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# Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man

By Don Michael Paul

Whoo, yeah! Whoo!  
Well, that's about it.  
That's about it for this Independence  
Day as the clock rocks 12:00,  
ladies and gentlemen, on July 5th, 1996.  
And you know, fellow Americans,  
we are now 220 years old.  
We've just about, of course,  
wiped out the ozone layer.  
Uh-huh, we live under  
a continual first-stage smog alert,  
and there's a brand-new drug...  
I don't know if you heard this by now.  
Check this out. You ready for this?  
There's a new drug out there  
for the kids of America  
to bury themselves with.  
It's called Crystal Dream.  
Can you believe it?  
Now listen to this.  
You don't drink it. You don't smoke it.  
You don't snort it.  
And you don't shoot it.  
What do you do? I know you're asking.  
What do you do with this thing?  
Well, what you do  
is you put it in your eyes,  
and apparently it tells you lies,  
all right?  
I'll tell you, all this decadence, and we  
still haven't nuked ourselves outta here.  
It's amazing.  
With a little luck  
and a whole lot of hope,  
I think maybe the human race might live  
to see another 220 years.  
And with that in mind...  
happy birthday, America!  
It's all the same  
Only the names will change  
Every day  
It seems we're wasting away  
Another place  
Where the faces are so cold

I'd drive all night  
Just to get back home  
I'm a cowboy  
On a steel horse I ride  
I'm wanted  
Dead or alive  
I'm wanted  
Dead or alive  
Sometimes I sleep  
Sometimes it's not for days  
The people I meet  
Always go their separate ways  
Sometimes you tell the day  
By the bottle that you drink  
And times when you're alone  
Well, all you do is think  
I'm a cowboy  
On a steel horse I ride  
- I'm wanted  
- Wanted  
Dead or alive  
- I'm wanted  
- Wanted.  
Dead or alive  
Oh, I ride  
I'm a cowboy  
On a steel horse I ride  
- I'm wanted  
- Wanted  
Dead or alive  
And I walk these streets  
A loaded six-string on my back  
I play for keeps...  
Give me the money!  
Open the register and give me  
the fucking money now!  
Don't hurt her, son.  
Can I get, uh,  
10 bucks on pump two, Suzie?  
- Hit the floor, asshole.  
- Stay down!  
You know, this really pisses me off.  
Your store's got such nice,  
clean, filtered fresh air and...

it just takes a couple  
of scumbags to stink it up.  
I said hit the floor, asshole,  
or I'm gonna blow your fucking head off!  
You know, if I had a nickel  
for every time  
some piece of shit pointed a gun at me,  
I'd be a rich man.  
I'm gonna cut you long,  
wide and deep, motor head.  
Pump all the gas you can hold.  
That's not good business.  
Hey, mister. Got a name?  
Harley.  
Harley Davidson.  
You know, my old man used to tell me,  
before he left this shitty world,  
there's five rules  
when shooting a game of pool for cash.  
Lesson number one.  
Always shoot with a cigarette  
hanging in your mouth.  
Can't smoke with no fire, asshole.  
I quit.  
Lesson two.  
Always know the table before you shoot.  
Lesson number three.  
Make sure you chalk that stick  
real good before each shot.  
Lesson four.  
Never make a bet...  
if you can't pay the debt.  
Lesson number five.  
If you lose...  
stand up straight and tall...  
that corner...  
and walk like a man.  
I don't believe it. I don't believe it!  
What up, cowboy?  
School's out, boys.  
You better get the hell out of town,  
cowboy, before my cord snaps.  
I'm good to go.  
Soon as I got five big bills

in my pocket.  
And your woman in my bed.  
Well, I ain't got no \$500, cowboy.  
And there's no way in hell  
you're bedding down my woman.  
My old man said there'd be blue-bellied,  
chicken-shit bastards like you.  
You jumped on the wrong horse, cowboy.  
Just in case you didn't notice,  
you're the only cowboy in this place.  
He ain't no cowboy.  
He's more like a pretty boy.  
Pretty boy.  
Hey, if he's such a pretty boy,  
you should be able  
to handle him all by yourself.  
Together we stand  
- Divided we'll fall  
- Son of a bitch.  
Pretty boy, huh?  
- Whoa!  
- And work together...  
Well, now, when things go wrong,  
as they sometimes will  
And the road you drive  
is headed straight up a hill  
Let's work together...  
Let's work together  
Because together we will stand,  
every boy, girl, woman, and man....  
Hey, Marlboro,  
when the hell are you gonna learn  
to hustle guys you can hustle?  
You know, you gotta think things out.  
You think, Harley. I survive.  
Where the hell you been, anyway?  
Fixing bikes.  
Little shithole outside of Dallas.  
For two years?  
- I've been thinking.  
- For two years?  
I've been thinking about life.  
That's the trouble with you, Harley.  
You think too damn much.

