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Dead and Gone

By Harry Shannon

He was a man #
Who loved as hard
as he drank... #
Our favorite tune, precious.
Our very own little
baby-making song.
I have to do this, Mary.
You've really left me
no other choice.
You brought this on yourself
by lying with another man.
It's out of my hands.
Hush hush now.
You don't want them
to wake up for it, do you?
I'll make this
as quick as possible.
I promise.
All his friends #
Told him she's bad news... #
He died alone #
After 40 years
of pain... #
40 years of pain.
He was gonna hold
her again #
If there was
any justice in the world #
He fought right up
to the end #
And never let go #
And he followed her
into the grave. #
Bloody hell, what a piece of shit.
Still, it's kind of pretty up here.
Yeah, huh?
Way to look on the bright side.
I prefer human company
now and then.
Please tell me you didn't
pay money for this place?
No, I won it in a card game.
- That's everything, yeah?
- Yeah, just need to sign.

What's with the overcharges?
Had to pack it up in the middle
of the night, bro... that's extra.
You guys do one swing shift
and we have to pay 600 bucks?
That's also for being up all night
and driving it all the way up here.
All right...
tell you what,
pay in cash, I'll do you a solid.
For cash, it'll be like we never met.
Yeah, hang on.
Uh, Mr. Wade,
your wife is in the bedroom.
I did her makeup
and I combed down her hair.
Are you sure you can't
stay for a day or two,
just until we get settled in?
I hate to be crass about this,
but you're two weeks
behind already.
Yeah, I understand that,
Nurse Clark.
I used to be a medical student
back in England, remember?
Yes, well, then you should
understand better than most.
I'm sorry we have to let you go.
The insurance money's gone and we can't
- afford to continue on our own.
- Great.
Look, buddy, I'm sorry.
I don't have all day.
Right. It's like
you just said, yeah?
Okay, and while we're
on that subject, pay me.
I'm not running
a charity case here.
Yeah, of course.
Naturally I'd stay,
but I have to get back
into town to catch that bus.

My damn car is still in the shop
from that fender-bender I had last week.
Here, paid in full.
Thank you.
I hate to think of you
and your wife up here alone,
day after day.
Hell, the very idea makes me sad,
- so if more money becomes available...
- We'll call you.
Fucking insurance companies
are robbing us all blind.
- Wanna ride, get in the van.
- Yes, well, goodbye.
Well, it's just me
and you now, Frankie.
Livin' it up like a couple
of major rednecks.
I need to talk to you, Frankie.
I know it won't do me any good,
but I have to try.
I mean, what the hell, right?
At least I know you'll listen
without rolling your eyes.
Damn you, Frankie.
All the crap I've put up with
over the last few years...
being your boy-toy, escorting
you to premieres and parties,
waiting for you to keep
one of your goddamn promises.
I'm sorry to say this,
but we're probably
fucked this time.
I mean, did you have to
piss away every last dime?
And you think you got the last
word in, didn't you, Frankie?
But you didn't.
I've still got some moves left.
Fucking raccoons.
Christ, what are you gonna do,
shoot me?
Look, if you're not

cooking meth, relax.
I don't give a damn
about moonshine.
When the woods are this dry,
there's a real fire hazard, Moss.
Just cook the silly juice
in your bathtub.
You know, state police
had driven by,
you would have gotten
jail time and a fine.
Give you a break, Moss.
I oughta charge you with attempted
murder of a police officer.
Sorry about your batch,
but that's what you get.
You pull a gun on me again,
I'll shove it up
that hillbilly ass.
Oh. Ah.
What, you've never seen
a lawman before?
Ah, forgive me.
It's okay.
Lady cops are used to it.
And no no,
I'm not a lesbian.
Neither am I.
My name's Jack Wade.
Nice name.
I'm Kate Edison.
You... you a cop or something?
Yeah, or something.
It's a constable really, so...
What does a constable do, Kate?
Well, it's sort of like
being a cop, actually.
Okay, thanks for clearing that up.
Mr. Wade, do you mind if I just turn
around, go back a few hundred yards,
drive back up
and start all over again?
No, that won't be necessary,
Constable Kate.

