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# Grand Canyon

By Lawrence Kasdan

Yes!  
Whoa!  
You know what  
your problem is?  
You're always  
talking about "X,"  
but thinking  
about "Y."  
Learn to talk  
about "Y."  
Forget about "X."  
"X" is going to take  
care of itself.  
What are you  
talking about?  
Hear yourself. Listen to  
what you're really saying  
and to what you  
think you're saying.  
When are you going to realize  
nothing can be controlled?  
We live in chaos,  
a central issue  
in everyone's life.  
Mack, look around you.  
Everyone in this parking lot  
is struggling for control.  
You know what it is  
they're trying to control,  
each and  
every one of them?  
Fear.  
They're trying  
to control their fear.  
Thanks for  
the game, Davis.  
You're my best friend.  
This is important.  
Let's talk tomorrow.  
Good night, Mack.  
Good night, Vanessa.  
I have more to say  
about this.  
Vanessa, why is it

when someone's successful  
in one field,  
they think they know  
about everything?  
Drive carefully.  
/ went home  
with the waitress  
The way / always do  
How was / to know  
She was with  
the Russians, too?  
/ was gambling  
in Havana  
/ took a little risk  
Send lawyers, guns,  
and money  
Dad,  
get me out of this  
Hyah  
/ 'm the innocent  
bystander  
...should be heard  
on this subject.  
Missiles can accomplish  
at a cheaper price  
and greater accuracy  
and fewer casualties  
the mission, that, uh,  
that a pilot was  
supposed to carry out  
and did in  
previous wars.  
And the Air Force is very  
resistant to changing...  
Dad should be home soon.  
The game just ended.  
I thought  
you were studying  
for your English exam.  
I was. I had  
the game on the radio.  
Oh.  
Oh, um, can you pick me up  
tomorrow at, uh, 4:30?

4:

behind the school?

I thought you

were going to get

a ride occasionally.

I try. It's just hard

to arrange to leave

at exactly the same time

with someone.

It's just hard for me

to arrange my afternoon

around picking you up.

I'm working at the

senior center tomorrow.

If you can't do it,

I can try to find a ride.

It's kind of late,

but...

thanks.

Mom, I think you

need to get organized.

And I'm hiding

in Honduras

I'm a desperate man

Send lawyers,

guns, and money

Mmm. Uh... fuck!

The shit

has hit the fan

God.

What the...

All right! All right!

Oh...

shit.

God.

Fuck! Fuck!

Fuck.

Operator 349.

What city, please?

Yeah, I need

road service

for, um, I don't know.

Let's say Inglewood.

Hello... God.  
Damn!  
Yeah, uh, Buckingham,  
but remember it's  
about a half mile, uh...  
west, I guess, of there.  
It should be about  
a 45-minute wait.  
Uh-huh. I understand,  
but, see, uh,  
if it takes that long,  
I might be, like, dead.  
You might call  
the police.  
The police.  
Oh, shit. No, uh...  
nothing's happened.  
Just get the truck here  
as fast as you can.  
Will do, sir.  
Mayday. Mayday.  
We're going down.  
Hey, man.  
You need some  
help here?  
This a nice car,  
mister.  
This one of them  
new Jap cars?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, you need help  
or yeah, it's a Jap car?  
Thanks. Uh, no.  
I've already called  
for the, uh, tow truck  
and the police.  
You called the police?  
What?  
On that phone, you  
called all those people?  
Who else you call,  
your mama?  
He been busy, man.  
I see.

Nice car. I could use  
a car with a phone.  
Maybe you wants  
a ride somewhere.  
Want a jump start  
or something?  
How about a jump start?  
Ooh, he nervous, y'all.  
What you so nervous  
about, man?  
Maybe he carrying, Jim.  
Maybe he's scared  
we going to bust him.  
Bust his ass.  
Leave that  
man alone!  
O.K., Grandma.  
Whatever, baby.  
Why don't you get out  
of the car, mister?  
You want me to have  
Jimmy take you out?  
Or how about this...  
Do you ever want to get  
out of that car again?  
Look, what do you want?  
Do you want my wallet,  
my watch?  
It's a shitty watch.  
You're welcome to it.  
I want you  
out of the car.  
Let's get this shit  
over with.  
Now, motherfucker.  
Which one of you  
call for the truck?  
Me. That was me.  
Uh, this is it.  
It just sort of died.  
I'm the one  
that called.  
I guess  
it was you, huh?

Yeah.

Hey, man, we was  
doing fine here.

Uh, is it the battery?

Huh?

Were you stopped, and  
it wouldn't start again?

Oh, no. L-It just  
died on me.

We're going to have  
to take it in.

You dissin' me, man?

You bet he is.

You seeing it now, man.

That's right.

That's what he's doing.

Is that right,  
you dissin' me?

No, I'm not.

Nothing like it.

I'm doing a job. This  
is how I make my living.

I just ride out there  
and do the job.

I want it to go  
as smooth as it can.

I don't like it to be  
harder than it is.

Make sure you're  
in neutral  
and the parking brake  
is off.

That's bullshit, man.

He talking bullshit.

What's goin' down?

This is fucked up.

Get in the truck.

You'll ride up with me.

Are you the one

I'm talking to?

We all decide  
what goes down,  
so don't fly  
that shit.

Yeah, man. Fuck you!  
Am I talking  
to the right man?  
That's what I thought.  
Look, I got  
to ask you a favor.  
I got to ask you  
to let me go my way here.  
Now, this truck  
is my responsibility.  
Now that the car's  
hooked up to it,  
I'm responsible  
for that, too.  
Any shit comes down now,  
it's my ass.  
Follow me?  
Do you think  
I'm stupid?  
Answer me that first.  
Then we'll talk.  
Look, I don't know  
nothin' about you.  
You don't know nothin'  
about me.  
I don't know if you're  
stupid or some kinda genius,  
but I do know this.  
I got to get out of here,  
and you got the gun.  
So I'm asking you a favor  
for the second time.  
Let me go my way here.  
I'm going to grant you  
that favor,  
and I'm going to expect  
you remember this  
if we ever meet again.  
Yeah.  
But first,  
you got to answer  
one more thing for me,  
and you got  
to tell me the truth.



Are you  
asking me a favor  
as a sign of respect,  
or are you  
asking me a favor  
'cause I got the gun?  
Man, the world ain't  
supposed to work like this.  
Maybe you  
don't know that,  
but this ain't the way  
it's supposed to be.  
I'm supposed to be able  
to do my job  
without asking you  
if I can.  
That dude should is supposed  
to be able to wait with his car  
without you  
ripping him off.  
Everything's supposed to be  
different than what it is.  
So what's your answer?  
You don't have the gun,  
we ain't having  
this conversation.  
That's what I thought.  
No gun, no respect.  
That's why I always  
got the gun.  
Thanks.  
You saved my ass.  
We both got lucky.  
It could have gone  
different.  
What's going on  
in the world?  
This neighborhood  
has gone to shit.  
This country  
has gone to shit.  
My sister and her kids  
live near here.  
That was a joke, Frasier.

Oh, / forgot  
/ married a madcap.  
Hey, uh, listen, folks.  
Nobody's interested  
in your motor trip.  
We're talking about  
my upcoming surgery.  
Now, where was /?  
So you're going to  
see the Grand Canyon?  
Don't miss Yosemite.  
Go to the alligator farm  
outside Tallahassee.  
Tell /var  
Woody says, "hey, hey. "  
Hey, Ma.  
Hey, baby.  
How you doing?  
I'm all right.  
What time is it?