Man, I hate this city,  
but it's home, huh?  
It's that time again. Ain't it, Harley?  
Well, you're the only  
family I got, Marlboro.  
God damn, that's a crying shame.  
You know, I could've had a family  
with Jenny Ann,  
but marriage is for those other guys,  
you know?  
Amen.  
Do you ever wonder...  
if there could be something better?  
Every day.  
No, I don't mean like that.  
I mean something...  
Something different.  
Talking about heaven?  
I mean like...  
I mean like God.  
You didn't go and get religious  
on me now, did you?  
No, man, but just think about it.  
If... if there is a...  
if there is a heaven and a God...  
hey, I'd like to meet the dude.  
You know, I'd like to go up there  
and hang out with him.  
Well, you ain't gonna meet God with me.  
When I'm dead and done,  
I don't want no damn excuses  
for what I did.  
Burbank.  
What happened?  
The future.  
You believe it?  
They turned Burbank  
into a goddamn international airport.  
So come on, stop the world  
Stop the world  
'Cause this is where I get off  
- Well, you can all carry on  
- Stop the world...  
Shit.

Son of a bitch.  
You're a God damn mess, Marlboro.  
You need a new pair of boots  
and a new bike.  
Lay off my boots.  
But you're right about  
this rice-grinding horse.  
Shit. Piece of shit.  
I ought to give it a bullet  
and put it out of its misery.  
God damn, Harley.  
If you were shooting for shit,  
you wouldn't even get a whiff.  
Hey.  
Happy birthday.  
You son of a bitch.  
I almost forgot.  
.44 Mag Desert Eagle.  
Eight in the clip. One in the pipe.  
That's nice, man.  
- Thanks.  
- How's it feel to be an old man?  
Older the bull, the stiffer the horn.  
You gotta squeeze the trigger, Harley.  
Don't yank it. It's not your dick.  
Squeeze it.  
All the tears inside  
What an ache it will bring...  
God, I love this place.  
And I will wander home  
To a telephone  
That forgot how to ring  
I could say you'll soon be back, dear  
To fool the whole town may be smart  
I'll tell them you'll soon be back, dear  
But what can I tell my heart?  
Hey, old man, half-time's over.  
You got a restaurant to run.  
Man alive, Harley.  
So good to see you.  
And I'm gonna regret it. I always do.  
Yeah. Who are the suits?  
Go back to wherever  
it is you ran off to.

I can't do that.  
I got some unfinished business.  
Some business is better left unfinished.  
...all the tears inside  
What an ache...  
Not this business.  
I'll see you around.  
Then I'll wander home  
To a telephone  
Oh, that forgot how to ring  
I could say you'll soon be back, dear  
Mmm  
To fool the whole town may be smart  
I could say you'll soon be back, dear  
Oh  
But what will I tell my heart?  
Oh, whoa, whoa...  
You got a death wish?  
Huh. Better leave  
that one alone, Harley.  
Nah, you don't think Jack's  
still pissed off, do you?  
Pissed off at ya?  
Nah.  
He wants to kill ya.  
Hey, what's happening, Jose?  
Look what the cat drug in.  
Hey, qu pasa, amigo?  
How you doing? Good to see you.  
He says didn't think  
you were ever coming back.  
Chomping at the bit for some action.  
Hey, hey, man, me and you  
are gonna rock and roll, brother.  
Jimmy and, uh, Jack here?  
Said he doesn't think you should go in.  
If you do, you're dead.  
I knew that you were not alone...  
It's better to be dead and cool  
than alive and uncool.  
\$100! What you got?!  
What you got?! \$200! \$200!  
200 on Jack! Yeah! Place your bets!  
200 on Jack! 200 on Jack!



Well, God damn.  
Does he look like he's gotten bigger?  
Maybe a little.  
The book is closed!  
It is time for the main event!  
Get set, gentlemen.  
Now I only ask one thing back here!  
And that is two things...  
be fair and be cool.  
Wrestle!  
Come on, Jack! Come on, Jack!  
Come on, Jack! Come on, Jack!  
Jack, come on! Come on! Come on, Jack!  
Come on, Jack! Come on, Jack!  
Jack, what are you doing?!  
Jack! What?! Jack!  
God damn it!  
God damn it, Harley,  
what are you doing back here?  
I missed all you guys.  
I'm gonna kill you, Harley.  
- Told ya.  
- Get ready.  
Hey, look, Jack,  
I don't want to fight with you.  
- We're friends.  
- Was friends.  
- Can't we talk this out?  
- Not a chance.  
Talk's cheap. And I'm not buying any.  
Oh. Hey, Jimmy.  
You wanna help me out here a little?  
It's your world, homes.  
I'm just living in it.  
Hurry up, Harley.  
It's gonna be bloody, but quick.  
You hold on.  
How much do you think we can get  
for this jacket?  
What'd he say?  
Vaya con Dios, amigo.  
- What's that mean?  
- "Go with God."  
Hey, now, Jack,

