



Scripts.com

# Jinxed!

By Frank D. Gilroy

I fell head over heels in Tucson  
'til the neon lights shined  
on his wedding band  
And once a handsome Cherokee  
And we danced the night away  
in old Cheyenne  
Yeah, but something in my heart says  
I'll know him in the dark  
When at last he comes along  
I see him ridin' through my dreams  
We're ridin' double as he sings  
Is a sagebrush moonlight scene  
Yeah, have her bring it up to our room.  
He's the answer  
to a cowgirl's dream  
I see him ridin' through my dreams  
We're ridin' double as he sings  
Is a sagebrush moonlight scene  
He's the answer  
to a cowgirl's  
dreams  
Hiya, dealer.  
- I thought you were in Vegas.  
- Well, I was, but Vegas got boring.  
Las Vegas, boring?  
Well, it used to be exciting,  
but then, well, you know...  
how can I say it? It lost its flavor.  
Tahoe, here, is more like it.  
Like Vegas used to be.  
Oh, shit. Twenty-one.  
- Is he counting cards?  
- No way.  
The card ratio wasn't in his favor.  
Practically a fresh deck.  
- Maybe our boy's tipping him off.  
- I don't think so.  
I want to see Willie right away.  
- What do you want from me?  
- A seven wouldn't hurt.  
Go fuck yourself.  
Why the hell should I?  
Is much more fun fucking you.  
Two weeks severance pay, Willie.

- Why?  
- 'Cause I think you're jinxed.  
Me. Why me? Goddamn it!  
P-T-l-O-L-S.  
"Filly Baby" is the clue.  
Come on, help me out, will you?  
You know I hate that anagram crap.  
- Reno. Christ!  
- What are you bitching about?  
Every time I find myself a gig I like,  
I got to pull up stakes and move on.  
Whenever our pigeon flies, we follow.  
First time I had myself a drummer  
who worked with me instead of against me.  
Plenty of drummers, baby,  
but only one pigeon.  
- Goddamn!  
- What? Stop that!  
I told you to put the animal in the trailer!  
He gets lonesome back there.  
Who gives a shit?  
I've got cat hairs all down my back!  
Don't you touch him!  
Get that lousy expression off your face  
right now, girl. I mean it.  
- I'll bust you one good. You think I won't?  
- Okay.  
Who's gonna hire a singer with no teeth?  
Lay off.  
Come on.  
Whas your plan? What do you wanna do?  
I'll find a place to put the trailer...  
and then I'm gonna nose around town  
till I find where my pigeon lands.  
- How do you do it?  
- What?  
Work that guy.  
- You'd really like to know, wouldn't you?  
- Boy, wouldn't I.  
God loves me.  
Pistol! Filly baby.  
A filly's a horse. A horse's baby is a colt.  
A Colt is a gun.  
A gun is a P-l-S-T-O-L, pistol.

Am I right, or am I right?  
You gotta be right. You're Harold.  
You bet your ass I'm right.  
We're in luck, Bonita.  
Our pigeon has found himself  
a temporary nest at Harrah's.  
I want you to do the same.  
Harold, what is the big deal? Why don't you  
just bust him and get it over with?  
Why don't I just bust you  
and get it over with?  
I'm enjoying myself.  
Would you let me enjoy myself?  
Thas what life's all about, isn't it?  
Honey, they're gonna go crazy down there  
when they hear you sing.  
They're gonna want to get you,  
my little songbird.  
Who spies on your little pigeon.  
I gotta have somebody down there  
to know what he's doing, don't I?  
Right.  
Gotta know whether he gets fired, right?  
- Whether he's at home sick, right?  
- Right.  
- Am I right, or am I right?  
- You're absolutely right. You're always right.  
- Oh, shit. Why don't you try being fair?  
- I am!  
I'm taking the bread  
out of the pigeon's mouth.  
But I notice that you're eating some of it.  
Just the crumbs, Harold.  
Nancy!  
Barbara, Nancy, together.  
You know, like in "dance"!  
Thank you.  
Hi. What do you want?  
I came to look for a job as a singer.  
I'm up to my ass in singers.  
I'm sure you're very good.  
- Would you just listen to one?  
- Susan!  
- Pardon?

- Could you just listen to one song?  
Whas the point?  
- Susan, tuck in your tummy!  
- I happen to be a good singer.  
I'd really appreciate if you left!  
- You don't have to be rude.  
- Susan! Your tummy!  
I'm a very good singer.  
Susie! If you're tired, go home!  
Oh, my pretty mama.  
Hiya, handsome.  
Harold, come on, they're gonna see us.  
- Where is he?  
- Pit No. 6.  
You look good, Harold.  
- Why don't you bring that on home?  
- All right.  
Hiya, dealer.  
Give me a stack of fives.  
- Why me?  
- Empty seat. Lighs good here.  
Yeah. It is pretty good.  
And blackjack.  
Is a wonderful game.  
- How long has this been going on?  
- Half hour.  
Time for my break.  
Hey, dealer. Here you go. Keep the faith.  
Come on. Things can't be that bad.  
- After all, is not your money.  
- Yeah, but is my job.  
- Is this the famous guy we heard about?  
- Yeah.  
Has anybody checked this guy out at all?  
I mean, you know, something?  
Since he beat your ass in Vegas,  
he's been checked out.  
And whad you find out?  
His name is Harold Benson.  
He's what the book writers call  
a "subsistence gambler."  
He only plays blackjack.  
Wins a few, lose a few.  
I'll tell you, Willie, those kind of guys

are the backbone of our industry.  
Then last year,  
something amazing happened to him.

- What?

- He met you.

- I've seen it happen before once.

- When?

It happened to a good friend of mine,  
Stanley Norris.

