



Scripts.com

Dead Bullet

By Erik Reese

1

Fuck you!

Your one and only love
That's all I want to be
Your one and only love
Through all eternity
All that I'm dreaming of
Is to be yours alone
Your one and only love
The one you call your own
To love you always
Always and always
Gladly, I vow
To love you madly
To need you badly
Just as I

need you now

Your one and only love
Someday someone will be
So, darling
take my love
And fall in love
With

Me

Off-suit deuce, 7.

That's an unlucky hand.

Hell, it's the worst hand.

If you want this shithole back,
it's yours.

No, Roy.

That's not why I'm here.

Then what are you doing
in my house?

I need your help.

Didn't you get my postcard?

Yeah.

A year ago, reported you
fucking dead.

Open it.

Go on, open it.

Is this for real?

You're holding it.

Where'd you get this?

Well...

I just lost my last 100
on a 1-3 no limit.
Made a stupid call.
Left with 5 bucks
and a bad taste in my mouth.
But...
of course, I'm still
itching to play.
Figured I might as well
finish off on penny slots.
So a minute later
I'm back on the floor.

It's about 2:

Place is thinning out.
Some dealers.
Floor men.
One cashier.
And a handful of retirees
just burning up their pensions.
And there I am.
Looking for a spot.
For a chance just to turn
my luck around.
I find a machine, sit down.
Nothing fancy.
No gimmick screen,
nothing like that.
And as I sit down
I notice this...
this strange cowboy guy.
And I don't pay
too much attention,
because I'm just there
to flip my 5
and enjoy the ringing
of the bell as I keep winning.
But it don't work out that way.
I strike out faster
than a first-season rookie,
before the waitress even has
a chance to make her first pass.
You know
My new broom knows

how to please, baby
And my old broom
knows how to squeeze
My new love looks good
And she knows
just how to please
Lord have mercy
I wonder, can I get
a witness tonight, children?
I said, my new love
looks good, baby
Lord, she knows
just how to please
All of a sudden,
all I want to do is go home.
Get out.
Walk. Walk!
Get on your knees.
In the bag, 10,000 hard cash
and almost 100,000 in chips.
When I get home,
I'm fucking panicked.
I'm thinking about
what I just did,
thinking about this thing
that I now have.
And what about the cops?
I mean, if they come
looking for this,
I'm going to get pegged
for something that I didn't do.
I didn't want to involve you.
And I really didn't want
to involve your sister.
So...
I ran.
Does my sister know?
No. Only you.
Keep it that way.
Why?
Why? Because we thought
you were fucking dead,
that's fucking why.
Well, I wasn't.

Yeah...
you were.
If that's the way
you feel about it...
I'm really sorry I wasted
your fucking time.
How many zeros is that?
It's five zeros.
You dropped me off
In Lonesomeville
A place where only
lonely people live
The many hearts
you've broken
Live here in Lonesomeville
And the only thing
that's left...
So, what's the plan?
Yo.
Man, you hear me?
I think we should
avoid the casinos.
I don't even know
if the chips are marked.
You don't even want to try?
You waited this long,
you might as well try.
Well...
if I do this,
I go all the way.
Well, then we get someone
to buy the lot.
- Discount special.
- I thought of that.
- And?
- I don't know anybody.
- Man, I got people?
- What people?
Zack down at the gas station?
That fucking burnout.
Is that who you know?
Christ, Roy,
I didn't want to have you
involved in this

in the first place,
but you're the only fucking
person I can trust.
And that's saying a lot.
Yeah.
Well...
I'm already involved.
Now, I know you're lying
to me, bitch.
Now give me the fucking money.
I'm just fucking with you.
So, what do you think?
Pretty nice, huh?
Shit, man, relax.
Fucking idiot.
It's loaded.
No shit.
It's our insurance policy.
This is the difference between
five years to life in prison.
Why are you fucking around?
This shit is like moving
a dead body,
and I do not need you
carrying that weight around
the rest of your goddamned life,
do you hear me?
- Dead body?
- Yeah.
Dead bodies ain't got
no big-ass payoffs,
-so let me worry
about my own shit.
-Shut the fuck up.
Shut up.
It was stupid, Roy.
Fuck!
Here.
Yo, keep it.
I was just playing.
Relax.
There's no one here
but us children
There's 100 large.

