

HARLEY DAVIDSON AND THE MARLBORO MAN

by

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The four damp walls hold a couple captive. A nude woman sleeps on a double bed in the middle of the room.

A nude man with a silver crucifix hanging loosely around his neck stands by the window dragging hard on a cigarette. He looks at a wallet size photograph of himself, only younger, with a beautiful young woman, and she's not the woman sleeping behind him. They were obviously very much in love.

Taking his eyes off the snapshot, he looks to the sleeping woman. After a moment, his attention is pulled out of the window. The distant horizon is lit up by fireworks which reflect in the man's wanderlust eyes. A radio plays softly in background.

DISC JOCKEY(vo)

...and that's about it for this
Independence Day as the clock
rocks twelve on July 5th, 1996.
Well, fellow Americans we're
220 years old and we've just
about wiped-out the ozone
layer, we live under a
continual first stage smog
alert, and there's a new drug
for the kids of America to bury
themselves with...

Making a decision, the man takes a final look at the dog-eared photograph and puts it in his wallet nearby. He begins dressing in a timeworn outfit made up of: Levi 501s, a sleeveless Texaco gas station shirt, black motorcycle boots, and a black leather motorcycle jacket.

DISC JOCKEY(cont,vo)

...it's called "Crystal
Vision," you don't drink it,
smoke it, snort it, or shoot
it. Are you ready for this,
you put it in your eyes and it
tells you lies? All this
decadence and we still haven't
nuked ourselves outta here,
amazing! With a little luck
and a lotta hope maybe the
human race will live to see
another 220 years. With that
in mind, Happy Birthday,
America!

Music replaces the disc jockey. The man gives the room and his lover a final once-over and starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

The sleeping woman wakes up as he opens the door. The man gives her a parting glance which tells her all she needs to know, then, he exits into the darkness.

2 EXT. SEEDY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

2

The fireworks continue to light up the night giving the moon an oddish, reddish glow. The man walks to a Harley-Davidson Soft tail motorcycle and climbs on.

Straddling his "Hog", which is beaten and used, the man fires up the engine. It runs like a top. Looking over his shoulder, the man can see his lover in the doorway watching.

His sad smile tells her goodbye. Then, he turns away and takes off into the inky night leaving another woman and another city behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 THE LONG RIDE HOME

3

The man rides his bike down a stretch of highway somewhere in southwest Texas. Just off the highway, a row of factories belch plumes of dirty smoke into the atmosphere. This is not "America The Beautiful." The landscape is gritty, tough, and spent. Muted tones lay on the arid vistas like a wet blanket.

Days and nights fade away. We should sense the feeling of time passing along with the changing terrain which includes the cities of Las Cruces, White Sands, Bisby and Yuma. Then, the man passes a signpost that reads: WELCOME TO THE GOLDEN STATE - CALIFORNIA.

Smothered by a thick brown haze, the Los Angeles skyline rises forth like a cancerous growth. It's July and it's hot. The man turns off the freeway to avoid a classic rush hour traffic jam.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MINI-MARKET, GAS STATION - DAY

4

The man pulls his Harley-Davidson up alongside one of the pumps and climbs off. The meter on the pump advertises \$3.99 a gallon.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Thirty-six and street-wise, the man has a mob of thick brown hair and dark eyes. Actually, they're blue. A fierce red scar adorns the side of his face. On most people it would be considered a flaw, but if you asked him he'd tell you it makes him look better.

He's iconoclastic, he's tough, he's philosophical.

He's HARLEY DAVIDSON.

Exuding savvy, he's one of those rare leaders of men who lives on the edge of life outside the ethics most play by. His jaded good looks suggest a man older than his years. Carrying himself with confidence, Harley enters the mini-market.

5 INT. MINI-MARKET, GAS STATION - DAY

5

Harley walks in on two mean street PUNKS who are in the middle of robbing the place. One punk has a man and a boy pinned to the floor face down while the other punk holds a young female ASIAN CASHIER at gunpoint.

Harley surveys the scene and without losing his step steps up to the counter. He looks at the cashier's nametag and speaks to her as if nothing's going down.

HARLEY

Gimme ten-bucks on pump number two, Suzie.

Suzie eyes Harley with disbelief. So do the punks. Then, the punk with the gun moves in on Harley.

PUNK WITH THE GUN

Hit the floor, asshole.

Harley sniffs at the air as if some bad smell permeates the room. Still ignoring the punks, Harley speaks to Suzie.

HARLEY

Y'know, it pisses me off this store has such fresh clean filtered air and it only takes a couple of scumbags to stink the place up.

The punk with the gun is not amused. He presses the barrel of his FORTY-FOUR MAGNUM DESERT EAGLE firmly into Harley's temple and pulls the hammer back.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

PUNK WITH THE GUN

I said, hit the floor or I'll
blow your fucking head off!!!

Again, Harley speaks to Suzie without so much as a flinch.

HARLEY

If I had a nickel for everytime
some punk put a gun to my head
I'd be a rich man.

Then, with a wink, Harley knocks the Desert Eagle away from his head and pounds the punk with a vicious punch. The gun goes off wildly and obliterates the store's front window.

Harley grabs the punk by the nape of the neck and slams him into the counter face first. The punk's body goes limp and he slides off the counter unconscious.

Harley wastes no time before he spins to face the other punk who skillfully wields a butterfly knife with a wicked scowl.

PUNK WITH THE KNIFE

I'm gonna cut you long, wide
and deep, motor-head.

The man and the boy jump up and hurry out of the way just as the punk slashes out. Harley deflects the punk's knife mid-motion and pounds him with an elbow to the face.

The punk is dazed, Harley takes advantage of this and forces the punk's head down into a teeth-breaking collision with his knee. The punk with the knife falls unconscious next to his partner.

The man and the boy are speechless. Suzie is awe-struck.

Harley isn't even out of breath. Bending down, he picks up the punk's Desert Eagle handgun and tucks it into his belt. Acting as if nothing's happened, Harley takes a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and throws it on the counter in front of Suzie. Suzie pushes the money back to him.

SUZIE

Pump all the gas you can hold,
on me.

HARLEY

That's not good business.

Harley leaves the money on the counter and makes his way out.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

SUZIE
Hey mister, you got a name?

HARLEY
Harley Davidson.

SUZIE
Like the motorcycle?

HARLEY
It's not just a motorcycle,
it's a way of life.

CUT TO:

6 INT. THE EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

6

Harley steps inside the smoke filled room patronized entirely by leather-clad bikers. A stripper dances on a stage in the middle of the room.

Sliding up to the bar, Harley lights a cigarette and looks over the rough clientele. Something across the bar catches his attention, what we don't know. A crusty old BARTENDER comes over and takes Harley's order.

THE BARTENDER
Name your poison?

HARLEY
Coca-Cola.

The bartender grabs a bottled Coke out of a refrigerator and sets it down in front of Harley. Throwing a few bills on the counter, Harley swills down a big gulp and walks through the crowd towards a match happening around one of the pool tables.

A BIG INDIAN with long black hair braided into a ponytail, leans on the table. His gang of five stands close-by. Drawing back on his cue-stick, the Indian misses a tough shot at the eight-ball.

The Indian grimaces. So does his gang.

The Indian's girl doesn't even notice, she's too busy watching A COWBOY standing on the opposite side of the pool table. Looking like a misfit from the old west, the cowboy has a tattoo of a burning cigarette etched into his forearm.

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6 CONTINUED:

6

With all eyes on him, the cowboy takes a cigarette from his pack of Marlboro Reds and clamps the coffin nail hard between his teeth. The cowboy just stares at the Indian, his eyes alive and riveting.

Harley watches from behind the crowd.

Speaking to the Indian and company with a southwestern cadence, the cowboy is a fight waiting to happen.

THE COWBOY

I got four balls lyin' on the
felt and y'can't put the nail
in my coffin? Five-hundred
bones says I can put the nail
in yours...

The cowboy adds fuel to the fire by winking at the Indian's girl.

THE COWBOY(cont)

...but, if y'can't handle that,
we could always play for your
filly.

THE INDIAN

If you lose and don't have the
scratch to pay, I'll take your
fucking life as payment.

THE COWBOY

Man, y'sure are fulla piss and
vinegar.

Undaunted, the cowboy saunters around the pool table chalking his cue-stick. He moves like every bone in his body has been broken and they have. He's dressed in a western shirt, a buckskin vest, a worn-in pair of Wranglers and a Silver-belly 5X beaver Stetson.

Thirty-six and tall, he exudes a cagey charm. With a sturdy jaw and wheat colored hair, his boyish good-looks are pushing towards manhood. The imminent danger of this breakneck world turns him on.

He's reckless, he's cynical, he's strong.

He's THE MARLBORO MAN.

Bitting down on his still unlit smoke, Marlboro exposes the lines under his eyes. This is a man who's lived through more pain than most and survived.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

MARLBORO

Y'know, my old man used to tell
me before he left this shitty
world, there's five lessons
when shootin' pool for cash.

He lines up his first shot with his unlit cigarette dangling
from his mouth.

MARLBORO(cont)

Lesson one, always play with a
cigarette in your mouth.

Marlboro sinks the seven-ball in the side pocket and chalks
his cue. The Indian and his gang regard Marlboro and his
cigarette with contempt.

THE INDIAN

Can't smoke without fire,
asshole.

MARLBORO

Quit.

Marlboro sets for his next shot.

MARLBORO(cont)

Lesson two, learn the table
before y'shoot.

Shooting cross pocket, Marlboro drains the three-ball.

MARLBORO(cont)

Lesson three, chalk your cue
before each shot.

Slicing the one-ball, Marlboro doesn't even watch it fall
into the corner pocket.

MARLBORO(cont)

Lesson four, never make a bet
if y'can't pay the debt.

Goodbye six-ball.

The Indian and his tribe are chomping at the bit. Marlboro
lines up the eight-ball and looks into the Indian's fiery
eyes.

MARLBORO(cont)

Lesson five, if y'lose, stand
up straight and walk like a
man.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

Marlboro doesn't take his eyes off the Indian and puts the black ball to sleep in the corner pocket. He rises from the table and sets down his cue-stick.

MARLBORO(cont)

School's out, boys.

The Indian's pissed off he's been hustled.

THE INDIAN

If I was you I'd get the hell
outta here before my cord
snaps.

MARLBORO

I'm good to go when I got five
big bills in my pocket or your
woman in my bed.

The Indian's girl blushes nervously. The Indian draws his buck knife from its sheath. He and his gang move in hungry for blood.

THE INDIAN

Where I come from Indians still
scalp cowboys.

MARLBORO

Just gimme what's mine and I'll
saddle up, chief.

THE INDIAN

I don't have five-hundred
dollars and there's no way
you're bedding my woman.

The Indian and his clan have Marlboro surrounded.

MARLBORO

My old man said there'd be blue
bellied, chicken-shit bastards
like you.

The Indian and his tribe are soon to give Marlboro a beating when Harley breaks through the crowd coming to his assistance.

HARLEY

You jumped on the wrong horse,
cowboy, unless you got a death
wish.

Marlboro locks eyes with Harley.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

MARLBORO

Take a bath, greaser.

HARLEY

In case you didn't notice,
you're the only cowboy in this
place.

THE INDIAN

He's not a cowboy, s'more like
a pretty boy.

The Indian's gang and most of the crowd snicker.

That's all Marlboro needed. Like a hair-trigger pistol,
Marlboro explodes and pile drives the Indian into the wall.
The Indian is stunned, but he's able to shake Marlboro off.

Picking up his knife, which fell to the floor, the Indian
circles Marlboro. The Indian's gang joins in, but Harley
intercedes.

HARLEY

You oughtta be able to take him
alone if he's just a pretty
boy.

The Indian kills Harley with a look and waves his gang off.

Marlboro attacks. With one of his gnarled cowboy boots, he
kicks the Indian's hand holding the knife. The Indian hangs
onto his blade despite Marlboro's powerful kick and lunges
forward.

Marlboro dodges, but the Indian's knife is fast. It slices
into his buckskin vest wounding him in the side. Marlboro
rages like a wild man when he sees his vest has been cut.

With a flurry of out-of-control slugs, Marlboro rocks the
Indian. He then furiously wrestles his adversary to the
floor like a big steer and pins him to the ground.

Twisting the Indian's arm behind his back, Marlboro yanks
his head back by his ponytail.

MARLBORO

Y'owe me an apology, chief.

THE INDIAN

Fuck you and your old man.

Marlboro twists the Indian's arm even harder.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (5)

6

MARLBORO

Now, I need two apologies.

Harley saunters over and crouches down.

HARLEY

Y'know, I think he's crazy, you
better think about giving.

Just then, the barrel of a sawed-off shotgun is pressed hard against Marlboro's temple. They all look up. The crusty old bartender Harley ordered the Coca-Cola from stands over them holding "The Trench Broom."

THE BARTENDER

He better think about living.

Marlboro meets the bartender's stare letting a tense moment pass. Then, Marlboro grabs his adversaries knife lying nearby and puts the blade in place to cut off the Indian's ponytail.

THE INDIAN'S GIRL

No, please, no, no!!!

Marlboro stops himself and stands. He goes to the Indian's girl. Meets her eyes. Then, he reaches out with one hand and pulls the squaw's lips into his. They kiss. It's a good kiss. He lets go of her and looks back to the Indian who's just gotten up.

MARLBORO

I haven't had that much fun with
my pants on in a long-time.

Marlboro throws the Indian's knife on the pool table and saunters out with Harley on his heels.

7 EXT. THE EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

7

Marlboro flies out of the nest and walks over to some kind of beat-to-shit Japanese motorcycle. Harley's right there with him.

HARLEY

When're you gonna learn to
hustle pool with guys you can
hustle, you gotta think things
out.

MARLBORO

Y'think, Harley, I survive.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Marlboro reaches down and turns on the gas. Harley straddles his bike and lights a cigarette.

MARLBORO(cont)

Where the hell've y'been
anyway?

HARLEY

Fixing bikes in a grease-pit
just outside Dallas.

MARLBORO

For two years?

HARLEY

I was thinking.

MARLBORO

For two years?

HARLEY

Thinking about life.

MARLBORO

That's the trouble with you,
Harley, y'think too damn much.

Marlboro kicks his motorcycle to life and roars off.

CUT TO:

8 THE FACE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD

8

The face is somehow not real, but real, we move down across her eyes, sparkling blue, and her mouth, full lips. Through this:

HARLEY(os)

There was this woman, Jenny
Ann, and she was good woman
too, it's just that I...

We continue moving down and down following the running curvatures of the woman's body and it's the most beautiful body in the world. Leonardo couldn't have done better. Through this:

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MARLBORO(os)
...was lying there in bed one
night and y'felt like coming
home, y'just got on your bike
and went, same ole story,
different girl.

We have reached the feet of the most beautiful woman in the world and it's here we find Harley and Marlboro sitting on a ledge. We realize this is a giant billboard erected high above the infamous Sunset strip. The most beautiful woman in the world is a painted showgirl selling what LAS VEGAS has to sell.

Harley looks across the basin of shimmering lights and eats a can of Hormel beans.

HARLEY
I hate this city, but it's
home.

Marlboro, with another unlit cigarette in-between his lips, has his shirt torn open so he can attend to his sliced ribcage. From a bottle of Bactine, he soaks his bandanna and cleans the injury. He looks at Harley with a sidelong glance.

MARLBORO
It's that time again ain't it,
Harley?

Harley's next remark is a statement of fact not sentiment.

HARLEY
You're the only family I got,
Marlboro.

MARLBORO
That's too bad.

HARLEY
I could of made a family with
Jenny Ann, but, marriage is for
other men, not for me.

MARLBORO
Some rocks in the stream never
settle.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

HARLEY

Yeah, and for good reason, if I had kids who knows what kind of shit they'd be breathing in ten years.

MARLBORO

The world's changin' more than people're willin' to admit.

HARLEY

I admit it, but I won't be part of the changes, I can't.

MARLBORO

Amen.

Marlboro starts wrapping a gauze bandage around his midsection to cover the knife wound. Harley becomes pensive.

HARLEY

You ever wonder if there might be better?

MARLBORO

Everyday.

HARLEY

No, I'm talking about something much better.

MARLBORO

Y'talkin' about heaven?

HARLEY

No, I'm talking about God.

MARLBORO

Jesus Christ, y'didn't go and get religious on me, did ya?

HARLEY

No, but if there is a God and a heaven I'd like to meet him and hangout there.

MARLBORO

Y'ain't gonna meet God with me, when I'm dead and done, I don't want any excuses for what I did.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. STREETS OF BURBANK - NIGHT

9

Harley rides smoothly on his Harley while Marlboro sputters along on some kind of run-down Japanese motorcycle that is decidedly on its last legs.

Marlboro is continually bending down to fiddle with one thing or another under his tank.

They cruise through the streets of Burbank, and it's a different Burbank than we've seen before. The once homegrown suburb of Los Angeles has been swallowed by high-tech office buildings, hotels and restaurants.

Harley and Marlboro pull up to a red traffic light on Hollywood Way. Harley looks at all the development. The new-age, svelte urban architecture reflects an organized use of space, but lacks individuality.

HARLEY

Burbank...what happened?

MARLBORO

The future.

HARLEY

I was only gone a couple years.

MARLBORO

That's a lifetime nowadays,
y'know that.

From over the skyscraper's rooftops comes the deafening roar of the Concorde's engines. The high-powered jet has just taken off from The Burbank Airport.

HARLEY

What's that?

MARLBORO

The Concorde.

Marlboro points out a signpost reading: BURBANK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEXT RIGHT. *

MARLBORO(cont)

D'ya believe it, they turned
Burbank into an international
airport?

Harley is dumbfounded.

The light turns green and they take-off.

10 EXT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

10 *

The Rock 'N' Roll Bar & Grill is one of the few remnants from the past still standing. The shell of a small plane has been placed on the roof to appear as if it's just crashed there. A neon sign boasts: PROUD TO SERVE ALL OF BURBANK SINCE 1956.

