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# Beyond the Law

By Larry Ferguson

Morning, Harold.  
You're still alive ?  
[ gunshot ]  
[ shouting ]  
[ siren wailing ]  
You look like hell, Slick.  
Have a rough night ?  
Dispatch said there were shots fired.  
Crazy bastard in the rocks.  
Chucked a couple of shots  
at the dozer.  
He almost killed me.  
Who is he ?  
An old Apache.  
They call him Bogus Charlie.  
Thinks he's a medicine man.  
Says we're rapin' his mother  
by pokin' holes in the earth.  
You got any ideas ?  
Well, he's only shot at the dozer,  
but he could change his mind.  
I had to call in the state police.  
They'll be here any minute now.  
What the hell are you doing ?  
Takin' a walk.  
That's fuckin' nuts.  
Maybe.  
Hey, Roy ? You better get  
the hell outta here.  
[ cocking rifle hammer ]  
How ya doin' ?  
Never better.  
You know, I was thinkin'.  
If you gave me that rifle and offered  
to pay for the damage,  
I could say you were out here hunting  
and hit the equipment by mistake.  
You want jerky ?  
We don't have time. The state cops  
will be here in a few minutes.  
- So if you'll just give me that rifle.  
- Sit down.  
Whatever you say.  
You don't look so good, kid.

Something bothering you,  
something inside, right ?  
Are you gonna  
give me the rifle ?  
You know, my grandfather  
told me a story once...  
About a young brave  
who got scared of his shadow...  
and ran away from it.  
Look--  
I told you, sit still.  
Anyway,  
This young brave found out he was  
only half a person without his shadow,  
but to get it back...  
he had to go down into a dark hole  
where only shadows live.  
Problem was,  
anybody went down there...  
never came back.  
[ sirens wailing ]  
You've just run  
out of time, old man.  
If you give me the rifle right now,  
we can still keep you out of jail.  
Somethin' else  
my grandfather told me...  
a true Apache had to do  
when surrounded...  
and outnumbered by crazy white men.  
- What's that ?  
Give the fuck up.  
So, you gonna tell me  
what's bothering you ?  
Nah. I just haven't been  
able to sleep much lately.  
Kelly, ain't it ?  
I know it is. Been on you like  
shit on a shovel.  
- You oughta be more careful around him.  
- He's an asshole.  
But he is the fucking boss.  
There.  
- What the hell is this ?

- Well, open it up, find out.  
- You wrap this yourself, Butch ?  
- Sure did.  
I guess I'll have to keep it,  
whatever the hell it is.  
I had that when I was a little kid.  
Thought it might cheer you up  
if you played with it for a while.  
You're a very strange and crazy  
old man, you know that ?  
I do.  
I sure know that.  
[ beeping ]  
Gotta go.  
Why don't you lay out, turn  
the radio off and get some rest.  
I'll cover for you, Slick.  
- That's what partners are for.  
- Thanks, Butch.  
Adios.  
[ man ] You son of a bitch.  
You're just like your mother.  
[ crying ]  
It's in your fuckin' blood !  
[ voice echoing ]  
[ sighing ]  
[ siren wailing ]  
[ police radio, indistinct ]  
Why did you stop me ?  
Huh ?  
Why did you stop me ?  
For speeding.  
- I wasn't speeding.  
- Yes, you were.  
- No, I wasn't.  
- I'm afraid you were.  
May I see your license, please ?  
You have a nice face.  
- Excuse me ?  
- Good bones.  
Where you goin' in such a hurry,  
miss Jackson ?  
- What difference does that make ?  
- I'll ask the questions, okay ?

Okay. I'm going to the campground.

- All this photo equipment yours ?

- Of course not.

That's why I'm carrying it  
around with me.

- You don't have to be a complete smart ass.

- You gonna write me a ticket ?

Get outta here !

Now !

This is car number 50.

[ chuckling ]

We'll take care of all the  
damages, plus ten percent.

And, um, put a little somethin' extra  
in there for you, Kelly.

Hoo, hoo, hoo, yeah !

You did !

[ laughing ]

- I appreciate that, man, I really do.

- I know you do.

Now if there's anything else

we can do for ya,  
anything at all.

- Aw, forget it.

You're in my fuckin' way.

Who in the hell was that ?

His name's Blood.

He runs that bunch.

- I got a bone to pick with you, Saxon.

- That's a surprise.

I heard about

what you did this morning.

Where do you get off riskin' your ass  
over some worthless, drunken Indian ?

- He wasn't drunk.

- All indians are nothin' but drunks, tit-head.

Look at me when I'm talkin' to you.

You fuckin'...

crazy, stupid son of a bitch !

- You're fuckin' fired.

- Bob, don't do that.

Shut the fuck up, Butch, or I'll fire your ass too !

Is that what you want ?

- That's your call, sir.

- You're damn right !

Come on.

[ knock at door ]

- Yeah ?

- I'm Conroy Price, Mr. Saxon.

Special investigator of division  
Arizona attorney general's office.

I have a proposition for you.

- Does this turtle ever move ?

- What do you want, Price ?

I'm forming an undercover  
narcotics operation.

- I'm lookin' for a field officer. You're the man I need.

- How do you figure that ?

I know everything

there is to know about you.

Really ?

Dan Saxon isn't your real name.

You were born William Patrick Steiner  
in Manhattan on June 24, 1966.

Your father was a pipe fitter.

Your mother was a full-blooded  
chippewa Indian.

You were orphaned when you were 3 and  
raised by your maternal uncle, a policeman.

Shall I go on ?

Who the hell are you ?

I told you. I'm with  
the attorney general's office.

Let me give you my card.

I'll put it right here.

I'll go on.

Because she was a native american,  
your uncle hated your mother.

He locked you in a room, handcuffed you  
and beat you for the next three years.

When you were six years old,  
you somehow got his gun...

and shot him through the heart six times.

Six times.

