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# Best Men

By Art Edler Brown

As we celebrate the birth  
of our great country...  
...we have the opportunity  
to demonstrate our own independence....  
Hi, honey.  
Yeah. I pretty much just got here.  
Pretty much.  
That's why I'm not in town.  
I'm calling you now. Shit.  
No, I just.... Shit!  
...almost identical,  
with morning lows in the high 70s...  
...and afternoon highs in the upper 90s.  
That's perfect picnic weather  
for this sunny Independence Day.  
-Jesse. Today's the big day.  
-Yep.  
-You gonna get it right this time?  
-I hope so.  
Well, he's done it again.  
Another financial institution...  
...has fallen victim to his theatrics.  
For the latest on this story,  
we go to Cindy Vargas in Cerritos.  
This is the 10th bank in as many months  
to be robbed in this fashion.  
Federal authorities believe these heists...  
...to be the work of a single perpetrator  
and have dubbed him 'Hamlet'...  
...due to the unusual way  
in which he performs.  
It seems he has a flair for Shakespeare...  
...and apparently he's getting  
some rave reviews.  
I ain't no expert on Shakespeare,  
but he was pretty damn good.  
The FBI has traced his ill-gotten gains...  
...to a number of charities  
across the country.  
The search for Hamlet continues.  
For KGAB, this is Cindy Vargas  
reporting live from Cerritos.  
-That'll put some hair on your chest.  
-You oughta pour some over your head.

Go fuck yourself, Billy.  
You get any acting work yet?  
If I ever get desperate,  
I can always become a divorce attorney.  
-Beats the shit out of waiting tables.  
-I'm not a fucking waiter!  
To undying friendship.  
-No.  
-Come on.  
Teddy?  
Yeah, you know what she says  
about liquor with me: 'No.'  
Your dad know you're back in town?  
No, not yet.  
-How is the old bastard?  
-I don't want to talk about him.  
Let's talk about something I care about.  
How long has he been in there, anyways?  
Ask SoI.  
What the hell is that supposed to mean?  
I sleep fine at night, okay?  
I have a clear conscience.  
It's okay, SoI.  
I'm sure he doesn't hold it against you.  
What's three years of a man's life, right?  
There he is.  
Thank you, Cahill.  
That's very sweet of you.  
See you soon.  
Do I know you guys?  
So, you famous yet?  
-I'm working on it.  
-We're working on it.  
-Good to see you.  
-Teddy! Come here.  
How's things?  
-Predictable.  
-Predictable. Buzzard?  
What do you think?  
You got two in the tower  
with Ruger Mini-14s...  
...30-round mags, 5.56-caliber,  
full metal jacket.  
One on the perimeter

with a Remington 870 pump...  
...12-gauge, double-ought buckshot.  
What about you?  
HK, USP, 9-millimeter...  
...and for those special occasions,  
we have a lovely Walther PPK.  
You're packing?  
Could you say it louder?  
I'm not sure the guards heard you.  
That is against the law, okay?  
-I'd rather be tried by 12 than carried by 6.  
-So, please advise him.  
Why don't you give him  
some of your expert legal advice?  
I don't do criminal law anymore.  
-No?  
-Yeah.  
Let's get the fuck outta here.  
-It's still here!  
-Glad I'm not.  
Can't imagine anything worse  
than still living here.  
Try being in a state prison  
for about 1,000 days.  
Jess.  
Yeah?  
I wanted to ask you  
a kinda personal question.  
Can I?  
You want to ask me?  
In prison, how do you keep from getting...  
...butt-fucked?  
-Come on, Teddy!  
-What? I'm curious.  
-You don't, actually.  
-My God.  
No. I mean, it's really not that big a deal.  
I'm serious. I mean, I was like you guys.  
I thought it was something  
I'd never do, but....  
I liked it, you know?  
There were points  
when I was actually craving it.  
You know, I was longing for it.

There's something natural about it.  
Don't tell me you've never at least  
thought about something like this.  
Please! No!  
To be perfectly honest,  
I've had dreams about it.  
-Sure.  
-Yeah, I've had--  
I had one. Not a dream, though.  
It was actual.... Never mind.  
Just an experience, whatever.  
That was before I was with Mary and all.  
Confession time?  
All right. I was out on maneuvers once,  
I was sharing a foxhole with this guy...  
...and he started to come on to me.  
So, I don't know.... I let him blow me.  
If you close your eyes, it's the same thing.  
You don't have to do that.  
You guys all going queer on me?  
I mean, Teddy, that I could understand...  
...but, come on!  
You know, so I,  
you don't have to be a queer...  
...to fuck another man, right?  
What a sucker.  
Assholes. A collection of assholes.  
-To Jesse.  
-To Jess.  
To freedom.  
This place hasn't changed  
since high school.  
You sure you want to  
go through with this, Jess?  
I've never been more sure  
about anything in my life.  
Teddy, I need to get some cash.  
Drop me off at the next corner.  
Can it wait?  
What's the big deal?  
Hope is the big deal. She'll kill me.  
I forgot your wedding present, all right?  
Cash. How touching.  
It's two blocks from the church.