Occupying a corner lot of prime real estate adjacent to Burbank International Airport, some may consider this place an eyesore in contrast to the modern development surrounding the establishment.

Harley and Marlboro pull to a stop and park. Marlboro's engine sputters coughs up black smoke. Marlboro's fed up. He dumps his bike against a wall and kicks it out of sheer frustration.

Harley laughs and notices Marlboro's boots which are stained, torn, and held together with several layers of silver duct tape.

HARLEY

You're a mess, Marlboro, you need a new pair of boots and a new bike.

MARLBORO

Layoff my boots, but you're right, I oughtta give this rice-grindin' horse a bullet and put him outta his misery.

Marlboro starts for the entrance.

Harley reaches into the saddle bag on his bike and pulls out the Desert Eagle he took from the punk in the mini-market. He takes aim with the magnum and fires at Marlboro's motorcycle, missing it altogether, but severely damaging the brick wall.

MARLBORO(cont)

Goddamn, if y'were shootin' for shit y'wouldn't get a whiff.

Harley goes to his friend and hands him the sidearm.

HARLEY

Happy Birthday.

MARLBORO

I'll be a sonofabitch, I forgot all about it.

Marlboro examines the weapon.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MARLBORO(cont)

Desert Eagle forty-four mag,
eight in the clip, one in the
pipe, nice piece of hardware,
thanks.

*

HARLEY

How's it feel to be an old man?

MARLBORO

The older the bull the stiffer
the horn.

And with that, Marlboro spins, drops to one knee and with expert marksmanship blows the living shit out of his motorcycle. The tires go flat, the seat is ripped to shreds and gasoline squirts from several bullet holes in the gastank.

Marlboro stands and tucks the Desert Eagle into his belt.

MARLBORO(cont)

Y'gotta squeeze the trigger,
it's not your dick, Harley,
don't yank at it, don't pull on
it, squeeze it like a tender
little breast.

Marlboro enters with Harley right behind.

11 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

11 *

Aglow with neon light and live music the place is decorated in nineteen-fifties motif. Poster of movie stars plaster the walls; James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley, Kim Novak, etcetera. Serving everything from hamburgers and shakes to pizzas and beer the place reminds us of all that was once good.

A black female singing group a la "The Supremes" backed by some aging musicians performs on a small stage. They do a torch-like fifties tune.

Marlboro and Harley enter and feel immediately at home.

HARLEY

I love this place.

MARLBORO

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Marlboro slaps the buttock of a miniature bronze. It's the Great Western Savings bronze of John Wayne from "TRUE GRIT."

MARLBORO(cont)

I gotta see a man about a horse.

Marlboro leaves Harley standing by the miniature bronze of Marlon Brando from "THE WILD ONE."

Harley looks around and sees a hard-boiled old black man, OLD MAN JILES, sitting at a table with a pair of strong men wearing suits standing over him. Old Man's body language tells us he wants no part of what these men are saying. They're ALEXANDER and MICHAEL and they're hard-core motherfuckers from the new world.

Harley's out of earshot and can't hear what's being discussed, so he moves in for a better listen. Just as he's about to get there Alexander and Michael peel off.

Harley catches eyes with Alexander. They hold a look. There's a lot of tension. An immediate dislike. They're the same man forged by different views of the same world.

Harley arrives at Old Man's table.

HARLEY

Half time's over, Old Man, you got a restaurant to run.

Old Man looks up and shovels another forkful of chitlins into his mouth. The deep lines in his face tell us this tough old hooper worked hard to make his way out of the ghetto and bite off a piece of the American dream.

OLD MAN

Well, man alive, Harley, it's damn good to see you, but I'm gonna regret it, I always do.

HARLEY

Who're the suits?

OLD MAN

Go back to wherever it is you ran to.

HARLEY

Can't do that, I've got some unfinished business.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

OLD MAN

Some business is better left unfinished.

HARLEY

Not this business.

Harley leaves Old Man and walks through the club, as he's moving, he catches eyes with the lead vocalist of the singing group.

LULU DANIELS, a hot mulatto girl of twenty-six, exudes sensuality as she sings the last few sultry bars of her song. The weight of Harley's stare sets Lulu on edge, but not enough to ruin her song.

Marlboro approaches Harley, who's stopped to watch Lulu sing, and pulls him along.

MARLBORO

Leave her alone, Harley.

HARLEY

C'mon, Jack's not still mad, is he?

MARLBORO

No, he's not mad, he wants to kill ya, that's all.

They stop at a mirrored wall in the back of the club. Marlboro bangs on the wall. A private door on the mirrored wall opens and a sturdy Mexican man with a gregarious disposition steps through.

Wearing long black hair with a bandanna headband tied around his head, JOSE PEDROZA has an ugly scar cutting his neck. He breaks into a toothless grin when he sees Marlboro and Harley.

MARLBORO(cont)

Que pasa, amigo?

Jose gives Marlboro a hug and wraps his meaty-arms around Harley. After the bearhug, Jose steps back and speaks. He's mute so when he talks he does so in sign language. Marlboro translates.

MARLBORO(cont)

He didn't think y'were ever comin' back, he says, he's been chompin' at the bit waitin' for some action.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

HARLEY

Don't worry, Jose, we're gonna
rock and roll.

Through the private door, Marlboro can see a group of people.

MARLBORO

Jimmy and Jack here?

Jose's grin fades and a look of anxiety comes over him. He
makes some frenzied gestures to Harley.

MARLBORO(cont)

He doesn't think y'should go
in, he says, if y'do, you're
dead.

HARLEY

Better to be dead and cool than
alive and uncool.

Jose swings the door wide and Harley and Marlboro enter.

12 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

12 *

Through the mirrored wall there's a clear view of the action
taking place inside the front room of the establishment. On
the opposite wall there's a large multi-paned window boasting
a view of the Burbank International Airport.

A large crowd of tough-looking men and women gather around
an arm wrestling table standing in the middle of the smoky
room. Two mammoth barrel chested men stand across from each
other preparing to lock horns.

A fast talking little whip of a black man with a clean-head
walks through the crowd collecting bets from the patrons.
JIMMY JILES is the son of Old Man Jiles and the co-owner and
operator of this establishment.

*

JIMMY

Make your bets, make your bets,
anything under five isn't alive,
anything over ten could furnish
your den, c'mon boys, let's see
those greenbacks.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

From behind the heated crowd, Harley, Marlboro and Jose pay close attention to a big man who's one of the arm wrestling competitors. The competitor takes a long swallow from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

HARLEY

Has he gotten bigger?

MARLBORO

Maybe a little.

Jose solemnly nods.

Locking hands with his opponent, the competitor they speak of looks like a cross between a knife fight and the bottle of Jack Daniels he drinks from. His physical size is enough to scare any man. In reality, he's a gentle guy, doltish and lovable, but by the same token he can be ferocious and terrifying.

He's JACK DANIELS.

Jimmy steps up to the table where Jack and his opponent square off. Putting his hand on top of the wrestler's locked hands, he speaks. When he does we notice a gold cap on his front tooth.

JIMMY

I only ask one thing back here,
and that's two things, be fair
and cool. Wrestle!

Jimmy dramatically sweeps his hand away and the struggle begins. The two Goliaths pull at each other and gradually Jack starts to lose which is unusual considering his size advantage.

Then, Jack catches sight of Harley. In a fiery rage, Jack pounds his opponents arm down brutally. Jack's contender slides off the table in agony. The crowd goes nuts.

With fire in his eyes, Jack stares at Harley. Jimmy turns to see what Jack is looking at. So does the entire room.

JIMMY(cont)

For chrissakes, Harley, why'd
you come back?

HARLEY

I missed you guys.

Jack calls to Harley in a low down voice.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

JACK

I'm gonna kill ya, Harley, get ready.

MARLBORO

(aside to Harley)

I told ya.

HARLEY

I don't wanna fight with you, Jack, we're friends.

JACK

Was friends.

HARLEY

C'mon, Jack, we can talk this out.

MARLBORO

(aside to Harley)

I don't think so.

JACK

Talk's cheap and I'm not buying any.

Marlboro tells him "I told you so" with a look.

HARLEY

Jimmy, help me out here, c'mon?

JIMMY

It's your world, holms, I'm just living in it.

Taking a long guzzle from his bottle of Jack Daniels, Jack breaks the bottle on the wrestling table producing a nasty glass weapon.

JACK

Hurry up, Harley, it's gonna be bloody, but quick.

HARLEY

(aside to Marlboro)

If I'm dead when it's done, fuck Lulu and tell him about it.

Harley takes off his leather jacket and hands it to Marlboro. Jose signs Harley a message.

*

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

Harley doesn't understand and turns to Marlboro.

HARLEY(cont)

What'd he say?

MARLBORO

Vaya con Dios, amigo.

HARLEY

What's that mean?

MARLBORO

Go with God.

Harley acknowledges Jose with a look and moves through the crowd which has formed a semi-circle giving Harley and Jack an arena to fight in. *

Harley and Jack circle each and other.

HARLEY

Y'know, last time we did this,
I kicked your ass.

Marlboro interjects from across the room.

MARLBORO

That was in high school and he
had a broken arm.

HARLEY

Yeah and I'm the one that gave
it to him.

(then back to Jack)

Remember, Jack?

Jack loses his focus and thinks back. Harley takes advantage of this and kicks the broken bottle from his pie plate hand. Then, he drills Jack with a flurry of powerful punches. Jack is only a little dazed. He shrugs off the slugs and counters by corralling and lifting Harley above his head and tossing him into the wall.

Harley goes limp and falls to the floor like a sack of bones.

Jack splits through the roaring riffraff and lifts Harley again. With all the strength he can muster, Jack runs and pitches Harley through the multi-paned window overlooking the airport. Shards of glass shower the room as Harley's airborne body sails through the multi-paned window.

13 EXT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

13 *

Harley falls one story and lands in a pile of trash. Jack jumps out after Harley and lands on top of him. He quickly pounds Harley, who is cut and scraped, with some hard blows.

The screaming crowd gathers in the broken window frame hungry for bloodshed. A few vociferous patrons encourage Jack with comments like: "slay the dog," "stick the pig," and "slaughter the swine."

Harley opens his swollen eyes and discovers Jack holding his buck knife in attack position.

HARLEY

I picked the wrong flower.

JACK

I'd kill for you, Harley, how could you do that to me?

HARLEY

I'm bad company when it comes to a good-looking woman.

JACK

Stay away from her, Harley, I love her, we're married.

HARLEY

She's always been yours, Jack.

Jack replaces his knife in its sheath and pulls Harley out of the garbage. Then, he smothers Harley with a big bearhug.

The bloodthirsty throng expresses their disapproval by booing and hissing. This is the last thing they wanted to see. Provoked by the booing people, Jack spins and starts climbing an iron pipe on the wall. The crowd backs away from the broken window.

14 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

14 *

Jimmy is at the door paying-off the last few patrons. Marlboro, Jack, Jose and Harley, who holds an ice-pack on his swollen eyes, take-up various positions around the back room.

Old Man sweeps up the glass and debris from the shattered window. He drills Harley with a look.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

OLD MAN

I shoulda never let you in the
door, I shoulda never, I
shoulda never, I shoulda never...

Harley just shrugs good-naturedly. Jimmy closes the door on
the last patron and approaches Jack.

JACK

Sorry.

JIMMY

Goddammit, Jack, you're my
brother-in-law and I love ya,
but that doesn't get us back
the six-hundred dollars we lost
tonight. The deal is you lose,
don't tear his fucking arm off.
Don't Old Man and I have enough
problems, let us make as much
money as we can before we lose
this place.

Knowing he's wrong, Jack goes to the wet bar and makes a
drink.

MARLBORO

Whadd'ya mean you're gonna lose
this place, y'ain't gonna lose
this place, it's a landmark?

JIMMY

That don't mean shit, holms, if
money talks and bullshit walks,
we're walking and it's not down
easy street.

HARLEY

What's the story Old Man?

OLD MAN

I leased this property in '56
when nobody wanted to be seen
on this side of the hill. In
'66 I renewed on my terms, 350
a month for thirty years. In
(more)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

OLD MAN(cont)
twenty-one days those thirty
years run out, and now with the
whole world flying into Burbank
they're strong-arming us for
2.5 million for a five year
lease. They wanna put up
another skyscraper and fill it
with more bean-counters.

HARLEY
Who's strong-arming you?

OLD MAN
The bank.

HARLEY
What bank?

OLD MAN
Pacific Trust.

At this moment, on the comment, Harley understands.

HARLEY
The suits?

Old Man nods. Harley thinks. Then:

HARLEY(cont)
Well, there's only one place to
get that kind of money so fast,
the suits.

JIMMY
No suit's gonna loan us two and
half million dollars.

OLD MAN
That's for true.

HARLEY
I'm thinking different than a
loan.

MARLBORO
I don't wanna hear it.

JIMMY
Hear what?

MARLBORO
Y'don't wanna know.

OLD MAN
Know what?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

MARLBORO

He's gonna say we should rob
the bank...

(then to Harley)

...we ain't robbin' the bank,
we're not thieves, we don't
steal for a livin', Harley.

Harley gets dead-serious.

HARLEY

We owe the Old Man, Marlboro,
we grew up in this place.

OLD MAN

You boys don't owe me anything.

HARLEY

Yes, we do, without you every
damn one of us would be
face-down in the gutter with a
cigarette for company and a
needle for good-times.

The truth of Harley's statement settles on each man. Then,
the singer Lulu Daniels, Jack's wife, comes into the back
room. She ignores Harley and looks to to Jack.

LULU

I'm ready to go.

JACK

Okay, baby, in a minute.

LULU

Now.

JACK

Count me outta this one, I made
a promise to Lulu.

LULU

We're gonna have a baby
someday.

JACK

Can't start a family from
behind bars.

Like the henpecked man he is, Jack goes with Lulu. Then:

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

HARLEY

I love this place, it's home,
it makes me feel good and if we
have to rob a bank to save it,
I'll do that, but I can't do it
alone, you guys gotta wanna put
yourselves out there too.

By putting it this way, Harley makes robbing the bank sound like a righteous idea. Jose goes to Harley's side. He's in.

Marlboro starts to say something, thinks better of it, and drops his head with a "here we go again" attitude.

JIMMY

It's your call, Old Man?

OLD MAN

I don't like blood.

HARLEY

It'll be a walk in the park and
you don't have to make the trip.

Everyone awaits Old Man's decision.

OLD MAN

Start walking.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. LOS ANGELES BADLANDS - DAY

15

Marlboro leans against a graffiti-painted wall along with a few homeless waifs. His head is tilted down so his Stetson hides his face, but his eyes are alive and watchful under the brim of his hat. The sun shines bright telling us it's a different day.

What he's watching comes right at him, but we don't know what it is until it speeds past and he's up and chasing an armored truck with a logo advertising PACIFIC TRUST printed clearly on its side. Marlboro runs into the street and gets right behind the vehicle so the drivers cannot see him.

*

16 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

16

Radio chatter fills the compartment. Two ARMED GUARDS drive the truck. These men are big, tough, and simple.

The first guard hits the brakes when he sees, through the windshield, a man in an orange city-worker's uniform wearing a gasmask and waving a red flag. *

A roadblock is setup. An electronic digital display sign spells out the warning: TOXIC SPILL. Smoke is rising off the road in the distance.

17 EXT. LOS ANGELES BADLANDS - DAY

17

The city-worker motions the truck in the direction of yet another roadblock. As the truck rounds the corner, the city-worker, who we recognize as Jimmy nods to Marlboro who winks and jumps onto the back of the truck.

Marlboro gets a firm grip, then, the truck accelerates and Marlboro loses hold with one hand. He swings out and crashes into the side of the armored truck.

18 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

18

The first guard reacts to the sound of Marlboro banging the side of the truck.

THE FIRST GUARD
What the hell?

THE SECOND GUARD
What?

The first guard checks his side-view mirrors. Nothing.

18A EXT. LOS ANGELES BADLANDS - DAY

18A

As the armored truck drives away Jimmy climbs into an open manhole near the roadblock. *

18B INT. CITY SEWER, GIANT CULVERT PIPE - DAY

18B

The city's innards. Dark. Musty. Wet. Jimmy slides down a ladder mounted on the water-stained cement wall and drops into the grime. *

(CONTINUED)

18B CONTINUED:

18B *

A Ford F-250 pick-up truck is parked and waiting. Jimmy hops inside and turns the key. The motor roars to life and Jimmy hits the gas. Headlights burn, tires spin, and water "cascades".

19 EXT. LOS ANGELES BADLANDS - DAY

19

On the road above, Marlboro still holds onto the back of the armored truck. He pulls himself onto the roof, gets his breath, and lies on top of the truck charged by his effort.

19A INT. CITY SEWER, GIANT CULVERT PIPE - DAY

19A *

With Jimmy in the driver's seat, the Ford churns through the culvert pipe traveling in the same direction as the armored truck above.

19B EXT. LOS ANGELES BADLANDS - DAY

19B *

The armored vehicle is met by another roadblock. This time Jose, also wearing city-worker's garb and gasmask, motions the money truck down an even more secluded road.

When the truck clears the detour, Jose blocks off the road with large fluorescent orange traffic cones and jumps into a manhole nearby.

19C INT. CITY SEWER, GIANT CULVERT PIPE - DAY

19C *

The headlamps of Jimmy's pick-up throws hard light onto Jose as he descends the ladder fixed into the wall. He drops onto the water-filled floor just as Jimmy's truck slides to a stop. Jose doesn't even have time to shut the door and Jimmy has the pedal to the metal.

20 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

20

The first guard is now becoming suspicious. He becomes even more leery when he sees a workman, with his back to him, working in an open manhole.

Again, large orange traffic cones block the street preventing any vehicles from passing.

The second guard grabs a map from the dashboard and checks where they are. The first guard stops the truck and leans on the horn trying to get the workman's attention. He gets no response.

