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# God 's Pocket

By Alex Metcalf

The working men of God's  
Pocket are simple men.  
They work.  
They follow their teams.  
They marry and have children  
who rarely leave the Pocket.  
Everyone here has stolen  
something from somebody else...  
or when they were kids, they  
set someone's house on fire...  
or they ran away when they  
should have stayed and fought.  
They know who cheats at cards  
and who slaps their kids around.  
And no matter what anybody  
does, they're still here.  
And whatever they  
are is what they are.  
The only thing they can't forgive  
is not being from God's Pocket.  
Say it.  
Oh, your balls.  
Oh... oh, my God.  
- Oh.  
- Oh, my God.  
It's good, right?  
Oh, it's so good.  
- Oh!  
- Your cook's so good.  
Mm.  
You okay?  
Great.  
Jeanie.  
Mickey, I know. You love me.  
I do.  
If Leon is going to work today,  
I got to be down at Bird's

**by 8:**

Leon, honey, it's time for work.  
All right.  
Mickey's got to be to Bird's

**by 8:**

Honey?

I'm up!

"Everyone here has stolen something from somebody else, or when they were kids, they set someone's house on fire, or they ran away when they should have stayed and fought."

That Richard Shellburn's got it right.

I don't know why writing down what everybody knows is any better than knowing it in the first place.

If you were from here, you'd get it.

That's what everyone tells me.

I don't know how you eat that shit and still look so good.

You get sugar diabetes, they're gonna cut your feet off.

Fuck you looking at?

Something to eat in the truck, hon.

See, I told you it'd take me no time at all.

You got me ten minutes late already.

Fuckin'...fuck it.

You mind spotting me 20 bucks?

They start on one end, and the air in Camden is so bad and it takes so fucking long to get to the other end

that by then, the paint is all peeling, and they got to go back and start all over again.

Year after year, painting the same fucking bridge over and over.

It's like a nightmare.

Ho!

- You're late.

- I know. I'm sorry.

Another five minutes, we was

gonna leave without you.

"We"?

This horse is a fantastic,  
beautiful horse, talented horse.

Hard for me to believe.

I seen it myself in Florida.

You're telling me there was something  
wrong with the horse's pussy,  
made her quit 300 yards  
from the finish?

Turning Leaf, her name was, and she  
hit the stretch and just quit.

Turns out she sucked up  
air, you know, vaginally.

A couple gallons of air  
get trapped up in there,  
and she cramps up,  
and she can't run...

very uncommon.

It's like running while you're  
trying to take a shit, huh?

It was the humidity.

Horse like that runs up  
here, she'd take the field.

Let's go!

I want to know what a white  
man's doing walking...

while this nigger is  
riding around all day.

Nothing personal, Lucy, huh?

So I grab that fucking  
cat by the tail, right?

I hold him upside down,  
and that little stewardess  
is screaming for me

to leave him alone,  
and I says, "I'll leave him  
alone, all right," and...

and I take my knife...

Boy, you're about to figure  
a way to wipe your ass  
with that razor, ain't you?

I ain't said a word all morning.

Which one is it?

It's a green truck.  
I got a plate number  
right over here.  
All these trucks are green.  
Yeah, but I got a  
number right over here.  
It's gonna take a fucking month  
just to read the fucking  
license plates on that one.  
Well, that ain't it.  
We're looking for a reefer.  
A refrigerated truck, you know,  
so the meat don't cook  
on its way to Vermont.  
Mm-hmm.  
It's running.  
They don't shut them off.  
They're diesels.  
Keep them running  
for weeks at a time.  
That's very interesting...  
the history of the  
trucking industry.  
All right, stay here.  
I'm gonna go take a piss.  
All right.  
Oh.  
What's Sal doing here?  
Doesn't take three  
people to steal a truck.  
I owe him a little money.  
He just wants to make sure  
everything goes down.  
Look at him over here.  
He's pissing on his shoes.  
Yeah.  
Why don't you tell him?  
He'll shoot you just to show  
you he knows what he's doing.  
That's it right there.  
Hey.  
Yeah?  
Notice the whole world's got  
a fucking attitude lately?

Listen, you go in there, and you have  
a nice breakfast, pal, all right?  
You take an hour. Understand?  
One hour before you come back  
out here looking for your truck.  
Who's driving?  
You all right, pal?  
Look, you got your business.  
We got ours.  
You take the money,  
your business is over.  
Am I right or wrong?  
Huh?  
Okay, just take a  
couple of deep breaths.  
Here's your hat, all right?  
Can you get up?  
And gonna have a nice  
breakfast, just like I said.  
Come on.  
All of a sudden, the world  
ain't got no attitude no more.  
What the fuck?  
Don't do it.  
Shit.  
Jesus Christ.  
Motherfucker.  
You shit yourself, Mickey?  
- Oh, yeah.  
- Huh?  
Fuck you.  
I almost cut her tits  
off after I, uh,  
took care of her fucking kid.  
I seen that happen to a girl once.  
Huh?  
Sliced and diced,  
just right fuckin'...  
Bullsh-shit.  
What the fuck you say?  
I heard you talking about me.  
I don't give a shit personally,  
but I don't like a nigger  
talking about my business.