We want 50. That's a fair trade.
That's our offer.
100's a long raw potato.
It ain't gonna be easy.
Where'd you get the chips from?
It doesn't matter right now.
Money's money.
What's your fucking point, son?
My point is,
if you can't help
then we'll go to someone else.
My point is...
fuck stain...
just because it looks good,
that don't make it good.
Well, that's the deal.
You buy the chips,
you take the risk.
You ain't the gambling type,
are you?
You see, I'm an Omaha man
myself.
All right.
But understand this, all this...
all this here is between us now.
Any more players in the pot,
all bets are off the table,
understood?
How can I trust you?
Son, how can I
fucking trust you?
A closed mouth...
admits no flies.
You get the picture?
Get the picture?
Hey, honey.
Come over here.
Yeah, you. Come on.
Can I help you with something?
I don't bite.
Come on.
Want to do something for me?
- What's that?
- Need some money?

It depends.

Well, you're looking good
tonight.

Don't tell me.

Not that.

No. Take those in there
and get some money for me.

Why?

Because I like you.

Why can't you do it yourself?

Because I asked you to do it.

It'll be worth your while.

All right.

That's a good girl.

There you go.

Ah.

I told you it'd be worth
your while.

I hope this doesn't
come back to haunt me.

It won't, babe.

Now that's for you.

You're a prick.

Mm-hmm.

Goodbye.

So, how do you know
this fucking weirdo, anyway?

You could say

he's a distant uncle.

- An old friend of sorts.

- An uncle?

He's a friend.

He's fucking weird.

- Oh, we go back. Trust me.

- I do trust you.

I just don't trust him.

Just keep thinking

about all the nice things

you can buy afterwards.

That'll ease your mind.

You got plans?

I've been thinking about it.

Yeah. And?

Nah, it's nothing.

Come on, tell me.

You're really not
going to tell me?

All right.

Well, remember a few years back
when we all went
to that old-ass ghost town
with all them stinky-ass burros
walking around?

- Oatman.

- Yeah.

It's the farthest I've ever been
outside this whole desert.

People talk about places
like France and New York
or whatever the fuck.

But, man...

I've never been past
little-ass Oatman, Arizona.

And that's where I'm going
to buy the most beautiful,
bright-red Chevelle.

Something like a '68.

And I'm going to drive that
mother clear across the Mojave,
right until I reach that
one highway next to the ocean.

I told you that son of a bitch
was green.

You know what

I remember you telling me?

Was that there was going to be
a lot more money
than there actually was.

That's what you said.

- Did I say that?

- Yeah.

Well, maybe I got something else
you and your hermano
might be interested in.

He's not my hermano,
motherfucker.

He's my brother.

You're making it

a real bad habit
of wasting my fucking time.
100,000 make it worth
your fucking time?
There you go.
100,000, motherfucker.
- You better not bullshit me.
- I'm just fucking with you.
- That's all.
- Fucking...
I'm just fucking...
Fuck.
Positive this is the right spot?
Yeah.
- How long has it been?
- Just wait.
- You want a stoke?
- No.
Wait, yeah, give me one.
- I'm going to go for a walk.
- Just don't go too far.
Yeah, you'll see me.
Hola.
I see you brought
the gardener, huh?
Where's Dick?
Dick sent us.
So...
go ahead and hand over
the chips.
We've got the paper
in the front seat.
Who's that?
Him?
That's my gardener.
Where's the money?
We do everything right here.
Nice. All right,
what do we got here?
Let's see.
Oh, shit.
Now the fucking money.
What the fuck is this?
Where's the fucking money?

What, you mean this money?
We got people back in town
waiting on us.
So if we don't show up
with our share,
they're going to come looking.
So don't fuck us.
Man, shut the fuck up.
No one gives a fuck about you.
Fucking cunt face.
There ain't no fucking
brigade coming.
Listen to me.
You're making a mistake.
You made the mistake.
You son of a bitch.
This was a fair fucking deal.
This was a fair deal.
This was a fair fucking deal!
- No, it's over, man.
- Roy, shut the fuck up!
I am not leaving.
I have lived like a fucking dog
for this money for a year.
Scavenging.
Almost fucking dying.
I'm not leaving.
Who said you're leaving,
motherfucker?
Let me give you a ride back.
You fucking hear me?
- Get in the fucking ride.
- No.
I'm taking the money
and we're getting out of here.
So you and him,
you two go fuck yourselves.
Bring it here.
Bring us the money.
- Bring me the money!
- You don't fucking hear me?
- Get in the fucking ride!
- Roy, run! Go!
Aah!

