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Stand Up Guys: The Stand Up Songs of Jon Bon Jovi

By Unknown

"Hard Times"

Performed by:

Cold, cold eyes upon me they stare
People all around me
and they're all in fear
They don't seem to want me
but they won't admit
I must be some kind of creature
up here having fits
From my party house,
I'm afraid to come outside
Although I'm filled with love
I'm afraid they'll hurt my pride
So I play the part
I feel they want of me
And I pull the shades
so I won't see them seein' me
Havin' hard times in this crazy town
Havin' hard times,
there's no love to be found
Havin' hard times in this crazy town
Havin' hard times,
there's no love to be found
From my party house,
I feel like meetin' others
Familiar faces, creed and race,
a brother
But to my surprise
I find a man corrupt
Although he be my brother,
he wants to hold me up
Havin' hard times in this crazy town
Havin' hard times,
there's no love to be found
Havin' hard times in this crazy town
Havin' hard times,
there's no love to be found
So many hard times...
Sleepin' on motel floors
Knockin' on my brother's door
Eatin' Spam and Oreos
and drinkin' Thunderbird baby
Had enough...

In this crazy town
Havin' hard times,
there's no love to be found
Havin' hard times in this crazy town
Havin' hard times,
there's no love to be found
- OK, Sid.
- Good luck to you.
You look like shit.
You look worse.
Yeah?
So I kinda missed you.
Missed you too.
- That just get weird?
- Yes, maybe a little.
Here, take your bags?
I can handle it.
- You remember this.
- Ah, my favorite car.
So...
this is me.
- You're kidding.
- Hey, this couch falls out.
Or you could sleep in the window seat.
This is the worst apartment
I've ever seen.
Hey, it's not much, but it's mine.
There's cable TV, everything.
- This is for me?
- No, it's for my other friend,
- who just got out of prison.
- Heh.
Whoa, "The Three Musketeers."
Hey, look at Hirschey.
Looks like a baby.
- Those were the days, my friend.
- Yeah.
Your place...
looks...
like where I just came from.
- Except it's worse.
- It's not to your liking? Sorry.
"Not to my liking"...
is the understatement of all time.

- There's cable TV.
- Yeah, I know, you said that already.
I got Starz and Showtime,
and I was in fucking lockdown.
I need to wash up.
Can I use the commode
for like two seconds?
- Sure.
- Thank you.
I hope the commode is to your liking.
Ah...
Hey, brother.
Could we skedaddle outta here, you think
You know, is Mama Zeech's still open?
Yeah.
Good, I've been dreaming
about their coffee.
Yeah, I could use a cup right now.
We could do whatever you want, Val.
It's your day.
Yeah, let's do it.
Yeah.
Feel like partying?
- Cause I could fucking party right now.
- No, I don't feel like partying.
So, what then?
I don't know what to tell you, Val.
I do the same thing everyday, I paint...
the sunrise, watch the cable TV,
try to eat right, relax, go to bed.
Nothing earth-shattering.
How's, uh, your daughter. How's Jessica?
She doesn't want me to find her.
- And?
- I did anyway, she's working...
Minneapolis.
Oh, yeah? Didn't she have a kid?
Your granddaughter?
She did... does.
What's she up to?
I couldn't find her.
I kept in touch with some people.
What people?
Well, what people do you think?

Friends.

High, low places.

Friends who would be...

amenable to us having our comeback.

- I'm retired.

- You're retired.

I'm serious.

Another subject.

I could really fucking party.

- You know what I'm saying?

- Should we go to Miss D's?

Miss D's?

Still exists?

It's Doc, I called.

- Yeah.

- This is Val.

- Yeah, yeah.

- Hey.

Come in.

Looks the same.

Miss de Havilland around anywhere?

Yeah, I'm Miss de Havilland.

He's talking about your mother, I think.

Oh, she couldn't take the cold,
so she set up shop in Florida, Boca.

- You look like her.

- Yeah?

Anyway, my friend is looking for a party

Yeah?

What kind of party?

- Bar Mitzvah.

- Ah...

- Coming out party, going in party.

- Yeah, I got the next best thing.

Oxana.

Now, look at this.

I think that's the party

I'm talking about, yeah.

She's from Minsk.

Very clean.

Oh, yeah.

Clean is good.

- Happy parole.

- Follow me.

Enjoy.

All right.

- Have a seat. Relax, relax.

- Thanks. Yeah.

Fixed the place up.

- It's the same, but different.

- Huh.

Ah...

Would you give my regards

to your mother, please?

We used to be close, old friends.

I hope she still remembers me.

So do I.

- Hello.

- She's a beauty.

Hello.

- Oh, yeah, yeah.

- Nice...

too. Sweet girl.

Aren't you?

- She is.

- Come on.

- Wanna have fun?

- I'm retired.

- We'll have fun.

- Trust me, case closed.

- Come on.

- Wendy...

I need to use the phone, is that okay?

Yeah, use... there's one...

there's one through there.

Thank you.

- Hey.

- That was quick.

- Yeah, didn't work.

- Something wrong?

- It's not good.

- No, not good.

- Oh, it's okay, it's okay.

- We'll be back.

What are you smiling at?

- You find it funny? Is this funny?

- Nuh... nuh... no, no, I just...

Do you have anything

that are good to help my friend out?

Boner pills?

Oh, we've... we ran out of boner pills.

Is this a first for you?

- It's okay.

- We'll come back.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

- Just keep smiling.

- We'll be back.

I'll settle up with you.

Guys, if you get back before seven,

I'll give you the "Early Bird Special."

- Now I thought you said you're retired.

- Uh-huh.

But some tools...

you hate to give up.

Yeah. I could've done that with my dick.

Come on in. That's why we're here.

- Oh, that was just plain cruel.

- I'm sorry.

Remember that time you threw that Greek
out of the hotel window?

I do.

Fell straight on to a street meat vendor

I felt bad about that part.

Oh, this is definitely

a violation of my parole.