**11:**

Mmm.  
What's up?  
What's up?  
Kelley's going to be  
in the Girl Scouts  
next year.  
Yeah?  
Mm-hmm.  
I have to get her  
a uniform.  
Ooh!  
I'm going to bed.  
Sleep tight, baby.  
Good night, Ma.  
/t was more slow time  
than Showtime  
earlier this season.  
The Lakers were simply  
out of sync.  
But a stifling defense  
and a return of  
that patented running game

has catapulted L.A. Back  
into serious contention  
in the west.  
They're now just a game and  
a half back of the Blazers  
after ending Orlando's  
magical road run.  
Magic was hot as they  
put up everything.  
Dunleavy wanted a timeout.  
His team was down by 10.  
Here's EarvinJohnson  
missing the layup.  
This is Sam Vincent  
of Orlando.  
Three on one, the /ceman.  
Jerry Reynolds  
stuffing over Teagle.  
The Lakers got hot  
and went on a 20-point win.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hi, guys.  
Mack, what's wrong?  
Nothing. I'm fine.  
The car died.  
Where?  
Near the Forum.  
Oh, shit.  
Roberto.  
On Manchester?  
No, no. Like an idiot  
I took a shortcut  
and got turned around.  
You've never been  
where I broke down.  
Shit. Are you out  
of there now?  
Yeah. I'm at a gas station.  
Good.  
You're lucky you got  
out with your life.  
It could have been  
curtains, Dad.

Roberto,  
could I talk?  
See you  
tomorrow, Dad.  
Good night, pal.  
You want me  
to come and get you?  
Nah. If they don't finish,  
I'll take a cab.  
Sleep. I'll tell about  
my adventure tomorrow.  
Adventure?  
Mack, what happened?  
Are you all right?  
I'm fine.  
Go to bed, honey.  
I love you.  
Love you, too.  
Bye.  
You can go swimming  
in the ocean every day  
and be perfectly cool,  
you know.  
Then one day,  
one particular day,  
you bump into  
the big shark.  
The big shark  
don't hate you.  
He's got no feeling  
for you at all.  
You look  
like food to him.  
You don't hate  
hamburger, do you, huh?  
Yeah.  
Those boys back there,  
they ain't got  
nothing to lose.  
If you just happen  
to be swimming along  
and bump into them,  
well...  
It might not be

worth worrying about.  
It's like being  
in a plane crash.  
Well,  
that's comforting.  
I'm glad you  
brought that up.  
There just seems to be  
so many ways to buy it,  
particularly  
in this city.  
I'm amazed at  
the end of each day  
that anybody's alive.  
Then other days I think  
that maybe people  
aren't so fragile.  
Things have always  
been kind of brutal,  
and people just  
keep on going.  
You ever been  
to the Grand Canyon?  
I always meant to go.  
I was there.  
It only takes about  
nine hours from here.  
I know. We were planning  
to take my boy.  
How old is he?  
15? Probably won't  
want to go with you now,  
probably go  
with his friends  
and his chick now.  
You've missed  
that boat.  
What's his name?  
Roberto.  
Roberto.  
After Roberto Clemente.  
No shit.  
Man, get yourself  
to the Grand Canyon.

Beautiful, huh?  
It's pretty, but that's  
not the thing of it.  
You can sit right  
on the edge of it.  
I did that.  
I did everything.  
I went down in it,  
stayed overnight there.  
The thing that got me  
was sitting on the edge  
of that big old thing.  
Those cliffs and rocks,  
they're so old.  
It took so long  
for that thing  
to get to look  
like that.  
It ain't done either.  
It happens right while  
you're sitting there  
watching it.  
It's happening right now  
while we're sitting here  
in this ugly town.  
Yeah.  
When you sit on the edge  
of that thing,  
you just realize what  
a joke we people are.  
What big heads we got,  
thinking that what we do  
is gonna matter  
all that much,  
thinking our time here  
means diddly  
to those rocks.  
It's a split second  
we've been here,  
the whole lot of us.  
And one of us?  
That's a piece of time  
too small to get a name.  
You trying

to cheer me up?  
Yeah. Those rocks  
are laughing at me.  
I could tell.  
Me and my worries  
is real humorous to  
that Grand Canyon.  
Hey, you know  
what I felt like?  
I felt like a gnat  
that lands  
on the ass of a cow  
that's chewing its cud  
next to the road  
that you ride by on  
at 70 miles an hour.  
Small.  
Oh, yes...  
it's small.  
My name is Mack.  
Yeah?  
Simon.  
Oh!  
No!  
Aah!  
Aah!  
/ said left!  
/ told you left!  
You scum-sucking pig!  
/ must have  
heard you wrong.  
No!  
/ told you not to move!  
- Aah!  
- Aah!  
Aah!  
Where's the shot?  
What shot?  
You took out the shot.  
Which shot?  
The money shot...  
the bus driver's head,  
the brains-  
on-the-window shot,

the viscera-  
on-the-visor shot.  
We thought we'd show it  
to you like this,  
without all the...  
Put it back.  
Don't show me anything.  
You don't need it.  
You're not even  
giving it a chance.  
How does the rear-view  
mirror gag work without it?  
Am I the only one here  
who respects the writing?  
I got to help these kids  
on the bus.  
Right. Counselor  
in training.  
When I get back from camp,  
I'll practice driving  
every time we get in the car.  
That gives me a month  
to relax.  
Have a great time, pal.  
You, too.  
I'll write a lot.  
Yeah.  
All right, you have  
15 seconds to tell me  
all the mother stuff  
one more time.  
Sunscreen, hat,  
allergy pills,  
summer reading,  
floss.  
Watch out for  
poison oak, lyme ticks,  
bears, dragons...  
pestilence.  
Just be careful,  
O.K.?  
Write if you  
need anything.  
Mom, I'm going to camp,



not the army.  
I love you, sweetheart.  
Me, too.  
Be happy.  
He's leaving home  
Bye-bye  
I got to go.  
You O.K.?  
Mm-hmm.  
O.K. Call you later.  
O.K.  
I don't want  
to go!  
Come on, son.  
Come on, son. You're  
going to have fun. Really.  
That's your  
good luck hat.  
Bye-bye!  
O.K., Robby, you ready  
for an adventure?  
Mm-hmm.  
We're going to figure  
this town out, you and me.  
Here we go.  
You ride shotgun.  
O.K., Mommy.  
O.K.?  
O.K.  
Hey.  
Fuck, you scared  
the shit out of me.  
The Rolex.  
The car? You want it?  
You got it.  
Asshole. I told you  
I wanted the watch.  
The bleeding's  
under control.  
Just barely.  
This guy's lucky.  
What do we got here?  
A gunshot wound  
to the thigh.

Bone, muscle,  
and arterial damage.  
Is he conscious?  
In and out.  
Oh, looks like he's  
coming out right now.  
Severed the sartorius  
muscle,  
the anterior gracilis,  
and partial trauma  
to the rectus.  
Femoral artery?  
Jesus, what a mess.  
Did the femur  
just shatter?  
See if it's even possible  
to save the leg here,  
O.K., O.K.  
O.K.  
O.K. Shh. Shh.  
Yeah.  
Yes. You got  
a soapy head. You do.  
Yeah.  
What's that?  
Yes, I know.  
I know. O.K.  
Here we go.  
Right here where you can  
see everything.  
Mmm.  
Yum, yum, yum, yum.  
It's only  
a paper moon  
Sailing over  
a cardboard sea  
Where's that toe?  
Here it is.  
Look at this.  
Oh, this is going  
to look very good on you,  
I can tell.  
I know. Come here.  
Go oopsie daisy, do.

O.K.  
Who's up?  
Mrs. Flores  
and her three sons.  
Mmm. Then what?

**At 4:**

Mr. Duck?  
Mr. Duk.  
Mr. Daffy Duk?  
You're awful.  
That's why  
I can't stand you.  
Hello.  
Honey?  
Hi, Mack.  
How you doing?  
Good. I'm having  
a good day.  
Why are you whispering?  
Am I whispering? I guess  
I'm feeling quiet.  
I've been sitting  
out back.  
I talked to Davis.  
How is he doing?  
Terrible.  
Apparently, the bullet just tore  
the shit out of everything.  
It's going to take  
a long time to recover,  
and then he may have a limp,  
but they're not sure.  
That's awful.  
I can barely hear you.  
I said that's awful.  
Yeah. Do you still  
want to go out tonight?  
No, I can't. Uh,  
I don't feel like it.  
I'll make  
something here.  
I like the sound of that.  
I got to go.