Get the fuck up.
Get up.
Motherfuck... Make that
motherfucker...
There we go.
There we go. Yeah.
Hit him again.
Hit him again.
You want to fucking shoot at me?
Fuck his ass up.
Look at him. Look at him!
Hit him again. Again!
You see what happens, huh?
You see what happens,
motherfucker?
Unh!
With your soul beat
Now come on, organ
Make it speak
Now hit it, man
Roy, huh?
You sure this is him?
I don't see
the resemblance, homie.
Now you fucking knew
he had this, didn't you?
Yeah, you fucking knew.
Bury that shit first.
Gonna make a grave
of that punk bitch next.
Hurry up.
Hurry the fuck up.
Fucking dig, motherfucker.
You ain't making
much progress, man.
As a matter of fact,
give me your wallet too.
Let me get your wallet.
Give me your fucking wallet.
Hurry the fuck up.
Nothing but a little bit
Nothing but
a little bit
But the power of soul now

That's all it is
Listen, nothing but
a little bit
Now what'd you do that for?
Haven't I been cool to you?
Haven't I?
I want each and every one
of you out there tonight
To come along with us
Keep digging, fucking punk.
Shit.
Five fucking dollars.
You broke-ass motherfucker.
All those fucking chips,
five dollars.
Stronger than a stone
And drive you
to the solar zone
Said I got to have it
I need
I live on the power
The power of soul now
That's all it is
You know it's your time
to shine now, right?
The power
The power, the power,
the power of soul
That's all it is
Do you hear me?
I'm talking about soul now
Yeah
All you people out there
Get together
I'm talking about soul
Yeah, yeah
Oh, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Hey.
Tomorrow
I don't know
where I'm going
Tomorrow

I don't know
where to hide
And so much
To try
And to hide
Tomorrow
You got a phone?
911. State the nature
of your emergency.
There's a body
out in the desert.
What is your location?
Did you say body?
I said there's a body
out in the desert.
- Which desert?
- I don't know.
I don't know where.
Just...
can you please...?
Can you confirm that you're at
the Shaw gas station?
- Please just find him.
- We're doing everything we can.
Just stay on the line.
Attention...
As the dawn's early light
Makes the darkness
from the night
And restlessness
makes me move
I quietly arise
Wipe the sleep
from my eyes
And walk out
into the morning dew
For a while
our thoughts and minds
And our dreams
were the same
The outside world
passed us by
Like the bounding
of the day

As I lie and realize
The things I've done to you
The time has come
when I must run
Into the morning dew
As the dawn's early light
Takes the darkness
from the night
Hello?
He's not a stranger, Jorge.
Okay, right.
So, what do you want to do?
You're asking me?
You should have never brought
him here in the first place.
Hey, look at me
when I'm talking to you.
How do you think
this makes me feel?
It's not like that anymore.
You gonna tuck him in?
See if he's doing all right
over there?
Fuck you.
Fucking bullshit.
Fuck.
Big, long legs
Busy, shaking hips
Tight dresses
on the Vegas Strip
Dancing in the town of sin
G-string dollars
on your belt with skill
In sync with the beat
I got your number
at the meet and greet
At Sahara Avenue
House of Lords
I'm asking you
Hey, do you really want
to love me, baby?
I said hey
Do you really want
to dance with me?

Dance, little sister
Wink your ponytail
Dance, little sister
Well, baby,
you got love for sale
Dance, little sister
Get out on the loose
'Cause this is all...
Miss you, Lynn.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah.
Don't be a bum
all your life
Don't hate all your life
Don't be a fake
all your life
I'm a real nigga, nigga
I speak real shit
I'm a real nigga, nigga
I speak real shit
I'm a real nigga, nigga
I speak real shit
I need a real woman
that can be a thrill, thrill
Yeah, I'm back at it
Came back with it
Came back
and all black
Killer authentic
Black bureaucrat, Barack 'em
rap 'em, fearful menace
I ain't come
to start shit, homes
I came to finish
Then I came back, back
with that geechie shit
Learn a lot at school
But different teachers,
they didn't teach me shit
Times got rough
There ain't those
that really stay with me
My niggas
that pray for me

In return I pray for those
Sucking dick
to get your hair fixed
I still pray for hoes
Acting funny
when you making money, man
The major pros trust nobody
sure you're right
Go good choice
with all your might
Fuck the world
Take my advice
Don't be dumb all your life
Hey, yo, Carolina kid
Cooler than
a fucking blizzard
Young black country nigga
Back porch eating gizzard
Proud of me
They gotta be
Carolina prodigy
Homework is the boss of me
Lived with my philosophy
Big business on the table
Big money still exists
In that case
I want the dough
The bread, the cheese,
and the chicks
I bring it back
to the corner of the map
Do it for all real niggas
Real niggas, where you at?
Then we're gonna do...
What the fuck
are you doing here?
Bitch, get the fuck out.
Fuck you.
It's all right.
I'll see you later.
It's all right.
Have you ever...
sucked a man's dick...
for money?