It's OK, I need to fill

my Nexium prescription anyway.

- What's Nexium?

- It's for my ulcer.

So, what are we looking for?

Ah, this.

What is that?

- Mm-hmm.

- Oh...

You're only supposed to take one.

I wanna make sure.

So, we... we... done here?

No, I need some Perindopril.

What?

And some...

Ooh, Latanoprost.

My co-pay is insane on this one.
And, uh, ooh, Aldactone for hypertension
Mm-hmm.
How much shit are you on?
A lot.
So how long does this take
to get the pipes working?
I wouldn't know.
So what are we gonna do while we wait?
Three Andrew Jacksons say I, uh,
run this table.
But, uh, you don't have any money.
What does that mean?
You spot me.
But, uh, that would be
robbing Peter to pay Paul.
"Each one must give
as he has decided in his heart,"
- "not reluctantly or under compulsion."
- Uh-huh, Corinthians.
- Chapter nine, verse seven.
- I love Corinthians.
OK, um, let's do the five.
- Oh, it's on now.
- Oh, wait, let me get out of your way.
Go ahead, stay in my way then.
- Oh!
- See?
Keep it.
- Thank you.
- It's yours.
Oh, you gave me a nice thing here.
- Too easy, but I'm gonna take it.
- Oh, it is easy.
- Hello!
- Oh!
- That was not fair.
- No, it wasn't.
Uh-oh.
What?
Mount Everest just moved into my pants.
So...
all systems go?
Oh, yeah.

I'm so fucking hard...

I could cut a diamond.

- You shouldn't have taken so many.

- Oh, fuck that.

My old friend.

- Are you ready, Val?

- Ooh, ah, whoa...

You don't know. I never been more ready.

- Let us go.

- Oh, yes.

Come on.

Next smile you see,
will be on Oxana's face.

He's my only son.

- Aw...

- I'm coming in to use the phone, OK?

Paul, where's my
fucking Kung Pao Chicken?

- It's on it's way. You got a call.

- Fuck my ass. Gimme the phone.

Claphands here.

It's Doc.

Would the package be delivered on time?

I can't do what I said I would do.

Well then, if you
can't deliver the package,
then you won't be
a friend of mine any longer.

Do I need to become more explicit here?

No.

No.

I didn't think so.

How long do I have?

What do you mean "how long do you have"?

To deliver the package.

How long do I have?

I don't fucking believe this shit.

Do I have dementia? Paul, who's
the President of the United States?

- Um...

- Shut the fuck up!

You have until morning.

What, like ten,
or later, like brunch time?

This is like talking to Conchita my maid
Kill him by 10 o'clock in the AM,
or you're dead too.
Motherfucker shoots my only son!
The only reason I've let you live
was for this. We clear?
- We're clear.
- Then good night.
Wendy, Wendy.
Doc.
- Everything all right?
- No, but thank you for asking.
Bet you're the type of man who wouldn't
let a lady drink by herself, huh?
Of course not.
Just a pfft taste.
This is good stuff.
Ah...
Doc, my mother always told me to do the
best with what you have, where you are.
Your mother was something.
Oh... Ah...
So, did everything work this time,
Valentine?
Four times. It worked. I coulda
gone again, but she's all worn out.
- Good for you.
- Come on, let's blow this pop stand.
Wendy, for everything, thank you.
Hope we find peace, Doc.
- Me too.
- I feel so ready to party.
Bye, Smiley.
Those girls look like they wanna party.
- Why embarrass yourself?
- Ah...
Embarrass myself?
We're doing a battle of the balls. This
goes up and down like a fucking yo-yo.
Pray for me.
Hey, ladies.
Whaddya say, whaddya know?
It's me, Jack-a-Mo.
Shouldn't you be in bed?

In bed?

Baby...

I got a python in my pants...

harder than the Rock of Gibralt...

Don't talk to me.

- Can we go home now?

- Oh, no. Definitely not now.

We don't go home.

We're just gettin' started, buddy.

I need uh, 20 bucks. I'll be right back.

- What are you doing, Val?

- Just give it to me, I'm not asking.

Yeah.

Hey, hey, can you help a brother out?

What's happening?

I want you to play

something a lil' different.

You know, like when music was still

music, when it had a lil' soul.

- Ah, ya talking old school.

- Old school, yeah.

Right, yeah, there's not much call

for old school around here.

Well, tonight may be different, OK?

- I think it could be.

- I can trust you, right? Slow.

- You can trust me.

- Don't let me down.

Hey, I'm back.

First of all, I just want to say,

it was rude, what I did.

- Yes.

- And I deserve everything you gave me.

I apologize. You forgive me?

Anyway, do you like to dance?

- Mm-hmm.

- Lisa.

Listen, Lisa, um, I'm Valentine.

My friends call me Val,

and here's the situation.

I've been away for a long time.

I mean, where, I can't say, but

I really need you to dance with me.

Now, I'm not gonna ask you to go home

with me, I'm not gonna try to kiss you,
or you know, feel your ass, or anything.
I just wanna dance. One song.
That's all I'm proposing. Two people...
holdin' each other,
smiling at time, nothing else.
After that, you'll never see me,
or hear from me...
again. I promise.
How's that sound to you, Lisa?
Whaddya think?
- All right, Val.
- All right, that's good.
Give your glass to me.
When Something is Wrong with My Baby

Performed by:

When something is wrong
with my baby
Something is wrong
with me
And if I know
she is worried
Then well I know I would feel
the same little misery
But we've been through
so much together
We stand as one
And that's what makes it better
When something is wrong
with my baby
Something is wrong with me
And that is all, y'all
- Thank you.
- Thank you.
What can I say?
Lemme see this.
For cataracts.
Yeah?
If I blow 'em maybe they'll gimme a buzz
Ah...
Hey, buddy.
Hmm...
Ooh, goddamn, what else you got?

