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Gas, Food Lodging

By Allison Anders

If it weren't for Elvia Rivero,
this story wouldn't even be worth telling.
Whenever Elvia
came to this dead old town...
well, it's like she woke the place up.
My hometown, Laramie, New Mexico,
it came alive.
Elvia Rivero was the one
who made me laugh when I needed to laugh.
She made me cry when no one was looking.
But most of all, Elvia could put into words
everything I was thinking.
It was Elvia who first gave me the idea.
It was decided then and there.
I knew what was missing from my life.
A man.
Shit!
Oh, no! Don't get me wrong.
Not a man for me, for my mom.
Then we could do all the dumb normal stuff
regular families do.
Hi, Darius.
Come in.
I can't. I have to go meet my stupid sister.
Maybe I want to sit at the counter.
Don't worry, as soon as I'm out of here,
you can do whatever the fuck you want.
Promises.
Hello, girls.
- Trudi.
- Thanks.
I'll send your favorite waitress over as soon
as she finishes the big party in back.
You want something to drink?
Yeah, a Slice, in a big huge glass
with some ice, please.
- She's waiting.
- What?
- Diet Pepsi.
- Diet Pepsi. Okay.
So, where is our favorite waitress, anyway?
I got the most amazing idea today, Trudi.
Oh, man!
- Lo siento, seorita.

- It's no problem.
It was an accident.
God, don't just stand there, wetback,
get a towel! Clean it up!
Glad he didn't spill it on me.
I have a date later.
Really? With who?
Nobody you'd know.
By the way, the name's Javier, not wetback.
My family's been in this town
for five generations.
Where is the bitch? I don't have all night.
The old bitch is coming.
She heard you. If I was you I'd just keep
my mouth shut on your date tonight.
You risk blowing it.
He's an idiot, he isn't interested
in my fucking vocabulary.
I didn't say "old."
Oh, goody.
Come on, girls, make it quick, I'm snowed.
Why are you working two stations?
Unlike some people, I notice.
Yeah, some people notice.
What are you gonna have?
A dinner salad with blue cheese dressing.
No dressing, just a lemon wedge.
That's it? No way.
You're having some protein, Trudi.
- Come on, I had protein once already today.
- Like what?
- You're having the fish.
- Fish? Make me sick.
Fine. Bring it. I won't eat anything then.
- What are you going to have?
- BLT with onion rings?
Could I get another Slice
in a big glass with ice?
Where is Javier?
- He walked.
- He walked?
He just walked out?
That's just great.
I am not going out with a beautiful boy

smelling like grease and fish. Fuck that.

- Where are you going?

- I'm not eating. Forget it.

That's just great, Trudi.

Eighty-six the red snapper.

The question was,

what sort of man would my mom go for?

My dad walked off

before I could remember things.

And I hadn't seen her with any other guy

in almost two years...

since the one who held the gun on us.

Before him there was this rich guy who took

me and my sister to Kmart one day...

and let us buy anything we wanted.

And we said, "Marry him, Mom."

But she said no because if she did,

it would be for the wrong reasons.

So that was the end of that.

Then there was this young guy.

He was more of a pal.

Now, he used to turn off all the lights

in the trailer and go, "Bring me the knife!"

And me and Trudi

would hide in the dark and scream.

Mom would get all mad at him and say:

"Stop it! You're getting them all wound up
before bedtime."

And we'd all laugh so she had to laugh, too.

I wonder whatever happened to him.

There are so many kinds of guys.

There's so many kinds.

But there was only one guy missing.

El Paso.

Last name, Evans...

- first name, John.

- I have a J. Evans.

Okay. Thank you. I'll take it.

- Hold for the number.

- Thank you.

The only man missing

was John Isaiah Perion Evans...

my dad.

Hello?

"And be sure to turn out the lights.
"We will.
"I did. She was the last one in there."
Where is your sister?
Shade, wake up and tell me where Trudi is.
God, Mom, I don't know.
I was having a good dream.
Go back to sleep.
This was amazing, Trudi.
You're really amazing.
- I'll call you tomorrow, all right?
- Okay. Yeah.
Now, get some sleep.
- Okay. Bye.
- Bye.
What? I had a date, so?