This old nigger's been talking  
about me all morning.  
Whoa.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
You hear me now, don't you, fuck?  
I didn't mean to cut you, Lucy.  
Somebody get Lucy  
a Band-Aid. He's...  
He's got a cut.  
I thought he was...  
I love this city...  
not the sights, the city.  
I love her last night, and  
I loved her this morning,  
before she brushes her teeth  
or I know she snores.  
I'm used to the feel  
of her beside me.  
I've known her warmth  
and her coolness.  
She's... forgiven me.  
I've forgiven her.  
I'm used...  
I'm used to the feel  
of her beside me.  
You're right.  
I think I fucked her  
last night too.  
I hope she don't have  
no type of herpes.  
I'm used to the feel  
of her, you know?  
I've been writing the story  
of this city for 20 years.  
What's up with the lights?  
Oh, talk to Arthur, Mick.  
I keep telling him  
he's got to relax.  
- I'll do that.  
- Do that.  
All we can do is have faith  
in the electric company.  
- Am I right?  
- Yeah, yeah, yeah, right, yeah.

Sophie says we ain't had  
electric for two hours.  
It's out in the whole neighborhood.  
Yeah.  
What are we gonna do with  
the load I just brought in?  
What the fuck do you think we're  
trying to figure out here, Mick?  
It's gonna be back  
right away. Just relax.  
Yeah.  
Listen, we got a little business  
to talk about, all right?  
Right.  
I got a problem.  
Let me guess.  
You don't have my \$700.  
I'm into Sal for 20 large.  
Jesus Christ.  
I got so much shit going down,  
I don't even know where  
it's coming from.  
Forget it. I'm doing all right.  
When you get it,  
you can give it to me.  
All right?  
Take some of the meat.  
Nothing I can do with that.  
It's not even cut.  
Fuck it.  
Let's get this shit in your truck.  
I can't use it like this.  
There's nowhere to cut it up.  
Look, we'll get the electric  
back on, you come back tomorrow,  
we'll get somebody to  
cut it up for you.  
- Here you go.  
- I got it.  
- You got it, Mick?  
- All right.  
- You okay?  
- Yeah, I'm fine.  
Fuck it all.

It all works out in the end.  
All right, what happened here?  
It was the lift.  
The shackle come loose.  
Usually it's tied down  
when we're not using it.  
The...  
chain swung out, and the shackle...  
hit the boy right in  
the back of the head.  
That's what happened.  
I seen the whole thing.  
Kid never knew what hit him.  
Anyone else?  
I seen it too.  
What was his job?  
He was a day laborer.  
That it?  
That's what happened.  
Jeanie?  
Jeanie.  
Leon's dead.  
Richard.  
You feeling all right?  
Yeah, I had the flu.  
Didn't see your column  
on page two yesterday.  
Opened the paper to see a  
goddamn picture of some girl  
that had her teeth wired  
together to lose weight.  
Readers count on you, Richard.  
Feeling much better today, okay.  
So I looked over the last year.  
Did you know you missed 42  
days, not counting vacations?  
Really?  
Mm-hmm.  
And I got to thinking about it.  
Maybe we ought to bring in  
another columnist, you know,  
someone to lighten the load.  
Found one yet?  
Thought I'd give you a

chance to think it over.

Whatever you want, Brookie.

But of course, if it's  
a drinking problem...

No.

'Cause we have sent people  
up to Horizons to dry out.  
We could do it for you too.

No.

It's a bug I caught.

Here's my anniversary column.

Yeah.

You have to eat something.

She probably already ate lunch.

He was just a baby.

- Hello.

- Mick, it's Bird.

Hi. You get your electricity back?

Yeah, it came on right  
after you left.

This isn't a great time.

Why, what's the matter?

We had an accident with Leon.

What, he got his dick caught  
in somebody's cash register?

No, it's a real thing.

Something happened at work.

Some kind of accident. He's dead.

What?

What is it?

Well, they say  
something fell on him.

Fell on him? No shit.

Yeah.

Jesus.

I'm sorry to hear that.

Yeah.

Anyway, what I was calling about...

I don't know if it's the appropriate  
time, but it's that horse,  
the one you was talking  
about, Turning Leaf?

She's running in a \$15,000  
claimer tomorrow at Keystone.

I'm scaring up everything I can.  
{figured you'd want to do the same.

- Okay, thanks.

- Okay.

I'll let Jeanie know.

Uh, just a friend,  
heard about the accident.

Uh, I got to take care  
of the arrangements.

I think I've been there

I think I know just what  
you're going through

A fallen angel is what you are

You're Richard Shellburn.

Yes, I am.

I thought you'd look older.

Thought you would too.

You go to Temple University?

No.

I graduated.

Journalism.

Oh.

Yeah.

Now I freelance, mostly sports.

Who's Yama Bahama?

A fallen angel is what you are

Is that a name for your penis?

Jesus.

Everyone's got a name

for their penis.

Mickey.

We're real sorry, Mick.

Leon was a good boy.

It don't make no sense to me.

I mean, somebody ought

to do something.

The youth is our

hope for the future.

What happened?

I don't know.

They say something

dropped on him...

down at the job.

Jesus.