Lemme try it.
Aldactone, got some for hypertension.
OK, motherfuckers, here you go.
Never know what can
- come out of this shit.
- Nice.
Hey, hey, hey, listen, no drugs at
the bar. You want to do drugs, have the
- courtesy to take it to the bathroom.
- No, no, no, no, it's prescription.
I got the hypertension.
Well, you find that funny, I don't.
No, no, no, listen,
what else can I get you guys?
Yeah, we want a couple of drinks to go.
- To go?
- Yeah.
- Uh, that's illegal.
- And this isn't?
- Here, let's make it legal.
- Okay.
You got it.
Ah...
Hmph, what's this?
Um, just trying to see what time it is?
You know what time it is?
You wanna move back a little, sonny boy?
Says so right there.
Yeah, it's gettin' kinda late.
- Isn't it?
- Mm-hmm.
Come on, let's go.
What was that?
- Stupid jerk.
- Strange.
All our friends...
all our business associates...
out of sight, out of mind.
You're the only one...
who kept in touch.
- I know, Val.
- Let me talk for two fucking seconds.
You...
sent me...

those care packages.
And those paintings...
I never told you how beautiful they were
- Thank you.
- Can I talk for two fucking seconds?
I'm serious.
I never told ya.
I would stare at...
those paintings.
I could feel...
the sun rising.
I could feel it.
Thank you, Val.
You're my only friend.
You are mine.
Sit in the car, come on.
Oh, boy...
- I'm still hard, is that a problem?
- It is, actually.
- I feel kinda light-headed.
- It's all right.
- Ah...
- Let's get your leg in there.
- Oh, shit.
- It's all right.
Mm-hmm.
Oh... uh-oh.
"Uh-oh" what?
I think I'm gonna pass out.
"How Long"

Performed by:

How long
must I keep going on?
How long
must I keep going on?
To see
all these pains in the world
How long?
Oh...
Tell me, tell me
Tell me
How long?
Oh...

Wake up.

I'm up.

- Val, wake up.

- I'm up, I'm up.

- You OK?

- I don't think so.

Am I gonna die?

Not tonight.

Well, it's OK, you know.

You-you-you could... you could tell me.

Tell me straight, all right? I-I just...

Not on my watch.

OK.

- Doc, you there?

- Yeah.

I just wanna know if something's gonna happen, that's all. I-I just...

I like to know what's gonna happen.

I like information, OK?

Hirsch?

Who's that?

It's Hirschey's daughter.

You're Hirschey's daughter.

Are you kidding me?

You got so big.

- I knew you when you was little.

- Yeah, time flies, right?

I'm fuckin' dying, I'm dying.

- What?

- I'm fucking dying.

- I'm so dizzy.

- Rest.

- Oh...

- Take a deep breath.

Ah...

Relax, he's not dying. Doctor's gonna be here in a couple of minutes.

- How is your father?

- His emphysema's pretty bad.

He's over at The Lighthouse Nursing Home these days, ever since mom died.

- He's hanging in.

- For your 10th birthday, we were there.

I threw you up in the air.

- That was you?
- I threw you up in the air
and I caught you.
Remember that?
I felt like I was flying.
I remember you catching me.
Remember that? I'm glad.
How'd... Oh, help. Have mercy.
You were in jail, right?
- Yeah, s-so what?
- What'd you do?
I'm supposed to answer that? Fuck, I-I-I
got like no blood in my brain any more.
- He had some bad luck is all.
- Oh, yeah, well, I know all about that.
- Excuse me.
- Yup.
- Take a quick look.
- Mm-hmm.
- How many pills did he take?
- A fistful.
- I see.
- Are you a real doctor?
Are you a real patient?
Is that a real penis?
Mr. Valentine, you have
what is called vein-induced priapism.
Now, I can give you some blood thinners
to open things up a bit, but, uh...
old blood's gotta be removed,
in order for fresh blood to flow in.
- Removed in what way, removed?
- What's he talk...
- Oh!
- Oh, fuck me.
OK, let's relax.
What is this? Where are you going, Doc?
Where are you going?
I'm outta here.
- Oh, no, what are you doing?
- I'll be... I'll be in the waiting room
Look at me, breathe.
- Maybe I partied a lil' too hard.
- Maybe a little.

I don't have, uh...

health insurance.

- I paid the bill.

- OK.

So who's gonna do it?

- Do what?

- You know what.

I don't.

Let's just drop

the "welcome home" thing, OK? I know.

- Hey there, Doc.

- Hey, Alex.

- Who's your friend?

- This is my best friend...

Valentine. Alex,

he just got back from a long trip.

Well, how was your trip, Valentine?

Oh it was... um, I'm just glad I'm back,
and I don't answer to the name Valentine

- My friends call me Val.

- OK, well, then I'll call you Val, Val.

- Well, then we're friends.

- Yeah, you can never have enough.

- Yeah, you're right, there.

- Doc and I, well, we've been friends

- for a while now, haven't we?

- We have.

I remember the very first time

he walked in here.

- You remember that?

- Sure I do.

I hate to break up this "remembering
the more wistful times", but...

- I'm-I'm a little on the peckish side.

- Sure, what'll it be tonight, fellas?

- Uh, a tea and lemon, please.

- OK.

Uh, I'll have the Surf n' Turf...

and a Root Beer Float.

All right,

how do you like your steak done, Val?

Bloody.

- Coming right up.

- Yeah.

- Enjoy your dinner, Ernie.
- Can I have a little more?
Is she always so sweet?
Every day I walk outta here,
I'm always better.
Yeah.
So who's gonna do it?
I don't know.
- It's you, isn't it.
- I don't know.
It's you. Come on, just say it. It's you
Whaddya think this is here, I'm gonna
blame you for anything? A job is a job.
If the roles were reversed,
I'd do it in a heartbeat.
Come on, man, say it's you!
It's me.
Claphands.
He's got a mean streak in him, no?
- Bit of an understatement.
- Yeah.
Meanest, most vindictive motherfucker...
outside the Devil himself.
First couple of years I was inside...
I had my head on a swivel, you know,
I was looking here, looking there.
What the fuck is gonna happen,
and when is it gonna happen?
Is it gonna happen in the laundry room,
on the yard, or am I gonna get it
in the fucking cafeteria?
That's-that's all I thought about,
and then I understood somethin'.
He's gonna make me...
serve every single day of my sentence.
So, it would end up just like this.
So, how were you gonna do it?
In my apartment, while you're asleep.
You see?
That's got no flavor, that's got no style.
Come on, what is that?
While I'm asleep.
How do you think I should do it?
I don't.