It's 2:

- You haven't been to school in two weeks.
- I have too.
Not according to this. This is bullshit.
You're going to school
or you're getting your ass a job.
- Fine, I'll get a job.
- Doing what?
I don't know. God, something.
- Would you lay off? I'm tired.
- No, I'm not finished with you!
You don't come in at no 2:30 a. m.
As long as you're living in my house.
- You got it?
- I got it!
I don't know how you piss the hours away,
but I got a pretty good idea.
- It's none of your business.
- Oh, no?
Whose business is it if you get knocked up?
Or if you bring home a nice dose
of the clap or AIDS? Answer me that.
- Whose business is it then?
- Not yours!
I wouldn't tell you shit if I were dying!
Listen to me, young lady,
you got three choices:

You go to school, you get a job,
or you get out!
Fine, then, I'm out of here.
I can't stand it here with you!
And you don't close the door in my face!
Come on, I have to go to school tomorrow!
- You're gonna shape up around here!
- Get out of my fucking life!
Sweetheart. I can make you
very sorry you said that.
Go to bed, Mom!
I will go to bed when I want to,
you understand me?
Will the new girl come get her order?
Trudi, pick up.
Here you go.
- Will that be all?
- This will do. Thanks.
One moment.
- I ordered the Western Burger.
- Just a sec.
Shit!
That's his burger. You ordered
the French Burger, that's the Western...
Too late? It's okay.
- I'm sorry. It's my first day.
- It's all right.
I'm from England. We're used to bad service.
Is that supposed to make me feel good
or something?
Hello?
Anyone?
No! Stop!
Are you crazy, man?
You could lose a finger like that.
Sorry.
It's you?
Done any Mex bashing lately?
- What?
- I'm sorry.
You probably don't remember me.
I know all us "wetbacks" look alike.
I didn't say anything.
Wait a minute.

I do.
I do remember you.
You're the busboy who walked out.
You left my mom stranded at dinner rush.
God, who could forget.
You don't seem to be
much better at this job.
And in case you don't know,
most projectors have a knob for focus!
Goodbye, chula.
I think we've been over this
about a hundred times too many.
Look, Nora. Wait!
Come on, open up. Let me talk to you.
What, Raymond?
What's to say?
Maybe we could have a drink
or a cup of coffee?
Spend a little time together?
Julie, in all those years, never knew a thing.
We never hurt nobody.
I can't get it through your head that you're
not the only one with a family to protect.
My girls are grown up now.
I can't be messing with a married man.
I got to set some kind of example.
It seems to me that if I make you feel good...
that's the type of example
that would mean something to your girls.
Better than the role model
of being a lonely woman.
Yeah, I get lonely. I do. So, big deal.
Women are lonely in the '90s.
It's our new phase.
We'll live.
I've been lonelier.
You take care.
And take care of those girls of yours.
I still want to meet them one day.
It's nice to see you.
You are so beautiful.
I got to go.
Shit!
She's so beautiful.

I mean, the words:

"Have to believe we are magic."

It's tripped out.

She's proposing some very weird, cool,
and scary shit.

Like what?

Like that feminine shit.

Going further than love.

Further than sex.

Like death.

Like, Don't Fear the Reaper.

The way I see it, chicks are the ones
who want to go to outer space.

That's why they push it so hard.

It's like Adam and Eve.

He was fine grooving in Paradise...

but Eve wanted something scary.

She wanted the fucking edge.

She wanted to jump off cliffs
just so she could see what it was like to fall.

Risk.

That's what this song's all about, Shade.

That's what Eve wanted.

That's what Olivia wants.

And that's what I want.

- Has anybody seen Brett tonight?

- Who? Brett?

Yeah, I think I have seen Brett.

- Really? Is he here?

- I think his fiance's giving him head.

I'm sorry, that's your job, isn't it?

- He says you swallow, Trudi. Is that true?

- Fuck you!

Stick around.

You want Brett, there he is, right there.

"I'll call you tomorrow, Trudi.

"Yeah, baby. No one's ever made me come
that way before."

That was really cute.

- What are you trying to do to me?

- What are you trying to do to me?

Nothing.

I'd kick you in the balls if you had any.

What's her problem?