Hmm.

A court-appointed psychiatrist testified you  
have no memory of how it happened.

"Severe emotional trauma,"

he called it.  
You know what you did.  
You just can't remember doing it.  
How did you find out ?  
I can't tell you that,  
but it was no easy task.  
The judge sealed your records  
when you were adopted.  
I'm curious about one thing.  
Why become a policeman ?  
That's a strange thing to do  
under the circumstances,  
don't you think ?  
Then again, maybe not.  
What I think... is you better get  
the hell out of here.  
- Let me finish.  
- You gonna leave or do I throw you out ?  
I can find my own way out.  
Will you think about it ?  
I don't want your goddamn job.  
Maybe not. But I think you need it.  
Something tells me you have some  
unfinished business with a blue uniform.  
Get the fuck outta here !  
[ Price ] I knew you'd change your mind.  
[ Saxon ] Well, you ever mention my past  
again, I'll fuckin' kill you.  
- Done.  
- Where do we start ?  
Here's \$20,000. Sign the receipt.  
When you make a buy, I'll give you more.  
Also, instructions on tagging evidence,  
drop point procedures...  
And some numbers  
where I can be reached.  
Memorize and destroy them.  
When you wanna see me, we meet here.  
And nobody knows  
you're undercover but me.  
- I mean NOBODY.  
- I'm gonna have to move.  
I'll rent you a place in Phoenix. Grow  
a mustache and change your appearance.

You're an ex-cop. If anybody recognizes you,  
they'll kill you on spec.

- Would you miss me, Price ?

- You can forget the jokes. I have no sense of humor.  
I never have.

I tried several times to develop one.

Even took a workshop. But it didn't work.

- Put quite simply, nothing is funny to me.

- That's funny.

Here's a list of all the bars and  
known hangouts for the drug trade.

I want you to make yourself seen,  
spend some money.

Do whatever's necessary to get people  
to trust you, short of committing a felony.

Do that and the whole operation  
goes out the window.

- Now before we go on, there's something  
I have to tell you... - What ?

My predecessor sent two undercover  
officers into Gila county last year.

Both disappeared without a trace.

Like they were swallowed up  
by some black hole.

It's important you know  
what you're up against.

[ "Hell's Kitchen" by Asphalt Ballet ]

[ laughing ]

[ laughing ]

Name's Virgil.

Gonna get shit-faced if you  
keep drinkin' that fast, man.

I hope so.

You know, I couldn't help but notice  
how much money you're draggin' around.

I need it to buy dope.

Oh. You know, I figured you  
for a dealer right off.

Listen--

Wrong, Virgil.

I'm an undercover  
narcotics officer.

[ laughing ]

Get the fuck outta here.



You're a narc ?  
Well, if you was narc--  
And I'm not sayin'  
that you are--  
But, uh, if you was, you could get your ass  
dusted for talkin' about it.  
Well, what the hell's the difference ?  
I'm a bust.  
Nobody will sell dope  
to me anyways.  
That's because of the way you look, man.  
I mean, look at you.  
If you came up to me and tried to buy dope,  
I'd peg you for a narc.  
A minute ago, you said I looked like a dealer.  
Fuck you, asshole.  
I was trying to be polite.  
If I was a narc and I wanted to get  
into some serious drugs,  
I'd hang with bikers.  
Bikers control all the heavy dope.  
I don't know shit about bikers.  
I could teach ya. Well, I ain't like  
a member or nothin',  
but, uh, they need me.  
I work on their bikes.  
There ain't nothin' about a scooter  
ahat I can't fix.  
Hell, when I got through with you,  
you'd walk, talk and shit like a biker.  
Why the hell would you do that ?  
Listen, man.  
Now this is strictly confidential.  
- But I've always wanted to be cop.  
- Come on.  
No, really, man.  
You know what I mean ?  
Carrying a fuckin' gun, arrestin' people.  
That's power. Hell, you could even  
make me your deputy or somethin'.  
Couldn't you ?  
- Raise your right hand, Virgil.  
- I do.  
Not yet, asshole.

- We got a whole ceremony to do first.

- Sorry, man.

Do you solemnly swear  
to take all of my orders...

never shoot anybody

or carry a gun ?

- Wait a minute, man.

- No guns, Virgil.

Any shooting needs done,

I'll handle it.

I'm the narc.

You're the fuckin' deputy.

That ain't fair ! How can I arrest anybody  
if I haven't got a gun ?

- Do you swear or not ?

- Yeah, I-I-I guess so, man.

Good.

Then it is with all  
the power in my office...  
that I now pronounce you...  
deputy sheriff.

Oh, man.

This is somethin'.

This is really somethin'.

- Are you sure you're a cop ?

- Where do we start ?

Modest beginnings start  
with a single blow of a horn, man.

Now, when you get through  
with this thing,  
every dick-head in the world's  
gonna wanna own it.

Do you know anything at all about  
the internal combustion engine ?

[ "Working On It " by Chris Rea ]

Get working

Work, work, work

I got eight little fingers

And only two thumbs

But they lead me at least

While I get the job done

Work, work, work

Can't ya see I'm workin'

Work, work, work

Ooh, ooh  
I'm workin' on it  
Yeah  
Ooh-oooh  
I'm workin' on it  
Work, work, work  
Well, they're comin' from above me  
And they're comin' from below  
Work, work, work  
Yeah, they're in there right behind me  
Everywhere that I go  
Work, work, work  
And my buddy, he's screamin'  
Down the telephone line  
He say gimme, gimme, gimme  
Say I ain't got the time  
Ooh, ooh  
Oh, no  
Can't ya see I'm workin' on it  
Work, work, work  
Ooh, ooh  
I'm workin' on it  
Yeah, yeah  
Go tell 'em  
[ Virgil ] There's all different  
kind of bikers, man.  
And then there are Jackals.  
Jackals is the fuckin' cream.  
You don't gotta be a rocket scientist  
to get close to 'em.  
They only got a few rules.  
But most important is stompin'.  
Stompin' means somebody hits a Jackal,  
he's gonna have 30 of 'em on his neck.  
A dude asks a Jackal  
to get outta his house,  
he's gonna come back with an army  
and stomp the bastard to death.  
I know this town  
Has got the best of me  
I'll tell you why  
Well, they're comin' from above me  
And they're comin' from below  
They're in there right behind me