There's the rub.
He put his son on the job.
This was a bad idea.
OK, fine, I'm not gonna ask questions.
First sign of trouble...
the kid panics,
starts shooting everywhere...
catches my bullet...
in the crossfire.
- Could've been anybody's.
- I was there, I know.
This was an accident.
How's it my fault?
I'm a fucking stand-up guy,
I took the fall for everyone.
You did, I know that.
And they pressed me.
I didn't say a word, not a fucking word.
And...
this is what it comes to.
When did Claphands give you this job?
The day...
you went in.
- For 28 years, he was sittin' on you.
- Yes.
Now, that is fucked.
Here's your tea, Doc.
Root Beer Float for you.
And that's the Surf n' Turf.
Alex, can I say that...
this is the best Surf n' Turf
I've seen in all my travels.
Yeah?
- Can I say that?
- That's very kind of you to say, Val.
- Are you OK, Doc?
- Yeah.
So when are you gonna do it?
By ten this morning, it has to be done.
OK.
Oh, nope, this doesn't work.
What time is it now?
That's-that's about nine hours.
Yeah.

Let's get in the car.
Hey, man, let's... Why don't we
skedaddle down the road a bit.
I wanna walk off this, uh...
Surf n' Turf with a Root
Beer Float, you know...
my digestion.
Sure.
So, what are my options now?
You could run.
They'd find me.
You might buy some time.
- But if I run...
- What?
You're not gonna have
any friends any more.
True, but...
You'd have a head start at least.
Ah... better this way.
- How's it better?
- It's better because...
- then I can say goodbye.
- I don't want you to say goodbye.
Well, what do you want me to say then?
I have to say goodbye.
There's nothing left for me to say.
Hold up.
- Something has presented itself.
- What?
What?
What kind of a big, beautiful...
- beast of a car is this?
- Val, no.
I think she's lonely.
I think she wants us to take her out.
On a date.
This car belongs to the Jargoniew
brothers. I happen to know them.
A-a-and that's supposed to
mean somethin' to me?
Nobody messes with these guys.
These are the type of guys,
take yer kidneys out, not even sell them
If we only had a coat hanger, right?

You can't open a car
- with a coat hanger any more, Val.
- Says who?
Says the people who make cars.
What kinda asshole
keeps a car like this open?
These guys don't worry about
somebody stealing their car, Val.
They better start.
- Come on.
- These guys, I'm telling you...
These morons even left the key.
What the...
where does this fucking key go?
This is not a good idea, Val.
Yeah, well, my life
is full of "not good ideas."
How do you start it, you know how?
- They make cars differently these days.
- Yeah, so you know how to do it?
- Put your foot on the brake.
- Yeah.
- And press that button.
- This button?
See?
- Holy shit, fuck.
- Whoa...
Where to?
Where to? Whaddya think?
- Our friend needs rescuing.
- Yes.
Whoa... I don't ever wanna end up
in one of these places.
Me too.
- Hey, excuse me.
- Yeah?
Would you happen to know
where Richard Hirsch's room is?
- I like Hirsch. Are you his friends?
- Yeah, the best.
His room is...
down at the end of the hall,
and to your left.
Thanks a bunch.

- Hey, are you here to rescue him?
- How'd you know?
I wish somebody would come and rescue me
We all do, honey.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
- I feel like I'm dreaming.
- Hirsch.
You're still here. We're all still here.
You fucking guys, its like the old days.
So?
Get me the fuck outta here.
- Get me outta here.
- Here.
- Yeah.
- Ah...
Wait a second, let me get a hit.
Let's escape.
You want us to bring that?
- Nada, let's roll.
- You better get dressed.
Oh, man, the sweet taste of freedom.
We got a ride?
This is it.
- Huh?
- Right here.
Oh, man.
You get to drive it.
- Oh-ho.
- OK.
Oop... Ah...
- There's no leg room here.
- Yeah.
Tight back here, I just banged my head.
The hell with your leg room.
I'm 6' 2", let's go.
- Ey.
- The situation is not ideal.
- You're a master.
- Yeah, I was.
- You are.
- I was.
- You don't forget that stuff.
- You're a master, Hirsch.
Four minutes ago,

you were sittin' in a dying house.
Now you're sittin' in this beast
of a car, you know. The situation's OK.
Is that right? Gimme the key.
There's no key.

- Don't fuck around, gimme the key.
- It's new. It's a button.
- And it's automatic.
- You push the button.
- A button?
- It's computers.
- Is it here?
- Yeah.

You put-put your foot on the brake
at the same time.

- All right.
- OK?
- Yeah.
- Can we go now?

Well, it's a million dials here.

I never saw this before.

Man, this is like the future.

Oh-ho!

Very nice.

So, Hirsch...

Whaddya been doing
since the last time I saw you.

Grieving, mostly.

- Ah, me too.
- A different kind, I guess.

Hey, I'm sorry for your loss.

Sorry about Julie.

Well you know, she was in a lot of pain.

- Yup.
- Uh... Whaddya say.

So how's your health?

Well, they took something out of me
a couple of months ago.

What'd they take out?

I don't know. I didn't ask.

It's none of business.

But I'm a little more streamlined now,
a little more aerodynamic.

- Which way is the highway?

