
Sorry to interrupt.
Can I get an autograph, Tommy?
- Sure.
You're my favourite,
I've got all your records.
Thanks, but his is the autograph you need.
He's Bad Blake ...
Taught me everything I know.
- Cool.
Thank you.
I'll be at your show tonight,
maybe even San Diego.
I appreciate your support.
I was thinking, Bad, about
our tours together.
We had some good times.
I'm glad you agreed to do this, Bad.

Oh, God, you kidding?
I need the money.
If not for this, I'd be playing
some saloon in Benson, Arizona.
Remember the time we ...
broke down in the desert in West Texas?
Sat all day waiting
for that goddamn wrecker?
You and me, case of warm beer.
Those were the days.
Yeah, ain't remembering wonderful?
How's the tour?
Tiring.
How about yours?
- I'm out for a month. Six states.
Pick-up bands?
- Yep.
That's a ball buster.
We shoulda gotten together
earlier - done the whole tour.
We tried that.
It was just too much going on, Bad.
Damn movie shoot down in Mexico.
Jill was on my ass the whole time.
Would have been a hell of a tour.
- Yeah, a HELL of a tour.
Shit. I'm sorry
it didn't work out.
I was trying to save my marriage.
Don't hold that against me.
- I got a career too...
and a marriage or two I wanted
to hold together.
I know. I know.
You gave me my start, Bad.
Don't think I don't remember that.
But I got a life too.
- Yeah, well.
Those are the ugliest boots
I've ever seen in my life.
Did the salesman threaten to
shoot your dog?
Why aren't we doing another album?
Why won't you do it?

Hold up now, I never said I wouldn't.
The MZ doesn't think it's the
right thing to do, that's all.
I think it is.
- You may be right.
They want some solos first.
Then we do a duet.
You get first shot.
I already told them.
I need money now.
I'm 57 years old.
My career's going nowhere.
I need something to
get it jump-started.
They won't give me a damn solo album.
I need this, goddammit,
I really do.
I swear, Bad, I can't
get them to budge.
But there's a way to make some
money if you want to.
Enlighten me.
Songs.
I have no new material.
Everything I hear is crap.
Write me five new songs. I ship two million
albums every time I release one.
I haven't written a song in three years.
There are too many goddam songs.
You write some the best material
out there. I want some.
'Wrote'. Not 'write'.
Glad to see you still got old Betsy.
She runs like a top.
Do it, Bad,
You have a couple of months.
See you tonight.
Mr. Greene has sent five boxes of product
for you to sell at the show.
Sell?
- What are you talking about?
He sent 500 units of Memories
for you to sell.
Shit. I sing, I play ...

I don't sell my goddamn records at my concerts.
Tell him to get here and pick up his goddamn CD.
I'm just delivering the message.
Jesus Christ.
Ladies and Gentlemen please welcome ...
the 'wrangler of Love',
Mr. Bad Blake.
It's good to be with you tonight.
Although at my age it's good to be anywhere.
This is the guy who taught me how to sing that song...
and just about everything else.
Bad Blake!
I 'm going backstage to listen to the rest of the show. Thanks, Bad.
Tommy wants you to join him for "Please Release Me" and "Memories".
I'll cue you.
- I got records to sell.
Directory assistance, what city and state?
Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Bud.
- Hello?
Hi there, Buddy boy.
It's your old biscuit maker, Bad.
- Hi!
What are you up to?
Watching dinosaurs.
- Yeah? What are they doing?
Uh, eating, mostly. (?)
- Yeah?
Any of them eating biscuits?
- Yeah.
Is your mother there?
Hello.
- Hi there.
Bad.
Jean?
- Hi.
How was Phoenix?
You know.

How are you doing?

Where are you?

- I don't know. How hot is it?

Why? I mean what
are you doing?

Thinking about you.

Stop it.

- Are you thinking about me?

I'm finishing my article actually.

That's not what I meant.

I know.

I have a few days off
before I go to Houston ...

I thought about stopping by.

What do you say?

Jean?

You're not making this easy on me...

you want me to stop by or not?

Ok.

All right. I'll be by in about three or four hours.

See you in a little bit.

Bye.

- Bye now.

Hello Mr. Blake.

Just sit back. Relax.

Where am I?

- You're in Santa Fe ...

you have a broken ankle
and a concussion.

Just relax.

- My guitar.

In the closet with your clothes.

I gotta get outta here.

That's up to the doctor.

- Where is he?

I'll get the doctor for you.

Sit back. Relax.

We'll get the doctor.

I'll be honest with you, okay?

The problem isn't the ankle,
it'll heal clean.

