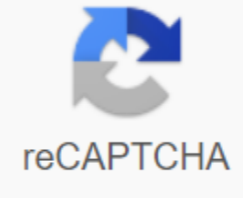




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## Drugstore cowboy script pdf

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Ordinary black wrappers, black cing ridge as issued. The title page present, from 9/10/88, is noted as the final script of the shoot, with credits for writer Fogle and screenwriters Van Sant and Yost. 103 leaves, photocopy, with white pages revising for 9-27-88. The pages are about fine, the wrapper is a very good plus, spiral bound. Book Inventory No. 131506 Title: The Pharmacy Cowboy (Scenario for 1989 ... Publisher: Avenue Pictures Publication Date: 1988 Binding: Paperback AbeBooks offers millions of new, used, rare and unprintable books, as well as cheap textbooks from thousands of booksellers around the world. Shopping on AbeBooks is easy, safe and 100% safe - search for your book, buy a copy through our safe checkout and the bookseller delivers it straight to you. Search for thousands of booksellers selling millions of new books and used New Books and used copies of new releases, bestsellers and award winners. Save money with our huge selection. AbeBooks Home From meager first editions of sought-after signatures, find an array of rare, valuable and highly collected books. Rare books catch a break with great discounts and fantastic offers for new and used textbooks. Textbooks More books to discover that I was once a shameless, full-time doping villain. Yes, bob. The son of a sweet mother. Me and my team robbed pharmacies. I made them all up and down the Northwest Northwest, with pharmacies open or closed. Never mind. Except for the technology. But don't realize it was easy. It's hard to be a doping monster. And it's even harder to manage the team. Diana was my wife. I loved her. Dude, she loved drugs. So we made a good pair. Whenever I came out of the joint I always ended up with was my buddy. My muscle. He was not a newcomer to the criminal life. His track record showed a steady rise from criminal to petty thief. He was going to That's great. Nadine was Rick's old lady. The counter girl he picked up during one of our jobs. She was part of the job. She had no record. Just a smile that took us all by surprise. Then I was the undisputed leader. I wore all the attire on my back, like it was my own newborn son. But I think in depth I knew we could never win. We played a game we couldn't win... To the max. Good morning, I like your hat. I don't think we're carrying it. Hey! Hey! Come here! This lady's having a seizure! Hey! She's bouncing over the place! Come on! I think she can swallow her tongue. Take a look at this. She's faded! Forgive me. Are you too busy to take some money for cough syrup? Just a moment, ma'am. Hold on a minute, man. She's foaming here. I need an ambulance. A woman has an epileptic seizure. So are you sure you're okay? Hey! Let's go. Come on. I told you to go, not crawl. Yes. I told you to go, but I didn't want to go shopping. Why do you have to fix the car? Can't you wait until we scheming home? Shut up and watch your drivin'. Christ. Look at this traffic here. Hell, we have to go home. Idiot, come up! After any kind of drug shipment, everyone in the crew indulged. I laughed to myself as I pictured the bluesor Dilaudid in such large quantities that the spoon would be overflowing. Upon entering my vein the drug would start warm itchtthat would splash along until brainconsumed it into a gentle explosion that started at the back of my neck and quickly rose and I felt such pleasure that the world of sympathize took on a soft and high call. Then everything was grandiose. Your worst enemy, he wasn't so bad. Ants in the grass, they were just, you know, doing their thing. Everything took on the pink hue unlimited success. You couldn't have done anything wrong. And as long as it lasted, life ... It was beautiful. Hell, mate. Move over. Where did you get your damn license? Asshole! Okay, now everyone's just acting cool. It's like we've just got back from church. Has anyone seen my lighter? So, I worked forward guy in Valdez. And I had a great idea... You're just going to draw shit on him, and the water - Nadine? Give me the same thing as Rick, I think. I don't think so. You can't shoot a damn blue one. Give her half one. Bob. It's going to keep her in the shit all day. Hell, by God, I was there, just like you. I have to get the same as everyone else, even if I can't shoot it all right now. It's not like that. Nadine. I mean, you don't do shit. I'm