Blackjack dealer, like yourself.

One day, all of a sudden, he picks up a jinx.

What happened to him?

- You know the Sahara in Vegas?

- Yeah.

He's the guy in the men's room  
that hands you a towel.

What am I gonna do, Milt?

Well, something started it,  
so something's gotta end it.

Like what?

Some guys say you gotta get something  
that belongs to him.

Get a piece of him,  
like he's got a piece of you.

Come on. What is this, voodoo?

Kid, is all magic.

What do you think this business is, anyway?

Hot streak, cold streak, lady luck.

Except for one thing.

The odds are supposed to be  
with the house.

Yeah, supposed to be.

- Here you go.

- I don't feel like driving.

I come home with all that damn money...

and you look at me like

you were sucking a green persimmon.

I hate that lousy job!

You're breaking my chops.

What the hell else can you do?

Fix me another drink.

Harold, why don't you just

fix yourself another drink?

Whas got into you?

You don't love me anymore, do you?  
I'm sick and tired of being your dishrag!  
And I'm gonna get even.  
- Yeah? That's a threat?  
- Yeah. That's a threat.  
You got a short memory, girl.  
You start in on me. Go on.  
I'll break your goddamn jaw.  
You want mashed potatoes, Harold?  
Or do you want fried potatoes, Harold?  
Go on. There's the door.  
You think I'd walk out with my back to you?  
I'm not that stupid.  
Go on. Keep on going.  
- Till you come find me, like the last time?  
- Well, it's a free country.  
You didn't have to come back.  
Harold, what do you call 12 stitches?  
An engraved invitation?  
I was drunk.  
- You drunk now?  
- No!  
But it's beginning to sound  
like a goddamn good idea!  
Angus, is the pigeon.  
What's he doing here?  
What if Harold comes back? Oh, my God.  
- Excuse me, Miss.  
- Go away. I don't need a vacuum cleaner.  
Well, actually you do,  
but I'm not selling one.  
What are you doing in here?  
Get out of here. What do you want?  
I just want some water.  
My radiator sprung a leak.  
- Well, you got any?  
- Yeah.  
Help yourself, I guess.  
Only make it snappy, okay?  
- So how come you live way out here?  
- I don't. I'm a mirage.  
Yeah, that was my first impression  
when you came to the door.  
I said to myself,

"This is too good to be true."

You're overflowing.

Sometimes is hard to stop.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

- Say, how about a beer?

- Thas no good for a radiator.

- I thought it might start your motor.

- I haven't got a motor.

You will.

Well, drink it on your way out of here,  
all right? I got things to do.

I suppose you're wondering what a guy like  
me is doing here at 10:00 in the morning?

I'm a bird watcher.

Around here is a real good place  
to find rare ones.

Like vultures.

- Seen any?

- No.

You don't look like no bird watcher to me.

Sure I do. You probably just never  
knew one before, thas all.

Hey, I can do bird calls, too, you know.

You know, I was state champ in '76.

You want to hear me do one? Les see.

- Want to hear me do a Baltimore Oriole?

- Thas a baseball player.

And don't pull a St. Louis Cardinal on me  
either 'cause thas a baseball player, too.

Can't judge a girl by her trailer, can you?

Not this girl.

All right. How about a Scarlet Pimpernel?

Thas a movie starring Leslie Howard.

Probably before your time.

Would you do me a favor and just go?

- I know what you want.

- Please go.

- You want to hear me do a robin?

- No.

Sure you do. Tweety, tweet, tweet.

- I'm supposed to be real impressed by that?

- Yeah, you should be.

- There's only one bird I want to hear you do.

- Yeah, whas that?  
Can you do a pigeon?  
Well, you tell me this:  
Can you do a red-cheeked nightingale?  
- Thas okay. Come on.  
- No!  
You know what else?  
I do a great rooster, too.  
Yeah, the best. Cock of the walk.  
- Hiya, whiskers.  
- His name is Angus.  
Angus, huh?  
- Hey, come here, you.  
- No.  
- Come here. Come on.  
- Not again.  
- Come on.  
- No.  
Well, maybe just a quickie.  
You're so wonderful when you laugh.  
You're wonderful.  
Hey, can I ask you something?  
- I'll never walk again.  
- Come on.  
Let me ask you something.  
I was 15. He was a traveling salesman.  
- No, that wasn't the question.  
- With a very small route.  
- No, that wasn't the question.  
- No?  
You want to know about the guy I live with?  
Oh, my God.  
I hate to think what would happen  
if he caught us together. Jesus.  
Whoa. Okay. I'm gone.  
But that still wasn't the question.  
What was the question?  
What was the question?  
- Whas your name?  
- My name is Bonita Friml.  
- Whas yours?  
- Willie Brodax. My pleasure.  
- No, my pleasure.  
- Good.

Nice having you over. Nice having you.  
All right.  
I'll be seeing you.  
Magic? All right!  
I'm sorry, babe.  
- You smell like a brewery. Drunk again.  
- No, I ain't drunk.  
But I got a hangover.  
I'll just get you a cup of coffee,  
all right, babe?  
You know what I want.  
- Harold, I'm not in the mood.  
- Only one of us has to be.  
Why don't you put on that baby doll outfit  
I got you in Vegas? Go on.  
- I suppose you want the wig, too.  
- Why not?  
- What the hell are you doing in there?  
- I can't find the baby dolls.  
I must have put them in the dirty laundry.  
Oh, Harold.  
- Where are you going?  
- I just want to talk to you, hon.  
- Harold, tell me something. If you win big...  
- When I win big.  
Yeah, when you win big. Then what?  
I don't know. Les go to Acapulco.  
Oh, Harold. Not the same old story again.  
Let me just try to put myself...  
inside that screwed-up mind of yours  
for a minute, Bonita.  
Feel free, Harold.  
The thought thas going  
through that little blonde head of yours...  
is when Harold busts this patsy,  
he's gonna be so goddamn happy...  
he won't miss you if you leave.  
Ain't the way is gonna work out, girl.  
'Cause if you left, it wouldn't be the same.  
You'd take the flavor away.  
You see, a guy waits all his goddamn life...  
to pull off his best shot...  
and he comes home like a goddamn general  
who won the war.