That's a shame.  
Got to go see Smilin' Jack,  
make arrangements.  
Jeanie's messed up.  
Well, Saturday's a good day  
for a funeral, always.  
Nobody has to get up the next day.  
Mm.  
We're collecting for the funeral.  
Fuckin' Leon's gonna cost  
me more dead than alive.  
He was always a nice youngster.  
Tell Jeanie that for me.  
For Christ's sakes, Eleanor.  
You didn't even know him.  
That's a damnable lie!  
I know all our youngsters!  
He was nice back then, Mickey.  
He never broke into nobody's  
house in the neighborhood...  
Eleanor!  
Are you gonna sit down,  
or I got to pour out your drink?  
I mean it today.  
I'm cutting you off!  
Yeah, well, you can't  
cut off the truth!  
Fuckin' neighborhood.  
Jack.  
Mickey.  
I'm so sorry to hear about Leon.  
Yeah.  
You know, sometimes you  
wonder about God's plan.  
I just want to make  
Jeanie feel better.  
Let me show you what we got, Mick.  
This is our best seller...  
mahogany veneer,  
champagne interior.  
What about that one?  
Well, of course, you  
know Jeanie best,  
but she ain't gonna want

some piece of junk.  
I got to think it over.  
Mick...  
we'll work something out.  
I just don't want to give her  
anything that she ain't gonna like.  
Well, how about I stop  
over tomorrow morning?  
It might be easier for her to talk  
about it in familiar surroundings.  
I guess so.  
Yo, Mick.  
Was the body messed up?  
No, his body's fine.  
It's just the back of his head.  
That's no problem at all.  
The back of the head  
takes care of itself.  
Leon didn't take no shit.  
If I was a father, that's what  
I'd want my kid to be like.  
You know what I did the  
day my mother died?  
I went out and I banged  
a Locust Street whore.  
Remember those girls?  
No.

**I got home at 1:**

My whole family was  
waiting up for me.  
It was the Christians and  
the lions all over again.  
On the day your mother died?  
I felt bad, but I had  
to do something.  
What the fuck you doing, man?  
Fuck you.  
Fuck him!  
Hey, what the fuck is  
wrong with you guys?  
- You're always doing that!  
- Play the game.  
- Get out of here!

- Sit down!  
- Got a problem?  
- Get the hell out of here!  
Fuck him!  
I got to get the fuck out of here.  
Your fucking shoe.  
You had a lot of  
those screwdrivers.  
But you drank one.  
That's why I can't get it up.  
Could you always write?  
I mean, did you always  
want to be a writer?  
What?  
Do you think sometime I could watch  
you write one of your columns?  
Sometime.  
Oh.  
It is the damndest thing.  
I can't remember which  
one of you is which.  
What time is it?  
Closing time.  
You been drinking?  
Yeah.  
Tonight you've been out drinking?  
And don't go in Jeanie's room.  
The doctor had to come twice  
to give her medicine,  
and he said that she needs  
a good night's sleep.  
I thought maybe she  
might want someone...  
Joyce is in there with her.  
So you're Joanie.  
Aah! Oh, Jesus.  
- Oh, my God! Oh, my God!  
- What?  
Oh, my God.  
It's all right. It's all right.  
I thought I saw Leon!  
Oh, my God!  
It's all right.  
Now, last but perhaps not least,

I feel obliged to show you  
the blue-gauge steel.  
In my opinion, uh, I think...  
I think she likes the mahogany.  
Now, do you have a particular  
suit in mind for the service?  
Come upstairs.  
Voil.  
Jesus Christ.  
It's a fucking men's shop.  
You know, I never owned  
anything you couldn't put  
in a fucking drawer  
till I met Jeanie.  
You suppose all this shit is hot?  
You learn in my business  
not to question.  
So the 6 grand, can I put  
it on layaway or what?  
You want me to tell Jeanie  
you want something cheaper?  
Hey, I'm just...  
This should be all I need.  
Something happened to  
Leon over at that job,  
something nobody's told us yet.  
Anybody tell you anything  
you didn't tell me?  
All they told me was that something  
dropped and hit him on the skull.  
That's the whole thing.  
Something else happened.  
It did.  
Okay.  
I'll see what I can find out.  
Okay?  
Hey, Mick.  
The power's back on.  
Let's get that meat cut for you.  
Listen, Bird...  
I appreciate you taking  
it instead of the cash.  
We'll get all this shit  
straightened out.

Don't you worry.  
Hey.  
Look it, queers, huh?  
Remember in school when  
they said you was queer  
if you wore yellow on Tuesday?  
That's the stupidest fucking  
thing I heard all day.  
I forgot you ain't from here.  
You missed a lot of  
great shit, Mick.  
Hey, Tony! Come here.  
This is my nephew.  
Say hello to Bird's main man.  
Hmm? He don't talk much.  
But this little fucker  
can cut meat.  
Take the meat out of Mickey's truck  
and cut it up for him, all right?  
Do a nice job. Don't  
sneeze on it or nothing.  
Listen, Mick. I made up my mind.  
That horse, Turning Leaf?  
She's gonna come in tomorrow.  
Nice horse.  
She's running with a  
bunch of shit too.  
She's a lock.  
Bird, there's nothing weighs half a ton  
with little bitty ankles that's a lock.  
Hey, I'm trying to  
help you out here,  
but if you don't want  
to listen, it's on you.  
You want to help me?  
I need that \$700.  
Hey, all I got is this horse.  
Smilin' Jack ain't exactly  
giving away funerals.  
Jesus, the funeral.  
I-I forgot.  
How's Jeanie doing?  
She's got some idea that something  
else happened down there to Leon.

I don't know where the fuck  
it came from, but there it is.

Yeah, fucking Leon.

Yeah.

Actually, I was hoping you...  
you'd ask around for me.

