Any Which Way You Can

By Stanford Sherman
How would you like to have your goddamn rig impounded?
Sorry, Officer. My hand slipped.
You better get ready to hock your tricycle, Jack.
Yeah? Let's see your money, big mouth.
- $200 on Philo!
- You're covered!
I'll go handle this.
$1,200.
$1,200.
$50 on Philo.
What's your name?
- $1,200 more on Philo!
- You're covered!
You know, we're covering over $8,000 so far.
We'll eat him for breakfast.
Hell, Joe whipped every Marine in the 1st Division.
He ain't a Marine.
- Jesus, he's big.
- Yeah, he's sizeable.
They said he beat everybody in the Marine Corps.
I ain't a marine.
I got $2,800 from the boys in Bakersfield. You're covered.
You lose this fight, we'll be patrolling Death Valley for the next five years.
Don't worry about it, Sarge.
Eat him up, Joe.
Eat him up.
Take care of Clyde, will you?
You know he likes to crap in squad cars.
Hey, hold it.
Okay, Joe. All right!
He's killing him!
He's moving pretty good for a corpse.
Bingo!
All right. That's it.
- He ain't down yet.
- He ain't and I ain't putting him down.
If you want to take his place,
we can arrange that.

- Fight ain't over till he's down.
- Shut up.

Great. You got him.

- How much we pull down?
- $1,200.

Where's Clyde?

- Shit.
- There.

Clyde, you got damn little respect for the law.

Sergeant Smith.

This is going to be my last fight.

How come?

Right turn, Clyde.

I'm getting to like the pain.

- Well, I guess it's time, then.
- Yeah, I think.

I don't understand it.

I whipped every marine in my division.

- Some real tough guys.
- Jesus.

How can you stand the stench?

I can't smell nothing.

The Captain won't really transfer us, will he, Sarge?

Seeing as we flushed $2,800 of his hard-earned bucks...

...it's Death Valley, son, believe me.

- Some real tough guys.
- Pull those guys over! They're littering!
- Shut up, will you?

Pardon me, sir, was that $3,000?

No, it is not $3,000.

Mr. Paoli bets $30,000 on the challenger?

- That's it!
- He never touched him!

Your animal's going to be dead in 15 seconds.

Gentlemen.

Keep your terrier in his cage, Beekman.

Junior, he is only looking out for my interests, that's all.