I can make it there  
in less than three minutes.  
-Drop me off, Teddy.  
-Yeah. Okay.  
Pull over for you, okey-dokes.  
-Don't be late, okay?  
-Trust me.  
Go on. After you.  
Okay.  
-Pull over.  
-Why?  
I don't trust him.  
Let's, just wait here for a sec, okay?  
It'll make me feel better.  
Tell you what. I'll go check it out.  
You guys just sit tight.  
-Tell him to hurry up, please.  
-Yeah. Roger that.  
Now we've lost two.  
So, how's Mary?  
She hates me.  
-Come on.  
-I just want to make sure he has one.  
You know, maybe it's just a phase,  
her hating you.  
No, she's pretty much hated me  
from the day I got her pregnant.  
Sure it's yours?  
Am I sure it's mine? Come on.  
She was a virgin when I met her.  
Okay?  
Good friends....  
'How weary, state, flat and unprofitable...  
'...seem to me all the uses of this world!'  
You, sir, down on the floor.  
And you, 'bid the players make haste.'  
Come on, my love, get thee to the vault!  
We must hurry! Let's go!  
-Billy?  
-It's Hamlet.  
-He's back there.  
-He's over there.  
Billy?  
-Sorry!

-Your kingdom will thank you.

Let's go!

'If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

let it be tenable in your silence still;

'And whatsoever else shall hap to-night...

'...give it an understanding, but no tongue:

'I will requite your loves.

'So, fare you well.'

Freeze!

Drop the gun!

Drop the fucking gun or I will drop you!

Goddamn it, Buzz!

-What the fuck are you doing?

-What the fuck does it look like I'm doing?

Will you go in and get those assholes

before they ruin my wedding day?

-Who?

-Buzz.

-Go get them.

-And Billy. Both!

You want me to go get them?

-Hold it! Hold it!

-Jesus.

Don't be a hero, buddy.

Just hand over the gun.

Come on, guys, we gotta--

What the hell are you doing?

-What's going on here?

-Ask Billy.

Holy shit!

-Grab him!

-Get out of the way!

Goddamn it, Teddy!

Please, nobody move.

-Okay, what should we do?

-I don't know.

I know what I'm doing.

-What?

-Shit.

You gotta be kidding me.

You gotta fucking be kidding me!

-What are you guys thinking?

-Obviously we're not, Jess.

No, sorry. I'm getting married today...

...so you guys can just  
handIe this on your own.

SmiE on your way out.

Say ''cheese.''

HoIy fuck!

-Get the tape. BiIIy, go get the tape!

-Come on, BiIIy, move your ass!

-Where is it?

-Where is it usuaIIy?

Excuse me.

The tape deck is in the manager's office...

...behind the picture of RonaId Reagan.

-Come on, BiIIy, get it! Move it!

-How couId you guys do this today, Buzz?

-Wasn't my idea.

-Jesse?

HoId on!

AIi you had to do

was get me from jaiI to the chapeI.

-Jess!

-Just a second, Teddy.

I don't think that tape's  
gonna matter much anymore.

And I don't think we're gonna  
make it to your wedding.

What have we got here, Cuervo?

Four, possibIy five men, armed, in tuxedos.

What?

Bud!

-Any casuaIties?

-None that we know of.

Where's your button?

Must've faIIen off.

Hostages?

Tough to say. 5 to 10 empIoyees...

...couId be as many as  
15 customers in there.

This is not a good time for this.

Is that it?

Not quite. We got a witness

who says one of 'em was taIking funny.

What do you mean?

Sounded Iike Shakespeare.

Sir, I think it's HamIet.



Contact the evening news  
and the Daily Independence...  
...and send it out over the wire.  
I want this on CNN.  
This is a good time for this.  
-Anything else?  
-Yeah. Stay on your toes.  
This Hamlet guy knows what he's doing.  
He's a professional.  
'Trust me'?'  
I'm a free man, you son of a bitch!  
Is this my wedding present?  
-I oughta kill you!  
-Just relax, Jess, all right?  
Do you know what you've done here?  
Do you have any idea at all?  
You weren't even supposed  
to come in here.  
If you'd gone to the church,  
none of this would've happened!  
-That's a moot point now, Billy.  
-It's a what?  
-It doesn't matter anymore. It's too late!  
-Moot.  
Then go, Jess. Go! Get outta here!  
So, you care to explain to Butch Cassidy...  
...how things actually work?  
-I told you, I don't do criminal law.  
-Just induce us, okay?  
-Tell him!  
-Okay. All right. Outside of the obvious...  
...what, armed robbery,  
kidnapping, we have accomplice liability...  
...and probably conspiracy  
to commit a felony.  
-What are you talking about?  
-We are aiding and abetting as we speak.  
Do you understand that? No.  
Look, Jess, I'll take care of this, all right?  
I'll handle it.  
Handle it.  
This is Sheriff Bud Phillips  
of the Sheriff's department.  
You are completely surrounded.