And his woman says, "See you around."  
How do you think I'd feel?  
What do you think I'd do?  
You'd kill yourself?  
Shit, no. I'd kill you.  
Put that little thing on, all right? Come on.  
And don't stay in there  
for fucking 20 minutes, either.  
Shut up!  
Damn pissant!  
Angus! Oh, my God!  
Maria, where's that crinoline?  
Is under that roll over there.  
I just pressed it.  
- Ms. Friml?  
- Oh, yeah, you. What do you want?  
I'm sorry for throwing you out the other day.  
I was freaked out.  
Those fucking dancers.  
I caught you at Tahoe, and let me tell you...  
you are A-okay.  
I mean, you got a great pair of lungs.  
Get to the point.  
I got this reunion coming in this week.  
The usual old songs for old farts.  
And you thought of me? Thanks.  
I thought you might want to make  
a couple of bucks.  
Well, really I do. But my old man, he...  
\$225. And I will personally bring agents.  
- You will?  
- Agents. Agents.  
- Yeah, I heard you.  
- So?  
- Can I think about it?  
- But not long. 4:00 p.m.  
- Okay, I'll call you.  
- You hear me? 4:00 p.m.  
- Say it.  
  
- **4:**  
- I'll be hearing from you. Don't let me down.  
- Okay. Bye.  
What do you want for breakfast?

Don't.

What are you doing?

I feel it inside me. Is almost time.

Almost time for what, Harold?

- I'm moving in for the big kill.

- When?

I'm gonna be gone

for a couple of days, babe.

Where are you going, Harold?

Somewhere over the rainbow.

You gonna make a little offering to the gods  
so they'll smile down on you?

Something like that.

You'd better get you some sleep, babe.

You look terrible.

Thanks, Harold.

Couple of days, then, Harold.

Tweety tweet tweet.

Hi.

Oh, not so terrible.

But Jesus, are you a slob.

Is comfortable.

Know the greatest thing about this place?

No, is not that. Is over here.

This beautiful big bed.

And over here, we got this  
deluxe, giant mirror.

I gotta tell you,  
there's more to life than furniture.

You know what I'm trying to say?

How'd you find out where I live?

Did you know you and I work  
at the same place?

All I had to do was ask the lady  
in Personnel. It wasn't hard.

What I want to know is,  
how did you find out where I live?

Just lucky, I guess.

I musve made a pretty big hit  
for you to go to all this trouble.

Oh, a great big hit.

- Good. Come here.

- No.

- Come on.

- No.

No, I mean it. No. Les get out of here.

Whas the matter, baby?

Motel rooms make you feel cheap?

I never feel cheap, Willie. Never.

- Sorry, no offense.

- No offense.

Where do you want to go?

- Someplace where we can breathe.

- You want to breathe?

Fine. I know a lot of places

where we can go breathe.

- Not heavily.

- No, I promise.

Cross my heart.

Yeah, but why me?

I mean, why did he zero in on me?

He says you're his own personal patsy.

- And you're someone he can dominate.

- Thas bullshit.

Yeah, thas what I thought, till he

chased you out of Vegas and Tahoe.

Look, Willie, you better face it.

Pretty soon there's not gonna be

any Nevada left.

And wors gonna get to Atlantic City

long before you do.

Then where are you going to go?

Puerto Rico? The Bahamas?

Look, wherever it is, I guarantee you,

Harold will be waiting with open arms...

by the time your plane lands.

And I gotta tag along,

and I hate the fucking tropics.

I want to say something to you

that I never said to anybody before.

Wait, I want to say something first...

- something I've never said to anyone before.

- Yeah, what?

Help me murder Harold.

What?

- Murder?

- Yeah, murder.

- Shut up!

- Why? Who can hear us?

What do you think would happen  
if you and I just ran off together?

- I'm not afraid of him. If he comes after you...

- No, is me.

Don't you understand?

Supposing you and I had a fight sometime,  
and I storm out.

A voice in my head will say,  
"Go back to where you belong."

And I'll find myself knocking on his door  
all over again.

So I have to knock the guy off  
because you're an idiot?

No, you don't have to knock the guy off.

You can go tend bar. You can pump gas.

You can sell aluminum siding.

You can do anything.

Anything except  
the one thing you love to do.

The one thing you do the best.

If you quit, you're letting Harold beat you,  
not just at blackjack.

He beats you at life.

As long as Harold is alive, you're a loser.

Yeah, I'm also not in jail for murder.

I'll have to think about it.

- You're still hoping to beat him.

- Yeah, thas part of it.

You see where hoping got me?

I just don't know where I'm at, you know?

You're at the end of the line, Willie.

And that is why

The poets always write

That there's a new moon up above

Is cherry pink and apple blossom white

When you're in love!

Hey, everybody, remember this dance?

Get up, you little bunnies

And hop, hop, hop!

- Come on up. Come on. Oh, sure you can.

- No, I can't.

Go ahead. They'll teach you.

You're here. Oh, God. You're two hours late.