She's pissed
because I won't go out with her.
Could you fill this for me, please?
- Cream and lots of sugar.
- Sure.
Okey-doke. Here you go.
Thanks.
Your thermos!
Wait!
I know the coffee sucks here,
but that's a nice thermos.
My mind just walks away sometimes.
Yeah. That's what men do, they walk away.
Wait.
- Can I give you a lift?
- What for?
For you to explain that remark.
Their emotions walk away.
Their minds walk away.
Everything they say to you walks away.
Make a left up here.
Their promises walk away.
- I saw you had this earlier. What is it?
- It's a mineral light.
It's like a lantern,
only it has an ultraviolet light in it. See?
- Look at your shirt.
- Look at your dress.
So, what? Is this your method?
You get girls in your car and show them
you can make them glow in the dark?
It's a necessary instrument for my work.
Make a right up here.
What's that?
Rocks.
I knew it. Another musician, great.
Not rock.
Rocks.
Look, that's the best I can do. I'm tired.
Yeah, sure.
Have fun with your rocks.
Excuse me.
- Mornin'.
- Morning?

No, it's not even morning yet,
get my meaning?
No, you don't.
I'll be direct. This is my day off...
and like most people,
I like to sleep in on my day off.
You following me?
What the hell are you doing,
making all this racket at 5:00 a. m.?
Installing a brand-new
Humphrey satellite dish, ma'am.
I can see that.
But I'd advise you...
that if you don't do this
at a reasonable hour, I'll have to call...
Mr. Humphrey-Satellite-Dish and complain.
But, ma'am, I am Mr. Humphrey.
But, I tell you what, I'll go.
I'll stop working for a spell
and go eat some breakfast.
You'd be welcome to join me.
It's a place right off the highway.
It's a Pull-Off Plaza.
No, thanks.
But I'll give the cook a call
and tell him you're coming.
If he's in a good mood,
maybe he'll spit in your eggs for me.
That's a good one.
Say, what's your name, anyhow?
Nora. Why?
Bet you can't guess what my name is.
You go ahead, try.
I don't know. Tom? Dick?
Moose?
You'll never guess in a million years.
You want me to tell you?
Hamlet.
Hamlet Humphrey.
That's pitiful.
Mom, do you have a pair of hose
I can borrow?
They are in my drawer.
Mom, do you want

blankets and sheets, too?

- Of course.

- Would you move? I'm gonna be late.

Who used all the tampons
and didn't buy a new box?

Not me.

I'm the dominant female in this house.

You're both following my cycle.

You get your period first. You're all bad.

I bought some. They're under the sink.

- What's this?

- Give it! That's mine!

- Birth control pills?

- You bitch! I'm gonna tell Mom.

- I'm gonna tell Mommy!

- Just give it back!

- You jerk! Stop laughing!

- I'm not.

- Why did you hit her?

- I didn't. She fell.

- Not till she pushed me.

- She kicked me.

I can always depend on you
to cause trouble.

Big baby.

- Is this the only size you have?

- That's it, hon.

- How much is it?

- \$2.25 and tax.

Bummer. I have \$2.

How much you need?

Just \$0.30.

Take it.

I can pay you back. My mom's just in there.

No sweat.

John's a big spender. Ladies' man.

Too young for you, John.

Thanks. I'll be right back with your change.

- Don't worry about it.

- Thanks.

So, where's this go, Sadie?

Mom used to say that the easiest place
to meet a guy was a bar.

To me, this sounded crazy.

Then one night, I saw him.
The one I'd been looking for.
It was like he walked
straight out of an Elvia Rivero movie.
I could tell he was no loser.
He had on the clothes of a teamster
and boots from Spain...
or at least El Paso.
He was the one, beyond a doubt.
I just have to get him and my mom together.
- I was hoping it was you.
- Let's go.
Fuck them!
- Am I taking you home?
- Can I go with you?
I'll be working. And it's dangerous.
You're not really dressed for it.
I could wait in the Jeep for you. I'll be okay.
Okay. I won't be long.
I don't like this shit.
- Dank?
- Careful.
Walk to me, slowly.
You dropped these.
Thank you.
- I always thought there was nothing here.
- Nothing here?
There's so much.
Look at this.
And these.
There's something I've got to tell you.
Do you want to hear it?
- Is it going to upset me?
- No.
Is it going to make me sick?
- Is it going to make me kill someone?
- No.
All right, then.
I mess around with guys a lot.
I guess I'm one of those girls with a rep.
I never wanted to do it, but I do.
I even make all the first moves.
But I've been thinking about it a lot lately
and thinking about...