you know the last time we did this,  
I kicked your ass, Jack.  
Well, that was in high school, Harley.  
And Jack had a broken arm.  
Yeah, well, I'm the one that did it.  
You remember, Jack?  
God damn it.  
He was doing pretty good up to there.  
Oh...  
Ow! Ooh! Ooh!  
- Ow!  
- I can't watch this.  
Uh-oh, he's fucked.  
I'm gonna kill you, Harley!  
I just picked the wrong flower.  
I'd kill for you, Harley.  
How could you do that to me?  
Hey, I've always been bad company  
with a good-looking woman in the room.  
Stay away from her, Harley.  
I love her.  
We're married.  
It's always only been you, Jack.  
She loves you.  
She does, huh?  
- Just you.  
- Never you?  
Ah, no. Just you.  
Sorry, buddy.  
Sorry.  
Should've never let you  
in the door, Harley.  
Yeah, thanks, man.  
Never. Never.  
- Never.  
- Sorry.  
God damn it, Jack!  
I mean, you're my brother-in-law,  
and I love you,  
but that don't get back  
the couple of grand we lost tonight.  
The deal is you lose,  
and don't tear his fucking arm off.  
The old man and I have enough problems.

We're just trying to make as much money  
as we can before we lose this place.  
What do you mean "lose this place"?  
You ain't gonna lose this place.  
It's a landmark.  
Don't mean shit, homes.  
If money talks and bullshit walks,  
we walking.  
And it ain't gonna be  
down easy street either.  
What's the story, old man?  
In '56, I leased this property  
when nobody wanted to be seen  
on this side of the hill.  
And in '66...  
I renewed my lease on my own terms.  
350 a month for 30 years.  
In 21 days, those 30 years have run out.  
And now with the whole world  
flying into Burbank,  
they're trying to strong-arm us  
for \$2.5 million  
for a five-year lease.  
They're gonna put up another skyscraper.  
Who's trying to strong-arm you?  
The bank.  
What bank?  
Great Trust.  
Oh, the suits?  
Mm-hmm.  
Well...  
there's only one place  
to get that kind of money so fast.  
No suit's gonna loan us \$2.5 million.  
That's for sure.  
Hey, man, I ain't talking about no loan.  
I don't wanna hear it, Harley.  
Hear what?  
You don't wanna know.  
Know what?  
He's gonna say we should rob the bank.  
We ain't gonna rob any damn bank.  
We ain't bank robbers.  
We owe it to the old man.

We grew up in this place.  
You boys don't owe me anything.  
Sure, we do.  
Hell, if it wasn't for you,  
we'd all be face-down in the gutter  
with a cigarette for company and a...  
a needle for good times.  
I'm ready to go.  
- Okay baby, in a minute.  
- Now!  
Count me out of this one.  
I made a promise to Lulu.  
Yeah, you've made me  
a lot of promises, Jack.  
We're gonna have a baby someday.  
Can't start a family from behind bars.  
You know...  
I really love this place.  
It's home.  
Makes me feel good.  
And if we gotta rob a bank to save it...  
I'll do that.  
But I can't do it alone.  
You guys are gonna  
have to get it up, too.  
12 minutes, Pacific and California.  
We'll check with you then. Over.  
Roger, Dispatch.  
We copy.  
Whoa, shit!  
Car 3, car 3, this is Dispatch.  
Give me your 10-20  
and security code, over.  
Dispatch, we're at the shipyard.  
What's with this hard hat?  
You're gonna have to move your  
equipment. I got a delivery to make.  
What, are re you fucking deaf?  
I said you're gonna have to move your...  
I heard what you said.  
Drop your gun.  
You're not gonna like  
what you're getting into, pal.  
Hey, friend, from 15 feet away,

there's a chance you could miss me.

I could be blind as a bat  
and still blow your head off.

- So you drop it.

- No, you drop it, asshole.

- Shit!

- Think fast.

Shit.

Come on. Get over here. Sit down.

Guns are made to be shot, Harley,  
not thrown.

Go do it, Jose.

You're about the deadest shot  
I've ever seen.

Where'd you learn to do that?

Read a book. Came with the gun.

Who are you guys?

Well, he's Harley Davidson.

And I'm the Marlboro man.

You look like a bunch  
of two-bit hoods to me.

Now does that look like the work  
of two-bit hoods?

Yeah. Pros would have used my keys.

Well, he likes to blow things up.

Hot stuff. Watch it.

Nice day for work, huh, Jimmy?

Ha, none better ever.

None better ever, homes.

Nice doing business with you boys.

Your business isn't with us.

It's with them.

Well, whatever they've got to say,  
I don't wanna hear it.

Let's rock it! We got company.

Shit, no.

What the fuck is all this about?!

Hey, Harley, why don't you  
throw that shotgun at 'em?

Maybe you'll hit something.