I thought you died or something.  
I'm sorry. I couldn't get away before.  
Whas on your mind?  
I can't talk now.  
I'm in the middle of a medley.  
I'm on my break. I only got five minutes.  
Whas it about?  
It was serious. About Harold.  
I wanted to tell you the plan.  
- I've figured the whole thing out.  
- Yeah, I was afraid of that.  
- Spit it out.  
- Is the greatest plan.  
Harold comes home, I slip him a mickey,  
he passes out...  
then I put a plastic bag over his head,  
and thas it.  
- Thas it?  
- Yeah, thas it!  
Thas so stupid!  
I missed my coffee break for this?  
- What will the cops think?  
- They'll never see it.  
Harold and the trailer go over a cliff.  
There'll be only smoke and ashes.  
I got the whole thing figured out.  
- You don't need me for anything.  
- Wait a second. Dead men can't drive.  
You've gotta get the trailer  
up to the cliff, and over.  
Really? And how am I supposed  
to get back from this cliff?  
- You want me to hitchhike? Is that it?  
- Wait a second, honey. I'm in this.  
Mama loves mambo  
Papa loves mambo  
Mama loves mambo  
Look at 'em sway with it  
Feeling okay with it  
Shouting ol with it, wow!  
Papa loves mambo  
Mama loves mambo  
Papa does great with it  
Swing like a gate with it

He loses weight with it, wow!  
He goes to  
She goes fro  
He goes fast  
She goes slow  
He goes left  
She goes right  
Papa's lookin' for mama  
But mama is nowhere in sight  
Jesus! This isn't a medley, is a track meet.  
Honey, help me light these things, okay?  
Where was I?  
- You were telling me how I get back.  
- Oh, yeah. On a motorcycle.  
What motorcycle?  
The one we buy and stash  
in the trailer before you go.  
- Know what you get at the end of the ride?  
- Twenty years to life.  
- \$250,000, Willie.  
- Great. I'll be able to buy my way out of jail.  
- Where are you gonna get the cash?  
- Harols life insurance.  
The last time he put me in the hospital,  
he took out a policy...  
and he named me the beneficiary  
to make up for the broken bones.  
All I want for us is a second chance.  
You know?  
Oh, kiss me.  
Gotta go.  
Okay, everybody, make a wish.  
I wish I was back in Washoe!  
- I love you, you know that?  
- I'm so glad, 'cause I love you, too.  
And we're gonna get our second chance.  
Don't worry about it.  
- Well, I reckon it looks pretty good.  
- Far as I know, it is.  
I was wondering if you might let me  
take it for a quick spin, just to make sure.  
Not at all. Provided you let me hold  
the \$500 while you're doing it.  
Why, of course. Got it right here.

There you are. \$500.

Thank you.

- Good night.

- Pleasure doing business with you.

Hello?

- Willie?

- Yeah?

- He's back.

- He is?

Yeah, he's taking a nap.

- Willie, he's gonna go for broke.

- When?

- Tomorrow.

- Jesus.

Yeah, I know is soon.

- Did you get the bike?

- Yeah, I got it.

- Where'd you put it?

- In the parking lot at MGM Casino.

Parking lot? Somebody could steal it.

If somebody steals it, is a sign  
we shouldn't go through with this.

Don't be negative. You getting nervous?

What, me? Nervous?

No. Why should I be nervous?

Jesus, Bonita, I just laid out \$500  
for the bike...

over \$250 for the gear.

What more do you want from me?

A phone call from the casino tomorrow  
saying that everything's okay...

and that you're gonna go ahead.

- Okay, whas the number?

- 555-88...

No, wait a minute.

The things she makes me do.

- All right, go ahead.

- 555-8810.

- 8810.

- You'll call me, right?

Yeah, now, where is this famous cliff  
that I'm supposed to dump him at?

Okay...

Yeah.

- Tonights the night. I'm gonna bust him.

- Tonight?

Shit, thas too bad.

I mean, he's such a nice young guy.

What the hell you call him that for?

I don't know.

Just a figure of speech, I guess.

I'm gonna break him into little bitty pieces  
and use his bones for poker chips.

My Harols gonna go out there  
and destroy some poor soul...

who never harmed a hair on his head.

I'm his Jonah.

Every time I come on board his boat,  
I bring him bad luck. Thas my power.

But, baby doll, don't you remember  
the original Jonah in the Bible?

He didn't like bringing people bad luck.

- I'm different.

- I know.

- You love it.

- You bet your ass I love it.

Lots of luck, Harold.

- Hello?

- Harols gonna play tonight.

- Tonight? You said tomorrow.

- I know. But he couldn't wait.

I'll see you at the casino.

No. I'm not coming in tonight.

I phoned in sick.

To tell you the truth, I don't feel so hot.

- Is probably your nerves.

- Yeah. So is on?

Yeah, providing I don't beat him.

All I want to do is get rid of my jinx.

No jinx, no murder.

You can't beat him. I'll be waiting here  
for your phone call, okay?

Yeah.

Hiya, dealer.

Milt, look, he's here again.

Hundreds, please.

Jesus. Maybe I should have wore  
a tie tonight.

Looks like your friend is going for the kill.  
Just give me the ball, coach,  
and I'll run for daylight.  
I hope so, kid.  
Id be nice to see a little sunshine.  
Eighteen. Pay nineteen.  
Thanks, sport.  
Bingo.  
All right. Twenty-one.  
Okay, thas enough. Pack it in, kid.  
Sorry, ladies and gentlemen.  
Is time for his break.  
How come he didn't know it?  
He got caught in the flow of the game.  
You know how it is.  
- Yeah. I'm cashing in my chips.  
- Why quit now? You're on a roll.  
When you're hot, you're hot.  
Thas right, but I just felt a draft.  
- Yes!  
- Is all over.  
- He beat you.  
- Try massacred.  
So everything is go.  
Yeah, I'll see you at the trailer.  
What?  
- They wanna see you right away.  
- What the hell for?  
Come on, les go.  
Whas the problem?  
- Apparently my money ain't no good here.  
- Not at all, sir.  
Well, I've got \$22,800 sitting right there...  
which I'm willing to risk on one hand.  
Whas that got to do with me?  
Well, management is inclined to see his bet.  
Only if he deals.  
- One hand for everything?  
- Thas the idea, sonny boy.  
Okay by me.  
All right.  
Here's your chance to be a hero.  
- Yeah? Whas the downside?  
- Don't ask.