Yeah.

You mean you want  
me to talk to Sal?

I-I hate to ask, but Jeanie  
ain't gonna let go on this one.

I'll do it for you.

You got my word.

- All right.

- Oh.

- What the fuck?

- Come on.

We ought to sue these  
motherfuckers.

"A 22-year-old construction  
worker was killed yesterday  
when he slipped and  
fell to his death."

Leon Hubbard didn't  
slip on nothing.

They're laying block down there.

Where was there to fall?

Jeez, you look worse than I do.

Everybody in the fucking  
city's gonna think

we're a bunch of

jerk-offs down here,

walking around falling

off shit all the time.

I'm gonna call these motherfuckers.

And they fucked up his age.

He was a year ahead

of me in school.

1,440 bucks.

Yeah?

Let me have the bag back sometime.

Yeah.

Thank you.

Cheers.

Thank you.

Richard.

Huh?

Brookie here. You feeling better?

Well...

I'm lying here with a...

jaybird-naked-ass girl graduate

of the Temple University

School of Journalism.

I'm glad to hear it. How was she?

Well, if you get off the phone,

I'll try and find out for you.

Did you notice that you weren't

in the paper again this morning?

Why?

I gave you my anniversary

column yesterday.

And I enjoyed it, just like I did  
last year and the year before that.

You've written the same anniversary  
column four different times.

I could write the same column  
every day and get away with it.

I need a favor.

We ran a story about a kid got  
killed on a construction job,  
and somehow we fucked it all up.

Is this really important, Brookie?

I mean, she got my  
dick in her mouth.

So I'm thinking, "Why don't I ask  
"Richard Shellburn to go down there  
"and write me a column about  
that boy and get it done right?"

- Bibles, pictures...

- I really... I can't talk now.

I'm eating pussy.

182125th street, God's Pocket.

Thank you for listening.

I'll get you some more coffee.

It's my pleasure.

This is my husband.

We'll be in touch.

Sorry for your loss.

We're still investigating  
the accident.  
We'll get back to you  
when we're finished.  
Thank you, Officer.  
So what did they say?  
They were nice.  
They said they'd go back to  
the yard and talk to the men.  
Something happened.  
How do you know that, Jeanie?  
I don't know, but I know.  
Sal. How you doing?  
You got my money?  
Hey, the electric went out.  
As soon as I get the meat cut,  
get it out, everybody gets paid.  
All right, don't  
fuck around, Arthur.  
Sal.  
Hey, I got a...  
a favor to ask.  
This kid got killed at  
the block yard downtown.  
His mother's going crazy.  
They ain't telling  
her what happened.  
What's this to me?  
The mother's married to a  
guy who works for me...  
Mickey, the guy who took the truck?  
Yeah.  
Maybe you could send a  
couple of guys down there,  
bounce somebody around  
so they talk to you.  
Nothing's gonna happen down there?  
Nah.  
Just a couple guys to push around?  
That's it.  
All right.  
For a point on top of  
what you already owe.  
Fine.

Whatever you want.  
And, Arthur, don't fuck around.  
Okay.  
Hey. Make sure you get my money.  
You'll get it. You'll get it.  
You'll get it.  
It was an accident.  
That's...  
all there is to it.  
Kid was the wrong person  
at the wrong place.  
Cops get the... n-nigger?  
You ain't grown enough  
to call that old man a nigger.  
Old Lucy will be back  
when he's ready.  
All right, let's go.  
I'll have a beer.  
She don't even care about me  
Is that Leon Hubbard's  
house across the street?  
You're aren't Richard  
Shellburn, are you?  
Mm-hmm.  
I-I read you every day.  
Yeah, you're different from your  
picture, but I knew it was you.  
It's me.  
So is that the Hubbard place?  
- Scarpato.  
- Oh.  
The mother remarried.  
Jeanie Scarpato.  
How's she taking it?  
Well, it was her only child.  
Mr. Shellburn, you're the only  
one that knows what it's like  
down here in the Pocket.  
God bless you.  
Another?  
Thank you.  
It's the mother.  
The mother thinks  
something happened.

What does she think?  
You missing somebody today  
besides Leon Hubbard?  
Seems like there was an old man.  
He was sitting against the wall.  
That's Old Lucy.  
Some days, he comes in,  
and some days, he don't.  
He does as much work either way.  
He's about 100 years old.  
Look.  
That mother, she's got something.  
She could look at you a certain way  
and you'd stick a fork in your leg.  
They say that her  
husband is connected.  
If that's true, that might be  
where your problem comes from.  
Either way, she's got  
his balls in a blender.  
You can see that.  
And there ain't no telling  
what anybody will do  
with his balls in a blender.  
Fuckin' write it down or something.  
Hi.  
All right.  
Same race it was last night, Bird.  
I don't like this other  
filly, the 6 horse.  
She scares me.  
She got a decent workout last week.  
So?  
- Put her at the bottom of an exacta.  
- I don't like her.  
This horse can beat Turning  
Leaf, the 6 horse.  
Your nerves are eating  
your brain, Bird.  
- I am telling you, Mick...  
- Bird, if Turning Leaf runs at all,  
there's nothing in that fucking dog  
kennel that's gonna catch her.  
How much you got there?