- I thought you was a dead shot.

- So did I.

Then why the fuck ain't they dropping?

Beats the shit outta me.

Come on, guys!

- Come on, Harley.

- Let's go, Jimmy!

Yee-ha!

All right, you're a big  
fucking hero, big man!

A big fucking hero!

You guys needed backup!

I had nothing to do  
and no one to do it with.

Shit, backup, hell.

Old Harley's thinking here  
damn near had us on the ropes.

Saved our lives, big boy.

You guys owe me a bike.

I gotta get a new bike.

Hey, man, you'll get a new bike.

Promise me you won't tell Lulu.

I don't want her getting mad.

She's mean when she's mad.

Hey, look, I can take care of the bike,  
but I can't take care of the bitch.

Why not? You did once.

You boy might wanna  
take a look at this shit.

What is it?

Un-melted pure Crystal Dream.

Well, what the fuck is that,  
and what the fuck is it doing here?

It's a drug, and I don't know  
what the fuck it's doing here.

I'm a son of a bitch.

We jumped the wrong train.

Oh, fuck!

Shit, man.

His little brother OD'ed  
using this shit.

Don't worry, Hose,  
we ain't drug dealers.

This is not a walk in the park, Harley.

This is way fucking  
out there on the edge.

These guys aren't street dealers  
dealing grass and pills.

They're killers.  
They killed their own men  
trying to waste us.  
That's enough, Jimmy.  
Never liked this plan from the start.  
But you needed help, and you took it.  
So don't whine about it now.  
What's done is done.  
There ain't no turning back.  
Who are these men?  
Judging from their ability and data  
we gathered, they're dilettantes.  
Details would suggest that they were  
not aware of the cargo they've stolen.  
If they're amateurs,  
how'd they destroy two vehicles...  
and then manage  
to get away with the goods?  
- Hmm?  
- They were extremely lucky.  
Mm.  
I don't have time for luck, now do I?  
Get back what's mine.  
And kill these men, Alexander, okay?  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, babe.  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Whoo...  
Oh, man, we really fucked up big.  
Marlboro, how the fuck  
was I supposed to know  
somebody's using a bank  
as a front to run drugs?  
Harley, I'm tired and I'm pissed.  
And I'd just like to unwind.  
So stop thinking.  
Oh, fuck, man, now I gotta think  
of some way to make things right.  
- Hi.  
- Hey.  
I know you don't know me,  
but I don't have a way home,  
and Jimmy said  
that you'd give me a ride.  
Sure, I'll give you a ride, Sally.

Oh, the name tag's wrong.  
My real name's Honey.  
Pure gold and sweet.

**I'm off at 10:**

Well, my old man used to tell me,  
before he left this shitty world,  
the right woman can make you,  
and the wrong one can break you.  
You know, I woke up one morning...  
and she was gone.  
No note. No kiss goodbye. No nothing.  
And I still have feelings  
for her deep inside.  
Well, partner...  
I only know of two cures  
for that particular ailment.  
And since you don't drink anymore,  
you're down to one.  
Let me borrow your bike.  
I gotta take Sally home.  
Get a cab.  
Stand up and put your hands  
behind your head.  
Ah, hell, I was just blowing off  
a little steam.  
Yeah? Well, You blew in the wrong place.  
Now kiss the wall and spread 'em.  
Okay, cowboy, let's blow off some steam.  
What's wrong tonight?  
I'm getting married.  
God damn you, Robert,  
I'm tired of waiting around  
for you to come by  
when you feel the need.  
I get lonely.  
I like to share my bed  
with someone at night.  
Hell, isn't that what we're doing?  
One, maybe two nights a month,  
if I'm lucky.  
Well, I am what I am, Virginia.  
I've accepted that, even loved it.  
But I don't have to like it.



I get scared for you. I worry.  
You could spend the rest of your life  
looking for whatever the hell  
it is you're looking for,  
but someday you're gonna  
have to find yourself.  
I just can't wait  
for you to do it anymore.  
I love you, Robert.  
But after tonight,  
you're not welcome here anymore.  
With your long black hair  
Fallin' down your face  
Red lips and lethal pout  
Send me to heaven  
Seein' is believin'  
Baby, you're so strange...  
Oh, fuck.  
That's for Marlboro.  
Me and you'll go out  
and have something to eat.  
You're a bad man, Harley.  
What are you two up to this time?  
Do you know anything  
about this new drug, Crystal Dream?  
It's 100% addictive and kills  
one out of every seven users.  
Don't mess with it, Harley.  
I don't mess with drugs no more,  
you know that.  
It's a liquid-based blue crystalline  
substance  
with a neurotoxin RAH...  
retina-activating hallucinogen.  
Hmm, so it sort of numbs the senses  
and makes the world look better?  
Yeah, that's the high.  
The low is it damages the central nervous  
system, causes insanity and then death.  
On the street it's called "The Dream."  
Thank you.  
Hey, I'm broke.  
You know something, Harley?  
In a weird way I'm jealous of you two.