- Okay?

- Hell, anytime.

All right. Deal.

Let me see now.

Suppose...

Just suppose I had a six and a five  
in the hole. Could I double down?

You wanna double down,  
we'll accommodate you.

But you gotta come up with more cash.

Well?

- I'm just taking the dealer's temperature.

- 98.6.

You're sweating like is 104.

- Come on, shit or get off the pot, will you?

- Thas the sign I was looking for.

\$2,800.

- That leaves \$20,000 open.

- Hold your water.

- Two \$10,000 bills.

- They're kosher.

- Go get Morley.

- Who?

The cashier supervisor.

Come on, Angus. Come on, hon.

There we go. Thas my baby boy. Yeah.

Remarkable.

- May I ask where you got these, sir?

- Tooth fairy, sir.

The government stopped making  
\$10,000 bills years ago.

Absolutely genuine. No question about it.

Pretty little things, ain't they?

I don't know why anybody would keep  
\$20,000 in his wallet...

when it could be earning interest in a bank.

Sentimental value.

Thank you, Morley.

Money plays.

Okay, deal.

Would you please stop smoking that damn...

What in goddamn hell

do you think you're doing?

You got some nerve!

Who the hell do you think you are?  
- You're making me nauseous!  
- Get her away!  
Hey! You want to play cards or what?  
- Player has twenty.  
- Player stands.  
Show us the picture you got in the hole.  
Dealer has thirteen.  
Deal.  
Dealer has sixteen. Must hit sixteen.  
You paralyzed or what?  
Thas the sign I was waiting for.  
Twenty-one.  
- Jesus Christ.  
- What a way to go.  
Is there anything else  
we could do for you, sir?  
Are you all right?  
- Come on, les get the hell out of here.  
- Bye.  
I'm gonna buy you a drink.  
A drink, shit. I'm gonna buy you a bottle.  
Shows a thirteen to a twenty  
for over \$45,000...  
- and never bats an eye. Holy Christ!  
- Hey, hold on.  
- Where you going?  
- Make a phone call.  
Come on, you can make it later.  
Yeah, I guess so.  
I guess it doesn't matter now, anyway.  
Let me have a bottle  
of your best champagne.  
Yeah, Harold calling collect.  
You got it. Yeah, she's coming there.  
Yeah, you'll see.  
Thanks, thas good.  
Hey, I really got to make this phone call.  
- Hurry up.  
- I'll be right back. Keep it cold for me.  
- All right.  
- Be right back.  
Was I right, or was I right?  
You won?

Did I win, she said? Do I look like a loser?  
Cracked him good, Harold?  
Whas good this time of year?  
Is Paris good?  
- I don't know. I've never been there.  
- I ain't either.  
- You know whas a shame?  
- Whas a shame, Harold?  
Shame they don't have no more  
of those big ocean liners.  
You know, the ones that go to Europe  
in five or six days.  
For years, I always thought that someday...  
I'd get on one of them ocean liners.  
Now I can.  
But they ain't no more, I missed the boat.  
What do you mean,  
you missed the boat, Harold?  
- Is everything okay? Everything all right?  
- Yeah.  
I'll fix you a drink.  
We did have some good times  
in the beginning, didn't we?  
The best, Harold. The best.  
I want to take a shower.  
You know, I was sweatin' like a hog  
when the deal went down.  
Harold! Listen to me and don't say a word  
until I'm finished, okay?  
I'm leaving you, Harold.  
Harold, let me in.  
Harold, let me in!  
Harold, don't you do this to me!  
Harold, wake up.  
Wake up! What have you done?  
Oh, Christ! You son of a bitch!  
Come on!  
Harold, wake up!  
No!  
Don't ever do that again!  
- You killed him!  
- No. I didn't.  
Why didn't you answer the phone?  
I called to tell you I beat him.

- You beat him?

- I cleaned him out.

Harold, you lied! You told me you won!

- He told you that?

- Yes.

- So thas why you went ahead.

- No!

I swear to God on my mother's life.

I didn't do it!

Well, whas that?

My imagination laying on the floor?

How did he die?

He took a shower,

with his feet in the water...

and this finger...

in the socket.

Oh, Jesus, is pathetic.

He looks just like a hard-boiled egg.

Christ, I'm almost sorry I beat him.

So am I.

Oh, God, Willie. In about five seconds,

you're gonna be an awful lot sorrier.

- Why?

- 'Cause I just realized...

that if Harold didn't win,

all that money I promised you...

- Is in the vault at Harrah's Casino.

- Yeah.

Well, you still got your insurance money.

No. We don't get that, either.

There's a suicide clause.

You're not gonna get away with it, Harold.

You think you screwed me,

but you're wrong.

- Cause I'm gonna think of something!

- Hold it!

- What?

- Have a little respect, will you?

Oh, yeah, I'm sorry.

All right, so we're broke. Been broke before.

At least I got rid of my jinx.

Wait a minute.

- We can still get the insurance money.

- How?

All we gotta do is go through  
with the original plan.

- You gotta help me.
- You wanna run that by me one more time?
- Harold is dead, yes?
- Extremely.

Who else but us knows it was a suicide?

Nobody. Just us.

Okay.

Once the trailer goes over the cliff, kaboom.

I'll look exactly like an accident.

Am I right, or am I right?