I want to speak to the person in charge.  
You got a name, son?  
BiIIy?  
Hi, dad.  
You stiII there?  
You get your worthIess ass  
out of that bank right now, you hear me?  
-So, how you been, dad?  
-Don't you beIittIe me, you piece of shit!  
I see you're stiII...  
...the same gentIe, Ioving  
father that you aIways were.  
I'II teII you what, you ingrate!  
Get out of there in five minutes, or I'II--  
You'II what?  
Let me expIain something to you, dad!  
I am in charge here!  
I am caIIing the shots!  
You hear me? And I will dictate  
who does what and whenI  
I'II caII you back with my demands.  
And, dad, fuck you!  
-That heIped.  
-Good negotiating skiIIs, BiIIy.  
-Maybe it's true.  
-Maybe the Cubs'II win.  
Let me teII you something.  
That HamIet guy's on  
the FBI's most wanted Iist.  
BiIIy's never been wanted by anyone.  
Sheriff, the press is here.  
Where can I find the sheriff?  
-He's in there, ma'am.  
-Shit.  
Why don't you caII your dad back?  
He'II probabIy Iisten.  
-Fuck him.  
-May I make a suggestion?  
Yeah. By aII means, pIease.  
You might want to reIease  
the two eIderIy Iadies...  
...as a gesture of good faith.  
Speak for yourseIf.  
Jesse ReiIIy?

Hi, Mrs. Johnson.

I thought you were getting married today.

Yeah. I was supposed to.

Excuse me...

...if these fine citizens wish to stay,  
and you're in the releasing phase...

...perhaps you might release me.

That's the mayor.

This is great, Billy.

-You've kidnapped a public official.

-Shit!

Look, everybody just sit tight, all right?

Nobody's going anywhere.

Don't have to. They're coming to us.

Can you get back on the sidewalk?

My no-good son's not playing me

like a puppet in front of these voters.

Billy, get your ass out here!

You're so sure you're a man, why don't

you come out and talk to me like one?

Let's move closer. Right there.

Can't we get any closer?

That about says it all.

-Get them outta here.

-All right, now, move it back.

-Come on.

-Billy.

Billy.

Cuervo.

-Billy.

-Stay close on Billy.

-How are things?

-You know, just same old, same old.

Yeah.

-How's the family?

-Good. Growing up fast.

Jimmy's playing soccer now.

He says he wants to play in the World Cup.

Just let me know when you

two women are done gossiping.

Well...

...wouldn't your mother be proud of you?

Look at me when I'm talking to you.

Who's in there with you?

The usual misfits?  
They had nothing to do with this.  
I'll be the judge of that.  
This is between you and me.  
Why don't you just let them go?  
You've been off in La-La-Land too long.  
You need a reality check, boy,  
and the reality is, I'm in charge!  
I always have been and always will be.  
Charade's over. You come with me.  
I don't think so, all right?  
What are you gonna do,  
shoot your old man?  
You can't even shoot a rabbit.  
I like rabbits.  
You son of a bitch!  
Gun! On the ground!  
Christ!  
Stop firing! Hold your fire!  
Teddy, get back inside!  
Sir, should we storm the bank?  
-Fucking--  
-We're in it now. You know that, right?  
-We're in it.  
-Teddy.  
-What? No.  
-Cover the back.  
-Yeah. I'll cover the back.  
-So I, you watch the front.  
No way. No fuckin' way.  
Attempted murder is as far as I go.  
I'm not participating in this anymore.  
You hear this?  
I'm not involved in this anymore, okay?  
From now on, you consider me a hostage.  
I'll cover it.  
You all right?  
Yeah.  
All right. Pull yourself together.  
I'll hold down the fort.  
Thanks.  
Yeah.  
And much to the horror  
of the crowd and this reporter...

...sheriff and insurgent  
mayoral candidate Bud Phillips...  
...has ruthlessly ordered his men...  
...to open fire on his very own son.  
Billy is believed to be none  
other than Hamlet...  
...who has further frustrated investigators  
by leaving behind an unusual calling card:  
...sizable donations to local orphanages.  
This mockery has landed him  
on the FBI's most-wanted list...  
...and has some calling him  
a modern-day Robin Hood.  
The standoff continues.  
This is Cindy Vargas reporting live  
from Memorial State Bank downtown.  
I'm thinking you should probably  
show me how to use this.  
-Teddy.  
-What?  
-It's not a toy.  
-Yeah.  
Buzz, I was out there with you, okay?  
I was right there with you.  
You know, it's real easy  
for you to be a man...  
...but I....  
This is a moment for me.  
Okay.  
-You got seven in the clip.  
-Check.  
-One in the chamber.  
-Eight.  
Got it.  
Snap the clip in, pull it back...  
...let it slide, and you're ready to go.  
This is the clip release.  
-This is your safety.  
-Yeah. Can I? May I?  
-Sorry.  
-It's okay.  
-Man. I'm liking this. I like that.  
-It's got a nice feel, doesn't it?  
No. I mean this.

Is that bad?  
I must've done something  
reaIIy fucked up...  
...in another life,  
'cause aII I reaIIy ever wanted to do...  
...was just get married and procreate.  
He's hated me since the day I was born.  
Do you ever wanna have kids?  
What?  
Kids. You ever think about kids?  
No.  
I'm not going back.  
Look, Jess....  
I'll get you out of this.  
I promise.  
Sheriff.  
BiIIy's coming out, and he wants to taIk.  
-It's about time.  
-To Cuervo.  
Sir.  
BiIIy!  
Let 'em go!  
You think you couId get us some food  
and something to drink?  
-That couId be arranged.  
-HamIet!  
-I went to schooI with that guy.  
-You don't have to go through with this.  
Yeah, I do.  
He's worried about you.  
You gotta taIk to him, BiIIy.  
HamIet! HamIet!  
HamIet!  
' 'AngeIs and ministers of grace defend us!  
' 'Be thou a spirit of heaIth  
or gobiIn damn'd...  
' '...bring with thee airs from heaven  
or bIasts from heII...  
' '...be thy intents wicked or charitabIe...  
' '...thou comest to me  
in such a questionabIe shape...  
' '...that I wiII speak to thee:  
I'll caII thee HamIet...  
' '...king, father...