Mack, don't work late.  
I won't. Bye, baby.  
Surprise, surprise.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
What?  
O.K.  
I love you,  
sweetheart.  
Oh, shit.  
Um, how's my girl  
doing today?  
Why...  
aren't you...  
out...  
on a date, beauty?  
What's with school?  
So?  
Hmm?  
Come on, don't give me  
a hard time.  
Dee, nobody knows less  
about men than me.  
You do all right.  
O.K., let me ask you  
one question first.  
Do you like your job?  
I know what you're  
going to say.  
Because you can  
kiss it goodbye.  
It never fails.  
I absolutely guarantee  
the thing ends  
with you  
losing your job.  
And not because  
you're the missus now  
living in  
the big house.  
Don't think that's  
gonna happen.  
I don't think that.  
I wouldn't even want that.

Give me a little credit,  
will you?  
One of the things I think  
is so great about him  
is how devoted he is  
to his wife and kid.  
You're  
so full of shit.  
You may not even know,  
but you really are.  
You're saying what they  
all say at first.  
I've seen it  
many times, honey.  
If he is so devoted  
to his wife,  
what's he doing  
messing around with you?  
He hasn't done anything.  
You told me you were  
holding hands  
and getting  
all soulful today.  
Big deal. I shouldn't  
even have told you.  
You got  
to tell somebody.  
That's how you know  
it's really happening.  
Otherwise, it's  
too god damn lonely.  
We must be going about  
this whole thing  
wrong or something.  
What thing?  
The love thing.  
The touch thing.  
Where there's somebody  
to touch you,  
real nice and gentle.  
Doesn't have to be  
that gentle.  
Whatever.  
Jane, do you ever feel

like you're just this far  
from being completely  
hysterical 24 hours a day?  
Half the people I know  
feel that way.  
The lucky ones feel  
that way.  
The rest of the people  
are hysterical  
24 hours a day.  
Claire, I'm here.  
Hi, Mack.  
You forgot to bring in  
the mail.  
Something here  
from Carol.  
Mack, come on up here.  
I want to show you  
something.  
Mmm.  
Is something wrong?  
Mm-mmm.  
Whose is it?  
She's beautiful,  
isn't she?  
Oh.  
Is that the Wilson kid?  
Who?  
I don't know.  
What do you mean?  
I don't know  
who the parents are.  
Don't make me guess.  
Where did it come from?  
Shh. Shh, shh,  
shh, shh, shh.  
So?  
What's the story?  
I found her.  
I was jogging, and  
I heard this crying,  
and I looked under  
these bushes...  
Where was this?

On Carmelina,  
around the corner.  
I looked  
under the bushes,  
and there she was.  
When was this?  
This morning.  
This morning? What time?

**Around 9:**

What did the police say?  
Hmm?  
My guess is the police  
did not say, "Hmm?"  
So I guess  
my next guess is  
you haven't called  
the police.  
Claire.  
You know, it's possible  
this baby was kidnapped,  
and somebody's been frantically  
looking for it all day.  
I don't think so.  
I could tell.  
But I listened  
to the news three times.  
There wasn't  
a thing about it.  
That doesn't  
mean a thing.  
They may not have  
announced it yet,  
or maybe they're  
waiting to hear  
from the kidnappers.  
This baby wasn't kidnapped.  
I can tell you that, Mack.  
This baby was deserted  
by its mother,  
and it's going  
to need a new one.  
Claire,  
are you O.K.?

I'm fine.  
You do know  
that we're going  
to have to call  
the police right now?  
Of course, Mack.  
I haven't taken leave  
of my senses.  
I just wanted you  
to see her,  
so I waited till you  
got home, that's all.  
She's so beautiful.  
Just wanted  
you to see her.  
I told you that baby  
wasn't kidnapped.  
I told him. I said,  
"There's no way this vehicle  
is worth as much  
as you're going to pay  
to tow it. "  
He tells me, "It got  
sentimental value. "  
What's so funny  
about that?  
Maybe it did.  
Yeah, maybe he got  
his first piece in there.  
Otis,  
watch your mouth.  
What did he say, Mama?  
Nothing, baby.  
Just bring me  
that meat loaf.  
He was in this car  
the first time he was shot.  
Man! He had  
some good times in there.  
Are we going to play  
roundy roundy, Uncle Simon?  
Uh-uh.  
Time for bed,  
little girl.



One game.  
Come on, Mama.  
You said we could play  
one game.  
One game, Mama, please.  
In your pajamas,  
teeth brushed.  
Go on.  
Get ready  
to get whipped, Homes.  
Ooh.  
I know. I started it.  
Oh, baby, don't you  
want to stay home  
and be with your uncle?  
I got to go out.  
I got to meet some people.  
Take it slow, Simon.  
From the shoulders,  
old man,  
you still got it.  
I ain't over yet, baby.  
Be back soon, Ma.  
O.K.  
Rarr!  
Hey, anybody come from  
the shoulders anymore, huh?  
Anybody  
got the hands, huh?  
Man, I wish.  
Seem like every time  
you turn around,  
some sucker's coming  
from the pocket...  
and he's strapped.  
You know, I never laid  
any shit on you, did I?  
No.  
I love you, Otis,  
and I love my sister.  
I don't want her  
to have any more pain  
than she's already had.  
You know,

she's suffering here  
every night till  
you come home.  
We don't even get  
into that no more.  
When we're together,  
we try and have it  
be good.  
If we ain't  
talking about it,  
why you got  
to talk about it?  
It ain't gonna  
change nothing.  
You sure?  
Maybe we can figure out  
something together.  
What? What?  
You going to figure out  
something  
that nobody else  
around here thought of?  
Later, Simon.  
Hey.  
Hey. Plenty have  
gotten out, Otis.  
I don't want out.  
Hey, bullshit.  
Without my set,  
I'm nothing.  
They care  
about me, man.  
You want to be gang-banging  
when you're 25?  
Shit.  
I'll never live  
to be 25.  
I got to roll.  
Mmm.  
I'll call you Friday.  
Drive safely.  
All right.  
Kelley!  
Kelley!

Kelley! Kelley!  
Get down here with me!  
Mama!  
Mama!  
Well, look who's  
up and at 'em.  
Somebody leave  
your curtains  
open last night?  
I asked them to.  
I wanted to see this.  
City of the Angels.  
I have seen the light.  
Mazel tov.  
Watch your end.  
O.K. Right there.  
Close.  
Right there.  
Move it up.  
Be right back.  
Hi, Jackson.  
Let me see that elbow.  
Come on, just one look.  
I want to see if it's  
as good as my knee.  
Ah.  
This is just  
a scrape, man.  
Shit, my knee  
was a real mess.  
This thing  
is just half bad.  
Did Adam push you?  
Should we talk to him?  
How come?  
He's an asshole.  
Maybe, but we could  
discuss it.  
You having a bad day?  
Did you get a letter  
from your mom today?  
Did she say  
she missed you?  
Oh, man, my mom

used to do that.  
It made me nuts.  
They love you so much,  
they don't even know  
it's going to make you  
feel terrible.  
I missed my mom so much  
the first year  
I came here.  
When she wrote me  
and said she missed me,  
I felt so lonely.  
Is that how you feel?  
Well, you got me.  
"Just don't tell him. "  
So Harlan told him  
anyway.  
What else  
would Harlan do?  
The only way he  
wouldn't have told him  
is if I'd told him  
to tell him.  
I can't talk about Harlan  
again tonight.  
I've begged you to get away  
from him for eight years.  
What, so I can start  
a new immigration  
practice on my own?  
That night  
when I thought  
those boys were  
going to kill me,  
I realized...  
I hate fucking  
immigration law.  
No, you don't.  
You like it,  
and you're good at it.  
You hate being partners  
with an asshole like Harlan.  
Maybe you hate some  
other part of your life,

and you don't  
want to admit it.  
What did you say?  
When a person thinks  
they're about to die,  
nothing they did that day  
will look worthwhile.  
That's not what  
you were going to say.  
If you know what  
I'm going to say,  
I guess I don't have  
to say anything.  
Look, I don't even know  
what I'm going to say  
from one second  
to the next.  
The world doesn't make  
any sense to me anymore.  
What's going on?  
There are babies lying  
around in the streets.  
There are people  
living in boxes.  
There are people  
ready to shoot you  
if you look at them.  
And we're  
getting used to it.  
The world is so nuts,  
it makes me  
wonder about  
all the choices  
that we've made.  
Jesus Christ.  
What?  
Oh, shit.  
Oh.  
Let's see what you...  
Wow.  
Ah...  
Damn, that smarts.  
Hold it up.  
Apply pressure.