- Yeah, but...
- Oh, Jesus!

I'm even starting to talk like you, Harold.

You stupid schmuck!

- Why couldn't you admit you were a loser?
- Wait!
- What?
- You forgot one thing.
- If we get caught, they'll say we killed him.
- Yeah?

Well, that's why they call it gambling.

- Where are you going?
- To get the bike.

Oh, good.

Put some clothes on him and make it quick.

I don't want to waste any time.

All right, Harold. Okay, Harold.

All right.

Is time for me to dress you, Harold.

You came in like a shit-kicker, honey,  
but you ain't going out like one.

No siree Bob!

I got your outfit all picked out, Harold.

Something nice and bright and cheerful.

Just the kind of thing you always hated.

Here we go, Harold. There we go.

Remember that outfit you said  
you wouldn't be caught dead in?

Well, guess what, Harold. This...  
is it.

Come on over here, dear.

Hey, give me a hand here, will you?

Are you crazy? Give me a hand!

- What are you doing?

- Help me.

All right. Grab his feet.

- Take him. Put him on the bed.

- Put him in the chair.

- No. Bring him to the bed.

- Bring him in the chair. Come on.

- Take him to the bed.

- Hey! Put him in the chair.

Closer to the door.

Okay, okay.

- You wanna help me with this now?

- Yeah.

- All right. Pull.

- I'm pulling.

All right, cut to the left. There.

I'm gonna hook the Jimmy up to the trailer.

Put his pants on.

I know you're not in the mood, Harold.

But only one of us has to be.

This is gonna be great.

You just stay right here. Don't move.

Slippers, thas it.

No, the good slippers. I got this for you.

And you won't need this  
where you're going.

Okay.

Here, Harold, pour yourself a stiff one.

I'll put on your slippers.

You look great.

And now, the final touch.

Oh, Jesus. Harold, you look  
just like Frank Sinatra.

- All hooked up, ready to go.

- Great.

- How do I look?

- Close.

But no cigar.

I've got the feeling  
there's something I forgot.

- Can you think of anything?

- Nope.

Thas it then.

You gotta sock me, so when I get  
to the house I got something to show.  
- Come on.  
- What do you mean, come on?  
- I never hit a woman before.  
- We got no time to...  
Are you all right?  
- I'm sorry. I didn't want to do it.  
- Oh, shit!  
You okay? Oh, Jesus.  
I'm sorry. I didn't want to do it.  
Thas all right. I'm used to it. All right.  
Now give me a couple minutes  
head start, okay?  
What if they don't hear you?  
Are you kidding me, Willie?  
I can wake the dead.  
Help!  
He's crazy drunk. He's trying to kill me!  
Help!  
Oh, somebody help! Please!  
Oh, my God! Somebody, help me, please!  
Please, open up! Please! Oh, God!  
Please, open the door!  
- Whas the matter? Mother, look at this.  
- He tried to kill me.  
Look what he did!  
Oh, my Lord. Oh, my God!  
Do you see him? Do you see  
that drunken lunatic in his Stetson?  
That fella's gonna get himself killed.  
- Oh, God forbid!  
- Help me with her.  
You come right on inside.  
Now, let me fix that.  
Oh, damn that...  
Hallelujah! This is DWEY.  
Live radio for Jesus,  
to remind you 24 hours a day...  
there's only one way.  
Why don't we see  
what we got in the old mail bag this week?  
What the fuck is this?  
Sorry to hear that.

And you bet I will say a prayer.  
And here's one from Winnemucca, Nevada.  
"Dear Jimmy, this may not be  
in proper taste, but I have to tell you...  
"you've the sexiest voice  
this side of the Rockies."  
I think the time's come for you lucky folks  
to hear a favorite of mine.  
This lady has a style all her own.  
When she lays the word, it stays very laid.  
She's on tour in the Wild West,  
and stopped by to say a few words.  
You can see her in person Friday  
at the Woodman Livestock Center.  
So from Baton Rouge, Louisiana...  
the very inspiring Sister Esmerelda.  
Thank you.  
Shit, Angus! Damn it!  
You're on your own, kid.  
Sorry, buddy.  
Light.  
I don't believe it.  
And then he got so violent,  
I had to run outside in my nightie.  
Then we saw him speeding by here  
like a maniac.  
Mr. Potter, my neighbor here, said:  
"That fellow's bound to have an accident."  
"God forbid," I said, because I loved him so.  
I love him still, despite the fact  
that he nearly killed me.  
I leaned on him, you know,  
and he leaned on me.  
God, did he lean on me.  
Do you plan to stay here  
in Nevada, Ms. Friml?  
I don't know.  
Everyone here has been so kind to me.  
Renoites are the greatest people  
in the world.  
I don't know how to explain it,  
you know, when you lose a loved one.  
I thought we'd be together forever.  
- Come on.

- Just forever.
- Here you go.
- Okay.
- Thanks.
- Thank you.

This is 149.

What was that address again, Marge?

I just can't believe he's gone.

I can't believe he's gone.

- Hey.

- We did it.

I just saw you on television.

You looked terrific.

Yeah? How was my acting?

They should give you your own show,  
you know.

- How do you feel?

- Like I just won a decathlon.

- Yeah? You tired?

- I'm starting to wake up a little bit.

- I can tell.

- Yeah?

- Oh, my God.

- What?

Angus!

- Oh, yeah, Angus.

- What do you mean, "Oh, yeah, Angus"?

- He was in the trailer.

- You killed him! You murdered my cat!

I didn't kill him.

When I opened the door,

I reached for him and he ran out.

He's out there with rattlesnakes  
and coyotes?

What was he doing in there  
in the first place?

Practically blew it the way he was  
running around, knocking things.

- Where are you going?