'...royal Dane:

'Let me not burst in ignorance;  
but tell why thy canonized bones...

'...hearsed in death,  
have burst their cerements...

'...why the sepulcher,  
wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd...

'...hath oped his ponderous  
and marbled jaws...

'...to cast thee up again.

'Say...

'...why is this?

'Wherefore?

'What should we do?'

Well, I'm thinking we should  
ask for political asylum in...

...Argentina.

What? What do you guys think?

I think you're a schmuck.

You should turn yourselves in  
before somebody gets killed.

First time offenders.

You're looking at three to five.

-Months?

-Years.

If someone dies, then you're looking at life.

Except me.

I'm looking at life no matter what.

Three strikes and you're out, right, so?

Three to five years, what the hell?

I've been in my own little prison  
for the last 10.

It's called marriage.

-No, it doesn't end like this.

-So we need a plan.

What if we asked for a plane?

Fly to Mexico. They don't extradite.

Bill, we're in Independence.

What are we gonna fly out in,  
a crop duster?

What about a bus?

We could take it to Bakersfield  
and try flying out from there.

Dog Day Afternoon.  
They take you out at the airport.  
-I haven't seen it.  
-You got any bright ideas?  
-You heard me, I'm not involved in this.  
-Okay, then shut the fuck up.  
You could get a helicopter...  
...land it on the roof,  
access it through the air ducts...  
...without even going outside.  
Really? And who's gonna fly it?  
I will.  
Who is this guy?  
I guess...  
...I'm what most people  
commonly refer to...  
...as the disgruntled Vietnam vet.  
I suffer from post-traumatic  
stress disorder...  
...occasional bouts of malaria...  
...flashbacks, nightmares.  
I got a steel plate in my ass, I wet the bed.  
I'm convinced that my body  
is being consumed by cancer...  
...which might explain  
my suicidal tendencies, but...  
...I can fly the hell out of a Huey.  
Lt. John G. Coleman...  
...at your disposal.  
'Gonzo' Coleman?  
Where'd you hear that name?  
Holy shit! You gotta be kidding me.  
This guy is a legend.  
Vietnam. '68 to '70.  
He flew over 300 missions  
in those two years.  
23 choppers shot out  
from underneath him, 52 Air Medals...  
...12 Silver Stars, five Purple Hearts...  
...and the Congressional Medal of Honor.  
And you forgot to mention  
dishonorably discharged.  
Actually, it was Section 8.  
Sgt. Buzz Thomas,



US Army Special Forces.  
It's a privilege.  
No shit? Green Beret?  
So what are you doing out of uniform?  
Also dishonorably discharged.  
-Buzz?  
-It's a long story.  
How do you know so much  
about this bank?  
I've been casing this place for months.  
I was gonna rob it myself,  
except that your buddy over here...  
...got through the door first.

**Life:**

Or a comedy of errors.  
They want a chopper.  
For Christ's sakes.  
Sir.  
Bakersfield PD wants to know  
if they can get in on the action.  
I guess it's a little slow over there.  
Tell them to mind their goddamn business.  
What do you want me to tell him?  
Don't tell him anything.  
I've got some thinking to do.  
Sir, I think you better take a look at this.  
Jesse, I think you better  
take a look at this.  
Let go of me!  
-Let me go!  
-We can't let you in there.  
Leave her alone!  
Let me go!  
Teddy! Teddy!  
Teddy PoIack!  
Get in here!  
Buzz, did you see?  
Billy? Did anybody see that?  
Were you watching?  
You hear them?  
Listen. That's me. I'm Teddy.  
My God. I'm a fuckin' hero.  
I hope my wife is watching this.

-Are you okay?  
-Yeah, I'm fine.  
-Are you sure?  
-Yeah, sweetheart, I'm okay.  
ReaIIy?  
Three fucking years!  
I feeI Iike such a fooI.  
Ain't Iove grand?  
This is our wedding day.  
-We're supposed to be together.  
-Hope....  
I am so disappointed in you!  
Honey...  
...I'm sorry.  
Sheriff...  
...is the bride some sort  
of accompIice in this?  
No comment.  
Does HamIet's mother have  
anything to do with this?  
-No comment.  
-Sheriff PhiIIips, do you Iove your son?  
-Come on, Iet's go.  
-Sheriff PhiIIips?  
How can this get any worse?  
Sheriff, the FBI just puIIed up.  
Just stay back.  
Who's in charge of this circus?  
I am.  
-Chief Bud PhiIIips.  
-I'm Agent Hoover. No reIation.  
-This is Agent Carter.  
-Coffee?  
Caffeine makes me edgy.  
So what's the poop?  
The poop is we've got  
five armed men in tuxedoes...  
...and 11 hostages.  
HamIet works aIone.  
Seems Iike he picked up  
some merry men aIong the way.  
AbIe to ID any of them?  
Three so far.  
Buzz Thomas, Teddy PoIIack,

and BiIIy PhiIIips.