Pressure. Pressure.  
I'm taking you  
to the hospital.  
They'll have  
to sew that up.  
No. It's not that bad.  
Here, let's see.  
Take it off.  
Look at this.  
Under the water.  
See what happens  
when you yell at me?  
Never again, baby.  
Maybe next time you'll  
be more understanding  
when I bitch  
about my life.  
Here. O.K.  
Ow, ow! Let me.  
I'll get my purse.  
I'm going to take you  
to St. John's.  
Maybe you  
better sit down.  
I really don't need  
to get this sewn up.  
Are you afraid  
of a few stitches?  
I'm not afraid.  
I just think we ought  
to discuss this.  
You're kidding, right?  
Are you going  
into shock?  
I just hate seeing my blood  
spill out on me like that.  
Does everybody...  
Earthquake!  
Earthquake!  
It's a big one.  
Let's get  
outta here.  
Aren't we supposed to...  
I don't care!

I'm sorry.  
I'm never  
complaining again.  
Bullshit.  
No, no. I swear.  
You'll forget about  
all this tomorrow.  
No, no, no.  
Did you feel that?  
I think there's  
an aftershock coming.  
Sally. Your chandelier  
fall down again?  
- No.  
- Oh, good.  
Claire!  
Claire!  
Bernice,  
what's the matter?  
Claire!  
It's Byron.  
I don't know what's  
wrong with him.  
I dialed 911.  
The line's busy.  
I don't know  
what's happening.  
Everything's  
going to be O.K.  
We'll be right there.  
He's bleeding!  
No, he's not.  
That's Mack.  
Come on, come on.  
Come on.  
I need an ambulance  
right away.  
222 Avondale.  
What?  
Yes.  
Yes.  
Uh, male.  
79, I think.  
Heart attack.

Maybe a... Maybe a...  
Hey, man!  
Hey, Mack!  
Over here!  
Come on!  
Give me a fly-by!  
Yeah! Ha ha ha...  
Mom, I think  
you need to get organized.  
Nobody told me that!  
I sense it!  
Mack.  
Mack, wake up.  
So, now  
tell me that again.  
You have the baby  
at home now?  
Oh, Mack,  
that's wonderful.  
That's not  
what I said.  
Claire wants  
to adopt the baby.  
Claire is so great.  
What's the problem?  
You're not allowed to just  
keep every baby you find.  
Aren't there laws and shit  
about that kinda thing?  
There's a process  
you can go through.  
Claire's already  
started  
collecting  
the forms.  
She is the most  
self-actualized person  
I ever met.  
She is this week.  
Home, sweet home.  
Mr. Davis.  
Hiya, Leonard.  
Good to see you.  
Just toss me in.



Just roll me back  
and flip me in.  
I'll go check the car.  
Set the brake.  
What could happen?  
Is that going to work?  
I'll see you back  
at the house.  
You got it.  
Mabel, I'll never forget  
the times we had.  
As you know perfectly well,  
my name is Esther.  
My mother's name  
was Esther.  
And since you've been  
so much kinder to me  
than my mother ever was,  
I have given you  
a better name.  
And when I think  
of the experience  
that changed my life,  
I will think  
appreciatively of you.  
You are very kind.  
Remember, if you start  
to feel some pressure,  
that means it's time  
to get the pus drained.  
I love it when you  
talk that way.  
Don't you have  
a favorite charity?  
A favorite child?  
A favorite horse?  
This is  
very unusual for me.  
I'm notoriously cheap.  
Ask anyone.  
It's true.  
Goodbye, Davis.  
O.K., a hug.  
Come on, a hug.

There we go.  
O.K., so long.  
Bye.  
Take it easy.  
Leonard,  
get me outta here.  
So, tell me about  
this life change.  
It's not a life change.  
I had some kind  
of vision,  
some, uh... insight,  
but I don't want  
to talk about it.  
Tell him, Davis.  
He's your best friend.  
We're talking about  
Mack's new baby.  
Besides, I think  
if you talk about stuff,  
that takes the place  
of doing it.  
That's never been  
your problem.  
No kidding.  
Claire wants this baby,  
but you're not  
high on the idea,  
not that  
you don't like kids.  
Roberto's maybe  
the best thing  
that ever happened  
in your life,  
but he's 15 now.  
Soon he'll be moving out.  
You thought you and Claire  
could get back the freedom  
you had when you  
were first married.  
You feel you're  
getting old way too fast.  
The last thing on your mind  
was starting a new family

with all the whining  
and the diapers  
and the attendant  
baby baggage.  
Why start all that again  
when you already wonder  
if you did the right thing  
the first time?  
Davis, you're awful.  
This is so much more  
time-efficient  
than a regular  
conversation.  
Since you're  
currently obsessed  
with the question  
of what's going down  
and why are you  
going with it,  
what shape are you in  
to take on some new baby  
from God knows where,  
who has God knows what  
health and emotional problems  
and never asked  
to be taken in anyway?  
On the other hand...  
Hey, baby,  
what's the matter?  
While we got  
a moment here,  
explain something to me.  
What is the theory  
on this handkerchief thing?  
You blow your nose in it,  
put it back  
in your pocket.  
Then you see someone  
in distress  
and give them this gift  
from your pocket?  
They're supposed  
to be grateful  
as they wipe it

all over their face?  
If I tell you,  
you'll think it's about you,  
but it's not,  
but you won't believe it,  
and you'll get defensive.  
If you don't want  
to talk about it,  
don't force yourself.  
I want to have children.  
I really want them.  
I don't care  
how rotten the world is,  
but I'm so far  
from having them.  
I'm involved with you,  
and you're not going  
to have kids with me.  
We're not even  
getting married.  
I can't even start.  
I got to break up with you  
and find someone else  
I can stand being with,  
and even then, I might have  
trouble getting pregnant  
after everything  
I've done to my body.  
Maybe I should just  
hop out up here.  
I could call a cab.  
Why, Mack?  
You're my friend,  
too, aren't you?  
Hey.  
Hey.  
Who says we're never going  
to get married and have kids?  
No, I didn't.  
Well, doesn't it?  
Uh-uh. Come on, baby.  
Hey.  
Hey, how you doing?  
I don't know

if you remember me.  
Oh. Hey, man, sure.  
Uh, Mack, right?  
Right.  
Yeah, I didn't  
recognize you at first.  
Yeah.  
I called,  
and they said you'd be  
getting in about now.  
I wanted to thank you again  
for the other night.  
You did already.  
Look...  
can I buy you  
breakfast somewhere  
or something?  
Yeah. Sure.  
Just a minute.  
All right?  
You play basketball?  
I played  
in high school.  
Sixth man for a year  
and a half.  
Me, too. Sixth man  
until my senior year.  
Then I started.  
Center or forward?  
Forward. I wasn't  
big enough for center.  
Must have been  
some team.  
We had Oscar Benson  
on that team.  
No shit?  
You must be  
pretty good.  
I wasn't playing  
the same game  
that Oscar was playing.  
Uh, look...  
the other night...  
You weren't in any danger

except for maybe  
losing your wallet.  
I didn't save your life,  
so don't think you have  
to say something to me.  
One morning  
about three years ago,  
I was on my way  
to a meeting  
at the Mutual Benefit  
building on Wilshire  
in the Miracle Mile.  
I love that name...  
Miracle Mile.  
It's the building  
across the street  
from the County  
Art Museum.  
I was thinking  
about the meeting.  
I was worried about it,  
actually.  
I started  
to step off the curb...  
and a stranger  
grabbed me  
and yanked me back  
as a city bus went  
flying by my nose.  
It filled up the world  
6 inches from my nose.  
I would have been  
a wet bug stain.  
I wouldn't have  
even felt it.  
It would have been  
over so fast.  
I thanked this stranger,  
this woman  
in a baseball cap,  
but I was pretty much  
in a daze.  
When I thanked her,  
she said, "My pleasure. "

I didn't notice  
till the last moment  
the cap she wore was  
from the Pittsburgh  
Pirates,  
my favorite team  
since I was a kid.  
Roberto Clemente.  
Right.  
I never  
got over the idea  
that I should have  
thanked that woman more,  
talked to her,  
something.  
She reached out  
and yanked me back  
from the edge,  
literally changed  
everything for me,  
for my wife  
and my son.  
Then she just  
wandered off  
down the Miracle Mile.  
And how come she was  
wearing a Pirates cap?  
That's unusual at 9 A.M.  
On Wilshire Boulevard,  
a woman in a Pittsburgh  
Pirates baseball cap.  
It's suspicious.  
You lost me.  
I just wondered  
later on,  
was she for real?  
Was that  
a real person,  
or was that  
something else?  
You know, sent  
from somewhere else  
to grab me back  
from that curb.

