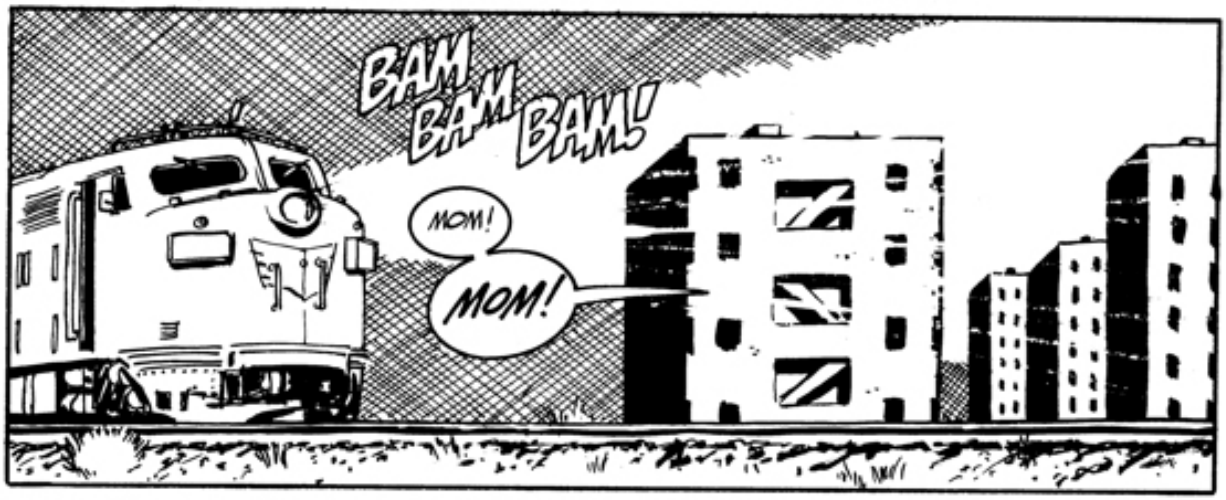
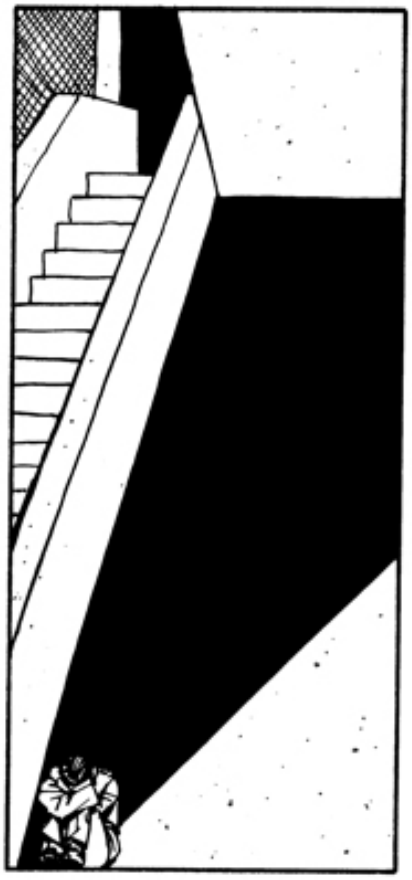
BADLANDS
STEVEN GRANT
VINCE GIARRANO


BAM BAM BAM!
MOM!
MOM!

DON'T BE A PROBLEM, KID.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? WHERE'S MY MOTHER?