Whatever I could  
get my hands on it.  
I borrowed some of  
Sophie's flower money.  
Feel terrible.  
Turning Leaf, eight-to-one.  
You'll feel better once  
you place your bet.  
I'm telling you, Mick.  
It's the 6 horse.  
Jesus, Bird.  
I'll be right back. Stay here.  
Don't do anything fucking crazy.  
Number 3 horse,  
Turning Leaf, to win.  
45 times.  
Hey.  
You the boss?  
I'm the only one here.  
That's a fact.  
The thing is, somebody got  
killed here yesterday,  
and there's some feeling it didn't  
happen the way the cops said.  
So we were wondering if, uh, maybe  
you were here when it happened.  
'Cause the guy who got it,  
he was an important guy.  
Huh.  
He always said he was important.  
So how do you want to do this?  
It happened the way  
I said to the police.  
And you Jew boys can do  
it any damn way you want.  
It don't matter to me.  
"Jew boys."  
Now, why you want to do that?  
Did we insult you in any way?  
Huh?  
Come on.  
Let's go somewhere we can talk.  
Hit him, Ronnie.  
Fucking hit him!

Oh, God!  
You didn't bet the  
6 horse, did you?  
Well...  
You're fucking crazy.  
And they're off at Keystone,  
\$15,000 claiming race.  
The number 4 horse, One Hit  
Wonder, takes an early lead.  
My Oh Might tucked in at the rail  
and Shana Three coming  
up between the horses.  
No Man's Land moves  
up on the outside.  
One Hit Wonder, Shana  
Three, No Man's Land.  
My Oh Might makes a  
move on the inside.  
One Hit Wonder, Shana Three,  
and into third, Turning Leaf.  
Turning Leaf stiff moving  
up to the second spot.  
One Hit Wonder, Turning  
Leaf, Shana Three.  
We're into the far turn,  
and it's One Hit Wonder  
showing the lead by a length  
with Turning Leaf...  
Come on, you motherfucker.  
One Hit Wonder, Turning Leaf.  
And it's Turning Leaf pulling in.  
- Come on!  
- Yes!  
And at the top of the lane, it's  
Turning Leaf moving into first.  
Turning Leaf-One, Hit Wonder  
holding on to second.  
Please.  
And passing the number 5 horse  
is Holmesdale, the number 6.  
Turning Leaf, One Hit  
Wonder, and Holmesdale  
racing up on the outside.  
Turning Leaf,

Holmesdale on the outside.  
It's the 6.  
Turning Leaf, Holmesdale...  
they fight it out,  
and it's Holmesdale.  
- Ohh!  
- No.  
I-I tried to tell you, Mick.  
It was the 6.  
Mm.  
Hello?  
Can I help you?  
Uh, I'm looking for Mrs. Scarpato.  
Yes.  
You're Mrs. Scarpato?  
Yes.  
I'm sorry.  
Uh...  
I'm Richard Shellburn  
of The Daily Times.  
Oh, my.  
Uh, please come in.  
This one makes his ears  
look bigger than they were.  
Oh.  
I'm so sorry for your loss.  
It didn't happen like  
they said it happened.  
There's something wrong with it.  
I knew Leon, and he was my boy.  
I know.  
Mr. Shellburn?  
So, um, what...  
what kind of boy was he?  
Hey.  
What was that job, uh,  
yesterday... 700?  
It's old business. I took the meat.  
Fuck that.  
Here.  
I took the meat. Keep your money.  
Take 7.  
- Take 10, for the interest.  
- Bird.

Look, I got maybe 12 grand here.

I owe Sal 20.

But if I give him 10, maybe

he'll lay off for a while.

7?

All right.

Thinking of taking

Sophie to Florida.

She wants to live in one

of those trailer parks

with her friends, grow

some shit in the yard.

Jack.

Jesus, God. You scared

the piss out of me.

Oh, shit.

You think people are gonna

smell this shit on her?

Irish funeral.

Listen, uh, I got a

problem with the money.

Oh, that's too bad.

Yeah, it's nothing permanent,

but if we have the service,

I could pay you back

in a couple weeks,

and if I can't get it back to  
you then, I'll sell the truck.

How much money you got?

What about the fucking

money from The Hollywood?

There was more than 700 there.

Things happen.

I'll get you the money.

I just... I-I got to

have the funeral,

and Jeanie's fucked

up over all this.

That's nothing to me.

It's your fuckin' woman and your

fuckin' body unless I get paid.

Don't get hysterical.

I don't need my

business on the street.

You ain't got no fucking business.

What you got is  
something on the side.

No.

No, you bet a game, right?

You bet a fucking game.

What I did has nothing  
to do with you,  
and what you got to worry about  
is making sure that everything's  
all right Saturday,  
and then you get your money.

Sure, Mick.

Sure.

Yeah.

Don't look at me like that, Jack.

W-what?

What are you talking about...

look at you?

- Don't look at me like that.

- What?

Oh.

Motherfucker!

No need to panic.

I'll pay you back in a couple  
weeks, a month on the outside.

You understand?

I'm sorry, Mick.

I don't know what's wrong with me.

Let me... let me go get us a beer.

Leon always loved animals,  
ever since he was a little boy.

He always wanted a dog  
or a cat or something.

I used to think it would be nice to  
live out in the country and have a few.

Think that country air would...

Mr. Shellburn?

I have a place by the water.

I've had it for a very long  
time, and nobody knows.