Everywhere that I go  
My buddy's screamin'  
Down the telephone line  
He said gimme, gimme, gimme  
Said I ain't got the time no  
Ooh, ooh  
Oh, no  
Can't ya see  
I'm workin'  
Yeah  
Ooh, ooh  
I'm workin' on it  
[ Virgil ] That is one hell of a scooter, dude.  
Climb on the fucker.  
See if it works.  
- Really ?  
- Really.  
[ engine sputtering ]  
[ engine hisses, stops ]  
[ engine revving ]  
Yes !  
[ engine revving ]  
[ laughing ]  
Ta-da ! These are  
your fuckin' colors, man.  
- My fuckin' what ?  
- Your colors.  
A biker will fight ya to the death  
if you rat-fuck his colors.  
It's the name of your club.  
You are a member of the Pythons.  
I made it up myself,  
but who the fuck's gonna know ?  
[ chuckles ]  
Come here, come here.  
You see this little one percent ?  
This means that you are a member...  
of the totally zoned-out, fucked-up,  
bad-ass, outlaw motorcycle brotherhood.  
And this little space right here.  
That's where your name goes.  
Now what do you wanna call yourself ?  
Bikers all got nicknames.  
How about if I call myself... Sid ?

- Sid. Sidney ?  
- Yeah. Sid.  
- Not fuckin' Sidney. Sid.  
- Sid. Sid. Sid.  
I like it. It's great. Fuckin' great.  
Here. Put it on. Try it on.  
- Nope, nope.  
- What ?  
Well, you're not dirty enough.  
You're not crazy enough.  
I'm gettin' really fuckin' tired  
of hearing you say that.  
Yeah ? Well, being tired  
is a lot better than being dead, man.  
I just made that up too.  
[ laughing ]  
[ dog barking ]  
What the fuck--  
[ laughing ]  
Now you're dirty enough.  
Meet me tomorrow at Spanish Wells and  
we'll see how fuckin' crazy you are.  
[ laughing ]  
You son of a bitch.  
[ man on police radio ]  
Base to 528.  
[ dispatcher ]  
All units, '89 red cadillac seville,  
partial plate I.D. number 7-2-6,  
just reported stolen from Denny's  
parking lot in Linkville.  
Hello, dude. What do ya think  
of my new wheels ?  
You ugly prick !  
You just stole this car from the  
Denny's parking lot in Linkville.  
How in the fuck  
did you know that, man ?  
- You've involved me in a felony, Virgil.  
- I was getting bored.  
- Bein' a cop ain't everything I thought  
it was gonna be. - What's that in your belt ?  
- Nothing.  
- Bullshit ! It's a pistol. You swore no guns.

Now take it out  
and put it on the seat.  
- I was just tryin' to have a little fun, man.  
- Fun ?  
I oughta kill you !  
Now follow me back down the hill...  
so we can dump this piece of shit  
before somebody catches us.  
[ humming ]  
Shit !  
Wanna play, asshole ?  
Holy shit, man !  
Holy shit, man !  
Jesus Christ all fucking mighty !  
[ screaming ]  
Oh, god !  
[ panting ]  
You're crazy enough now, dude.  
You're definitely crazy enough.  
So get your shit together.  
We are going to a fucking wedding.  
[ "Road To Hell" by Chris Rea ]  
Well, I'm standin'  
By a river  
But the water  
Doesn't flow  
It boils  
With every poison  
You can think of  
And I'm underneath  
The street light  
At the light of joy  
I know  
Scared beyond belief  
Way down  
In the shadows  
And the perverted fear  
Of violence  
Chokes a smile  
On every face  
And common sense  
Is ringing  
Out the bell  
This ain't no

Technological breakdown

Oh, no

This is the road

To hell

And all the roads

Jam up with credit

And there's nothin'

You can do

It's all just

Bits of paper

Flyin' away from you

Oh, look out world

Take a good look

Welcome to me

[ engine revving ]

This ain't no

Upwardly mobile freeway

Oh, no

This is the road

They say

This is the road

This is

The road to hell

Don't talk too much today. If somebody gives you a dare, you gotta take it.

This is serious. This isn't a game.

You fuck up, they're gonna kill ya.

[ gunshots ]

[ gunshots continue ]

[ biker ]

So I pick up the fuckin' Hammer, and the guy says, "you're not gonna hit me with that, are ya ?"

[ snorting, coughs ]

So I say, "no way, man.

I'm gonna brain your fuckin' wife."

[ laughing ]

Oatmeal.

How's your head, man ?

How the fuck would I know, dildo ?

The last contact I had with my head was six fuckin' years ago.

- What the fuck are you supposed to be ?

- This is Sid, man.

What's it say on your jacket there, Sid ?

Pythons ?

From Cleveland, fuckin' Ohio ?

Sid, this is Oatmeal.

Oatmeal's got the biggest testicles in Arizona.

- Wanna crank up the ol' noggin, Sid ?

- I'll do it. Thanks.

So, Sid...

what kind of games do they

play in Cleveland, Ohio ?

Guns, man.

We like to play with guns.

You boys got any guns ?

Yeah, I guess we got some guns.

Pick yourself out one.

We'll shoot some cans.

Or somethin'.

You got any money ?

Has he got any money ?

Jesus Christ. Is the pope a Cadillac ?

[ laughing ]

Well, you ain't gonna have it long, Slick.

Your turn.

Who is that ?

[ Virgil ] Some kind of writer

doin' a book on bikers.