WHAT D'I LOOK LIKE, THE LOST AND FOUND?
SLAM
SHE MOVED ON ME. I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

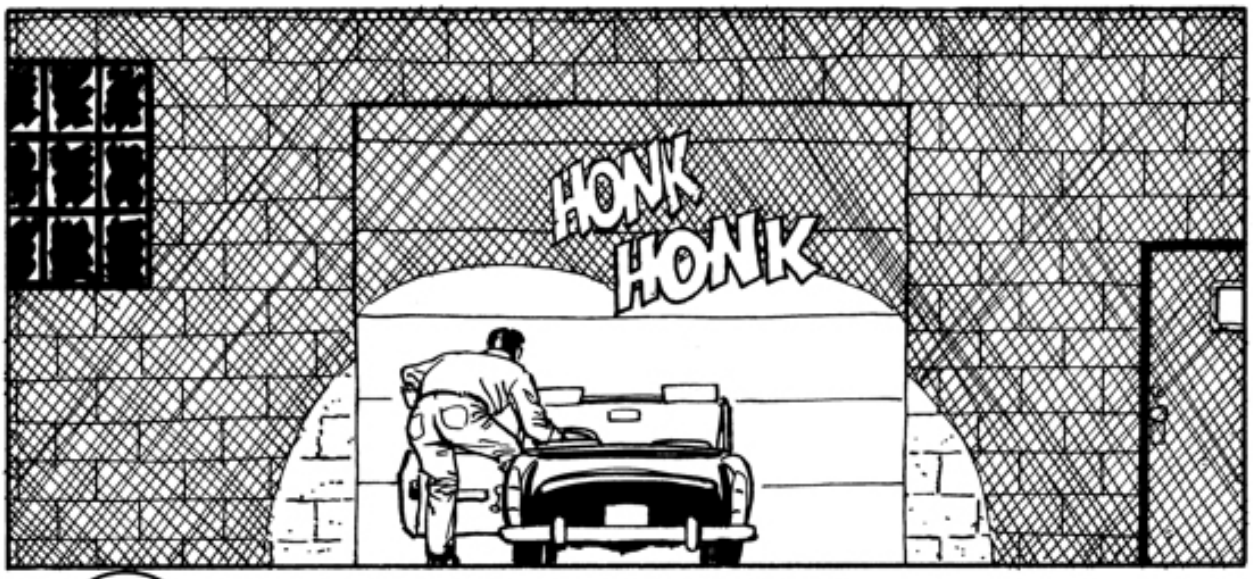
ALL MY LIFE WE LIVED HERE. GODDAMN.
GODDAMN, MOM...IT WAS ONLY CAR THEFT... I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY...



JOB? SORRY. RECESSION.
TRY BACK IN SIX MONTHS.
...NEED SOMEONE WITH RECENT EXPERIENCE. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING THE LAST FEW YEARS?
...FILLED, SILLY ME. THANKS FOR POINTING OUT THE SIGN WAS STILL THERE...
HELP WANTED
GOOD. SAM WANTS ME TO PERSONALLY EXPRESS HIS GRATITUDE.
PDQ CABS
OFFICE
DIDN'T WANT THE KID ANYWAY. HE STINKS! CUSTOMERS WOULDN'T LIKE IT...
YEAH, YEAH...

BANK
TELEPHONE
CONNIE BREMEN! HOW NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU!
YEAH? OKAY, TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO...

ZZAT
WRRRRRMMM


HONK
HONK

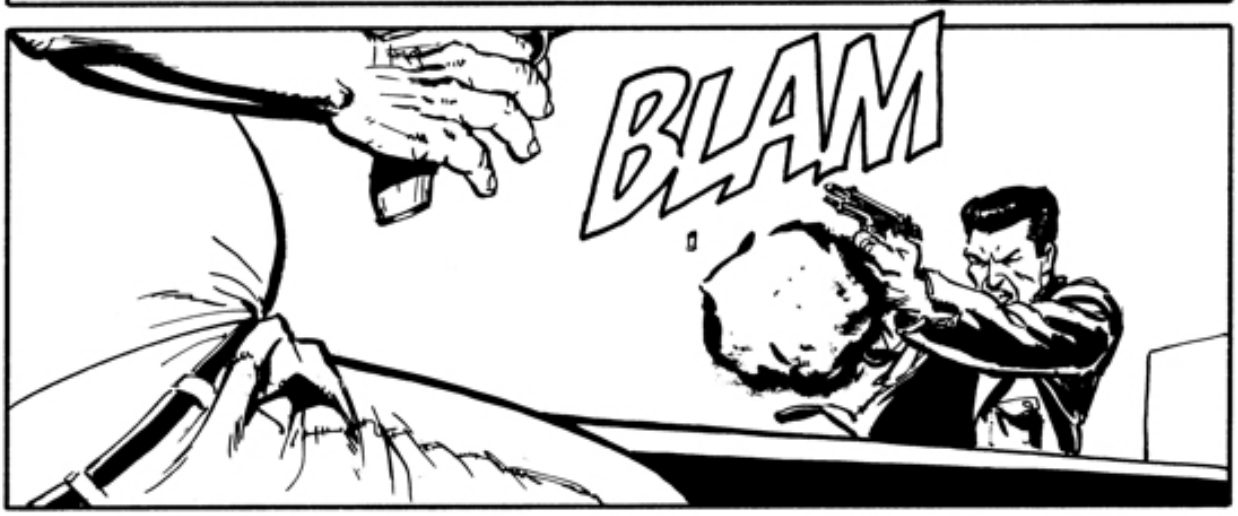
THAT WAS FAST.
I DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME TO WASTE. WHERE'S MY MONEY?

