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# Road to Paloma

By Jonathan Hirschbein

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Don't you know it's hard  
Taking up that road...  
Where is my mind on the road?  
Shit. Shit.  
It happened on a summer day  
She went away  
Didn't want the room  
For my love to be in  
Happened on a summer day  
Where you'll find me  
I get lost on the road  
Every time  
These friends of mine  
Meet here  
It's hard  
To take this road  
I worry about mine  
God be with me  
Jesus with me, too  
God knows  
I don't like the way you do  
People, let me tell you  
I about lost my mind  
And find me a reason  
To stay with you  
This time  
It's hard...  
Finished that fence?  
- Yeah.  
- How'd it go?  
It fucking sucked, Bob.  
My heart goes out to you.  
You have my carburetor?  
Yeah, it's right over there  
on the counter.  
Good to see you, too, buddy.  
Ah, hold it.  
Not so fast.  
God damn it.  
You owe me 60 bucks.  
- That's 50 bucks.  
- That's all I got, Bob.  
- Fuck you.

- Fuck you, too, buddy.  
Jesus Christ.  
Un-fucking-believable.  
Thatta boy.  
She is back to life.  
Good boy.  
Crazy old fuck.  
I got a question for you.  
You ever hear of a guy's name  
who's Robert Wolf?  
Toss me the brake cleaner.  
Who's asking?  
Couple of suits.  
Said they were federal agents.  
The only Bob I know is you.  
Why don't you shut up and listen?  
This case has been  
floundering for six months.  
You dropped the ball.  
I'm sending Williams.  
Williams is a robot.  
Nobody likes him.  
Yeah, he's gonna hold your hand.  
Just stay put.  
Don't have an original thought.  
- Hey, Al.  
- Hey, Joe.  
You look like shit.  
So what do you got?  
Our perp is Robert Wolf.  
He's a native  
from the Mojave reservation.  
He comes off the reservation  
and kills this Charles...  
- Grigsby.  
- That's right. With a rock.  
Schaeffer is too close to this.  
He can't see the forest  
for the trees.  
That's why I need you to go  
down there and take care of this.  
I can smell you from here, son.  
Thanks, Pops.  
Make yourself useful and bring over

a piece of that dacite.  
- What are you making?  
- Same old, same old.  
Making blades.  
Yeah? Let me see.  
Here you go.  
So where you been?  
Up in the Sierras mostly.  
How you taking care of yourself?  
Find a couple odd jobs.  
Helps me get by.  
You know, you look  
like shit, boy.  
Yeah, feel like shit, Dad.  
Well, go in and get yourself  
cleaned up.  
Go get yourself  
something to eat.  
Yeah.  
Have the feds been here?  
Not since the funeral.  
How was the ceremony?  
Good.  
She was loved by many.  
Have you seen your sister?  
No.  
I haven't seen her or Irish.  
I told you what would happen.  
Yes, you did.  
And we tried it your way  
and look where it got us.  
And look at what  
your actions got you.  
I couldn't let him walk free.  
You're not the law.  
No, I'm not.  
But when justice isn't served,  
then what, Dad?  
And your justice,  
what has it given you?  
When they catch you,  
it'll be life.  
I'm here for Mom's ashes.  
I want to take her back

to where her life began.  
I want to take her  
so she can start her journey.  
That's why I'm here.  
Her ashes are with your sister.  
Son, come with me to honor her.  
Yeah.  
Well, first up, I guess, in turning over  
six months of my hard work,  
take you up here  
to the site of the murder.  
Take you through it  
as best I can.  
Here it is on the left.  
1402 Shithole Street.  
This is where it all went down.  
Well, this is where is happened.  
Chuck Grigsby's last stand.  
He lived in this palace here.  
Wolf got all done up  
in the war paint.  
Found red and black everywhere.  
That's the Mojave's colors.  
Then Wolf had that dacite club knife  
thing that he'd made.  
Beat the scalp right off of him  
there in the house.  
Charlie goes boogeying  
through here,  
blood all in his face.  
Wolf caught up to him,  
beat every bone  
in that guy's body  
from his toes to his sternum.  
Turned the guy into a maraca.  
What a fucking way to go.  
Too good for him.  
Piece of shit deserved it.  
Anyway, he...  
Hello?  
Son of a bitch.  
Standing around like a fucking  
idiot talking to myself.  
Whiskey