Um, name's Renee, man.

Don't pay no fuckin' attention to her.

- Go ahead and shoot.

- Come on, Sid.

We ain't got all fuckin' day.

[ cocking hammer ]

- You missed.

- Wrong.

Bullshit, man.

You fuckin' hit a can, it fuckin' moves.

- You callin' me a liar ?

- I'm callin' you worse than a liar.

I'm sayin' the Pythons

are a sissy-ass club.

And you are a chicken-shit

dog motherfucker.

- What the fuck you doin', man ?

- I'm gonna try again, Oatmeal.



I wanna make sure  
the can moves this time.  
Geez, what, are you fuckin' nuts ?  
[ indistinct yelling ]  
[ cheering ]  
Stupid son of a bitch.  
I'm gonna kill ya !  
Who the fuck you gonna kill now,  
blubber guts ? Aw, Jesus.  
Who ?  
I didn't mean nothin', man.  
- Okay, who set off the fuckin' dynamite ?  
- I did.  
It was just a--  
Virgil, shut your mouth.  
- Who the fuck are you ?  
- His name's Sid, man.  
- What the fuck did I just say to you ?  
- Shut up.  
- Absolutely.  
- What's goin' on, Sid ?  
- You rat-fucked my colors.  
- Hey, I was just screwin' around.  
Get him to back off, Blood.  
What are you gonna do ?  
I think I'm gonna shoot him.  
Aw, geez. Aw, man,  
I didn't mean anything. Please.  
Jesus, please.  
Dirt, get her outta here.  
Goddamn it, I didn't mean anything.  
Come on, give me a break.  
Fuck !  
Jesus H. Christ !  
You shoot him and I'll blow your  
motherfuckin' brains out.  
Nobody lives forever.  
That's a fact.  
Now shoot the fucker.  
Oh, Jesus, I was just--  
I was just foolin' around.  
I'll kiss your fuckin' colors.  
I like your colors. I love your fuckin' colors.  
Your colors are wonderful.

Oh, geez, I'm peein' here !

[ laughing ]

Hey, this is supposed to be a wedding here.

Now, where's the goddamn bride ?

[ cheering ]

All right, we all came out here today  
so Bubbles and Highside here can get married.

I want all you fuckin' assholes  
to show a little bit of respect.

Do you, Bubbles, swear on this bible  
you wanna let this...

smelly old scuzball, Highside,  
lubricate your cylinder and, uh--

[ woman ] Don't do it !

flush out your oil tank ?

[ cheering ]

I do.

Do you, Highside, wanna let  
this ugly old bag...

handle your great big rod and little roller  
bearings in the decidedly up-and-down fashion ?

Yeah, what the fuck.

Give the broad some tongue.

[ cheering ]

[ gunshots ]

We got a very unusual  
situation here, Sid.

[ woman ]

Hey, Blood. How you doin' ?

Anybody pulls down on my family,  
they usually end up dead.

But Oatmeal shit  
on your colors and...

I like loyalty.

So in your case,

I guess I made an exception.

- I know you from somewhere, don't I ?

- I don't think so.

No ?

Trust me.

If you met me before,  
you wouldn't fuckin' forget it.

Uh-huh.

Look, man,

I wanna move some contraband.  
Buy it here, sell it in the midwest  
and people say I gotta deal with you.  
Is that right ?  
What people is that, I wonder ?  
Oh, you mean I got it all wrong ?  
Sid...  
You're either the dumbest fucker  
I ever met in my life or...  
you got the balls of an elephant.  
Which one is it ?  
You choose.  
Well, that's exactly what I'm gonna do,  
hotshot.  
So dry.  
One of these days, it has to rain.  
When it rains in the desert,  
it's like...  
everything starts all over again.  
You still a cop ?  
You are, aren't you ?  
Don't worry.  
They won't recognize you.  
You don't look anything  
like you used to.  
It's still a nice face.  
Do you have any idea  
what would happen if they found out ?  
What you're doing is very dangerous.  
You know that ?  
- Oh, is it ?  
- Never mind.  
None of my business.  
One piece of advice.  
Don't underestimate Blood.  
He's smart. He'll kill you  
without a second thought.  
Where are ya goin' ?  
Home.  
Can I give ya a lift ?  
I don't think so. I'm strictly  
a solo act these days.  
Besides, don't take it personally,  
but I don't think you have

much of a future.  
Sid ?  
See that place  
across the street ?  
Big-time redneck bar.  
Those fuckin' guys  
hate bikers, man.  
I got 50 bucks says  
you ain't got balls big enough...  
to ride your sled  
through the front door.  
- Man, that's suicide.  
- Shut up, dildo.  
No big deal.  
I hate rednecks almost as much...  
as guys who piss themselves.  
[ starting engine ]  
- What do you think ? Is he gonna do it ?  
- I don't know, man.  
Anybody got a light ?  
[ indistinct shouting ]  
What's up, Blood ?  
- How many guys in the Pythons, Sid ?  
- Enough.  
I think I've heard of you guys before.  
Pythons.  
Yeah, I've heard of you guys before.  
Pythons are cool.  
Jackals is better.  
- Wanna be a Jackal, Sid ?  
- I got my own club.  
You wanna talk business or are  
we gonna kiss each other all day ?  
- Now what do you wanna buy ?  
- What's for sale ?  
Tell 'im, Dirt.  
Everything, man.  
Ludes, trees, grass,  
stars, crank.  
- We got labs makin' the shit.  
- What about guns ?  
Any fuckin' thing you want.  
Pogo sticks, foreign jobs.  
You want a goddamn rocket launcher,