The problem is your general condition...
or the extreme lack of it.

The kinds of stuff we're talking here,

emphysema, heart failure, cancer ...
and an extremely good chance of a stroke.
They will kill you.
Are you gonna talk to me?
- About what?
Let's not kid ourselves,
you're an alcoholic.
I'll take care of your leg, you do
something for your cholesterol ...
but you have to stop smoking
and drinking ...
and lose 25 pounds.
Okay, Mr. Blake?
If I'm half as good about being laid
up as I think I'm gonna be...
You need to hush now, seriously.
Why? Am I rambling?
Must be those blue pills.
Think I can get more of those?
- No.
You know that song?
Can't remember who did it.
- That's how it is with the good ones.
You're sure you've heard them before.
You wrote that?
- Yes, ma'am, just now.
This is so unfair.
- What?
Some people'd give ten years of their
life to be able to do that...
and it just pours out of you.
Are you mad at me?
Want me to go to a motel?
No.
What?
I don't want you to go.
- What then?
Well, you were writing a song in my bed.
So?
- So?
Every time I lie down and hear that
beautiful goddam song ...
you're gonna be out there running around,
not even remembering this day.

I can't ever forget.
- Hey, if I could walk I'd come to you. Come here.
Come here. Listen to me.
When I was at the hospital,
I thought about who to call.
Who really gives a damn about me?
And then I thought about who I wanted to see.
You hear me?
I won't forget about you.
I won't forget about this day.
I promise you.
Look at you.
What are you doing in Santa Fe?
You're not supposed to be there.
Visiting a friend.
Can you drive yet?
- Pretty soon.
I want you to get back out as soon as possible.
Jesus Christ. If you're sister was turning
\$25 tricks you'd overbook her.
Very funny. Remind me to book
you into some comedy club.
Just so you know, I have a contract here
offering you \$75,000.
It's an advance for an album
to be recorded at a future date.
Wait, wait a minute.
What offer?
Don't worry about who.
Plus another \$20,000
for first refusal rights...
for all the songs you write or co-write...
in the next two years.
Holy shit.
- This will be your best year in the last seven.
And you know who's responsible?
Tommy Sweet.
So do me a favor. Ease up on him, will you pal?
Tommy?
- Yes, Tommy.
All right, I'll talk to you in Houston.
And don't marry your friend.
I'm not getting married.
Listen ... Full of shit. (?)

Wanna call him back and say
I'm not about to marry you?
You might wanna wait until I ask
before you turn me down.
I'll sleep on the fold-out.
It'll be too confusing for Buddy.
No, I 'll do that.
- No.
You need a bed.
It's all right, I want to.
I'll go get him.
He wants to draw on your cast.
Will you do something for me?
- You name it.
Don't drink in front of him.
No problem, here.
Bad!
Look at you, Bud!
- I can see the mountains!
I haven't felt like this ever!
This is insane! (?)
What a ride! Come here!
Wow! Was that fun?
- My God!
You gotta go up there,
it's like another world!
Kiss me.
Take that. Nasty gale. (?)
Pretty darn intense.
Is it always like that?
- What are you talking about?
You've been married a lot.
- Yeah, but I, you know, I didn't ...
I've got a 28-year-old son, Jeanie.
I haven't seen him since he was four.
Where is he?
- I dunno.
His mother, Mary Jo,
lives in Marfa, Texas.
I do not know what he looks like,
or what he does.
I never taught him to ride a bike
or watch him play baseball. None of that.
Why not?

- I dunno.
I wasn't there,
even when I was.
I couldn't live
if I lost Buddy.
That's the damndest part. I did.
I wanna get away
by ourselves this weekend.
What day is it today?
- Thursday.
I'm not coming back to this city. (?)
- In a while. (?)
Come here now.
Come here!
Don't rip the pretty dress.
Come here!
I gotta go, I gotta go.
I love you.
Where are you going? (?)
I gotta get to the paper.
I'll drop Buddy off at daycare
and call you at about three.
Let him stay here with me.
You don't wanna babysit.
What do you mean?
- Buddy, you wanna see you friends, right?
Come on,
we want to stay here, Mom.
Yes, we want to stay here.
- We do?
Please.
- And do what?
Man stuff.
- Yeah, man stuff.
How will you do that with your ankle?
Come on,
it'll be good for us.
Please, Mom.
- We'll be fine, I promise.
All right.
His lunch box is over there.
I'll get his car seat.
Here, take this.
Can you pick me up some cream of tartar?