why I can't say no...
and why I always have to do it.
And I think it's because of my first time.
These guys just did what they wanted.
What are you saying?
They pulled a train on me.
They gang-banged me.
I didn't report it. Are you crazy?
Let the whole town know about it?
I never told anyone. Not even my mom.
I knew their names.
Two of them were brothers...
Sonny and Dan Richardson,
and Ralph Ellison.
A guy they called Tex.
I never saw them again.
Don't.
After that, I never said no again.
Why bother? They just do it anyway.
This was the first time...
I really wanted to do it.
It was the first time...
I felt anything.
I have to go away for a few days.
There's a mineshaft near Carlsbad
that has some rare species of rocks.
I want to check it out.
What? It's not that far.
I'll be back by Wednesday.
Yeah, sure. Whatever.
Don't be like that.
Come here.
Kiss me.
I'll dream about you.
Dream for me, Trudi.
You have one month
to find another place to live.
Fine.
- It's fine, is it?
- Yes, it's fine. It's dandy.
- Now leave me alone.
- Leave you alone?
You bet I'll leave you alone.
Pay your rent alone.

See how "dandy" that is.
I won't be alone! Not like you!
I found someone
and he wants to be with me!
Yeah, sure he does.
One month, Trudi.
I will not put up with this anymore!
Bitch!
Ungrateful...
Hamlet Humphrey, you still here?
Yes, ma'am. I'm in it for the long haul.
Aren't we lucky.
Thanks. I'll wash it for you.
Now, it can't be that bad.
Now, how do you know?
What if I told you I was dying...
of an incurable blood disease,
would that be bad enough for you?
I was just trying to cheer you up.
I wasn't out to minimize it.
...this weekend, go kick some booty with
those cowboys. It'll be wild. Don't miss it.
Closer to home, sunny skies
prevailing this morning. A hot day...
I don't want you to move out.
Sorry we woke you up.
What is that?
Looks like an ordinary rock, huh?
- Yeah, plain old rock.
- It's not.
It glows bright orange under a special light.
- Bullshit, it does.
- It's true.
Shady, I met the best guy.
Laramie's not so bad.
We went to the desert, Dank and me,
and he showed me it's alive out there.
It's not just nothing.
Colors and sounds and flowers and...
I need your advice.
There's a boy.
And he does all this stuff.
Like he touches my face
and he holds my hand...

and he acts like we're buddies.
You have to make the first move.
What's his dream girl like?
This is gonna be fun.
You decide, that's all, that you're going
to have him and nothing can stop you.
Throw him down. Make him want you.
You look amazing.
Know what I've been thinking?
No, what?
I've been thinking how bored I am.
How I want to go to some...
scary, dark place.
Risk, Darius.
I want to jump off cliffs.
I want to go to another planet.
That's some scary shit, all right.
- Am I hurting your leg?
- No. I don't feel a thing.
Good, I guess.
- Okay, where was I?
- I can't remember.
- Oh, yes.
- Oh, no.
Magic, Darius.
That's what Olivia wants.
That's what Eve wanted.
That's what I want.
I wanna lose myself...
in you.
Oh, God! I feel so stupid!
No. Come on. Why?
- Am I ugly? I mean, am I gross?
- Get real, Shade.
You're a beautiful person, but...
- But I'm hideous.
- Stop.
I feel like a jerk.
It's not you.
It's me.
That doesn't help.
All right. You have a good one, baby.
See you, man.
It's the movie lady.

No movies today?
No matinees?
Just real life?
Real life.
What'd you do to your hair?
I don't like it.
And those are some lame-ass shoes.
No wonder your feet hurt...
- trying to walk on those building blocks.
- Who asked you?
I mean, if you ask me, you dress pretty silly.
Stupid baggy '50s pants with the little cut
in the side. What's that for?
Come on, now. I'm just joking with you.
It's 'cause I like the way
you normally dress, that's why.
I liked your hair before.
It was just fine.
That's the stuff.
- Slow down.
- All right.
It's that one. Right there.
See you at the movies, I guess.
Do you want this?
It wouldn't mean nothing.
No, that's okay.
- See you.
- Bye.
Oh, shit! Dinner.
Mom?
Shady, honey, are we going to eat or what?
Mom, I have a little surprise for you.
- Come on in.
- You look great.
Nora, this is Raymond.
Raymond, this is Nora.
- Sit down.
- Thanks.
What line of work are you in, Ms. Evans?
Please call me Nora.
I'm a brain surgeon, Raymond.
How about you?
I'm a grave digger myself.
I'm digging my own as we speak... rapidly.