*

THE FIRST GUARD

What's with this hard-hat?

The second guard shrugs. The first guard gets out of the truck irritated.

21 EXT. LOS ANGELES BADLANDS - DAY

21

With his hand on his sidearm, the first guard walks towards the open manhole and plants himself firmly behind the workman, who continues to work diligently.

THE FIRST GUARD

You're gonna have to move your equipment, I've got a delivery to make.

The workman doesn't respond. The first guard becomes hostile.

THE FIRST GUARD(cont)

What're you fucking deaf, I said you're gonna...

Suddenly, the workman, who we now recognize as Harley, turns and levels a WINCHESTER DEFENDER SHOTGUN at the first guard's head.

HARLEY

I heard what you said.

Almost as quick, the first guard has his chromed SMITH & WESSON FORTY-FIVE CALIBER LONG COLT unlimbered and aimed at Harley.

22 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

22

The second guard watches the confrontation from behind his map. Without a moment's hesitation, he hits a red button on the dash and a red warning signal flashes.

Throwing the door open, the second guard dismounts rapidly and pulls his SMITH & WESSON LONG COLT from its holster.

23 EXT. LOS ANGELES BADLANDS - DAY

23

The first guard and Harley stand in a face-off each hell-bent to hold their ground.

HARLEY

Drop the gun.

THE FIRST GUARD

You're not gonna like what
you're getting into, pal, I
mean it.

HARLEY

From fifteen-feet there's a
slight chance you could miss me
with that gun, but I could be
blind and still blow your head
clean off, now, drop it.

The second guard approaches the action.

THE SECOND GUARD

No, you drop it, asshole.

Harley stands unafraid because he can see Marlboro take aim with his Desert Eagle from the roof the armored truck.

With precision marksmanship, Marlboro shoots the second guard's Long Colt out of his hand. The second guard spins in fright and Marlboro proceeds to shoot his holster off his waist.

With a few more exact shots, Marlboro sends the weapon skidding across the blacktop well out of the second guard's reach.

The first guard is distracted by all the gunfire.

Harley takes advantage of this and throws his Winchester Defender shotgun at the first guard.

HARLEY

Think fast.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

The first guard instinctually puts his hand out to catch the gun. Harley charges the first guard and knocks him off his feet. The first guard loses hold of both weapons and hits the ground hard.

Harley immediately gathers up the first guard's Long Colt and his Winchester Defender shotgun.

Meanwhile, Marlboro has jumped off the truck's roof and gathered up the second guard's Long Colt and holster.

MARLBORO

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

Harley shrugs and holds their adversaries at bay as Jimmy and Jose climb up through the open manhole cover.

HARLEY

Do it, Jose.

Jose goes to the back of the truck with Jimmy in tow.

Marlboro pushes the second guard down next to the first guard and handcuffs them together with a pair of handcuffs he retrieves from the second guard's holster.

THE SECOND GUARD

You've got just about the
deadest dead-shot I ever saw,
where'd you learn?

MARLBORO

My old man.

THE FIRST GUARD

Who are you guys?

MARLBORO

The James gang, I'm Jesse and
he's Frank.

THE FIRST GUARD

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

And with that there's a fiery explosion from behind them.

Jose has blown the armored truck open. Rising from his place of cover, Jose admires his job.

Marlboro leaves Harley and the guards to go help.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

Feeling his oats, Harley reaches down and takes the first guard's holster off him. He motions to the blown-up truck with his eyes.

HARLEY(cont)

Does that look like the work of two-bit hoods?

THE FIRST GUARD

Yeah, pros would've used my keys.

HARLEY

He likes to blow things up.

Harley slings the first guard's holster across his shoulder and joins his team at the back of the truck where Marlboro prepares to climb inside the smoky compartment.

MARLBORO

We're pickin' in the tall cotton today, boys.

Putting his bandanna over his mouth, Marlboro climbs inside the back of the truck. Harley arrives with a victorious smile.

HARLEY

Nice day for a walk, eh, Jimmy?

JIMMY

None better ever, holms, none better ever.

Marlboro drops two money sacks out of the armored truck and goes back for more.

Harley quickly scoops up the money satchels and goes to the open manhole where the guards are handcuffed. He drops the money bags into the sewer below.

HARLEY

Good doing business with you guys.

THE FIRST GUARD

Your business isn't with us, it's with them.

The first guard looks to the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

Harley turns to where a post-modern, jet-black, de-chromed, late model touring sedan rolls down red-hot asphalt like a malevolent creature. The tinted windows reveal nothing and no one.

The sedan stops smoothly and watches from a distance, quiet, too much quiet, seconds pass.

Then, slowly, the doors swing open and five giant Aryan men with closely cropped hair and bright blue eyes come out. Looking like a high-tech variation of the James gang, these lean-shooters wear matching tailored black suits and long coats. All expensive.

They're the prototypes for all the bad-ass killers that ever were and will be and they'll be known to us as THE LONG COATS.

They fall in formation and pull out STEYR-AUG ASSAULT RIFLES from underneath their dusters. They are, on point, the man we've seen earlier in the bar, ALEXANDER, flanked to his left is the man we saw with him, MICHAEL, and off to the right are three fresh horses, JOHN, DAVID and PETER.

*

Harley and the guards watch with a mixture of expressions.

HARLEY

Whatever they gotta say, I
don't wanna hear it.

THE FIRST GUARD

Well, you're gonna hear it, and
it's not gonna be nice.

Harley questions the first guard with a quick look and runs like hell to his buddies still working behind the armored truck.

HARLEY

We got company, let's rock.

Just as these words are spoken the armored vehicle and every inch surrounding the truck is riddled with gunfire.

Harley, Marlboro, Jimmy and Jose instinctually hit the ground and scramble for cover behind the bullet proof truck as the maelstrom of bullets pelts the area.

The Long Coats relentlessly move forward wielding their weapons with precision. Their faces lack any emotion. They're a highly tuned unit designed to do exactly what they're doing.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

Harley, Marlboro and Jose prepare for battle behind the armored truck. Jimmy is sucked up against the side of the vehicle scared straight.

JIMMY

What the fuck is this all about?

Harley shrugs and turns firing the first guard's Long Colt in one hand. When that runs out he fires the shotgun.

Marlboro fires away with his Desert Eagle and the second guard's Long Colt. Jose uses a HECKLER & KOCH MP5K in both hands.

Harley reloads the Long Colt with the ammo from the first guard's holster. Marlboro does the same with the bullets from the second guard's holster.

MARLBORO

Throw that shotgun at 'em,
Harley, maybe you'll hit something.

Harley scowls and turns firing on The Long Coats.

Marlboro and Jose follow suit.

The Long Coats swat the buckshot like gnats. They're dusters are made of something very bullet proof. The gunfire slides off them like water off a duck's back.

When The Long Coat's Steyr-Aug rifles run out of ammunition, they uniformly reach into the pockets of their dusters pull out fresh clips and replace the spent ones. Their stride is never broken.

Dominated by The Long Coat's onslaught, our gang fights in vain.

HARLEY

Marlboro?

MARLBORO

Yeah?

HARLEY

I thought you had a dead-shot.

MARLBORO

I do.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (5)

23

HARLEY

Use it.

MARLBORO

I am.

HARLEY

Then, why aren't they dropping?

MARLBORO

Beats the shit outta me.

Then, suddenly, from out of nowhere, there's a metallic whine and they whirl in the direction of the sound. To their surprise JACK DANIELS can be seen riding low on the seat of his motorcycle. He hauls ass on a collision course with The Long Coats.

In a flash of color and chrome, Jack bullets by with a rebel yell hell-bent for leather.

The Long Coats aren't even dissuaded.

They walk systematically on the same line now aiming their sights on Jack.

Ducking real low to avoid The Long Coat's firepower, Jack uncorks his gastank and a couple hundred yards short of The Long Coats he lays the motorcycle down at 70 miles-per-hour.

Jack rides the bike for a moment then lets it go. The motorcycle slides away from Jack ripping up the pavement on it's way to kill The Long Coats.

Wisely, David, Peter and John remove themselves from the cycle's path. Alexander and Michael don't give so easily. They prepare to jump over Jack's abandoned motorcycle.

Jack rises from the asphalt bloody and scraped and retrieves his Zippo lighter from his pocket. He lights it and throws the fire on the trail of gasoline that has been left behind by his bike.

The asphalt comes to life in a burning trail of gasoline.

Alexander and Michael successfully jump up and over the abandoned motorcycle and are swallowed by a block of flame. A split-second goes by and they emerge from the fire only slightly singed.

Jack's motorcycle slides underneath the touring sedan and the car explodes. Deadly metal shrapnel flies through the air.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (6)

23

The Long Coats are forced to shield themselves from the blast.

Taking advantage of Jack's help, Harley, Marlboro, Jimmy and Jose pick-up the money bags and run from their place of cover blasting with every ounce of firepower they have left. *

They run to the open manhole where they're met by Jack. They drop the money bags into the sewer below and climb into the manhole.

Jimmy goes first followed by Jose, Jack and Marlboro.

While his gang escapes, Harley notices the two armed guards have been shot dead. Harley is upset, but soon gets over it when his shoulder is ripped open by an unexpected deluge of bullets.

Harley recoils and quickly climbs into the manhole.

24 INT. CITY SEWER, GIANT CULVERT PIPE - DAY

24

Jimmy is in the cab of his Ford F-250 pick-up truck revving the engine while Marlboro, Jack and Jose put the money bags into the bed of the truck.

Harley drops into the brackish slop from the manhole.

HARLEY

Hit it, Jimmy!!!

Jose jumps up front with Jimmy as Harley climbs in back with the rest of the gang. Jimmy hits the gas and the Ford grinds through the sludge making its way towards the circle of daylight.

25 EXT. L.A. CEMENT RIVER - DAY

25

Jimmy's truck explodes out of the culvert pipe like it was shot from a rifle. The truck slides into the water and throws a giant rooster-tail as it makes its getaway. Our gang holds on for dear life in the bed of the truck.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. DESERTED AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD - DAY

26

Two thousand acres of dead aircraft, thousands of aircraft, the result of three wars and a forth one that never took place. Some of the mothballed fighters are: B-52s, F-5Es, F-14s, F-16s, A-6s, F-5Es, F/A-18s and hundreds of Huey and Cobra helicopters relics from the Vietnam war.

Jimmy's truck sends a cloud of dust into the twilight as it races towards us on a dirt road leading into the graveyard. The truck slides to a stop. The gang piles out. Everyone, but Jimmy, is galvanized. Jose goes to the bed of the truck and starts undoing one of the filthy money bags eager to see the day's work.

Harley lifts Jack off the ground forgetting his gunshot wound.

HARLEY

You're a fucking hero, big man,
a fucking hero.

JACK

You guys needed back-up, I had
nothing to do and no one to do
it with.

MARLBORO

Back-up, hell, Harley's
thinkin' put us on the ropes,
y'saved our lives.

Jose gets the money bag untied and reaches inside pulling out a package we don't see right away, but whatever it is it's got Jose plenty spooked. He drops the package as if it burned his hands.

Jimmy sees Jose's reaction and goes to check it out.

Harley, Marlboro and Jack continue their revelry.

JACK

You guys owe me a bike, I gotta
get a new bike.

HARLEY

With the money we scored today
you can get two, his and hers.

JACK

Promise me you won't tell Lulu,
I don't want her getting mad,
she's mean when she's mad.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

HARLEY

I'll take it to my grave and so
will everyone else here.

MARLBORO

I'll take her to my grave.

Jimmy calls to them from the bed of the truck.

JIMMY

You boys might wanna stop
jacking-off and come take a
look.

Harley, Marlboro and Jack walk to the bed of the truck.
They all look down and see a plastic wrapped package of a
blue crystalline substance known as "CRYSTAL VISION."
Harley is confused.

HARLEY

What's this?

JIMMY

Unmelted, pure, Crystal Vision.

HARLEY

Crystal Vision, what is it and
what the fuck is it doing here?

JIMMY

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

Harley is pulled up short by this chain of events. He
promptly tears open another sack to find more of the same.
Marlboro and Jack join in and soon the truck berth is filled
with the drug. *

MARLBORO

I'll be a sonofabitch if we
didn't jump the wrong train.

Harley notices Jose is caught in a frozen cry.

Jimmy answers Harley's look of concern.

JIMMY

His little brother o.d.ed using
this shit.

Harley walks away from the group silent and angry. In a
burst of frustration, he punches the fuselage of a F-4
Phantom.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

Marlboro steps into the role of leader and goes to Jose.

MARLBORO

Don't worry, Jose, we're not
drug dealers.

JIMMY

This is not a walk in the park,
Harley, this is way fucking out
there on the edge, these guys're
aren't street-dealers pushing
grass and pills, they're
killers, they killed their own
men trying to waste us...

Marlboro spins on Jimmy mad.

MARLBORO

Shuttup, Jimmy, I never liked
this plan from the start, but
y'needed help and y'took it,
so, don't whine about it now,
what's done is done, there
ain't no goin' back.

The harsh realities of the day's events settles on each man
as they stand in silence.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. PACIFIC TRUST, ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

27 *

Monolithic in size this glass skyscraper represents the
cutting edge in urban planning. Emblazoned in cobalt blue
neon across the top of the building is: PACIFIC TRUST.

CHANCE(os)

Who are these men?

28 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

28 *

The Long Coats stands unscathed in the middle of the
penthouse office. Alexander, the point man, talks to a man,
who overlooks the city lights, which are lackluster, through
a plate glass wall.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ALEXANDER

Judging from their ability and data we gathered they're dilettantes. Details would suggest they were not aware of the cargo they've stolen.

The man Alexander speaks to is well-dressed, good-looking, and sexy with a tough, yet poised way about him. Just thirty, he has become a player in the hard-line world of corporate America fast because people naturally follow him. Whenever he speaks, there is power.

He is their commander CHANCE WILDER.

CHANCE

If they're amateurs how'd they destroy two armored vehicles and then manage to getaway with the goods?

ALEXANDER

They were extremely lucky.

CHANCE

I don't have time for luck, get back what's mine and kill these men, Alexander.

With that said, The Long Coats get into a private elevator and leave the penthouse.

As they go, a very hot, young, Japanese woman is revealed. With thick black hair framing a sculptured face, KIMIKO is the kind of woman, with the kind of body, men would die for and many have. She is Chance's concubine.

With a seductive walk, Kimiko moves up from behind Chance, who is still staring through the plate glass wall at the tarnished city, and slips her arms around his waist while gently kissing his neck.

KIMIKO

Let's take a ride.

Chance nods and Kimiko takes her arms away and moves across the office to the private elevator where she pushes the button.

Chance takes his jacket off its upright coat rack and joins her.

The elevator arrives and they step inside.

29 INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

29

Chance and Kimiko make the ascent in silence. Soon, the ride is over and the elevator doors slide open.

30 EXT. PACIFIC TRUST, ROOFTOP HELIPORT - NIGHT

30 *

Chance and Kimiko get out of the elevator and we find ourselves on a rooftop heliport where a black state-of-the-art helicopter sits on the landing pad with its engines afire. The helicopter is a Japanese made MITSUBISHI SLANT-ROTOR V-26 HAWK.

They make a straight line for the whirlybird where they're met by THOM, a fifty year old Vietnam vet who's Chance's chauffeur/pilot.

THOM

How'd your day do, sir?

CHANCE

Good and bad, heavier on the bad side.

THOM

I know how that is, I'll get you home quick.

KIMIKO

Just fly, Thom, were not going home yet.

31 INT. MITSUBISHI SLANT-ROTOR V-26 HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

31

From high above the tainted city, Chance and Kimiko watch as the night flies by. Chance reaches into his pocket and retrieves an eye drop bottle of "CRYSTAL VISION."

He hands the bottle to Kimiko. As if this were an erotic ritual between them, she eases his head back and gives him a dose. One rich blue drop in each eye. Kimiko does the same for herself and for the first time we see her brilliant blue eyes.

They shiver with ecstasy as the drug goes to work and we see what they see as they look into the distant night.

CHANCE

Light it up, Thom.

Thom follows Chance's instructions and puts the helicopter into a full-blown dive, then, he banks hard and around into the heart of the city.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

The city comes to life as if a magic spell were cast upon it. What was once flat and dull now appears vital and clear. The city's appearance is imbued with vibrant tones the likes of which it hasn't possessed until now.

Chance and Kimiko watch the city get reborn.

CUT TO:

32 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

32 *

An eager crowd awaits the live entertainment. Old Man takes the stage and speaks to the patrons on the microphone.

OLD MAN

Ladies and gentleman, let's
hear it for my own flesh and
blood, my pride and joy, my
bouncing baby girl "Lulu
Daniels & The Teardrops."

Lulu & The Teardrops take center stage and launch into an upbeat number.

Old Man comes down off the stage and passes a booth where Harley and Marlboro are seated. Harley drinks a Coke. Marlboro drinks a mug of beer. Old Man doesn't even acknowledge them and joins Jimmy behind the bar. Jack and Jose sit at the counter.

HARLEY

We fucked up big today.

Marlboro just watches Lulu sing without saying anything.

HARLEY(cont)

How can I know someone's using
a bank as a front to run drugs?

More silence from Marlboro.

HARLEY

I gotta think of a way to make
things right.

MARLBORO

Harley, I'm tired, I'm pissed,
and I just wanna unwind and
relax, so stop thinkin'.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Harley shuts up. They watch the music in silence. Then, a sexy waitress chewing on a wad of pink bubble-gum strolls up and squeezes into the booth. Her nametag says Sally.

HONEY

I know you don't know me, but I
have now way home and Jimmy
said you'd give me a ride.

Harley looks at her nametag and meets her stare.

HARLEY

I'll give you a ride, Sally.

Honey leans close and speaks in her sexiest voice.

HONEY

My tag's wrong, I'm Honey, I'm
off at ten.

She bounces up and walks off making sure Harley and Marlboro can see her great body and the way she moves it.