I go there sometimes at  
night, I drink too much,  
and I wake up with the birds,

and things are growing  
everywhere you look.  
Do you need to know  
anything else about Leon?  
Yo, Mick.  
I don't know what got  
into me. I was wrong.  
I need this done right.  
We'll take care of it.  
You and me got no arguments, Mick.  
I hope you don't mind  
going out the side.  
I'm locked up in front.  
I don't mind nothing.  
I got to get this light fixed.  
It's getting cold.  
Yeah, it's a cold world.  
What the fuck?  
Holy shit.  
Oh, Jesus, Leon.  
I need to know what  
happened to my boy, please.  
Oh, um...  
can I call you tomorrow?  
Yes, please.  
Thank you, Mr. Shellburn.  
Okay.  
Jeanie?  
I'm up here with Richard Shellburn.  
He wanted to see Leon's room.  
Richard Shellburn,  
this is my husband.  
Oh, um, yeah,  
I'm sorry for your loss.  
Um, you know, I think that's, uh...  
I think it's all I need,  
uh, for now.  
Anything, please. If you  
need anything, call me.  
Okay.  
It's all I have to do.  
All right.  
Jeanie, there's something  
I need to tell you.

Jeanie.  
Jeanie.  
Everything set for tomorrow?  
All set.  
Just a few last-minute details.  
Where's Arthur?  
Who?  
Where is he?  
This is the way you do business...  
scaring an old woman?  
Oh, now... now you're  
gonna steal from me?  
He's in the back.  
Want me go around back?  
Yeah, he can't run,  
but what the fuck?  
Well, he's... he's got the money.  
He told me.  
This ain't about the money.  
You see my cousin out there?  
Yesterday he had two eyes.  
Now he's gonna have a piece of glass in  
his fucking head the rest of his life.  
Without Arthur, what's  
gonna happen to me?  
If I were you, I'd shut my mouth.  
Run for your life, Arthur!  
What the fuck?  
Oh!  
Sophie!  
What are you doing, Sophie?  
One second.  
Oh.  
This is my family, you hear me?  
- You little fuck!  
- No, no, no, no!  
I'll fucking kill you, you fuck!  
Arthur, Arthur, Arthur!  
- I'll kill you!  
- Stop. Stop.  
- Arthur, you're getting...  
- Yeah!  
You're getting blood all over  
your pants. Just go change.

- The cops will be here.  
- I swear to Christ, Sophie,  
I didn't know nothing like  
this was gonna happen.  
Go change your pants.  
You don't want people taking pictures  
of you looking like this. Right?  
- Fuck.  
- Arthur.  
That fuck.  
Arthur, this is not the time  
to go wacko... not now.  
Yeah, Operator?  
I want to, uh, report that two  
men tried to rob my flower shop.  
Mickey left early.  
He seemed different.  
Hello.  
This is Richard Shellburn.  
Richard Shellburn.  
Mr. Shellburn?  
Uh, we need to talk.  
Did you find something out?  
I'D' pick you up.  
Where are we going?  
We're almost there.  
Almost.  
It all looks the same, doesn't it?  
If you woke up here alone,  
you'd never get back.  
Never want to.  
Hey, Nick.  
Got a minute?  
I'm here.  
I got some meat.  
Thought maybe you could use some.  
No.  
Well, how much you got?  
Four sides, Kansas choice beef.  
No.  
How much you want?  
\$1,000. I don't got time  
to fuck around with this.  
You got it with you?

Yeah, let me take you  
down a side to look at.  
I could look at it in the truck.  
I got some other shit in there.  
I don't care what you  
got in your truck.  
I don't see nothing but meat  
when I'm looking at meat.  
Let me pull you down a side.  
Eh, fuck it. I don't  
think I want in on this.  
- All right, take a look.  
- For Christ's sakes.  
- I don't see nothing...  
- It's good beef.  
I don't see nothing but  
what I'm looking at.  
Anything else is your own business.  
Oh.  
This looks good, man.  
- What are you doing?  
- Let me take a look at it.  
You don't got to go up there.  
I'm just doing some guy  
a favor, all right?  
Don't pay any attention  
to that. It's nothing.  
It's cold.  
It's a refrigerated truck.  
What do you say, Nick?  
You gonna take it off  
my hands or what?  
It's a cheap suit.  
What happened to him?  
He died.  
I-I-I'm doing some guy a favor.  
I don't like this.  
You put me in a bad position.  
Because of you,  
I'm an accessory now.  
You ain't nothing because  
you ain't seen nothing.  
I ain't taking that kind of meat.  
Who knows what kind of

sickness it could have got  
riding back here with a human body?  
You're the one that wanted  
to fucking look at it.  
I didn't want to see that.  
As a matter of fact,  
I didn't see it.  
I don't know nothing about it,  
and you didn't come by today.  
Take the fucking meat.  
I ain't... get the  
fuck out of here.  
I thought when you told  
me about this place,  
you might have made it up.  
I bought this for my wife  
without telling her.  
That's before she realized  
that she hated me.  
Okay.  
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.  
All right.  
This is where the living  
room was supposed to be.  
It's a good view.  
Shit.  
Ah.  
I'm 60 years old.  
You don't look that old.  
Well...  
I'm 60 years old, and a  
whole city loves me.  
I get letters every  
day from people...  
asking me to come to dinner,  
visit them in the Poconos.  
Do you go?  
No.  
Golf... they want me to play golf.  
It's pretty.  
It's actually beautiful.  
Tell me,  
how long would it take you  
to get tired of having

a celebrity around?