But why's that?  
The rest of us work  
so damn hard at life, and...  
you guys just live it one day at a time.  
Yeah.  
See ya.  
Hey, what's with you and them boots?  
Lay off my boots, Harley.  
I'm in no fucking mood.  
Did you have a rough night?  
Woke up smelling the coffee.  
Gimme a light.  
Hey, I thought you quit.  
Just give me a light.  
Whose bike?  
Probably hers.  
She ain't got no Harley.  
Hey, man, what're you doing?  
It ain't hers, but I'll bet  
I know whose it is.  
Whose?  
His.  
You gotta cross and cut  
the red and the green wire.  
I know how to hot-wire a bike, Harley.  
Don't tell me how to hot-wire  
a God damn bike.  
You gotta turn on the gas.  
If he's gonna take my girl,  
I'm gonna take his bike.  
You sure this is the right bank?  
Yeah, I'm sure.  
How sure?  
Hey, man, I'm real sure.  
Yeah, well, you were real sure  
there was gonna be money  
on that armored truck.  
You were real sure  
this plan was gonna work.  
You better be right about this,  
or I'm for real sure  
gonna break your head  
so you can't think no more.  
Hey, man, why don't you lighten up?

Tell me about that guy  
that's working Virginia.  
Don't care. Didn't ask.  
You mean you're gonna let her go  
just like that?  
From where I stand, she let me go.  
Well, you know, if she wants you  
to chase her, that's the game.  
My old man used to tell me,  
before he left this shitty world,  
never chase buses or women.  
You always get left behind.  
I assume you're here to do business?  
Well... I'd like to do some business  
with you some other time.  
But right now we got to talk  
to the man upstairs.  
Stay on my tail.  
No problem.  
Well, looks like we really  
rattled the cage, Marlboro.  
You know this ain't gonna fly.  
I'll bet you it flies.  
- How much?  
- I'll bet you a dollar.  
But if you win, you're gonna have  
to give me some credit  
'cause that cab fare last night  
broke me.  
If I win, we're dead.  
Well, strap on your seat belt  
and get ready to fly.  
American Airlines.  
You've got something of mine.  
And I want it back.  
Oh, really? What is that?  
You know something?  
You've got balls. Big ones.  
But they're not as big  
as you might think.  
Well, mister, my balls are big enough  
to get your attention.  
What do you want?  
Oh, how's about two and a half

million dollars?  
Nah, wait a minute. Check that.  
I got a little side bet going.  
Make that two and a half  
million dollars plus a buck.  
When? Where?  
Airplane graveyard.  
Late. Tonight.  
Well, I'll tell you what,  
you better call your boys off  
or you ain't gonna get nothing.  
Yeah. Talk to you  
on the rebound... asshole.  
Yes, sir?  
Let 'em go, Alexander.  
Let 'em go.  
Okay, let's do it.  
Your boys are good...  
for dilettantes.  
They're not my boys. They're my friends.  
Yeah. Let's see the crystals.  
Let's see the cash.  
Hey. Open it real slow, huh?  
Why the extra dollar?  
We had a bet.  
Okay.  
Well, wasn't a walk in the park,  
but the job's done.  
You did it. You did it, man.  
Check this out, old man.  
Besides Jimmy and Lulu  
and the rest of you,  
this place is what keeps me  
coming back day after day.  
Thank you for giving that back to me.  
I've got things to do.  
Tomorrow we open for good.  
All right. All right, Pops.  
Oh, man, I am thankful for this.  
But you boys are whacked out,  
you know that?  
I'm talking about you, Harley.  
Hey, man,  
that's what friendship's about.

It's done, and it's done good.  
So let's take the edge off.  
Come here, Marlboro, get in this.  
To Lulu, who'd kill me  
if she knew what I helped do.  
But because I did it,  
she still has a job.  
To Lulu.  
What's wrong, man? We done good tonight.  
Shit, Harley,  
we're way out of our league, man.  
It was too easy.  
I think we oughta get  
the fuck out of Dodge,  
let things cool off for a while.  
Aw, look at this shit.  
How the fuck did they find us?  
I don't know.  
I damn sure don't wanna find out.  
Not this again.  
I can't deal with this again, Harley.  
The old man has got it under control.  
Yeah, tell them we were in, but we left.  
That's right. That's right, boy.  
Take your pussy friends,  
get the hell out of here.  
Oops.  
I don't think he liked that.  
I don't give a flying fuck  
what he likes.  
We gotta get the hell outta here!  
No kidding.  
I'm gonna fucking die today, Harley,  
and I blame you.  
No, we're gonna live, man, and we're  
gonna go through that window to do it.  
Jack, cover me.  
Jack, come on!  
I'm right behind you!  
Jack?!  
Jack!  
Uh-oh. Uh-oh.  
Lady? Lady, hey, hey, hey.  
Take it easy. We don't wanna hurt you.