MARLBORO

She's ridin' real low in the
saddle.

HARLEY

I love women.

MARLBORO

Y'know, my old man used to tell
me before he left this shitty
world, the right woman can make
ya and the wrong one can break
ya.

Marlboro's comment stirs Harley's memory. He removes his wallet and takes out the dog-eared photograph, we recognize from earlier in the film, of himself and the pretty young woman. He hands the snapshot to Marlboro.

HARLEY

Woke up one morning and she was
gone. No note, no kiss
goodbye, no nothing.

MARLBORO

Y'met your match, sounds like.

HARLEY

I still feel her way deep inside.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

MARLBORO

I only know two cures for that
and y'don't drink anymore.

Marlboro hands the picture back and stands.

MARLBORO(cont)

Lemme borrow your bike.

HARLEY

I gotta take this girl home.

MARLBORO

Get a cab.

Harley shakes his head and throws Marlboro his keys.

HARLEY

Where're you headed?

MARLBORO

I'm gonna find me a real woman.

HARLEY

It's not easy.

MARLBORO

I'm a simple man, I don't ask
for much, just so long as she's
smart and healthy with firm
flanks and a body that drinks
like warm milk.

HARLEY

Go easy on my bike.

*

CUT TO:

33 EXT. STREETS OF BURBANK - NIGHT

33

Marlboro has the motorcycle running at full speed blazing
like a man on fire through the streets of Burbank. He's
definetely not going easy on Harley's bike. He slides around
a corner and sees something; something that gets him going.

He pulls back on the throttle and speeds up on a motorcycle
cop who's out on a nightly patrol.

As he's just about to override the cop, he swings wide and
around the motorcylce cop's motorcycle and lifts the Harley
into an all-out wheely.

The motorcycle cop looks over and sees Marlboro flashing a
devil-may-care grin while holding a vertical wheely.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Then, Marlboro lets go of the wheely and turns the Harley hard to his left cutting the motorcycle cop off in the process. Marlboro takes-off down a darkened road.

The motorcycle cop throws on his lights and siren and chases down Marlboro in what will not be just a high-speed motorcycle pursuit, but a motorcycle dance if there is such a thing.

34 EXT. DARKENED ROAD - NIGHT

34

The motorcycle cop's Kawasaki Electra-Glide is a faster bike, so it doesn't take long for the officer to catch up to Marlboro, but Marlboro takes another hairpin turn down a narrow alleyway filled with rusted old oil-barrels and other rubbish the riders must skillfully maneuver in and around.

After some hard-riding Marlboro explodes out of the alleyway with the motorcycle cop right on his tail. Marlboro whirls the Harley strong to his left, then to his right, then his to left.

The motorcycle cop follows and we find ourselves hauling ass up a ramp which leads to a walking bridge running over a flood control channel.

35 EXT. WALKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

35

At seventy-miles-an-hour with only inches on either side of their motorcycles both Marlboro and the officer must ride on a straight and narrow line. And they do.

Marlboro ups the stakes and pulls back on his throttle letting it all hangout. He hits the end of the walking bridge and literally becomes a rider in the sky.

Marlboro and Harley's Harley are flying over the staircase people use to get onto the walking bridge. The cop doesn't back off and joins Marlboro in flight.

Marlboro hits hard, but controls the Harley and takes-off into a residential area somewhere in the suburbs. The cop lands safely and follows.

36 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE SUBURBS - NIGHT

36

They drive deeper and deeper into suburbia until the motorcycle cop catches Marlboro and forces him into the driveway of a small, but nice old house which has managed to retain it's individuality despite the advent of tract-housing.

Marlboro sits on the Harley with a caught-smile as the motorcycle cop has his GLOCH 17 AUTOMATIC drawn ready.

MOTORCYCLE COP
Stand up and put your hands
behind your head.

We now realize the motorcycle cop is a woman.

MARLBORO
Goddamn, I was just blowin' off
some steam.

MOTORCYCLE COP
You blew in the wrong place,
now kiss the ground and spread
'em.

Marlboro does what he's told.

The motorcycle cop holsters her sidearm and manhandles him. She kicks his legs wide and uses her free hand to keep his head down. She frisks him, really frisks him, groin and all.

She finds his Desert Eagle tucked into his belt.

MOTORCYCLE COP(cont)
You pack a heavy-duty piece of
hardware.

MARLBORO
So, they say.

Virginia jams Marlboro's Desert Eagle into her belt and handcuffs his arms behind his back.

MOTORCYCLE COP
C'mon, get up, we're gonna go
for a ride.

With the motorcycle cop's help Marlboro stands. She pushes him from behind and they walk. We should be surprised when we find out they're standing on the doorstep of the house.

The motorcycle cop uses one of the keys on her key-ring to open the lock. She pushes the door open and pushes Marlboro inside.

37 INT. MOTORCYCLE COP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

37

She shuts the door and pushes Marlboro down a hallway which leads to a bedroom. They step into the room and Marlboro turns to face her with a wolfish grin.

The motorcycle cop takes her helmet off and a bunch of long blond hair pours out from underneath.

Sexy and tall, the motorcycle cop's thirty, and she's a heller, a real honest-to-good woman. The kind men hope for and dream about, but rarely approach because of her tough presence. She's smart, she's attractive, she's physical.

She's VIRGINIA SLIM.

Virginia puts Marlboro's Desert Eagle on her dresser and undoes her holster. It falls free. She kicks off her shoes and sheds her black and blue police-issue shirt.

Marlboro's still handcuffed when her black and blue pants hit the floor. Her tee-shirt and panties are all that's left and with a blink they're gone too.

Naked, she goes to Marlboro and shoves him backwards onto her bed. He's still handcuffed when she climbs up on him.

VIRGINIA
Okay, cowboy, let's blow off
some steam.

Her lips find his and they make love.

FLASHBACK:

38 INT. THOMAS & MACK CENTER, LAS VEGAS - DAY

38

In the paddocks, Marlboro ardently mounts up a nasty-minded black bull. His eyes are filled with moxie and then some as he chews a wad of chaw.

As if going through some kind of macho ritual, he rubs his gloved hand up and down the bull rope. Then, he yanks and pulls looking for a comfortable grip. He wipes the sweat from under his soiled hat and presses his knees tight against the bull's ribcage.

Hundreds of pseudo cowboys and cowgirls anticipate the show. In the background a banner reads: WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS - HOME OF THE PRCA NATIONAL FINALS RODEO.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

ANNOUNCER(vo)

Now atop one of the toughest creatures this side of Devil's Tower is a third generation cowboy, Robert Lee Edison. He needs a seventy-nine to stay in the hunt for cowboy of the year, this his last ride at the PRCA National Finals, let's see how this youngster from across the block can fare on a beast spawned in the bowels of hell. It takes one tough hombre to climb up on Hellfire's back.

*

Marlboro bends at the waist and speaks to the fidgety bull.

MARLBORO

Make it a good one, bigboy.

Marlboro spurs the bull and turns to the gate operator.

MARLBORO(cont)

Let 'er rip.

The gate operator throws a lever and the gate flies open.

Marlboro sinks his spurs even deeper into Hellfire's flanks.

Hellfire is none too glad and welcomes Marlboro to the real world of big-time rodeo by ramming him into the metal stall slats. The stall is jarred as Hellfire rattles Marlboro senseless. Writhing with pain, Marlboro's knees are crushed.

Hellfire lurches forward and takes off into the arena.

Marlboro holds on, his damaged knees flopping against the beast's heaving ribcage.

Surging with anger, the black beast cuts hard while throwing his hind quarter. Marlboro rocks upwards and finds himself suspended above the bull. With another surge Marlboro is sent packing.

Soaring through the dusty air, Marlboro is yanked back hard when his hand gets caught in the bucking strap.

Hellfire is mad.

Marlboro is comatose from the injuries he's already suffered.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

The bull drags Marlboro through the dirt before whipping him into the slatted wall of the arena. The rodeo clowns move in to help, but they're too late.

Marlboro's body goes limp and all we see now is the black beast's scarred hide undulating fiercely. The last image we're left with is a wash of blood where Hellfire's fractured horn sinks deeply into Marlboro's torso.

39 INT. VIRGINIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

Marlboro rouses from his dream and is surprised to find Virginia already awake. Sitting by the window looking into the night, she feels Marlboro's presence and turns to face him. She's on edge.

VIRGINIA

Harley's back, isn't he?

MARLBORO

How'd y'know?

VIRGINIA

You're riding his bike and you always have the same dream when he comes back.

MARLBORO

I don't dream anymore.

VIRGINIA

You can't run from your past, Robert, you gotta cut it loose.

MARLBORO

I'm not runnin', things just didn't turn out how I thought they might.

VIRGINIA

Nothing ever does, not for you, not for anyone.

MARLBORO

What's wrong tonight?

VIRGINIA

I'm getting married.

Marlboro is stunned. He studies Virginia.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Feeling the pressure of his stare, Virginia answers his unspoken questions.

VIRGINIA(cont)

Goddamn you, Robert, I'm tired of waiting for you to show up whenever you feel the need. I get lonely, I like to share my bed with someone at night.

MARLBORO

Well, hell, that's what we're doin', ain't we?

VIRGINIA

One, maybe, two nights a month if I'm lucky.

MARLBORO

I am what I am, Virginia.

VIRGINIA

I've accepted that, even loved it, but I don't have to like it, I get scared for you, I worry, you can spend the rest of your life looking for whatever it is you're looking for, but someday you're gonna have to find yourself and I can't wait for you to do it anymore.

Virginia gets up and goes to Marlboro.

VIRGINIA(cont)

I love you, Robert, but after tonight you're not welcome here anymore.

She then crawls into his arms and kisses him hard while pressing her naked body against his. They make love. This time with the knowledge this night may never be again.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. VIRGINIA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM / HALLWAY / KITCHEN - DAY 40

Marlboro and Virginia are wrapped in each other. A distant noise from the front room causes Virginia to wake up. She blinks away the morning sun and eases out of Marlboro's hold. Rolling out of bed, she puts on her robe and goes down the hall towards the kitchen.

Virginia arrives at the kitchen only to find Harley burning the shit out of breakfast. Unaware of Virginia, he scrambles eggs in a skillet completely inattentive to the toast burning in the toaster and the bacon burning in the microwave.

Virginia watches, then, Harley notices her and smiles.

VIRGINIA
You're a bad man, Harley.

*

Harley scrapes the scrambled eggs onto a plate, he pulls the charred toast from the toaster and retrieves the radioactive bacon from the microwave.

HARLEY
That's for Marlboro, c'mon I'll
buy you breakfast.

CUT TO:

41 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 41

Harley and Virginia are eating. Virginia is dressed in her Los Angeles county police uniform equipped with holster and sidearm. She suspiciously eyes Harley's shoulder where blood has begun to seep through his shirt.

VIRGINIA
You're shoulder's bleeding,
what's up?

HARLEY
I got shot.

Then, off Virginia's reaction.

HARLEY(cont)
It's not a big deal, it was a
clean exit, flesh wound.

VIRGINIA
What're you two doing this
time?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

HARLEY

Helping some friends keep
what's theirs.

VIRGINIA

What's that mean?

Harley doesn't answer and scoops another forkful of food
into his mouth.

HARLEY

What's to know about this new
drug, Crystal Vision?

This really gets Virginia's attention.

VIRGINIA

It's 100% addictive and kills
one out of every seven users.
Don't mess with it, Harley.

HARLEY

I gave all that shit up a long-
time ago, you know that.

Virginia is satisfied with Harley's answer and responds to
his original question.

VIRGINIA

It's a liquid-base blue
crystalline substance that
contains a neuro-toxin R.A.H.,
Retina Activating Hallucinogen.
It's melted down and used as an
eye drop to heighten senses and
alter perceptions, basically,
it turns reality into euphoria
and the user's eyes bright
blue.

HARLEY

Numbs the senses and makes the
world look better?

VIRGINIA

Yeah, that's the high, the low
is this, it damages the central
nervous system, causes insanity
and then death. On the street
it's called "The Vision."

The waitress drops the check off. Harley eyeballs it and
gives Virginia an impish grin.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

HARLEY

: I'm broke.

42 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE SUBURBS - DAY

42

Harley and Virginia walk towards Virginia's house.

HARLEY

Why'd we break-up, Virginia, I mean, we were good together?

*

VIRGINIA

I found you in our bed with what used to be my best friend.

Harley winces and apologizes with a smile.

VIRGINIA(cont)

I know you love me, but you love a hundred others too, that's just the way you are.

HARLEY

Well, Marlboro'll never be that way, it's not in him.

They've reached Virginia's house. Harley sits on his Harley and lights a cigarette. Virginia straps on her helmet.

VIRGINIA

You know something, in a weird way I'm jealous of you two.

HARLEY

Why's that?

VIRGINIA

The rest of us work so damn hard at life and you guys just live it one day at a time.

With that, she starts her police-issue Electra-Glide and rides off.

Harley watches her leave before he takes notice of a 50s or 60s cherried-out panhead or knucklehead Harley parked under the carport.

Slipshod and ornery, Marlboro comes out of Virginia's house with only one boot on, the other, he wraps with silver duct tape. He has a piece of burnt toast in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

HARLEY

What is it with you and those boots?

MARLBORO

Layoff my boots, Harley, I'm in no fuckin' mood...
(spitting toast)
...nice breakfast, thanks.

Marlboro finishes taping his boot and pulls it on.

HARLEY

Rough night, huh?

MARLBORO

I woke up smellin' coffee.

Marlboro takes out a cigarette.

MARLBORO(cont)

Got a light?

Harley pulls his Zippo lighter and tosses it to Marlboro.

HARLEY

I thought you quit.

Marlboro fires up the smoke and takes a deep drag. Feeling the smoke fill his lungs, Marlboro tosses Harley's lighter back.

MARLBORO

I just started again.

Then, Marlboro notices the panhead parked under the carport.

MARLBORO(cont)

Whose bike?

As soon as the question comes out Marlboro knows the answer.

HARLEY

Virginia's, I guess.

MARLBORO

She ain't got no Harley.

Crazy with envy, Marlboro marches into the garage, takes out his pocketknife and starts fiddling with the wires under the gastank. Harley gets off his bike and joins him.

HARLEY

Whadd'ya doing?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

MARLBORO

This ain't her bike, but I bet
I know whose it is.

HARLEY

Whose?

MARLBORO

His.

Harley is confused, but helps his friend.

HARLEY

You gotta cut and cross the red
and green wires.

MARLBORO

I know how to hot-wire a bike,
don't tell me how to hot-wire a
bike.

Marlboro cuts the red and green wires with his pocketknife
and touches the exposed ends together. No reaction.

HARLEY

Try it with the gas on.

Frustrated, Marlboro turns the gas-knob to the on position
and touches the wires. The engine roars to life. Marlboro
pockets his knife and mounts up.

MARLBORO

If he's gonna take my girl, I'm
gonna take his bike.

Marlboro grabs the throttle and roars off.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. PACIFIC TRUST, MINUTES LATER - DAY

43 *

Marlboro and Harley roll to a stop and get off their bikes.
Marlboro is calm on the outside, but underneath he's deeply
hurt. He makes a beeline for the entrance with Harley on
his heels.

MARLBORO

Y'sure this is the right bank.

HARLEY

Yeah, I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MARLBORO

How sure?

HARLEY

Real sure.

MARLBORO

Y'were real sure there was gonna be money in that truck, y'were real sure this plan was gonna work, y'better be right this time or I'll for real sure break your head so y'can't think anymore.

*

HARLEY

Lighten up and tell me about the guy working Virginia?

MARLBORO

Don't care, didn't ask.

HARLEY

You're gonna let her go just like that.

MARLBORO

From where I stand she let me go.

HARLEY

This is a game, she wants you to chase her.

MARLBORO

My old man used to tell me before he left this shitty world, never chase buses or women, you'll always get left behind.

HARLEY

My old man died in the gutter with a needle stuck in his arm, that makes him stupid, not right.

44 INT. PACIFIC TRUST - DAY

44 *

Daily banking activities are in full swing. Harley and Marlboro enter. A pair of security guards we recognize as David and Peter from The Long Coats, stand near the entrance. Seeing Harley and Marlboro, David talks quietly into a radio attached to his collar and Peter moves off quickly.

Marlboro, who lights another cigarette, and Harley, who's engaged with the prior conversation, are unaware of their adversaries.

HARLEY

Your mother ever talk to you?

MARLBORO

She died givin' me birth.

HARLEY

(surprised)

No shit, mine did too.

MARLBORO

Don't fuck with me, Harley,
let's just get this done.

HARLEY

I'm not fucking with you, I'm
for real.

From seemingly out of nowhere, KIMIKO, the girl we know as Chance Wilder's concubine, materializes.

KIMIKO

I assume you're here to do some
business.

HARLEY

I'll do business with you some
other time, but first I gotta
talk to the man upstairs.

KIMIKO

Stay on my tail.

HARLEY

No problem.

Kimiko walks off with Harley and Marlboro in tow.

45 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, GLASS OFFICE - DAY

45 *

Through the glass partition we can see Kimiko leading Harley and Marlboro towards the office. They arrive, she opens the door and they step inside. Kimiko flashes a sexy smile and leaves closing the door behind her.

HARLEY

I think we've rattled the cage,
Marlboro.

Marlboro is skeptical.

Through the office's glass partition, he can see Kimiko walk across the bank lobby stopping in front of a private elevator in a secluded corner of the bank. On a numerical wall panel she punches in a series of numbers and letters. The elevator arrives and she disappears inside.

MARLBORO

This ain't gonna fly.

HARLEY

I'll betcha it flies.

MARLBORO

How much?

HARLEY

A dollar, but if you win you're
gonna have to take it on
credit, the cab fare last night
broke me.

MARLBORO

If I win, we're dead.

The phone rings. Harley crosses behind the desk and settles into a big chair near where the phone is located.

HARLEY

Strap on your seatbelt, it's
time for takeoff.