PhiIIips?

-Any reIation?

-Perhaps an inbred cousin?

He's my son.

So what are they demanding?

More aIIowance?

-They want a chopper.

-So give it to 'em.

-On whose authority?

-Mine.

ReIax. Big Brother's here.

You Iisten to me, you Ivy-League pricks.

This is my town,

and that's my son in there.

No, you Iisten to me, daddy.

This is officiaIIy under my jurisdiction,  
and any time I want...

...I can and wiII take over this operation.

Make no mistake...

...this isn't Much Ado About Nothing.

I want HamIet.

Jerry and I, God rest his souI,

used to fight just Iike you two.

One morning we were going at it....

Funny, I can't even remember

what it was about...

...but I wasn't gonna give in.

Neither was he. So I toId him....

'I have nothing more to say to you.

'You just get on out of here.'

How sad. Did he Ieave you?

He stormed out the door,

and he was so busy cussing me out...

...that he waIked right in front

of a Greyhound bus.

SpIattered him aII over my azaIeas.

Do you Iove him, honey?

More than anything.

More than anything in the worId.

Then don't waste time.

You never know how much you got Ieft.

Honey? Hi.

Are you watching?

Yeah.  
No, you don't understand.  
You don't.... Why?  
I know, but why should I?  
Because you say so?  
Actually, I've got a little news for you...  
...baby.  
The days of you ''saying so''...  
...are over, okay?  
I'm not turning myself in.  
I'm sorry. What?  
What has gotten into me? Okay.  
Yeah, what has gotten into me?  
Maybe something called life. Life!  
No, you listen!  
For the first time  
in my miserable, mundane...  
...candy-assed fucking existence...  
...I'm having a little bit of fun...  
...and you're not gonna  
fucking spoil it, get it?  
Got it? Fucking good!  
-How's it going?  
-The same.  
So, I take it they found out.  
What?  
You know what I mean.  
Be all you can be, but don't be queer.  
What are you talking about?  
I'm talking about your gender preference.  
I think one of those bullets  
must have bounced off your head.  
Yeah? Look me in the eye,  
and tell me I'm wrong.  
You're full of shit.  
Am I?  
''This above all,'' Buzz.  
''To thine own self be true...  
''...and it must follow,  
as the night the day...  
''...thou canst not then  
be false to any man.''  
I don't understand a word you just said.  
Decaf, right?

You ever have one of those days...  
...where you just wanna  
mow down the whole fucking crowd?  
No.  
You're young. Give it time.  
Where are the snipers I ordered?  
ATF will be here within the hour.  
-Chopper?  
-Gassed and ready.  
I want you to position the shooters  
on the roof of that bank...  
...and on the building across the street.  
We'll bring the chopper in at daybreak,  
and set it down over there.  
When they move,  
the sun will be in their eyes...  
...and we'll have them in a crossfire.  
No one will know who did the shooting.  
What about the hostages?  
It's a tragedy, Carter.  
God!  
God, I used to get off on it, man.  
The adrenaline rush.  
Mission after mission,  
I could not get enough.  
And then one day...  
...I dropped my first hit of acid...  
...and it all came clear.  
I took a good look at what we were doing.  
I said it was wrong, so I grounded myself.  
And the only reason  
that I am not in Leavenworth...  
...is because it would have been  
somewhat embarrassing...  
...for the army to admit  
their most celebrated copter jockey...  
...suddenly developed a moral conscience.  
So they gave me Section 8  
and sent me home.  
So what's your sad story?  
I...  
...wasn't exactly in accordance...  
...with standard military procedures.  
A rebel?

I guess you could say that.  
I was deemed inappropriate  
for this man's army.  
All I ever wanted to be was a soldier...  
...to serve my country...  
...to wear that uniform.  
And they took all that away from me.  
Let me tell you something, Sergeant.  
A uniform does not make a soldier.  
A soldier is someone  
who is willing to stand up...  
...and fight for what he believes in,  
be it his God...  
...his country, or his friends.  
And it does not matter  
if you are black, white...  
...red, yellow, male, female...  
...straight, or gay.  
We all bleed the same.  
I was sure that I had run down  
every single possible scenario...  
...of what could have gone wrong today,  
but this one wins the prize.  
Hope, you have to believe me.  
I didn't know what was gonna go on  
when I walked in the door.  
I know that.  
It doesn't make it any easier, but I know.  
You still, you shouldn't have come in here.  
What was I supposed to do?  
Wait at the altar?  
Catch you on television?  
Wait to find out if you were....  
I love you.  
I had to come.  
But you don't have to stay here. You can't.  
You know,  
screwing up my life is one thing...  
...but I'm really tired of screwing up yours.  
You need to move on to something better.  
To someone better.  
Hope....  
I'm letting you go.  
Really?