we can get it.  
Dirt will show you  
around tomorrow, but, uh,  
'til then, I know where there's a party.  
And wherever there's a party,  
there's a lot of cooze.  
What do ya say, Sid ?  
You can forget all about that.  
Everybody I know has tried.  
She paid Blood \$5,000  
to take pictures of the Jackals.  
- Blood's gonna be famous.  
- Shut up !  
Don't say anything,  
don't do anything.  
Just fuckin' sit there.  
Let's get the fuck outta here.  
[ Saxon ]  
You're a real good pool player, man.  
- You wanna make a little wager ?  
- Ya mean like a bet ?  
Only thing is I'm not gonna be  
doin' the actual playing.  
- I'm just gonna bet.  
- Who's gonna play ?  
She is.  
You ain't gonna play me ?  
The broad is ?  
She's gonna play both of you.  
- Both of them ?  
- Right.  
- How much ?  
- Fifty bucks.  
You lose, lady.  
You just scratched.  
We win.  
- Better not touch that money.  
- Why not ?  
'Cause my friend here  
will beat the crap outta you.  
- Both of you.  
- Both of them ?  
You heard her, man.  
Get off that stool. Or ain't you

got no hair on your cute little ass ?

Jesus !

- How we doing ?

- Can you gimme a hand here for Christ's sake ?

[ "We Can't Stop The Fire" by Cory Lenous ]

If I was darkness

She was light

If she was day

And I was night

And in the hunger

Of my heart

I heard

The truth beating

I said ohh

Lost in desire

Ohh

We can't stop the fire

I want her

All of the time

I want her all around

And my hunger is right

Just gotta have you

Through the windows

Of your eyes

I see the meaning

Of her rise

We've gone from that

To things entwined

Your debts

They call passion

Ohh

Lost in desire

Ohh

Can't stop the fire

Ohh

Lost in desire

Ohh

Can't stop the fire

[ Renee ]

I can hear your heart beat.

Let me know if it stops, will ya ?

You like Indians ?

[ Renee ]

They have amazing eyes, don't they ?

Like they're looking right through you.  
So what are you doin' tomorrow ?  
What time is it ?

**It's only 7:**

You have to go.  
Are you expecting somebody ?  
No, I--  
I have to pick up my little girl.  
Okay. I'll wait here.  
- I don't think that's a good idea.  
- What's her name ?  
Marybette. She's six.  
She's my-- Look,  
I don't want this to be a problem,  
but I think you should go.  
- There isn't gonna be any problem, Renee.  
You've got a six-year-old daughter  
named Marybette, and I wanna meet her.  
How long until you get back ?  
- I'll be back in half an hour.  
- I'll be here.  
The shower's down the hall.  
There's coffee in the kitchen.  
[ sighs ]  
Half an hour ?  
Get outta here.  
[ crying ]  
[ crying continues ]  
[ Renee ]  
Marybette, she's six.  
[ voice echoing ]  
[ crying ]  
[ Price ]  
...when you were six.  
[ voice echoing ]  
[ panting ]  
[ loud rumbling ]  
[ blender whirring ]  
What are you doing ?  
I am creating something.  
- What is it ?  
- Uh, it's a mess.  
[ french accent ] No, it is not a mess.

It is an old, secret recipe...

that is no longer a secret.

Now we have zee  
vanilla ice cream.

And we have zee  
melted peanut butter and grape juice.

[ french gibberish ]

And a personal favorite of mine.

Come here.

Pick a hand.

Oreo cookies.

But... I prefer them crushed.

[ laughing ]

We pour the crushed oreos...  
into the melted peanut butter,  
and we continue to crush them.

Oh !

Do not overcrush.

Now, voila !

Madame would like a taste ?

- You're insane.

- I want some.

Would you prefer smoking  
or non-smoking ?

What do you think ?

Non-smoking.

This is good.

[ "Soul Survive" by Asphalt Ballet ]

Here we go

I've seen everything

A man could see

I've seen

The strong survive

I've seen a young boy

Cryin' for love

I've seen an old man die

I've seen a sister

Fall apart from the rose

And all our presidents lie

I've seen the needle

And the damage it does

The wrath

It's left behind

My soul survives



Forever doin' track  
On a dead-end street  
My soul survives  
Blood on the one  
Running down to my feet  
My soul survives  
Rebel  
My soul survives  
Pick yourself up  
Off your hands and knees  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Well, it's my soul  
But my soul survives  
Oh, no, yeah  
Come on, boys, yeah

[ Saxon ]

What, is somethin' botherin' you, Virgil ?

Fuckin' Oatmeal, man,  
keeps callin' me a dildo and shit.

I hate it when  
them guys call me that.

I might be a lot of things,  
man, but I ain't no fuckin' dildo.

What exactly is a dildo, anyway ?  
Relax, Virgil.

It's just a term of endearment.

- A what ?

- Let's get outta here.

Hey, Sid. Heh, get your ass  
up here, man. Come on.

Now, Waldo, this individual that you see  
before you is the man I've been talkin' about.

How many months we been  
workin' together ? Two, three ?

Who counts ?

Man, I do. I count everything.

By my count, we been doin'  
pretty well together.

Makin' lots of money,  
get along pretty good.

But that's not what I'm talkin' about  
and that's not why I'm sayin' all this.

It's because, uh, I like you, man.

I look at you, I see me.