- Your money will be here by 5:00 p.m.
- I expected no less.
- Did you set up a fight for Wilson?
- Not yet.
Come on.
What the hell am I paying him
$5,000 a month for, to sit on his hands?
Nobody will take him on.
Not after what he did
to those last couple of guys.
Maybe we ought to set up a match
between Wilson and the rattler.
You would lose a good rattler.
There is a guy on the West Coast
named Philo Beddoe.
Philo Beddoe.
- I never heard of him.
- Some folks from Dallas think a lot of him.
  Yeah? Which folks?
The folks that bet.
And he's well-known in California.
I think we could get a good piece
of action on this one, Jim.
- All right. You set it up.
- All right.
Well, Loretta, we've talked about it
for 20 years, but now we're doing it.
We're in California.
I hear people here are a little peculiar.
Loretta, folks are just folks the world over.
- Luther.
- Yeah?
I think we should go back to Iowa.
- You didn't tell me she was here.
- I didn't know. We can go.
Do you mind if I sit here?
No. It's a free country.
You're still mad at me, I guess.
No, I like having my guts kicked out.
I didn't mean to hurt you. I was mixed up.
- What do you think I was?
- I'm sorry.
That's in the past.
Yeah, it sure is.
Do you want me to leave?
Yeah.
All right, Clyde, keep your pants on.
I'm coming.
I knew you and Philo came in here a lot.
So, I told them I'd sing for nothing
just to get a chance to talk to him.
I guess I shouldn't have bothered.
- I don't like drinking with filthy apes.
- Clyde is a clean ape.
I'm going to kick his ass out of here.
If I was you, friend, I'd sit back there
and I'd have myself another beer.
- You ain't me.
- No.
- I'll have another beer.
- Right.
Looks like Clyde's getting a little rowdy.
We better get out of here.
You're getting rowdy, Clyde.
- You should leave Philo alone, honey.
- I'm not your honey.
Listen, he was down for two months
after you pushed him over.
So was I.
The three of us are doing fine now.
Why don't you just leave him alone?
Clyde, leave the bananas alone. Come on.
Kind of grows on you, doesn't he?
We are the Black Widows!
Who stomped a mudhole in you?
Philo Beddoe!
Then spat on you,
and let his ape stomp it dry?
Philo Beddoe!
So, whose hide are you going to nail
to the gates of hell?
Philo Beddoe's!
All right, then, let's start doing
some stomping of our own.
Yeah.
Good grief, my brownies are burning.
- His what?
- He's baking brownies.
Why me, Lord?
I mean, you made other men out of clay.
Mine, you made out of shit.
- I should have expected it.
- Expected what, Ma?
Quitting your job, letting an old lady
die of frostbite, canker sores.
- It ain't froze around here in 30 years, Ma.
- Don't have to freeze.
I got thin blood.
Besides, I didn't quit my job.
Fighting ain't my job.
I have to admit, it ain't much.
But it's the closest you've come
to earning a decent living.
But, hell, you don't care about keeping
a roof over a poor, helpless old lady's head.
You don't care if she has to eat dog food.
You don't care
if she has to soak her teeth in Clorox.
Come back here with my Oreos,
you hairy ass!
- I'm looking for Mr. Philo Beddoe.
- You're talking to him.
- I'm talking to his feet.
- Well, the top half of him can hear you.
I represent a man
who would like to back you, Mr. Beddoe.
See that crescent wrench up on top there?
- Yes, I see it.
- Why don't you hand it to me?
Tail first, of course,
because the jaws might be venomous.
Thanks.
- Back me at what?
- A fight?
- Sorry, I'm retired.
- Since when?
Since I decided to retire.
My employer is willing to pay you
$15,000 for this fight, Mr. Beddoe.
- Against who?
- A man named Jack Wilson.
- You know Wilson?
- I know of him.
Let's not quibble, Mr. Beddoe. $25,000.
- Is that win or lose, or just win?
- The money will be payable, win or lose.
$10,000 in advance.
- Give it to Clyde.
- Yes.
- Who's Clyde?
- He's my manager.
Jesus Christ!
- Don't worry, he won't hurt you.
- You want me to give $10,000 to an ape?
He handles all my business.
You stash that and don't let Ma see you.
Good boy.
I'll be in touch.
Yeah, I'm sure.
- You there, Harry?
- Yeah, what do you got?
Dead battery at Sunset and Lincoln.
- Green '73 Chevrolet.
- Got it. Be about twenty minutes.
Twenty minutes is too late by half, Harry.
Hang on, green Chevy. Harry's on the way.
Have you seen Clyde?
No. Is he gone?