Harley kicks his feet up and answers the phone.

HARLEY(cont)

American Airlines.

46 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - DAY

46 *

Chance sits behind his desk talking to Harley on a speaker phone. Off to his left is a video wall consisting of several TELEVISION CONSOLES. Some of the smaller screens monitor the New York stock exchange, the Tokyo stock exchange, the Futures exchange, and whatever else might be appropriate. He punches some commands into his desktop control panel and the live video images of Harley and Marlboro come up on the largest center screen.

The private elevator opens and Kimiko takes up a position next to Chance.

CHANCE

You've got something of mine
and I want it back.

HARLEY

Really, what?

CHANCE

You've got balls, big ones, but
they're not as big as you
think.

HARLEY

They're big enough to get your
attention.

With a panel of remote controls in front of him, Chance ZOOMS in on the video image of Harley. Marlboro can still be seen in the background.

47 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, GLASS OFFICE - DAY

47 *

Marlboro gets Harley's attention and points to a corner in the office. Harley looks up and finds himself staring into the lens of a surveillance camera. INTERCUT conversation as needed.

CHANCE

What do you want?

HARLEY

Two and a half million.

Harley quickly remembers the bet he just made with Marlboro.

HARLEY(cont)

Scratch that, I've got a bet to
cover, make it two and a half
million plus one buck.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CHANCE

When and where?

Marlboro is disturbed by something.

MARLBORO

I'll be a sonofabitch.

Harley turns to Marlboro who motions through the glass wall where The Long Coats can be seen strategically placing themselves around the bank ready for action.

Harley turns back and drills the surveillance camera with a look.

HARLEY

Call your men off or the deal's
no good, I'll be in touch.

Harley hangs up the phone and goes to Marlboro's side. Together they stare at The Long Coats through the glass wall.

48 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - DAY

48 *

Chance can't give up that easily. He thinks and looks to Kimiko. She returns his look. Then, he hits a button on his phone. The line rings and ALEXANDER'S VOICE answers the other end.

CHANCE

Let them go, Alexander.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. DESERTED AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

49

Harley, Marlboro, Jack and Jose are heavily armed and nervous as they wait for The Long Coats in the fuselage of a beat-up B-52 bomber. Voices of the dead soldiers that fought and died in this plane echoes through each of their minds. Dead quiet. Eerie.

Then, the stillness is disturbed by the silent, but distinct, hum of Chance Wilder's Mitsubishi helicopter. The whirlybird descends with Thom, Chance's chauffeur/pilot, at the controls.

The chopper sucks up a twister of dust before settling down in a nearby clearing. The cabin door quickly slides open and Alexander jumps out with A GUNMETAL BRIEFCASE in hand.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

HARLEY

Let's do it.

With bravado, Harley jumps out of the old bomber. Marlboro is on his tail. Jack, who carries a large duffel bag, and Jose are not far behind.

Like foot soldiers going to battle, they walk towards their rival with their weapons ready for action. Soon, they're face-to-face with Alexander.

ALEXANDER

Your boys aren't bad for dilet-
tantes.

HARLEY

They're not my boys, they're my
friends.

*

ALEXANDER

Let's see the crystals.

HARLEY

Let's see the cash.

Alexander holds Harley's look before extending the gunmetal case he carries to Harley. Harley doesn't accept.

HARLEY(cont)

Unlock it, real slow.

Amused by Harley's insinuation, Alexander opens the case. Once opened, Jose takes it from Alexander and shows the contents to Harley.

There're eight rows of neatly stacked one-thousand dollar bills. On top of the paper money is a shiny new SILVER DOLLAR.

Harley quickly snatches up the silver dollar. With a cocky grin to Marlboro, Harley flips the coin into the air.

ALEXANDER

Why the extra dollar?

HARLEY

We had a bet.

Harley pockets the silver dollar and motions to Jack. Jack steps forward and drops the duffel bag at Alexander's feet. Alexander unzips the duffel and inspects the blue crystals with hungry eyes.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

ALEXANDER
Once you've tasted "The Vision"
you'll never be blue.

HARLEY
Or you'll just never be.

ALEXANDER
We consider it population
control.

HARLEY
You'll answer to God, just like
the rest of us.

ALEXANDER
God is dead.

HARLEY
No, he's not.

ALEXANDER
We'll know who's right when one
of us is gone.

With this said, Alexander takes the duffel bag and goes back to the chopper. He climbs in and the whirlybird takes off.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

50 *

Empty. Jimmy cleans up behind the bar. Old Man sweeps under the tables which have their chairs stacked on top. Together they've closed this place thousands of times and it shows.

Jimmy looks up and sees Old Man; he stops working and watches his father. Old Man's body carries the pain of his years as he works while humming a blue tune. As if seeing his father for the first time, Jimmy is proud.

Then, Harley, Marlboro, Jack and Jose walk in. They carry their weapons and Harley totes the gunmetal briefcase. Without a word, they walk through the club nonchalantly and go into the back room.

Old Man and Jimmy exchange a look and follow.

51 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

51 *

Jimmy and Old Man enter to find Harley, Marlboro, Jack and Jose casually positioned around the room. They look at the gang in silence before their eyes find the gunmetal briefcase placed on the middle of the table in the middle of the room.

HARLEY

It wasn't a walk in the park,
but it's done.

With that, Jimmy and Old Man step up to the table and Jimmy snaps the gunmetal briefcase open. They're overwhelmed when they see the mint thousand dollar bills staring back at them.

There's a silence wherein the gang waits for a response.

OLD MAN

Besides Jimmy and Lulu and the
rest of ya, this place is what
keeps me coming back day after
day, thanks for giving that back
to me.

Harley just nods to Old Man and Jimmy.

OLD MAN(cont)

I gotta get back to mopping and
cleaning, tomorrow we're open
for good.

Old Man turns and leaves. Jimmy watches Old Man go and takes one final look at the money before closing the gunmetal case.

JIMMY

I'm thankful for it, but you
homeboys're whacked-out, I'm
talking about you Harley.

HARLEY

(with a shrug)

That's friendship.

Jack grabs a bottle of whiskey, a fifth of tequila, and a bottle of Coke from behind the wet bar. The Cuervo Gold 1800, he tosses to Jose, the Coke he goes to Harley and the whiskey he pours into three shot glasses.

JACK

Al'right, it's done and it's
done good, so let's take the
edge off.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Jose un-corks the bottle of tequila, Harley un-caps his bottle of Coke and the rest of the guys, except Marlboro, pick-up a shot of whiskey.

JACK(cont)
C'mere, Marlboro, get in this,
huh?

Marlboro waves Jack off.

Jack shrugs and lifts his glass high into the air for a toast.

JACK(cont)
To Lulu, who'd kill me if she
knew what I helped do, but
because I did it she still has
a job.

The group laughs and throws back their drinks.

As Jack, Jose and Jimmy continue their revelry Harley crosses the room and steps up alongside Marlboro who watches Old Man sweep up through the mirrored wall.

HARLEY
What's wrong, man, we did good
tonight?

MARLBORO
We're way outta our league,
Harley. It was too easy, we
gotta get the hell outta Dodge
and cool off.

HARLEY
Don't be a killjoy, c'mon, relax,
let's enjoy this.

MARLBORO
I've gone along with your
thinkin' and it's gotten us into
a shitload of trouble, just once
it'd be nice if y'went along with
my instincts. I got a real bad
feelin'.

HARLEY
I think that feeling has more to
do with Virginia than anything
else.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Just then, through the mirrored wall, Marlboro sees something and it's something he doesn't like.

MARLBORO

This shit is way outta control.

Harley looks through the mirrored wall and sees what Marlboro is reacting to, THE LONG COATS, led by Alexander, enter the club.

HARLEY

How'd they find us?

MARLBORO

I dunno and I don't wanna find out.

Harley silently motions for Jimmy, Jack and Jose. They all step up alongside Harley and Marlboro.

JIMMY

Not this again, I can't deal with this again, Harley.

HARLEY

Old Man's got it under control.

They all watch Alexander grill Old Man. Old Man knows these men are not allies. Shaking his head back and forth, Old Man answers Alexander's questions.

HARLEY(cont)

That's right, Old Man, keep it up, we were in earlier, but we left.

Old Man's playing dumb has apparently worked. Nodding politely, Alexander goes back to his men.

HARLEY(cont)

That's it, take your pussy friends and get the hell outta here.

As if hearing Harley's slander, Alexander turns slowly and scans the room. His bright blue eyes settle on the mirrored wall.

MARLBORO

I don't think he liked that.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

HARLEY

I don't give a flying fuck what
he likes.

Without taking his eyes off the mirrored wall Alexander casually pulls his Steyr-Aug assault rifle from under his long black coat and drills Old Man at close range.

Old Man falls to the floor ripped stem to stern.

Jimmy's eyes go big and he lets out a spinechilling scream.

JIMMY

NOOO!!!

Harley tries to stifle Jimmy's shout, but it's too late.

Alexander has heard the scream and without hesitation fires into the mirrored wall. Alexander's men retrieve their Steyr-Aug's and do the same.

The wall implodes showering the back room with shards of deadly glass. Jimmy, who's face is frozen in a silent scream, takes it square in the face and is sent sprawling backwards.

Jack and Jose sustain some glass cuts as they dive for protection behind the wet bar.

Harley and Marlboro dive into the conversation pit and take cover behind the chair backings.

The boundaries are set and the fight is on.

The Long Coats have not stopped firing. Relentlessly, they drive forward and blow the living shit out of the back room. Automatic gunfire rips through the air like a swarm of killer bees.

The squall of gunfire is so intense that Harley and Marlboro have difficulty squeezing off several rounds, but they somehow manage. When their weapons are spent they drop to the ground and reload.

They're both unnerved when they see Jimmy's lifeless body lying close-by in a pool of blood and glass. For an instant the battle is nonexistent, then the melee of gunfire brings them back.

As Harley and Marlboro answer The Long Coat's gunfire so do Jack and Jose from the other side of the room.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

51

Leaping from their place of cover hell-bent on destruction, Jack and Jose manipulate a pistol grip Winchester Defender shotgun in one hand and a Heckler & Koch MP5K machine pistol in the other.

Together Harley, Marlboro, Jack and Jose manage to successfully halt The Long Coats for a moment, but only for a moment.

With the gunfire bouncing off their dusters, Alexander and his men stay standing with their weapons blazing full-bore.

Harley, Marlboro and Jack dive for cover, but Jose takes a chest full of lead.

Harley, Marlboro and Jack watch their friend fight. Even as Jose is on his way to meet Saint Peter he fights and screams and when his weapons run out of ammunition he arrives at The Pearly Gates. *

The Long Coats stubbornly move in.

Jack is both angered and frightened by Jose's death.

Harley and Marlboro are too. Harley exchanges a tight look with Jack and turns to Marlboro, who's jamming a fresh clip into his Desert Eagle.

HARLEY

We gotta get outta here fast.

MARLBORO

No shit.

Marlboro rises and unloads on The Long Coats along with Jack.

Harley takes this time to search for a way of escape. Then, his eyes come to settle on the large multi-paned window he was thrown through earlier in the movie.

Careworn, Marlboro drops down next to Harley and jams his final magazine into his Desert Eagle.

MARLBORO

(matter-of-fact)

We're gonna be shot dead,
Harley, and I blame you.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (5)

51

HARLEY

No, we're gonna live and we're
going through that window to do
it.

Without waiting for a reply from Marlboro, Harley turns and
yells to Jack.

HARLEY(cont)

Hey, Jack.

Jack looks up from reloading his Heckler & Koch and sees
Harley, who points to the window. Jack understands and lets
Harley know with a nod.

The Long Coats are dangerously close.

Harley turns back to Marlboro with a pensive look.

MARLBORO

Ain't nothin' to think about,
just do it.

Harley hands one of his six-shooters to Marlboro and springs
into action. Grabbing the gunmetal briefcase full of money
on his way out, Harley runs for the multi-paned window with
his head down.

Meanwhile, Marlboro and Jack lay out a cover of gunfire.
With his Desert Eagle and Harley's Long Colt, Marlboro bears
down.

Jack does the same.

Marlboro's weapons give out and Marlboro follows his buddy.

Meanwhile, across the bullet-torn room, Harley jumps with
all his leaping ability and crashes through the window
shattering it in a million different pieces.

Marlboro goes through the broken window soon thereafter.

52 EXT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

52 *

Harley and Marlboro sail through the air and comedown in a
mound of trash. They quickly get to their feet and run fast
to the end of the alleyway where they jump a chain-link
fence.

They're now on the grounds of the Burbank International
Airport.

53 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

53 *

Unable to get himself away from The Long Coat's storm of gunfire, Jack continues to fight. He takes center stage in a fit and lets it all hangout.

The Long Coats stay put and gladly pump Jack full of lead, but he doesn't go down right away, in fact, he manages to hurt David and Peter. After some hard gunfighting, Jack's giant body goes limp and he gives the floor a bloody kiss. The lead storm stops.

Alexander looks to his wounded men and knows he can't take them along. He raises his Steyr-Aug. So do John and Michael. David and Peter nod in acceptance of their fate.

With a burst from their high powered weapons, Alexander, Michael and John put their cohorts out of their misery. Then, they run through the wreckage and jump out of the broken window with ease.

54 EXT. BURBANK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

54

Loud engines whine in the night. Bright lights pierce the black. Jets land. Takeoff. And get ready for departure. Manic.

Harley and Marlboro run scared dodging in-and-out of planes some moving and some not. On the fly, they both look back to see The Long Coats far behind, but gaining. They immediately pick up the pace.

Then, a luggage cart carrying baggage comes out from between two hangers. Harley and Marlboro take advantage of this and jump on the moving vehicle unbeknownst to the driver.

Harley and Marlboro see The Long Coats lose ground from the back of the luggage cart which moves along at a good pace.

Soon, however, the luggage cart slows to a stop and backs up to a Boeing 727 preparing for departure. Its engines scream with life. A mobile conveyer belt extends from the ground into the guts of the aircraft.

Harley and Marlboro keep watch on The Long Coats.

In the distance, scanning the airfield with their ravenous eyes, The Long Coats are assembled. Alexander gives Michael and John some instructions and they all split-up.

Harley and Marlboro are startled when Alexander makes his way in their direction. So does A LUGGAGE JOCKEY.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Harley, with the gunmetal briefcase still in his clutches, moves fast and covertly eases himself off the luggage cart and onto the mobile conveyer belt. Marlboro follows suit.

Lying flat, Harley and Marlboro crawl up the conveyer belt, which is not moving, and climb inside the belly of the aircraft. They scramble for cover and look outside. It is from here we'll watch the rest of the scene.

The luggage jockey is now busy taking the baggage off the luggage cart and loading it onto the now moving conveyer belt. He signals to the driver of the cart to move forward to the next carriage.

Alexander briskly approaches.

LUGGAGE JOCKEY

This is a restricted area, man,
you're gonna have to scoot and
I mean fast.

Alexander ignores the luggage jockey and searches the area.

LUGGAGE JOCKEY(cont)

Hey chump, in case you don't
hear so good, I said get the
fuck outta here.

With the indifference of a cold-blooded killer, Alexander spins and shoots the luggage jockey just as he throws a suitcase onto the conveyer belt.

The dead luggage jockey lands on the moving conveyer belt and is quickly pitched into the storage compartment next to Harley and Marlboro.

Harley and Marlboro are dazed, but don't dare move.

Alexander gives the area a cold once-over and leaves.

Without seeing the murder, the driver of the luggage cart comes out from behind his controls. He looks around for his co-worker and discovers he's nowhere in sight. He's confused, but finishes loading the plane and closes the luggage compartment.

The metal doors seal tight on Harley and Marlboro.

Blackness.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

55

An explosion of neon lights up the night as various marquees reel in focus. Sorting through all the riffraff we find Harley, still carrying the gunmetal briefcase, and Marlboro walking the strip.

MARLBORO

I hate this fuckin' town.

HARLEY

You don't know anything about this city.

MARLBORO

I grew up here y'dumb bastard.

HARLEY

I didn't know that.

MARLBORO

What you don't know is a lot.

HARLEY

You mean to tell me real cowboys, shit-kicking rodeo cowboys come from Vegas?

MARLBORO

Yeah, some of the best, maybe even one of the best.

They come across an on-the-strip-hotel and enter.

56 INT. ON-THE-STRIP-HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

56 *

From inside the dark room we hear the sound of the key opening the lock. Then, the door swings wide revealing the silhouettes of Harley and Marlboro. They step into the room.

Harley turns the light on and quickly dumps the gunmetal briefcase on the bed along with his Long Colt revolvers. He unloads the cash and starts tearing the case apart looking for a bug.

HARLEY

I know you're not crazy about being here, so we'll just hangout long enough to clean-up and catch a few Zs, okay?

MARLBORO

Yeah, okay.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Marlboro just stands in the doorway looking at the dank room. He bristles with the memories of another lifetime.

HARLEY

Did I ever tell you I lost my cherry to a fat girl in a room like this? It was in Mesquite, Texas and her name was Annie...

MARLBORO

This was not good puttin' us on the top floor.

HARLEY

They got a convention in town, it was all they had.

MARLBORO

Makes for a tough getaway.

HARLEY

They're not gonna find us here, they can't.

MARLBORO

I wouldn't bet on that.

HARLEY

Stop fucking whining, you sound like Jimmy.

Marlboro loses it, he snaps and spins flooring Harley with a rock hard punch that comes out of left field. Harley goes down.

MARLBORO

Jimmy's dead y'heartless piece of shit.

Harley is stunned and bleeding.

MARLBORO(cont)

Four of our friends got killed tonight, they're gone, fuckin' tagged-on-the-toe dead, does it matter, do y'fuckin' care?

HARLEY

I didn't force anyone into this, they knew the risk and they took the chance.

*

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

Marlboro knows Harley's right to a certain degree. He turns and walks away. Harley's voice stops him as he's leaving the room.