Take her.  
"Take her" he says.  
Jesus, lady!  
Hey, hey, hey!  
This is a restricted area, man.  
Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh.  
You're gonna have to scoot. I mean fast.  
Hey, chump, in case  
you don't hear so good,  
I said get the fuck outta here!  
I hate this fucking town.  
Hey, man, you don't know  
anything about this city.  
I grew up here, you dumb bastard.  
I didn't know that.  
Yeah, well,  
what you don't know is a lot.  
You mean to tell me that real cowboys,  
I mean, shit-kickin rodeo cowboys,  
come from Vegas?  
Some of the best.  
Maybe even one of the best.  
Hey, man,  
I know you don't wanna be here.  
We're just gonna stay long enough  
to clean up and get some sleep.  
Yeah, okay.  
Did I ever tell you the time  
I lost my cherry  
to a fat girl in a room just like this?  
It was in Mesquite, Texas.  
Her name was Annie.  
Wasn't too good putting us  
up on this top floor like this.  
There was a convention in town.  
It was all we could get.  
Makes for a tough getaway.  
Look, partner,  
they're not gonna find us here.  
- They can't.  
- I wouldn't bet on that.  
Why don't you stop whining, you know?  
You're starting to sound like Jimmy.  
Jimmy's dead,

you heartless piece of shit.  
Four of our friends got killed tonight.  
They're gone.  
Fucking tagged-on-the-toe dead.  
Does that matter to you?  
I mean, do you fucking care?  
Hey, Marlboro,  
I didn't force anyone to do it.  
They took the chance,  
and they knew the risk.  
All right, hey, look, it's my fault.  
And I gotta live with it.  
But right now me and you gotta  
pull it together if we're gonna survive.  
Hello?  
Hello.  
Hey.  
Where are you? Are you all right?  
Las Vegas.  
I called because I'm drunk,  
and I'm tired.  
I just wanted to hear your voice.  
Tell me exactly where you are  
and what you've done.  
- No.  
- And I can help.  
No. Can't do that.  
I've already dug too many graves.  
None of them my own.  
Robert...  
you keep running, and sooner or later,  
you're gonna end up like your dad.  
Drunk, dead and alone,  
and all you can do is hold on and wait.  
Robert?  
Hello? Are you there?  
Harley, let's go. We got company.  
- Hey, I know how they found us.  
- Yeah? Well, Tell me later.  
Please, God, let us get out of this one.  
I promise I'll change.  
That's bullshit, Harley.  
I'll fucking try.  
Shit.

Up! They're going up!  
Holy shit.  
Come on!  
We're at death's door, Harley,  
and the devil's a-knocking.  
So you better think up of something fast  
or start your ass praying for real.  
Put your gun away. We're gonna jump.  
Are you out of your fucking mind?  
You got a better idea?  
Well, whatever the hell they're  
wearing's made outta die-hard bluesteel.  
All right, come on, take my hand, man.  
No!  
- It's the only way, man.  
- I don't care.  
Well, I'm gonna do it.  
Do it!  
You're gonna get shot up here.  
You're gonna get smashed down there.  
Hey, man, I'd rather  
be smashed than shot.  
Not me.  
All right. Fuck you!  
You stay up here,  
and you get shot and die!  
I owe you that.  
I hate you for this, Harley.  
I fucking hate you for this.  
I hate you, Harley!  
Oh, shit!  
Was that fucking intense or what?  
We gotta go back, Harley.  
What the fuck you talking about?  
We survived. It's over.  
It ain't over.  
Hey, man, it's definitely over.  
See this?  
It's out of commission.  
That means that them fuckers can't  
keep coming out of nowhere anymore.  
We still got a bunch of money  
we didn't get for ourselves,  
and a bar full of dead friends in L.A.



It ain't over.  
This ain't right.  
And we owe it to our friends  
to make it right.  
Hey, man, I ain't making any plans  
for you and me for a long time.  
We came out alive. We came out ahead,  
I ain't doing it.  
God damn it, Harley. We ain't ahead.  
And if being alive means  
living on the run, then I don't want it.  
Marlboro, you do  
what you think is right, right?  
I'm gonna stay alive.  
Better to be dead and cool...  
than alive and uncool.  
Midnight  
Streetlight  
Shadows  
At your feet...  
What do you want?  
Virginia.  
She's asleep.  
Wake her up.  
Why the fuck is here here?!  
Though I want you so...  
- Just calm down.  
- I am calm!  
To stay  
I'm standing on the hard line  
Taking my sweet time...  
You've got until we reach the sidewalk  
to say what you've got to say.  
Mr. Trigger-happy a cop too?  
He just made lieutenant.  
He the guy?  
What do you want, Robert?  
You want my help? My sympathy?  
My hand in marriage? What?  
I don't know what I want.  
But I know what I don't want.  
I don't want whatever  
there was between us...  
to end without telling you...