A couple of hours.
- Is he in the shed?
- I'll take another look.
No hairy-ass jungle jumper...
...is going to outsmart Zenobia Boggs.
That goddamn banana-head probably ate it.
Send him down to that...
Work and slave for that ape of yours.
Work and slave.
I appreciate that, Ma.
You haven't seen him, have you?
No, I ain't seen him.
I'll find it. You better believe I'll find it.
- Have you seen Clyde?
- Yeah. Right behind you, Philo.
Lynn Halsey-Taylor, ladies and gentlemen.
Now, let's everybody get ready
for Fats Domino.
He ain't supposed to be out like this.
What did I do?
I was just singing a number and he came in and sat down.
He probably got lost and recognized this place.
Maybe he wanted to see me.
Not everybody hates me, you know.
I don't hate you.
I can take just about any kind of pain.
There's just one I have no tolerance for.
Some kinds I can't tolerate either.
You got to do another set?
No, I'm just doing one set a night.
They're all here to see Fats.
- You sound good.
- Thank you.
Real good.
Do you have any wheels?
No.
I'll give you a ride home. If you like.
I like.
This is it?
- Anything wrong with it?
- No. Not a thing.
- Well, I guess I can't ask you in.
- I guess not.
Good night, Clyde.
Thanks, Philo.
Shut up, meathead.
It's Philo Beddoe!
- Are we bad mothers?
- We are bad mothers!
Hey, Beddoe, it's us.
Are you talking to me?
I ain't talking to you, Beddoe.
I'm reading your death warrant.
I didn't know you boys could read.
Now that's real cute, real cute.
We're going to kill you slow, boy.
It will take maybe a week.
Well, I wouldn't want to rush you.
First day, you'll probably be shaking like some blind faggot at a weenie roast.
You got him real good, Cholla,
you got him real good with that one.
Shut your hole!
Except this time,
it ain't going to be no weenie roast.
No, this time it's going to be an ape roast!
Right turn, Clyde.
Cholla, they're getting away.
Why me?
What the hell.
I guess maybe it's time.
She's in Room 25,
but you can't go up there.
No, ma'am, I know that.
- You are not allowed up there!
- I won't be long, ma'am.
Operator, get me the police.
Excuse me, ma'am.
Wait a minute.
Excuse me, ma'am,
I didn't see a thing, hardly.
- You aren't allowed up here!
- I know that, ma'am.
- Who is it?
- Philo.
You're not allowed up here.
That must be true.
You're the third person who's told me that.
Well?
Well, we've got an extra room
at the house.
I don't need any handouts.
Handouts you get from the government.
A hand up is what you get from friends.
Are you a friend?
I'm a friend.
Well, I don't have so many friends
that I can afford to lose one.
What is it?
Sorry, ma'am.
What we got here, ladies,
is a case of wishful thinking.
They all think we moon around all day,
lusting after their bodies.
Some of us do, Rita.
Where's Clyde?
Shit.
- How are you gonna write this one up?
- I'm not. But you were a lot of help.
You can always say she was nuts
about your toothpaste smile.
You could bust them
for harassing an officer.
Just shut up.
It's them!
- Come on, we can catch them!
- You catch them.
- So, where are you going to sleep?
- We got a guest room out back, I told you.
- Good night.
- Good night.
Clyde, you still up?
What are you doing, pal?
An Oreo cookie for me?
I'll save mine till later.
- Mind if I come in?
- No, not at all.
What was that?
Just a cookie I was saving till later.
Well, never mind.
You can have me instead.
No looking now.
We chased him away.
Fresh air's good for him.
Besides, he'll guard the door.
Is he reliable?
Anything that gets past Clyde
is 40 feet high with fangs.
- I think we're safe.
- I think.
I think I love you.
I think that's a piece of luck for me.
Philo?
Jordan said he'll give us $200
if we scrap that Merc for him.
Great. Clyde, scrap the Merc.
Clyde, you got work to do.
Mind if I jog with you?
Hell, no.
We must be three miles out.
How much further before you turn back?
A couple more.
That's ten miles round trip.
- You do this every day?
- More or less.
I'm not sure I'm gonna make it.
I'm kind of new to this physical stuff.
You're doing real good.
Thanks.
The doc said I had to get some exercise.
All I do is sit behind a desk all day.
You sit behind it, or you carry it around?
Well, I play a little squash sometimes.
- You look like you do some lifting.
- A little.
- Mostly engine blocks.
- That'll do the job.