Okay, then we
start over now, Jack.
Yeah yeah.
I'm sorry if I was rude earlier.
My wife and I have just got here
and we've had
a pretty rough couple of days.
Well, let me welcome you
to Dry Wells, Nevada,
home to the stylish
and contemporary outhouse.
Yeah, it's ridiculous, isn't it?
No comment.
Here's my phone number.
L... I don't have a cell phone.
I mean, if you guys
ever need anything, just call me.
My place is a couple miles
up the 41.
Kate? You there?
Looks like we got us
another poacher up by Ruby Lake.
On my way.
- Top of the morning.
- Ah!
- Do I know you?
- Not yet, Jack.
Word gets around.
Apparently.
Hope you decide to stay a spell.
Trust me,
this place can grow on ya.
I doubt it.
You miss the city...
the noise, the people.
I understand.
But don't ever feel lonely.
Trust me.
You'll always have
lots of company.
Yeah, I got to get back
to my workout.
No offense.
None taken.

- All right.
- See ya around, Jack.
No, I'll hold.
No, I'm fucking not
calling back again tomorrow.
Tell her she needs
to speak to me now.
Jack?
Jesus, Peggy, it's about time.
- Where are you?
- Never mind where I am.
- What the hell's going on?
- Nothing good, okay?
I tried my best at the bank,
but Frankie's family convinced
the court to intervene,
so what that means is,
the last of her money is frozen.
- They can't do that, can they?
- They can and they did.
All of it?
Oh, fuck me.
Well, what am I supposed to
do now for money, eh?
Get a job in
the Chippendales in Vegas?
Don't yell at me, okay?
I'm doing the best I can.
Okay. You know I'm sorry.
Yeah, a little gratitude
would be nice.
No, I am grateful.
So how's poor Frankie doing, Jack?
Like a head of cabbage.
I'm really sorry
to hear about that.
Mm, we all know now.
No money, remember?
Listen, Peggy,
as soon as you hear anything
from the IRS,
please call me.
Thanks.
What's up?

Hey, are you from
the Dry Wells Market?
We aim to please.
You can call me Booger.
Do I have to?
What's your major malfunction?
You scared the shit out of me.
Don't sneak up like that.
Whe... where you want these?
Just put 'em on the porch.
It's no big deal, man.
I'll put 'em inside.
Ba-ba!
Just put 'em on
the fucking porch, okay?
- Name's Booger.
- Whatever.
Have your boss put
a tip on my tab.
He ain't my boss,
he's my big brother.
And you can call him "Moss. "
You shouldn't be up here.
I can handle myself.
- You got a gun?
- None of your damn business.
Folks say this place is evil.
Fascinating.
Now thanks for the groceries,
but I'm in the middle of something.
You only think you're alone.
Excuse me?
This place has a history.
Some folks say it got built
on an old Indian graveyard.
Bad things happen here.
I see.
Look, I'm serious. You need friends,
you want to live up in these mountains.
We have enough friends.
I could stay up here tonight,
you know, for a couple bucks.
Protection.
Look, thanks for the kind offer,

but my wife and I
will be just fine.

Yeah.

Sure.

Jack.

Afternoon, Mr. Wade...

Jack.

Constable Kate.

Okay. Now this is awkward.

Uh, okay, here's where I pretend like
I was just in the neighborhood
and stopped by to see
if you wanted to go fishing.

I like that part,
but I don't care for fish.

Oh, that's okay,

I don't bait the hook.

I just don't understand
how you can handle
something like that
all by yourself.

Something like what?

How long can you
be away from her?

Not long.

So you know?

Yeah, you know, the moving guy
told the gas-station guy
and his wife told me.

Why don't you get
some professional help?

Money.

Anyway, I used to be
a medical student before I flunked out.

So what happened to her?

Plastic surgery.

I know, pretty Hollywood, isn't it?

Frankie went in
for some liposuction and never woke up.

Where did you guys meet?

I came here a few years ago
after I left England.

You know, I was
a starving artist, sometime actor...

