

DRUGSTORE COWBOY (Avenue Pictures, 1989)

199. INTERIOR. BOB'S ROOM – NIGHT

A knock at the door.

BOB: Who's there?

DIANNE: It's me, Dianne.

BOB opens the door.

D: Jesus, what kind of dump is this? And where's the female? You might as well trot her out.

B: You don't ever change, do you, Dianne?

D: You're goddamn right I don't. Why should I?

B: I was just remarking on how good you look. I didn't mean nothing by it.

D: I'll bet. You're slipperier than an eel, Bob, no one ever catches you off balance because you stay off balance constantly, just to stay on your feet.

B: Is that all you got to say? Is that why you come up here, or did you just want to see me down and out?

D: I just wanted to see you period. How's that methadone thing?

B: Oh, so-so. I got a job, bet you never expected to see that.

D: No shit, where're you working?

B: Oh, down at some machine shop on Western.

D: What do you do there?

B: Drill holes.

D: Drill holes?

B: Yeah, you know, like the holes that bolts fit into and such.

D: Oh yeah? How do you like it?

B: Well, to tell you the truth, it's kind of a drag.

D: Then you're really serious. You're going to go on with this thing.

B: Yeah, I am, Dianne. Sit down here, why don't you take off your coat and stay awhile.

D: Oh, I can't Bob, I got people waiting for me down in the car. I just came up to see how you was doing. Here...

DIANNE removes a small package from her purse.

D: This is from Rick and the rest of us. We kind of thought you might need a taste once in a while.

B: Thanks, Dianne. I sure do appreciate you all thinking of me.

D: Bob?

B: Yeah?

D: What happened? What made you turn around that day? Was it me, did I do something wrong? Or was it just that thing with Nadine?

B: No, baby, it wasn't you. It was Nadine's death and the hex that she threw on us with the hat. And then I panicked when I looked out into that parking lot and seen all those cop cars. I just knew I was dead. Everything up to then had gone wrong and so I started coping deuces. I prayed like never before. I said, "God, Devil, Sun, whoever you are up there that controls this whirly-girly mad tumbling world, please have pity on me. Please let me get this poor girl's body out of this motel room and into the ground so I don't have to spend the rest of my life in prison. And God, Sun, Satan, if you'll do that for me, I'll show my appreciation by going back to the coast, and getting on a methadone program, getting a job and living the good life." Well, I got out, and I promised, so here I am.

D: Are you going to stick to it forever?

B: Yeah. And, you know, for all the boredom the good life brings, it's not so bad. Even this crummy little room isn't so bad. I'm a regular guy. I got my regular job. And my regular room. Now I got my woman...

D: You're crazy, Bob, you really are crazy. But I see what you mean. Jesus, Bob, if I had known what it was all about, I'd have come along with you. I thought you were mad at me for something.

B: Why don't you tell your friends you're going to stay the night, and then come back up here and bed down with me for a while?

D: I'd like to Bob, but I got another old man now. I work for Rick now, ain't that a gas? There we were teaching the brat to steal, and now I'm on his crew. Things sure can get screwed around, can't they?

BOB nods yes.

D: I'd like to stay the night with you, really I would. Only I'm Rick's old lady now. And you know me, Bob, I might have been a lot of things, but I never was a tramp.

B: I'll see you, Dianne. You stop back by sometime. It sure was good to see you. And you're really looking good. I sure wish I could go with you and win you back.