Mickey!

What, you come here to finally  
sell me that truck, huh?

Yeah, yeah. I need  
to get rid of it.

Oh.

What's... what's wrong with it?

Ah, nothing.

Temporary financial problem.

Okay, well, what did you...

what did you pay for that thing?

Oh, my God, Mickey, they  
saw you coming, huh?

And there's nothing wrong with it?

60,000 miles on it.

I check the oil, keep  
it in the garage.

Now, you can start it up,  
but I don't want  
nobody taking it out.

I got some stuff in the back.

I don't see nothing but what  
I'm looking at, Mickey.

You heard me.

All right.

Stretch! Stretch!

It's hard to believe only two  
days ago, Leon was alive.

Nothing works against  
you like time.

Time's a bitch.

Oh.

So you said you found  
something out about Leon?

My husband's gonna  
wonder where I am.

Let me tell you about your husband.

He can put an air conditioner  
into a wall all by himself  
or lift an engine block,  
but he sits in that bar for  
two hours every night,  
and then he comes home,

and he doesn't say jack shit.  
He doesn't have the faintest  
idea what to do with you.  
How long you had that thing?  
About a year and a half.  
Well, you know, if everything  
works out, Mickey,  
you know, I could probably  
get you, like, 5 1/2, 6.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, because business sucks  
in the summer, Mickey.  
Everyone's thinking about pussy.  
Hmm.  
What the fuck?  
He's just gonna make sure  
that everything checks out.  
What the fuck?  
He'll be right back.  
He's gonna be back in a sec...  
Mickey.  
Mickey, I can't buy no truck without  
taking it out for a drive first.  
You know that.  
I really should be getting back.  
I'm not mad. I'm just running!  
Wait a minute!  
Stop!  
This is my motherfucking meat.  
Take it easy, lady.  
Where the fuck did he think he  
was going in a suit like that?  
Anyone see the vehicle  
hit the victim?  
Jesus Christ.  
I love you.  
The moment that I laid eyes on  
you, I was in love with you.  
Where... where's your truck?  
It's wrecked.  
Stretch?  
I don't know... hospital, I guess.  
You got insurance, Mick?  
I told you you could start it

but not to take it anywhere.  
I got to try it before I buy it.  
You told me 6.  
Oh, Mickey, I...  
You know, I can't buy  
something that's wrecked.  
I would love to help  
you out, but I...  
You bought it already.  
You know, technically, Mick...  
That's for the mahogany box, the  
funeral, and everything else, right?  
Where's the deceased?  
He's down at the morgue.  
There was another accident.  
When it rains, it pours.  
Yeah, well, they got him down there.  
They probably don't know who he is.  
- He wasn't carrying no identification.  
- What the hell happened to you?  
Can we take care of this tomorrow?  
I want it done tomorrow.  
Let me call down the  
morgue and find out.  
You know, this never  
come up before.  
Jeanie.  
Jeanie.  
Hello.  
Hey, Mick. It's Bird.  
Yeah.  
You heard, right?  
What?  
You should have seen it.  
I didn't even know Sophie kept  
that fucking thing loaded.  
What, Sal?  
Yeah.  
Sophie and I are gonna  
get out of here tonight.  
I'll let you know where we end up.  
Good luck, Mick.  
What the hell happened to you?  
The funeral's tomorrow at 3:00.

If you wouldn't mind  
letting people know?  
That's good.  
Saturday is a good  
day for a funeral.  
Small service at Jack's.  
Shame about the kid.  
The whole neighborhood was sorry.  
But they didn't live with him.  
They don't know what  
it's really like.  
That's the truth.  
And they didn't live with Jeanie.  
They can say this or that.  
It's all just talk.  
What is?  
Don't listen to them.  
Nobody in here went any  
further than the 10th grade.  
What's just talk?  
She was just riding in his car.  
It doesn't mean anything.  
What the fuck are  
you talking about?  
The big thing is, you can  
leave all of this behind.  
That's the beauty part.  
Remember that.  
You want to know why I  
never got out of here?  
What I want to know is  
what everybody's saying.  
Ray.  
It's nothing.  
I'm telling you.  
Ray.  
That Jeanie's been fucking  
Richard Shellburn.  
It's not what I think.  
It's what they're saying.  
Come down off your throne  
And leave your body alone  
She ain't fucking nobody.  
Somebody

Must change  
She ain't.  
I've been waiting so long  
Somebody holds the key  
Well, I'm near the end  
And I just ain't got the time  
She's got... she's got some idea  
that Leon died differently  
than the cops said, is all.  
He's helping her.  
What the fuck you  
starting now, Ray?  
We're just talking.  
Fuckin' funeral's tomorrow, and  
you're talking shit like that?  
I didn't say anything everybody  
else in here didn't say first.  
Don't believe anything  
this guy says.  
Fuckin' people!  
Talk about everything!  
Last call!  
It's not even time!  
Right. Drink up.  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
But I can't find  
My way home  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
But I can't find my way home  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
But I can't find my way home  
Still I can't find  
My way home  
And I ain't done nothing  
Wrong  
But I  
Can't find my way home  
It's in the paper!  
What?  
That Leon was killed again.  
What? Why would they say that?  
Because they found his  
body in the street!