You know, you're smart,  
don't take shit from anybody.  
I like that.  
Except I think you got,  
uh, one small problem.  
You got your priorities  
all fucked up.  
You know, maybe like you're  
a little bit, uh, confused.  
Confused about what ?  
I think you got this thing  
about weakness,  
about feelin' sorry for weak people.  
Otherwise, you wouldn't be  
hangin' around with that freak.  
Feelin' sorry for anybody  
is a complete fuckin' waste of time.  
But you do it.  
I mean, man, what are you,  
some kind of a...  
knight in shining armor  
lookin' for damsels in distress ?  
Ordinarily, I don't do this  
because, uh,  
you know, I'm the president and I don't  
sponsor anybody as I didn't think it was right.  
But, uh, I wanna sponsor you  
for the Jackals.  
What do ya say ?  
[ clears throat ]  
Let me think about it.  
Excuse me ?  
Let me think about it.  
Let me give it some thought.  
What the fuck is that supposed to mean ?  
Listen man, I got my own club.  
Lotta guys depend on me.  
Now, what kind of a prick would I be  
if I turned on 'em the first time somethin'...  
different and better came along, eh ?  
- Hey, Sid.  
- Gimme that, man.  
Hey ! What the fuck is your problem ?  
Every time somebody offers Sid

some nose candy, you end up with it.  
Now, why is that ?  
What the fuck's wrong with you ?  
You can't get high with your friends ?  
There is no way  
you can join the Jackals.  
You have to commit a felony in front of  
two members. It's in their bylaws.  
- Use your head, Daniel. You're supposed  
to be a cop. - Oh, is that it ?  
- For a second, I almost forgot.  
- God, I hate this weather.  
Doesn't it ever rain ?  
- Okay. What's the matter ?  
- Nothin'.  
Look, we've only been  
at this a short time...  
and we've succeeded beyond  
anyone's expectations.  
We've logged over  
Daniel, the director of the FBI  
called me yesterday.  
Me, personally. Huh ! I couldn't believe it--  
That's great, Price.  
I'm really thrilled for ya.  
You've got a shell  
around you a mile thick.  
Now, you're gonna have to open up  
to somebody. It might as well be me.  
Now, if I can talk--  
Fuck you, man ! I don't wanna talk to you.  
- I'm not even sure If I like you !  
- Hold on !  
- Next week is San Carlos run.  
- Yeah.  
Our calculation is that over 50  
motorcycle gangs will be involved.  
What's your point ?  
- The FBI wants you to take one of their  
agents in undercover. -- No fuckin' way !  
- They have an experienced officer  
they feel can pass. -- Too dangerous !  
- There'll be 20 more state cops in marked cars--  
- I won't do it, goddamn it !

FBI wants to send somebody in, you let 'em.

But he'll fuck up and they'll kill him !

And then you can call the director  
of the FBI and tell him about it.

You can call him, Price, personally.

[ sighs ]

I'm not going to San Carlos today.

I need to catch up in the darkroom.

Do you remember

what happened last night ?

You had a nightmare.

I woke up,

you were crying like a little kid...

begging somebody

to stop hitting you.

[ sighs ]

I held you for a while.

I thought you woke up, but...

you looked at me and you said,

"take the, the handcuffs off."

Jesus.

I'm almost finished here, Dan.

I have all the pictures I need.

I'm gonna write the story in L.A.

That's good.

Have you... thought about what

you're gonna do after this ?

I thought...

Maybe we could make...

peanut butter and grape juice drinks

for the next few years.

I'm really scared.

Renee, don't worry.

I'm okay.

I gotta go.

I really am--

I'm okay.

[ whispering ]

I don't think so.

[ "Body Bags" By Saigon Kick ]

[ biker ]

Where'd you get your scooter at ?

- Get your fuckin' hands off me !

- Lyin' motherfuckin' cocksucker !

- I'll kill ya !  
- That belongs to a brother of mine !  
Piece of shit ! You know what you are ?  
You're a fuckin' pig !  
Pig-sticker motherfucker,  
that's what you are !  
Highside, what the fuck  
is going on over here ?  
This worthless piece of shit's  
a fuckin' cop.  
I know this scooter. It belonged to a brother  
of mine. FBI confiscated it months ago.  
[ biker ]  
Kill the bastard !  
[ grunting ]  
[ crowd shouting indistinctly ]  
They made him.  
Let's move !  
[ sirens wailing ]  
- The fuck are you lookin' at, pig ?  
- Take it easy, friend.  
- We don't want anybody to get hurt.  
- Then get the fuck outta my face !  
And take the rest  
of these pigs with you.  
[ crowd cheering ]  
[ engines idling ]  
Damn, Sid, you were really  
out there, brother.  
- I hate cops, Blood.  
- Hey, me too.  
I hate 'em more than anything.  
Some of those undercover guys  
are pretty clever.  
You ever get conned by one ?  
I can smell a cop  
a hundred miles away, man.  
Holy shit, man,  
you got balls that clank.  
You get some kinda kick outta  
pushin' like that ? Hmm ?  
I met a couple of dudes from the Dusters, man.  
Gonna sell us some heroin on the way back.  
- How much ? -- That's the interesting part.

As much as we fuckin' want.

- We're gonna need some wheels though.

- Done.

Psycho-fucking-delic !

Thirty grand, on the button. Listen, man,  
can you give us a lift back to town ?

I wanna leave my truck here.

Oh, no, man, we're goin' the other way.

Yeah, we'll take ya.

Get in.

Hey, man, can't you wait ?

Who the fuck waits, man ? Commuters  
wait for trains. I don't wait for nobody.

Do you want a fix first ?

No, man, he's safety conscious.

You know, like, do not geeze and drive.

[ laughing ]

- Who do you know in Cleveland, man ?

- None of your fuckin' business.

My fuckin' business ?

What fuckin' street do you  
live on in Cleveland, man ?

Fuck you !

Hey, goddamn it, man !

[ indistinct shouting ]

[ siren wailing ]

Kick your fuckin' ass !

- Aaah !

- What are you doin' ?

Goddamn it, man !

[ grunting, groaning ]

Cut it out ! Now !

I got an idea.

Let's shoot each other.

You go first.

Holy Jesus, man !

You're crazy.

Let's get the hell outta here.

- Get in the car, Virgil.

- I don't think so, man. This is where Virgil gets off.

- What are you talkin' about ?

- You man, that's what the fuck I'm talkin' about !

- I mean, look at this shit.

- You're fuckin' nuts !