Is that what you're  
wondering about me?  
I just couldn't  
let it happen again.  
I didn't want to just  
let you drift away  
like she did  
and never talk to you.  
Didn't seem right  
to let it happen twice.  
That's why  
I'm bothering you.  
You're not bothering me.  
You're just  
buying me breakfast.  
Good.  
You got a right  
to try to figure out  
what confuses you,  
but it seems like you're making  
more of this than it is.  
The world's a hard place.  
Sometimes  
you just get lucky.  
I believe in luck.  
Of course,  
sometimes you don't.  
One thing's for sure...  
If you're alive,  
some terrible shit's  
gonna happen to you.  
Maybe some  
good things, too,  
but you can always  
count on the terrible.  
If it doesn't kill you,  
you'll be around to see it  
come down some other way.  
Thank you, honey.  
No. No, thanks.  
My... father died  
last year.  
81 years old.  
That's a long time



for a black man  
to live in this town.  
He outlived  
everyone he ever knew.  
Saw two wives die  
and three of his children.  
He had a great  
ugly old face  
that looked like a suitcase  
gone a million miles...  
all beat up and dented  
and scuffed and stained.  
He looked like he walked  
80 years on that face.  
When I used  
to look at that face  
and see  
all the pain there,  
all the things he lost,  
all the hurt he had,  
I wondered why  
he wanted to go on,  
why he just didn't  
lay down and give it up.  
Did you figure it out?  
No. Never figured out  
much about that guy.  
I asked him, though.  
What did he say?  
Habit.  
Does your sister  
have a job?  
She's a cashier  
atJon's.  
Lets her work her hours  
around her  
little girl's school.  
Would they let her  
transfer  
to another store?  
I don't know. Why?  
I was just wondering  
about something.  
What's that?

Just seems like  
an impossible situation.  
You can't live  
your life like that,  
thinking someone's going  
to shoot up your house.  
A lot of people do.  
You know,  
I know this guy  
who's got an apartment  
house in Canoga Park.  
I might be able to get  
her something out there  
at a very  
reasonable price.  
Uh...  
Hey, listen, Mack,  
thanks, but, uh...  
I'm not so sure  
it's a good idea.  
O.K. I'm not going  
to push it  
if you're not  
comfortable.  
Maybe you want  
to think about it.  
You don't have  
to decide now.  
Yeah, maybe.  
O.K.  
You got my number.  
Yeah, O.K.  
Simon?  
Yeah.  
What is it exactly?  
I want to know  
for two reasons...  
to know if it's  
what I think it is  
and that I haven't done  
something to offend you.  
That's the last thing  
I wanted to do.  
Man, you are

a piece of work.  
Sometimes I let stuff go,  
and then I wonder  
about it later.  
O.K., here it is.  
I guess  
I think it's hard,  
maybe even dangerous,  
mucking around with  
other people's lives.  
Sometimes  
there's a reason  
they're doing  
what they're doing.  
That's a tough one.  
You don't want to fuck  
with things you shouldn't.  
But you don't always  
want to turn away, either.  
Is that what you  
thought it was?  
Yeah, that and...  
you know...  
the white guy.  
You white?  
Hey, how about  
Canoga Park?  
That's pretty white,  
ain't it?  
No, not really.  
Think about it.  
I'll see you.  
To try and understand  
just what exactly  
had been  
delivered unto me  
at the cost  
of flesh and bone  
and precious blood,  
what message was being  
delivered to me  
in a .38-caliber  
envelope  
for me to open and read

and understand,  
and this problem,  
this, um, difficulty  
I was having  
in understanding,  
it grew on me  
like a fever.  
It buzzed  
around my brain  
till I could  
no longer sleep  
or eat or think  
about anything else.  
It was as painful  
and real  
as the physical wound  
I saw in my thigh.  
What?  
Nothing.  
Go on. I want  
to hear this.  
I had a feeling that you  
more than anyone else  
would have a problem  
taking me seriously.  
I am taking you  
seriously.  
I'm sorry for whatever  
you think you saw.  
First you have to tell me  
what made you smile.  
"Unto. "  
What?  
You said,  
"delivered unto" you.  
I'm sorry.  
That is purposeful.  
We're talking about  
a religious experience.  
I might say doth or thou  
or lots of things.  
Please, Davis,  
go on.  
The suspense

is killing me.  
The end of this long,  
torturous night,  
my head pounding  
in syncopation  
to my throbbing wound,  
there came a glorious,  
delicate dawn,  
and I knew,  
I knew I can't make  
those movies anymore.  
I can't make  
another piece of art  
that glorifies violence  
and bloodshed  
and brutality.  
I can't contribute  
another stone  
to this landslide  
of dehumanizing rage  
that has swept  
across this country  
like a pestilence.  
That's a mixed metaphor,  
isn't it?  
Anyway, I'm done,  
kaput, finis...  
No more exploding bodies,  
exploding buildings,  
exploding anything.  
No more shit.  
Davis,  
that's wonderful.  
You know how  
I feel about it.  
I think I've always  
been frank with you.  
You'll never have  
to say another word.  
Excellent. Have you  
told the studio yet?  
Ah, fuck the studio.  
Have you told  
your business manager?

Fuck 'em, Claire.  
You said all along there's  
a fortune to be made  
in stories about life...  
the life force,  
the creation of life,  
the very instinct  
for living.  
Besides, I don't give  
a shit about money.  
I made more money  
this year  
than my father made  
in his entire life.  
At the rate I'm going,  
I won't run out of money  
for, uh...  
well, 18... months,  
anyway.  
I'm going to make  
the world a better place  
for your new bambina.  
What's happening?  
What's happening?  
Well, let's see.  
We're filling out forms.  
We're being evaluated.  
We're becoming  
official foster parents,  
which would be  
the first step.  
We're...  
We're arguing.  
We're talking.  
We're... flirting  
with marital disaster.  
Mack and I  
are both being...  
passionately, unshakably  
devoted to our own position.  
Claire, may I be very,  
very frank with you?  
Is it possible  
this has come up

because Roberto's  
about to move on  
and you are  
coincidentally  
approaching  
a certain age?  
As opposed to what?  
As opposed to being  
wildly in love  
with this particular baby  
which I had in my house  
for nine hours?  
Of course that's why  
this has come up, Davis.  
It's not that simple,  
but, yes.  
But is that  
rational?  
Rational?  
Reasonable,  
feasible  
for you and Mack?  
Well...  
I guess  
I'd have to say...  
I don't really care.  
And it's  
in Canoga Park.  
A nice little apartment  
complex, he says.  
A friend of his  
owns it,  
his associate.  
He'd be reasonable  
with the rent.  
Canoga Park?  
Yeah, yeah.  
That's a bunch of  
white people, isn't it?  
Uh, I don't know.  
Yeah. Right.  
He didn't want  
to go to Cabo San Lucas?  
He didn't say.

Hmm?

Hi.

Hi.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Do you know Jane?

Nope.

- This is Mack.

- Hi, Mack.

Hi, Jane.

Do you want

to sit down?

Thanks. I got something

I should do upstairs.

I'm having

one of those days.

Which kind?

I keep drifting.

I can't seem to carry

through on anything.

Like I'll say I have

to go upstairs,

but I don't want to,

so I don't go.

Have a seat.