- Not the highway, Hirsch.
Which way is the highway?
I'm not gonna ask again.
- Go left.
- Go left, young man.
- Go left!
- Yo!
- So I got into gardening.
- Where? In the joint?
- Yeah.
- Yeah, Julie was into that.
- No, yeah?
- Yeah.
I got quite a little green thumb, fellas
- I'm not surprised.
- Whoa!
I knew a guy got out, committed a crime,
in order to get back in, so he could see
how his garden was going.
Sounds like you loved it too.
Loved it? I love it. I mean, I still do.
Uh-oh.
"Uh-oh" what?
- Don't worry, I can lose 'em.
- I got paroled today.
We're driving in a stolen car,
and I imagine you're carrying a weapon.
I am.
- So?
- So...
I'm already fucked five ways to Sunday.
Let's rumble!
We got two of them.
I can see, I can see.
Hirsch, remember the time
in that shitbox car, with the Chinaman?
Yeah, I do.
I think you should do that again.
- You do, huh?
- I do.
Hey, Hirsch, nice driving, by the way.
- Thanks.
- I mean, you still got it, buddy.
- Yeah, I do, don't I?

- Yeah, absolutely.
- That was intense. I got a rush.
- Hey, I threw up in my mouth.
So when'd you get out, Val?
Today.
- Today?
- Yeah.
- Get the hell outta here.
- No, yeah, ask Doc.
- No kidding.
- Yeah.
- We got sprung on the same day.
- It's nice you can share that.
- 28 years.
- 28 fucking years.
You did your time like a man, Val.
You're a stand-up all the way.
Well, you know,
you and Doc would have done the same.
Well, I would like to think so.
It's possible, either way is possible,
but you did it, Val.
True. I can't believe...
you guys didn't work together...
- all this time.
- Nope.
No, no, no,
Claphands retired us, that was that.
And it was.
He can't forgive himself,
so everybody else has gotta pay.
So whaddya wanna do now you're out, Val?
I always wanted to finish high school.
Learn more about the human condition.
How about you, Hirsch?
Is there anything in this life,
that you haven't done...
that
you would like to have a chance to do?
Two girls at the same time.
- That's very doable, no, Doc?
- Yeah, done and done.
Back so soon?
One more time,

you get the free coffee mug.
Wendy, we'd like you to meet
our associate, Richard Hirsch.
How're you doin'?

Hullo.

He's looking for, what is known
in French, as the "mnage trois."
Shi--t.

Oxana's the only one working, uh...
Irena fell down the stairs.
Oh, what about you?
Who, me?
No... I don't do it for money. I just...
Well, we won't pay ya.
Oh...
Excuse me, uh, what's your name?
Wendy.
...you're gonna have
the greatest experience of your life...
up to you whether you wanna experience..
...to me and that big a deal.
- Do you promise?
- I swear to God.
OK.
But it costs triple!
- Shouldn't it be double?
- Yeah, it should.
Doc, if you please.
I guess.
Oxana.
Go easy on him, girls.
If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't...
I wouldn't believe it.
He would pump it up on a vacuum cleaner.
Yeah?
He said, every day he would just...
whatever he did,
he watched TV, he listened to the radio.
Now, he would atta... you know,
the attachment on a vacuum cleaner.
Now,
what do you call the thing that they...
- It's a nozzle.
- The nozzle.

Yeah, but it's like, for taking
the stuff off the corners of the couch.
- I mean why do you put your dick in it.
- It doesn't matter because
it stretched his dick, and his dick
kept getting bigger and bigger.
There's other ways. There's a
Chinese thing I heard about. It's a jar.
They put bees in it. You put it
on your schlong. The bees bite yer dick.
- Hello.
- It-it gets all swollen, huge.
Yeah, but, uh, where do you put it?
I don't know. It's good for show anyway.
Well, that makes so much sense.
Hirsch has been up there a long time.
Well, good for him.
Whoa, here he comes!
So...
- pipes still workin'?
- You could put it that way.
OK. Jesus, that's enough.
I do not know the
English word for what I feel.
- "Surprised"?
- I think it's called "lust," darling.
- "Love." That is close enough.
- Good, OK.
- I didn't know you had it in ya.
- I did.
Hirsch...
Hello. Oh...
OK. All right.
It's like a gum commercial.
- You've ruined me for any other man.
- It's OK, you'll get over it.
Call me.
- Bye.
- Thank you.
Hey, Hirsch...
Who knew you were a freak in bed.
Huh?
Wow, ya gotta feel great, no?
- I don't feel that great.

- Why the fuck not?
I-I never went out on my wife before,
it makes me feel like a piece of shit.
Hirschey, for Christ's sakes,
she been dead for ages.
We were married for 40 fuckin' years!
You don't get over that in five minutes.
"Hoochie Coochie Man"

Performed by:

The gypsy woman told my mother
Before I was born
I got a boy child's comin'
He's gonna be a son of a gun
Slow down!
- The cops are not following us.
- The adrenaline keeps me alert.
If he slows down, he may fall asleep.
Then the world wanna know
What this all about
What's that?
- What the...
- Was that us?
- What was that?
- Wait a minute.
Shit, man, it's the trunk.
Someone's in the trunk.
Yeah, yeah.
- OK, let's pull over.
- No, pull over. That's not good.
That's a human sound there.
You know I'm the hoochie coochie man
Everybody knows I'm him
Fuckin'... here.
- So, we go on "three," right?
- Look how I'm doing this.
One... two... three!
Oh, man...
- Get the gag out, get the gag out.
- Yeah.
- Jesus Christ, who was driving?
- Me. I was driving.
- Jesus...
- How did you get in this trunk?