you've been the better part of my life.  
The best part of my life.  
I'm standing on the hard line...  
Goodbye, Virginia.  
Robert?  
I'm slow to change...  
Been fighting on the front line  
Victim of a heart crime  
Can't just let you steal my heart  
Away.  
Sorry I'm late.  
I had a layover in Denver.  
Are you and me friends?  
Sure, we're friends.  
Then how come,  
with all the shit that me  
and you have been through,  
I've asked you the same question  
a thousand times  
and you ain't never answered me?  
What question?  
What's with you and those fucking boots?  
My old man gave me these boots  
first time I rode  
in a professional rodeo.  
It was the first and last thing  
he ever gave me.  
Hey, Marlboro,  
you could've told me that.  
Just kind of figured  
it was between him and me.  
I got throwed and busted  
my arm in four places.  
Hey, I think you should do it again.  
Someday. Maybe.  
The hell'd you get that hog leg?  
Denver.  
This is a Ruger Super Blackhawk.  
454 conversion.  
God damn, Harley,  
that's too much gun for you.  
This is what I learned with.  
Nobody learns with a converted 454.  
I did.

That explains it.  
I've been through  
a lot of shit in my life.  
But up until about three weeks ago,  
the only God damn thing  
I ever shot at was tin cans.  
You know, I never wanted  
to shoot at nobody in anger.  
And I sure as shit  
ain't never wanted to kill nobody.  
Me, neither.  
Take up a heading of zero one zero.  
They're seven clicks northeast of here.  
Sounds like the same heading  
my co-pilot shouted out  
the day we choppered into Khe Sanh.  
Last thing the ugly bastard ever said.  
Shut the fuck up and fly, Tom.  
Okay. Okay.  
Well, God, if you do exist  
and you're up there watching  
from wherever it is  
you're watching from...  
just look away for a minute.  
Remember, these bastards  
are bulletproof.  
So aim for their heads, dead center.  
You might wanna hold  
onto that cannon with both hands.  
Don't yank.  
Don't pull.  
Squeeze.  
You ready?  
Let's rock and roll these motherfuckers.  
Let's make things right.  
You know, that gun costs about two bucks  
every time you fire it.  
That's two bucks a bullet.  
Well, how many did I hit?  
You spent 12 bucks  
and didn't hit a God damn thing.  
I nailed one,  
and it cost four and a quarter.  
Where'd they go?

Right there,  
and they're spending a fortune.  
We really pissed them off this time.  
No shit. Come on, let's go.  
Harley?  
Are you shooting?  
- Harley?  
- What?!  
That's two for me.  
You better get off your ass, Harley.  
Hey, give me a fucking break.  
God knows I'm trying.  
You better ask God for some help.  
We ain't done yet.  
Fuck! Shit! Piss!  
Horseshit in a bear's ass!  
Two bucks.  
That's four.  
Six.  
You're gonna die today.  
If you wanna make it fast,  
tell me where the money is.  
If you wanna make it slow, don't.  
It's your choice.  
It's a good day for dying.  
I'll do it slow.  
Hey, slick.  
Cut him loose.  
Oh, shit. I'm a dead man.  
Where is the money?  
Where is the money?  
Squeeze it, Harley. Just squeeze it.  
Agh!  
- Shit.  
- Shit!  
That hurt, Harley. That hurt bad.  
Looks like your luck just ran out.  
Now, where is the money?  
Shoot him, God damn it!  
Keep shooting.  
You'll make my job easier.  
Shoot the bastard!  
Don't think, just shoot him!  
Shoot him!

Well, that one's for you. How'd it feel?  
Best 12 bucks I ever spent.  
Agh... son of a bitch.  
How you feeling?  
Oh...  
Like I've been rode hard and put up wet.  
Well, shake it off. We got one more.  
Let's go.  
I can't believe  
you fucking shot me, Harley.  
Dickhead, you fucking shot me.  
Can't believe you shot me,  
you shit bird.  
I find it hard to believe  
you greased those cue balls.  
But it's a good thing somebody did.  
Yeah? Why's that?  
They were pussies.  
Their clothes were made out of  
that lightweight Japanese Kevlar.  
All right, pal,  
this is your last paycheck.  
You work for us now.  
Here's what we'll do.  
As soon as I ask him to change  
the lease and he says no,  
just shoot his ass dead.  
Why me?  
I'm all out of bullets.  
Yes, Howard, it's good  
to hear from you, too.  
Now, uh, what do you want from me?  
Spit it out.  
Uh-huh.  
Uh, listen, How... Howard,  
I'm not interested  
in the third world, okay?  
There's too much can go the wrong way  
and not much that can go our way.  
Now, we've had this discussion.  
I don't want to have it again, okay?  
Listen, Howard, say hello to your wife.  
You're married, aren't you?  
Looking for Chance Wilder. You him?