I need it for my biscuits.
Some what?
- Cream of tartar.
Do you play cards?
- Yeah.
What do you play?
- Just regular, like (???).
Hey.
- What?
You know what we oughtta do?
We oughtta go and see if we can find
some trouble to get into.
Yeah, big trouble.
- Be kinda fun.
Let's see what's in your box.
There you go!
Put your head back. I got you!
I got you!
Hey, be careful up there,
don't fall down!
Hey, Bud.
I've brought you something.
Bud?
Buddy?
Oh my God.
My god, you scared me.
What time is it?
We had fun. Nobody died.
You taste like chocolate.
Look what I've brought you.
You're my roadie and groupie
all rolled into one.
Set those down there.
Look at that paint job, huh?
That's rust - metal flake rust.
I want you to come to Houston.
Would you do that?
Throw those in there.
I'll be there for four months.
Nights only, so I got my days off.
I took time off for your visit, so
I don't know if I can.
You can take Buddy. There's all kinds of
great stuff for kids...

All right, we'll see.

- that aquarium with a big fountain.

All right, we'll see.

"We'll see." That means no.

- No, it means "we'll see".

All right?

Lotta good stuff to write about in Houston.

And there's me.

- That's more than a visit.

A lot of the good stuff, too.

- Jesus.

I don't wanna hear it, darlin'.

I don't want it around Buddy,
that much I know.

I heard you the first time.

- It's like living with a rattlesnake.

Wait.

I can't see you.

Aydame, amigo. Basura, basura.

Aydame, vamos a limpiar, okay?

Then I'll teach you some words of English.

Hey, hey!

- Hey.

What are you doing here?

I've been looking for you.

Jesus, Bad. You look like shit, man.

- Yeah, I know...

it's all the toilets I have to play in.

- Yeah?

Good to see you.

Sorry about the wreck,

I heard about that.

Could've been worse.

- Yeah.

How's business?

- Business? What business?

Since you've been on the road, I tell you ...

it's crap.

- Yeah, well if you cleaned this joint ...

maybe you'd figure out how to
get this business running.

If I cleaned it up I might find
out that we're both broke.

I had to git rid of my bartender.

It's just me and old Jesus.

Shit.

- Yeah, just us.

So? How's the road?

- Not getting any shorter.

Makes coming back here look good.

I have a feeling, knowing you, that something happened. Special.

Yeah, I met a woman in Santa Fe.

- Yeah? Doesn't surprise me.

She's a good one, real good.

- Yeah?

More? No, not any more.

That's it.

- Oh, you sumbitch.

So. Santa Fe's a long way from here, right?

It's a tough trip for a man who has to work Saturday nights, right?

Yeah.

Yeah, but worth it.

- We'll get you back in shape singing.

I want you to meet somebody.

Oiga, Jesus. Come here.

I want you to meet a legend. Big Bad.

Hi there, what's your name?

- Juan.

Yeah, Juan.

- Juan.

Or Jesus. Whatever.

A good man.

Hello.

Hi.

Is this Steven Reynolds?

Yeah, who's calling?

Actually I'm on a bit of a hunting trip....

I'm trying to track down a Mary Jo Reynolds.

She lived in Nashville from 1980 to 1985.

Born in Lima, Ohio.

You wouldn't be related, would you?

She was my mother.

Hey buddy, I can't hear you.

Who is this?

Your father.

Who?

I'm Bad Blake.
I'm here in Houston.
I'm your father.
How are you?
What do you want?
I'm kinda shocked
to hear your voice.
You said "was".
Mary Jo's dead?
Two years, come October.
What happened?
Everything.
I'm sorry, Steven.
Yeah. Well listen, what do you want?
I want to see you.
I don't think so.
Will you think about it?
I'm sorry sir, I probably
won't be able to help you.
Wanna take down my number?
I got your number.
Well ...
Sleep on it, think about it, and ...
I really would like to talk.
Imagine that.
I made the cars go real fast.
And when the collide they go boom! (?)
Oh, you got the cars, huh?
I can make them go faster than
anybody, then they crash!
What he's trying to say is "thank you".
But you gotta stop sending him things.
He thinks you're Santa Claus.
I do think he's Santa Claus.
I want him to know I'm
thinking about him, darling.
Are you thinking about me?
Yes I am.
Are you all right?
I called my son last night, Jeanie.
And?
He wouldn't talk to me.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I don't blame him.

Jeanie ...

I'm not feeling well.

I'll have to call you back.

Bad?

Big Bad, where are you, boy?

No, not again.

We're going fishing, all right?

Let's go. You forget? Let's go.

Get dressed, I'm waiting on you.

Toss me another one of those
barley pops, would you?

Here you go.