That makes two things you do quick.
Thanks for coming over.
You really blew it.
Maybe if you play your cards right,
I can get you a second chance.
Well, darling, I think
I about run out of chances with her.
- Okay, good night.
- Good night.
That's a sweet little girl you got there.
I'm lucky.
I'm lucky, too...
to have known you both.
I'll be cutting out for Las Cruces now.
Stay well, Raymond.
Things don't always work out
like you want them to...
and in my experience, it almost never does.
A lot of people say you're stupid
to have expectations on anything.
But they're just afraid of disappointment.
Me, I guess I'm more afraid
of not having any daydreams left.
I mean, disappointment is easy.
You can get over it.
But what do you do with yourself...
if you can't imagine the future,
the way you want it to be?
When someone rejects you,
they say that it's not personal.
Who are they kidding?
It's as personal as it can get.
You can't help but take it personal.
You start thinking that you're
the worst problem in their whole life.
You think you're the reason
for all their weird moods.
Or why they quit coming to school.
Wednesday came and Trudi
was too nervous to even talk...
'cause that Dank guy was coming back.
Then Thursday came...
and then by Friday, she'd gotten all quiet.
Come the next week,

she couldn't even get out of bed.

"He's never coming back, " she said.

Who's the father?

I don't know.

Nice.

A guy, okay?

A jerk.

We need to sit down with this jerk
and talk over the details.

If you can find him.

I have nothing to say to him.

Be practical, Trudi.

He's got to pay for it. It's only fair.

You're the one who has to go through
the abortion. It's the least he can do.

Abortion?

I haven't even decided yet
what I'm going to do.

There's nothing to decide.

You have no choice.

Bullshit! You can't tell me.

You gonna finish that?

This is my body.

You can't tell me what to do.

I'm not gonna discuss this with you, Trudi.

You don't want me to make
the same mistake you made, right?

You wish you'd had an abortion
instead of having me.

Life would have been easier for you.

Just fucking say it!

That's enough, Trudi! Now get in the car!

I bet you even tried to abort me, didn't you?

Everything in Trudi's life
came down to three choices...

and this was no different.

Moving to a home in Dallas,
carrying the baby all those months...

then having to give it away
seemed like the hardest part of all.

Still, it was her choice.

You won't be gone for that long.

Nah. I'll be back before you can blink.

So don't get too cozy

in that room by yourself, okay?
Take care of yourself, Trudi.
I'm gonna miss you.
Bye. Be good.
Here. Take it.
You just made me so mad.
Bus 1737 leaving for Dallas, now boarding.
That guy, Darius...
he just got scared. It wasn't you.
Mom, what are we going to do
without Trudi here?
The house is so quiet.
You know, you and I never talk.
You done?
Maybe we should get some more TV.
I'll see you inside, all right, homes.
- How are you?
- All right.
I thought it was you.
I came in the door and I looked at you...
and I said, "Yeah, that's her."
No one in my town dresses like that."
- See you later, man.
- Right on. See you later. Take it easy.
You will not believe it.
You see that guy over there?
His brother is a DJ from LA.
Like a big millionaire and famous.
And he's passing through town...
and he promised me
he would ask him to DJ at the party.
Really? That's great.
This party is turning out so perfect.
Now, who else can I invite?
I'm sorry, I can't invite the whole town.
Hey, no need to explain.
A rato.
You shouldn't even be talking to that boy.
He is a cholo. Pure gangster.
You know, he's probably supporting
a baby or two...
by robbing pizza delivery men
and stealing car radios.
You don't even know him, Tanya.