Whiskey fucking me over  
Thank God it's all in my head  
Always got me backwards  
I can't take some more blow  
Goddamn whiskey  
Goddamn whiskey and blow.  
- Fuck you, man!  
- Out of the road, punk!  
Whatever.  
God damn it.  
Ahem.  
Is that your bike?  
It's a nice bike.  
You're bleeding.  
Yeah.  
I was teaching someone how to fight.  
You should probably go  
get that looked at.  
Nah.  
You know how to play that thing  
or you just carry it around for show?  
It's for show.  
Come on down here  
and have a drink with me.  
Hey, here.  
Hold this, brother.  
Help yourself.  
They say if you drink enough  
bourbon, you'll have a time travel.  
Excuse me?  
You go into the...  
...the future.  
I used to be in a band,  
but not anymore.  
I'm sorry, what?  
I play music, too.  
Here.  
Oh, thanks, man.  
You got someone  
you can call, get you home?  
Mm-hmm.  
Mmm.  
Ah, the future.  
Morning, sunshine.

How's the head?

What happened?

What'd I do?

I'm sorry.

Will you help me find my bike?

Yeah.

Thanks.

So, Bob.

When's the last time

you saw old Robert Wolf?

I told you before,

I don't know him.

Yeah, well, I brought you a picture  
this time to help with your memory.

You seen him now?

I don't know him,

so I ain't seen him.

Uh-uh-uh.

Don't touch the fucking car, man.

Got to tell your dog to stop  
snooping around in my garage.

I will, Bob.

Hey, what happened to the Panhead  
that was here a couple days ago?

I put a new carburetor  
into it yesterday

and the client came and picked it up.

Yeah? When was that?

Yesterday.

What was the client's name?

I don't recall.

What'd he look like?

Don't recall that, either.

God damn it, Bob.

You're gonna have to start  
recalling something.

I'm a federal agent.

Do you want to go back inside?

You're on parole.

I'll make a call.

You can be in there tomorrow  
with your

granddaughter visiting...

Let me tell you something.

You want to arrest me, do it.  
Or else get the fuck out  
of my shop.  
Damn, man.  
Oh, I needed that.  
Hell of a bike, man.  
What year is that?  
Mabel's a '57 Pan  
with a '48 Springer.  
She act up on you much?  
- She's got a little bit of attitude.  
- Oh, yeah, I bet.  
I dig that suicide shift.  
Nice shot.  
Used to have  
a '48 Knuckle myself.  
Yeah? Where is she?  
Alimony.  
That's why I ride  
this piece-of-shit Yamaha.  
She looks like shit  
and she sounds like shit,  
but the faithful bitch won't die.  
Yeah, well, it's not about the bike,  
you know?  
It's about getting on the road  
and being free.  
Yeah.  
It's better than the wind.  
What's her name?  
Dirty Fucking Whore,  
after my ex-wife.  
So, where you headed?  
South. I'm gonna go see some family.  
Oh, mind if I join you?  
Sure.  
Left, right, left, right, left  
Pack 'em up, Charlie,  
gonna leave this place  
Turn my shoulders  
to the empty space  
It don't matter  
if you're going today  
Long as everybody stay away

Rich is rich  
and poor is poor  
And the money you had  
ain't good no more  
Wait in line, wait in line  
Hey, mister, can I buy  
a little time?  
Everything you planned  
has gone to rot  
No one around to pull  
the little you got  
Four big wheels,  
American steel  
Pouring gasoline  
on a killing field  
March them soldiers  
down that line  
March them boys  
in straight time  
Good four boys  
like feel on the fire  
Bad news coming  
by the AP wire  
Dance and turn,  
till your fingers burn  
What, if anything,  
do you think you earn?  
How many do I have to do?  
Ah!  
Wolf!  
You come to take me away?  
Wolf needs a woman  
that can cook, not eat.  
What did you say?  
You stay away from my husband.  
Hey, man, where you going?  
- This is your job.  
- What's that?  
Entertain the ladies.  
Ooh.  
Join us.  
He! ' '  
I love you.  
Jesus Christ.