Yeah.  
That is so...  
...maIe!  
'I'm letting you go.'  
If I could've let you go,  
I would've let you go a long time ago.  
Let's get something straight.  
I'm not going anywhere.  
'Till death do us part'...  
...and I think that you should  
just drop the macho shit.  
If that's really the way you feel,  
then I don't think...  
...that you leave me any other choice.  
-How many birds you got available?  
-They want a priest.  
-Christ! Is somebody dead?  
-No. Somebody wants to get married.  
-Absolutely not.  
-Give it to them.  
-What?  
-You heard the man.  
-He said, 'Give it to them.'  
-And I said no.  
I'd be the laughingstock of the country.  
-Are you challenging me?  
-I just think--  
I don't give a shit  
what you think, John Boy.  
Go set it up, Carter.  
-No, it's no problem.  
-SoI.  
-Could I meet you in there?  
-Sure.  
I know what you're gonna say.  
What a selfish little bastard I am.  
Only looking out for my own skin.  
I don't care about anyone  
or anything but myself, right?  
Actually, I was gonna ask you  
to stand up with Jesse...  
...instead of standing with the hostages.  
Come on, Hope.  
He didn't even invite me. You did.

Yes, and you didn't steal the ring. He did.  
You can't keep blaming yourself  
for his mistakes.  
No, but I can for mine.  
Look, I'm the one who refused  
to plea bargain...  
...I'm the one who took it to trial,  
I'm the one who lost.  
What plea bargain?  
That's right.  
I didn't tell him. Do you get the picture?  
I wanted to go to trial and prove myself,  
so I didn't tell him.  
I didn't tell anybody.  
Jesus, Hope, I took his life away.  
I took your life away.  
So...  
...how you feel about me now?  
Like forgiving you.  
Who gives this bride away?  
I will. Jerome Willie Mays Johnson.  
My dad was a Giants fan.  
Thank you.  
Gentlemen, we are gathered  
in the house of the Lord.  
It's not appropriate to be brandishing  
weaponry during the ceremony.  
We're in a bank.  
We're in the presence of the Lord...  
...we'll be reciting the words  
of Jesus Christ, our Savior...  
...and they make me nervous.  
In circumstances such as these...  
...I like to start by reading  
from the Scriptures.  
Let us pray.  
'As the apostles gathered around him...  
'...Jesus looked upon them  
with great sorrow...  
'...for he knew that one of them  
would betray him.  
'He stood before them  
as both judge and jury.  
'And with a heart full of forgiveness,



said....''

Freeze!

Medic!

Do it, I swear to God, I'll kill you.

You wouldn't shoot a man of the cloth,  
would you?

I'm Jewish.

-Who the hell fired those shots?

-Relax, pops.

-We just eliminated the problem for you.

-The priest was one of ours.

This hurts. It fucking hurts!

Got yourself a million-dollar  
wound here, soldier.

-You're going stateside.

-It hurts!

-Hang in there. You're gonna make it.

-No. Take me out, Billy. Just take me out.

I'm a wounded horse.

I can't race anymore.

You'll never get out of here alive,

Mr. Green Beret.

Or should I say Pink Beret?

We know all about you.

You know what they do to boys like you....

-It hurts!

-Come on. Hang in there, Teddy.

-You're gonna be okay. I promise.

-We gotta get him out.

No, I'm not going out.

You know what? Actually, I am fine.

I am fine. I feel fine.

Teddy, if you don't go, you're gonna die.

Buzz, I'm not gonna give myself up.

I'm not a coward.

Now, you listen to me!

I've seen people die.

And the one thing I've learned is,

it takes a hell of a lot more courage to live.

That's it. Sing.

That's it. Just keep singing.

Stand back!

-Put your foot down.

-Yeah. No.

You know what? I'll do it. I'll take it.  
-I'm okay.  
-You sure?  
Yeah, I'm gonna take it.  
Just take little baby steps.  
I'm not a coward, see? I'm not a coward.  
-Are you rolling?  
-Okay.  
Move!  
I got him.  
-Strap him.  
-Standing by.  
Easy does it.  
-Teddy, who did this to you?  
-I'm Teddy.  
-Who's responsible for this?  
-My name's Teddy.  
Congratulations.  
You just created a martyr.  
Was that your first buddy to go down?  
There's gonna be more.  
This place is crawling with VC.  
We came in low, man.  
Thirty minutes before dawn,  
nap of the earth...  
...cracking branches off our skids.  
And the LZ was so hot,  
it scorched the hair on my balls.  
You should have set up your claymores.  
There's always gooks in the wire.  
Are you okay?  
Yeah.  
They need you.  
I don't want to lose him again.  
Teddy Pollack was admitted  
to County General...  
...and is listed in critical  
but stable condition.  
I don't know what the fuss is all about.  
Think they'd be used to  
shotgun weddings around here.  
You think that's funny?  
I went to high school with him.  
How touching.

Share your first sheep, too?  
Carter! What are you doing?  
Come on! Knock it off!  
I'm coming out. I want a face-to-face.  
Anyone takes a shot at me,  
you're the second one to die.  
All right, listen up!  
I am officially taking over this operation.  
Any attempt to interfere  
will be met with swift, severe punishment.  
And if you so much as fart  
in my general direction...  
...I'll have you shot.  
Sit next to me.  
Just to remind you,  
he's a Green Beret, and he won't miss.  
I'm listening.  
-We want a bus.  
-I thought you wanted a chopper.  
We want it parked out front,  
windows tinted, tank full of gas.  
Just slow down. You give me something...  
...I'll give you something.  
That's how it works.  
-The priest.  
-He's still alive?  
Too bad.  
FeIony murder gives me a hard-on,  
but the night is young.  
-One of the hostages.  
-Leaves me limp.  
-Why don't you tell me what you want?  
-It's not what I want...  
...it's who I want.  
Do we have a deal?  
I'm stiff as a board.  
Charming.  
Stand up with me. Move to your left.  
Stop.  
-What do we do now?  
-We poison the sword.  
-He stays.  
-And you let me hear from you.  
I'll try. Thank you so much.