He's not all that bad.
Cholos are all the same, Shade.
They deal dope.
They kill each other for fun.
They gang-rape girls and that's how
the girls are initiated into the gang.
Now, let's find me the perfect dress, okay?
So, you get your network programming...
get your cable programming,
but that's only the beginning.
This is not just entertainment.
Now you're gonna get philosophical on me?
Spare me the lecture and talk to me
in a language I can understand.
How much is it gonna cost?
Just \$1,200 to be linked up
with your fellas all over the world.
I can't afford that.
A woman that works as hard as you?
You've had a tough go of it.
You know, a fella's got to admire that.
Hey, you've got some pretty brown eyes
on you, you know that?
Thanks. But I still can't afford it.
Maybe TV just ain't what you need, lady.
So, you're a DJ. Must be very interesting.
What about that liquor delivery?
Well, why don't we call again?
I'm sorry if I didn't...
do it for you.
You do it for me, Ham. It was great. Really.
It was really great. I mean it.
I can enjoy myself without...
I mean, not every time, but...
Well, I still got some ambition left.
I can make it better.
It was fine.
It really was.
I think it has to do
with getting used to a man...
getting used to his body...
position...
the size.
Oh, the size is great.

The body's great.
That just leaves position.
Okay, so it should be here? Thank you.
- They're on the way.
- Come on, baby, I won't bite.
Look, it was really nice meeting you guys...
but my parents could be home any minute,
so you should probably leave.
You guys have to go!
Get out of my house, now!
Go! Just go!
Okay, enough of this bullshit.
Let's go back inside...
You guys have to go. Out of my house!
She doesn't have to do anything with you.
Just leave her alone.
Look at the mouth on her. Let's see...
That's enough, pal!
So, where are we taking you?
The picture show?
No. I live out on Route 40.
The Lucky Clover Trailer Park.
How did you know that?
I've been trying to get the nerve up
to come and see you...
since I came back home to Laramie.
How you doing, Shady Lynne?
How's your sister, Trudi?
Is she okay?
And Nora?
Dear, sweet, pretty Nora.
How is your mamma?
John, do we have the same last name?
I'm him.
I ain't shit...
but I'm your old man, darling.
How was the party, honey?
I met my dad.
He's moved back?
That's the first I heard about it. When?
Look, I don't know.
I was shocked. I didn't ask him that.
Well, there are a few things
I'd like to ask him.

It's impossible.
I would have heard about it.
I mean, this is a small town.
He doesn't live in town.
He lives out near Rockhound Park.
Oh, great.
And he doesn't even bother to call us?
He just stalks us
like the coward he always was.
I knew I shouldn't have told you anything.
I mean, this whole time
I have been trying to help you find him!
Here, let me put some aloe vera on it.
No! Just leave me alone!
Don't you see? It's all your fault!
- That you burned yourself?
- No! Don't you understand?
That we don't have a family!
You just hate men!
That's what I think. You just hate them!
That's just great.
I can see him being sincere.
"Oh, my darling. Where have you been?"
Well, we've been here.
I'm looking for a Mr. John Evans.
What for? What's he done this time?
Nothing. I just...
You one of his kids?
Well, for heaven's sake, come on in.
- John?
- What?
Trudi's here.
- I'm Shade.
- Not Trudi, Shade.
Well, Shady Lynne, how are you?
Sit down.
Kim, get her some pop, honey.
- Do you want something to eat?
- No. I'm fine.
- I'll fix you a BLT.
- That will be good.
- Did you meet Kim?
- Hi, I'm Kim.
Nice to meet you.

What a surprise. Never know, do you?
John, I need to ask a favor of you.
My sister Trudi, she's away.
And it's nothing for you
to worry about or anything, but...
there's this really special nightgown
I want to buy her...
and I can pay you back. I'll work.
I'll pay you a little bit back, each week.
I can't let you pay back.
How much you need?
A lot.
About \$50.
No problem.
You wait right here.
I think we better talk.
- How much you got in your purse?
- You know how much I got in my purse.
You got \$23. What about the mattress?
You are not getting it out. How will we live?
- We got our own problems.
- That girl out there's my daughter.
- What about my kids?
- I'll be damned if I'm not gonna give it.
- Do you give a damn about my kids?
- That's not my problem.
Is that how it's gonna be?
Not your problem?
- Don't talk to me like that.
- Lf you get a job...
and keep it, we wouldn't live like dogs.
You are not getting in there.
John, that is my money, too!
God damn it, John! Stop it!
Go on, take it.
Are you sure it's all right?
I got the money, didn't I?
- Thank you.
- Your ma's done a great job.
I meant to come and see you all, you girls...
but the more I waited,
the harder it got to face.
Sure thought about you, though.
Not a day's gone by.