- I'm on vacation.
- What does that mean?
- Get me outta here.
- OK, OK.
- Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
- I'm freezin'.
- Who are you?
- I'm a friend of yours. Put this on.
My friend?
Hirsch, listen,
you're gonna have to give me your pants.
Why?
Because she's naked.
She's gonna need somethin' to wear.
I'm not giving her my pants.
End of story.
Come on, she's got no clothes on.
Give her your pants.
You wanna give her some pants?
Give her your pants.
No, I'm not gonna give her my pants.
I gave her my jacket. My pants are
important to me. Gimme, give, come on.
What makes you the arbiter
of whose pants are important,
and whose pants are not important?
You don't need pants.
You sit in the car driving. What the...
- How the fuck you need pants to drive?
- I don't need pants?
I gotta go out and walk around.
Come on, give...
I'm not giving her my fucking pants!
End of story.
- OK. So, that's your final offer?
- I'm not making any offers.
OK, plan B... Doc!
Song, how're you doing?
Do you sell women's clothing here?
Do it look like it?
My friend just asked you a question,
a polite question.
Could you give him a polite answer?
Ay, hijo chaqueta. You no hear so good,

old man, or you just stupid?

- See that?

- Hey, your jab still looks pretty good.

- You think so?

- Yeah.

I thought I...

I didn't get my hips into it.

No, no, no, it had a nice snap to it.

Thanks for saying so.

He's OK.

- You need anything?

- Just my bill.

I think we should know
certain things about her.

Here she comes.

Hey, look at that, clothes fit.

- Feeling better?

- A little. Starvin'.

Ahem, so, Sylvia, why don't we, uh,
continue where we left off?

So I was standing, waiting for a cab.

This car pulls up. Nice car. Nice smile.

Asked me if I needed a ride.

I was late, so I said, "Sure."

Wow, you know, you shouldn't
accept rides from strangers.

- Go fuck yourself, all right?

- Hoo, ah, OK.

"Go fuck yerself," I like this girl.

There was another guy in the backseat
who I didn't see.

He tied me up, took me to this warehouse

There were two other guys there.

They were just laughing, whatever.

Pretty soon, I was naked, and, uh,
figure out the rest.

- So you never saw these guys before.

- Never.

What do you think,

I put myself in the trunk?

How's everybody doing over here?

Good, thank you, Alex.

Doc, I didn't know

you had so many friends.

Me too.

Well, let me know

if I can get you anything else.

I'm fine, thanks.

Anyway, I passed out for a while, and um
woke up naked in the trunk of a car.

Now I'm sittin' here with you three with
a friggin' Korean janitor outfit on.

I had a dog named Sylvia.

I loved that dog.

I think about her every day.

There's so goddamned much I wanna forget

Where was this warehouse?

Show me where you found the car,
and I'll show you the place.

We stole the car on Rodney Street,
belongs to the Jargoniew brothers.

Total degenerate lowlifes.

Animals.

Maybe we could do somethin'
about this situation.

So what do you guys wanna do about it?

What, you're gonna fuck 'em up
with a pair of pliers?

It's only the beginning.

- Holy shit. Who are you guys?

- Remember that?

- Oh, my baby, I've missed you.

- Mr. Hirsch...

- Remember me? I do this.

- Uh-huh.

- What time is it?

- I don't know. What time is it?

It's time...

to kick ass...

or chew gum.

And guess what?

I'm all outta gum.

- Hey, Val...

- Yeah.

It's like the old days, isn't it?

- No, it's better.

- Yeah, why?

Because this time, we can appreciate it.

- Yeah, that's right. That's the reason.

- See you soon.

I'll be right here.

- Yeah, OK, you see the place...

- Mm-hmm.

You tell us, and then you take off, OK?

We're just three people, walking
down the street, nothing suspicious.

This is it.

Around the corner.

OK, you need to go home now, Sylvia.

- No, I wanna watch.

- Oh, no, honey, nobody watches us work.

Besides, there may be
five or six guys in there, you know.

Just the two of us. It may not turn out
the way we would hope.

- All right, so what? I-I can help.

- Go home, get some rest.

- No.

- We can't know...

- what's on the other side of that door.

- No... No.

- I don't think she's gonna listen.

- No, she seems, uh, firm about it.

- She's not gonna leave.

- Listen, honey...

Why don't you wait here
about 10 minutes, and then come on in.

Why are you doing this for me?

I don't understand the question.

You don't even know me.

It's true,

but I know ya, at the same time.

- Makes me sick, what they did to you.

- They're fuckin' animals.

- There used to be consequences.

- Exactly.

They think they can do things like this
to people, and get away with it.

Well, we're the fuckin' consequences.

And now for my next trick...

Gimme those picks.

It's probably open.

You're right.
Hey, fellas, what's going on?
- Fuck did you get in here?
- We're friends of Sylvia.
Yeah, you remember Sylvia.
The naked girl you put in your trunk.
The fuck you know about... trunk!
All right...
Anybody else wanna get shot?
OK.
Remember, fellas...
You reap what you sow.
Yes, I'd like to report
a large cache of weapons and drugs.
What's the address here?
- It's Rodney Street.
- I know that. What-what number?
Oh, what's your number here?
I asked you a question.
- Go fuck yerself.
- Ooh...
I didn't hear the number.
- 172.
- 172.
Thank you so much. Have a great night.
You're your own worst fucking enemy.
Oh... oh, dear.
Oh, fuck.
Good evening, gentlemen.
Remember her?
Belle of the ball.
I think it's time for us to exit.
Stage left.
- OK, Sylvie...
- Yeah?
You know, you got about eight minutes
before the cops call.
Thank you.
Good luck!
- Good luck, fellas.
- Enjoy.
You guys like the ballet, don't you?
"The Nutcracker" was my favorite.
Owwwww!

Here. Here's your gun back.

- Ahhhhh!

- I got blood all over my jacket.

Look at this.

You can wash them.

You use the biological stuff.

- It takes the stains right out.

- What the fuck is that, biological?

I'm telling you,

it'll take that stain right out.

No, you can't get these stains out,
no matter how many times you wash 'em.

A blood stain stays in.

You can't get this fucking stuff out.

We'll get you a new suit.

- A new suit?

- Yeah.

That's a different conversation.

What's going on here?

What's this?

Hey!

- It's always somethin', ain't it?

- Yeah.

- He got his last wish.