If you ever was a cop,  
you ain't a cop anymore.  
I mean, no fuckin' cop in the  
world does shit like that !  
Here, man, you get yourself a new deputy.  
I just can't keep up with you no more.  
Okay.  
I'll see you around...  
dildo.  
[ siren wailing ]  
Shit.  
Get your hands in the air and get  
out of the car. Come on, move !  
All right, now, you turn around.  
Do it !  
Lock your hands behind your head.  
You stay right there, asshole.  
- Gimme your hands.  
- Take it easy.  
You got any kinda I.D. ?  
What the fuck did I do ?  
What'd you do ?  
You got born, birdbrain !  
You gotta gimme a phone call.  
- You'll get one when I get around to it !  
- Heh-heh !  
- You gotta give me a fuckin' phone call !  
- Sit down, kid.  
There's nothin' you can do.  
Charlie ?  
Bogus Charlie ?  
I know you ?  
You told me a story about an Indian  
who ran away from his shadow, remember ?  
Oh, yeah.  
You don't look like the same--  
Why did you tell me that ?  
Why did you tell me that ?  
I don't know.  
Jesus Christ, you're chokin' me !  
I'm sorry.  
The Indian in the story,  
what happens to him ?  
He goes down into his hole

and finds his shadow.

A moon woman

sews it back on for him.

But before he can climb

back out he has to meet--

Who ?

- Look, kid, it's just a story--

- Who does he have to meet ?

Death.

I gotta get the fuck outta here.

You spit in my face, you beat

a federal agent almost half to death.

Then you point your gun at a state

trooper and dare him to shoot you.

- I did what I had to, damn it. -- You did more

than that. You were enjoying yourself.

I saw you ! You've jeopardized

this entire operation.

There isn't a cop within a thousand

miles who isn't gunnin' for you !

Fuck 'em ! And fuck you !

[ grunts ]

Everything's turnin' to shit.

It's gotta stop.

Look-- I don't wanna go on with this.

Let's make some arrests.

It's obvious you're

under a terrible strain.

But now is not the best time

to terminate the operation.

I can't do this anymore ! -- Just give me two weeks.

We've worked so hard on this.

Everything we've done could go out the

window. I've been invited to Washington !

You fuck.

Pardon ?

Price goes to Washington.

Price smashes drug ring.

You don't give a shit about

anything or anybody but yourself.

You're pathetic.

- Where are you going ?

- I'm gonna drink with a friend.

Ah, shit.



[ sighs ]

Nobody's got any identity anymore.

Ya ever notice that ?

A bunch of gray men  
walkin' around.

No faces, no balls,  
carryin' their fuckin' lunch pails.

Only one solution, man.

Put on my colors, Sid.

When you got the gun,  
you walk in a room,  
everybody shits in their pants.

- Your guys won't mind.

- I can't do it, Blood.

[ sniffs ]

- Let me ask you a question.

- Shoot.

That's a hell of an idea.

You see ?

See what I mean ?

Gun is power.

Power makes fear.

And weakness only makes  
your fuckin' bowels run.

Point that somewhere else.

You know,

I can't remember if I put any shells  
in this fuckin' thing or not.

[ clicks ]

Fuck.

[ laughing ]

Where the hell  
did you park the car, man ?

I really don't know because  
I can't see right now.

Why don't you  
open your eyes ?

Hmm ?

Open your eyes, man.  
You got 'em all squinted up.

That's a hell of an idea.

I think what we really need  
right now is the call of the wild.

- There ya go.

- Yeah.  
Wanna be--  
- Is that better ?  
- What ?  
- You can see now ?  
- Now wait a minute.  
Now wait a minute.  
- You're the one that couldn't see, right ?  
- No, it was you.  
No, no, no, no, no.  
Remember me, asshole ?  
What the fuck is going on ? You know  
this guy ? Is he a friend of yours ?  
Our beef's not with you.  
You can walk.  
All right.  
- Take it easy, man. -- Hey, wait a minute.  
Wait a minute. Blood !  
You owe me something.  
Why don't you shove it ?  
Uhh ! Motherfucker !  
[ grunting, groaning ]  
Blood !  
'Fore I do ya, man,  
I want you to see my face.  
Fuck you !  
Crazy, crazy son of a bitch !  
I found the car, man.  
[ chuckling ]  
- What'd you think I was gonna do,  
leave you here ? -- 'Fraid so.  
You ain't afraid of nothin', man.  
Neither am I.  
Now let's get the fuck  
outta here. Come on.  
[ door opening, closing ]  
[ Saxon ] Renee ?  
- I'm in here.  
Shut the door, shut the door !  
Come here, I wanna show you something.  
Come here, hurry.  
See this ?  
Your shadow didn't come in right.  
- My what ? -- The shadow. I had to add

some light and make you a new one.

Watch this. Here it comes.

- Fuck.

- Amazing, isn't it ?

I gotta get the fuck outta here.

Dan ?

Jesus, what happened to you ?

I think...

I'm losing my fucking mind.

Everything keeps happening

just like in the story.

There's no other way

to explain it.

Dan, we gotta get outta here.

Let's just get in the car and go.

I'll wake Marybette up. We'll just leave.

- I'm finished here.

- I can't !

Why not ?

Blood saved my life tonight.

- Don't you see ? I can't leave now.

I have to do something. -- Like what ?

I don't know. Tip him off, keep him from getting busted. He saved my life, Renee.

- He saved Sid's life, Dan, not yours.

Can you still tell the difference ?

Can you ?

This is insane.

I make up my mind never to care about anybody again and here I am, stuck with a man who thinks he's a character in a story who's got an appointment with death.

Am I supposed to be learning something from this ?

And what are you learning from it, Dan ?

What are you learning from this ?

- Take it easy.

- No !

When you were a little kid, your uncle did horrible things to you. You were a victim.

Now look what you've become. You can't tell the knife from the fucking wound anymore !

I gotta go.

Yeah, so do I.

Renee, I--

I really need to talk to you privately.

- Now's not a good time.

- Well, when ?

Later, man, we'll talk later.

Blood, this is really important.

- What, are you feedin' a fuckin' army, Oatmeal ?