the one who's taking a big risk. What about Diana? She didn't do anything either. Is that what you think? Don't believe her damn thing. Bob. Page 2 Kick her on the street where we found her. No no. The fair is fair. You need your fourth. You got it, Nadine. But I'm not takin' on no pupils and givin' em full end of my stuff. You take it ... And you're out. Nadine, just take your half blue, shoot, and go puke for a while. Sh. Everyone just act great. Nadine, take... Come on! Take the drugs. Rick, get the gun. Get in the bedroom. Prepare me. It's David. It's just David. I just want to see you for a minute. Let me in. Yes, did you think I brought my rat with me to hold my hand? David, you're an asshole. What the hell? Have you finally lost your mind or something? What do you want? What are you holding? I'm not holding on, little fry. I was just thinking about going to my place to see if you had speed. Yes, well, I have speed. Really? Go inside. You little bastard. Come on, Rick. What speed? I have a Crystal Methedrine. This shit is good, man. I'm not always up all night on things. Here, man. Try one in the house. How much do you have now? I have 10 grams. Let me talk to Diana. Why don't you go back and watch TV? Ok. Child? This guy says he's got speed. What do you want speed for? You know how ringside makes you do. I know. But listen. What night? It's Saturday night, isn't it? Let's get some speed. We'll fix it, and then we'll go to this big fat pharmacy. You know one. Right next to the unemployment office. Baby, you know how this all happens. It's like a shitty game. When you're hot, you shoot jobs. When you're cold, you're going to leave a little bit. Page 3 Well, right now, baby, I'm so hot, I'm grieving in everything. Okay, Buster. If you're hot, why don't you lie down right now and love me? You know what I mean. So you saw me spying last night? No, I watched External Limits. I'm hot to steal. Shoot, we can do it at any time. Come on. Besides, we have a company. So you think you could give me a TV? Yes, I could. - Color? Yes, but what could you do for me, man? How did you get Valium, man? You look like you can use it. 60 Valium. Well, listen up. Don't tell Bob I won't tell Bob. Feck, this guy. Hey, Tverskaya. We're going to fix you now. Do you have the blues? Blues? Me? Hell, no. You know how hard it is to get the blues these days, David. How about some morphine? I have good old morphine. What did you get, man? Morphine sulfate? You're crazy, man, because I can't even find a stop sign when I'm on this shit. My eyes are so far off focus. Also, I don't trade for the city without garbage in the city center. What can I say? That's all I have. That's all I can give. That's, man. You guys think that Stupid. I'm not as dumb as you think. Hey, David? It's a shame we couldn't do business, mate. Okay, man. Sorry, okay? I didn't mean any of this. Everything is fine. So how much of a quarter of the grain of this morphine will you give me for that? I'm going to hit you nine. Nine, per pack, and that's just because I feel good. And because you're a real stand-up dude, I'm going to take all ten grams from you. Ten grams? Ok. It's 9th. 75 Yeah, 75. Yes, 90, Bob. It's 90. How much is that for her? Page 4 Hu? How much of this do you want for a fox? Hey. Who do you think I am? Some pimp's closet? I've never heard of a woman's rights violation in my entire life. Just out of curiosity, how many bags of speed would you give me for this girl? I, uh, I do not know. You're twerking! You touch me, and I'll knock out your block. She's mean, man. All right all right. Let's finish the deal. We have things to do. Ok. Sorry, Diane. Here, Bob. You guys, good evening. Next time you step in the middle of one of my deals to help me with my arithmetic, I'll sell you the first one-eyed carnivalfreak I find for a pack of chewing gum. Look at me, baby. I'm hysterical. Just try to remember. Was it a round collar, a neck scoop, or what? It was a blouse. Blouse. Hmm... I really don't remember. Diana, are you crazy or something? Diana, what are you doing? What are you on? Clay or something? Diana, look. We have to get to work. I know this hospital on the coast. I know it's a virgin. I know that's true. I mean, this place has zero security. I bet they have cocaine, Mommy. All these hospitals, they always hold a great time coke. You're crazy, Bob. We've just scored the best result in a few months, and you're digging in search of more. Dude, you know king when to take a break. I