- Yeah.

- We got to work together again.

- Yeah, we got to work together again.

So...

I think we should bury him.

Hirsch.

- Uh, you know where Nina Hirsch works?

- I think she's over there.

- Hey, Nina, remember us?

- Sure. How's your pecker?

It's all right.

Uh, listen, uh, your dad's dead.

- What?

- We're sorry.

But, how do you know he's dead?

Well, we-we-we took him for a night out
is all, and well, you know, he died.

Where is he?

He's outside in a stolen sports car,
in the front seat.

- See?
- He's still warm.
It didn't happen, uh,
more than 30 minutes ago.
- What were you guys doing?
- Having fun just like old times.
- He went out with a bang.
- Is there a family plot or something?
We thought we should bury him.
You... you wanna bury him now?
Tonight?
Well, for us, it's gotta be tonight.
They won't miss this.
Give it to you, Hirsch.
Here you go, my boy.
I think Hirsch will be glad
to be next to your mother.
He bought this plot when I was four.
He told me...
"Darlin', just come visit me from time
to time. Let me know how it's going."
Dad, it's going OK.
You taught me that the best thing
a person could be is of some use.
You were of so much use to me.
Always.
Val, we should say something too.
Would you do it.
I'm not good at stuff like this.
Yeah.
OK, I could do it.
Uh, Hirsch was a good friend.
I remember one time, uh,
we robbed this liquor store.
And, he ran over a dog.
He cried for two days over that dog.
Anyway, he will be missed...
by so many of us that God left behind.
He was a witness to our lives.
Not many of those left.
So there's one less person on this earth
who knows our name,
who remembers our childhood.
Who shared in each moment as it passed.

You know, they say, we die twice.
Once, when the breath leaves our body,
and once...
when the last person we know
says our name.
And then...
Hirsch's life will be forgotten,
like all the other poor...
fucks that ever had the glory of livin'.
Amen.

- Amen.

- Amen.

- What?

- Nothing. That was really good.

It was good?

- Best I ever heard.

- You think so?

- Really good, bro.

- Fuck you.

- Thank you, Valentine.

- Uh yeah well, it was nothing. I just..

No, Valentine, listen to me...

- Thank you.

- It's OK.

Thank you.

Good night.

- Nothing you could say about that.

- Nah.

So, uh... you gonna do my eulogy?

I'm working on it.

How much time I got left?

Four hours, about.

Well, I could use a steak. You hungry?

- Yeah.

- Let's go.

And after breakfast,

we'll get you a new suit.

Then you can shoot me in the head,

so it doesn't fuck up my suit.

That's right. I shoot you in the head.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Look at this. My car is still here.

What, are you surprised?

Who's gonna wanna take that
piece of shit?

- Well, good morning, fellas.

- Hi, Alex.

Now, are you two up early,
or are you going to bed late?

And what's going on here
with all this dirt?

- Yeah, well, you know...

- Gardenin'.

We've been doing a spot of
late night gardenin'.

- Huh.

- Oh, yeah, you should try it some time.

Boy, you look at you, young lady. You're
pulling a long shift tonight, huh?

Yeah, I don't sleep.

I sort of like being awake when
everyone else is sleeping, you know?

Gives me a sense of, um...

- Being alive.

- Yes.

- I know the feeling, believe me.

- OK, so, what'll it be, Doc?

- Uh, two eggs over easy.

- Of course.

And I will have a steak, waffles, uh,
Greek omelet, Greek salad, banana malt.

- And another steak, and a coffee.

- And a coffee.

- Oh, and a muffin.

- And a muffin.

- If you don't mind.

- I don't mind.

- You are a very hungry man, Val.

- Uh, I'm leaving on a long trip.

Oh, just when

we're gettin' to know each other.

Uh, yeah, ain't that too bad.

- Hmm, I'll put that order right in.

- Yeah.

I'm gonna take a wild guess here,
but Alex, the waitress,
is your granddaughter, no?

Yes.

- You gotta tell her.

- I'm going to.

Oh, yeah? Why haven't you told already?

- I can't.

- How come?

You can.

Believe me.

- The truth will set you free, brother.

- OK, but not today.

- Then when?

- Tomorrow.

- Tomorrow. You promise?

- Tomorrow, tell her everything.

OK, tomorrow.

My last meal.

Yeah.

- Don't go sentimental on me now.

- Excuse me.

- Here you go.

- Yeah.

Thank you.

- So, Val...

- So, Alex...

Do you mind if I sit?

No, go ahead, please.

So Doc comes in here
every morning, you know?

Mm-hmm.

And he always orders
the same exact thing.

Oh, the tyranny of habit.

It's me.

Is it done?

What is he like?

I can't help but wonder about
most of my customers, but...

- I wonder about him the most.

- Well, I don't know, you know...

What do you, uh,
what do you imagine he's like?

Please, mercy, is all I'm saying, mercy.
I know it was your only son. I know what
that must be like, but...

Please? Please?

Please bring back my only son!

See how far "please" gets you!

We're all out of mercy here.

Why?

He'll be dead soon enough. Just give him a few more years. What's the difference?

- What is the fucking difference?

- How's Alex, fuckface?

What?

Alex. You know who I'm talking about.

I betcha my left nut,

you can see the bitch right this second.

It would be a fucking shame

to see such a young honey get into

an awful accident. Fuckin' waste, yeah?

- You wouldn't.

- Oh, really?

Are you sure?

I imagine he's a man who knows

what it's like to be alone.

To live life with a lot of regret.

And, that maybe he comes here every day

just to be around other people.

Even if it's only for a half an hour,

just, just to be around people.

That's right. That's exactly right.

Sometimes...

what we imagine

and the world aren't different things.

Sometimes they're the same, exact thing.

Yeah, I thought so.

Finish this fucknut,

or accidents can, and will happen.

I think your food is ready. You know,

I wish we could've talked more, Val.

Me too.

It was nice sittin' here with you.