Thanks.

At the same time,

I'm feeling very free,

like I've got a little

buzz on or something.

Does that happen

to you?

It doesn't happen to me

as much as I'd like.

It's very pleasant.

What brought it on?

Maybe I'll try it.

I got up early

this morning.

Sometimes it helps

to be sleepy.

I got that part

down.

I went to see



this guy that helped me  
when my car broke down...  
he drives a tow truck.  
I really like him.  
His daughter goes  
to this deaf college  
in Washington, D.C.  
His wife left him.  
He's kind of lonely,  
but he seems  
peaceful about it.  
That would be nice.  
It would be great  
if you could be  
down about things  
but still be  
all right with it,  
like, finally  
accept the fact  
you'll feel bad  
most of the time  
and not fight it.  
It would also be nice  
not to feel bad.  
That's how you get  
in trouble...  
thinking how nice it'd  
be to be happy more.  
Jane, are you married?  
No.  
Got a boyfriend?  
No.  
Would you like  
to meet this guy?  
I don't know.  
What does he look like?  
How important is that?  
Somewhat important.  
No, I was  
just curious.  
I mean, he happens to be  
a very handsome black guy.  
I don't know  
that much about him.

How are you going  
to describe Jane?

Same way.

A very handsome  
black guy.

Yeah.

Mama, there's  
a man here.

Yes?

Hello, Mrs. Dotson.

You've got a polite  
little lady there.

What is it?

My name's

Harvey Charles.

I represent

the Ohio Continental  
Insurance Company.

Here's my card.

You're selling  
insurance?

Yes, ma'am.

We don't want  
life insurance.

That's what  
most people say.

Our policies only  
cost \$10 per month.

Mister, I'm too young to be  
getting life insurance.

We're not just  
talking about you.

Think about  
your children.

I ask you only  
one thing, Mrs. Dotson.

Just glance at these  
news clippings  
here in my hand.

What about them?

What they show  
in frightening detail  
is the high rate  
of violent death

caused by gangs  
and crime  
in your neighborhood.  
Can I hand these  
to you to look at?  
Look, Mrs. Dotson,  
I'm not going  
to kid you.  
These policies  
are inexpensive  
because the benefits  
aren't that big  
when they pay off,  
but what they'll do is,  
if harm should come  
to one of your children,  
this policy will cover  
all funeral expenses  
and arrangements...  
Kelley, go wait  
in the kitchen.  
What?  
Go.  
You trying to sell me  
life insurance policies  
on my kids?  
Ma'am, they're the ones  
on the front line.  
They're the ones  
in danger.  
You get the fuck  
off my porch!  
I said get away  
from my house, damn it!  
Bottom of the list.  
Who needs them?  
Beaufort, South Carolina?  
My mother tryin'  
to keep the baby.  
You need her as much  
as she needs you.  
It's big  
for the money.  
It's not beautiful,

but they keep it up  
pretty good.  
They have their share  
of gangs here, too.  
But they don't  
run the place.  
Not yet anyway.  
I guess Kelley would  
eventually adjust.  
Is it always  
this hot?  
Yeah.  
Deborah's  
really confused.  
It's a big move,  
and I don't know what  
to tell her, either.  
Either way,  
thank you, man.  
Darkness in the mornin'  
Shadows on the land  
Certain individuals  
Aren't stickin'  
to the plan  
And I'm searching  
for a heart  
Searching everyone  
They say love  
conquers all  
You can't start it  
like a car  
You can't stop it  
with a gun  
Excuse me. Are you  
Roberto's mother?  
Yes.  
We're Amanda's parents.  
I'm Steve Fox.  
This is my wife Cathy.  
Hi. Claire.  
We can't wait  
to meet Roberto.  
Feel like we know  
him from Amanda's letters.

I'm sorry.  
I'm afraid that  
Roberto doesn't write  
as much as he should.  
We're very pleased  
about Thanksgiving.  
Thanksgiving?  
It's so good of you  
to let Roberto come  
to San Diego.  
Gosh, I'm sorry. I guess  
you may not have heard  
everything  
about this summer.  
I'm beginning  
to get the picture.  
There's my parents.  
Which ones?  
See the man  
in the beard?  
Oh, God. They're  
talking to my mother.  
They were relieved  
I wasn't Puerto Rican.  
Amanda didn't  
explain that  
in the many,  
many letters  
that she wrote  
to her parents?  
I hope they're  
not bigots.  
Did you want  
to tell me about it?  
What?  
What happened  
this summer.  
At camp?  
Oh, camp was O.K.  
I really  
missed you, kid.  
I'm glad you're back.  
Yeah. Me, too.  
I'm sorry about

that Thanksgiving thing.  
We'll talk to  
your father about it.  
It's O.K. With you?  
I didn't say that.  
But your mind's open?  
Roberto.  
O.K. Remain calm.  
Let me ask you  
something.  
How open  
is your mind?  
Is this going to be  
about my hair?  
No. This is something  
pretty big.  
About me?  
Only partly.  
It involves you.  
Are you and Dad  
splitting?  
Why do you say that?  
Is that it?  
No. Absolutely no.  
Why would you say  
a thing like that?  
Do we look like we're  
about to split?  
I don't know. People  
do it all the time.  
They look  
like they're fine.  
I am crazy  
for your father.  
Are we giving you  
any sign  
that we're  
having trouble?  
So, um, what were  
you going to tell me?  
Wait a minute.  
Answer me.  
I, um, sometimes it just  
looks like you're both

kind of unhappy,  
O.K.?  
Maybe I misunderstood.  
It just looked like that  
a lot before I went away.  
Really?  
Yeah, but look... look,  
I'm glad I'm wrong.  
I mean, God, that  
would be horrible.  
I hope you guys  
never split.  
I'm sorry  
I said it.  
What were you  
going to tell me?  
What do I have to have  
an open mind about?  
We'll talk  
about it later.  
Oh, Mom, just pretend I never  
said anything and tell me.  
Um...  
Ahem.  
Your father and I  
are discussing  
whether to adopt  
a little girl.  
What?  
To, uh, you know,  
the evening.  
Some playboy, huh?  
Yeah.  
Nice car.  
Oh, thank you.  
It's yellow.  
Yeah, of course  
it's yellow.  
God, what am  
I thinking of?  
All right.  
Ooh, boy.  
Uh, O.K.  
I thought

you changed your mind.  
Oh, no way.  
It's just been a while  
since I did this.  
You haven't been  
going out?  
Oh, I go out  
a little.  
I just  
can't remember  
the last time  
I was, uh, set up.  
Fixed up.  
Yeah.  
So, what do you think  
so far?  
So far  
it's all right.  
I like it.  
I'm just... I'm just  
a little surprised.  
Why? What did you  
expect?  
No, it's not you.  
I'm just surprised  
at how nervous I am.  
Me, too.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
That's all right.  
At least now  
we know that much  
about each other.  
Yeah. Um, Mack must  
have had some reason  
to think  
this would work.  
I guess you've known  
him a while, huh?  
I don't know him  
at all.  
Really?  
Well.  
I don't know him



much, either.  
Hmm, that's funny.  
Maybe we're the only  
two black people  
he ever met.  
I think you're being  
too hard on yourself.  
You're trying to help.  
You think moving  
to Canoga Park's  
gonna save that family?  
Who said you have  
to save anybody?  
Maybe out there the kids  
won't get hurt. Who knows?  
They'll go or not go.  
You're not responsible.  
You just happen  
to know a guy  
who owns  
an apartment house.  
Why am I fixing Simon  
up with some girl?  
I do this shit,  
and the next morning  
I'm astounded.  
Has it occurred to you  
it doesn't really matter  
all that much?  
Why should you be  
the one person on earth  
who acts rationally?  
Forget rational.  
I'm completely  
out of control.  
Stop me  
before I kill.  
So? Good for you.  
Aren't you sick of trying  
to be in control  
all the time?  
I am.  
Mack, you think  
I want that baby

because I've got  
some hole in my life  
or I think I'll have  
some hole in my life,  
but that's not it,  
or it's just  
a part of it.  
That baby needs someone  
to take care of it.  
It has to be you?  
I believe there's  
a reason I found her.  
Dismiss it all you want,  
but I'll always believe that.  
You told me you thought  
there was a reason  
this guy... this Simon...  
showed up and saved you.  
I did?  
How do you think that  
I feel about this baby?  
What if I  
hadn't heard it?  
What if no one  
had heard her?  
We would've read  
about it in the Times.  
"Oh, my God.  
They found a dead baby  
under the bushes  
on Carmelina. "  
"Mack, I must have run right  
by it the other morning. "  
But that  
didn't happen.  
I found her, and maybe  
I saved her life  
just the way maybe Simon  
saved yours.  
What are you saying?  
Something  
has happened.  
You can't go back  
and have it not happen.