Frankie was doing
some movies for cable TV.
She bought some of my stuff,
eventually gave me a part or two.
Then we got together.
Well, does everybody do that
to themselves in California?
What, the dating
or the surgery?
It just seems that way.
Go on, I'm curious.
Well, Frankie told me
I was gonna be a star.
I bought it.
Well, why wouldn't you?
Well, you can guess
what came next.
She put me in one
of her movies... I sucked.
Well, I was younger
and a lot dumber then.
What can I do?
Yeah, well I figure most folks
have a fairly long list of regrets.
Should we go?
Yeah.
Thanks.
Yeah, a few years ago, Frankie had
a bad reaction to some new anesthetic,
- and went under.
- And you two were married by then?
Yeah.
How'd you end up here?
The cabin's the only thing I still own.
I won it in a poker game.
I never really got round to using it.
And what about yourself?
Oh, I grew up around here.
I tried to live down
in Reno for a while,
but I'm not quite cut out
to be a flatlander.
You never married?
Once, almost.

It's... it's a long story.
Take your time.
I met Ken when I was
in the army over in Iraq.
Some shit went down that changed me.
Ken was a red-state lifer,
and I wanted out.
You don't carry a weapon?
I've had enough of guns.
And fish-hooks.
Them too.
Look, thanks for stopping by.
Uh, yeah, well I figured you could
use the change of pace, so...
I did.
Well, maybe we can
do it again sometime.
Yeah, sure.
And thanks.

- Okay.
- All right.
- Oh, bye.
- Bye.

Hello, my friends,
and welcome to another hour
of the Reverend Grass Gospel
and Prayer Meeting now.
And so you ask,
"Is my mortal soul at risk?"
I say unto you,
brothers and sisters,
do fishes fornicate
in the water?
Of course!
The Book says,
"When the lamb opened
the Second Seal,
I heard the second living
creature come,
and then another horse
came out of the fiery... "
"... and I was given power
to take peace from the earth...
and to make men

slay each other. "

To him was given
a large sword.
So fear God, my friends.
Fear Him and repent.
I should have brought
a fuckin' gun.
- Hello?
- Is something wrong? You sound funny.
Peggy, hi.
No, it's... I'm just having
a bit of a rough night, that's all.
Did you... did you speak
to your IRS friend at all?
He said that there was paperwork that
never got signed for the living trust.
Shit!
Shit, Frankie promised me
she'd take care of that.
Well, what am I
supposed to do now?
There's nothing left.
Okay, I'll keep on
working on it.
Look, please just
do whatever you can.
So when we get
a cut of the check,
maybe I should visit?
I really want to see you.
No, I'm not telling you where
I am until I'm in the clear.
Hey, well, you know, I just...
ahem. Just think
about it, Jack, okay?
Just cut the best deal
you can, okay?
Please.
Thanks.
The magic fingers.
Grace, tinkle those organs.
Tinkle those organs
of the Lord,
and let him hear

your grace and power.
So listen to me.
Listen very closely to me,
brothers and sisters.
You pull out the credit card
and show God that you love him.
There is only one way
to show God that you love Him,
and that is to show Him
with your checkbook
and your pocketbook
and your credit cards.
Give... give from the heart.
Give as much as you can!
Give till it hurts.
Are you really gonna fuck
that little ambulance-chaser,
Peggy Goldstein?
I mean, really.
What...
Of all the people
I'd expect you to bone when I'm gone,
you picked that skinny little slut?
But hey,
if you're gonna do it anyway,
mm, can I watch?
You're not real.
You miserable bitch.
Are you faking?
So fear God, my friends.
Fear Him, and repent!
Repent, brothers!
Now, let us pray.
"Almighty God,
Almighty God,
release me from this temptation.
Release me from
these earthly bones,
and let me give...
give all that I have
to you, Reverend Grass.
Save my immortal sin. "
Thank you.
Thank you, God.

Frankie?
Frankie, where are you?
Frankie?
Jack.
Jack.
Stop fucking with my head!
Frankie!
Stop fucking with my head!
Take it easy on those drugs.
Frankie?
Rain won't last long.
Not this time of year.
Is that really you?
Do you like country music?
I can't remember.
You're not real.
You're not here.
And he died alone #
After 40 years #
Of pain. #
Shit.
Damn, that tastes good.
How long have you been faking it?
Faking what?
Spare me, Frankie.
Are you in a coma or not?
Like all questions
of universal importance,
the answer to that is...
yes and no.
Oh, my little boy-toy,
why do you hate me so much?
You ruined my life.
You got greedy
and ruined your own life.
Me?
I just wanted
a little more hot sex.
You know,
before the crotch dried up.
Go away, please.
You wish.
Actually, I'm kind
of stuck in between now.