I hate to admit it, but
this was a damn good idea.

I just sent what might be
my best song ever to Tommy.

To record?

- Yes.

It's one of those you hate to give up.

- Why'd you do it?

He's paying me awful good.

He's in LA now, recording it.

Well I hope he don't fuck it up.

He can't fuck it up. It's that good.

So your boy won't talk to you?

No..

I don't blame him. I was wrong.

I had no right to call him.

Wait. You were wrong 25 years ago,
and wrong since, but ...

you called him. Now you're not wrong.

You're right, he's wrong.

- I went 25 years without trying to find him.

He's right. Too little, too late.

- No.

It's never too late son, never too late.

You called him, it's done.

All right? It's complete.

Now you're on the right track.

Just keep going. He's your son.

He is all I got.

- Keep after him.

It's what you gotta do.

It reminds me of a song by Billy Joe Shaver.

"I'm gonna live forever. Gonna cross that river.

Gonna catch tomorrow now ."

Goes something like:

"Nobody here will ever find me...

but I'll always be around. Just like

the songs I leave behind me...

I'm going to live forever now."

And listen to this, now:

"You fathers and mothers,

be good to one another...

please try to raise your children right.

Don't let the darkness take them...

Don't make them feel forsaken, just

lead them safely to the light."

Hello.

- Hi.

Are you all right?

- Yeah, fine. Why?

You didn't sound all right yesterday.

Sounded like you were dying.

Must've been food poisoning or something.

Well I'm calling because I got 4 days off
at the end of this month...

And I thought we might come.

But now I'm not sure it's such a good idea.

What do you mean? It's a great idea.

Why would you say that?

Are you sure you're OK?

I'm worried about you.

Don't waste a minute

worrying about me.

There's nothing wrong a visit won't cure.

How's Buddy?

He's fine.

So? You gonna come?

Hey there - oh, you've got your car!

I think he's had it.

All right, Bud?

- He's eating in his sleep!

What do you think of these

big buildings, Bud?

Even Superman couldn't leap over these.

Right here is where Sam Houston and his boys
beat Santa Anna and his Mexicans.

If it wasn't for this spot,
we'd all be speaking Mexican.
That's where Texas got its start, right there.
Do you speak any Mexican, Buddy?
"Agua" and "adios."
That's pretty good!
Wow, Bud, what do you see there?
Where did he go?
I think there's a watch for that one there. (?)
Are you getting tired?
- He's got so much energy he wears me out.
Why not go back to that park and take a
load off? Let Bud and I fool around...
and we'll come back around noon
and take you out to lunch.
All right.
Okay, you have your wish in your head?
'Cos here's the spot.
Here.
Pick one. Pick some, you
can have a bunch.
There you go, that's good.
Here's mine.
Can't see it.
Hey Bud, wanna go inside where it's cool?
Let's do that.
Come on.
Let's go in this place and wet our whistles
before we pop outta the ground.
Out of the ground? Like that guy on TV?
- What guy?
The one on TV
- Yeah, that guy. Come on.
Hi there.
How are you guys today?
- All right.
Take a load off there, Bud.
I'll take a McCure's, if you got it...
Make it a double.
Ginger ale for my pal here.
Also a double.
Mine on the rocks, please.
How about you?
Rocks.

Lookie here. Look at this.
You wanna go explore?
You can.
What did you get?
Wow, Bud, you're getting
all kinds of good stuff.
That's \$12.50 altogether.
\$12.50?
Jesus!
Does this music drive you crazy?
If I heard it, it probably would.
Bud, come on and get your ginger ale.
Buddy?
He's probably in the restroom.
Buddy!
Come on, Bud.
Did he come back out here?
- No.
Buddy!
What the hell?
Did you see a little boy come in here?
Bud?
No..
I lost my little boy.
He's got brown hair. Four years old
His name's Buddy.
Buddy? What was he wearing?
I don't remember.
- Okay, well, sir...
where did you last see him?
- In a bar.
A bar. Which bar, sir?
- Hell, I don't know.
It was a little dark bar.
- Okay.
All stations, we've got a lost boy...
four years old, brown hair. Name's Buddy.
Report back, please.
Thank you.
- Why don't you stay here with me?
No, I gotta go find him. He's lost...
he's from New Mexico. We're supposed
to be meeting his mother.
I understand you want to find him,