- Bite me, man !

Even as a little kid, I wanted more.

Understand "more" ?

Ya ever want more ?

More food, more toys.

More chicks, more little girls,

more pussy.

- You guys are gonna rob this place.

- No, we are, man.

You're with us.

- Hey, come on, Oatmeal.

- I said, bite me !

- Give me the goddamn money

right now ! [ woman crying ]

- Put the goddamn gun away.

- Blood, what the fuck is with this guy ?

[ screaming ]

- You big motherfu--

- Shut the fuck up ! You just stepped on your meat.

- We gotta get the fuck outta here !

- I would've given you everything.

My house, my club,

the fuckin' shirt off my back.

Shoot the son of a bitch. -- I don't know

whether he's worth savin' or not.

People can see us in here.

We gotta get the fuck out !

Everything depends on what you do next.

Either you ride with me or you disappear forever.

- You understand what I'm sayin' ?

- Are you gonna smoke him or what ?

Why don't you shut the fuck up ! -- Yeah ?

What about her ? She can fuckin' identify us !

[ clerk ]

No, don't !

Aaah !

Now that's what we do

with damsels in distress.

[ crying ]

I'm so sorry.

[ gagging ]

[ yelling ]

[ Price ]

May I have your attention, please ?

May I have your attention, please ?

As you know, three different state agencies are represented here today,

along with the FBI,

Drug Enforcement Agency,

alcohol, tobacco and firearms,

and the U.S. Treasury.

Gentlemen,

**at precisely 11:**

and continuing through dawn,

an unprecedented number of arrests will

be made in California, Arizona and Nevada.

These arrests will be staggered

by location and time...

to minimize the possibility

of alerting any of the suspects.

The significance of this many arrests

over such a vast area is awesome.

It represents a substantial blow

to organized crime in Arizona,

and it is the result

of one man's dedicated effort.

An effort expended, I might add,

at considerable personal cost.

Now, you've all heard by now that

we've had an undercover officer...

deep within the outlaw

motorcycle community.

But I think you'll be surprised

when you meet him.

In fact, I know you will be.

His name is...

Daniel Saxon.

Daniel.

[ more officers start clapping ]

[ thunder crashes ]

All I want is to arrest him myself.  
No. The man is completely unpredictable.  
What if something happens to you ?  
- Nothing's gonna happen.  
- This is insane. I could lose my star witness.  
If I don't agree to this,  
will you still testify ?  
Look.  
You told me once  
that I needed this job,  
that I had some unfinished  
business to take care of.  
And you were right.  
And this is one more thing...  
that I have to do by myself.  
You owe me, Price.  
You owe me, and you know it !  
Now what's it gonna be ?  
I'll give you five minutes.  
[ hard rock ]  
[ hard rock continues ]  
[ hard rock continues ]  
[ music stops ]  
[ Blood ] - Who the fuck is it ?  
- Narcotics officer.  
Narcotics officer ?  
[ chuckling ] I love that joke.  
Come on in.  
Hiya, Sid. Guess you finally got your  
priorities straightened out, huh ?  
Oh, yeah.  
Makin' some eggs here.  
Want some ?  
Got somethin' for ya, Blood.  
Yeah ?  
You're wrong, man. It's not about power.  
It's about somethin' else.  
She was a human being.  
Her name was Susan Han. She was  
Where the fuck  
did you get those, man ?  
You were right about one thing.  
We did meet before.  
You're the fucking cop from Linkville.

Yeah. I'm still in your fuckin' way.  
What are you gonna do ?  
You're under arrest, Blood, for murder...  
and trafficking narcotics.  
Don't even think about it.  
Oh, I'm thinkin' about it.  
You fuckin' pig.  
[ pounding on door ]  
[ Price pounding ]  
Open the goddamn door !  
You don't come outta here now, I'm gonna  
blow this door down ! Now come outta here !  
- What the hell happened in there ?  
- Now it's finished.  
No, it's not !  
It's not over yet !  
You still have to testify, Daniel.  
[ "Broken Arrow" by Robbie Robertson ]  
Who else is gonna bring you  
A broken arrow  
Who else is gonna bring you  
A bottle of rain  
There he goes  
Movin' across the water  
That's right, baby  
There he goes  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Oh, turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
My whole world around  
[ Virgil ]  
The story you've just seen is true.  
Some of the names and locations  
have been changed, but it's true.  
Over 200 people got busted  
out there in the desert.  
Blood's doing three  
consecutive life terms.  
The real Dan Saxon lives with Renee

somewhere In Northern California...  
and appeared as an extra  
in this movie.  
Me ? There still ain't nothin' about  
a scooter that I can't fix.  
And I guess that you could say that  
I'm pretty much... All right.  
[ chuckling ]  
Do you feel what I feel  
Can we make that  
So it's part of the deal  
I gotta hold of you  
In these arms of steel  
Lay your heart on the line  
This time  
I wanna breathe  
When you breathe  
When you whisper like  
That hot summer breeze  
Count the beads of sweat  
That cover me  
Then you show me a sign  
This time  
Who else is gonna bring you  
A broken arrow  
Who else is gonna bring you  
A bottle of rain  
There he goes  
Movin' across the water  
Ooh-oooh  
There he goes  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Can you see what I see  
Can you cut behind  
The mystery  
I will meet you  
By the windless tree  
Leave the whole world behind  
Oh, yeah  
I wanna come  
When you call  
And I'll get to you  
If I have to crawl



They can't hold me  
With these iron walls  
We got mountains to climb  
Ooh-oooh  
Who else is gonna bring you  
A broken arrow  
Who else is gonna bring you  
A bottle of rain  
There he goes  
Movin' across the water  
That's right, baby  
There he goes  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Turnin' my  
Whole world around  
Turnin' my world around  
Ooh-oooh  
Around and around and around  
Turnin' it all around  
And around  
Subtitle by G R E G