You know what?
I think I like it this way.
Die.
I hate your stinking guts.
Hear me?
Come on, say something.
Ah! Ah!
Ah! Let me go!
Let me go!
You tryin' to steal my stuff?
You let me go,
let me go!
Are you tryin' to shoot
a pic of my wife?
Huh, fuck you, man.
- Huh? Fuck me?
- No no no no!
I was just gonna look
for a little cash, that's all.
That's all. I'm sorry.
"Was"??
Please let me go.
I'll never come back.
- I swear.
- Jesus.
Sorry... sorry.
You're pathetic. Piss off!
You really
fuckin' hurt me, man.
I'm gonna tell my brother
about this!
Moss is gonna get you!
- Boo!
- You only think you're alone, man!
You hear me?
You only think you're alone!
Ah ah!
Thank you, Susie.
Now this week, we're gonna
be having a cold temperature drop
coming in
from the mountain area,
meeting up with some thermals
coming from the desert.

These are gonna meet
in the middle, create some siroccos,
or dust devils,
so keep your windows open
when you're driving
in the interior.
That's some good advice there, folks.
Tomorrow, we're gonna have
a little bit of precipitation
in this area, so you might want
to take an umbrella.
Otherwise, the rest
of the week is gonna be good
to bring the top down
on the convertible
and take the kids out for a ride.
Oh, absolutely.
Why not bring the little ones
down to the park for a nice game
of road-apple pitch-and-catch?
Thank you, Susie.
Sounds like a great week in sports.
And go Wildcats.
The local high schools are
gonna be having a bake sale
to raise money
for the football team.
So you should come on down
and bring the kids.
We're gonna
have fantastic food...
You can watch the March...
gonna need
a chum bucket...
the March of the Poodles.
Bring the dogs.
And barking galore...
a good time for everybody.
Remember, go Mustangs!
Back to you, Susie.
Wow, looks like we still got
some serious trouble over
there in the Middle East.
Know what? Those people

ought to learn from us.
At least we know how to live in the
high desert without killing each other.
Anyway, back to local news.
Come on, boys,
don't you want to be a hero?
Jack, cut her like a pig.
Keep the knife in the gullet.
She'll make more noise,
she'll bleed out slow
but it'll make
the meat taste sweeter.
So you've never...
Ah!
Coward!
Oh yes, you are!
Your check... it bounced.
You are! Ah!
- Ow.
- Die, bitch.
Ah!
Sweet dreams.
Sorry... I guess my timing
isn't the greatest.
I've seen better.
Really? Ahem.
I haven't.
So what do you want
to do now?
Oh, as in "stay or go"?
- Ah...
- Yeah.
Well, maybe I should
come back again
and see you later.
Not here.
Okay. I've got
the perfect place.
I love that noise.
The wind?
The wind moving through trees.
You know that whispering sound?
Gives me the creeps.
In fact, this whole area

gives me the creeps.
You know,
I think I like you.
Don't like me too much.
Why does this place
spook you out?
Somebody told me something
bad happened here once.
Do you know
anything about that?
Just some old
murder-suicide story.
Every town has
a haunted house.
Maybe it's true this time.
What makes you say that?
Never mind.
I didn't mean
to creep you out.
- You leaving?
- Yeah.
I have to check in
with the ranger station before sundown.
I get to be the mailman
around here too.
Mail lady... whatever.
Well, if you want something done,
give it to the busy person, right?
Yeah, that's what they say.
Sure worked for me just now.
I'm tired.
Take a nap.
I'm sorry.
Well, guess who really
screwed the pooch this time?
- Please.
- I don't care if you fuck that cop,
but whacking my nurse was
a bit crass, don't you think?
I didn't kill anybody.
Are you so sure?
'Cause I haven't moved
an inch all day.
Why are you doing