- Careful of that soft shoulder, there.
- It's a hell of a drop.
You got a pretty good grip for a new guy.
There's a lot of strength in fear.
- Believe I owe you.
- I believe you do.
- You can't do this fight.
- Why not?
I've been checking with some people
and I found out who Jack Wilson is.
Look, the fight will get us a new truck,
a new roof, and a few extras for Ma.
- He killed two men last year.
- One.
The other one's lying someplace with
nothing below the neck but memories.
I told them I was going to do it.
I know I don't have much influence
with you anymore...
...since you got a girlfriend.
But damn it, Philo, you can't do this!
Well, I'm going to do it.
Don't go telling Lynn about Wilson now,
you hear?
Damn.
Move over, Clyde.
Looks like both of us are getting aced.
- A friend of yours?
- Yeah.
Nice voice. Nice style.
I think so.
Why don't you get somebody who can sing around here?
- That's not polite.
- Forget it.
The complaint department is open now, sonny.
- You play a hell of a game of squash.
- So do you.
- I believe that makes us even.
- I believe it does.
Find out what you want to know?
Yeah, I did.
You're fast and you like pain.
You eat it like candy.
I've seen a few cases like that in my time.
The more they get hurt, the more dangerous they become.
But you got to be durable, too.
Real durable.
Most ain't.
You're right. Most ain't.
Let's call this fight off.
There's no point to it.
I ain't doing it for points.
You're good, but you're not good enough.
I don't want to hurt you, and that's the truth.
Sometimes we can't always do what we want to do. Right?
Your money's no good here.
Thank you.
- Pleasure watching you work.
- Same here.
Who was that?
That was a friend of mine.
We used to play squash sometimes.
I don't want you to fight.
You, too? I thought you weren't supposed to say anything to her.
I thought she would have more influence.
Don't do it, Philo.
- I'm doing it, and that's the end of it.
- But he kills people.
The subject ain't open for discussion.
Go ahead, get yourself killed,
you selfish lunkhead.
Better still.
Let him scramble your brains
and turn you into a turnip...
...so I can spend the next 20 years
watering you.
You, too?
All right. Clyde, go get the money.
Go ahead.
Orville.
Here's the card. Call that guy and tell him
to come and get his dough.
Under my own mattress. Humiliating.
Outsmarted by a banana-head.
I spent the last five hours
on a very bumpy airplane, Mr. Beddoe.
I'm not in a good mood.
- I don't blame you.
- We have a deal, Mr. Beddoe.
We had a deal.
Clyde, get the man his money back.
One does not cancel deals
with James Beekman.
One takes one's money back,
or else Clyde gets bugged at one.
I am holding it for you, Mr. Beddoe.
I will add $15,000 to it and give it to you
when you show up for the fight.
Bear this in mind.
What Wilson will do to you is nothing...
...compared to what we will do to you
if you don't show up for the fight.
Clyde, escort the man out.
- You'll have a visit from my friends soon.
- Will they be driving Cadillacs, too?
Yes. Long and black.
Clyde, scrap the Caddie.
Jesus!
Jesus!
Oh, God!
He's crazy.
How about we go up to Bakersfield
and mess around for a couple of days?
No, thank you. I'm not Clyde.
I can't sit around eating bananas...
...while you and the broad
are playing patty cake.
- She's not a broad.
- I know that.
Damn it, I'm just talking mad.
You're allowed to talk mad to your friends,
you know, if they are.
They are, and you're allowed.
Shit.
She's a real nice girl.
I know.
- A piece of luck.
- I think.
- But I don't have to like it.
- Hell, no. I wouldn't either.
You wouldn't?
Maybe I ought to get
really mad at you, then.
You better go before
he goes down the block again...
...after that lady Saint Bernard.
Jesus, I never saw a dog
turn gray overnight before.
That's enough.
Come on, you'll get blasted.
Let's go.
- You take care, now.
- All right. You, too.
 Seems like Orville
is not very happy these days.
I know. I guess he thinks
you're taking up some of his space.
- But I can't give it back to him.
- I know.
Hang on.
No!
Lock the doors.
Cholla, I'm hardening.
I'm hardening, too.
Shut up and get him! Move!
I'm froze.
Dead meat, Beddoe.
Dead meat.
You're going to pay for this.
You're going to pay.
What are you going to do with them?
Well, we can't leave them here.