Some connection  
has been made  
and has to be played out.  
That is why you can't stay  
out of Simon's business.  
It's like this itch  
you've got to scratch.  
Claire,  
you're talking about  
a lifelong commitment.  
I won't be dealing  
with this Simon  
the rest of my life.  
How do you know  
he won't be your friend  
until the day that you die?  
What if these  
are miracles, Mack?  
Maybe we don't have  
any experience with miracles  
so we're slow  
to recognize them.  
I'm getting  
a terrific headache.  
No, you're not.  
I'm not?  
I'll tell you why  
I reject your headache.  
Because  
it's inappropriate.  
Inappropriate?  
If I'm right  
and these events  
are truly miracles,  
then it's an inappropriate  
response to get a headache  
in the presence  
of a miracle.  
Wow.  
Yeah.  
I don't know  
about you,  
but I'm thinking this Mack  
must be some kind of genius.

Do you believe  
in fate?  
I believe in luck.  
Do you think  
you should come up?  
Do I think  
I should come up?  
What do you think?  
Well, I think this night  
has gone about as well  
as it possibly could.  
I don't want  
to push our luck.  
Is it O.K. To call you  
at work?  
I look forward  
to it.  
This is a feeling I'd like  
to have at work.  
What is it?  
Ohh.  
Bye, Simon.  
Say that again.  
Simon.  
You O.K.?  
Whoa.  
You sure?  
Why don't you just  
pull right over there?  
Didn't see him coming,  
did you?  
I still don't know  
what happened.  
I guess you were lucky,  
even though it might not  
seem that way right now.  
Pretty scary stuff.  
I was crying  
before it happened.  
Really?  
I don't cry this easily  
normally.  
Sorry.  
Don't apologize.

You want to get out  
of there for a second?  
Walk around  
and catch your breath?  
Come on.  
You'll feel better.  
You O.K.?  
Then I guess  
I better hang on.  
Don't imagine  
you want to talk about it  
with a complete stranger.  
I'm in love  
with a married man.  
We haven't been  
having an affair.  
He wouldn't do it.  
We just had  
one night together.  
One really  
amazing night.  
Uh-huh.  
Do you think  
that's awful?  
Which part?  
All of it.  
I think it happens.  
Did he treat you bad?  
It hurts.  
When you love someone  
and they  
don't choose you...  
it's bad.  
That's the way  
he's been bad to me.  
Married men suck...  
by definition.  
Are you married?  
Tell the truth.  
No, I'm not married.  
I haven't found  
the right girl.  
Can't quit now, babe.  
Last mile.

Catching my second wind,  
man, shoot.

Oh, man.

That's all there is.

We did it, man.

Just put it anywhere.

That's the end of it,  
baby.

Good.

I don't know  
if he's even gonna  
stay here tonight.

Well, let's get a beer.

Get out of the way, man!

This is fucked.

What you doing, man?

No talking, huh?

That's cool.

That's cool. I guess you  
don't want no company.

I thought you  
was talking to me.

I thought you said

I was fucked up.

I wasn't talking  
to your sorry ass.

Who the fuck  
were you talking to?

Were you talking  
to yourself?

What's up, man?

Hey, that dude  
was quick.

Must have come here  
from Beirut.

You, stop running and put  
your hands behind your head.

Stop running and put  
your hands behind your head.

Here we go.

Halt!

Halt!

Turn around and get down  
on your stomach.

Turn around and get down  
on your stomach!  
What?  
Down, asshole,  
and I mean now!  
Put your right hand  
behind your back.  
Bring the other one  
around.  
Don't you know  
what stop means?  
Where you going  
in such a hurry, pal?  
Nowhere.  
I'm just running.  
Running from what?  
Nothing.  
I live around here.  
Where?  
I don't know.  
You don't know?  
What's that supposed to mean?  
Back there across  
from the park.  
What park?  
I don't know.  
They almost smoked me!  
See a nigger  
run around here,  
they smoke you,  
ask questions later.  
I ain't staying here,  
I'll tell you that.  
I ain't fucking staying!  
What's next?  
Nothing. I'm quitting.  
Tell me.  
This is intolerable.  
I can't do this anymore.  
It's sick.  
I need to go on.  
Don't act like  
you're not relieved.  
I know you are.

I don't want you to go.  
You know  
what your trouble is?  
You just never want  
to be the bad guy.  
You want everything you do  
to be O.K.,  
but it isn't.  
If you didn't want this  
to happen,  
then you shouldn't have  
fucked me.  
I'm sorry. I think  
I've said that before.  
But you didn't mean it.  
You aren't really sorry  
it happened, are you?  
Are you?  
You've denied me  
in every way you can.  
Everything I've wanted,  
you've denied me.  
I've been honest  
with you all along.  
Even that night.  
Who gives a shit?  
Don't you see  
what you do?  
Even now you deny me  
what's rightfully mine.  
Which is?  
To resent the hell  
out of you,  
to feel totally rejected  
and hated.  
To hate you  
for doing it to me.  
There are a lot  
of good men out there  
who'll treat me like I'm  
the very thing they want.  
And then you do  
that thing with Jane.  
What?



You know,  
with that guy?  
That tow truck guy?  
What's that got to do  
with anything?  
You don't even know,  
do you?  
You don't even know why  
that hurts me so much.  
Jane's in love.  
She thinks he's the one.  
Is that bad? I thought  
she's your friend.  
She is my friend.  
I'm very happy for her,  
but it makes me  
feel like shit  
that you're finding her  
the love of her life  
and I'm here like, what?  
I'm here like shit.  
How do you think that's  
going to make me feel?  
Dee, look, I understand  
you're angry with me,  
but why...  
Forget it.  
It doesn't have  
to make sense.  
I'll stay for two weeks,  
but you better find  
somebody else.  
Is Otis coming home  
tonight, Mama?  
No, baby.  
I told you.  
When will we  
see him again?  
I don't know,  
honey.  
Ha ha!  
Yeah.  
I just feel like  
I'd really like to work

for a woman lawyer  
this time.

I never have.

It might be a good thing.

I'm not sure you'd

find it much different,

but, frankly,

with your qualifications

and experience,

I have no desire

to discourage you.

I am curious though.

Your former employer

has written you

the most glorious

recommendation.

Why did you decide

to leave him?

Hey, Otis.

Hey, what's the matter?

You O.K.?

Yeah, I'm all right.

Hey...

you're...

you're hurt, boy.

It ain't my blood.

What happened?

Hey, what happened?

I seen some bad shit,

Simon.

O.K.

O.K., O.K., O.K.

O.K.

We have a three-car

collision to report

on the Santa Monica Freeway

east of National.

Only one lane is open.

And, Ted, the surface streets

are no picnic, either.

/t is a jungle down there.