That's right.  
Deal away, Harley.  
Well, here.  
This is yours. We took it.  
Wasn't right of us.  
So now you can change the lease back  
to the Rock 'N' Roll Bar and Grill.  
No handouts. No breaks.  
Just a fair deal,  
that's all we're asking.  
You guys must be charmed...  
to have made it this far.  
Well, four of our friends are dead.  
No, we're not charmed.  
We're just pissed off.  
That's too bad.  
Oh!  
That's too bad.  
Sorry I pissed you off.  
Listen...  
the lease stands, okay?  
So that's the end of that story.  
So if you came here to kill me,  
do it now.  
If not, get the fuck out of here.  
I don't have the time to play  
with guys like you, okay?  
I'm very busy.  
Hey, this ain't a game.  
All business is a game  
one way or another.  
Selling drugs ain't no game.  
It's not your average game, that's true.  
I make \$500,000 a year to sit  
in this office and run this bank, okay?  
I make another \$50 million a year to sit  
in the same office and run those drugs.  
Now, that's a big game,  
and it's big-time.  
Well, game's over.  
Go ahead and do it, Marlboro.  
What are you waiting for?  
Just kill him and let's get  
the fuck out of here.

I can't do it.  
It's not right.  
Hey, this scumbag killed four  
of our friends just for laughs.  
Still doesn't make it right.  
What are you talking about?  
My old man used to tell me,  
before he left this shitty world,  
never shoot an unarmed man.  
Marlboro, fuck your old man.  
Your old man's dead.  
Leave my old man out of this, all right?  
All right. Here. Now he's armed.  
That gun's empty, Harley.  
So what?  
This piece of shit gives drugs to kids.  
Drop it!  
You guys, did you really think you were  
just gonna walk in here and shoot me?  
You... you thought that, didn't you?  
That was the plan.  
Yeah, that was the plan.  
You guys... you guys  
are a piece of work.  
You got an edge. And I like that.  
I do. I like that.  
It almost makes me sorry  
that I have to kill you.  
But I... I do. Hmm.  
I do right now.  
What'd you do? Did you pay him?  
No, man, that was your money.  
You paid him. He did that for free.  
You guys.  
Like your buddy said, fuck your old man.  
He's dead, right? Fuck him.  
Let's see what you're made of, huh?  
Think fast!  
Harley!  
- Good timing.  
- I told you to shoot the fuck.  
Hey, guns are made  
to be shot, not thrown.  
I was just trying to even the odds.

Where you going this time?  
Who says I'm going?  
You always do, Harley.  
It's that time.  
You wanna come with me?  
Can't.  
I shouldn't have asked.  
You never say yes.  
- Get the hell outta here.  
Vaya con Dios, amigo.  
This is Robert Lee Edison,  
a third-generation cowboy  
with his own brand of misery.  
He hails from Las Vegas, Nevada,  
and hasn't seen the back of a bull's neck  
since he got off real hard  
in the National Finals Rodeo  
seven years ago.  
Let's see what he gets done  
on a bull called Hondo,  
the top bull of the Diamond S  
rodeo company.  
Okay, big boy, let's make it a good one.  
Outside!  
Outside! Okay, cowboy.  
...and then you cry  
I said walk with me  
Talk to me  
Take my hand  
To the man  
All the sounds  
What we found  
It's you I found...  
Hey.  
- Where you heading?  
- Nowhere special.  
Come on, I'll take you there.  
Girl, I know how you feel  
This thing called love  
So come on.  
Ride on  
Ride on  
Ride with me  
So come on



Ride on  
Ride on  
Ride with me  
I'd give you anything you want  
Loving just your heart  
Would you love me if I were poor  
I'd love you more  
I said walk with me  
Talk to me  
Take my hand  
To the man  
All the sounds  
What we found  
It's you I found  
Baby, we got it made  
When times get hard  
Girl, I know how it feels  
It hurts to love  
So come on  
Ride on  
Ride on  
Ride with me, baby  
Ride on  
Ride on  
Ride with me  
Ride on  
Ride on  
Ride with me  
Ride with me, baby  
Ooh, whoa  
Yeah, yeah.  
I watch my TV screen  
Life flashing before me  
So tell me what does that mean?  
And why does it bore me?  
Come on  
Let me show you how to do it  
I hear the radio  
and the songs that they play  
Makin' my stomach turn  
I just want to hear some rock 'n' roll  
I watch my radio burn  
Come on  
Let me show you how to do it

Well, come on, yeah  
Let me show you how to do it  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, all right, yeah  
I see the plastic people  
leading plastic lives  
Substitute child, disposable wife  
Follow your TV, it is your guide  
The family cries when the TV dies  
Come on  
Let me show you how to do it  
Well, come on, yeah  
Let me show you how to do it  
Well, come on, come on,  
come on, come on, come on  
Let me show you how to do it  
Whoa, oh, yeah.