- Where do you think I'm going?

Now keep the water on it all the way up.

Angus!

Everybody on the ground...

move back from the wreck

while the crane is working.

Angus!

Oh, my baby.

- I'll be right there.

- Please stand clear of the car.

- Crane is coming down again.

- Honey!

There's my baby.

Oh, my honey. My sweetheart.

All right, honey, now you stay right here...

because Mama's gonna get the money.

Is all in the computer, Ms. Friml.

Mr. Benson let the policy lapse.

He never even made a second payment.

But thas impossible!

There must be some mistake.

There is no mistake. It happens all the time.

Not to me, it doesn't! I'm the beneficiary!

You were the beneficiary.

- Now look what you've done.

- Look what I've done?

What about what he did? That rat bastard.

He beat me from the grave!

Please. There are ladies present.

I think I'm gonna puke.

Excuse me. Are you Bonita Friml?

This letter arrived here for you this morning.

Oh, Christ. Oh, Harold. What is this?

Well, the late Mr. Benson must have thought  
you were going to be here this morning.

- Was he very sick?

- He was the sickest.

Must have been a terrible shock to you.

Not as big as it was to him!

Can I interest you in a policy for yourself?

At your age, insurance is vital!

Talk to my ass! My heas had enough!

Remember where we are when you need us!

Oh, my God! What are we gonna do now?

There's something weird

going on here, hon. I'm scared.

Sorry about the insurance, babe.

But don't you know,

I wouldn't leave you flat.

There's a little something  
stashed away for you...  
at 125 Delmore Avenue in Carson City.  
Look for Ms. Nina. Trust me. Harold.  
"Trust me," he says. "Trust me."  
Oh, honey, we're in big trouble now.  
Did you find your cat?  
Yeah. I found the cat.  
Is he okay?  
Oh, yeah, he's fine.  
- I'm not.  
- Whas the matter now?  
You won't believe it.  
- I went to file for the insurance money.  
- And?  
There is no insurance money.  
Harold never made the payments...  
and they cancelled the policy.  
I'm sure this came  
as a complete surprise to you, huh?  
What did you think?  
Fifty-fifty, you said.  
You're real smart. Yeah, some bait.  
You really can't judge a girl  
by her trailer, can you?  
- Are you saying I tricked you?  
- No.  
You worm! How could you not trust me?  
- After all we've been through together!  
- Because you have a criminal mind!  
First, you partner with a guy  
that nearly cost me my job.  
Not to mention my reputation. Then you  
sucker me into dumping him off for you.  
After I get rid of him, you give me a story  
about how he killed himself.  
- He did.  
- I bet you really did kill Harold.  
How can you say that?  
You saw him laying there like a French fry.  
I thought you liked me.  
I thought you wanted to...  
- This is what I want. I want to go...  
- Wait.

We only got one more thing.

Just one more thing.

- Here.

- Whas this?

- Is from Harold.

- Great.

I didn't have to come back for this.

I coulve done this on my own.

But I wanted us to be together.

The last time we were together

was for murder. No thanks.

All I wanna do is go back to being  
a blackjack dealer with no problems.

Since I met you,

is been one problem after another.

Go find yourself another patsy.

Get lost.

I am.

Shit, she's got my goddamn car again.

- Hey! How am I supposed to get to work?

- Crawl!

I think we're here.

Isn't this just like Harold?

- Is Ms. Nina here?

- Is she a friend of yours?

I don't know yet.

She's in Booth 3 at the top

of the stairs, turn right.

But thall cost you \$2. For a silver dollar.

Thas quite a racket. \$2 for a silver dollar.

And no refund.

- I just wanna talk.

- Thas what they all say, dear.

Where do they keep the light?

Hold it a second, buddy.

I've got something snagged here.

Hi.

Do you know a guy named Harold Benson?

- Sure I do. Whas it to you?

- Nothing. He sent me.

I'm Bonita Friml.

Bonita! You're Bonita! Right! Wait a second.

- I'm supposed to give you this.

- Thanks a lot.

- Say, were you a good friend of Harols?

- Sure.

Tell me something.

Did he used to make you dress up  
in baby dolls and wear a wig?

- You, too?

- Yeah.

- Guess what?

- What?

He's dead!

I thought you'd get a kick out of that.

- See you, hon.

- Bye-bye.

Dead! I love it!

Go to East Glendale Avenue in Sparks.

Second row, fourth from the end.

Look for the Jordan Blueboy.

- Hi. Are you Jordan Blueboy?

- No, ma'am.

You wanna go right down this aisle,  
second row, fourth from the end.

Put your hands

where money puts its gloves.

Trust me. Harold.

Go to 301 South Center Street. Look for Art.

Trust me. Harold.

I love you, pumpkin.

- Hello. Are you Art?

- Could be.

- Are you from my ex-wife's lawyer?

- No.

- I'm Art.

- Hi. I'm Bonita.

Jeez, I heard about Harold on the radio.

Poor guy.

Yeah.

Right! Sure, I'm supposed  
to give you something.

Don't go away.

Drive to the ghost town in Bodie.

Turn right at the old saloon,  
keep going till you reach the shaft.

See you. Harold.

Now, you stay in the car, darling.

Don't go away now.

Bye-bye.

Is anybody there?

No!

I can't believe Harold did this to me.

Please!

You know what the man in the big hat  
said to me?

He said, "Otto, when she gets there...

"you give her what I told you."

So I'm gonna give it to you, lady.

- You're Otto?

- Yeah.

Harold told me about you.

He said you were a real colorful guy.

I mean, this is for me?

- We'll have a drink first.

- A drink?

Have you got any dip? No?

I think I'll just do this  
maybe another time because...

Look, there's somebody  
waiting for me in the car.