WHEW! CHRIST! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CHANGED YOUR CLOTHES?
NEVER MIND.
YEAH, RIGHT. HEY, LISTEN, I'VE GOT A LITTLE VISIT I HAVE TO MAKE. I COULD USE SOME BACK-UP.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT STAND THERE FOR EFFECT.
I DON'T KNOW...
TWO BILLS. JUST STAND THERE.
WELL... OKAY...
GREAT!
COURSE, FIRST THING WE'VE GOT TO DO IS GET YOU ALL CLEANED UP...

LIQUOR
LIKE I SAID, JUST STAND THERE, NICE AND EASY. LET ME DO THE TALKING.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, ANYWAY?
OH, NUMBERS CRAP. NICKEL AND DIME STUFF.
Clothes
HERE. YOU BETTER HAVE THIS.
YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT GUNS.
FOR EFFECT, DIMBULB, FOR EFFECT. FOR CHRISSAKES, DON'T USE IT!
YO! TIMMY!
JANETTY.
STORY IS SOME-ONE'S BEEN SKIMMING OFF THE TOP, TIMMY.
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?
KNOW WHAT SAM DOES TO PEOPLE WHO STEAL FROM HIM?
KNOW WHAT THE CENTERS OF GOLFBALLS ARE MADE OF?
JUST THOUGHT I'D LET YOU CHEW ON THAT.

EAT THIS, MOTHERF
BREMEN!


BLAM

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! WHAT'D YOU DO TO ME? WHAT'D YOU DO?
WHAT'D I TELL YOU WHEN WE CAME IN? WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
I--I--

HE'S DEAD! HOLY SHIT!
DON'T KILL ME I DIDN'T TAKE THE MONEY I SWEAR I WASN'T EVEN HERE MAN DON'T KILL ME!
SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP! I'VE GOT TO THINK.

PHONE! NOW!
YESSIR! YESSIR!

...RIGHT, MR. G. UH-HUH. OKAY. GOT IT.
GOOD NEWS, CONNIE--
--YOU'LL SQUEAK THROUGH THIS. AFTER ALL. YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF TOWN.
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
I'LL HANDLE IT. WORRY ABOUT YOUR OWN ASS.
TAKE MY CAR. DON'T STOP 'TIL YOU GET TO TEXAS. WE'LL SQUARE IT WITH YOUR PAROLE OFFICER.
TEXAS?
SAM'S GOT A PAL THERE WHO NEEDS SOME WORK DONE. BODYGUARD GIG, NO ROUGH STUFF.
STILL GOT MY NUMBER? CALL ME WHEN YOU HIT FT. WORTH --FROM A PAYPHONE, DIMBULB --AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE DETAILS THEN.
SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET OUT OF HERE!
HA. THAT OUGHT TO KEEP HIM SHITTING BRICKS WELL INTO ARKANSAS.
SHOW'S OVER. YOU CAN GET UP NOW.