Have a bite.  
It's good stuff.  
I'm good, bud.  
It's all you.  
What do you mean you're good?  
Come on, have some waffles.  
It's all you.  
There you go.  
- You don't want any?  
- No.  
- You're sure?  
- I'm positive.  
All right.  
Can I borrow some cash?  
Well, I'm a little short,  
so you're gonna have to get this one.  
Christ, Wolf.  
I don't have any money for this.  
What?  
- Let's get the hell out of here.  
- Dude, we can't walk out.  
You guys don't have  
any money, do you?  
You mean American money?  
That's really cute.  
I'm gonna call the police.  
How about that, okay?  
Listen, hey, I', s...  
we can work something out, okay?  
Please?  
Dude, I didn't follow you  
to do charity work.  
I didn't ask you to follow me.  
I got to make money.  
And not the fucking hard way.  
Hey, whoa, whoa.  
Whoa, excuse me.  
Where you going?  
I'm going to take a piss, Todd.  
You got an itch to hold it?  
You know what? I gave you a break  
and let you try to work off your debt.  
Shut up.  
I don't need to be disrespected

by either one of you guys.  
Hey, man, he's not my buddy, okay?  
I'm sorry.  
I'm gonna do the dishes.  
I'm almost done, okay?  
I apologize. He's an asshole.  
Just finish up and please  
don't come back here anymore.  
Hey, sorry, man.  
That guy's a fucking asshole.  
You want to make  
some quick money?  
Fuck, yeah.  
There ain't no use  
for the slow man  
He's a drunk and he is cruel,  
but he's a cold man  
He'll paint your noose  
like an omen  
He's got you thinking about  
your death and you are frightened  
Ain't no use for the slow man  
He's a drunk and he is cruel,  
but he's a cold man  
He'll paint your noose  
like an omen  
He's got you thinking about  
your death and you are frightened...  
You can't refuse  
what the old man  
Whispered to the preacher  
during the sermon  
He's a saint to the fools  
of the old land  
But we can see straight  
through the tricks that he is turning  
He'll speak  
but you got to believe  
There's only trouble  
creeping through those teeth...  
You got big fucking balls  
showing up here.  
That information I gave you  
cost me some business.

Tribal cops knocking on my door.  
You know that wasn't my intent.  
What just happened?  
It's payday.  
Like to fight?  
Let's make some money off of it.  
God damn, you're a big Indian.  
Come on.  
Shit.  
He fucking won.  
Give me my money, brother.  
Better get out  
of town, white boy.  
- Thank you.  
- Get out of here.  
Get the fuck out of here.  
Get the fuck out of here.  
Well, hell's bells  
What you trying to sell?  
Put it on the table  
before they take you to jail  
What do you say?  
Got a bottle to your head  
And you never saw it coming  
And your pretty white shirt  
is red  
Well, I guess  
that's what you get  
When you were leaning on me,  
I heard you asking for it  
Did you not come here  
looking for a fight?  
They say brown liquor  
make you sleep all right  
Cocaine make you grind  
your teeth all night...  
Run in here and get some smokes.  
You want anything?  
No, I'm good.  
Hey, Mr. Kemp.  
How you doing?  
I need some  
Marlboro Reds, please.  
I knew it.

- What do you want?

- That him?

Oh, yeah.

Hey, Numay.

Hold up a sec.

Numay's Mojave

for mountain lion.

You know, it means

"don't fuck with me."

How you doing?

Numay, good to see you.

- This is...

- Agent Williams, "Numy."

It's Numay.

- I heard you were in town.

- Did you, now?

It seems any time a rape occurs

on the reservation,

you guys

are nowhere to be found.

But a white man's murdered

and it's call out the cavalry.

You know, he's...

he's got a point there.

Look, we're getting off on  
the wrong foot here, Numay.

We just want to find Wolf.

We want to keep him safe.

You know where he's at?

No.

We're getting calls every five minutes.

I know he's in town.

You know he and I

don't see eye to eye.

Yeah.

Well, I guess that doesn't surprise me

seeing as you're a lawman

and he's a wanted fugitive.

Mr. Williams, my wife

was raped and beaten in our home.

I abided by the law.

I arrested him.

And you see where that got me.