can't go on like this. Why don't you take me to the bathroom and just hold me for a while? Why do you want me to hold you? Look, Diana, we should be out of the crackin'-. I thought you loved me. Page 5 But you won't fck mean I always have to drive. Look, why don't we just, uh, go to the hospital right now and see if we can do it before he gets the lights on? I mean, baby, you just get tired when you see this, man. I mean... I can just see all these bottles of pills that the hospital is holding for me right now. To the wall! Don't give me any shit. Shut up. You can sit there with the drugs are and save yourself a lot of trouble, or you can sit there with your mouth shut and we're going to break this place on board. How will it be? Dude, I love cops. If there were no hot shitcops like Gentry around the competition going so heavy, there would be nothing to steal. Right? Ok. You two take the car and get an apartment. Take something on the west side. We haven't hit anything there in a few weeks. - It should be pretty cool by now. Just relax. Diana and I are going to my mother's to get some new threads. It's my son's doping thief and his crazy little nymphomaniac wife. Hey, Mom, please tell me what I did to deserve this. Never knowing when there would be a knock on my door telling me that my baby was dead. Green overdosed. Shot by a mad pharmacist or hit a car, fleeing from a police pursuit. Why to me? Do you have any clothes I left here the last time I was sent to the joint? I threw them away. I thought you'd never get out. How could you think that? He's a thief and a doping villain, and that's more important to him than I am. Anyway, he likes it. Don't you, Robert? Why do Bob and I hate so much, Mom? What have we ever done to make you hate us like that? I don't hate you, Diana, and I don't hate Robert either, and God knows it's true. I feel truly sorry for both of you. You are already an adult, Page 7 and yet you still act as children whowanna do nothing but run and play. You can't run and play all your life, Diana. Give it back. I can always get more. To be sure. You're just going to steal a little more. Shut up! So this is our new home. Yes, Bob. I do not know. The guy who gave it to me is Dale. The last time I dropped acid, I decided to do No? I can just see all these bottles of pills that the hospital is holding for me right now. Our stereo bud of the month. Hot dog! Bob, speaking of dogs, do you think Rick and I could have a little puppy? Just a little something to hold and pet when you guys are gone? No. No fucking dogs. Look, no fucking dogs, and that's final. Why don't you tell them what happened to the last thing we had? If you want them to know so much, why don't you tell them? I don't want to talk about it. We once had a dog. His name was Panda. The coolest little puppy you've ever seen. This little guy was following Bob wherever he went. Anyway, what happened was the police were following us during the raid... at a pharmacy in the city. He came out of the bedroom and stopped by the closet, and then swung at me with an iron bar. The little panda got out of the car and ran away. We searched everywhere, but there was no time. The heat was on us and we had to get out of there. We thought the little guy was hit by a car or something. But no. He was at the police station. Somehow they knew he was our dog. They followed him all the way home. He brought them to us. We were put in prison... and they'll put a little panda on. For a brighter coat, a whiter teethPage 8 and a more uniform arrangement, there should be only one choice. Rich sauce. No flakes. Sauce... Nadine, do you have any idea what you did to us just mentioning the dogs in our house? No, I don't think so. What did I just do? No, I don't know, Bob. What did I do? You just gave us a 30-day hexagonal axe. That's what you did. Our luck just flew out of the window for the next 30 days. You have a calendar, so we'll know when the one ends? What month? You never told us anything about not mentioning dogs. The reason no nobodymentioned dogs, Rick, is because only for the dog to be hex on its own. Are there other sacred things that we should not mention? Yes. In fact, there is. We might as well discuss them now, being like we are closed for the next 30 days. Hats.OK. Hats.If I ever see a hat on the bed in this house, man, like, you'll never see me again. Because that's the way it is, sweetheart. And there are mirrors. Never look at the back of the mirror. It will affect your future because