-Good-bye.

-Good-bye.

Thank you for talking to her.

You be good to yourself, you hear?

-You, too.

-Take care.

I've been ordered out of here, Sergeant...

...but I would consider it an honor...

...if you were to wear this into battle.

Battle? Hell, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

Just don't let those sons of bitches win.

You're all gonna die.

Mayor Boar, will you make a statement?

I did everything I could

to keep the situation calm in there.

-The others are still in there.

-Yeah. They were really nice.

Get back, please.

You can count on me!

Right here! One more shot!

Stand back.

Look, we know he's the fifth perp.

You mean, is he in the bank?

-Yeah.

-No.

Come on.

He was released this morning,

his wedding was today...

...and a woman in a wedding dress

ran into the bank this afternoon.

What was she doing, making a deposit?

What about you?

I suppose you don't know him?

No, I know who that is.

That's Jesse Reilly.

I've known him since he was in diapers.

Okay.

But he's not in that bank.

This town is really starting to piss me off.

They grow up fast, don't they, Bud?

Yep.

Before you know it, they're robbing banks.

How's that Hamlet story end, anyway?

Where do you think you're going?

-I'm gonna go talk to my son.  
-I can't let you go in there.  
You're just gonna have to  
shoot me in the back.  
BiIIy!  
HamIet!  
How can we end this?  
What do you want from me?  
You reaIIy don't know, do you?  
I want you to pIay catch with me.  
I want you to heIp me with my homework.  
I want you to rouse me out of bed

**at 5:**

I want you to have a beer with me  
and talk about girIs.  
But, most of aII, I want you to teII me  
that it wasn't my fauIt.  
What wasn't your fauIt?  
Come on, dad.  
You can't even look at me  
without seeing her.  
-Leave her out of this.  
-I won't leave her out of this.  
AII we ever did was leave her out.  
Jesus Christ, you....  
I don't know a thing about her.  
I don't know what kind of woman she was.  
I don't know what made her laugh,  
what made her cry.  
I don't know what kind  
of ice cream she Iiked.  
I don't even know what  
coIor her eyes were.  
I don't know a thing about my mother.  
Except that you bIame me for her death.  
I Iost her, too, dad.  
But I didn't kiII her.  
Green.  
She had the most beautifui  
green eyes I'd ever seen.  
Green as spring grass.  
A scoop of Rocky Road  
on top of orange sherbet.

I'd like to say...  
...I did the best I could, Billy...  
...but, son...  
...I was lost without her.  
I brought you up the only way I knew how.  
Can I ask you something?  
Why Hamlet?  
'But yet I do believe  
the origin and commencement...  
'...of his grief sprung from neglected love.'  
Because he wanted a father...  
...not a ghost.  
Hi, Buzz. I just wanted to look at this.  
No.  
-But it--  
-It's okay.  
-It's soaked through.  
-I know.  
I just wanted to thank you  
for being such a good friend.  
Thank you.  
What's this?  
A gift.  
The bus is here.  
A bus? I thought that wasn't a good idea.  
We're not going to Bakersfield.  
This is Agent Carter.  
Showtime.  
And, boys...  
...the most kills gets a trip to Disneyland.  
Shit.  
Can't identify the target, sir.  
Okay, stay together. Stay together.  
You have a green light. Take it.  
Negative, base, it's red.  
Goddamn it, they are not to reach that bus.  
Tight. Keep it tight.  
Take the shot.  
Target is not clear.  
All right.  
What's going on?  
Sol Jacobs.  
You owe me.  
What's he talking about?

SoI?

I had to cut a deal.

-One of us has to stay.

-What?

What kind of deal is that?

It's the best I could do  
under the circumstances, Buzz.

Shit.

-I'll go.

-No, Billy. I'm going.

-It's me he wants.

-Fuck this! No one is getting off this bus.

This bus isn't moving unless I get off.

Do you understand?

-SoI.

-Please.

Let me do this for you, okay?

Sol Jacobs.

Don't give up your day job.

I won't.

-You take good care of her, okay?

-I will, buddy.

Thanks.

Come here.

I always wanted to do that.

L'Chaim.

Have a margarita on me.

Give them hell, Counselor.

Shit.

-Move the cars.

-Give me Hamlet.

Change of plans. You get me instead.

How noble.

Willing to sacrifice

yourself for your friends.

What can I say? Friendship runs deep.

-Now, move the goddamn cars.

-I guess I overestimated your intelligence.

You didn't actually think

I was going to let that bus leave, did you?

Actually, I didn't.

-What the hell is he doing?

-I have no idea.

Come on, man,

don't make me say some cliche line, okay?

-No.

-Come on, come on.

Shit!

-Move, move!

-Hit it.

-We should wait.

-Stay right there.

Hit it.