Well, I deeply sympathize

with your family's loss,  
but you can't go around taking the law  
into your own hands, now, can you?  
So why don't you and I  
stop wasting each other's time  
and you tell me  
where he's going?  
Unfortunately,  
glory cases  
are not my department.  
- That a '56?  
- '55.  
Looks good.  
Better when she runs.  
What's wrong with her?  
Radiator's shot.  
I can help.  
I can handle it.  
Oh, fuck.  
Still want to help?  
Come on, is that all you got?  
Almost.  
- Thanks, Bob.  
- Nice to meet you, Cash.  
Good luck.  
Thank you.  
- We did it.  
- You did it.  
- Wolf.  
- Wolf. I like that, Wolf.  
Um, Magdalena.  
Magdalena.  
Um...  
so I have another  
favor to ask you.  
What?  
I live about a mile  
down the road.  
I could obviously use a ride.  
- Would you?  
- Love to.  
Great.  
I'll grab my stuff.  
You know how hard it is

to sell a house in today's market?

- Hard.

- Very hard.

Especially when it's been trashed.

This is why we're not  
together anymore, Cash.

You sabotage everything.

Seriously, you're like a child.

I've got potential buyers  
standing there with me  
and I look like an asshole.

Now, would you rather  
file for bankruptcy?

Because that's the only option  
you're leaving me with.

Just sell

the fucking house, Linda.

Can't believe it.

Fill my lungs  
with something sweet

Fill my veins with something  
that stings

Come over here, baby

And give me some loving

To ease this pain...

Oh, your own place.

- This is it.

- It's cute.

Yeah.

- I'm freezing.

- I bet you are.

Can I get you anything?

I am good.

I can head back and fix  
your car for you.

Thank you.

- It's beautiful.

- Yeah.

It's home.

So, where you riding to next?

Up north country.

Oh, yeah?

What's up there?

There's this lake.

I want to spread  
my mom's ashes there.  
She passed a couple months ago.  
I'm sorry.  
Smell.  
It's pretty-  
Yeah.  
It's beautiful.  
So what about you?  
What about me?  
I don't think I've smiled  
this much in a long time.  
My face hurts.  
Sorry.  
What are we gonna do with these?  
What shall we do with those?  
What are you gonna make me?  
We can squeeze 'em.  
Let's go squeeze some oranges.  
Sounds like a plan.  
I need a drink.  
Let's have a drink first.  
Well, the sun's gone down  
And you're uptown  
And you're just out  
Running around  
I can't hardly stand it  
You're troubling me  
I can't hardly stand it  
It just can't be  
Well, you don't know, babe  
I love you so  
You've got me all torn up  
All torn up  
You say you're through with me  
You're setting me free  
When you were just out  
With your used-to-be  
I can't hardly stand it  
You're troubling me  
I can't hardly stand it  
It just can't be  
Well, you don't know, babe  
I love you so

You've got me all torn up  
All torn up  
Well, now you're gone  
And I am alone...  
Well, thank you, Cash.  
Well, thank you.  
That'll be \$100.  
\$100? For what?  
The dances.  
Well, I don't have \$100, sweetheart.  
It's Layla.  
Whatever.  
Really?  
Bobo!  
Relax.  
Okay.  
What about the money  
I spent here?  
I got money in this place.  
Fuck you!  
- Get out of here.  
- All right, guys.  
See you later.  
- Hey.  
- Thought you left me.  
I fixed her.  
I think.  
Try her out.  
We'll see about that.  
Hey!  
Ta-da!  
You said we'd move back East  
If the well ran dry  
Make a new home  
in New England  
On the state line  
Under the pine trees  
and rubber leaves  
I thought we'd never run out  
Heavy as sin in the strong  
winds south  
Heavy as sin  
In the strong winds south  
Heavy as sin

In the strong winds south.  
Can I see you?  
What are you hiding under there?  
Nothing.  
Scared?  
I am.  
Don't cut me.  
All right.  
- Ow!  
- Oh, God!  
- Sorry.  
- Damn it.  
You thought that was funny, huh?  
I thought you fucking cut me.  
- All right. All right.  
- You got close. You got close.  
Yeah, well, I didn't.  
Let me do it.  
Let me do it.  
Nice.  
Wow.  
You got hair all over you.  
Oh, man.  
I look ridiculous.  
Cash.  
Sitting by the river  
with my pretty little lady  
Gonna sing a song  
and everyone's gone  
Noonday sun been beat...  
Morning, sunshine.  
Morning, pretty boy-  
What'd you do with  
my friend, man?  
What'd you do to your face?  
You missed out.  
I fell in love last night.  
You sure?  
Come on, bud.  
Get out of there.  
- Shit, be easy on me.  
- Oh, God damn, you're heavy.  
Fucking Christ.  
That hurt?