you should not look at yourself backwards.No. You look at your inner self. Anyway, you can freeze in motion yourfuture, and it can be either good or bad. Either way, we don't want to take any chances. But the most important thing is the damn hat. The damn hat on the bedis king of them all. Hell, it's worth it. Least... that?15 years of bad luck, or even death. And I'd rather die because I couldn't run into a 15-year-old axe. Relax, hon. Just go to bed for a while. You've been on the move for days. This 30-day period won't kill us. Don't let it get you down, down. 9 Sometimes bad luck can be luck. I mean, think about all the times when we had flat tires or engine problems or something and we did it to our scorelate thinking it was bad luck. Then we'd find out for some reason it was luck. You know what I mean? Hell, I can't understand. I just know from many years experiencthe things look and signs and ... Do you know what it's like? It's like who/sever managing such things says: Go out there and get it. He's there for the taking, kid. This week it's all free. I'll let you know when your time is up. You'll see the signs. Hell, all you need dois is look for signs. That's bullshit. Sorry, baby. Sorry about that, baby. So what's going on? Why don't we just come in, put something on them, drag them in? It works all the time. I'll tell you why not. I don't want Bob Hughes not to owning beef, and that's all we'll get him onunless we'll catch him cold on the way home from the account. You know that. Yes, yes, yes. I thought you knew. No, no, no. We didn't sleep, did we, Rick? Well, I don't know what to think. I saw this sinister looking man with a ladder around my bedroom window. I know I wouldn't be able to fall asleep winking, I thought there was some crazy sexmaniac running around freely there. Now relax. We'll go downstairs and check it out immediately. - Thank you very much. - Well check it out as soon as we can. -- Goodnight- Goodnight. - Goodnight. - Good night- Bye-bye. I bet he was following us when we moved in. A son of a bitch. Page 10 Yeah.Well, I think we'll have toteach him a little lesson, right? The reason you can never get BobHughes for drug possession is that he has an arrangement with a guy who lives on the north side of it. They have a line between their homes. Bob signals to the guy when he wants things. A neighbor puts him on a rope. Bob pulls for what he needs and leaves the rest in another house where you can never find it. Bye, Dad. - Bye. - I'm sorry. Is there a second? Yes-you live here, don't you? - Right.I live next door. I know it's none of my business... What do you think's in his bag? How will it could be junk? One thing I'm sure isn't his lunch. About two o'clock in the morning, I look out the window, and here he is. The big, ugly son of a cloth clothing is on the stairs staircase, looking out the windows upstairs. He's got one arm- a cloak. From where I stood, I must say, it looked kinda sick. - I'll shoot a son of a bitch in balls! Now hang for a second. Did you see them talking? All the gestures? They're got something. They're not just random acquaintances. Yes, I can see that. For a second there, it seemed that it the guy was going to go to Hughesand to stomp his guts out. I'd like to see that. Okay, I know what you guys think. What's do? Bob me this time? Well, let me tell you, it's going to be something. You guys are going to love this. - Diana, where are you going? I'm just going to get some cigarettes. Ok. Hurry up. You don't want to miss this. - Rick, where are you going? I'm just getting a beer, Bob. Don't cry for me when you miss me. Page 11OK. Sh! They're coming out. There are two of them. Come here. Ok. They're making their move. One guy climbs the stairs. I hope he gets mad at them, man. A neighbor leaves the house. Lord! He's got a shotgun! Well, I'm going to be a son of a bitch. Show time! Hey! Lord! Bob, I want to talk to you about what happened last night. We told the investigator that everything we knew. We have nothing more to add. You're a little punk. Halamer and Trusinski know that you set them up, and I can honestly say they don't want to. Now, Bob, I'm going to propose to you. Why don't you go somewhere away from here? Wait a minute, Gentry. I won the bloody war, not you. Who are you to dictate terms? Why don't you find a small police town where you can be a sheriff and all you need to worry about is Saturdaynight drunks and kids on Halloween? So you think you won the war, don't you? Take