but I need you to stay here.
All the guys are looking for him.
All right, sir?
Sir, how much have you had to drink today?
I had a drink.
- A drink.
What difference does that make?
- You lost him, sir.
Yeah, I lost him.
I'm gonna go find him.
Bud!
Have you seen a little boy?
What's going on?
- They're gonna find him, hon.
Where's Buddy?
- They got all these guards looking for him.
What?
- No need to worry.
The guards are looking for him?
- I stopped just for a second.
You stopped for a drink?
Please don't touch me. Please
don't touch me. Excuse me...
hi, I'm the momma
of the boy who's lost.
I said, do not touch me!
Bud, come here baby.
-There's my Buddy boy.
You're gonna be fine. There's my Buddy boy.
Everything's gonna be fine.
Shut up.
- We just got our wires crossed.
You can't go now, you don't have a ticket.
I should've trusted my instincts. Every bone in my body
told me not to get on that plane.
Everything's gonna be okay, Jeanie.
- No.
Everything's not okay. He's four years old.
He's scared out of his wits.
I wouldn't do anything to hurt him.
- But you did!
Just like every other man in my life.
Just nothing but self-involved assholes!
Come on, now. Just calm down.

Let me...

Can I have his backpack?

- Jamie...

Can't we talk about it?

- Don't you touch me!

It's too fucking hard! Stop!

Let me drive you to the airport.

- Sorry, Bud.

Let me drive you, at least. Come on.

Come on, babe. I'm sorry, sweetheart.

Let me take that.

- Thank you.

All right, you get your seatbelt on.

Jean.

Jeanie!

Hello.

- Wayne?

Bad?

- I want to get sober.

I'm Bad.

I'm an alcoholic.

- Hi, Bad.

A couple of days ago

I lost a little boy.

I was drunk.

Been drunk most of my life.

I've lost a hell of a lot.

I heard you're an entertainer.

I am.

I'm glad you're here.

We know what a hard step it is.

Look who's here.

Hey, good to see you!

Good to see you! How do you feel?

- I feel great.

Really?

- Oh, man.

Take it from someone who's been there. It don't last necessarily. It's gonna get rough.

And you'll feel worthless, maybe...

but I'm gonna help you with it.

- Pleased to hear you tell me that.

Grab that, old buddy, I'm gonna help you.

Let's put this in there.

- Yeah.
I think I've got this thing licked.
Let's hope so.
One day at a time, all right?
- Yeah, I heard that.
Get your butt in the truck. Let's go.
We'll see.
Thank you.
Thanks for coming out.
It's so good to be home.
What are you doing here?
- Listen to me.
I'm sorry.
Sorry with all my heart.
I'm sober.
Detox, the whole bit.
It woke me up.
That's good, Bad.
- I'm not Bad.
I'm going back to Otis,
my given name.
No more Bad.
I've changed everything.
That's good.
How's Buddy?
- Sleeping.
He's all right.
Will you ever forgive me?
God, I knew what the risks were with you...
and I took them because...
I love you, and...
putting Buddy in your hands...
I don't know if I'll ever be able
to get over that.
I'm different now.
- I am, too.
Let me prove it.
You're not listening to me.
- We can start over.
Listen to me. I am so... I am truly
happy for you...
I hope you make a really nice
life for yourself...
but Buddy and I can't be a part of it.

But I love both of you so much.
If that's true you'll
leave us alone, all right?
Come on, Jean, don't say that.
Tommy! Tommy! Tommy! Tommy!
Y'all waiting to hear a song?
How are you holding up?
Good.
This song was written by my
mentor - more a friend.
And well... it kinda speaks for itself.
I sure do hope y'all like it.
That's one hell of a song.
Which reminds me....
They're getting bigger by the day, kid.
- Yeah, I'll say.
See you later Jack.
- Hey Bad...
that was a great show.
And you're doing real good.
Keep it up, I'm proud of you.
Still a little gas left in the tank.
See you now.
Mr. Blake.
Hi.
You were in vintage form today.
Vintage. That's about right.
I heard you might be here. Not working
for the Sun now. What's this?
You can't hold back a good
woman from Enid, Oklahoma.
He's a good guy
Yeah, well, you deserve one.
Wanna see Buddy? He's here.
No..
I'd love to, but I don't know if...
it's the best thing for him.
Look, would you give this to him
on his 18th birthday for me?
What is it?
No, Bad. I don't want this.
- Hey...
I don't want this.
Come on, now. Hey...

- I don't-
there wouldn't be this song if not for you.
That's not money.
That's awfully kind of you.
I'm glad to hear you're doing so well.
- Well, one day at a time.
So you'll give me an interview?
I sure will.
I'd say let's do it on the bus,
but it's much prettier out here, isn't it?
It is.
-My god, look at that.
So you've been all right I guess, huh?
I've been all right.
- Yeah. Me too.