You all right?  
No.  
No, I'm not all right.  
I figured out  
some shit last night, though.  
When anyone tries to love me...  
I push them away,  
make them hate me.  
I also figured out  
I might have a drinking problem.  
Maybe.  
Then I was thinking, man...  
I don't really like myself, man.  
You know?  
Fuck.  
Come on.  
Where's he at?  
He's out back.  
Guard that with your life.  
Step outside.  
Shh.  
You know who I am?  
Mm-hmm.  
Do you know why I'm here?  
I'm looking for  
a great big Mojave  
going by the name  
of Robert Wolf.  
He came by here yesterday.  
What did he want?  
Money.  
And?  
Came by with a white guy.  
Was it Irish?  
No, some other white guy.  
Irish doesn't live here anymore.  
Good.  
Now, which way did he go?  
I don't know.  
You don't know?  
And you know where Irish lives,  
don't you?  
Don't know.  
You know what?

I believe you.  
Who's Irish?  
Um, you know, Irish.  
He's Timmy Murphy.  
You know,  
married to Wolf's sister.  
They used to run together.  
It's in the report.  
- It's in the report?  
- Yeah.  
Yeah, I think.  
Maybe not.  
I don't know.  
Irish is Timmy Murphy. There.  
Well, I'd like to meet him.  
Yeah, well, you can't.  
He's 500 miles away.  
They're up north now.  
They're out of the picture.  
We got people on it,  
but there's no way  
Wolf's going over there for dinner.  
Guy's wanted for murder  
and he's not an idiot.  
Get in the fucking car  
and take me to Irish.  
Damn.  
You are fun.  
Okay, we'll do that.  
Zip on over there.  
Take my arm  
Sinking low  
But in public  
I am bleeding on a pole  
Who is this?  
Another friend?  
Don't introduce me,  
I got enough on my hands  
But I am not the other guy  
You better strike while  
the iron's hot or say good-bye  
I do  
All I can I can  
For you

Once you're done  
You'll spit me out  
Or chew.

Help! Help!

Help my sister!

That man is raping her.

- You need help?

- My sister needs help.

- Where she at?

- She's over there.

- You got flares?

- Yeah, I got flares.

- Stay with him, man.

- Hey, hold on.

Wolf, wait!

Can you show me where she is?

- She's over there.

- Can you show me?

Okay.

Help me!

No!

That diamond ring  
don't shine.

Baby, I'm starting to think  
you don't love me.

That you don't love me  
or need me.

Let's see how many  
we can get in there.

No.

Three.

- No!

- Shut the fuck up.

Cash!

Hold on.

Cash!

Cash!

Can't see it, man.

Bust through.

Go. The other way.

Get through.

Help!

Help!

- What happened?

- She was raped.  
- Take her. Help them.  
- Come on.  
Come here, buddy.  
- Help them out.  
- Come on.  
Go. Come on, buddy.  
We got to go.  
- I need to talk to you guys.  
- What are you talking about?  
Stop right there.  
Stop right there. Freeze!  
Show me your hands!  
Walk back to the sound  
of my voice.  
Back. Back. Back.  
Stop right there.  
Now turn around.  
What are your names?  
Cash Guirgis.  
Robert Wolf.  
Now, what happened?  
We're coming up the road there  
on our motorcycles  
and we saw the boy  
on the side of the road.  
He had blood on his shirt.  
He has blood on his face.  
We stopped.  
We followed him down  
to the ravine about half a mile back.  
- Down there there's a white guy.  
- Stop right there.  
- We were just trying to help.  
- Shut your mouth.  
This is Officer Sosi.  
I have two suspects at gunpoint  
at the ranger 103.  
- Send help now.  
- No, we're just trying to help.  
Shut your mouth!  
Are you armed?  
No, sir.  
Are you armed?