Dogs would come along and piss on them.
Ain't fair to the dogs.
You'll pay for that, too, Beddoe.
– Will you be able to get this stuff off?
– Sure. We'll just peel them like bananas.
Of course, that tar will take
most of their hair off with it.
– Painful?
– Moderately.
– Too bad.
– Both of you will pay for this, Beddoe.
I already am paying for it.
It's $20 for this tow boom
and another $20 I'm adding on...
...for cleaning up my truck.
That's $40 you owe me.
We should be back in 15, 20 minutes,
I hope.
– Good luck.
– Come on, Clyde. Scrap the gate.
Despite your irresistible charm, old buddy,
she may have some reservations.
You just feed her this banana
and that will put her out.
Not more than about 40 minutes.
If that doesn't work,
pop her in the ass and squeeze the bulb.
Got that?
Clyde, sometimes I think
you're not too tightly wrapped.
What happened?
I have the only primate in the country
that's a dope addict.
– Be right back.
- Be careful.
Well, it's his own damn fault
if I get the wrong one.
- Who the hell are you?
- We're looking for Philo Beddoe.
He ain't here. Get out of my house.
Who the hell are you?
That ain't him. Where is he?
- Why don't you go...
- Ma.
Where is he?
- Bakersfield.
- Where in Bakersfield?
I don't know.
He's going to find a motel
when he gets there.
Son of a bitch!
- Looks like you got the right one.
- Yeah.
Do you think he knows what to do?
Well, there've been primates around
for 80 million years.
I don't think they'd set that kind of record
without doing something.
I guess not.
What is that?
It's just Clyde showing off.
It's part of the courtship.
My God. That's obscene.
Sure sounds obscene.
- Don't I get a courtship?
- What do you want me to do?
I don't know. Show off a little.
What do you say, big boy?
How's that?
I'm impressed.
Will it hold both of us?
We're leaving this place immediately.
Get up!
Savage.
Luther.
Luther, stop that!
My back!
- I've thrown out my back.
- Stretch your arms. Don't tense.
Damn fool. I should've known better.
It was very brave, Luther.
That was a heavy chair.
You looked very impressive.
So did you.
It's been a long time.
How many?
About a hundred.
Let's go.
Bakersfield.
Get away from there.
It ain't right to watch folks
go humpity-bumpity.
Hey, baby.
My God, what have I done?
The first live one in 20 years,
and I disabled him.
Come on, sweetie.
That was just a little tickle
to loosen you up, you know?
Now, I'll tell you what you do.
You get yourself a good eyeful.
Come on. Just look right in.
Enjoy yourself.
And, then when you're ready
for a little romp...
...I'll be in the office.
You know, I ain't a churchgoing person...
...but, I swear,
that's gonna be a thing of a past.
Let him be all right.
I didn't hit him hard,
he should still have one good one left.
Sweetie.
Thank you, Lord.
That's it.
Excuse me, Officer. Can you tell me
where the Pink Cloud Motel is?
Yeah.
Just hang a right out here.
Go down a little bit a ways. Can't miss it.
How would you and your girlfriend, there,
like to race me over?
Come on, guys. Philo!
All right, wise guy.
- Which station?
- Fourth Street. Why?
Fourth Street Station!
What is it, snookums?
Somebody's bashed into our car, honeybunch.
We can always get another car.
Come back to bed, sweetheart.
What's that for?
Just in case.
Take her home. Hurry on back.
You wait here.
Over this way.
That's enough.
Thanks, old buddy.
That took guts. I owe you one.
Don't even think about it.
- How long has she been like this?
- All morning. Ain't said a word.
I suppose you'll have to fight, now.
Yeah.
I don't think they're going to hurt her.
I think they just wanted you to fight.
I know.
- Piece of crap, though.
- Yeah.
She's getting on.
I think maybe her brains are, you know, turning soft.
Jelly, sonny. Jelly.
"Jelly roll killed my mama
"Drove my daddy stone blind"
You're going to church next Sunday.
You, too.
Philo. It's him.
Yeah?
Jackson, Wyoming. Saturday, noon.
Not until I talk to her.
You are in no position to set conditions.
You heard me.
Nino.
- Philo?
- You okay?
I'm fine.
Don't fight, they don't dare hurt me.
I trust you're not so foolish
as to believe that, Mr. Beddoe.
No, I'm not.
Lynn, the fight's not your concern.
I'll have you out of there on Saturday.
Philo, listen...
We have a deal, Mr. Beddoe?
You'll produce her Saturday noon,
before the fight, right?
Deal.