Fuck you.
Come on, Dick.
I asked you a question.
Have you ever...
sucked...
a man's dick...
for money?
You're fucking crazy.
Get the fuck out of here
right now.
So that means...
that Dirty Dick...
has never been
up the river, huh?
There we go. Yeah.
Get your fucking hands
off me, man.
- There we go.
- Get your fucking hands off me.
We're not done yet.
Yeah, here we go.
Very nice.
- What the fuck?
- Very nice.
Now, open your mouth.
- Yeah.
- Fuck you.
Open...
your mouth.
- Fuck you.
- There we go.
Very nice.
There we go.
Yeah.
Yeah, you fucked us.
You fucked us!
My brother caught a bullet.
I mean, they blew
his fucking face off.
He's gone.
All because you fucked us,
you motherfucker.
And now I'm going to fuck you
right in the goddamn face!

If you lose, motherfucker,
that's our fucking deal,
just fucking leaks.
You got that?
Ow! Fuck!
You listen to me
and you listen good,
you son of a bitch.
There was a man who got away,
and you will find him.
I know where you live.
I know where your ugly slut
fucking whore wife lives.
I even know where
your fucking stupid,
retarded fucking kids
go to play after school.
And it's nothing,
nothing for me to pay them
a little visit
and pull their fucking heads off
and leave them where they lay.
I promise you, none of your
fucking pig friends
are going to be able
to help you.
No one's going to be able
to protect you.
Especially when they find out
what kind of a real lawman
- they're dealing with here.
- What are you talking about?
Fucking crooked cop
motherfucker.
Fuck you.
Fuck you and fuck you again.
Fuck you. Fuck you!
Get your fucking hands off me.
Get that gun away from me.
Get that fucking gun away.
Looks like you and me.
Just joking.
Oh, look at how cute!
Do you equate our love

to two asses?

Yeah.

Ass to ass.

Mwah, mwah, mwah.

Hi, how you doing?

- Mwah, mwah.

- All right.

All right. All right.

All right.

Sounds like you
when you wake up.

Not like you.

Stop it.

Ah!

Carry shotguns,
or you can have...

Wait, where's my ax?

She can't breathe, seriously.

Top down.

Two, and... three.

Watching the good old days?

You know, no matter how many
times I asked her, she just...
she just couldn't
throw this shit away.

Mistakes...

should stay in the past.

Someone like you, who can never
give her the things I give her.
Because I take care of her now.

And that is why she doesn't
care about some...

some cheap, worthless
bag of shit

that comes and goes,
like yourself.

And that's the truth.

You want to hit me? Huh?

Go ahead. Hit me.

I'll call the cops on you.

I will turn you in faster
than you can fucking run.

So come on,

hit me, motherfucker.

- I said, hit me!

- Stop!

Hey. What's going on?

Get him out of my house.

What are you doing?

Is he going to call the cops?

What are you still doing here?

Is he?

Because if he is,

I got to go right now.

Why?

No.

He's at Lazy Harry's...

drunk.

I need to borrow your car.

Excuse me?

You know me, right?

No.

I don't.

Yeah, you do.

You know who I was.

Chey, there's some things
that I have to make right.

Because if I don't...

Even though I know you're
not going to tell me
what's going on...

if I say yes...

I'm not responsible
for what happens.

I'm going to bring it back.

Well, a song ain't been
written

For what I feel
in my heart

I keep on searching
for a way to start

But my thoughts
are all jumbled

And I'm just
not that smart

To put them all together
And to tell you
how I feel

The words would only
hurt you
And the hurt
is all I feel
So I'll sit here
in silence
With my thoughts to myself
Bearing the burden
of the sorrow you felt
I'm searching the reasons
for the misery I've dealt
And the reasons are many
The sorrow is a shame
I'm sorry if I've hurt you
But I guess
you share the blame
Fuck!
Fuck!
Fuck you.
Can you hear me?
I want you to blink
if you can hear me,
you piece of shit.
I'm taking this back.
And I'm going to the cops.
You understand me?
It's over.
Yeah?
Your boyfriend just
paid me a visit.
I think he's cheating on you.
Son, is this you?
Now, you got to...
you got to listen
for a moment...
Shut the fuck up.
Now here's what's going
to happen.
I'm going to the police.
I'm going to turn myself in.
And then I'm going
to turn you in.
So if I were you,
I'd fucking run.