Why did they find his body  
in the street, Mickey?  
I didn't have the money  
to pay to bury Leon,  
so I took the truck  
to Little Eddie's,  
but his guy took it out and  
wrecked it, and Leon fell out.  
What?  
Leon was in the truck.  
No.  
With the meat?  
He was separated from the meat.  
I knew that would upset you.  
Where is he now?  
He's at Jack's.  
And it's all settled.  
He was just a baby!  
And it's in the paper.  
I'm sorry, Jeanie.  
But it's... it's nothing  
to be ashamed of...  
you know, people  
having money problems.  
I have to live in  
this neighborhood!  
And everybody's gonna know.  
Everybody already knows...  
everything.  
Until recently, you only had  
to die once in this city...  
even if you came from God's Pocket.  
There was a time when a 23-year-old  
working man could die once,  
have the event noticed  
in his local newspaper,  
and then move on to his reward  
without the complications  
of an additional death.  
Give us this day our daily bread...  
Leon Hubbard's death was  
reported incorrectly  
by this newspaper last week.  
But, then, Leon Hubbard

wasn't important.  
Mickey. Oh, motherfucker!  
Leon Hubbard was like the other  
working people of God's Pocket...  
dirty-faced, uneducated,  
neat as a pin inside.  
Motherfucker!  
They Work, marry, and have  
children who inhabit the Pocket,  
often in the homes of their  
mothers and fathers.  
They drink at The Hollywood  
or the Uptown Bar...  
little places deep in the city,  
and they argue there about  
things they don't understand...  
politics, race, religion.  
And in the end, they die  
like everyone else...  
Leaving their families  
and their houses  
and their legends.  
And there is a dignity in that.  
We owe Leon Hubbard an apology  
and all the people who knew him  
and loved him and worked with him.  
If we stop listening to  
Leon Hubbard's story  
and all the neighborhood  
stories like it,  
eventually the neighborhoods  
will stop listening to ours.  
Packed my bags, I'm ready  
Give me a beer.  
To go down to the city  
Mr. Shellburn, nothing personal,  
but I think that I better  
ask you to leave...  
for your own good.  
Give me a beer.  
What the fuck are you writing  
about us in the papers for?  
How is it your business what we do?  
Calling us ignorant, dirty-faced.

That was a compliment.  
You work for a living.  
You get dirty.  
That's dirty hands.  
Dirty-faced, you don't take a bath.  
I mean, you ain't from around here,  
and you're making us  
look like assholes.  
You don't fucking know us.  
No, I don't... I didn't  
make you assholes.  
I said the opposite.  
If he wasn't busy  
fucking Leon's mother,  
he might have noticed everybody  
in here ain't dirty.  
No offense, Mickey.  
All right, maybe we all  
ought to calm down.  
Fuck calm down. What  
is he doing down here?  
I'm down here because  
of a misunderstanding.  
- That's why...  
- Misunderstanding, my ass.  
This motherfucker came  
here to get fucked up.  
This is my city.  
- Bullshit.  
- Fuck you.  
But I'm on your side!  
- Take it outside, Danny.  
- Wait a minute.  
- Let's go.  
- Stop!  
- It's his own fault.  
- What the fuck?  
Because of something he wrote?  
- Take it outside!  
- Come on. Go.  
- Come on.  
- Get him out.  
- Let's go.  
- Get him out!

What the fuck is wrong with you?  
You ain't from here either!  
Yeah, you piece of shit.  
This ain't your city, motherfucker!  
What are you gonna do, huh?  
20 of you against this old man for  
something he wrote in the newspaper?  
Ain't none of your business,  
Mickey, so stay out of it!  
Shut the fuck up!!  
I don't give a fuck!  
Not this!  
Get in your car.  
Get him!  
Watch the step.  
Morning, Mick.  
Morning.  
You want some breakfast?  
I can't even think about food  
this time of the morning.  
We better go practice, Sophie.  
You want to come along, Mick?  
I'm gonna read the paper.  
You don't mind if we do.  
It's all right. Just be careful.  
Mm-hmm.  
Oh.  
Let me get those.  
Jesus.  
Would you put something  
on those legs?  
Yeah.  
Sweetheart.  
Yeah.  
Ah, Christ.  
We got to keep our guard up, Mick.  
You never fucking know.  
Bird, I can't stay forever.  
I got to get a job,  
start something.  
You'll be here when  
they come, Mick.  
You'll know what to do.  
A little bit to your left.

Okay, that was better.  
Yeah, yeah... and try not to shake.  
Last night I had a  
fight with a bottle  
A bottle full of whiskey bourbon  
I started a fight with a bottle  
And if you think I look bad  
You should see him  
Dad was a down-dirty fighter  
He taught us a lesson or two  
I may be a lovely young flower  
But I'll kick all  
the dirt out of you  
Yeah, I was banging  
nails with a hammer  
The day I found that  
blood was really red  
Yeah, I was banging  
nails with a hammer  
It turned out that the  
hammer was my head  
Mama was a cold-blooded lover  
She taught us a lesson or three  
I may be a lovely young flower  
But you won't take  
the piss out of me  
Yeah, Dad was a down-dirty fighter  
He taught us a lesson or two  
I may be a lovely young flower  
But I'll kick all  
the dirt out of you  
Last night I had a  
fight with a bottle  
A bottle full of whiskey bourbon  
I started a fight with a bottle  
And if you think I look bad  
You should see him  
Yeah, if you think I look bad  
You should see him  
If you think I look bad  
You should see him  
If you think I look bad