All right, boys. Belly up to the table.
Get yourself some hair there.
Here. Paint on some eyebrows.
You look like a bunch of freaks.
- You promised me a moustache.
- Cholla. You promised I could be a blond.
I want to be a redhead.
- Give me that brown one.
- I like brown.
Cholla, why don't you tell him
to give me what I asked for?
I love it.
Nobody knows nothing.
I checked everybody I know,
even the sleazies.
They're probably holding her somewhere
near Jackson.
We'll just do little scouting.
Jesus.
Why don't you just shut up
and start passing out them tickets, there.
I ain't got the heart.
You've got enough trouble.
Wait a minute.
You have to give us them tickets.
You have to.
I mean, didn't you see us?
We're lawbreakers.
I mean, we are totally despicable.
We have earned them tickets.
Son, you are a walking violation
of the laws of nature.
But we don't enforce them laws.
Lord.
You have given me these crosses to bear.
I will carry them...
...all the way from Jerusalem to Jackson,
whichever is closer.
But hear me, Lord.
"Though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death"
I will chew on Philo Beddoe's ass
for my last supper.
I lose.
Excuse me, sir, there's a call for you.
Mr. Beekman.
Hello, Beeky, it's your dime.
Zack? I got a sporting event laid out
for this Saturday.
A fire-eater named Philo Beddoe.
Against Jack Wilson.
Melvin, can Beddoe whup Jack Wilson?
Beddoe's good, real good,
but I'd have to give Wilson the edge.
How big an edge?
If it was my money, 7-to-5,
but 6-to-5 is a fair bet.
I might be interested in 4-to-1.
Even money, Zack.
Well, I might go 3-to-1.
I've reserved your suite for you.
I'll be there.
You all saddle up. We're going on a trip.
Jim Martin and his crew are coming in
from Kansas City.
We got contingents coming in
from Seattle, LA, Frisco.
Any takers at 6-to-5?
We got about $30,000.
You know, Jim...
...we may have to go 2-to-1
to pick up the action a bit.
We'll get enough action at 8-to-5.
All right.
- I'll call up Boston and set up a lay off.
- No.
No. There's not going to be a lay off.
Jim.
We could get a couple million dollars on this fight.
Wilson's not going to lose.
If we try any funny stuff,
they'll retire us to the Jersey Flats.
No funny stuff. I'm telling you,
Wilson's going to take him.
All we've got to do...
We set up a little lay off.
We take a nice 6, 7Out
We walk away with $200,000. No risk.
I'd rather walk away with $2 million.
Yeah.
All right, I'll go along.
But if Wilson loses,
you better have snowshoes.
Because north of the Arctic Circle
is the only place we'll be safe.
Welcome to Jackson, Mr. Wilson.
It's a great honor to serve you.
I'll take you up to your suite myself.
Here, let me take this.
There are three parties in progress,
one of which started yesterday afternoon.
If there's anything you need, anything.
The hotel does allows pets in the room.
If you understand my meaning.
I don't keep pets.
No pets, no booze.
- I can read.
- And no parties.
That's Aunt Hortense.
The last party she was at
was Teddy Roosevelt's inauguration.
- Is she your aunt by blood or marriage?
- Blood.
I'd be careful about having any children
if I were you.
Always am.
That's the fifteenth private jet this morning. What's going on?
Bare-knuckle fight.
California boy named Philo Beddoe's taking on some monster from the East Coast.
- I ain't seen anything in the papers.
- Strictly illegal.
No referee, and the fight won't end until one or the other's half dead.
Oh, my God.
- I think I'm doing something wrong.
- You're doing just fine, hon.
But we've been flying upside down for 15 minutes, Zack.
It takes a little time to get the hang of it.
Don't be so hard on yourself, hon.
Like the ride at the fair where everything falls out.
- I hope so.
- You're terrible.
- You can't drink upside down.
- Sure, you can.
- Here, try it.
- All right.
It worked.
You'd be surprised what you can do upside down.
Surprise me.
I'll take the south side of town.
You take the north.
- What are we looking for?
- I don't know.
Keep your eyes out for anything peculiar.
And keep Aunt Hortense out of sight.
Why, you're Philo Beddoe.
- Yes, ma'am.
- It's him!
- He's looking too good.
- Too good by half.
Excuse me, ma'am.
We can't get decent odds on you looking that good.
We're trying to find some fool who will give us 2-to-1.
Try to look a little more peaky, would you?

