

Once Upon A Time In Hollywood
Car Ride

[Cliff see's the same hitchhiker every day and decides to pick her up this time]

Pussy Cat: [Spotting him] Hey! Hi. [Dancing] Huh. Woo!

Cliff: [To himself] Shit. Hello, hot stuff.

Pussy Cat: Looks like third time's the charm.

Cliff: Mm. How were those pickles?

Pussy Cat: Real good. They were the fancy kind.

Cliff: Mmm.

Pussy Cat: Mmm. Give me a lift?

Cliff: Where are you going?

Pussy Cat: I'm going to Chatsworth.

Cliff: Chatsworth? You hitch up and down Burbank Boulevard all day till someone says they'll drive you to Chatsworth?

Pussy Cat: Tourists love to drive me. I'm their favorite part of their L.A. vacation, you know. They'll be telling stories about the Hollywood hippie girl that they gave a ride to the movie ranch for the rest of their lives.

Cliff: Wait, Spawn Movie Ranch?

Pussy Cat: Yeah.

Cliff: That's where you're going? Spawn Movie Ranch?

Pussy Cat: Uh-huh.

Cliff: Why you going there?

Pussy Cat: I live there.

Cliff: Alone?

Pussy Cat: No. Me and my friends.

Cliff: So you and a bunch of friends like you all live at Spawn Movie Ranch?

Pussy Cat: Yeah.

Cliff: Well, hop in. I'll take you there.

Pussy Cat: Great! Go down here and get on the Hollywood Freeway.

Cliff: I know where it is.

Pussy Cat: Are you some old cowboy guy that used to make movies there?

Cliff: Whoa!

Pussy Cat: What?

Cliff: I'm just surprised how accurate that description of me really is. "Some old cowboy guy that used to shoot movies at Spawn Ranch."

Pussy Cat: So you used to make Westerns at the ranch back in the old-timey days?

Cliff: Well, if by "the old-timey days" you mean television eight years ago, yeah.

Pussy Cat: Are you an actor?

Cliff: No, I'm a stuntman.

Pussy Cat: You're a stuntman. That's way better.

Cliff: Why is that way better?

Pussy Cat: Actors are phony.

Cliff: Oh.

Pussy Cat: They just say lines that other people write and pretend to murder people on their stupid TV shows. Meanwhile, real people are being murdered every day in Vietnam. [*A long moment*] Want me to suck your cock while driving?

Cliff: How old are you?

Pussy Cat: What?

Cliff: How old are you?

Pussy Cat: Wow, man. That's the first time anybody asked that in a long time.

Cliff: What's the answer?

Pussy Cat: Okay. We gonna play kiddie games? Eighteen. Feel better?

Cliff: You got some ID, you know, like a driver's license or something?

Pussy Cat: Are you joking?

Cliff: No, I'm not. I need to see something official that verifies that you're eighteen, which you don't have because you're not.

Pussy Cat: Talk about a bring-down bummer, dude. That's you.

Cliff: Yeah.

Pussy Cat: Obviously, I'm not too young to fuck you. But obviously, you are too old to fuck me.

Cliff: What I'm too old to do is go to jail for poontang. Prison's been trying to get me all my life. It ain't got me yet. The day it does, it won't be because of you. No offense.

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