it. You're just a drug addict who was shot by one of my officers. And as soon as he gets to you, everyone's going to forget you ever existed. Let him go. You're a little piece of shit. Let me help you, Bob. Work on your handicap. Don't think Gentry's going to get us out of town because I'm going to stand out from the heat. We were split-up because everything went wrong. Nadine's Hex was a little more powerful than I bargained for. It's time to change the scenery that came when you crossed the road. Diana put the drugs together and sent them forward through Busto's warehouses across the Pacific Northwest so we could deal with drugs as we needed. We couldn't afford to be caught with a car full of drugs, Page 12so we had a spare plan in the form of a hole hit in the floorboards of our car. When the flashing red lights became reality, a cache went down the hole. Is that something to do, officer? We then went on the next date, which we hope was within eighth before the drugs disappeared. No building tight workin' overimetakes more stress and tension than we did, just trying to stay high. We didn't have to rent this truck because we need another car. But we can move more easily in a vehicle like this. He's got the right license plates, so the average Joe's just going to think we're a couple of farm boys and a prostitute in town for a little Hey! I've always wanted to be a farmer, Bob. Did you guys see that? What's going on? - - The guys didn't see the open transistor? No, I don't think so. It's clear in the back. Ok. Gimme lift and then meet me around the back. Ready? One two three. Nadine, take them and get in the truck. Rick, bring it here. I want you to look at these two safes. See them there? Rick. Let's go. Shut up! Christ! You're done, hopheads. You've ruined everything. Hey, baby, are you playing cards? Who wins? What's wrong with her? No problem. What's this, Bob? Powder Dilaud, that's what. A whole, untouched one-eighth bottle of powdered D.Who! There must be another partially filled one here somewhere. You see? Rick, do you have any idea what this little bottle is worth? No, Bob. If it's worth it? This little bottle... has 840-plus sixteens. And at ten dollars sixteenth, that comes to about \$8,400 of the best damn pharmaceutical doping money you can buy. What a find. This is here a small bottle ofPage 13ought to last three of us a week. I'd rather take it. Guess we must have overtaken what we had on us, well, Bob? Of course I'm glad we started the intersection. - Bob? Let's take it off. You have to be careful with these things. It could kill you. Diana, take a glass of water. Do it slowly. I'll show you how we can hide it. Right here. Now, we'll take this stuff and then we'll cross a couple of these units and hide it over someone else's room.Wow.Hey.Hey.Come on. Buck up. So you screwed it up. Well, look, we're going to be out for a couple of hours, but we'll be back in a little while. What did that son of a bitch say about me? He didn't say anything about you, yes, but he's not going to take me with him anymore, is he? And then one day you all just drop me off somewhere and you'll never come back. Nadine, what are you talking about? Come on honey, You're with me. I'm not leaving you anywhere. He's a bloody... - Shut up!... Pigs! Hog! Hey, shut up. Come on, darling. Don't do that. Please, Nadine. Why do you want to rock the boat? I just can't stand their excellent ways. And all this hexagonal shit. You don't believe that, do you? Look, Nadine, I don't know. Ok? I mean, all we have to do is not talk about the food or leave our hats on any bed. What's so hard about it? I'm just going to prove to all of you that the hat on the bed means nothing. Hey, Rick. Let's go. Come on. I'd really like you not to. You'll just leave with them tonight. When you come back, I'll show you all. When I get back, I don't want to see a hat on the bed. Ok darling? You know, Nadine, sometimes they just don't talk to you. The feck. Hey, Rick. Rick. Rick. Page 14 Don't be too aggressive, man. We're just trying to create a diversion. Ok? I don't want anyone to get hurt. - Okay, Bob. Yes, get ready to die. Demarol. Hell Arg! He just doesn't look like Bob's like a rabbit. In and out, and not nonsense. This applies to the much more than a hospital pharmacy. Mrs Robb to Admitting.Mrs Jane Robb Admitting.F'ck! I don't think he's coming. Why don't we go back? They caught him. The bastards caught him. I know it. I can feel it in my heart. Dirty bastards. Nadine. I'm home.