Excuse me.
- Sorry.
- You damn fool!
- Let me see that hand.
- What?

Wiggle your fingers.
You could have broken that hand
and made paupers out of all of us.

Sorry.

What are you standing here gabbing for?

Get on back to jogging.
- I think I might do that.
- Wait.

No booze, no parties. In bed by 8:00 p.m.
You can count on that.

I do.

Did you all see that?
The way he grabbed me with one hand
like I was a feather?
Son of a gun, boys, we're going to be rich.
We're already rich, Zack.

Mind if I jog with you?

You work for some pretty strange folks.

Who I work for is my business.

They got my girl.
They're running together.

Talk about beef on a hook.
- I got $40 on Beddoe.
- You're on.

I didn't know.

I didn't say you did. I just said
you worked for some strange folks.
Well, their business isn't mine.
I never said it was.

We're even, remember?

Jim.

Tony Paoli's on the way up.
- Poor little Tony, he never learns.
- Not junior, senior.
- Big Tony?
- Big Tony.

What is he coming here for?

Mr. Paoli. What a pleasure to see you.
I hear you ain't laying off any of the action.
Not so far, no, sir.
You got guts. I admire a man with guts.
So I says, "Big Tony,
maybe now's the time you go out...
"...and make a little bet with this
high-roller Beekman with guts."
$100,000?
Mr. Beekman.
You and I are not men
who deal in five zeroes.
- He means six zeroes, Jim.
- "He means six zeroes, Jim."
Of course, I have to cover it.
Of course.
Give us a look, sweetie.
Come on, honeybunch.
Show us those big blue eyes.
He's a menace.
Goes around peeking in windows.
Ogled at me last night while I was
getting it on with two young beauties.
Clyde has no interest in human sex.
What were you doing,
getting it on with a couple of apes?
Get out. Out.
Let's go.
- The fight ain't on till noon.
- I know that.
I found where they're holding Lynn.
Best to hit them when they move her.
- What's going on?
- He found out where Lynn is.
Let's go.
I know they're packing heat
and they might use it.
I'm his friend and Clyde's his friend.
We go.
Hop in there, kid.
Right turn, Clyde.
- You all right?
- I'm fine.
Why don't you get the cops
and the ambulance?
The cops ain't part of the bargain.
All right, just the ambulance, then.
That bullet was mine.
I like being a hero, too,
sometimes, you know.
Well, you're doing a good job with it.
Look, I just saved you guys' asses
from the slammer.
So now they belong to me.
But if I ever see you again,
I'll come and collect them.
You just get in this car and
keep driving west, until you see the surf.
Got it? Move.
- I owe you one.
- No, we're even.
Your hairy friend back there
saved my skin for me.
- We're even, then.
- You're not going to fight, are you?
Well, if I don't, it's a forfeit.
A lot of people bet money on me.
Not all of them are rich.
If neither one of us showed up,
then there wouldn't be any fight.
Then all the bets would be off.
That's something to think about.
Wilson! He hung up.
Well, that's it.
Neither of them are going to show.
- All the bets are off, then.
- Damn it.
I spent a lot of time,
a lot of money setting this thing up.
Well, you better let
the sporting folks know.
- Are you going to fight?
- I don't know. That depends on Wilson.
You want to stay with Orville?
On your way out, could you kind of
tell the nurses what a hero I am?
- Why didn't I think of that?
- Is that the hero?
That's him lying right there.
You're a good man, Philo Beddoe.
That hurts right here.
- Young man's got a real healthy appetite.
- That he does.
I don't think we can end it even.
I don't think.
But then, on the other hand...
...I don't have any great desire
to make Beekman rich.
Did you figure you would?
I figure.
But then, I guess we'll just have to find out
if I would have or not.
I guess.
Real shame.
- It would've been the fight of the century.
- Sure as hell would have.
I blew a $100,000 deal to get out here
for this fight.
Hell, it would have been worth it.
Wilson would have taken him.
- The hell he would have.
- Who cares?
Get up there.
Look at this.
What?
Let me see.
All right, you kids,
what are you doing here?
I said, what are you kids doing here?
Come on. Move back.
It's on.
The fight.
Jackson Base, this is Car 2.
The fight is on. Here.
Breaker, 1-9.
This is your good news channel.
It's on! The fight is on!
Did you hear that?
What are you waiting for, dummy?
Aren't you going to have any? Come on.
Yeah?
- Jim, the fight is on. They're fighting!
- What time is it?
- All bets don't cancel until noon. That means all bets are still on. Come on, let's go!
- It's on!
- What?
- The fight. It's on. The fight's on!