I saw you get out of the car.

I'm parked in a school zone.

- Sure you are.

- Yeah.

I don't like drinking alone.

- Who usually drinks with you?

- Nobody.

I didn't say I don't drink alone.

I said I don't like to drink alone.

I see.

I'll tell you the truth.

I really only came to get...

No, no.

No, please!

Harold was a good friend of yours,  
wasn't he?

He wouldn't like it if you hurt me!

Harols dead. Otto ain't.

No!

- Now will you fix the drinks?

- Yes!

- Fix the drinks!  
- Yes! Okay!  
I'll fix the drinks.  
What a nice voice you have.  
You know, I used to be a singer myself.  
And I can...  
Looky here. Look at that.  
One, two, three...  
four, five, six.  
The man in the big hat was a gambler?  
Otto's a gambler, too!  
Now drink!  
- I said drink!  
- Yikes! Okay.  
I don't like to drink alone. Won't you? Here.  
- To Harold.  
- All right.  
You know what?  
That pretty dress of yours...  
is gonna get all dirty.  
Why don't you take it off?  
Oh, Christ, Mama!  
You know you don't hear too good.  
I said take it off!  
Mommy! Okay, okay!  
Take it... Get your dress...  
Take your dress...  
Oh, Jesus!  
You dirty old fart!  
Oh, Angus.  
Angus. We gotta go. Come on!  
All right, you little rat, stay there.  
See if I care.  
What is this, after all that?  
Is a book. Is a book of anagrams.  
Wait a minute.  
"Go back to the coop.  
"Five letters will clip the pigeon's wings.  
Thinking of you. Harold."  
I don't have the five letters!  
Angus, what was that first letter? What?  
Just calm down.  
Wait a second.  
There was the lady

in the glass booth, Ms. Nina.  
And then after that, I went to a...  
I went to a car wash. Car wash.  
Then I... Then I went...  
Then I went to an auto muzeum...  
and I saw a car called...  
the Jordan...  
Blue Boy.  
Then I...  
"Go back to the coop.  
Five letters will clip the pigeon's wings.  
"Five letters will clip the pigeon's wing."  
The pigeon...  
Thas Willie.  
Then the coop.  
That must be where he... where he works.  
The pigeon coop. Harrah's.  
Harrah's.  
Now I haven't got any vowels.  
This isn't funny, Harold. This isn't funny.  
Otto.  
Oh, shit. Otto.  
Otto, Jordan...  
Harrah's, Nina...  
car wash! Oh, wait.  
I don't know anybody named John C.  
Wait! Is this.  
The owner of the car wash.  
His name was Ed. His name was Bill.  
His name was Phil. His name was Bart.  
His name was Art.  
Jonah.  
I'm his Jonah.  
I bring him bad luck. Thas my power.  
Jonah.  
Come on, honey.  
We got to get the hell out of here.  
Okay-dokey. Is our night to howl.  
Here we go!  
- That was lucky.  
- Yeah, it was.  
- I'm sorry, ladies. Better luck next time.  
- It better be, dealer.  
- He's all yours, honey.

- Thank you.  
Hiya, dealer.  
Where the hell have you been?  
And where's my car?  
- Whas this?  
- Chips, please.  
- You gonna play?  
- Yes, I'm gonna play.  
- What are you trying to pull?  
- I'd like to play.  
Chips, please.  
You okay, Willie?  
I'm feeling lucky  
and I want to play some blackjack.  
May I please have my chips?  
Oh, no. I don't want those \$100 chips.  
I want the \$500 chips.  
I'm feeling lucky.  
Thank you.  
\$1,000, huh?  
Sure there was no insurance money.  
Oh, just a second. Oh, miss?  
Hi.  
- Regular or menthol?  
- Neither.  
I think I'll just have...  
one of these.  
I used to have a friend who smoked  
them and he told me they were good luck.  
- Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
Play ball.  
Quite a nice game, blackjack.  
Sorry I came to it so late in life.  
Sorry. You probably don't like music.  
Will Kevin and Alexandra Pope  
report to the hotel lobby, please?  
Kevin and Alexandra Pope,  
hotel lobby, please.  
I'm sorry.  
But not that sorry.  
- Why are you doing this?  
- I don't know. The lighs good here.  
You gonna play all of it?

Blackjack.

This isn't happening.

And once again, Bonita, you win.

- Okay, kid, time for your break.

- Come on.

I'm sorry, but our dealer needs a vacation.

Really? So suddenly.

Thas all right.

I was about to cash in anyway.

- Can I get some help?

- I'd be glad to give a hand.

No, thanks.

I'm afraid our dealer

has to find a new line of work.

Actually, so do I.

Here, dealer. Keep the faith.

Security, please.

- We did it. We beat the house.

- You!

You sweet, wonderful, adorable, rich!

- Knock it off. Your timing stinks.

- Oh, God.

Whas the matter with you?

Cheer up. Where's your sense of humor?

- Is in my locker with my pink slip.

- I did it for us.

- Look what we got!

- Yeah, I know what I got.

Another goddamn Jonah!

Is that what you think of me?

You know what your trouble is?

Don't kill us now. We just won the jackpot.

Sorry, but it just ain't fair.

Willie, look at us.

We got wheels, we got money to burn.

Les just go and keep on going.

What more do we need?

Gas. I'm getting low.

So we'll walk, we'll fly, we'll take a bus.

Don't you see?

As long as we're together, we can't lose.

- Whad you say?

- I said, together we can't lose.

- You might be onto something there.

- I know I am.  
Is all out there waiting for us.  
Willie, I'm so excited.  
You're gonna deal, I'm gonna play.  
Atlantic City! Monte Carlo!  
The whole world! And you know what?  
You're gonna love the fucking tropics.