this to me?
Baby cakes,
I haven't had to do
much of anything really.
You always did have
the raw material...
I am through listening.
Oh, now he grows some balls.
Why won't you die?
Oh!
Burn in hell.
Bye bye.
Rest in peace, bitch.
40 years of pain.
Ah... ha ha!
Shit.
Come on, Booger.
I'll kick your ass
for real this time.
I can hear you,
you little prick.
Just try me.
Just try me.
What the fuck do you want?
Ah... pretty.
Get out of here.
Look, my poor wife's
in the other room.
Show a little bit
of respect, huh?
Eat this, motherfucker.
Ahhh ahhh!
Ahh!
Motherfucker.
Drink it!
Huh?
You do good work.
Not you.
No, I'm seriously impressed.
I would have thought you
were too delicate for that.
What did you expect?
I was gonna let him rape me?
Oh, come on!

What's one more quick fuck to someone
as experienced as you, sweetie?
I'm not listening.
I'm tired.
Go to bed.
Brothers and sisters,
a tormented man recently
came to me for guidance.
He was jealous because his wife
and her ex-boyfriend
still had lunch now and again.
"Oh," I told him,
"that doesn't mean that
they're doing the nasty,
or bumping uglies,
or hiding the salami
or carnal and sinful things like that. "
But he said, "Hell,
I just know that she's lying,
Reverend Grass.
She's a lying slut
and I'm going to shoot her. "
Well, you know what
he did, my friends?
He went out
and he did just that.
Bam! He shot her.
So listen to me, Jack.
You know what I think?
You need to kill
that little hot slut cop.
Really.
Or you know what?
She's gonna turn you in.
As sure as shit
is glowing through a goose,
she is going to turn you in.
Jack, she's gonna
turn you in.
Now let us pray.
- Hello?
- Jack?
- Peggy?
- Okay, are you sitting down?

The IRS guy came through.
That's good news.
So he was a little help after all.
Well, they said they can get
half your share of the refund
on an emergency basis.
Well, I mean,
things could be worse.
Jack, I really want to see you.
Not until I know I'm in the clear.
Really soon then.
Okay okay.
I'll be ready and waiting.
Call me when you know.
And Peggy, Peggy, Peggy?
I'll make this up to you.
You have been doing
such a wonderful job.
Everything will be just fine.
It's all working out
just as I thought.
Shh.
She's coming.
Go away.
Jack, I need to talk to you.
It's important.
There's a warrant out
for your arrest.
Something like this
can cost me my job.
Do you want to see it?
- See what?
- The warrant.
Doesn't matter.
Says you took your wife
without permission.
Her relatives have filed
a lawsuit, Jack.
And you lied to me.
I mean, you're...
an actor but
you're not from England,
and you were never
a medical student.

Were you?

No.

But I played one on TV.

I haven't told them anything.

Not yet... I wanted to hear

your side of the story.

It's like I told you...

Frankie lost a fortune

in her last movie.

Then the medical expenses

pretty much finished us off.

Everything's gone

but the life insurance.

I got scared, so I ran.

- And you took her with you?

- I didn't know what else to do.

Jack, I need to ask you something

and I need you to tell me the truth.

What?

Did you bring your wife

up here to kill her?

What?

Why would I do that?

- For the insurance money.

- Don't be ridiculous.

- Is she still inside?

- Fuck yeah, she's around.

Now let's just forget

about Frankie.

- Jack, I'm here on business.

- Hey hey.

I mean business too.

All right, exactly what do

her relatives have against you?

They hate me.

They always have.

If they find out where I am,

they'll put me in an institution.

- For what?

- Pick your diagnosis, Kate.

I've heard "manic depressive,

psychotic, mildly schizophrenic,"

you name it.

She... keep... go on.

Okay, look,
I'm not crazy, I'm not.
They've wanted to
put me away for years.
Why?
Money. It's always
about money, isn't it?
Yeah, when it's not about sex.
I can't go back.
Jack, I'm gonna do everything
that I can to help you,
but I still have to do my job.
- Don't.
- Okay, I just have to see your wife.
I'm gonna tell everyone
that she's okay.
- You can't do that!
- Ah!
No! No, Frankie!
No no no!
You gutless wonder!
Finish her off or you'll spend
the rest of your life in a nuthouse!
- Leave me alone, Frankie!
... insane asylum...
Leave me alone!
- Do her, you butt-ass-whore.
- No!
- Now!
- No!
- Frankie, no!
- Jack!
Jack, no! Ah!
Stop her!
Run, Kate.
Run.
Ah!
You only think you're alone.
Shit shit!
Hey, asshole, you in there?
I want to know
what happened to my brother!
You tell me
where my brother is,