Hey, Cholla. What are we doing on foot?
- I told you. The cops pinched the bikes.
- Yeah, but what for?

Who's head of this outfit anyway, you or me? Fighting? Come on.
It's right around the corner, and we'll be ringside, boys.

Come on! Come on! Kill him. You heard me. Right now. Listen up.
That's Beekman's hoods up there. They're gonna kill Beddoe.
Cholla, that's great. Let's give them a hand.

You twit! I sold all our bikes and put everything we had on Beddoe to win! Cholla, how could you? We been at war with Beddoe for over a year.
War is war, but business is business. If Beddoe losses, we are flat busted. Hell, yeah, business is business. Don't you stand there, you freaks, go get them! We could end it here, you know. Even?

No, you owe me one.
- Hey, is it over?
- I don't know.

Think I'd buy that while I'm still standing? No.
It's broke.
That's it.
- No, it ain't.
- That's it.
- His arm's broke.
- Philo broke his arm.
Stop this. It doesn't matter.
- It matters to me.
- Beddoe.
We're even.
I owe you.
Come on. Put that spaghetti down.
I knew he would do it.
You get your money's worth.
- Was I out?
- Yeah.
- How long?
- Long enough.
That's it, then.
That's it.
- That was one hell of a fight.
- Better get that arm fixed.
- I think we better get out of here.
- You're right.
He's paying off 30 cents on the dollar.
But he offered us 40 cents
if we promised not to touch him.
- Did you promise?
- Of course.
Good.
Now go back there and kill him.
Hell, Zack, 30 cents on the dollar
isn't gonna pay for the cost of that plane.
It don't matter.
It's worth it to pay for the privilege
of seeing a fight like that.
Sure as hell is.
I should say.
I'm gonna have to call you
on your bloomers, ma'am.
Oh, damn it. Chivalry ain't dead in Texas.
Thank you, ma'am.
- What's the matter, who is it?
- Tony's boys.
What are they coming here for?
- What the hell do you think for?
- Yeah, but they promised.
Come on.
Hurry up. Grab the case. Come on.
Hey, Beekman, I believe you owe us another 70 cents on the dollar.
Come on, get out of the way, you punks.
You really don't know who we are, do you?
Tell him who we are.
We are the Black Widows.
We are feared throughout the land.
- Jim.
- Let's get the hell out of here!
You see how they lit out of here when they found out who we were?
Didn't I tell you I'd make you great?
- But we sure got screwed, man.
- Right, Dallas, we got screwed.
Not quite.
And I'd check that case if I were you.
I got a telegram from Ma in Bakersfield.
She's at another revival meeting.
What are you going to do, you going to head back East?
Yeah, I guess so.
California ain't such a bad place.
Well, I'm not all that wild about it.
But I do like the people.
And the music is great.
Thank you.
What about Beekman?
You going to have any problems with him?
Beekman's the one with a problem.
He can't cover the bets.
- Orville, what do you say?
- I'm staying here in Jackson. Medical care.
I love the place and I love the people.
Right, Clyde?
Right, Clyde.
Hey, Beddoe!
Are you talking to me?
Yeah, I'm talking to you.
We got a little debt to settle.
We do?
$40.
Now, I believe that makes us even.
I believe so.
You know, that was one hell of a fight
you put up over there.
I mean, one hell of a fight.
I understand you boys
had a little scuffle yourself.
Yeah, wasn't half bad.
These things don't look bad
when you get them on straight.
No, they look real good.
You take care, Beddoe.
You do the same.
Let's go.
- Are we rich, Widows?
- We are rich!
What do we have here?
New girlfriend, Clyde?
Very nice, but we may have trouble
getting you this one.
We'll do what we can, boy.
I thought I recognized you
and your hairy friend.
Because of you,
I'm stuck out here in this steam bath.
I'm citing you for speeding
and reckless driving.
What? We were only doing 50.
- I'm impounding this truck for evidence.
- Impounded for what?
Evidence for transporting an animal
without certificates of ownership...
...and certificates of inoculation.
Nobody owns Clyde. He's a free person.
The animal goes to the kennel.
The truck goes to the police yard.
I'll be roasting out in this desert
for three years because of you, Beddoe.
You're going to pay.
Right turn, Clyde.
Onward.