Get the hell out of here!

To the left. A little more.

Stand over here. Move with me.

-Buzz, come on!

-We can't leave him!

Come on, goddamn it! Go!

Bingo.

Shit!

Stop that bus!

That son of a bitch!

Hold on!

What are you doing? Move that car!

Up yours.

Go, Billy! God damn you! Go!

Come on, guys. Let's go.

I'm gonna take him out

if it's the last thing I do.

This is from Sol.

I, Sol Jacobs, being of not so sound mind  
for getting caught up in this mess...

...and obviously not of sound body,  
I'm dead...

...do hereby declare this  
my last will and testament.

I bequeath everything I have  
to my friend Jesse Reilly.

I don't know what three years  
of a man's life is worth...

...but one thing I do know...

...is that life itself ain't  
worth much without love.

I guess that makes you  
one of the richest men I know.

I love you, Jesse...

...at least as much as a man



can love another man...  
...without being gay. Sorry, Buzz.  
As for you other guys,  
your legal fees far exceed...  
...anything I have left to give to you.  
So, I bequeath to you  
my eternal friendship.  
I do have one final request.  
Remember me.  
How about an interview?  
What?  
Do you have anything to say to America?  
'To thine own self be true.'  
What?  
I'm a Green Beret, I love my country...  
...and I'm gay.  
-Let's go. Move it.  
-I'm trying.  
All right, I'm sick of this shit.  
Car!  
Jesus.  
Why don't you  
smoke crack while you're at it?  
No turning back now.  
You guys, they're getting closer.  
Come on, baby! Come on!  
We gotta do something.  
Turn here.  
-What?  
-Just do it!  
Shit! They jumped the goddamn ramp.  
We got 'em now.  
There's no exit on that road until Castaic.  
This is Hoover.  
Suspects are on Highway 91.  
Set up the roadblock at Old Mill Road.  
We'll cut them off at the pass.  
What the fuck was that?  
Red Dog 1, this is Gonzo.  
We have our boys in sight.  
Gonna pick a few chickens  
before the wolves get here.  
I want my snipers lining  
the entire perimeter.

-Is that clear?  
-Yes, sir.  
I want snipers up in the tree lines.  
The rest,  
position yourselves around these cars.  
-What's he doing?  
-Come on, we gotta climb onboard.  
-That's crazy.  
-You got a better idea?  
Come on.  
Come on, let's go!  
Come on! We're running out of time!  
-Be careful!  
-All right, climb up. Come on.  
Bring it in here!  
Hope, come on up!  
Come on! You got it!  
Shit!  
-Jesse, hang on!  
-I'm okay!  
Climb on up, Hope!  
Hope.  
-What the hell was that?  
-I don't know.  
-Okay.  
-Grab his hand.  
Hope, come on!  
Take my hand!  
Red Dog 1, got hooks on the wire.  
Closer!  
-Grab for it! Come on!  
-I'm trying!  
-Okay.  
-Go!  
Hold on!  
Why are we slowing down?  
They rigged the fucking gauge.  
I gotta get them out of here.  
Come on! Billy, let's go!  
Take the money!  
-What are you doing?  
-Take it!  
Go!  
Come on, Billy!

-There's not enough time!  
-BuIIshit! Come on!  
Red Dog 1, I am taking fire.  
Go!  
BiIIy, get them out of here!  
Go! Live Iong and procreate!  
Red Dog 1...  
...we are headed for the border.  
-What is that?  
-It's our wedding present.  
Stay cool, you guys.  
Good Iuck, you aII.  
See ya.  
We got a caII from Pursuit.  
The hostages are recovered unharmed.  
Good. They're aII mine now.  
When they come around the bend...  
...I want the driver  
and their tires taken out.  
Standard procedure--  
I don't give a fuck about procedure  
and don't have time for insubordination.  
Now, Iock and Ioad.  
Yes, sir.  
'To be, or not to be:  
'That is the question:  
'Whether 'tis nobIer in the mind to suffer...  
'...the sIings and arrows  
of outrageous fortune...  
'...or to take arms  
against a sea of troubles...  
'...and by opposing end them?  
  
**'To die:**  
'No more;  
'And by a sIeep to say  
we end the heart-ache...  
'...and the thousand naturaI shocks  
that fIesh is heir to...  
'...'tis a consummation  
devoutIy to be wish'd.  
'To die;  
'To sIeep;  
'Perchance to dream:

'Ay, there's the rub;  
'For in that sleep of death  
what dreams may come...  
'...when we have shuffled off  
this mortal coil must give us pause.  
'Who would fardels bear,  
to grunt and sweat under a weary life...  
'...but that the dread  
of something after death...  
'...the undiscover'd country...  
'...from whose bourn no traveler returns,  
puzzles the will...  
'...and makes us rather  
bear those ills we have...  
'...than fly to others that we know not of?  
'Thus conscience does make  
cowards of us all.'  
On my order, Carter.  
'Be all my sins remember'd.'  
A little closer.  
And....  
Now.  
So much for that margarita.  
How many you got left?  
One.  
Yeah.  
Me, too.  
That's all it takes.  
Yeah.  
Thanks.  
Cease fire!  
They're down, sir.  
Sir?  
SoI!  
Stay out of the water!  
Come here, you.  
Hi, baby.