Anyway, sure glad I could help.
Is Javier here?
Oh, hey. What's up?
- I'm sorry. I woke you up.
- It's all right.
This is Shade.
This is my mom, Rocio.
What's up?
- How was the party?
- Terrible.
My friend, Tanya,
she's a really good person...
but she judges people she doesn't know.
She thinks you're dangerous.
Like what does she say?
- She says you're a cholo.
- A cholo?
She says you rob and even kill people.
So, why are you laughing?
- Stupid!
- Shit, I had you going!
Oh, thank you.
Watch your ears.
She can't hear the music
but she can feel the vibrations...
that loud music makes on the floor.
No, I can't dance. Really, I can't.
You should feel beautiful...
every day...
every day more beautiful...
because you are so beautiful...
and kind.
I want to kiss you a million times...
in a million different parts.
For days.
For weeks.
For months.
For years.
For life.
It was the same for both of us.
It was like we'd finally met our twin.
Can you grasp that?
Here we were, from two different worlds...
and yet, when we were alone...

together we made up the same person.
In his arms, I knew who I was.
Shade. Just Shade.
And that was more than enough.
Where did you get this guy?
He owns his own satellite dish company.
That guy?
You are good.
Oh, brother.
You come bowling much, Shade?
I'll bet you're one of those matinee junkies.
I've seen you leaving that Spanish theater.
How do you understand those movies,
anyway? You know...
"I told you once, put down the girl.
Hand me the gold."
Or Elvia Rivero.
"Te quiero."
You know of Elvia Rivero?
Oh, s. Es muy bonita. Es verdad?
Your mamma looks just like her.
Okay, honey, that's it.
- I'll dream about you.
- Breathe.
- Dream for me, Trudi.
- Push, Trudi, push!
Push!
Trudi! It's coming! Push!
Push! It's coming!
Oh, honey, that's it.
I'm so proud of you.
The baby had lips just like Trudi.
Maybe she would have her same smile.
Or maybe she would have Dank's eyes.
Or maybe she would have
raised her eyebrows just like my mom.
Maybe when she started to talk...
her voice would sound like mine.
She'll grow up with her new mom in Dallas.
And she will never see
where any of her features came from.
She will never know Laramie...
or the desert where she was conceived.
She will never know us.

This is my sister, Shade. This is Ivy.
We're gonna be roommates
as soon as I get out.
Nice to meet you.
You guys don't look a thing alike.
Well, I got to dash. Hang in there.
I'm sure you'll feel much better
when those stitches heal.
You'll be able to wear cool clothes again,
and lingerie.
Are you really gonna stay here
in Dallas, Trudi?
You bet I am.
Ivy's a model. She's great looking.
Her agent's all excited about me.
She thinks I've got it.
What about me and Mom?
We really miss you, you know.
Laramie's a shit hole. There's nothing there.
There is something there.
Yeah. A lot of bad memories.
The desert, Trudi.
It's just like you said.
It's alive. It's magic. That's not nothing.
It was all bullshit.
This is a rock.
A fucking, ugly, pointless rock!
Get it through your head,
I'm not going back, Shade.
Just tell me you're coming home.
No, I'm not!
Just go!
I'm sitting at my window
Wonderin' if those sparkling stars
Shine upon that same sweet you
Or is your sky a rainbow
Filled with colored neon lights?
"Natural day-glo rocks."
I'll walk home.
Where is he?
You monster!
You're the one who ditched my sister
and gave her a rock just like these!
I think you got me confused

with someone else.
Your name's Dank, right?
Cecil.
Where did you get these rocks?
Well, they were sort of given to us...
by this British rock hunter.
We just spent two days at Carlsbad...
waiting for the bats
to return to the caves from Mexico.
The bats migrate back in February.
Driving back, we spotted this Jeep
parked at this abandoned mine.
My lady, Persi, said:
"Hey, Cecil, it's the Jeep of that fella
who came in looking for day-glo rocks."
We went looking for him,
but it was empty out there.
He'd been there for a week when
they dragged him out of the mineshaft.
They sent his body
and everything but these back to England.
His girlfriend just had a little baby girl.
Here, take this.
This one's got four colors.
He didn't leave her.
And now, after all that has happened...
it was the single gesture...
the one true heart
which has already changed the paths...
of daughters not yet heard from,
those not yet born.
He was hers till the end.
And I'll tell her in time.