Yeah, it was.

Is this church open?

Church is always open.

Yeah?

So, you start or do I start, I-I forgot.

- Uh, you do.

- I do. Right, OK, so, um...

- forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

- How long since your last confession?

Um, 60 years, give or take a few.

OK.

Now, confess each and every serious sin that separates you from Christ.

Oh, no, no, or we'd be here forever.

Father, can we just deal with what happened today.

So far...

I shot a guy in the kneecap, and one in the arm.

I, uh...

stole a bunch of prescription drugs, and a sweet-ass car.

Punched a Korean store clerk in the face, and took his clothes.

And fucked a Russian hooker, four times.

That was all...

- today?

- Uh...

since noon yesterday, yeah.

But I did some good things too, Father.

I-I, uh...

I buried a friend. I, uh...

helped this young woman take her life back, and, uh...

I eased my best friend's pain.

And for...

I kept my mouth shut.

So...

can I say a Hail Mary and be done here?

I don't think that you're gonna be able to Hail Mary your way outta this one.

You're right.

You're right, I guess.

Wasting both our time.

Here, go ahead...

- Why don't you take this?

- What's that?

- It's for your troubles.

- No, oh, no.

- No, no... buy yourself a steak dinner.

- I'm a vegetarian.
Take it, Father.
I don't need it where I'm goin'.
What?
So?
Receive absolution?
Well, close enough.
Let's go see about those suits.
You wanna hurry up?
What about this one?
Why?
Am I gonna play a game of shuffleboard?
Come on,
let's-let's-let's be serious here.
OK.
- We came here for a suit, find a suit
- Hey, this one.
All right, wha-what size is it?
- 42 Long.
- I wear 40 Regular.
Hey...
You said, "No crying."
No crying for you.
We didn't say anything about me.
OK. Hey! This one.
- It's beautiful. Lemme have it a sec.
- It'll look great on you.
Cloths just hang off you the right way.
- You think so?
- Definitely.
- Why don't you try one on?
- Nah, I'm OK.
No, your wardrobe could use a lil' help.
You think?
Uh, yeah,
I wasn't gonna say anything, but, uh...
- Yeah, but what?
- What?
You dress like you're on your way to the
Gin Rummy Championship for the World.
- Here.
- Uh-uh, I prefer black.
You're right, black suits you.
Here's black, what do you think?

I can't see myself wearing that,
like every day, you know.
I-I-I don't see myself in it.
Will you look at these guys, Paul?
Look at 'em, they're trying on clothes.
- You fucking shoppin'?
- What?
What do you mean "what"?
Isn't there something else
you're supposed to be doing?
You know Claphands had you figured, Doc.
See, you don't got the stones any more.
Whoa! Larry, please.
If we do this,
there's one thing you should know.
Hey! Here! Here!
You...
Call Claphands...
Tell him...
Stay out of my action.
I got this.
OK.
- Go.
- Yeah.
Nice work.
The old days,
I'da had him with the throat punch.
You gotta admit,
it felt good though, didn't it?
Damn right.
Felt good.
Oh, look at you. You look great.
No, you look great.
- Do I?
- Yeah.
Well, I feel great.
That's what I'm saying, you know, a
change of wardrobe can be just the thing
- Definitely.
- Yeah.
- May I?
- Be my guest.
- Boom!
- Whoa! I could hear the... Fuck!

- You see that?
- I did.
It wa..., it was good though, huh?
I got my hips in.
He's still alive.
- So...
- So...
What time is it?
It's time.
Already?
I'm sorry.
- Well, he had it coming, didn't he?
- He didn't.
Time waits for no man.
Doesn't.
Mm-hmm.
I'm gonna miss the spring.
And my flowers.
The birds returning.
Their song.
The whole world.
You know, renewin' itself again.
Your fuckin' face.
"Not Running Anymore"

Performed by:

Bless me father I have sinned
I'm not sure where to begin
You see?
This didn't feel weird, did it?
No.
I won't name names or where Ive been
But I've been there and back again
I've been running
Always running
Now I...
ain't running any more
Hello.
Alex...
What do you think of my "Sunrises"?
I think they're beautiful.
I want you to know
some of the things I thought...
saw, some of the things I felt.

I do.
I know they look like the sunrise,
but I was painting you.
The closet.
On the top shelf, there's a shoebox.
Put the phone down, open it.
I'll wait, no rush.
OK.
Doc, this is too much.
No, it's all there is.
Welcome home,
the rent is paid for a year.
It's not much, but it's yours.
What do you mean?
When am I gonna see you again?
I don't know.
I love you, Alex.
Grandpa...
I love you too.
I have to go now.
You sure you wanna do this?
You can change your mind, you know?
I know, but I won't.
You took care of Alex?
I'm so proud of you for that.
Tomorrow became today.
It usually does.
So...
what'll it be?
Chew gum or kick ass?
I'm all outta gum.
Get me a gun!
"Bright Lights"

Performed by:

Hey! You gonna know my name
by the end of the night, well...
"Old Habits Die Hard"

Performed by:

If you could dream anything,
what would that be?
If you could be that,
would you share it with me?

We carry our choices
and hide our regrets
We know there's a price
and we'll all pay our debts
But maybe they ain't
seen the last of us yet
Old habits die hard
Old habits die hard
It might be painful to smile
but it covers the scars
Old habits die hard
There's a face in the mirror
but it don't look like me
Yesterday's gone,
a raindrop in the sea
But I got your back
for each day that's gone by
And I'll still have it
till the day that I die
Yeah, I'll still have it
till the day that I die
Old habits die hard
Old habits die hard
It might be painful to smile
but it covers the scars
Old habits die hard
Someday may you be missed
by those you leave behind
I hope you've touched other lives
like you've touched mine
Old habits die hard
Old habits die hard
Might be painful to smile
but it covers the scars
Appearances change
but don't change who we are
Old habits die hard
If you could dream anything,
what would that be?
If you could be that,
would you share it with me?