Now, now, just wait...
Son?
Motherfucker.
Motherfucker!
Those cigarette ashes
Turn into glass
These things
seem to tell me
That it's over at last
Her parting kiss
Brought tears to my eyes
Was it good night
Or was it goodbye?
Only time
Only time can tell
No, no, baby
Only time will tell
The wrinkled-up sofa
Scuff marks on the floor
Shows where
she was sitting
What the fuck you done?
He was going to the police.
I'm in the shit, Harvey.
I'm in the fucking shit.
I ain't going down for you.
Now, get up.
Think this is fucking funny?
Get up!
Only time will tell
I pulled the chariot
The moment she came
Walking through
my front door
Right now, baby
Her conversation
Was almost the same
But still, I could tell
that something was wrong
The feeling had changed
My, my, my, my, my,
my baby
I'll empty those ashtrays
We need to talk.

He's not here.
You're all sweaty.
Come here.
Come closer.
I need a hand.
- Thanks.
- Mm-hmm.
Whoa, whoa, let me drive.
I want to take you someplace.
That's not a good idea.
You know what's a worse idea?
Me getting out of the car
and trying to convince you
otherwise.
If you do that,
I swear I'll leave you right
here in your birthday suit.
Okay.
Let me just give it a shot.
- Stop it.
- Okay.
- Do not... I'll leave you.
- I won't...
Motherfucker. Bill...
The trials of a life
Feel so lonely
When your lover
walks in
With somebody else
And the range gets higher
With every
Every footstep
If it's night
It seems the stars
have no light
Yes, the trials
of a life
Feel so lonely
Oh, yes
If your sweetheart
Is not natural to you
And the road,
it gets rougher
When the day

breaks through
'Cause the shadows
of sadness
Shines through
I need you, darling
Oh, yes, I do
Oh, yes
Yes
Oh, yes
I need you
You must have dropped this
when you left
your clothes to dry.
That's not mine.
I know you stole that money.
What did you say?
Bill...
Tell me the truth.
I didn't steal anything.
Who told you that?
The day you left
I read the papers.
Someone robbed Old Gold Miner
Casino with a bomb threat.
And then you left for a year.
It was you.
The guy's got a bomb
outside the northwest
tournament rooms.
That money was for us.
It goes off in 20 minutes.
That's a lie.
Why did you really leave?
I just told you.
No, you didn't.
Because not everything
in this life
revolves around fucking casinos,
and gambling, and money.
I was tired, okay?
I was fucking tired
of being broke.
Tired of living in a shithole.
Tired of trying

to take care of you
when I had fucking nothing.
But it looks like
you took care of it, didn't you?
You got rich fucking Jorge,
and everything's perfect.
That's why you robbed
the casino for us?
I wanted to give you everything.
Why?
Did I ever ask you for anything?
Even with all that money...
you still came back
to this town...
with nothing.
Roy's dead, Cheyenne.
You can call the cops now.
There's no need for that.
Inside.
It's really good
to see you, Bill.
We got a lot
of catching up to do.
Don't we?
Let them go.
They're innocent.
They're innocent?
You mean like you...
right?
Innocent.
They had nothing
to do with this.
Then why are we here now?
Because of the fucking money.
And I have it.
I have all of it.
I cashed it out last night.
Every last fucking dollar, okay?
That's bullshit.
Now tell us where that money is.
I'll take you to it.
I swear to God,
I'll take you to it.
But I just have to know

that they're going to be safe.

No.

You see, I got
everything I need...
right here.

Get up.

I said, get the fuck up!

Pick it up.

Nice and easy.

There you go.

Now, what we're
going to do is...

you're going to point it.

Because I want you

to know how it feels

to see someone you love...

lose their goddamn face.

Just tell us where

the money is, boy.

Just shut the fuck up, Dick.

Let's not be stupid here.

Even if the boy didn't cash out,
it's still 100 grand.

Fuck the money.

Shoot them in the face.

Do it to her.

Do it.

You're so fucking disappointing.

Because what you're

telling me is...

what you're telling me

is you want me to do it?

- No.

- Is that what you want?

- You want me to do it?

- No.

Because if that's the case,

I'm always the one

to start with the leg.

You shoot one leg, you might

as well shoot the other.

What's next, huh? Feet?

- No!