You won't believe what happened to me tonight. What is going on? Who put the damn hat on the bed? She didn't mean anything. She bit him. Where did she do it? She couldn't do it at either two sixteenths. What was she doing? Save him? Who gave her this? What is it? Hell! She must have lifted him to the floor of the truck while we were collecting those bottles. By pandering to a little bitch. Bob? You can't talk about her like that, Bob. She's dead. You're not saying anything bad about her. She beat you. Your own woman knocked you out of your cut. She got what she deserved. Look, man. And not only that. She threw hexagons at us, and we're all lucky to overtake us, right? It left us with OD'd stiff, which is paramount to killing beef in this state. For God's sake, get out of bed with that hat! Cold.Hell, it's like trying to raise a couple of kids when you eat a couple like that and try to teach them how to steal. You know what I mean, Diana? All these kids. They're all TV kids. They've watched people kill each other on their boobs for so long, that's all they know. Hell, they think it's legal. They're the right thing to do. I know, darling. I'm very tired. She was just a bloody kid. What's going on? Hello. Are you Mr. Hughes? Do you plan to check today? No, I don't think so. Why? Well, you see, sir, we have a pre-commitment in the form of reservations for your room today. Today? Do you mean leaving today? I'm afraid. You see, we're going to have a sheriff's convention in town, and all these rooms were reserved in advance for them 90 days ago. Ok. Can I go down to the office and talk to you in 10 minutes? Give me 10 minutes. We're going to get to know any of these guys, I bet. I don't believe it. I don't in it. Sheriff's Congress, no less. Why couldn't this be a Tappervar convention? Or better yet, the undertakers. Forgive me. Hello? No problem? Sorry, Mr. Hughes. You should have let us know that you're going to stay that long. Look, I have a colleague in this room, and he's sick with mumps. I'm afraid to put it. I mean, what if they have to spread? Doc said all we need is another day. He can travel another day. Let's do it. Lock him up. He did it. Shut it down! Guilty! Guilty! It will be one heck of a time to get her out of this crawspace. Don't know if I'll ever gonnaget my nails done now. Nadine did get to you, didn't she, Bob? Yes, well, I'll tell you what happened. I'm afraid there's some big fat cop. Any minute will come through that door. He'll say, Get out of this room. This is my room. Diana. I love you. I love you too. Diana? Is there that blue bag of clothing? Big. Diana? Don't worry, Bob. We're going to do it. We always do, don't we? Honey? Let's go, darling. We're going to miss our flight. Page 16Hi.Wow.What a busy day. What do you say we go to the attic, share things with Riquand and give him a big end? Don't think it's short. What's going on, Bob? What are you thinking? No problem. I'm thinking about, uh. headin' back home. Gettin' in a 21-day methadone program. - Cleaning up my act.- Are you kidding? No. Diana, I can't take it anymore. I'm not going to no withdrawal program. So what's going to happen to me? Why don't you come with me? No, thank you, Buster. Not a word of what you mention about all this. Right out of the clear blue sky, you're saying you're going to brush your hand. And you know I can't. Listen, Diana, do whatever you want. Take everything we have. I've done enough to get me home. Take the shovel. I take care of her. Go back to the truck. Go.Have you ever had an ona withdrawal program before? No, I can see that. How long have you been on drugs? All my life. Then it's not the first time you've withdrawn? This is my first time I've been on methadone. How old are you now? 26. Yes, I do. Where's your wife? I do not know. Do you have children? No, hmm... Do you have a job? No.Do do you have a Social Security number? No, have you ever been convicted of a felony? Yes, several times.- What were these crimes? What crimes were you convicted of? What do you want? My life story? Let's see, ladies. I'm a drug addict. I love drugs. I like the whole lifestyle. But it just doesn't pay off. You know, you don't look like people. Because my people, they don't come in here and begg. They go out and get it, and if they miss, they go to jail and they kick alone with nothing in some holding tank. I don't want to outs flip you over. Page 17All you need it. I'm sorry if you think it's unnecessary. Have you ever thought of announcing a counselor and helping other addicts with their problems? No, why not? Well, for starters, no one - and I mean no one - can talk addict out of use. You can talk to them for years, but sooner or later they will get ahold something. Maybe it's not drugs. Maybe it's booze. Maybe it's glue. Maybe it's gasoline. Maybe it's a shot in the head. But something. Something to relieve the pressure of their daily lives like ... having to tie their shoes. Tom, you've got mail