HARLEY(cont)

I know it's my fault and I have
to live with that. But, right
now, you and me gotta survive.

*

Marlboro leaves.

Harley wipes the blood from his mouth and sees the silver dollar sitting on the floor looking back at him.

CUT TO:

57 INT. VIRGINIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

57

Virginia lies in bed awake. She's troubled. Sleeping next to her, with his back to her, is her FIANCE. His presence should be felt throughout the following. The bedside phone rings. Virginia picks up the receiver fast as if she's been expecting this call.

VIRGINIA

Hello.

MARLBORO

Hey...

Recognizing Marlboro's voice, she climbs out of bed seeking more privacy. She goes to the window and speaks in a hushed voice.

VIRGINIA

Robert, where are you, are you
al'right?

58 INT. ON-THE-STRIP-HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

58

Late night gambling as usual. Marlboro leans against a wall with a bottle of Jack Daniels in one hand and a pay phone in the other.

INTERCUT conversation as needed.

VIRGINIA

Goddammit, talk to me, Robert,
where are you?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MARLBORO

Las Vegas.

VIRGINIA

What're you doing there?

MARLBORO

Runnin', runnin' and drinkin'.

*

VIRGINIA

*

I know why you're running, and
I know why you're drinking, and
I know why you stole my fiance's
bike.

This gets Marlboro fired up.

MARLBORO

Goddammit, I knew it was his.

VIRGINIA

Why'd it end up in front of
your favorite bar where six
people were killed?

MARLBORO

The story's too long and I
don't wanna tell it.

VIRGINIA

So, you two finally got into
some real trouble?

MARLBORO

Yeah, but that ain't why I
called, I called because...I
just called...

Marlboro takes a hard pull from the bottle of Jack Daniels.

MARLBORO(cont)

...I'm callin' because I'm
drunk and I'm tired and I just
wanted to hear your voice.

VIRGINIA

Tell me exactly where you are
and what you've done and I can
help.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

MARLBORO

Can't do that, I already helped
dig too many graves not my own.

*

VIRGINIA

Keep running, Robert, but know
this, sooner or later you'll
wind up just like your father,
drunk, dead and alone and all
you can do is hold on and wait.

The power of this statement hits Marlboro like a load of
bricks. Then, his antennae goes berserk. Raising his head
and squinting through the alcohol, his eyes fixate on
something.

Through the swarm of late night flotsam and jetsam Marlboro
can see THE LONG COATS, which now consists of just
Alexander, Michael and John, entering the hotel lobby. They
immediately go to the front desk where Alexander has a
conversation with the clerk.

MARLBORO

I'll be a sonofabitch.

Marlboro drops the phone and runs to the elevators.

VIRGINIA

Robert, what's wrong, are you
there?

Realizing he's no longer on the line, Virginia hangs up and
looks through the window wondering what might have been.

59 INT. ON-THE-STRIP-HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

59

Harley's just finished putting the money back into the
briefcase when Marlboro bursts through the door out of
breath.

MARLBORO

Let's go, we got company.

Harley knows exactly who Marlboro's talking about.

HARLEY

I know how they found us.

MARLBORO

Grab your guns and tell me
later.

And they leave.

60 INT. ON-THE-STRIP-HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

60 *

Harley and Marlboro start down the hall towards the elevator.

HARLEY

Please God, just let us getaway
one more time and I promise
I'll change.

MARLBORO

That's bullshit, Harley.

HARLEY

Al'right, I'll try and change.

They're stopped dead in their tracks when the elevator at the end of the corridor opens and Alexander steps into the hallway. They turnaround fast and run for the stairwell at the other end.

61 INT. ON-THE-STRIP-HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

61 *

Harley and Marlboro burst through the door and start down. Then, they're stopped by Michael and John coming at them from below.

Harley and Marlboro turnaround quickly and start running up the stairs. They climb as far as they can climb and they're stopped by an iron door marked: ROOFTOP - EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY. Marlboro just about rips the door off it's hinges with a kick.

62 EXT. ON-THE-STRIP-HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

62 *

Harley and Marlboro sprint the length of the roof and take refuge behind a large air-conditioning structure.

MARLBORO

We're at death's door and the
devil's knockin', so, y'better
pray or think up somethin' fast.

Harley scans the area for an escape route, but all he can find is stars high above and city lights far below. Then, he cranes his neck over the ledge. What he sees ten floors below is THE LARGE HOTEL SWIMMING POOL.

HARLEY

Put your gun away, we're jumping.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

Marlboro looks over the edge at the swimming pool.

MARLBORO

You're outta your fuckin' mind.

HARLEY

You got a better plan, I'm open, just say it and I'll do it.

Marlboro doesn't have time to say anything because The Long Coats have stepped onto the roof.

Marlboro puts his gun into overdrive. KBLAM! KBLAM! KBLAM! KBLAM! KBLAM! KBLAM! All dead-right-on shots. Not one Long Coat even thinks about dropping. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. He's out of bullets.

MARLBORO

Whatever they're wearing's made outta die-hard blue steel, Harley.

The Long Coats moves directly into Harley and Marlboro and unload with all the juice they have. Their automatic weapons shoot fire and lead with a vengeance.

Harley clutches hold of the gunmetal briefcase and stands.

HARLEY

...c'mon, take my hand...

MARLBORO

...no...

HARLEY

...it's the only way...

MARLBORO

...I don't care...

HARLEY

...I'm gonna do it...

MARLBORO

...then, do it...

HARLEY

...you'll be shot up here...

MARLBORO

...you'll be smashed down there...

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

HARLEY

...I'd rather be smashed than
shot...

MARLBORO

...not me...

The Long Coats are getting dangerously close.

HARLEY

...c'mon, we can make it...

MARLBORO

...goddammit no...

HARLEY

(outraged)

...al'right, fuck you, get shot
and die...

Harley hauls off and belts Marlboro with powerful punch.

HARLEY(cont)

I owe you that.

And with that, Harley chucks the gunmetal briefcase over the
edge and jumps off after it leaving Marlboro stunned.

CUT TO:

63 HARLEY'S LEAP OF FAITH

63

He plummets downwards like a meteorite towards the
liquid-marine lifesaver. He rockets past floor numbers
five, four, three, two, one, then, in a massive cobalt blue
splash he smacks the deep end of the pool
dead-solid-perfect.

CUT TO:

64 MARLBORO'S LATE-IN-DECIDING LEAP OF FAITH

64

Marlboro is still on the rooftop sucked up tight against the
wall which is being riddled with automatic gunfire. Five
more seconds and he's a dead man. He knows this.

MARLBORO

I hate you for this, Harley.

Then, he runs. Jumps. And sails off the edge of the hotel
into the neon-lit sky.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

MARLBORO(cont)
Goddammit...I hate you...for
this...HARRRLEYYY!!!!

CUT TO:

65 TEN FLOORS BELOW

65

Harley explodes from underneath the water shaken, but alive. His attention is drawn up towards the sound of Marlboro's yell. Like a hundred-mile-an-hour shooting dart, Marlboro drops using Harley's forehead as a bull's-eye.

Harley realizes this and swims frantically to get the hell out of the way. By only inches, maybe a foot, Marlboro hits in the wake of Harley's plunge. Aquamarine water fills the air.

After several suspenseful seconds, Marlboro explodes upwards with a mouthful of water. He spits. Yells. Harley's charged up.

HARLEY
Was that fucking intense or
what, man?

These words are not even out of Harley's mouth when gunfire pocks the pool's surface. Harley and Marlboro look up and from their POV we can see The Long Coats lined up on the edge of the rooftop fighting a never-ending battle.

MARLBORO
This shit is way outta control.

Harley and Marlboro jump out of the water soaked to the bone and hit the ground running. Then in mid-stride, Harley remembers the gunmetal briefcase he's left behind.

HARLEY
SHIIIT, THE MONEY!!!

MARLBORO
SHIIIT, MY HAT!!!

And with that, they both do an about-face and sprint back to the pool where Harley's gunmetal briefcase and Marlboro's 5x Stetson float on the surface.

They both dive in, grab their objects of desire and get out quick as hell. With bullets shredding the poolside flora and fauna all around them, they disappear into the night.

66 EXT. ON-THE-STRIP-HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

66

Alexander stops firing and signals for his men to quit. The Long Coats stand frozen against the Nevada skyline watching Harley and Marlboro escape into the night.

CUT TO:

67 INT. LOS ANGELES TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - DAY

67

Chance sits in his chair watching the early morning sun appear in the east. His coat and tie are off; he waits. He's been waiting all night. Kimiko sleeps on the sofa behind him.

Then, he sees what he's been waiting on, a black object flies out of the sun weaving and cutting in and out of the skyscrapers. It draws nearer and nearer and we recognize the distinct purr of the Mitsubishi helicopter.

Chance gets up and passes Kimiko on his way to the elevator. She wakes up when she hears the sound of the elevator.

KIMIKO

I must of overslept, what time is it?

CHANCE

It's early, go back to sleep.

68 EXT. LOS ANGELES TRUST, ROOFTOP HELIPORT - DAY

68

Chance is already up top when the chopper sets itself down on the helipad. Thom shuts down the engine and the rotor blades come to a stop. Alexander leaves Michael and John inside the helicopter and steps out to join Chance.

Chance immediately picks up on the attitude of his men.

CHANCE

I don't like what I think I see, Alexander.

ALEXANDER

Those dilettantes are on a good luck run.

CHANCE

Where are they?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

ALEXANDER

I don't know, they may have found the bug, it's not working anymore.

CHANCE

You were supposed to find these men and kill them, but I didn't think they would ever get the better of you, have you failed, Alexander, are you telling me you've failed with a couple of no-name deadbeats?

ALEXANDER

I haven't failed, it's not over.

CHANCE

You let two and a half million dollars of mine leave L.A., disappear, just dissolve, that's major failure, and for the first time in all the years I've known you.

Kimiko steps onto the rooftop during this speech.

CHANCE(cont)

Find them, Alexander, and kill them or there's gonna be some balls busted and some asses hit the fucking street. I want my money.

Alexander nods. Chance looks to Kimiko.

CHANCE(cont)

Tell him.

KIMIKO

I met these guys, they're just guys, not the type to knock off a bank just to get rich. So, I did some homework, they got a hangout, The Rock 'N' Roll Bar & Grill, we hold the lease and it was up today, they did it for their friends.

ALEXANDER

They'll be back.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. NORTHERN NEVADA BADLANDS - DAY

69

A moving locomotive belches diesel fumes into the already dirty air as it pulls fifty different cars and winds its way through the parched landscape with the morning sun shining on its back.

Harley and Marlboro, tired and beaten, are framed in the doorway of an empty cattle car.

MARLBORO

We gotta go back, Harley.

HARLEY

Whadd'ya mean, we survived,
it's over?

MARLBORO

It ain't over.

Harley takes the silver dollar from his pocket and holds it up.

HARLEY

It's definitely over.

With this, he squeezes the coin between his thumb and forefinger. The silver dollar unscrews and we see the complex nerve-center of a homing device.

HARLEY(cont)

See, this is outta commission,
that means they can't show up
outta nowhere now.

MARLBORO

We still got a bunch of money
we didn't get for ourselves and
a bar full of dead friends in
L.A. It's not over, Harley,
this ain't right, we owe it to
our friends to make it right.

HARLEY

I'm not making plans for us for
a long-time, we're alive and
we're ahead, I won't do it.

MARLBORO

Goddammit, we're not ahead, and
if bein' alive means livin' on
the run then I don't want it.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

HARLEY

We're outlaws, Marlboro, it's that simple.

Marlboro will not accept this way of living anymore.

MARLBORO

I ran from my hometown 'cause the memories wore me down, I ran from rodeo when it stomped the hell outta me, and I ran from Virginia 'cause I didn't wanna need her and I didn't want her needin' me. I'm not runnin' from this and I won't let you either.

HARLEY

Do what you think's right, but I'm gonna stay alive.

Marlboro gives Harley a dose of his own medicine.

MARLBORO

Better to be dead and cool than alive and uncool.

With this said, Marlboro bolts out of the cattle car.

Harley watches his friend tumble onto the dirt on the shoulder of the railroad track. He's torn. Part of him wants to go and part of him wants to stay. He stays.

70 EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - DAY

70

Marlboro stands and dusts himself off as the last boxcars speed by. In his heart, Marlboro hoped Harley followed him, but when he searches the shoulder of the track he realizes different.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 A HITCHHIKING MONTAGE

71

Heat waves rise off a Nevada highway. Marlboro walks out of the simmer with his thumb extended. Several vehicles speed past. He ignores them and pushes on.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Time has passed. Marlboro rests his head against an abandoned oil-drum in the shade of a signpost reading: LOS ANGELES - 3 7 3 miles. Unable to keep his eyes open, Marlboro falls asleep in a pile of sweat.

Before too long, Marlboro is awakened by a big black boot kicking at his side. Shielding his eyes from the afternoon sun, he looks up to discover two reflective lenses separated by a hawklike beak of a nose, with a cowboy hat above, and a jaw that resembles the business end of an ax. A face no mother could ever love.

Marlboro jumps to his feet and strikes a defensive posture when to his surprise the ax breaks into a gaping grin full of tobacco stained teeth. The tough-looking trucker extends his hand and motions to his eighteen wheel rig idling nearby.

Marlboro softens and shakes hands with the trucker. They jump in the cab of the truck and take off into the approaching night.

The twilight soon becomes night when the sun disappears behind a distant mountain. The truck's headlamps explode out of the dark as its eighteen wheels race through this vast wasteland.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. VIRGINIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

The truck rolls to a stop and with a final tobacco stained grin the trucker says goodbye. Marlboro hops out and the truck roars off.

Turning to face Virginia's house, Marlboro stands motionless for some time. He studies the house, especially the bedroom window. It's quiet and dark. He then lights a cigarette and walks up the path towards the front door.

He reaches the front door and knocks. No answer. Marlboro raps again this time with more vigor. Still, no answer. He's about to knock again when the door opens. Marlboro finds himself face to face with Virginia's fiance, JAKE McALLISTER. Jake is forty with sturdy good-looks. He wears a pair of boxer shorts.

JAKE

Who are you and whadd'ya want?

MARLBORO

Virginia.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

JAKE

She's asleep.

MARLBORO

Wake her up, I'll wait.

Jake realizes who Marlboro is.

JAKE

You're the asshole that stole my bike.

Marlboro meets Jake's eyes without answering his question.

JAKE(cont)

Get the fuck outta here or I'll do something I might not like myself for.

Jake closes the door, but Marlboro will not be denied. He kicks the door forcing it open.

*

73 INT. VIRGINIA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY / BEDROOM - NIGHT

73

The door smacks Jake in the head which dazes him. Marlboro enters and starts down the darkened hallway. Just as he's about to reach the door to Virginia's bedroom, Jake collars him from behind and smashes him face first into the wall.

Jake twists Marlboro's arm behind his back and presses the barrel of Virginia's Glock 17 firmly into Marlboro's temple.

JAKE

You know, it's within the law for me to squeeze this trigger.

MARLBORO

Then, do it.

The hall light comes on and we discover Virginia standing in the doorway of her room. With Marlboro pinned, Jake frisks and takes away Marlboro's Desert Eagle.

JAKE

This is a heavy-duty piece of hardware you're packing.

MARLBORO

That's what she said.

Jake twists Marlboro's arm even harder.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

JAKE

You got a permit, asshole?

With a caught-smile and a lump on his forehead, Marlboro looks to Virginia for assistance.

MARLBORO

I just hitchhiked four hundred miles and I need a minute with ya.

74 EXT. VIRGINIA'S HOUSE, MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

74

Marlboro rests against the side of the house having a smoke while listening to the angry drone of Jake's muffled voice coming from inside the house. Virginia's voice responds sporadically.

The fight ends. The door opens. Virginia comes out. Marlboro's eyes hold Jake in an intense stare. Virginia walks down the path pulling Marlboro with her. Jake watches them from doorway.

VIRGINIA

You have until we reach the sidewalk to say what you have to say.

MARLBORO

I need my gun, Virginia.

VIRGINIA

Do you have a permit?

Marlboro knows this is a battle he won't win.

MARLBORO

So, is Mr. trigger-happy a cop too?

VIRGINIA

He just made Lieutenant.

MARLBORO

Til death do you part is a long long-time, Virginia, y'gotta really want it, is he the guy?

VIRGINIA

What do you want, Robert, my help, my sympathy, my hand in marriage, what?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

MARLBORO

I don't know what it is I want exactly, but I know what I don't want.

They've reached the sidewalk. Virginia stops. Waits. Marlboro looks to Jake. Then back. These next words don't come easily.

MARLBORO(cont)

I don't wanna end whatever there was between us without first tellin' ya, y'been the better part of my life...the best part of my life.

The look between them says it all. Then:

MARLBORO(cont)

G'bye, Virginia.

He turns and walks up the sidewalk.

VIRGINIA

Robert...

Marlboro turns around. Virginia steps towards him. Reaches into her bathrobe and pulls out his Desert Eagle. She gives it to him.

With nothing more to do or say, Virginia quickly runs up the path and goes inside. Jake gives Marlboro a final look and closes the door.

Marlboro tucks the Desert Eagle into his belt and walks away lost in thought. Did that just happen? Is she really gone?

Then, the still night air is disturbed when a motorcyclist comes careening around the corner. Making a sharp U-turn, the rider, who we now recognize as HARLEY, pulls up alongside Marlboro. The gunmetal briefcase is strapped on the back of Harley's bike.

HARLEY

Sorry, I'm late, I had a layover in Denver.

Marlboro smiles a weary smile.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. LAS VEGAS BILLBOARD - DAY

75

First light. The streets are deserted. Harley and Marlboro sit on the ledge of the billboard just like they did before.

Marlboro is wrapping tape around one of his mangled boots while Harley eats a can of canned pears.

HARLEY

Are we friends?

MARLBORO

What're y'talkin' about, yeah,
we're friends?