No.  
The both of you  
turn around for me.  
Robert Wolf?  
Are you Numay's son?  
Yeah.  
This is Officer Sosi.  
I have one white male suspect  
down by the river entrance.  
Send help now.  
They're coming.  
You guys need to go quick.  
Thank you.  
Let's go.  
They're coming.  
Get out of here.  
Why the hell are we running?  
You got something  
you want to tell me?  
Look, Wolf,  
just be straight with me, man.  
That's all I'm asking.  
My mom was raped.  
When my father found her  
in our house...  
she was beaten so badly,  
he couldn't even recognize her.  
We had to put her on life support  
'cause she couldn't breathe  
on her own.  
She couldn't eat.  
She couldn't speak.  
She was gone.  
They catch the guy?  
Tribal police found him  
and they arrested him.  
But because he wasn't native,  
he's got to be tried in a federal court.  
Federal prosecutors  
declined the case  
because apparently  
it wasn't serious enough.  
They hold him for a year  
and then they release him.

Six months ago, I tracked  
the man down and I killed him.  
Been on the run ever since.  
Morning, sunshine.  
Coffee?  
It's hot.  
Sorry I went through your pack.  
Breakfast?  
You know you got  
a snoring problem?  
- Really?  
- Yeah, it's disgusting.  
- Seriously.  
- Fuck you.  
Cheers.  
Thanks, man.  
So, where we going?  
This place is amazing.  
Something I can help you with?  
Yeah, you sure can.  
How much for this?  
All this stuff.  
All these knickknacks  
and whatnot.  
I'd like to buy it, your place.  
It's not for sale, my man.  
Well, I was hoping maybe we could  
work out an arrangement.  
Get the fuck off my property.  
Ooh, tough guy!!-  
I fucking knew it!  
You got seven seconds to get off  
my property, motherfucker.  
Fuck!  
Who is that?  
That's Cash.  
Irish, Cash.  
- How you doing?  
- You motherfucker.  
I almost fucking  
tuned you up, man.  
God damn it.  
You want a beer for that?  
Oh, I'd love a beer.

I would, too.  
When do you not?  
I got something  
I got to show you.  
Come with me.  
Come here.  
Come, come.  
Wolf, meet Wolf.  
This is your godson.  
Good job.  
Where is she?  
Oh!  
Let's go get that drink.  
- He has Mom's spirit.  
- Really?  
- Mmm.  
- He looks beautiful.  
Thank God he looks like you.  
I miss this.  
Can you stay?  
I wish I could, but I can't.  
You know I can't.  
You seen Dad?  
- You talk to him?  
- No, no.  
You know, not...  
Not since the funeral, no.  
I want to take Mom's ashes.  
I want to take her to the lake.  
She would have wanted it that way.  
Yeah. I think... yeah.  
- I think she'd...  
- Hey.  
- She wanted that.  
- Yeah, she did.  
But, you know, I also...  
kind of wanted to spread  
her ashes around here  
'cause I want Wolf to know  
that she was around.  
I just think so.  
- I just want to take some.  
- Okay.  
- Okay?

- Yeah.  
- We're just gonna share, okay?  
- Yeah, we'll share.  
I'm not sorry for what I did.  
Not at all.  
I'm sorry for what I've lost.  
Cash, I sold the house.  
I sold the house  
first thing this morning.  
Wow, that's...  
I mean, it wasn't  
our asking price,  
but it's not bad  
considering the market.  
Cash?  
Yeah, yeah, I'm here.  
So where are you?  
Um, I'm with a friend.  
So... so that's it, then.  
I guess we're done.  
Take care of yourself, Cash.  
I mean that.  
Yeah.  
You, too.  
So lay low  
Baby  
I won't be back  
any time soon  
If it gets too lonely  
I will follow you around  
in this tune...  
No, that's we. We.  
I don't know what to do  
What I'd do if I knew  
We go through our day  
And get by and get through  
But my heart is with you  
You probably knew  
Your love is like glue  
So lay low  
Baby  
I won't be back  
any time soon.  
Fuck, I've missed you, man.