here. Father Murphy. Bad Bobby Hughes.Imagine seeing you later on all these years. Do you live here, too? I have nowhere else to go. There is no demand for older drug addicts in the priesthood. Indiscretion in 1970- you were inside, I believe ... led to my descent into this miserable state. Actually, I'm feeling a little sick right now. You will They caught me on that 21-day-old thing. What about myself? Oh sure. I'm on the program. But sometimes I get a little ahead of myself Schedule. You understand? And sometimes I think some junkie nurse is stepping on my medication. But I can't be sure. How do we account for this? Do you want to score? No, but I'll keep you company. It's a work of art. A work of art. So is this. More works of art. Look at the ball on the tree. It reminds me. I used to know the old croaking. I think it was on this street. Maybe it was the next street finished. ... he'd write like a major. Tom knew his way around the old quarters. I've known Tom since I was an altar boy. Murphy's benevolent father, the most disgusting doping villain on the Coast.Page 18When he kept he would always share with someone who wasn't. He was very kind. Tom was king then. He had it all. It was covered in this life and in the next. I bet he shot a million bucks in his arm. Ok. This is what you call a radial-hand drilling press. Get the drill you want by putting it in the holder. Make sure you have a good grip on it. This brings your exercise down to your work. Spread it over the hole. It's your clutch. This is your food channel. It's a clutch that will include power food. Put it down and just let him drill. You go to work loaded, it will show. Being busy is like being drunk. You drink or get high in the morning, your boss will see it. You're going to get fired, and then you're not going to make money. Then you'll have to do something different. You're going to have to rob, steal, sell. You know? Hmm... Somewhere in that loot you could end up killing your best buddy for a fix. You're going to go down the tubes. There is no other way. The more you use, the longer you use, the farther you go. Then you'll find yourself at the bottom. Catch up on reading? You didn't stay long, Bob. What happened? Nothing happened. I hear you're on a methadone program. You don't think that's going to let Trusinski jump in, do you? To tell you the truth, I didn't think about it. You know, this time I'm not here to make a hassle. Trusinski lost his gold badge because of this little incident. He works on the roads. He made so many bloody threats that he's almost going to have to hurt you. And I don't want that to happen. Dude, look. What can I say? I have a job, you know? What's in the sticks, Bob? Where's Diana? You know what fancy women are. She found another dude to chase after Page 19and off she went chasin' after him. I find that a little hard to believe. You and Diana have been running together since you were kids. I hope you're getting started your job. And I sincerely hope you get better a little bit. Take care of yourself Bob.My old lady is still there right now. Yes. There's nothing I can do with her. I am tired. I told her to come. She's not coming, she's doing her job. What I was doin', I 'right to source. Straight to the source. Where do they make drugs? In pharmacies. If you want some money, you go to the bank, right? Yes, darling, I have to stop by the bank and I'll be home in a while. Why are you crying? If you want to take drugs, you have to pay for them. Where's my money, bitch? Punk. Where's my money? Come on. This is the third time I've had to ask you. What do you say? Say something. Do you want me to hit you more? Hey, David. What can young people understand what you're doing, man? Yes? What do you think you're doing? This guy's crying, man. So? It's business. What do you care? Why don't you go away and keep in mind your own business? What do you care? Because I'm bug-like. Sniff the hell! David, why don't you grow up, man? I'm an adult. Asshole! Why didn't you do anything, man? What's wrong with you, man? I thought you ... Dude, I'm not buying you lunch. You know, Tom, you told me a lot of old stories about you sticking your hand between the bars of the camera, and the guard came in with a shot of morphine. They never did it for me. They don't do that to anyone else. Drugs are systematically circumcised and demonized. The idea that everyone can use the drugs ofPage 20 and avoid the terrible anathema of fate for these idiots. I predict that in the near future the right will use drug-insurance under the pretext of creating an international police apparatus. I'm an old man, and I can't live to see a definitive solution to the drug problem. You know what, Tom? You may have missed your calling. You were supposed to be a philosopher. Well, Bob, in another life, maybe. In another life. Who is this? Who is this? Hey, Jesus. What kind of landfill is this? Where's the female? You might as well trot it out. You never change, do you, Diana? Hell is dead right I don't know. Why should I? I was just commenting on how good you look. Hey, how about a cup of tea? Yes. So, how is this methadone work? So -- I have a job. Did I tell you that? No shit! Where do you work? Oh, just a machine shop at Western.Yes? What are you doing there? I, uh. I drill holes.