- Hands?

I'm tired of fucking around
with you.
This time...
I'm going to count to three.
And if you don't
pull that trigger...
I will.
Here we go.
Three...
two...
one.
Look at that.
Huh?
Yeah.
Now we're going to make it
a bit more interesting.
Let's say about four.
That should do the trick.
Huh?
Get the fuck up.
Come on.
Get up.
Come on.
Now, do it again.
Pick it up.
Pick it up!
Pick up the fucking gun!
Mother...
- Wait...
- Fuck you.
Fuck you. Fuck you!
- Fuck you!
- Wait, damn it, stop.
- Motherfucker!
- Harvey, think of the money.
Motherfucker, stop!
That's it, I'm done.
Fuck you.
No more fucking games.
Take me where the money is
right fucking now.
First you let them go.
I ain't much
in the torturing business.

You'd better start talking,
and talk plenty.
I'll take you to the money.
It's all black on the beat
A man who has not passed
Through the inferno
of his passions
Has never overcome them
Play with it
Strong as missile
and country as a fiddle
Knew I was to be rich
and have a big dick
When I was little
Country ass Kanye West
down south kiss of death
Pen and pad work
Nothing less than 100 reps
Get out.
I can hear the people
calling now
That's about a 100 texts
Help the real niggas
That's only about 100 blessed
And the rest of these niggas
just got to see me flex
Times got rougher
I stayed on my knees
And when times stay rough
Mama stayed on her feet
Don't walk too fast.
I don't want surprises.
Had a head full of struggle
And a heart full of peace
Now we hustle like we found
Money on some trees
Go ahead, take a seat.
You're fucking lying.
Why did you fuck us over?
I know you don't know me.
But Roy was your friend.
He told you that?
That kid meant nothing to me.
He was just a...

Just like res-dog.
Well, you won.
So take the chips.
Put a fucking bullet in my head.
And it's over.
But those two out in the desert,
they're innocent.
You know,
you're absolutely right.
They are innocent.
Which is exactly why we'll talk.
Before you do that...
how about letting me go out
with a good set of hands.
You said you were
an Omaha man, right?
That's right.
You any good?
I'm better than you.
You're better than me.
All right.
We gonna play.
We're going to play.
Uh-uh.
Just figured we'd play
with the chips.
Well, you psychotic
piece of shit...
if this is it...
well, then fuck you.
I'm all in.
Well, don't that
make things simple.
If that's how you want to play.
I call.
What you got, dumb fuck?
Off-suit.
Two 7s.
That's the worst fucking hand.
You ain't got no luck, do you?
You stupid donkey.
I got aces.
Here you go.
Roy's life, though?

It should have been worth more
than some dirty fucking money.
You'll never get that back.
Not for anyone.
Not even for yourself.
I thought I had it.
I thought I fucking had it.
I hit the jackpot.
Hit the jackpot.
But it's bullshit.
It's all fucking bullshit.
The only thing that matters...
is how you play your cards
when you got them.
Mm-hmm.
Well, that's very,
very touching.
But you lost.
911, what's the nature
of your emergency?
Near the Indian burial site.
Keep driving and you'll see
a desert gorge.
Inside, there's a woman...
and there's a man who need help.
Please send an ambulance.
Please find...
Well, remember a few years back
when we all went
to that old-ass ghost town
with all them stinky-ass burros
walking around?
- Oatman.
- Yeah.
It's the farthest I've ever been
outside this whole desert.
And that's where I'm going
to buy the most beautiful,
bright-red Chevelle.
Something like a '68.
And I'm going to drive that
mother clear across the Mojave.
Right until I reach that
one highway next to the ocean.

The loveliest song
I ever heard
Was when you spoke
Those words
Johnnie, I love you
I love you
No, I love you
Like a symphony
Oh, what you did to me
It's a lovely song
It's the loveliest song
It's the loveliest song
Oh
The loveliest song
I know
Is when you say
Hello
Johnnie, I love you
Joe, I need you
I'm crazy
Oh, about you
You're a melody
Oh, what you do to me
It's the loveliest song
It's the loveliest song
It's the loveliest song
Oh, oh
Shoo-bee-doo-bee-doo
What you gonna do
Makes a world
A better place
Shoo-bee-doo-bee-da
You're my shining star
I know our love
Will always stay
The loveliest song
I know
Is when you say
Baby, don't go
Johnnie, I love you
Joe, I need you
You know I'm crazy
About you
You're a melody

Oh, what you do to me
It's the loveliest song
It's the loveliest song