And I realized it wasn't

both you and Mom

who were always saying

how glad you were  
you didn't have  
little kids anymore.  
It was just you.  
Mom never really  
said that.  
Which way are you  
going to turn?  
Right.  
So what do you  
want to do now?  
Get in the right lane.  
No!  
Whoa!  
Roberto, you can't just go  
because you want to!  
L... I messed up.  
Make sure it's clear.  
I messed up.  
Better to go 10 blocks  
out of your way  
than try to get over  
when it's impossible.  
Watch this guy getting  
out of his car here.  
Slow down. Slow, slow.  
Slow!  
When I say stop,  
you've got to stop.  
You didn't say stop.  
You told me  
to slow down.  
It won't matter  
if you hit another car,  
but you can't hit a person.  
That's the most  
important thing.  
People are such assholes.  
You got to watch out  
for the dumbest stuff.  
Just watch...  
Just watch the road.  
So why should I  
tell Mom

she's crazy  
to want this baby?  
I don't want her telling  
me my stuff is crazy.  
Maybe it's  
not so crazy.  
It's her life.  
And mine.  
And yours,  
too, I guess,  
although she's  
going to be  
the one most involved.  
Believe me it affects  
us both, a lot.  
Let's concentrate  
on what we're doing.  
What now?  
Um, I'm going  
to take a left.  
Really?  
It's, uh...  
kind of busy here,  
isn't it?  
Dad, I've got to  
learn how to do it.  
You're right.  
Left turn signal.  
Left turn signal.  
Done.  
O.K. This is good.  
Right here.  
Perfect.  
If you only had  
one life to live...  
which you do...  
And you really wanted  
to do something  
and Mom said  
you couldn't,  
how would that  
make you feel?  
Let's just think  
about this turn.

All right.  
What are you  
watching for?  
The light.  
And? What's the most  
important thing?  
Don't hit a person.  
No, I mean here.  
Don't fuck around.  
This is no joke.  
Sorry.  
Um, the most important  
thing is that...  
that those cars  
have really stopped.  
Right. Because?  
Because some idiot  
is always liable  
to run a red light.  
Good. What else  
are you looking for?  
Um... those cars  
in the cross streets.  
Good.  
The light's  
going to change.  
This is good.  
Wait.  
Wait.  
Not yet.  
O.K.  
They're stopping.  
Go ahead.  
Stop!  
You idiot!  
Fuck you!  
Whoa!  
Asshole!  
This guy's letting us in.  
Go, go, go.  
When I tell you, you'll  
be able to get over.  
We'll pull over here.  
O.K., go now.

Just pull it right over.

Y- Y-Y-Yes.

Shit.

That guy was a cretin.

It's so crazy out there,  
you got to react really fast.

If you're going, you've only  
got a split second to do it.

Otherwise the cross traffic  
will whack you.

Sorry, Dad.

Hey, this is  
difficult stuff.

Making a left turn  
in L.A.

Is one of the harder things  
you'll learn in life.

That guy was  
almost in your lap.

Heh heh heh.

This town stinks.

Do you want to drive?

Hell, no.

I'm too shook up.

Let's get out of here.

So I guess we're going  
to get this baby, huh?

Hello.

What?

We've got no Feiruz here.

You've got the wrong number.

Oh, really?

Well, fuck you also.

Who?

Feiruz. You know him?

My heart is pounding.

Ahh...

Come here.

It's O.K.

Hmm.

Everything seems  
so close together.

Hmm?

All the good and bad

things in the world.  
Everything.  
I feel it in myself even.  
And in us...  
our marriage.  
I love you, Claire.  
I like living my life  
with you.  
Do you?  
'Cause I love you  
so much, Mack.  
Ohh...  
Drive me over  
to the stage.  
My car's  
over by your office.  
You can  
take the cart back.  
I got to get back  
downtown.  
Relax. No one's  
going to get deported  
while you drive me  
to stage 20.  
We spent the whole lunch  
discussing your marriage  
to Vanessa.  
I didn't congratulate  
you on the new direction  
your career has taken.  
On the what?  
Claire told me.  
You know, the violence  
in your movies.  
She was so pleased.  
Oh, that!  
Oh, fuck that.  
What?  
That's over.  
I must have been delirious  
for a few weeks there.  
Hi, Tim. How are you?  
Man, I don't want to be  
the one to tell Claire

you changed your mind.  
Changed nothing.  
I regained my senses.  
I was talking  
like a moron.  
Down here and go left.  
What happened?  
Nothing happened.  
It never happened.  
Look, Mack,  
I'm an artist.  
Now, go ahead and laugh,  
because everybody does.  
Nobody in this town  
will admit  
that a producer  
is an artist.  
But I know what I do.  
I know how many  
lame-o directors  
I've carried on my back  
and then watch as they take  
all the glory,  
reviews, and awards.  
Which awards?  
That's O.K.  
I don't mind working  
in modest anonymity.  
That's the way  
Thalberg did it, too.  
If they're lame-o,  
why hire them?  
I haven't got time  
to do it myself.  
Hanging around the set  
all day,  
doing that boring  
lighting and shit.  
Let them do that.  
That's beside the point.  
The point is...  
Turn around.  
Turn around and  
go back down there.



Where was I?  
The point is...  
there's a gulf  
in this country,  
an ever-widening abyss,  
between the people  
who have stuff  
and the people  
who don't have shit.  
It's like this hole's  
opened up in the ground  
as big as the fucking  
Grand Canyon  
and what's come  
pouring out... Hi.  
My name's Davis,  
building 78.  
The whole building. Stop by.  
I have something for you.  
This is the greatest  
town on earth.  
Go left here.  
Where was I?  
The Grand Canyon.  
Yeah.  
And what's come out  
of this big hole  
is  
an eruption of rage,  
and the rage  
creates violence,  
and the violence  
is real,  
and nothing's going  
to make it go away  
until someone  
changes something.  
Which won't happen.  
You and I  
may not like it,  
but I can't pretend  
it isn't there,  
because that is a lie.  
And when art lies,

it becomes worthless.  
So I got to keep  
telling the truth,  
even if it scares  
the shit out of me,  
like it scares  
the shit out of you,  
even if it means  
some motherfucker  
can blow a big ol' hole  
in my leg for a watch,  
and I'm going to walk  
with a fucking limp  
the rest of my life  
and count myself lucky.  
That's what's amazing,  
you know,  
is what we count  
as lucky today.  
Our criteria for lucky  
has changed a bit.  
We're not talking  
about great art here.  
Says you, Mr. Snob,  
Mr. Arbiter of Taste,  
Mr. Immigration Lawyer  
to the Arts.  
I'll tell you this, though.  
There's so much rage  
going around  
we're lucky we have the movies  
to help us vent a little.  
That line  
is so tired.  
I'm shocked  
you'd use it.  
You think just anyone  
can do what I do?  
You think anyone can make  
the crap I make?  
Wasn't there something  
about "life force,"  
"life-affirming"?  
That's what Claire

told me.  
This is life, pal.  
That's what  
I'm trying to get  
through your thick,  
sanctimonious skull.  
There's always been  
violence.  
There will always  
be violence...  
violence and evil  
and men with big guns.  
My movies reflect  
what's going on,  
they don't make  
what's going on.  
And if I happen to make 'em  
better than anyone,  
then I've got a bigger  
responsibility than anyone  
to serve it up.  
Mack, you ever seen  
a movie  
called  
Sullivan's Travels?  
No.  
That's part  
of your problem.  
You haven't seen  
enough movies.  
All of life's riddles  
are answered  
in the movies.  
It's a story about a man  
who loses his way.  
He's a filmmaker,  
like me.  
He forgets  
for a moment  
what he was set  
on earth to do.  
Fortunately,  
he finds his way back.  
That can happen, Mack.

Check it out.  
Ha ha ha ha!  
You're kind of big,  
aren't you?  
You look about  
ready to play.  
Yeah, maybe.  
I want to see you  
shoot from the outside.  
What made you  
get me together with Jane?  
Dumbness, I guess.  
Compulsion  
to stick my nose  
where it doesn't  
belong.  
Why,  
has it ended badly?  
No, it hasn't ended.  
She's the best thing  
that's happened to me  
in a long time.  
Really?  
No shit?  
Yes. Here you go,  
my friend.  
Sometimes things work.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
O.K., then. To 20.  
Take it out  
from back there.  
Winner takes it out.  
You're sure? You might  
not get a chance to shoot.  
You're going down.  
That is so cool  
about you and Jane.  
Yeah. That's why  
I came tonight.  
I thought of a way  
to thank you.  
You don't have to.  
I have an idea.

If you're up for it,  
there's something  
I could do for you.  
You don't have to.  
Just play ball.  
That's why I'm here.  
I thought of a way to show  
I appreciate you for...  
for introducing me  
toJane.  
End of the line, folks.  
So what do  
you think?  
I think...  
it's not all bad.