- Drill holes?- yes.i drill ... I drilled these holes that fit bolts into. Yes? How do you like it? I'll tell you the truth. It's kind of a drag, but it pays the rent. Then you're really serious. You're going to carry on with this thing. Yes, Diana, why don't you take off your coat and stay for a while? I can't. People are waiting for me in the car. I just came to see how you're doing. It's from Rick and all of us. We thought you could try it once in a while. What happened? What made you smell that day? Was it me? Did I do something wrong? No baby. It wasn't you. It was Nadine's death, and the hexagon threw that hat at us. Then I panicked when I looked at the parking lot and saw all these police cars. I knew I was dead. So I started coppin'Page 21deuces. I prayed like I never have. I said, God, son, devil, whoever you are, please pity me. Please let me get the body of this poor girl this this I don't have to spend my life in prison. And, God, if you do this for me, I will understand my appreciation for going home, doing a methadone program, getting a job, and a virtuous life. We went out, and I promised, so I'm here. Are you going to stick to it forever? Ok... You know, Diana, despite all the boredom life brings, it's not that bad. I mean, even this dirty room isn't that bad. I mean, I actually wake up in the morning and feel like something good is going on today. You know? I'm just a regular guy. I got my normal job. I got my regular number. And now I've caught you. You're crazy, Bob. Diane, why don't you go downstairs and tell your friends that you can't go back and sleep with me a little? I wish I had another old man, Bob. I am... Now I'm old Rick. Isn't that gas? I work for Rick. Things sure can getcrewed around, right? Yes, and, Bob, you know me. I could have had many things, but I was never a tramp. Bob, I've got to get going. Hey, Diane? It's so good to see you. I mean, you look really good. I wish I could get you back. Tom, this is Bob. Hey, what's this? It's a gift. I won't need it. I gotmy the new program down so... - gift. Wow.- Knock yourself.- Mmm... - I don't know what's out there. Let's see what's in there. God bless you, son. Let you go to heaven. Page 22There... Oh yes. This is... It's for squares. Never touch things. But it's... One hundred and sixteenth dilauidd.This should earn you indulgence. Where is he, Bob? What do you want? We need your doping. Do you think if I had dope, I'd be in this flea trap? I'm on a methadone program. Are you going to get on dope? It's laughter. Shut up. I'm not fucking, man. You want it to be a tough road and we're just guys who are going to give it to you. Is that you, David? Listen to me, little punk. I'm straight, man. I'm not fucking you. I'm going straight. Try it sometime. It's good for the soul. Fuck a liar! Where is he, Bob? We know that this is all the scam you play. Where is it? Where is it? There's nothing more life-affirming than getting shit out of you. I knew it in my heart. You can buck the system, but you can't buck the dark forces that lie hidden beneath the surface. Those some people called superstitions. How much banshees. Black cats. Hats on the beds. Dogs and the evil eye. So I relaxed and conceded that, for the first time in my life, I knew exactly what was going to happen next. The feck. Now I'm going to kill my son's son of a. I bet the next bastard we catch will tell us where he is. So he's cool. They're not all tough. I'm telling you to kill him. Did you hear me, Bob? Come on. Let's go. He's doing this. Give it to me for a second. Bob. You can do it. Me? Bob, who did this to you? Was it Trusinski? Bob, tell me. Who shot you? Hat. Hat? Bob, did you say Hat? Tell Diana... to look at the hat. Tell her. That's how the hat shot you. Right, Bob? No, I don't think so. TV Baby Shot YouPage 23but Hat was with him. Who's the hat? You have to tell me to tell Diane. I'll tell her myself. We have to get him out of here. It's fucking life. You never know what's going to happen next. That's why Nadine spiked herself with an easy way out. That's why Diana is on the goin' as she does. You see, most people don't know how they feel from one minute to the next. But the doping villain has a pretty good idea. All you have to do is look at the labels on the little bottles. You need to know how to read signs. That's what a hat is on the bed, so I'm not afraid. I paid my debt to the hat. The irony was damn brilliant. The chicken cops gave me anescort at the fattest pharmacy in town. I was still alive. I hope they laugh at me alive. Alive. drugstore cowboy script pdf

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