HARLEY

Close friends?

MARLBORO

I'd say so.

HARLEY

Then, how come after all the
shit we've been through there's
one question you've never
answered and I've asked it a
thousand times?

MARLBORO

What question?

HARLEY

What is it with you and those
fucking boots?

Marlboro thinks for a beat then gives it up.

MARLBORO

My old man gave 'em to me the
first time I rode in a
professional rodeo.

HARLEY

Why didn't you wanna tell me
that?

MARLBORO

It was the first and last thing
he ever gave me. I just kinda
figured it was between him and
me.

HARLEY

Must of been a good day.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

MARLBORO

I got thrown and busted my arm
in four places.

HARLEY

That's bad luck.

MARLBORO

That's rodeo.

HARLEY

You oughtta try it again.

MARLBORO

Someday, maybe.

Harley eats the last pear and digs into his backpack pulling
out A FREEDOM ARMS CASULL .454 and a box of shells. Marlboro
looks at the weapon and can't believe his eyes. *

MARLBORO

Jesus Christ, where'd you get
that cannon?

HARLEY

Denver.

MARLBORO

Casull 454, single-action, five
shots, that's too much gun for
ya, Harley, I can't even handle
that.

HARLEY

It's what I learned with.

MARLBORO

Nobody learns with that gun.

HARLEY

I did.

MARLBORO

That explains it.

Harley starts loading the revolver with 454s.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

HARLEY

Y'know, I've done a lot in my life, but up until three weeks ago the only thing I ever shot at was tin cans, I never fired a shot in anger, I've never wanted to kill anyone.

MARLBORO

Me neither.

HARLEY

Hell, I didn't even hit the cans.

Harley looks to Marlboro and screws the coin back together.

CUT TO:

76 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - DAY

76 *

A bright dot beeps and flashes on a fluorescent grid-like map of Los Angeles county. We're looking at a laptop radar monitor and walking towards the device is Kimiko.

Kimiko reaches the radar device, checks it out, and glances over her shoulder to Chance.

KIMIKO

They're back.

77 INT. MITSUBISHI SLANT-ROTOR V-26 HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

77

Mid-flight. Michael and John ride in back. Thom is at the helm. Alexander sits next to Thom with the laptop radar in his lap.

ALEXANDER

Take up a heading of one seven four zero, they're seven clicks southeast of us.

THOM

Sounds like the same heading my co-pilot shouted out the day we choppered into Khe Sangh, it was the last thing the ugly bastard ever said.

ALEXANDER

Shut up and fly, Thom.

Thom reacts to Alexander's tone, then, maneuvers his control stick and the helicopter banks away.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. DESERTED AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD - DAY

78

From an aerial view we see what The Long Coats see as the chopper descends on the airplane graveyard. The sun beats down on the sea of aircraft while throwing distorted shadows across the field.

Thom smoothly sets the chopper down in the clearing. John and Michael jump out. Alexander follows carrying the laptop radar. Thom stays in the chopper. *

Alexander scans the graveyard. His eyes burning like bright blue embers. With a look at his radar screen, Alexander walks across the clearing towards the acreage of mothballed aircraft. He stops in front of the old B-52 bomber Harley and his gang hid in earlier.

Alexander checks his radar and steps closer. He motions to Michael and John. They're soon by his side.

ALEXANDER
Check the underside, John.

79 INT. B-52 BOMBER'S UNDERSIDE - DAY

79

John climbs through a breach in the hull and searches the plane's innards. There's nothing and no one. He's about to get out when his peripheral vision picks up some kind of metallic reflection. He pulls his rifle and spins only to find the gunmetal briefcase.

80 EXT. DESERTED AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD - DAY

80

Alexander's eyes come to life when he sees John jumping out of the bomber with the gunmetal briefcase. Michael takes the briefcase from John and opens it up revealing the bugged silver dollar and that's all.

Alexander's been had and he's furious.

In a rage, he throws the tracking device against the side of the aircraft. The fluorescent holograph screen shatters and falls to the dirt.

Michael and John are silent.

Alexander's fiery eyes are suddenly pulled forward, where in the distance, through an alleyway of aircraft, he sees the causes of his fury.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

Framed by the murky gray sky, Harley and Marlboro stand tall on top of a F/A-18 Hornet. Jaws squared and locked. Eyes alive and ready. Weapons tucked into their belts. They look now more than ever like the two icons they're named after.

The Long Coats face-off ready to do what they do best.

No one makes a move.

Silence.

The calm before the storm.

Harley looks heavenward.

HARLEY

Hey God, if you do exist and you're watching from wherever it is you watch from, do me a favor and turn your head for a bit.

MARLBORO

Now, remember these bastards are bullet proof, so, aim for their heads dead-center. And hold onto that cannon with both hands, don't yank, don't pull, squeeze! Y'ready?

HARLEY

Locked and loaded.

MARLBORO

Let's make things right.

With this said, Marlboro reaches for his Desert Eagle and Harley draws his Casull.

Without losing a beat, The Long Coats bring up their guns which are at their sides.

This should be a good old-fashioned gunfight and from this moment forward nothing will happen fast. Eyes. Hands. Guns. Constant movements from all. Intense. All of the subsequent action should play like the violent ballets Sam Peckinpah would have choreographed.

*

There's an uproar of deafening explosions from both sides as each player's weapon comes out blasting full tilt.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

The Long Coats aren't making any headway due to their poor positioning, Alexander and Michael quickly realize this and soon disappear in the jungle of aircraft.

John fights a moment too long and becomes the first Long Coatsman to fall prey.

The Casull jumps in Harleys' hands, he hits nothing at all, but Marlboro picks up the slack and blasts John's Steyr-Aug out of his grasp.

John bends at the waist clutching his wounded hands trying to recover his weapon. His forward motion doesn't last long as his body is lifted by several square shots.

Harley hits everything around John, but John.

Marlboro bears down on his sight and hits the target. *

With a silent scream, John is jerked up, thrown back, and pitched down. *

The gunfire stops as abruptly as it started.

John is dead.

Harley and Marlboro jump down from their bird's-eye position and take cover. Marlboro feeds a fresh clip into his Desert Eagle as Harley struggles to dump the empty .454 casings from his Casull.

MARLBORO

By the way, y'know, that gun costs about two bucks everytime y'fire it, two bucks a bullet.

Harley says "fuck you" with a look.

HARLEY

How many'd we hit?

MARLBORO

Y'spent ten bucks and didn't hit a goddamn thing, I nailed one and it cost about four and a quarter.

HARLEY

Where're the other two?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (3)

80

These words are not even out of Harley's mouth when an onslaught of deadly gunfire takes them by storm.

Alexander and Michael converge on Harley and Marlboro through a corridor of fighter planes with their Steyr-Augs spitting fire and lead.

Harley and Marlboro dive under a nearby F-14 Tomcat and scramble to the other side for cover.

The gunfire stops briefly when Alexander and Michael's ammunition is spent. They uniformly eject their old clips and replace them with fresh ones.

Harley and Marlboro rise from behind the scraped plane ready for action and are met by another hurricane of automatic gunfire that leaves nothing but havoc in its wake.

They manage to get off only a couple of shots before they quickly drop down unable to stave off The Long Coat's incredible force.

HARLEY

I think we really pissed them off this time.

MARLBORO

Good, let's go.

Just as they're about to be overrun, Marlboro ducks low and runs like hell with Harley on his tail. They weave through the maze of fighter planes and bombers while firing sporadic shots at the two remaining Long Coatsmen.

Alexander and Michael push forward relentlessly pursuing Harley and Marlboro, who bob in and out of sight like toy decoys at an amusement park firing range. Harley and Marlboro dive into the blown-out body of a F-5E Tiger and scramble out of sight.

Alexander and Michael hold their fire and stop about fifty yards from where Harley and Marlboro take shelter. We stay on them as they cautiously close in alert and ready.

The Long Coatsmen reach the opening through which Harley and Marlboro disappeared.

No sign or sound from their enemy.

Then, a noise, from their right, distracts them. Together, with no hesitation, they spin in the direction of the sound with their weapons blazing.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (4)

80

A jackrabbit out on a playful romp hops and jumps scared for his life as bullets tear up metal all around him.

Harley and Marlboro use this unexpected decoy to take Michael and Alexander by surprise.

Harley rises out of the F-5E's cockpit at the same time Marlboro appears in the opening of the fighter's inlet duct. Bearing down on their sights, they unload with all the juice they have.

Alexander and Michael react quick, but not quick enough. Michael takes a blast in the face from Marlboro's Desert Eagle.

Almost not believing he's been hit, Michael twists in shock and stands frozen in time. *

Alexander fights by Michael's side taking a few ineffectual hits until he realizes his effort is futile; he can't get an open shot at Harley or Marlboro because of their concealed positions. He takes himself out of the battle and disappears around the nose of the fighter plane.

With Alexander gone, Harley and Marlboro focus in on Michael. Not even one of Harley's bullets gets near Michael, but that doesn't matter because Marlboro's got a dead-eye and he uses it to nail the coffin shut.

Michael's head and upper body are ripped and rocked in a hundred different directions the most important of which is down, all the time down, and even though his death is not very long, it still takes time for him to sink and stagger and topple to his knees and farther, all the while his hand instinctively clamps onto his Steyr-Aug and the automatic rifle screams his final cry. *

Michael falls in the dirt measuring his length on the ground. *

Again, Harley and Marlboro reload.

From his higher viewpoint, in the F-5E's cockpit, Harley scans the graveyard for Alexander. For as far as the eye can see all he can see are mothballed aircraft.

After jamming a new magazine into his piece, Marlboro takes a quick look around and jumps out of the inlet duct.

Running around the back of the fighter jet, he passes through the blown-out fuselage of another plane before jumping into the cabin of a Cobra helicopter. Marlboro searches the area for Alexander.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (5)

80

Harley looks down to Marlboro and shrugs before sinking from view only to reappear dropping out of the F-5E's bomb bay.

81 INT. WAR-TORN COBRA HELICOPTER - DAY

81

Harley joins Marlboro in the cockpit and struggles to reload.

MARLBORO

That's two for me, y'better get off your ass, Harley.

HARLEY

Gimme a break, I'm trying, God knows I'm trying.

MARLBORO

Well, ask God for some help, we ain't done yet.

Marlboro eases out of the helicopter with Harley.

82 EXT. DESERTED AIRPLANE GRAVEYARD - DAY

82

Harley and Marlboro covertly move through and around the fighter planes on the hunt for Alexander. It feels like minutes tick by, but really it's seconds as they seek out their enemy.

Their search is done when they pass through a grouping of planes that creates an eerie alcove. Alexander is passing through the same alcove thirty yards parallel to them.

At the same time Harley and Marlboro see Alexander, he sees them and the fight is on. Alexander opens up his Steyr-Aug fighting with no regard for life or death.

Harley dives behind the ventral fin of a F-16 Falcon and flushes out the chamber of his five-shooter.

Marlboro, who was on point, is caught in the open. He lets his Desert Eagle fly while making his way for shelter, but before he can reach cover, he's spun around and belted back when his shoulder is opened up by a burst of gunfire.

*

Marlboro hits the ground and scurries for cover losing his weapon in the process.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Harley's unaware of his friend's misfortune and keeps on rocking hitting everything near Alexander except Alexander.

Alexander comes on like a bat out of hell splitting time between Harley and Marlboro.

Harley hurries to reload his pistol when it runs out of juice, but Alexander's awesome firepower makes it more than hard. As bullets ricochet off everything around him, Harley fumbles trying to dislodge the spent shells from the chamber of his Casull.

HARLEY

Fuck, shit, piss, horse shit in
a bear's ass.

Meanwhile, a ways away, in pain, Marlboro clutches his bleeding shoulder. He looks out into the open where the sun reflects off the barrel of his weapon. He makes a move to recover his magnum, but Alexander's volley of gunfire drives him back.

Things seem terminal for Harley and Marlboro and then they have some luck. Alexander's Steyr-Aug gives out. In a split-second, he ejects the spent magazine and reaches for a new one only to find he has no more.

Taking advantage of this good fortune, Marlboro lurches forward grabbing his Desert Eagle on the run and vanishes into the field of dead aircraft.

Alexander sees Marlboro and puts his Steyr-Aug to bed and pulls a RUGER RED HAWK FORTY-FOUR MAGNUM from beneath his duster. Alexander wants Marlboro and goes after him.

Harley finally gets all the spent shells out of the chamber and is busy reloading his Casull. He sees none of what just happened happen. He counts off each bullet he loads. *

HARLEY

Two, four, six, eight, ten...

Harley jams his last two dollar 454 shell into the wheel.

Fully loaded, Harley turns around and finds no one to fight. Not knowing what else to do, he takes off looking for Marlboro.

We find Marlboro as he cautiously weaves his way through the maze of aircraft. Despite his badly bleeding shoulder, Marlboro keeps his Desert Eagle held at the ready. His eyes eye the territory.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

Then, from out of nowhere, Marlboro's pounded in the head by the butt of Alexander's Ruger pistol.

Marlboro reels back ass over tea kettle. He raises his gun and blindly squeezes off a few wild shots.

Alexander puts a fast end to this when he crushes Marlboro's hand with a brutal kick knocking the Desert Eagle to the dirt. Adding salt to injury, Alexander drives his fist into Marlboro's wounded shoulder.

Marlboro's insides come up as he lets out a bloodcurdling shout.

Harley, who's been stalking another area of the graveyard, spins in the direction of the gunfire and scream and changes course.

Alexander wastes no time muffling Marlboro's yell by driving his hand into Marlboro's throat. He pushes Marlboro backwards with a powerful strangle hold and pins him to the fuselage of a F-15.

Dazed and bloody and gasping for air, Marlboro shakes the cobwebs from his mind and finds himself chewing on Alexander's handgun.

ALEXANDER

You're going to die today, if you want to do it fast tell me where the money is, if you want to do it slow, don't. It's your choice.

MARLBORO

It's a good day for dyin', I'll do it slow.

Alexander tightens his vice-grip around Marlboro's throat. Then:

HARLEY(os)

Let him go.

Alexander quickly spins in the direction of Harley's voice taking Marlboro with him. Facing off with Harley, Alexander buries his Ruger Red Hawk into Marlboro's temple while using him as a shield.

Harley stands thirty feet away with his Casull cannon aimed just past Marlboro's head for Alexander's head. Harley pulls back the hammer.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

Marlboro winces and talks to himself.

MARLBORO

Oh shit, I'm a dead man.

The margin for error is millimeters and Harley knows it.

So does Marlboro.

And Alexander too.

ALEXANDER

Where's the money?

Harley says nothing and just keeps his five-shooter sighted right for Alexander.

Alexander pulls back the hammer on his Ruger.

ALEXANDER(cont)

Where's the money?

Harley's eyes are fixed and determined. His index-finger itches around the trigger of his Casull.

MARLBORO

Squeeze it, Harley, just squeeze the goddamn thing.

And that's just what Harley does. KABOOM! The 454 jumps in his hand as he squeezes off one shot.

Marlboro doesn't even blink as Harley's bullet buries itself deep into his already shot-up shoulder. Marlboro recoils in unbearable pain.

MARLBORO(cont)

That hurt, that hurt bad, Harley.

Harley can't believe what he's just done.

Wearing a look of self-satisfaction, Alexander won't let Marlboro fall. He jerks him upwards still using him as a shield.

ALEXANDER

Looks like your luck just ran out, now, where's the money?

MARLBORO

Shoot him, goddammit.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (4)

82

Harley hasn't lowered his Casull, but he's become very gun-shy.

ALEXANDER

Keep shooting, you'll make my job easier.

MARLBORO

SHOOT THE BASTARD, HARLEY,
DON'T THINK, JUST SHOOT!!!

And that's just what Harley does. This time he squeezes, really squeezes, the trigger. A single shot shoots out of the barrel.

Again, Marlboro doesn't even blink.

Alexander's smug look is wiped off his mug when Harley's inspired bullet rips into his trigger hand. Bull's-eye. Alexander's hand is lashed backwards sending his forty-four magnum twirling into the air end over end.

Marlboro tears himself free of Alexander's hold and deftly grabs the Ruger Red Hawk out of the air while it's making its downward flight. Marlboro drops to one knee and spins to face Alexander.

With Marlboro out of the way, and with a little more faith, Harley unleashes his Casull.

Marlboro takes aim and from pointblank range lets Alexander have it with his own gun.

In the next nine seconds Alexander will be shot nine times as each one of Harley and Marlboro's bullets hit home. As he's spanked backwards, Alexander stays on his feet taking it like the true warrior he is.

*
*
*

Harley and Marlboro blast away getting pay back.

Alexander cannot possibly endure another shot. But even as his body and soul slip and slide and fall to the ground and past, his head reaches for the sky trying to find the strength he no longer has. Sunshine reflects in his cobalt eyes. Salty tears scratch his face. The dragon is slain.

*
*
*
*
*

Silence.

The calm after the storm.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (5)

82

Harley and Marlboro just stare at Alexander's bullet torn body.

Then, exhausted and hurt, Marlboro falls onto his back spent and reaches for a cigarette which he finds and lights. Harley steps up and kneels next to his buddy.

MARLBORO

That's one for you, how'd it feel?

HARLEY

Best ten bucks I ever spent. You okay?

MARLBORO

I feel like I've been rode hard and put up wet.

HARLEY

Shake it off, we got one more.

Harley helps Marlboro to his feet.

MARLBORO

I can't believe y'shot me, I mean y'fuckin' shot me, Harley, I can't believe y'fuckin' shot me.

83 INT. MITSUBISHI SLANT-ROTOR V-26 HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

83

Thom flies the helicopter. Harley rides shotgun holding him at gunpoint. Marlboro's in back using the first aid kit to clean and bandage his wounded shoulder.

THOM

I find it real hard to believe you greased those cue-balls, but it's a good thing somebody did.

HARLEY

Yeah, why's that?