God damn it.  
Wasn't sure I was gonna  
see you again.  
You know something, Wolf?  
I'd have done the same  
fucking thing you did.  
I just wanted you to know that.  
You're a good man.  
I love you.  
All right, you ready?  
Come on, man,  
I'll take you up to the lake.  
What's wrong, baby?  
Irish.  
Welcome home.  
Who the fuck are you?  
Agent Williams, FBI.  
Sweetie, can you take  
Wolf upstairs, please?  
Wolf?  
Touching.  
After your brother the murderer?  
One Robert J. Wolf.  
Where is he?  
Listen here, you son of a bitch.  
I know my rights.  
So unless you got a goddamn warrant,  
you get the fuck off my property.  
A goddamn warrant.  
You know, I don't like this  
any more than you.  
But we're here because your brother  
brought us here  
to your house and your son.  
You know, you're a very  
lucky man, Irish.  
Now, tell me where he is.  
Agent Williams,  
I'd like to help you out,  
but the truth is we haven't  
seen him in years, right?  
So you can go fuck yourself.  
That was a federal offense.  
Now you listen to me, you fuck.

I'm gonna tear your family apart.  
You want to harbor a fugitive,  
you're federally fucked for life.  
And you, Eva, you're an accomplice.  
Two years minimum.

Child services  
aren't what they used to be.  
Schaeffer, take Mrs. Murphy  
to the car.

- No, no, no. Don't.  
- No, no, no, no.  
- I'll take the child.  
- No!

' - Baby! Baby!

Let go of my son!

Bring my wife back!

Put my son down,  
you sick motherfuck!

Irish, I know he's been here.

- Bring my wife back.  
- You're gonna tell me where he is.  
- Bring my wife back.  
- Shh. That's a good baby.

Look at me, you sick fuck!

Put my baby down!

- Irish, his bike's in the garage.  
- God damn it!  
- Shh.

- Look at me. Look at me.

Look at me,  
you sick motherfucker.

- Daddy's got a dirty mouth.  
- Let go of my son.

Put my son down.

Put my son down.

Daddy's gonna tell us  
where he is.

He is, yeah.

Tell me where he is.

Hey. Hey, hey, hey!

Let's make a deal.

Let's make a deal.

No deal.

Tell me where he is.

Fucking son of a bitch.  
Then let's talk.  
Tell me where he is.  
- Just bring my wife back.  
- Tell me where he fucking is!  
Tell me where he is!  
Stop, stop, stop.  
At the lake.  
How much further?  
It's at the base  
of that mountain.  
You sure?  
Yeah.  
Ooh!  
The lake's this way.  
It's over here.  
What are you doing?  
You gonna...  
all right.  
If you guys want  
to be lost in the woods.  
This is it.  
It's pretty-  
- I'll be over there, all right?  
- All right.  
Wolf! Run!  
Run!  
- Schaeffer!  
- Shit.  
Wolf, freeze right there!  
Take the shot!  
Take the shot!  
Schaeffer, take him down!  
Wolf, freeze, God damn it!  
Schaeffer, take him  
fucking down!  
Shut the fuck up!  
Wolf!  
God damn it.  
Sorry, Wolf.  
Fuck!  
No! Wolf!  
No!  
Help!

Stay with me, buddy.  
Hey, stay with me.  
Hey, don't give up.  
Don't go.  
Somebody help!  
Somebody fucking help!  
You happy?  
You got your man.  
Go fish him out.  
Somebody!  
Somebody help!  
When I came  
When I came, I came in peace  
I had just been released  
When I came, I came in peace  
When I prayed  
When I prayed each day away  
I hope the good Lord  
They'll wash my sins away  
When I sing  
When I sing,  
my heart bells ring  
The birds, they reply  
And I'm part of everything  
When we kiss  
When we kiss,  
please don't miss  
'Cause my lips  
are like my hips  
They swing  
and you might miss  
When I dream  
When I dream,  
I see real fates  
I don't fear the future, dear  
I saw it in my dreams  
When I hurt  
When I hurt,  
I know that I'm alive  
It's then my heart beats  
And it pumps me back to life  
When I go  
When I go,  
may it be in peace

I'll know at the very least  
When I go, I'll go in peace.