or I'll blow
your ass to hamburger!
Uh-oh.
Ahh!
Oh, fuck.
Fuck.
Fuck.
Hey, bro?
What the fuck did you do that for?
Don't just stand there
eye-balling me, you dumb bastard!
Go get the cop!
I got a bone to pick with you.
Some brother you are.
Look what your damn dick
got us into this time!
Your check bounced.
Hey, watch it, man.
Want a little head?
Hey, old cow,
can I bum a smoke?
Sure... fuck...
What... baby cakes?
You could fuck up
a wet dream.
Light one for me.
Put a sock in it, will you? Jesus.
Hey, Earth calling Jack.
Find her!
Just give me one lousy puff
for Christ's sake!
Stud, are you listening to me?
Look, if that lady cop gets away,
we're all toast, okay?
So don't crap out
on us now.
So help me find her.
Eat me!
Oh, that's right,
you already did.
Oh, come on, honey.
You can do this.
You were born for it.
Up and at 'em!

Oh oh, baby.
Here you go,
here you go, baby.
Suck it up, suck it up.
Got no lungs, you bitch!
40 years of pain #
She's in there. Finish it.
Not Kate.
Don't you fucking move, Jack!
40 years of pain.
Sign here.
Thank you.
Got ourselves a fun one.
Oh, for me?
Thank you.
Appreciate it.
God damn, Jesus.
I don't know which
would be worse...
getting high on all this shit,
or suddenly running out.
Appears the boy
had some problems.
- Oh yeah, you think?
- I've been at this for a while.
Look, I'm no cherry either, Sheriff.
But I'm telling you right now,
that shit was gnarly.
The ME said that wife...
had a full set of drawers
when she died.
Been dead a couple
of days at least.
They're all getting a little ripe.
Anyway, I'm out of here.
I'll send you a copy
of the lab report.
- Appreciate it.
- I promise.
And you, Miss Kate?
You take care, all right?
You know, I don't suppose
you're ever gonna
get around to telling me

what really happened up here.
I don't know what you mean, Pete.
Damn.
What?
Nothing.
You know what keeps
running through my mind?
"You only think you're alone. "
You don't really believe all that
haunted-house crap, do you, Pete?
Oh, this place had a bad reputation...
it's about to get worse.
But I do believe
I've had about as much fun
as I can handle for one day.
How about I buy you a beer?
Yeah.

Sure.

He was a man #
Who loved as hard
as he drank #
Lord, she was trouble #
Take that to the bank #
She broke his heart #
Took another man's name #
He died alone #
After 40 years of pain #
All of his friends #
Told him she's bad news #
A dreamer don't listen #
The fool can't stand
to lose #
She broke his heart #
Took another man's name #
He died alone #
After 40 years of pain #
He was gonna hold her again #
If there was any
justice in the world #
He fought right up
to the end #
And never let go
of that girl #
He was a slave

And he followed her
into the grave #
After 40 years of pain #
Mm mm mm mm mm. #
What the fuck?
Jack?
Jack?
Jack?
Hello?
Jack?
Jack?
Are you in there?
Jack, I brought the money.
I'm coming in.
Jack?
Jack, is that you?
He was a man #
Who loved as hard
as he drank #
Lord, she was trouble #
Take that to the bank #
She broke his heart #
Took another man's name #
He died alone #
After 40 years of pain #
All of his friends #
Told him she's bad news #
A dreamer doesn't listen #
The fool can't stand
to lose #
She broke his heart #
Took another man's name #
He died alone #
After 40 years of pain #
He was gonna hold
her again #
If there was
any justice in the world #
He fought right up
to the end #
And never let go
of that girl #
He was a slave #
He followed her

to the grave #
Dearly beloved #
Gathered here in his name #
Bow down your heads #
For it's a crying shame #
She broke his heart #
Took another man's name #
He died alone #
After 40 years of pain #
40 years of pain #
40 years
of pain. #