THOM

They were pussies, their clothes were made outta that lightweight Japanese Kevlar, if we had that in Nam all the boys would've made the trip.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

Harley's thinking about this when he sees the Mitsubishi insignia on the helicopter's control panel.

HARLEY

Is there anything they don't
make better than us?

THOM

Love, man, love.

CUT TO:

84 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, TOKYO OFFICE - DAY

84 *

A dozen or so Japanese businessmen sit around a circular director's table looking straight at us. Their eyes are alive. They're watching a video wall where a video image of Chance addresses them via satellite from his office in Los Angeles.

CHANCE

(in Japanese)

In lieu of the foreclosure on
Penmark pharmaceuticals, it
might be novel for us to think
about the holes we can fill in
this rapidly growing industry...

85 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - DAY

85 *

Chance looks at his Japanese colleagues on the largest monitor on his video wall and finishes his sales pitch.

CHANCE

(in Japanese)

After all, gentleman, the
business of medicine will live
forever...

His eastern colleagues laugh and talk amongst themselves going over Chance's idea. Chance, however, is distracted when he sees, on one of the smaller screens, his helicopter approaching and settling on the rooftop heliport.

86 INT. MITSUBISHI SLANT-ROTOR V-26 HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

86

Thom kills the engines. Harley searches the heliport for a way down.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

HARLEY

What's his name and where do
we find him?

THOM

Chance Wilder, his office,
where else, down the stairs to
the elevator, just press sixty,
as in floor, the code is XQ9L86.

Marlboro, who's finished bandaging his wound, doesn't
trust Thom and gets into the conversation.

MARLBORO

Why're y'bein' so damn helpful?

THOM

It's just a fucking job, buddy,
and I never really liked it.

Harley reaches into the duffel bag he's been carrying
on his lap and pulls out a mint stack of one-thousand
dollar bills. Thom's as surprised as Marlboro is when
Harley gives him the cash.

HARLEY

This is your last paycheck, you
work for us now, wait here.

Harley and Marlboro climb out.

87 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - DAY

87 *

Chance continues his satellite meeting. His attention
is piqued when he sees, on the smaller monitor, Harley
and Marlboro getting out of the helicopter and walking
into the surveillance camera.

Chance punches some commands into his control panel and
the video images of Harley and Marlboro replace the
Japanese businessmen on the central screen. Once he's
made a positive I.D., he exchanges a look with Kimiko and
punches his eastern constituency back up. He interrupts
their conversation.

CHANCE

(in Japanese)

Excuse me, gentlemen, I have a
fire to put out, can we get back
on track tomorrow, same time.

88 EXT. PACIFIC TRUST, ROOFTOP HELIPORT - DAY

88 *

Harley and Marlboro step off the helipad. Harley carries the bag full of money and has his Casull tucked into his belt.

MARLBORO
What's our plan now?

HARLEY
I don't know.

MARLBORO
Whadd'ya mean, y'don't know?

HARLEY
I don't know.

MARLBORO
Y'have to know...I have to know.

Harley thinks.

HARLEY
Al'right, we'll walk into his office, give him his money back, and ask him to change the lease to the Rock 'N' Bar & Grill.

MARLBORO
You're kiddin', right, this is a fuckin' joke, right, tell me this is a joke.

HARLEY
I'm serious.

They reach the elevator and Harley punches the code Thom gave him into the numerical wall panel.

MARLBORO
You can't be.

HARLEY
I am.

MARLBORO
What're y'crazy, Harley, this guy's a bad-ass paper-pusher sitting in a big office, he pays people to kill for him, he's not gonna fix the lease just 'cause y'smile and ask him to.

The elevator arrives and they get in.

89 INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - DAY

89

Harley punches button number sixty. The elevator doors slide to the closed position and the car starts down.

HARLEY

Okay, you're right, this is what we'll do, after I ask him to change the lease and he says no, shoot him dead.

MARLBORO

Why me?

HARLEY

I spent all my bullets.

MARLBORO

This is not a good plan, Harley.

HARLEY

Relax, we made it this far, we'll make the rest.

The elevator comes to a stop. The tension is high.

From Harley and Marlboro's POV we watch as the doors creep apart revealing to us, and them, Chance Wilder.

90 INT. PACIFIC TRUST, CHANCE WILDER'S OFFICE - DAY

90 *

Harley and Marlboro are transfixed at first sight of their uptown adversary. With his back to the plate glass wall, Chance prowls in front of his desk talking business on a cordless headset phone. Behind him, off to one side, stands Kimiko.

CHANCE

...yes, Howard, it's good to hear from you, now spit it out, what do you want from me...

Harley and Marlboro step into the dragon's liar and walk around a scale model of a skyscraper. It's labeled BURBANK TOWER and it's meant to replace the Rock 'N' Roll Bar & Grill.

Chance continues his telephone conversation totally indifferent to Harley and Marlboro.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

CHANCE(cont)

...I'm not interested in the third world, there's too much that can go the wrong way and not much that can go our way, we've had this discussion...

Harley and Marlboro exchange a look, then, Marlboro ends Chance's conversation by blowing the desktop telephone transmitter to bits with several direct shots from his Desert Eagle. Chance doesn't even shudder and removes his wireless remote headset.

MARLBORO

We're lookin' for Chance
Wilder, you him?

Chance's silence tells them he's the one they're looking for.

MARLBORO(cont)

Deal away, Harley.

Harley throws the duffel bag full of money at Chance's feet.

HARLEY

We wanted to give that back, it's yours, we had no right taking it. Now, you're gonna change the lease to the Rock 'N' Roll Bar & Grill.

*

MARLBORO

No handouts, no breaks, just a fair deal, that's all we want.

*

CHANCE

You guys must be charmed to have made it this far.

MARLBORO

Four of our friends're dead, we're not charmed, we're just pissed off.

CHANCE

The lease stands, so, if you came to kill me, do it now, if not, get the fuck out of here, I don't have the time to play with you guys.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

HARLEY

This isn't a game.

CHANCE

Yes, it is, all business is a game is some way.

HARLEY

Running drugs isn't a game.

CHANCE

Not your average game. I make five hundred thousand dollars a year to sit in this office and run this bank. I make fifty million dollars a year to sit in this same office and run those drugs. That's big-time.

Harley looks at Chance with disgust. Then:

HARLEY

Game's over, do it, Marlboro.

Marlboro looks down the sight of his weapon. More than anything he wants to squeeze the trigger, but his finger wavers.

Chance looks right down the barrel of Marlboro's gun.

HARLEY(cont)

What're waiting for, kill him and let's get the hell outta here.

But, all Marlboro can do is lower his Desert Eagle.

MARLBORO

I can't do it, this ain't right.

HARLEY

This scumbag killed four of our friends for fun.

MARLBORO

That still don't make it right.

HARLEY

What're you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

MARLBORO

My old man used to tell me
before he left this shitty
world never shoot a man if he's
unarmed.

HARLEY

Fuck your old man, Marlboro,
he's dead.

MARLBORO

Leave my old man outta this.

Harley can't believe what he's hearing. He thinks. Then,
he has an idea. He goes to Chance and gives him his Casull
454.

HARLEY

There, now, he's armed.

Harley backs away and joins Marlboro.

MARLBORO

That gun's empty, Harley.

HARLEY

So what, he deals drugs to
little kids, shoot the fuck, he
deserves worse?

As this argument is taking place, a pair of HENCHMAN armed
with ITHACA TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUNS, come out of the elevator
and creep up on Harley and Marlboro's backside.

Harley and Marlboro stop arguing when they feel the cold
barrels of the henchmen's shotguns pressed into their heads.

THE HENCHMAN

Drop 'em.

Surprised, Harley and Marlboro do as they're told.

CHANCE

You really thought you were
going to walk in here and shoot
me?

MARLBORO

(sardonic)

That was the plan.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (4)

90

HARLEY

The plan was you shoot him, all you had to do was shoot him and we'd be outta here.

CHANCE

You guys're a piece of work, you got an edge, I like that, it almost makes me sorry I have to kill you, but I do and I do right now.

*

Chance sets the Casull on his desk and nods to his henchmen giving them the license to kill.

Just then, as if sent by the Gods, Chance's chopper lowers itself into view outside the plate glass wall behind Chance and Kimiko.

Everyone turns towards the plate glass wall.

From the cockpit, Thom signals for Harley and Marlboro to hit the deck. Then, he lets loose the high powered machine guns mounted underneath the Hawk helicopter.

The plate glass wall implodes.

Harley and Marlboro hit the deck.

Chance dives under his desk.

Kimiko sucks up against the wall.

Harsh sunlight invades the room along with a powerful wind and a drove of killer lead.

The henchmen spontaneously spin into the gunfire with their riot guns blasting away, but they're engulfed by a tempest of gunfire that quickly claims their lives.

Chance Wilder's office is shot to hell and high-water. The walls are pocked with lead, the television monitors explode, the scale model of BURBANK TOWER is blasted to dust and Chance's stone-top desk is chipped and ripped.

Thom's attack comes to a climax then stops.

Harley and Marlboro shake away the glass and debris and stand.

Chance comes out from under his desk and looks at Kimiko who is completely non emotional.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (5)

90

Chance blinks away any fear and looks through what was once the plate glass window at Thom who is flying the helicopter just outside.

Thom gives his former boss a shrug and flies away.

Chance turns to face-off with Harley and Marlboro.

CHANCE

What did you do, pay him?

HARLEY

No, it was your money, you paid him, but only for the ride, he did that for free.

Chance nods accepting his fate and retrieves an eye dropper of "CRYSTAL VISION" from his desk. He gives himself a quick taste before taunting Marlboro.

CHANCE

You know, you're buddy's right...
(a beat, then)
...fuck your old man. Show me
what you're made of.

Marlboro locks eyes with Chance. He wants to blast him into the sweet bye and bye. His trigger finger wavers. Silence. Tension. Then, a decision is made behind Marlboro's burning dead-eye.

MARLBORO

Think fast.

With that, he throws his Desert Eagle. The gun flies through the room headed right for Chance. Marlboro moves in right behind his airborne sidearm. Chance's hand reaches out and catches the bird in flight. He brings it down ready for action.

But, Marlboro is right on top of him, he can't get a shot off, so he pistol-whips Marlboro across the face. An ugly gash is opened, blood flows. The Desert Eagle goes off wildly. Harley ducks and rolls avoiding the errant shot.

Marlboro is stunned, but his adrenalin overrides the pain and he pile-drives Chance into his desk. Chance's pelvis is crushed in half. He gasps for air, but air is not what he gets.

Marlboro beats him senseless with several face-breaking punches the last of which drives Chance's nose through his skull.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (6)

90

Chance reels backwards out of control and finds himself teetering on the ledge where the plate glass wall once separated the inside from the outside. The only thing keeping him from falling to his death is the wind rushing in.

Chance struggles for balance and raises the Desert Eagle.

But, Marlboro is quick, lightening fast, he leaps forward ramming his booted foot into Chance's chest. This should be plenty enough to airmail Chance straight to hell, but it's not.

As Chance falls backwards, he drops the Desert Eagle, it plunges downwards on a sixty story flight to the busy street below.

Chance meanwhile catches hold of Marlboro's boot. This saves him from going out too. But, not for long. Momentum is pulling. He drags Marlboro with him. Then, Harley grabs Marlboro from behind.

With his foot looped tightly around the leg of Chance's stone-top desk, Harley holds onto Marlboro. Marlboro's caught in a vicious tug o'war and soon Chance's momentum starts to win out.

It looks as though Marlboro's going down with Chance and then, a miracle happens. Pure dumb luck strikes. Marlboro's boot tears apart. The duct tape splits, the seams tear open and the age-old boot falls apart like an age-old Edsel.

Clutching to what's left of Marlboro's gnarled boot, Chance falls back and down and thus begins his sixty story dive into the abyss. He doesn't make a sound.

Harley and Marlboro get their balance and watch Chance fall from grace. His body gets smaller and smaller until he cannot be seen with the human eye.

Marlboro doesn't take his eyes off the spot where Chance fell.

HARLEY

Guns are made to be shot, not thrown.

MARLBORO

I wanted to even the odds.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (7)

90

With this said, Harley nods and reaches down grabbing the duffel bag full of money. He throws it out of the broken window.

Marlboro looks at Harley as if he's gone crazy.

MARLBORO(cont)

Y'must not be thinkin' good to
have just pissed away two and a
half million dollars.

HARLEY

When did I ever think good.

Then, Harley spins on Kimiko, who hasn't moved.

HARLEY(cont)

Let's change the lease to the
Rock 'N' Roll Bar & Grill.

91 EXT. PACIFIC TRUST - DAY

91 *

Lots of people, businessmen and bums alike, hurry after the money that rains down from above. Sirens can be heard in the distance the first of which belongs to a motorcycle cop.

Yes, it's VIRGINIA. She slides to a stop and climbs off her Electra-Glide. Fast and furious, she removes her helmet and walks through the crowd until she reaches Chance's dead body.

Lying twisted and torn in the middle of the downtown street, his eyes stare heavenward searching. Then, a single thousand dollar bill floats down from above and covers his bright blue eyes.

Virginia is about to turn away when she sees something lying on the ground not too far from Chance. It's Marlboro's Desert Eagle and Virginia recognizes it immediately. She crouches down on her haunches and looks at the magnum.

After a moment of thought, Virginia lifts her head looking up the Pacific Trust skyscraper.

92 EXT. PACIFIC TRUST, ROOFTOP HELIPORT - DAY

92 *

Harley and Marlboro walk across the helipad to the helicopter which is revved up and ready to go.

93 INT. MITSUBISHI SLANT-ROTOR V-26 HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY 93

They climb inside the cabin and Thom flashes them his shit-eating grin from the pilot's seat.

HARLEY

Good work, man, thanks.

THOM

Where to now, boss?

Harley looks at Marlboro and his bootless foot.

HARLEY

Texas, we gotta get him a new pair of boots.

Thom works his controls and the helicopter takes off flying east towards the burnt out Sierra Madre mountains.

As the whirlybird becomes a speck in the sky we begin to hear the voice of LULU DANIELS.

DISSOLVE TO:

94 EXT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, ONE MONTH LATER - NIGHT 94 *

The landmark still stands amidst the high-tech Burbank community. Many cars and motorcycles are parked out front and a large banner announces: GRAND RE-OPENING.

Lulu's song drifts out from inside.

95 INT. ROCK 'N' ROLL BAR & GRILL, ONE MONTH LATER - NIGHT 95 *

Lulu is right now leaning into a soulful tune with The Teardrops giving her back up. The place is busy with its usual patrons who are just having a good time being where they are.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. RODEO, SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS - DAY 96

The afternoon sun punishes a small crowd of dedicated rodeo fans. The bull riding event is underway. An announcer calls the action from a wooden tower on the other side of the rickety stands.

97 EXT. RODEO PADDOCKS - DAY

97

Marlboro chews on a wad of chaw while strapping a set of spurs on his brand-new pair of roughout cowboy boots. By his side, with a far-off look in his eyes, stands Harley.

MARLBORO

Where y'goin' this time?

HARLEY

Who says I'm going?

MARLBORO

Y'always do, Harley, it's that time.

HARLEY

I've been thinking Europe.

MARLBORO

Whadda they got there?

HARLEY

I don't know, but I'd like to find out.

MARLBORO

Whadd'ya waiting' for?

HARLEY

Thought I'd stick around and watch you bust your ass.

MARLBORO

It ain't gonna happen today.

HARLEY

Wanna come?

MARLBORO

Can't.

HARLEY

I don't know why I asked, you never say yes.

Marlboro pulls his bucking glove on with his teeth and stares at Harley with a sidelong glance.

MARLBORO

Get the hell outta here.

Harley nods and gives Marlboro a hard embrace before turning and walking away towards the dirt parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

HARLEY
(over his shoulder)
Vaya con Dios, amigo.

Marlboro watches his friend for a moment and moves off towards a paddock where several cowpunchers load a mean-looking black bull. Once the bull is in the stall, Marlboro climbs the slatted wall and mounts the black beast.

With the assurance of a seasoned veteran, he straddles the bull's massive ribcage and works the bull rope. The flank leather strap on the bull is cinched up. The bull squirms. Marlboro squeezes his knees tight, he's intense, but loose. Through this:

ANNOUNCER(vo)
Our next rider is Robert Lee Edison, a third generation cowboy with his own brand of misery. This good ole boy from Las Vegas ain't seen the back of a bull's neck since he got off real hard in the National Finals seven years back. Just shows to go ya, good cowboys never die, they just get a little slower.

Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Marlboro bends at the waist and speaks to the animal.

MARLBORO
Make it a good one, bigboy.

Marlboro spits out his wad of chaw and turns to the gate operator.

MARLBORO(cont)
Let 'er rip.

The gate operator throws the lever and the door flies open.

Marlboro drives his spurs deep into the bulls' flanks and three thousand pounds of hostile beef lurches forward roaring through flared nostrils.

Marlboro takes hold of the bull rope with confidence.

98 EXT. RODEO PARKING LOT - DAY

98

Harley walks towards his beat-up Harley. The crowd roars behind him. With the knowledge that his friend is doing well he hops on his motorcycle and cranks the engine to life.

His back tire throws gravel and dirt into the air as he opens up the throttle and leaves the parking lot.

99 EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY - DAY

99

Harley splits the white line on the lonely highway leading him to the legendary Rio Grande river.

Before he can get full throttle, however, he's pulled up short by a hitchhiker. Dressed in torn Levis, a tee-shirt and a well-worn Harley jacket, THE RUGGED GIRL is a biker's dream.

Harley pulls up alongside her. She looks familiar somehow. He studies her. Could she be the girl in the picture in his wallet? She looks at him like she's been waiting out here the whole movie.

HARLEY

Where're you headed?

THE RUGGED GIRL

Nowhere special.

HARLEY

Hop on, I'll take you there.

She climbs on and Harley takes off down the lonely road with the rugged girl, his rugged girl, holding tight around his waist.

FADE OUT: